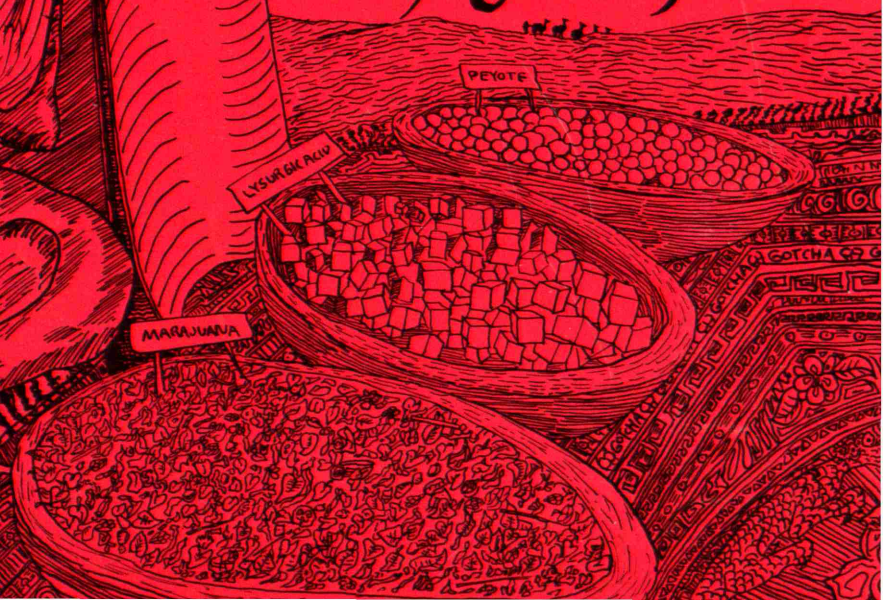




AND NOW...FROM
OUT OF THE
OLD ARAB'S
INNERMOST
POCKET COMES
A DIGEST OF

V O O D O O O

1965 thru 1966



LECTURE SERIES COMMITTEE

FALL FILM PROGRAM

FRIDAY

Sept. 23	Darling
Sept. 30	Stop the World - I Want to Get Off
Oct. 7	The Good Soldier Schweik
Oct. 14	The Sleeping Car Murder
Oct. 21	Viva Maria!
Oct. 28	Morgan!
Nov. 4	The Shop on Main Street
Nov. 11	That Man in Istanbul
Nov. 18	King and Country
Dec. 2	A Thousand Clowns
Dec. 9	The Loved One
Jan. 6	The Umbrellas of Cherbourg
Jan. 13	A Patch of Blue *

SATURDAY

Sept. 24	Thunderball
Oct. 1	Tenth Victim
Oct. 8	Where the Spies Are
Oct. 15	A Man Could Get Killed
Oct. 22	Hallelujah Trail
Oct. 29	Our Man Flint
Nov. 5	The Great Race
Nov. 12	Harper
Nov. 19	The Chase
Dec. 3	Flight of the Phoenix
Dec. 10	The Group
Jan. 7	The Silencers
Jan. 14	My Fair Lady *

ALL SHOWS IN 26-100 AT 7:00 AND 9:30 EXCEPT *IN KRESGE

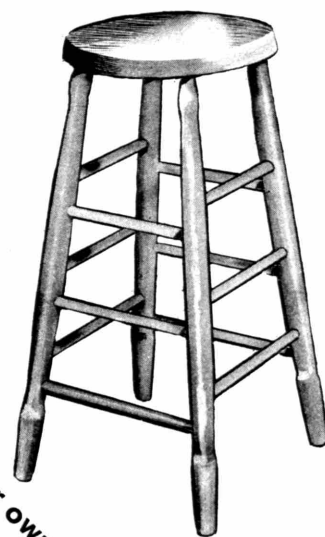
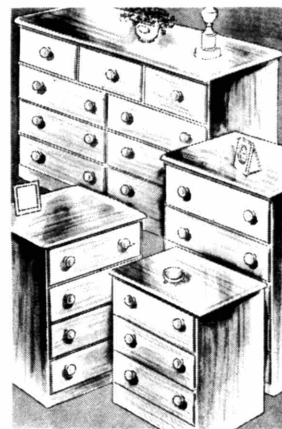
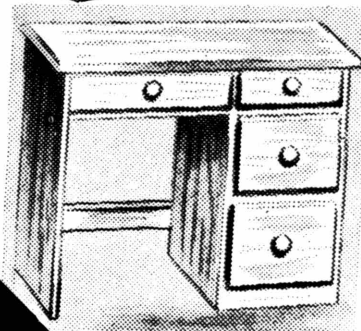
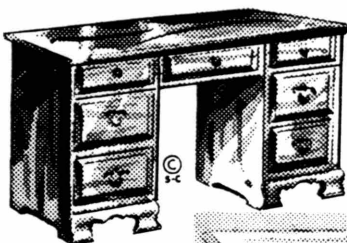
LSC movies are open to all students, faculty, staff and employees of MIT.

Identification as one of the above is required

to purchase a ticket. Admission 50c

THIS IS THE PLACE

Take advantage of September's Student Prices



Over 15 "Low Priced"
couches to choose from

Over 50 styles of Chairs



Our own brand of Mattresses
which means "Savings to You."

NO ONE BEATS OUR PRICES

*We make our own unfinished furniture
which means "Savings for You."*

The only store catering strictly to incoming student furniture needs.

Anyone will tell you
we're **TOPPS** in everything.

TOPPS

463 Mass. Ave.
3 blocks from M.I.T.
354-9428

We charge for Merchandise — NOT You-Know-What.

**Board of Directors and Editors**

Imperial Poobah: Walt Rode

Vice Poobah: John Marshall

Lesser Poobahs: Boob Pindyck, Dave Nolan, Jerry Goe, and of course, Chuck Deber.

Ministers of Finance: Bob Pilon and Marc Levenson

Our Man in Gary: Keith Patterson (usually editor)

Tennessee Potentate: Kim Thurston (usually General Manager)

The Texan: Bob Calvert (usually Business Manager)

Hello Freshman.

This is your real, live introductory copy of *Voo Doo*. Inasmuch as this is probably the first copy you've been exposed to, you must be very careful to consume it gradually. Read two pages, wait four hours, and, if no rash develops, continue cautiously. Once you have become conditioned to it, *Voo Doo* is one of the least troublesome things at Tech that must be coped with. Recent surveys of the last 47 freshmen classes to enter M.I.T. disclosed that reading *Voo Doo* brought speedier relief than: 1) paying the five dollar fine 2) crossing Mass. Ave., and 3) buying textbooks at the Coop. (There were no reports as to whether or not it upset the stomach.)

Thus, of course, *Voo Doo* is good. You must remember this fact regardless of what you read in the mag. (Many upperclassmen often forget this. Don't you!) As an M.I.T. student, you will be expected (by us) to buy *Voo Doo*, so be certain to bring at least eight forty-cent pieces to school with you.

But now you ask, "How can I avoid this expense?" Simple, there are two permitted methods. The first is to obtain a three dollar subscription and save twenty cents (see footnote one). Isn't that a clever way to save money?

The second method is to join the staff. This time, you can get a FREE issue and save THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY CENTS annually. Neat, hey? There are also numerous other benefits that a creative, young freshman can derive from belonging to the *Voo Doo* staff. There are even benefits for dull, old freshmen. One can have a jolly old time with our staff, drink jolly old b***r from our b***r closet, even make jolly old money selling ads. All kinds of talents, types, and neuroses are needed on the *Voo Doo* staff. We have been known to use writers, artists, paste-up men, coeds, salesmen, crooks, dirty old men, photographers, editors, studs and even savages. So do consider joining our staff. The crying need is for writers, artists, photographers, and ad salesmen. Even if you decide not to join (a few don't) you can still submit articles, cartoons, jokes, ideas,

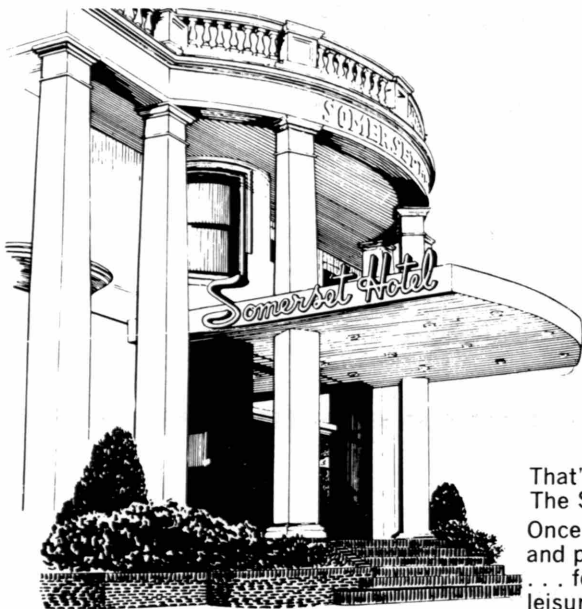
and little sisters to us; we like that.

A little about this particular issue. It is a quick cross-section of the recent school year's issues. The material is reprinted directly from its original form (printed page, men's room wall, etc.) and is a bit hazy on reproduction. Please bear with us for this issue; we usually do better. One feature we should mention. We often run a *Voo Doo* Doll of the Month (a girlie picture), but have tactfully refrained from including one in this issue. You see, we were afraid that your parents might see a copy of this and . . . well . . . ah . . . you know. So be sure to look for them in the future. Hoo hah!

Now be sure to look up *Voo Doo* soon upon your arrival in Cambridge. We've got a fine office in the Student Center and want to meet new faces. So bring your face. See us at the Freshman Midway and look for announcements of our Smoker. You too can become a *Voo Doo* man (or woman) and follow in the devious footsteps of greats like Boob Pindyck, Bob Pilon, and . . . yes . . . Chuck Deber.

— Rode, Imperial Poobah

This is the Summer Issue of *Voo Doo* Magazine, the hand organ of the M.I.T. student body, published monthly from October to May and once during the summer (like this issue) and is copyrighted 1966 by the managing board of *Voo Doo*. It is entered as second class mail in the Cambridge, Massachusetts' post office. Hopefully, it leaves the mail as the same. Address all correspondence to: *Voo Doo*, Crank Letter Editor, Room 461, M.I.T. Student Center, 84 Mass. Ave., Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139. If you don't want to write all that, just include any six of the eight items mentioned. Methods for obtaining *Voo Doo* thru the mail (SHHH . . . don't tell the Postmaster General) may be divined from information given in our subscription ad or send \$3.00. Do you believe any of the above? Do call and tell us, KI 7-6339.



See you at The Somerset!

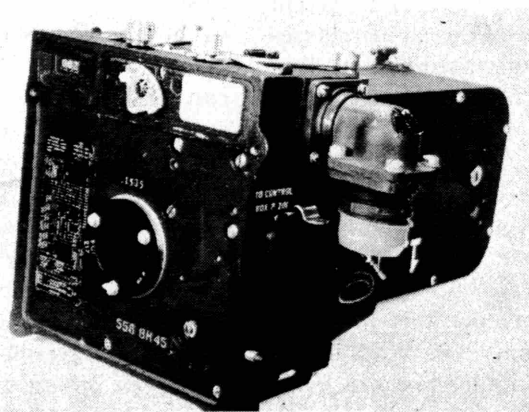
That's the phrase nowadays, because The Somerset's back in the swing. Once again, it's the hotel for parties and proms and business get-togethers . . . for cocktails and luncheons and leisurely dinners.

It's the hotel for VIPs in Boston for the night . . . for the young set in Boston for the evening . . . for suburbanites in Boston for the weekend. How about you? See you at The Somerset?

THE *Somerset* HOTEL
400 Commonwealth CO 7-9000
HCA AND WESTERN HOTELS ONE WORLD OF FINE HOTELS

SEQUENCE CAMERA

This camera designed to photograph the face of a radar scope. Many uses in the lab in oscilloscope recording, and for a variety of purposes. We offer the complete camera body with lens & film magazine, wide angle lens 1 3/8 inch f/2.3 with stops to f/16. 24 volt operation, takes sequence shots on 100 feet of 35 mm film. Use it to monitor various devices or panels, time lapse photography, etc. Ident. of each frame possible by means of recording chamber permitting data card info and sequence numbering device to be projected on a corner of each frame. We also have a few watches which fit in the recording chamber so that the time of each shot will also show on the neg. The watches are \$ 15.00 extra .



Shipping wgt. 16 lbs. . . . #347 \$75.00

This camera also available less lens and film holder. Perhaps you can adapt a lens to it, perhaps you would like a camera body for experimentation and adaptation to some particular use. Frames are advanced by claw-foot mechanism.

Shipping wgt. 15 lbs. . . . #348 \$25.00

SPARE MAGAZINE for above camera, holds 100 feet of 35 mm film #349 \$25.00

19 ALLERTON ST.
LYNN, MASS.

JOHN MESHNA, Jr.
Surplus Electronic Material

LY 5-2275

We, of course, recognize and appreciate TCA's good intentions but feel we must clear up a few points glossed over in their Social Beaver by introducing our supplement:

ACTIVITIES THE SOCIAL BEAVER MISSED

Here for all you innocent little freshmen, is a list of little-known student activities at MIT which somehow got omitted from the listing supplied by the Social Beaver, revealed now for your edification and amusement. Anyone interested in joining any of these should attend the supplementary Freshman midway to be held tomorrow evening in the Benjamin A. Worthington room, 7-107.

ALPHA PHI OMIGOD

Leadership, friendship, and service — these are the bywords of Alpha Phi Omigod. We get together for a gay old time every Thursday evening in our cute little green-and-yellow uniforms in the locker room at DuPont. Join us.

CHEST CLUB

The MIT Chest Club is back again, to shoulder another round of tournaments, and forge ahead. Keep abreast of notices concerning our meetings, if you can stomach them. Come well-armed.

We play in the streets.

CIVIL RIGHTS COMMITTEE

Our close-knit circle of friends provides many opportunities for contact between members. Sometimes we hold joint meetings with Alpha Phi Omigod.

FILM SOCIETY

We show rare exotic foreign films, the kind men like.

LECHER SERIES COMMITTEE

A lusty organization of raunchy men looking for the good things in life. Join us and lecher self go.



V00 D00'S

SOCIAL BEAVER

BLAH, BLAH
BLAH, BLAH
BLAH, BLAH

By Bob Pindryk,
D. F. Nolan,
and Chuck Deber.
Photography: Art Kalotkin

PARAPSY- Parapsychoepistemology is a science, although the CHOEPIS- authorities around here won't admit it. It is devoted TEMOLO- to explaining the unexplainable. In other words, it GICAL is a crock. Interest in parapsychoepistemology is RESEARCH world-wide; there are nuts all over the place.

GROUP

PERISHING Our aim is to improve our aim. Our drill-master, a German exile from Argentina, is very dedicated to RIFLES the military way of life, and has taught us many valuable things. Join us, and learn new expressions, like "Achtung," and "Sieghheil."

RACKET Dedicated to getting it up there, we are currently RESEARCH working on improving our tools so as to achieve SOCIETY 200 pounds of thrust.

SOCIALIST We advocate socialism, and service — your service SERVICE to us. We plot to overthrow law and order, and COMMITTEE fight with the Young Republicans, Young Democrats, and Young Americans for Freedom. Sometimes we infiltrate the Civil Riots Committee and pass out subversive literature in Building 10. Join us and become draft-exempt.

ANGERINE Our "unusual" literary magazine appeals to the fruitier side of the MIT bunch, with pungent articles bearing the seeds of culture to the barren soil of MIT.

YEARBOOK MIT has a technique. So do all other colleges. Our technique is different; it is called the "royal screw".

THE RECH This miserable rag is hardly worth reading, let alone working on. Our motto is "Yesterday's news tomorrow." Distributed weekly in your nearest Springfield Oval dispenser.



Zoomer Squadron takes off.

VOO DOO

Needless to say, Voo Doo is an incredibly funny humor magazine, featuring the best of MIT's artists and writers. And naturally, all the money we make goes to "charity", so go back and buy five more copies. And tip the salesman. Generously.

ZOOMER SQUADRON

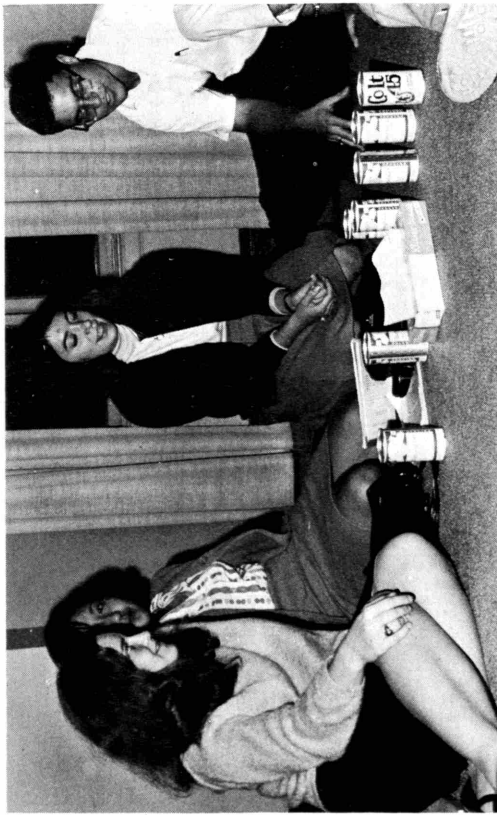
The Air Farce's equivalent of Perishing Rifles, Zoomer Squadron was formed for the prevention of disease only.

SIGMA ALPHA PI

Sigma Alpha Pi, the freshman class honorary, selects each year the 450-500 men who have been the most outstanding on the left side of the freshman class listing.

While there is no physical mark to testify to election, performance of good deeds and a sober countenance are a sure sign of a SAP. TS. Aunt Bonnie Gerzog, President. Echaipfak. There is no more honor in MIT.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS IN THE BOSTON AREA.



"Why Dave, what a lovely set of cans you have."

Uncle Davy and Uncle Bobby would now like to further edify you "frosh" by giving you the "hot poop" on some of the "girl' schools" around here. Oinkoinkoinkoinkoinkoink.

ROTCLIFFE Illegitimate offspring of Haahvaahrd, Rotcliffe, COLLEGE sometimes called the "Cliff" or the "Rot," abounds with pseudo-sophisticates, would-be folksingers, and girls with lots of culture (mostly bacterial). Rotcliffe's mixers, or "Jelly-Ups" as they are sometimes called, are definitely "in" for the MIT group.

BOSTON B.O. is populated solely by jocks. The girls are, al-
OMNIVERSITY most without exception, short, fat, large, and ugly

And exceedingly stupid. The typical B.O. girl has often been compared to a rhinoceros - fast, but ugly, with prominent horns.

SLUMMONS The Slummons campus is abundant in mild-manner-
COLLEGE ed, conservative, upper-middleclass virgins. The girls love mixers, love Techmen, love each other, and have clean white teeth. They love their mothers, are kind to small animals, and go to Church on Sundays.

WEALTHLEY Wealthley girls love to ride horses, play polo, dress
COLLEGE well, attend the theatre, and marry Harvies. But don't be discouraged; since they are located out in Brisbane, Utah, a convenient nineteen-hour drive from MIT, they never see any men and hence are horny.

CAUNDLER This two-year sexatarial school has, without a doubt,
JUNIOR the ugliest, stupidest, most spoiled collection of girls
COLLEGE in the known Universe. They are for the most part high-school dropouts whose wealthy parents have sent them to Boston to catch a husband. If you see one approaching, run for your life.

MT. FIDA No bunch of dogs here. Known for their interest in
JUNIOR rowing, Mt. Fida girls have earned for their school
COLLEGE the nickname of "oarhouse on the hill," and are reputed to be among the fastest at their chosen sport of crewing.

M.I.T. Contrary to popular opinion, there *are* girls at MIT. They can be distinguished from the boys by the fact that they shave.

RELIGION AT M.I.T.



RELIGION
AT
M.I.T.

We at MIT are very religious. God, are we religious. And religion has been given a more prominent place at MIT this year — namely the old activities' offices in Walker. Besides fulfilling the fundamental role of spiritually developing the massless minds of the mindless mass of students at Tech, religion also functions as a stepping-stone to the socio-ethical, religio-moral, cheerio-cereal stratus of the psycho-cultural foundation of the school.

The home of religion at MIT is, naturally enough, the Chapel. The Chapel provides a place for quiet or silent meditation. But meditation must have an object; and an object must have a subject, which brings us to the subject of the Chapel moat, whose glistening water sparkles effervescently in the afternoon sunlight. Originally built to breed eels for the biology department, the moat took on a new meaning when the Chapel was built in the middle of it. It now serves as the symbol of the socio-ethical, religio-moral, radio-serial isolation separating man from the Universe. Amen.

RESTAURANTS

Boston boasts more good food than it really has, and eating out can be as many different experiences as you like. The following list eats it.

Virgin Park (30 Noparking St.) At 11:30 on Saturday morning, perhaps the wisest move a Techman can make is to go back to bed, because Virgin Park will be crowded as hell. Specializing in long lines, ugly short-tempered waitresses, heavy water pitchers, Virgin Park brings a bouquet of greatness wafting over the Boston skyline, so go eat there.

Or Elsie's (71 Mount Aspin St.) is the home of the renowned roast grief special (50 burps). A photograph of Elsie being hanged appeared at the New York World's Fair. So if you're in the mood for bawling your way to the ridiculously small counter, go eat there.

Joke & Moron's (Calvin Corner, Brooklyn) is an expensive sandwich shop catering to the upper crust Chewish bourgeoisie. If you can tell the difference between a bagel and a beagle, go eat there already yet. Their biggest sandwich extends itself in space-time to the limits of the Lagrangian hyperbolic Machiavellian universe. It's a Prince of a sandwich. So if you need a refresher course in sandwiches, go eat there.

Slimone's (21 Brooklineandsinker St.) specializes in mastroinni soup, pascetti with grease balls, and of course, that favorite Italian dish, cellabrezzimescaliziscaltotpinimussolini with butterscotch sauce. And remember that Italian-a cheese is-a good-a cheese. So go eat there.

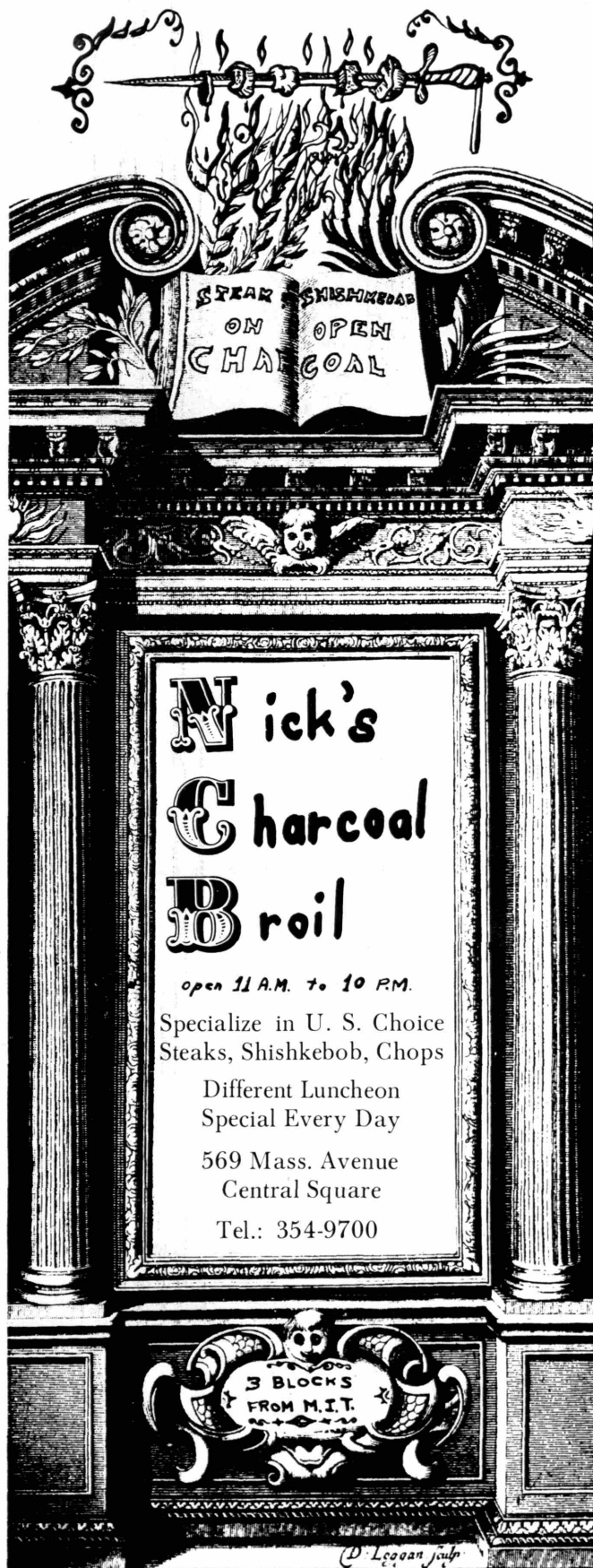
Lobsnell Dining Hall (Student Center, Mass. Ave., Cambridge) is best known for its fine view of Mass. Ave., its soft chairs, and thick wooden tables. Some students have, from time to time, been observed eating there, but this is a privilege reserved only for the rich. Each additional sentence in this paragraph costs us 15 cents. Plus tax.

HISTORY

In 1630 Boston was a lot younger than it is now. It was surrounded by the sea, you see, and had many ships sailing hither and thither. Much of Boston in those days was under water, and by the same token, you can get a ride on the MTA. There were many Pilgrims, Indians, and Puritans scurrying o'er dewy hills 'n' dales. Scurry, Pilgrims, scurry.

Freedom Tale — Go ahead. Take a walk. A long walk. Stare at hordes of incredibly dull historic sites. Start at the Park St. station of the MTA, right where Paul Revere started from. Just keep walking. Sooner or later your feet'll get tired. Just like cars. They're tired. The route you choose will be a route that chews. And it's all free to the first 100 people who write in.

The Boston Common — was where there were cows before there were people. But modern Bostonians are full of bull. They used to let the cows loose from the Common and wherever they didn't walk, people built houses. This accounts for Boston's well-laid-out intersections of today. No moosers is good news. So go eat there.



STEAK SHISHKEBAB
ON OPEN
CHARCOAL

Nick's
Charcoal
Broil

Open 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Specialize in U. S. Choice
Steaks, Shishkebob, Chops

Different Luncheon
Special Every Day

569 Mass. Avenue
Central Square
Tel.: 354-9700

3 BLOCKS
FROM M.I.T.

D. Logan Japh

1870

1966

JAMES F. BRINE, INC.

29 BRATTLE STREET
HARVARD SQUARE; TEL.: 876-4218

America's oldest complete
sporting goods store.

**LACROSSE-BASEBALL-TENNIS
-GOLF EQUIPMENT-**

Restringing in our own shop.

*Buy brand names: Only the best
at BRINE'S, Harvard Square*

STEREO

COMPONENTS

TAPE RECORDERS

GET OUR BIG SYSTEM

DISCOUNTS

ARKAY SALES CO.

1028 COMMONWEALTH AVE.,
BOSTON Phone 734-7886

Ferranti-Dege, Inc.

1252 Massachusetts Avenue / Harvard Square
Telephone / Kirkland 7-8600



Specializing in
Nikon "F" and
all its excessories.

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

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



Meyer rushed up to Jake in consternation. "I hear you are going to marry Becky Goldberg," he said. "Don't do it. Everybody in Yonkers has had her."

"Well," said his friend, "is Yonkers such a big city?"



It was a foggy morning, and the fishing smacks off Gloucester nosed their way out of the harbor. Suddenly a sailor in one hailed another: "Hello, John, I have news for ye."

"What is it?"

"Wife had a baby, a boy."

"What'd he weigh?" the other voice called.

"Four pounds," came the reply, through the fog.

"Hell, you hardly got your bait back!"



BEER

ICE COLD BEER

GET YOURS AT . . .

THE WINE CELLAR

"packaged liquors"

922 BEACON ST., BOSTON

CI 7-8100

CI 7-9300



Last exit to Wellesley.

Courtesy of MIT Hack Comm.

PIZZA PATIO, INC.

100 DIFFERENT VARIETIES

- Pizza
- Ravioli
- Macaroni
- Lasagna
- Spaghetti
- Subs

Eat it in . . . Take it out

. . . Have it delivered

FOR THE FINEST QUALITY
AND MOST EFFICIENT SERVICE

CO 7-3773

(5-12 PM)

35c nominal
charge
within
2 miles.

PROMPT DELIVERY SERVICE
In our Piping Hot Ovens!

OUR MOTTO:

PICK UP A PHONE,
I'M ALWAYS HOME!
1356 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON



Rear of
Fenway
Park



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*.

What is Charlesbanking ?

First of all, what it's not.
It's not a dance so you can't dance it.

But it's just as exciting, because Charlesbanking is a convenient modern way to handle your money while at school. Charlesbanking offers thoughtful services like free parking, a drive-up window, and banking-by-mail.

And Charlesbank offers special things like checkbooks and check blanks imprinted with the smart-looking M.I.T. insignia. These are available only to members of the M.I.T. community and immediately identify you as a responsible M.I.T. student.

Charlesbanking happens just a few steps from M.I.T. in Kendall Square . . . it's not only the newest full service bank in Cambridge, but you'll find its location most convenient, and banking hours suit you to a "T."

Visit the new bank when you come to Tech, and choose the Charlesbanking service that is best for you.

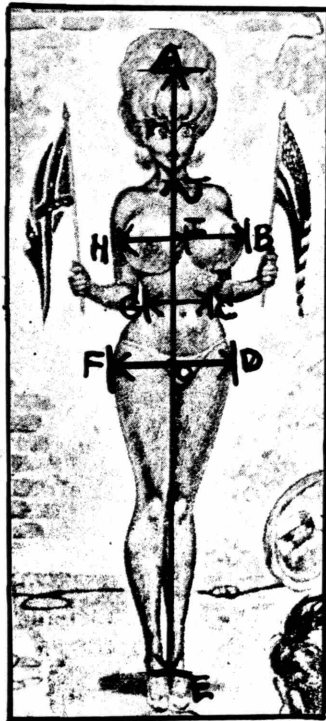


Charlesbank Trust Company

124 Broadway, Kendall Square, Cambridge UN 4-4444, Member F.D.I.C.

Banking Hours: Mon. thru Wed. 8:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., Thurs., Fri. 8:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m.

ON LITTLE ANNIE'S FANNY



II

III

Image comparisons: (Conversion factors)

$$I:II = J,O:J',O' = 2.3:4.0 = .58$$

$$I:III = H,I:H',I' = .8:1.2 = .67$$

Measurements: (cm.)

$$HB = 1.6 \quad B'I' = 1.6 \times .58 = .92$$

$$GC = .8 \quad C'D' = .6 \times .58 = .35$$

$$FD = 1.6 \quad E'F' = 1.4 \times .58 = .81$$

"A STATISTICAL ANALYSIS"

by Tom Robinson — Cox
and Gang

Being naturally intrigued with the rather massive proportions of "La Belle" Little Annie Fannie, we at MIT have scientifically determined the measurements of her ultrafeminine anatomy. By referring to past issues and relating to objects of everyday experience (certainly Annie is not everyday) we established a torso ratio, relating, by width and depth, her bust, waist, and hips. Basing our ratio on the size of a dollar bill (May 1965) we found her height to be 5'11.6". In this reference scale, her vital statistics tipped the scales at 46-21-43.5. GAZONG!!!

Using a rectangular approximation her vital statistics are:

$$2(HB + B'I') = 5.04 \text{ cm.}$$

$$2(GC + C'D') = 2.30 \text{ cm.}$$

$$2(FD + E'F') = 4.82 \text{ cm.}$$

Since a one dollar bill measures 66 mm. in width and the conversion factor between pictures I and III is .67 the actual scale of Image I to Life-Size is:

$$1 \text{ cm.} = 23.1 \text{ cm. (since the right breast measures 18.5 cm. (H'I'))}$$

Actual statistics:

$$\text{Bust} = 117 \text{ cm.} = 46 \text{ in.}$$

$$\text{Waist} = 53.2 \text{ cm.} = 21 \text{ in.}$$

$$\text{Hips} = 111 \text{ cm.} = 43.5 \text{ in.}$$

$$\text{Height} = 180.2 \text{ cm.} = 71.6 \text{ inc.}$$

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

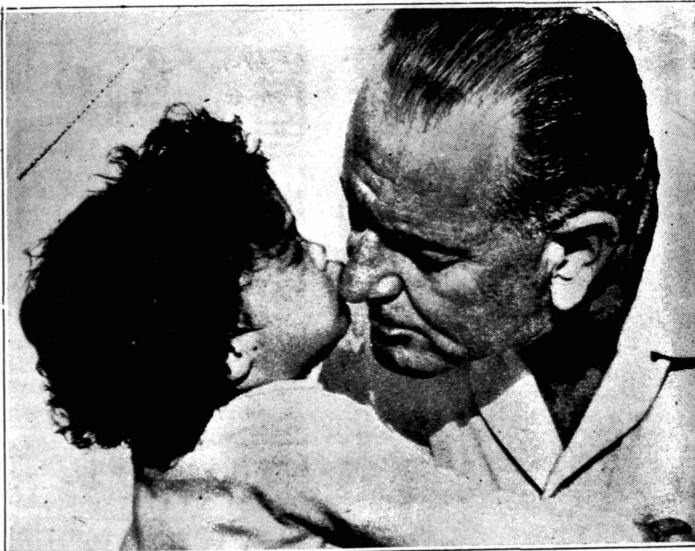
LBJ sits in sun for first time since surgery. —Page 2

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

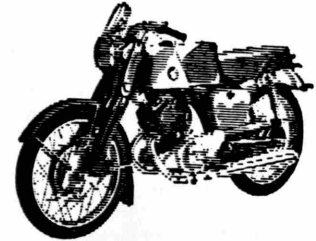
DODGERS win World Series on Koufax 3-hitter. —Back Page



Harv — a gentleman would ask for him gum back. Hey Harv . . .

Jay's Motor Service

Repairs on Foreign Cars,
Motorcycles, and Scooters.



Spring Tune-up
Come in or Call NOW!!

67R CEDAR STREET
SOMERVILLE

623-9884

in "back" of Porter Sq.

CORSAGES

Leave it to a professional —
Why not at

THE WHAT NOT

Flower Garden

Specialty Designed for Your Girl
Phone in your girl's height,
weight, color of hair,
eyes and dress.

Student rates \$3-\$5
ORDER EARLY

DAY — 262-9273
EVES. — 445-1781

Mrs. E. B. Mitchum - Designer

162 MASS. AVE., BOSTON
Next to the A&P

For every occasion . . .
The What Not means quality

Call and ask about
our group rates.

BAKER'S SHOES

of Cambridge

**Better shoes for men, women,
and children.**

For children:

**BUNTEES
CHILD LIFE
STRAIGHT LAST &
ORTHOPEDIC
SHOES**

For women:

**ENNA JETTICKS
OLD MAINE TROTTERS
HILL & DALE**

For men:

**NUNN-BUSH
E. T. WRIGHT ARCH
PRESERVER
JACK PURCELL TENNIS**

*We specialize in corrective fitting.
Your Doctor's prescription carefully
filled.*

Hush Puppies for

Men, Women, & Children

**Central Sq 521 Mass. Ave.
EL 4-8883**



NOW OPEN

CHARLIE'S LITTLE PENTHOUSE

**THE MOST
UNUSUAL - BEAUTIFUL
COCKTAIL LOUNGE IN THE
COUNTRY PLUS A
PIANO BAR AND MUSIC.**

**CHARLIE'S HAPPY HOURS
4 P.M. to 7 P.M.**

**SERVING HOT AND COLD
HORS D'OEUVRES**

**MONDAY
IS CHARLIE'S HAPPY DAY**

**TUESDAY
IS CHAMPAGNE DAY**

**WEDNESDAY
IS LIFE-TIME FLOWER DAY**

**10 A Eliot Street - Cambridge
in Harvard Square
Jacket and Tie Required**

HONDA JUST DIAL **RE HONDA**
OF
BOSTON 916 COMM.AVE.

OPEN MON. THRU SAT. 9 to 9

The very week after we tried out hand at this piece of serious journalism (shown in part here), a prominent New York newspaper (the *Times*, I think) put out a parody. I think they are still putting it out. I'm not too sure; I don't read those papers very often.

The New York Times Magazine

It's Just Terrible in Red China These Days

By CHARLES M. DEBER

JUST got back. Just this week. Ohhh, it was terrible. Don't ever go there unless you really have to. I just got back from spending eighteen months in Red China as a wandering correspondent. I was lucky I didn't get arrested. Boy it's horrible there. I'm going to tell you about it. That's why I'm writing this article.

You can't believe what goes on in these totalitarian-type governed states. Gee it's amazing. They control every phase of your daily life. I mean every phase, man. I'm not just whistling Dixie. Let me be vivid. Let me be lucid. Let me tell you what a typical day is like in the life of a peasant Chinese family in Red China.

It's terrible. Even from the moment you wake up. They don't even let you set your alarm clock and there's no such things as clock radios. A nationwide siren goes off every morning at 6 a.m. It's so loud. No human could sleep through it. And then — and then you have fifteen minutes to get washed and dressed and all the other things you have to do in the morning. Washed! Water is rationed in most communities, and each man is allotted one large 12-ounce glass of water for his morning shower.

At 6:15 you report for inspection. You stand at attention in the doorway of the flimsy shack you call "home" and wait for "them" to come around. Woe to him who has dirty fingernails. Pity him who has a wrinkle in his shirt, although this applies only to those fortunate enough to possess shirts. Most men wear thigh-length burlap sacks, and the State admits that these are indeed difficult to iron, even if you have an iron. Irons are hard to get, simply because they're made out of iron. At least I think they're made out of iron. And the State needs iron. To make guns. To make rockets. To make atomic weapons. To make chopped liver. Iron chopped liver, China's new secret weapon, which I have the pleasure of revealing for the first time anywhere. Deadly, menacing iron chopped liver. One bite and — CHOMP, POW! You've had it, fellah.

LET me point out, lest you obtain, dear reader, the wrong impression, that the women do not reside in the same flimsy shacks as do the men. If typical Chinaman Won Hung Lo marries typical Chinawoman I Luv Yu, that in itself is an accomplishment, for courtship as we know it in this country simply does not exist. It is difficult for two young members of the opposite sex to get to know each other in this totalitarian State. Damn difficult. There are no parties, except of course the Communist Party. There are no dances, no mixers, no opportunity whatsoever for young

CHARLES M. DEBER, wandering correspondent of the *Times* for many years, has written extensively about the sex life of the fruit fly, because it seemed like the thing to do.

people to get acquainted — except at Party meetings. And needless to relate, anyone caught whispering, not to mention smooching, at a party meeting is instantly liquidated. In fact, marriages are generally arranged by the State, and although lack of population has never been a problem in this area, a man is introduced to his wife-to-be when, and only when, the State feels that further procreation is necessary. "How do you do", says Won Hung Lo. "Pleased to meet you," says I Luv Yu, and right there, in the Office of Marriage, they are joined in holy matrimony, her name becoming I Luv Lo. Even after this touching ceremony, they are permitted to be together only two nights a month, these nights again being determined by the State based on careful consultation and calculation with I Luv Lo. Besides, you know what they say about Chinese girls.

You see? It's really terrible there. They control everything. You even have to breathe in accordance with the national average. If they catch you inhaling more than five times per minute above the permissible level, you are required to hold your breath for several hours, which can make a poor Chinese peasant green in the face.

As I travelled, I found it hard to believe that such Total Control could be carried out successfully. I wondered what you had to do to become one of "them." To become one of the men who did the inspecting. To become one of the men who counted breaths. Because surely these men are less likely to have their breaths counted. For it was an upward spiral, and there weren't enough "superiors" to watch over everything, the higher up you went.

THE children. The children were watched over, carefully disciplined from the time they were old enough to say "Gimme more rice." When the children are eating their breakfast cereal, you can often hear them say, "I want my Mao," for Mao Toasted Flakes is the name of the only available breakfast cereal. The children are taught that nothing belongs to them, but instead everything belongs to everybody. Having mastered this concept while still young, they never question the fact that their leaders somehow manage to have many personal luxuries. To each according to his needs, from each according to his abilities: in other words, he who has but little ability needs to be shot.

The influence of the totalitarian regime is felt even in restaurants. Members of the People's Police listen in as you place your order. When you're in Red China next time, whatever you do, don't order your bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwich without saying loudly, "Heavy on the Mayo." The fact that the first two syllables of the word "mayonnaise" resemble the first two syllables of the name of the People's Supreme Leader has caused the State

to issue the following decree: "Mayonnaise is no longer an optional condiment. It is to be eaten at every meal, so that the eater may constantly be aware of the fact that Mao is always with him." Oh, yes, there is also a terrible-tasting soft drink that tastes like a mixture of Geritol and Chlorox — the Chinese name for it is Lee Dee Burd — which is required drinking at least twice a day. It's disgusting taste reminds the people of the disgusting imperialists in the United States.

THE Chinese have their own version of history and, boy! what they teach those kids right from elementary school on up is just a pack of lies, it's so untrue! Up to just a few years ago, for example, little Chinese pupils learned the correct historical fact that Christopher Columbus discovered America. Now, as the Sino-Soviet rift widens, the children are taught that in fact it was Chinese explorer Ko Lum Bus who actually discovered the New World, and that anyway, he found it to be an unbearable place. The Chinese history book actually says "Ko Lum Bus landed in what is now the State of Massachusetts in 1492, but had to leave quickly when he learned that five of his men had been run over by reckless Indian drivers on the Massachusetts Turnpike." This is obviously an outright distortion of the truth, since it is well-known that 15th-century toll-takers on the Mass Pike were forbidden by State Law from accepting wampum, and that more exact-change toll machines were fouled up by wampum-throwing Indians during this time than during any other period in American history. To further complicate this situation, Russian textbooks now indicate that indeed it was Russian explorer Leifovich Ericksonov who first came upon the New World, and many leading Western political analysts feel that this may indicate further differences in the structures of the Chinese and Russian political ideologies. Others think it may not indicate this, however.

This political stuff even creeps into the games the school children play at recess. In what could generally be described as the Chinese equivalent of baseball, the following rules apply: The child who is "up" is given a newly-sharpened butcher's knife, and he begins to run around a large pentagon, always running clockwise — to the left that is — and as he approaches a vertex, he finds it is guarded by a man who is dressed up as Lyndon Johnson, Premier Kosygin, the U.N., a South Vietnam soldier, the late Prime Minister Nehru, former Premier Krushchev, an American shirt-lauderer, or any other well-known Enemy of the State. Each vertex is a "base" on which is inscribed simple slogans as "love", "peace" (sic), "happiness", "rice", "all American waiters look alike", and "you know what they say about American girls." The men in costume are adults who have been convicted of heinous crimes against the State for which death is the penalty. The child must thus run

around the bases, killing each man he encounters en route with his knife, and the child who can kill his five men and return to his starting point the fastest, wins the game. If any of the five men is only wounded, the entire round is nullified, and the child must go again. Many observers here feel that the game serves at least three vital purposes: (1) It teaches the children how to kill even before they learn to read or write, (2) It liquidates Enemies of the State in a tasteful manner and in constructive symbolic fashion such as to discourage the children from themselves disobeying the State, and (3) It helps decrease the surplus population. I watched several innings of this horrible game, and was surprised to find that no Enemy of the State was dressed up as Charles DeGaulle.

COULD go on and on. There are no cars. You must walk anywhere you wish to go, unless you are a Party member, in which case you are entitled to a pair of Roller Skates. There are no stoves or refrigerators, so fires must be built for any warmth or cooking needs, and nothing can be kept cool. I mean, like nothin', man. There are no cigarettes, cigars, pipes, cigarillos. There is no liquor, beer, or even hard cider. Let me tell you, I went without a drink for a year and a half. Those Communists really know how to hurt

guy. Not only that, there are no yo-yo's, no water guns, no Saran Wrap, no persimmons, no can openers, no Beatles' records, no Halvah, no soap radio, no Davy Crockett coon skin caps, no Batman comic books, and no Superballs. They did have television, but the picture was always distorted because every vertical image appeared on the screen to be horizontal. I should have known that would happen. You know what they say about Chinese TV sets.

BUT the highlight of my stay in this vast Red Rieland was the brief interview granted to me with Mao-Tse-Tongue — the Big Boss. He lived in this big mansion, surrounded by hundreds of armed guards, numerous servants and beautiful women, and he had a refrigerator and an electric stove. I later found out that the latter two were merely status symbols, for in this country, there is no electricity, and since these were General Electric appliances (made in USA, a city in Japan), there was no sense in plugging them into the outlets which liberally lined the peace-walls.

JUST got back. Had a drink or two today. Tasted real good after eighteen months. Actually had three or four. But as I always say, in vino veritas, in wine there is truth, and no kidding, it's really terrible there. Have I ever lied to you before?

Choose ANY NINE of these best-sellers ALL for \$1



... if you join the Club and agree to accept only 43 selections a month during the 20th century

American Monthly Guided Book Club
Dept. OIC-U812
Gardenville, N.Y.

Please enroll me as a trial member of the Guided Book Club and send me the nine books and/or sets of books whose numbers I have printed in the nine boxes at the right. Bill me only \$1.00 plus a large handling charge. If not delighted, I understand my money will be immediately refunded, although I suspect you will be delighted with my money.

I understand that I do not need to accept a book every day—only as few as 43 a month, and I may resign any time within a year after I die. You will send me every book you print as soon as it is off the presses, even before the ink is dry, and you will continue, as I understand it, to send me book after book until every room of my entire home is filled completely up to the ceiling with Guided books. If I do not wish to receive a particular selection, I understand that I may take two ounces of sweat from a pregnant gorilla, pour it generously over a slab of raw liver, the liver being taken from a freshly-killed cheetah, and mail this to you in a plain brown wrapper with a note saying, "Please do not send me today's morning selection." For each selection I accept, I understand you will bill me for an amount far in excess of the actual worth of the selection, and in many cases, as much as fifty times the actual price of the selection.

I understand that if I act now, the Club will also send me as an added bonus, fifty pictures of some of the prettiest birds of the Northern Hemisphere, many in brilliant color, and many with glue on the back, so that I may enjoy many pleasurable hours playing with these bird pictures, pasting them here and there, and showing them to friends and relatives. I also understand, although this may merely be hearsay, since I don't see it anywhere else on this page, that the Club will also send me a bookend to help hold up my books, absolutely free, if I buy a second genuine plastic bookend for only \$45.00 plus a large handling charge.

MR.
MRS.
MISS

(Print plainly in blood)

Gzornin

Zip _____ Zap _____ Hoo _____ Mah _____

The Guided Book Club is an equal opportunity deceiver. Offer not good in Gardenville, N.Y., where the cops are on our tails. The Club reserves the right to ship books printed on pink or blue bathroom tissue as well as the usual white. Poor people need not apply.

DID you ever get that urge, that gnawing urge, to read a book, and then find yourself disappointed to learn, that through oversight or over-busyness, you just didn't have in your own home any book that you fully intended to read anyway question mark. Well, fret no more, my lady. Because now, for the first time anywhere, YOU, who me, yes you, merely by joining the American Monthly Guided Book Club, can receive carloads of the latest best-sellers—voluminous illuminating volumes which have literary-ly skyrocketed to the chop of the tarts—at a price only several times greater than they actually cost.

Unprecedented is the only word for this offer, because "cheating the public" looks real bad, you know what I mean, real bad in print.

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO TO JOIN

You receive, as an introductory super-bonus, any nine of the best sellers, reference works, literary gems, etc., pictured and/or described on this page, for only \$1.00, plus a large handling charge. In return, you agree to join the Guided Book Club and accept as few as 43 selections during the coming month. If you continue after this trial membership, you receive, with every Club choice you buy, absolutely nothing. In this way, your library GROWS AND GROWS until your entire home is filled with books—big ones, small ones, skinny ones, fat ones, red ones, blue ones, yellow ones, sticky ones, dirty ones, smelly ones, and ALL KINDS OF BOOKS. Filled to the ceiling. Every room completely filled. And, simultaneously—OUR OFFICES BECOME FILLED TO THE CEILING WITH YOUR MONEY. But only if you act now.

CHOOSE FROM THIS MAGNIFICENT LIST OF STUFF

118. Ethel Robozo's Lithuanian Cookbook
157. The Complete Works of Roald Amundsen, 6 Volumes (Counts as 12 books)
73. St. Crape, City of Rainbows, A Pictorial Essay, 7 Pictures, Many of Them in Black and White
189. You and Prunes Dr. X. Lacks
57. My Father The Living Bra Melvin Schwartz
79. The Man With The Golden Thunderballs, Ian Phlegming
89. Naked Lunch W. Burroughs
145. My Days In The White House, Barry Goldwater
158. My Nights In The White House, Walter Jenkins
23. Good Grief, It's Candy Terry Northern
54. The Complete History of the Universe, God
87. The Rise of the Fourth Reich, W. L. Satirer
56. Modern Synthetic Reactions in Organic Chemistry H. O. House
467. Please Don't Eat the Naked Bus Drivers Douglas Kerr
578. A Few Poems Edited by W. Oersred
91. The Last Time I Felt Nauseous, I. Regurgitate
68. An Atlas of Lotso Maps
79. Catcher In The Pumpernickel, D. J. Seedingner
90. Snatch—22, J. Smeller
46. A History of Ethiopia 6 Volumes (Counts as one book), H. Selassie
435. Harvard University General Catalogue
100. I'm So Cute, Autobiography of Chuck Deber
99. Red Horses and Where To Find Them, by Hay Mister
707. English Muffin Christine Keeler
911. The Rand-McMouldy Encyclopedia of Tortfeasing
88. Chicken Flickers I Have Known, by Heather Feather
57. Fanny Valley (Unexpurgated Version), John Cleland
203. Don't Make Waves (Expose of Females in Military Service), by Joint Chiefs of Staffs
91. The Complete Works of Boris Bryant
313. The Bobbsey Twins Meet Lassie
314. Anatomy of a Stupid Colie
29. John, Paul, Ringo, George, Ralph and What Else To Name Your Baby Unless It's A Girl
33. Lust For Ecstasy Irving Stoned
999. Try Writing 34 of These Sometimes, by Ima Nauthor
567. I Brushed With Christ Biography of Billy Graham
714. My Man Friday, by Frank Smith
2. How To Make Fifty Quintillion Dollars in Your Spare Time at Home, by J. Paul Getme
687. Chemical Applications of Group Theory, by Sigmund Freud
737. Breed Ants and Raise Cousins, by Walt Ridden
888. Sexual Fulfillment and Other Ways to Spend Your Time, by Dir T. Book
627. Leather Stockings and Tails, by Jim (Beaver-Shot) Cooper
632. The Complete Stories of Ralph and Ethel, 173 volumes (counts as 1 book) by Ralph N. Ethel
694. Panda Randa, Sex Practices of the Giant Panda, by Walter Lance
642. Thirty Days to a More Powerful Tool, by Enos Schlöng
652. Sex After 90, by Inna Spint
692. How to Write a Parody of a News Magazine and Be the First Parodist on Your Block, Unless There's Already One, and Then You'll Be the Second, but That's All Right Too, and Other Stories, by V. D. Staff

SCHOOLS

Business and Sexaterial

Be an Executive!!!

RICH FAMOUS COOL WONDERFUL STUPENDOUS
HARVARD School of Business and Graft

Learn to be a famous diplomat and/or president in your spare time. Harvard University offers courses in all sorts of useless, expensive, and yet socially acceptable occupations. Look at Leverett Saltonstall, Ted Kennedy, John Galbraith, Marvin Szykowski, Who's Marvin Szykowski? Why, HE didn't go to Harvard School of Business and Graft. So enroll now. Send for our free brochure (enclose \$25 for postage and handling) to: John Harvard, 679 Holyoke Center, Cambridge, Mass.

ROADS ... where Cheating is a Tradition.



A Co-ed (yes! yes! yes!) defamatory school for students who want more than a routine education. Yes, kiddies, get lots more at Roads. Learn to cheat profitably. Contract many diseases. Learn to feast up to seventeen torts simultaneously. Learn to curse in seventeen different languages. Nauseating classes conducted by the largest group of incompetent mealheads ever assembled. This motley crew treats each individual child as though he were a group of children. Remember, Roads is milder, much milder, and you pay nothing until March 15.

New York's Most Disgusting Prep School
Registered by New York Board of Regents
22 South 45 Street (nr. 14th Ave.) N.Y. 99900
In the Heart of the Islands of Langerhans

THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

One of the finest science and engineering institutions in the United States.



Learn physics, chemistry, electrical engineering, and many other useful skills in an atmosphere of relaxed study on the banks of the charming Charles River, just minutes from the heart of metropolitan Boston. Well-equipped laboratories and the finest available teaching assistants make an M.I.T. education a richly rewarding experience. Tuition rates start at \$1800. Predominantly male, although superb facilities are provided for female students right on the sprawling, tree-lined, verdant campus. Become a brilliant, worldly scientist as you lie on the velvet grass of M.I.T.'s Great Court, in the shadow of the world-famous Dome of Knowledge.

Submit resume in complete confidence to
Admissions Office, M.I.T., Cambridge, Mass.



CAMPS

Camp Whatzamattayaforgottazippuppyafly

Indian lore! Rustic living! Outdoor camping! Primitive facilities! Spiders, scorpions, poisonous snakes, hungry wolves, and other wild animals lead to a first hand knowledge of the wonders of nature. Boys' baseball and golf, girls tennis and volleyball, coed riding. Free barber service for palefaces.

Write Big Chief Scalpump Painfully,
Little Big Horn, Montana

SEASCAG

Specifically for
FAT UGLY GIRLS 12 to 18

A summer camp on Cape Cod that is positively a pound-losing paradise for fat young broads. All you eat is unlose, while losing pounds as well as friends. Equipped with wide doorways, scales that go up to 1000 pounds, and air-conditioned steam coons. Will you lose weight? Trim inches from bustline, waistline, waitline, just plainin'. Trim feet from body. If you haven't lost

100 pounds by the end of the summer you'll probably have lost less. Everyone here is fat so you'll feel right at home.
Fat Chance, M.D., Camp Director
A. Vair duFois, B.S., Assistant
Sherlock Peckers, Dietician
Cape Cod, Mass.
"Your excess blubber is our bread & butter"

CAMP V'IET N'AM Fareast, Asia

A COMPLETE YOUTH CAMP
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Ages 18-26, 2 year season, Salary \$78

Special program for college students. Warm clothing provided to protect against drafts. Complete camp program includes expert instruction in crawling under barbed wire while machine gun bullets zoom by overhead, leaping ridiculously high hurdles, courtesy to elders and sergeants, putting on gas masks rather quickly, arts and crafts, overnight hikes. Strict dietary laws.

Flat-footed men need not apply.

For information, apply: CAMP DIRECTOR — Mr. L. Johnson,
1600 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington D.C.
An equal opportunity employer

MEAL-OF-THE-DAY CLUB

A Special Offer!



In order to attract new members into amazing new organization, we are making this fantastic offer! When you join our club and agree to eat (or at least pay for) three meals a day, five days a week, for 4 1/2 months, you will automatically receive, absolutely FREE, the exciting Suckling Pig Dinner pictured above! This dinner was originally prepared for Emperor Franz-Josef of Austria in 1915, but he had indigestion and couldn't eat it. Join our club and you will eat it!

Write to: Stoeffler's Walker Memorial, Cambridge, Mass.

Enclose \$232.00 for membership

"The Club to Choose is the Club that Chews."

IN BOSTON

SO WHAT

CHANDLEER

SCHOOL FOR SPOILED GIRLS

Founded 1893

Losted 1894

Offers new educational experience to a group of the ugliest, stupidest, most spoiled collection of girls in the known universe. For young high school dropouts. One of Boston's least distinguished schools offering unusually bad secretarial training at unusually exorbitant rates. Actually, we feel kind-hearted, cause we've been kidding Chandleer for months now, so we're going to end this paragraph with a sentence from the real Chandleer ad. Through the residence program (beautiful residences, yet) each student (beautiful students, of course) shares in the use of the exciting cultural and social resources of a city noted for its music, arts and ideas. How's that, Cheryl? A real sentence still mad at us?

MART

CAPABLE OF BRINGING
DOWN A SAND-KICKING
BULLY AT 100 PACES!

LETHAL MAU-MAU
BLOW GUN



Think of the fun you can have in your neighborhood with this handsome nine-foot blow gun. Included are the materials for making 5000 needle-sharp darts. Also included are thirteen toxins of varying strength, each producing a different effect in your prey — from mild nausea to instant death. Harass pets, parents and pals with your points. Great fun for young and old!

How many times have you wished you could go out to your cess-pool and see live fishes

KATHARINE

Gives

SECRETERRIBLE

Three impractical courses:

One-Year Shorthand Course: Especially for students who have short hands and weak minds.

Ten-Year Typewriting Course: From "fff space lll space" to experienced typist in ten short years. qwertyuiop etaozn shrdlu & 1/2 n.

Special Course for Good Looking Students: We find you openings quickly and vice versa, even if you can't type.

Write to Old Katie (Actually She's Been dead for Fifty Years) for Our Catalog or Dogalog.

NEW YORK 10017
BRISBANE, UTAH 00812

1900 TFM

Recent Rulings

A person tossing a moon out of a right hand window may not make a left turn at that intersection.

—Manny Moons

A man who throws up on the Northbound side of a New York subway station must clean it up within thirty days.

—New York State Barf

A cereal which snaps and pops must also crackle.

—Kelly Org

Small boys run over by motorists become the property of the motorist if they are not claimed by their parents within six months.

—Judge B. Toff,
Cambridge, Mass.

Talking birds may not talk after midnight.

—Judge Perry Keet,
Cambridge, Mass.

Little-Known Facts

In 1965, professors at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology turned out 364,795 papers for publication, none of which was read.

97% of the inhabitants of Samoa participated in sexual intercourse before their 32nd birthday, according to a 1934 survey. A similar survey in 1956 showed that the interviewers in the 1934 survey had artificially increased the percentage, and the actual figure is 89%.

Dental floss production in Southern Ireland has increased 12% since 1942. Figures before 1942 were unreliable, because production was then measured in pecks, which is now a forgotten quantity.

Although shoelaces are sold by the yard and used by the foot, dental floss is sold by the foot and used by the mouth. Used dental floss is good for strangling flies.

Were all the elephants in the Western Hemisphere to be placed in one area, it would take all the physical plant men in the Student Center to clean up.

Pakistan produced only seven thousand tons of raw indigo in 1890. However, by 1935 advanced technology had boosted this figure to eight hundred thousand tons. But by 1959, they forgot how to make it and production dropped to zero.

Wilt Chamberlain is not a pituitary giant. He is an adenoid possum.

Proctology is the descendant of an ancient black art. Landlords reported that 87% of modern proctologists are in arrears, according to a report by Harry Orifice, head rectologist, Entebbe School of Proctology, Entebbe, Uganda.

Natives of the Kykubonga tribe of South-Eastern Chad eat beetle bark and smell like freshly sharpened pencils, but have no pink erasers.

NOW Your Town Can Have a 'Professional Riot!'

No More "AMATEUR" Demonstrations

Demonstrators, Inc. "OUR TRAINED TERRORISTS CAN TIE UP ANY TOWN!"

Name Your Cause -- We Will Demonstrate
90 Days Advance Notice Needed to
Guarantee Spontaneity

Tailor-Made--Name Your Poison!

Black vs. White	White vs. Black
Left vs. Right	Right vs. Left
Red vs. Blue	Blue vs. Red
Labor vs. Management	(No Training)
North vs. South	South vs. North
(Special Centennial Rates)	
Teachers vs. Students	Students vs. Teachers
(College Degree-Types are extra cost for educational disturbances)	

We Specialize in the Dramatic!

Please Check Type

VIOLENT _____ NON-VIOLENT _____

Walk-In _____ Sit-In _____ Drive-In _____

Chain-In _____ Other _____
(Bloodshed costs more west of Mississippi)

NOTE: If intervention by Attorney General is desired please send down payment in advance.

We carry extra lunch-counter stools, chain whips, pop bottles, stones and chemical toilets.

Our Banner Painters Can Misspell Anything . . . Our Chants Are Written Specially For Any Occasion . . .
Special Bus Rates To Washington, D. C. . . . Our Trained Cats Guaranteed To Decoy Police Dogs . . .
Our Printers Can Forge Membership Cards In Any Organization.

We Specialize In Hand-Picked Hoodlums That Can't Speak English . . . All Have Passed The 'Go Limp' Test!

RIOT KITS Riot Kits Include Extra Sheriff's Badges and Night Sticks In Case You Need Help On Both Sides . . . Absolutely No First Aid Kits To Assure Blood And Tears.

PRESS "SERVICE" Please Advise The News Service You Prefer . . . All Other Cameras Will Be Smashed and Reporters Slugged. Advance Release Prepared For Your Approval 30-Days Prior To Spontaneous Demonstration.

EVERYBODY'S FIGHTING SOMETHING . . . WHY AREN'T YOU? . . . WE GUARANTEE TO CONFUSE THE ISSUE SO NOBODY CAN ARRIVE AT SOLUTION !

WRITE TODAY! Reference furnished upon request . . . C H E C K TODAY'S NEWSPAPER FOR CURRENT ADDRESS.

DON'T DELAY. PRICES WILL RISE WHEN WE ADD "SUICIDE BY FIRE" TO OUR SERVICES !
(Volunteers for this dramatic finale gladly accepted)

Organized Confusion is Best!

REPRODUCTION RIGHTS: WE BELIEVE IN EQUAL RIGHTS: PRINT YOUR OWN

ALWAYS GO
TO
T.H.E.
B.E.S.T.
TECH Hi-Fi
exchange
BECAUSE EVERYONE
SAVES THERE.
AGENCY OF
TECHNOLOGY STUDENT
ENTERPRISES
JOHN STROBBERN
MANAGER
New + Used
EQUIPMENT
20% DISCOUNTS
ON NEW EQUIPMENT
IMMEDIATE SERVICE
ON CAMPUS
STORE

The young couple were out swimming, and while floating serenely in the water, the girl remarked that all that would be necessary to complete her happiness would be a cigarette. Upon hearing this, the boy reached into the pocket of his bathing suit and produced a prophylactic, in which he had cleverly cached two cigarettes and a light. The girl, immensely impressed with his ingenuity, went to the drugstore the next day with the idea in mind of purchasing some of the ersatz cigarette cases. When asked by the druggist "What size?" she replied without thinking, "Oh, large enough for a Camel."



Mary lay moaning in labor. "Oh, Lord, why me? Why me? You know how I hate children." The clouds part, the sky trembles, and the heavens resound, "You turn me on!"



What do you call a guy who doesn't leave a tip in a Chinese restaurant?
A plick.

HARLEY DAVIDSON SALES & SERVICE

New & Used
Motorcycles
on Display



PARTS • OIL • ACCESSORIES

at

Phillips Bros. Inc.

70 Columbia St., Cambridge, Mass.

547-0620

Established 1920

SLIDE RULERS OF THE WORLD UNITE!

You have nothing to lose but --- you can join the IMAD Club. Membership now open. Lifetime "professional" membership card with beautiful, gold-plated, hand-polished slide rule tie-clasp. (Engraved calibrations and numerals).

Decorative and useful. Has that fine jewelry look. Nicely boxed conversation piece.

Only \$1.00 ppd.

CUSTOMCRAFT
CREATIONS

P.O. Box 1111, Dept. C77, Providence,
Rhode Island 02901

CYPRESS RESTAURANT & LOUNGE

30 PROSPECT ST., CAMBRIDGE
OFF CENTRAL SQUARE

IMPORTED BEER ON TAP
SUPER SANDWICHES

PRIME RIBS \$2.50

TRY OUR FAMOUS

TENDERLOIN
STEAK SANDWICH

with Salad, French Fries \$1.75

FRESH FISH

Served Daily

LUNCHEON SPECIAL
DAILY 99¢

A man wandered into a bar, and proceeded to order a drink. While consuming his liquid refreshment, he looked around the room, and noticed a woman in her late twenties seated at a booth in the rear, and with her, a large white duck. After a few minutes, he found himself unable to resist any longer and walked over to the booth and spoke. "Excuse me," he said, "but I just can't help but wondering -- what are you doing with that pig?" The young woman looked at him coldly, and replied, "Pig? Are you blind or something? This isn't a pig -- it's a duck." Our hero then returned her icy look tenfold, and replied in his most lofty manner, "I was *talking* to the duck."

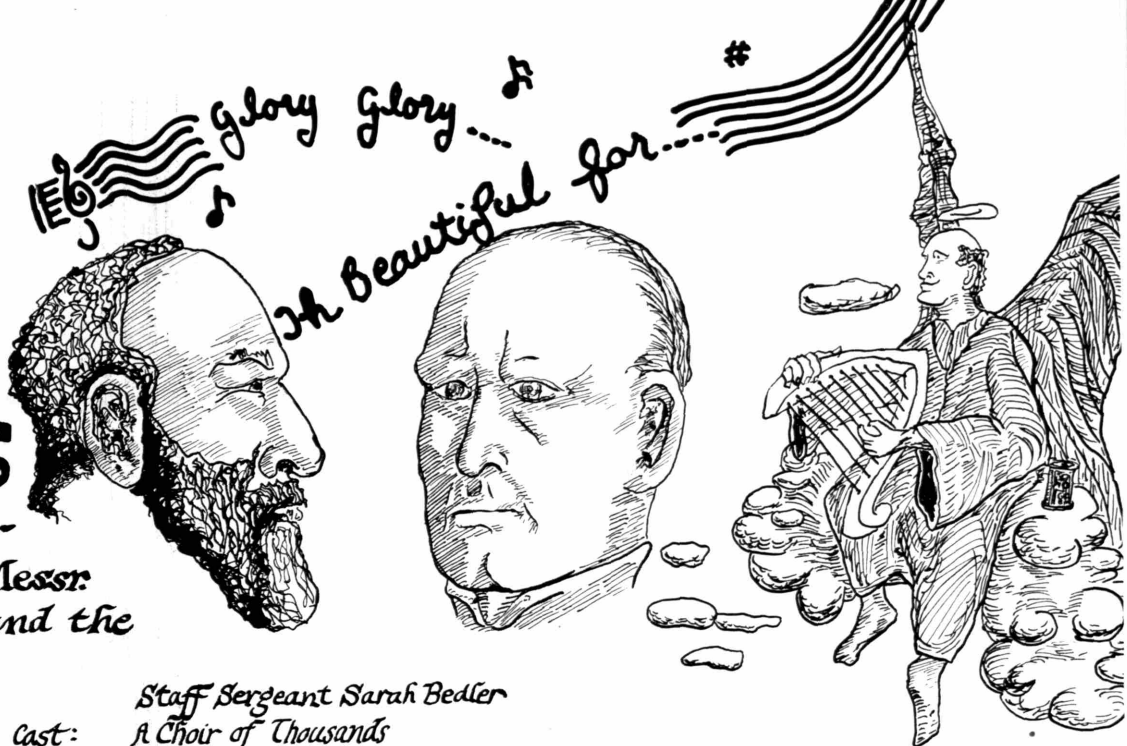


Then there's the one about the negro girl who was waiting anxiously for the colored troop train to come in. Finally it arrived, but, low and behold, a white captain stepped off. "Wah Captain," she said, "Yo is white!" "Yes mam," he replied, "but I've got colored Privates." "WHY CAPTAIN!" she exclaimed, blushing, "ain't yo de fancy one!"

4
 Who Shot Cock
 Robin Department
 PRESENTS:

HISTORY STUTTERS

A 45 RPM Oratorio for
 the jet set, featuring Messrs
 Garfield & McKinley and the
 intricacies of Fate.



Staff Sergeant Sarah Bedler
 Cast: A Choir of Thousands
 Fife and Drum Orchestra

Chorus sings "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah..." ~ Sarah begins, "Hello, my fellow Americans, I'd like to tell you a few facts. I know they sound strange, but fellow Americans, ... they prove that history d-does re-repeat its-self." ~ Marine Chorus joins in with America the Beautiful. ~ Sarah: In 1881 the great Garfield died at the hands of an assassin, as did McKinley a short twenty years later. Both were obscure presidents, that lived in white houses. ~ Chorus hums, "for amber waves of grain..." ~ S.: Both were shot in the body... ~ Mormon Tabernacle Choir joins in, "...in the bod..." ~ S.: ...and died later... ~ Choir: ...later... ~ Sarah: ...from loss of precious body fluids. ~ Choir: ...precious body fluids... ~ Sarah: Both assassins, Guiteau and Czolgosz, were nasty men. There are seven letters in Guiteau, there are eight in Czolgosz, and seven equals eight. ~ Chorus: hum... ~ Sarah: McKinley was shot in the head and was rushed to hospital; Garfield was shot near a hospital and rushed right to the head. ~ Chorus: Which way to the head... fimm ~ Sarah: Garfield's secretary, William Mc, warned him of danger the previous day; McKinley's dog Garfield barked all the night before. ~ Chorus: ...arf, arf, ... Sarah: ... and so folks, I guess you can see t-that hista-tory d-does re-p-repeat... I guess you can also see that I sing anything for a coupla bucks. ~ Chorus sings last few bars of America the Beautiful.

~Finis~



Lyrics & Scene by Whode
 With almost no
 apologies to Buddy
 Starcher
 Buy Savings Bonds

You can always tell a French politician. He likes to go around kissing babies - - - before they are born.



A young Negro minister, newly assigned to his church, decided that attendance at the services was too low. He decided to embark on a door-to-door campaign to encourage his parishioners to attend. Calling at the first home, he was greeted by a woman who cried out, "Nat!! Why Nat King Cole, I never thought I'd see you in this neighborhood. Come in and visit awhile."


The minister sternly replied, "Madam, I am not Nat King Cole. I am your minister, and if you had been in Church last Sunday, you would know it."

At the next home, a woman answered the door and exclaimed, "Oh, I just can't believe it. Nat King Cole comin' to visit me!" Again the minister admonished the woman and instructed her to attend Church more regularly.

At the next four or five houses the minister was greeted with the reaction: all thinking he was Nat King Cole. Stopping at the last house on the block, the minister rang the bell. The door was answered by a beautiful young woman wearing a flimsy negligee. She looked at the minister and asked, "Say, aren't you Nat King Cole?"

The minister replied, "Ram - blin' Rose"

HOUSE OF ROY



DE 8-8882

麗香齋飯

Real Chinese Foods

OPEN DAILY FROM 4 P.M. TO 2 A.M.
FOOD ORDERS TO TAKE OUT

25 TYLER STREET BOSTON 11, MASS

Sales

Service



Volvo

The Swedish Wonder Car

DALZELL MOTORS

805 Providence Highway

Dedham Plaza

329-1100

Charlie-the-Tech-Tailor

"Est. 1918"

Stud Center Basement

354-2088



Press your suit
Mend your clothes
Sew on buttons
Dry clean your clothing

Laundry Service Available — Shoe Repairing

N.B. He is noted for the finest work at the lowest prices.

What is a Student Politician marriage proposal?
"You're going to have a what?"



The traveling salesman walked along the streets of the town and was surprised to hear this young woman crying in the streets, shouting, "Schultz is dead, Schultz is dead!" Several minutes later another young woman sat sobbing the same thing on her porch. By the end of the evening the streets rang with the cries of young women crying, "Schultz is dead!" Curious the salesman made it a point to find out who Schultz was. Next morning found him at the town's only mortician. The undertaker smiled and led the salesman in to the back room. Doffing the deceased Schultz's pants, the undertaker demonstrated Schultz's claim to fame. The salesman thought that Schultz's pride would make an excellent souvenir and was eventually able to convince the undertaker to sell it to him, detached. When the salesman finally arrived home he produced the unusual item to show to his wife. To his surprise she fell back crying, "Oh no, Schultz is dead!"



FOR BIRDS ONLY

— Tom Strand

People are always complaining that they cannot identify birds they see. Now, isn't that right? Well, in Boston birds are always complaining about identifying people. This would pose no problem in Artichoke, Mo., for example, because there are only two types of humans there (boys and girls).

But this is Boston. Accordingly, the editors respectfully submit this portfolio of indigenous Boston types for the birds.



This cute number is called a Chandler girl (no offense, Cheryl). If she can be weighed, she is distinguished by her weight (this is all in jest, Cheryl). If she can be looked at, she is distinguished by her looks (I'm only kidding, Cheryl). If all else fails, ask Cheryl.



This rare breed is known as a "Harvie". He is well read: he reads Sartre, Updike, and Uncle Piggly Wiggly. He is well-dressed: he wears a tie, tinted contact lenses and Red Goose sandals. His diet is metaphysics and crap like that. He roosts in a pretty green pasture about two miles up Mass. Ave.



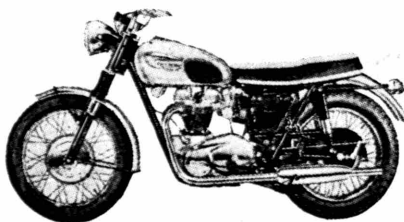
This number is a close relative of the cat family. She is a Wellseyte. She is identified by the number of Rolls-Royces owned by her daddy. She claims ties with the funky family, but don't you believe it. She lives on men and anything that can be crammed in a syringe.



This weirdo is called a "bikie". He can be identified by the phosphorescent glow of his few teeth, which results from numerous collisions with phosphorescent bug abdomens while smiling. He is a direct descendent of Marlon Brando. His diet consists of exhaust fumes. He loves his bike and his mother (in that order).

GO! GO! GO!
modern
TRIUMPH

for
Sport
Economy
Safety



new '66, 650 c.c.
Triumph Bonneville

Sales • Parts
Service

ANDREWS
MOTORCYCLE
SALES

BSA • BMW • TRIUMPH

81 West Concord

CI 7-9677

Boston

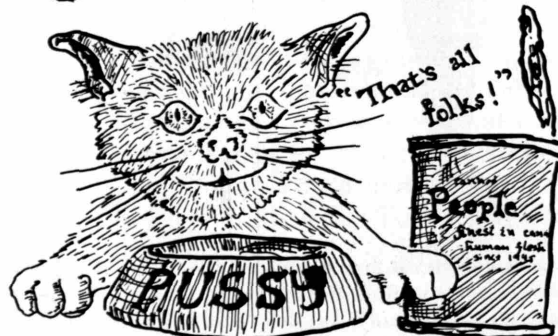
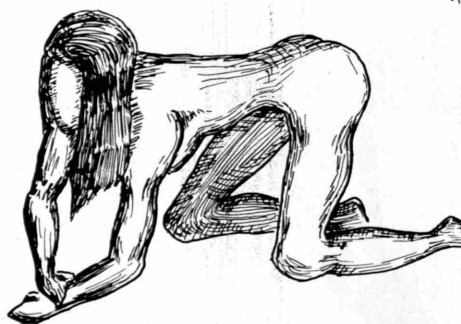
Awakening in lecture the other day, I was confronted with a unique spectacle. Upon the lectern stood a rearing Brahma bull, forking tons of associate professor upon



the assembly. I gasped, blinked, held my breath for a count of ten, and finally managed to restore

normalcy. But began to ask myself....what would it be like to have most two person actions with the roles reversed? Variations on "Man bites dog." Literally a whole new world opens up. A world of beagles pulling presidential cars, of horses betting on the people races, of little old ladies on Beacon Hill keeping college students awake late at night. But here, on the next few pages are a few glimpses of eht gnisama draw fo

SWITCHIES



Visit the spot even the jet set forgot!

TOUR THE TUMMY (ALIMENTARY CANAL) THIS VACATION

Race the A's and B's through the pyloric sphincter. Chase burps in the upper duodenum. Dine and drink in elegance in the Lower Esophagus Room of the cardiac stomach. Watch burps grow to maturity. Wrestle cramps behind the belly button. Thrill to the exotic Dance of the Seven Mesenteries at the fabulous Ulcer Inn. Spend a night in the mysterious Appendix Room. Fish for trout in the descending Colon. Sail in the trans-intestinal regatta. Surf in the headwaters of the pharynx. Stare in awe at the White Cliffs of Molar. Swing on the mighty uvula. See the damage done to the stomach by commons food. Yes, for adventure, excitement and sheer nutrition it's the Alimentary Canal. Sorry, single fare only, no round trip. See your travel agent or doctor today!!

Kenmore Optical Company Inc.

15% Discount with Student I.D.
Complete Optical Service
 491 Commonwealth Avenue
 Kenmore Square, Boston

KE 6-8864

WELCOME TO...

Jennie's Restaurant

In the North End, off Salem Street, is a tiny yard-like spot known as Bartlett Place. Here is located JENNIE'S — a cozy restaurant serving the most delicious Italian foods ever to grace a table, with a fine selection of new and old world wines and beers. Moderate prices, too.

On the Freedom Trail

Daily 4 - 12	10 Bartlett Pl.
Fri. 4 - 1	Boston-North End
Sat. &	
Sun. 12 - 12	523-9521



OPEN SUNDAY 5-9
247-8280
PRIVATE DINING ROOM

Du Barry French Restaurant

"CUISINE BY FRENCH CHEF-PROPRIETOR"

GARDEN OPEN FINE SELECTION
IN THE SUMMER OF IMPORTED WINES

159 NEWBURY STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

BETWEEN EXETER &
DARTMOUTH STREETS

!!! LOWEST PRICES ANYWHERE !!!

WOLF & SMITH

PHOTO SUPPLY CO. TR 6-3210

907 Main St., Corner Mass. Ave., Cambridge

**CAMERAS
TAPE RECORDERS
HI FI EQUIPMENT**

You know what killed Captain Hook? He wiped with the wrong hand.



When the newlyweds came down to breakfast, and the groom ordered a large green salad, the bride remarked, "and I see you also EAT like a rabbit."



A Boston policeman waved a lady motorist over to the curb and complained, "Madam, why have you no red light on the rear of your car?" "Officer," she answered angrily, "it is not that kind of a car."



And then there was the ex-Nazi that became a hired gun in Tucson after a short respite in Argentina. He became famous for practicing his trade dressed in the latest three-piece suit. In fact, he was known as the fascist gun in the vest.



ELI HEFFRON & SONS, INC.

321-329 ELM STREET EL 4-8572

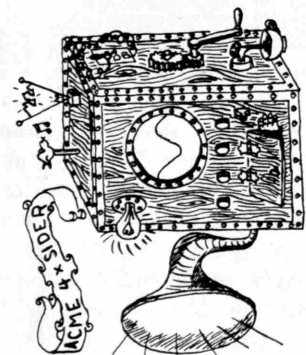
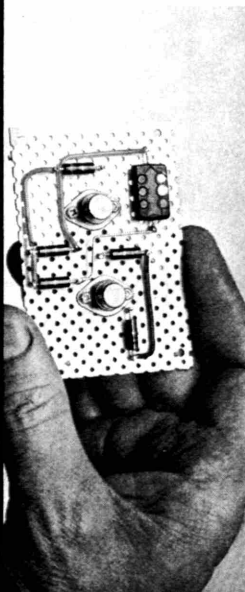
Dealers in Surplus Electronic Equipment and Parts.
Our Inventory Changes Weekly.
Come In and Look Around.

We have one of New England's
largest Inventories of
SEMI-CONDUCTORS.

We have S.C.R.'s TO-3 TO-5 TO-18 Zeners.
2 Amp Silicon Rectifiers 500 P.I.V. 6 for \$1.00
20 Amp Silicon Rectifiers above 150 P.I.V. 3 for \$1.00
Oscilloscopes
Regulated power supplies
Voltmeters
Signal generators . . . etc.

We supply everything
but the hand.

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



We Specialize in Parties

Open 8 a.m. 'til 11 p.m.

MAHLOWITZ MARKET

(Nearest Market to MIT)

782-786 Main St., Cambridge

— HOME DELIVERY —

Ales, beers & wines

547-8400

547-8401

Also visit

M.I.T.Y. FOOD SHOP

at Westgate

Married Student Housing

11 a.m. - 7 p.m.

MAIN PORT PHARMACY

(Nearest Drug Store
to M.I.T.)

781 Main St. Cor. Windsor St.
Cambridge, Mass.

547-6050

Free Drug and Prescription Delivery

"Your College Health Center"



For the First Time in the Western World!
Oriental Secrets of Self-Defense!

Learn the secret areas of control. With one swift movement you can OVERPOWER and DISABLE any attacker who might try to MOLEST you.

Let me teach you the hidden power of the East. Known only to a few devotees of the mystic arts, Kickinzeek-Rotchie is a system of self defense which depends on TECHNIQUE and TOUCH rather than bulky muscles. In just a FEW DAYS, you can stand tall, knowing that no bully can defeat you. You have POWER and SELF-RESPECT.

Kickinzeek-Rotchie Institute
468 Banzai St. Canton, Ohio

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

I enclose \$4.98 for the book "Secrets of Kickinzeek-Rotchie" for a 10-day trial at no obligation. Also included is the free book, "Sexual Freedom in Junior High School."

DO 'EM ALL AT ONCE AND GET 'EM OUT OF THE WAY

Let's just say you live to be 75 years old. OK. What do you do to pass the time away? Sleep? Well, eight hours a day, so that means you sleep for about 25 years. Eat? Well, three meals a day take a total of about an hour-and-a-half, that means you spend 39,375 hours, or 6,210 days just eating. These are items which consume much time, but what about the rest of the time?

In a rather futile attempt to answer this useless question, *VOODOO* presents a detailed, carefully itemized list of how the average MIT man spends his life. Many of these items are obviously distasteful, yet they must be done. Wouldn't it be a good idea if you could *do each one, continuously, for the amount of time you would otherwise spend doing it throughout your life, intermittently?* For example, if you went to the barber and just let him cut your hair continuously, without interruption for sleeping, or *anything*, for 27 days, you'd never have to get a haircut again. Or if you took a shower for 27 weeks continuously, you'd never have to do it again. With this in mind (if you've got the time), read some of these:

1. Getting haircuts 27 days
2. Tying shoelaces 38 days
3. Cutting fingernails 13.5 days
4. Clicking ball-point pens 19 days



5. Feeding your pet goldfish 9.5 days
6. Tucking in your shirt 19 days
7. Waiting for florescent lights to light up completely 10 days
8. Watching Huntley-Brinkley 1.1 years
9. Licking stamps 1.4 days
10. Telling bus drivers that the smallest change you have is a \$10 bill 0.7 days



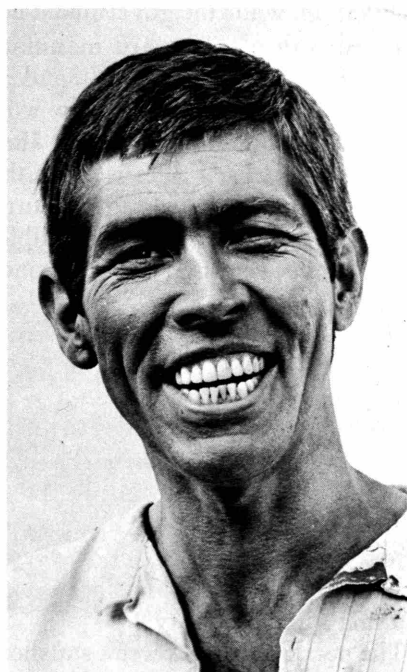
11. Trying to get peanut butter off the roof of your mouth 1.3 days
12. Using Springfield Oval 38 days
13. Telling the Coop cashier your Coop number 0.62 days
14. Telling the Coop cashier your Coop number **again** 1.5 days
15. Dialing the telephone and getting no answer 5.4 days
16. Dialing the telephone and getting the busy signal 2.7 days
17. Dialing the telephone and getting an answer: "I'm busy." 13.5 days
18. Folding out the "Playboy" centerfold 2.7 days
19. Shaving 6.2 months

20. Reloading empty staplers 2.6 days
21. Tying your tie 13 days
22. Retying your tie 27 days
23. Taking a shower or bath 27 weeks



24. Taking a shower or bath (Tech coeds) 0
25. Eating Halvah 2.7 days
26. Waiting for red lights 38 days
27. Waiting for red lights (Massachusetts) 0
28. Zipping up flies 8.1 days
29. Climbing stairs 95 days
30. Waiting for elevator instead 190 days
31. Sewing buttons on professionally laundered shirts 2.7 days

32. Cursing professional laundries 5.2 days
33. Opening zip-top cans 8.1 days
34. Trying to find the right key 19 days
35. Peeling bananas 0.7 days
36. Brushing teeth 38 days
37. Trying to get the cap on the toothpaste tube out of the drain in the sink 5.4 days
38. Cursing toothpaste tube caps 8.1 days
39. Kicking vending machines 3.2 days



40. Telling dirty jokes to your girlfriend 27 days

41. Explaining dirty jokes to your girlfriend 40.5 days
42. Apologizing for telling dirty jokes to your girlfriend 81 days
43. Unwrapping straws 5.4 days
44. Standing in line in front of theatres showing James Bond Movies 7 days
45. Winding your watch 5.8 days
46. Waiting for hot pizza to cool off 13.5 days
47. Watching blimps 1.23 days
48. Reading labels on English muffin packages 2.4 days
49. Resetting a clock whose hands move only one way 1.4 days



50. Kissing your mother 4.7 hours

51. Discussing whether or not God exists 5.2 days
52. Recovering from bolt of lightning 1.7 weeks
53. Laughing your head off 26 days
54. Gluing your head back on 5.4 days
55. Making your bed 13.5 days
56. Scaring pigeons 2.8 days
57. Looking for an extension cord 3 days
58. Writing checks 5.7 days
59. Cashing checks 29 days
60. Looking up Gorilla Suits under "Gorillas" in the Yellow Pages 15 minutes
61. Having a beer or two 81 days
62. Or three 7.3 months
63. Signing your name 22 days
64. Looking for your glasses 13.2 days
65. Picking your teeth 11.2 days
66. Playing solitaire 23 days
67. Complaining about the weather 47 days
68. Going to the dentist 3 days
69. Putting pennies in dimes-only parking meters 7.2 days
71. Writing letters to relatives 6.3 hours
72. Listening to other people talking about football 29.2 days
73. Picking lint out of your navel 2.8 days

74. Drinking water 95 days
75. Wishing you were a gynecologist 12.7 days
76. Trombones led the big parade.
77. Weighing yourself 2.1 days
78. Playing Bridge 187 days
79. Altering signs that say Keep Off The Grass 0.6 days
80. Writing equations on paper napkins 163 days
81. Wondering why your girlfriend can't go to the beach this weekend 28 days
82. Reading sex manuals 10.5 days
83. Writing sex manuals 2.7 hours
84. Buying birthday cards 7.0 days
85. Setting mousetraps 0.8 days
86. Trying to light a lighter that's out of fluid 13.4 days
87. Wondering what the inside of a ladies' room looks like 1.4 days
88. Trying to remember the rest of the words to a dirty song 34.3 days
89. Brushing toast crumbs off your lap 7.7 days
90. Outgrowing your need for milk 65 years
91. Defrosting refrigerators 3.2 days
92. Combing your hair 41.2 days



93. Wishing your roommate was a girl 3.8 days

94. Looking in the mirror 62.7 days
95. Talking about girls 247 days
96. Picking your nose 34 days
97. Picking your friends 12.3 days
98. (We can't print this) 3.7 seconds
99. Taking band-aids off of skin that has lots of hair on it 0.64 days
100. Reading the The Tech 0.000072 nanoseconds
101. Squeezing pimples 3.8 days
102. Wondering how that spot got on the ceiling 1.9 days
103. Writing stupid VooDoo articles 132 days

Charles Deber, Jerry Goe, John Marshall;
calculations by Bonnie Gerzog

FEBRUARY 7, 1966.

Congressman Suggests Scaring Foe Into Defeat

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6 (AP)—Bombs will not defeat the North Vietnamese a Republican congressman said today, but showering them with bad-luck symbols, dyeing their rice green and otherwise tormenting them psychologically might do it.

Representative Craig Hosmer of California thinks plastic models of dogs, women and the ace of spades, all symbols of misfortune to the Vietnamese, should be dropped in large quantities.

Such tactics might "create enough misery, anxiety, wretchedness and distress in the minds of the North Vietnamese people to induce an intense general annoyance with the war," he said.

Mr. Hosmer outlined his plan in a speech prepared for delivery in the House tomorrow but offered for publication tonight.

He said United States strategists should take into consideration the ignorance and superstition of the North Vietnamese in efforts to dissuade them from carrying on the war.

THE DAY THEY DROPPED THE DOGS

I remember it well — it was a Wednesday — Wednesday April 6th, 1966. That was the day they dropped the plastic dogs on North Vietnam. They didn't drop the Ace of

Spades until the 9th, but by that time we knew we had 'em licked, and it was really just a mopping-up operation.

I don't know why nobody thought of it before, but we'd had the Ultimate Weapon all along, and just didn't realize it. It really saddens me when I think of all the American boys whose lives were lost back before Representative Hosmer came up with his great idea. All those months spent dropping bombs and toting guns — and all along, the answer was so simple. I mean, now that you stop to think about it, it's really surprising that nobody thought of it sooner.

I guess you have to be somebody pretty clever to come up with an idea like Hosmer's — that's probably why they built that big Hosmer Memorial Plastic Dog in front of the Capitol building. You know — the one with the Ace of Spades in his paw. I do kind of wish they'd made it a Scotty, though; I never was very partial to Dachshunds.

It seems funny, now, looking back on it. When Hosmer first suggested that we drop the dogs on Vietnam, there was a lot of controversy. There were a few skeptics who thought it would be a waste of time, of course, and argued that superstitious or not, the Viet Cong wouldn't be frightened off by plastic dogs and playing-cards, no matter how powerful a hex symbol a plastic dog (or Ace of Spades) may be to a Vietnamese. The skeptics said that asking Our Boys to fly over enemy territory carrying plastic dogs would be sheer suicide, but that pilots would refuse, and that the U.S. would look foolish trying such a stunt.

But they were an insignificant minority. The *real* argument was between the "Drop the Dogs" boys (commonly called "warhounds") and the pacifists. After all, most Americans were sharp enough to know the power of psychological warfare, and realized what horrors would result from the use of such a weapon. I mean, have you ever seen a Vietnamese who's just been exposed to a plastic dog at close range? It's not a

pretty sight. And as for one who's seen an *Ace of Spades* I don't even like to think about it.

Peaceniks from all over descended on Washington (remember the "March March on Washington"?) to beg President Johnson not to use the dogs — but Dean Rusk and Robert Welch and William Buckley and all the other "right-wing extremists" talked him into it. Walt Disney was contracted to turn out a billion dogs, ranging in size from 105 millimeters on up, and the Disney Studios were placed under guard as a top-secret installation, while the government negotiated with playing-card manufacturers for a billion Aces of Spades. The Bicycle Company finally won out, as you no doubt remember, after they offered to sell Aces without the other 51 cards; they managed to turn out a billion of the special double-sided Aces in less than a month, once they got going.

So on April 6th, the historic strike was made, and all the Viet Cong just curled up and died, and the war was over. Of course, we dropped the Aces on the 9th, just to be sure, but Ho Chi Minh was already inquiring as to surrender terms (he was subsequently overthrown by Viet Cong General Kitchee, in the famous Kitchee Coup, but that's another story).

The peaceniks still weren't satisfied, and claimed that we should have made an offshore "test drop" first, to show the Viets our strength, but it was merely an academic discussion, at that point. And every April 6th, the weirdos and beardos still picket the White House with their "Delete the Dog" signs and hand out leaflets with flaming denunciations of the "warhounds," saying "Hiroshima, Hanoi, What Next?" but nobody pays much attention.

And just recently, I read in *U. S. News* that some psychologist somewhere discovered that Russians are just *terrified* of flamingos. I wonder if there's any significance to that conference last week between the President and Walt Disney

The X-Men

LOOKING FOR SOME BACK issues ?

The coupon on the right entitles sender (There's a sender born every minute!) to purchase ANY THREE of these treasures of yesteryear for the infinitesimal sum on ONE BUCK! The ink* alone cost more than twice that much! Single issues, 35¢ cheap.

*that was used to print THE NEW YORK TIMES for the year 1958.

Elections (Nov '64) -
we came out for Barry
Cult (Dec '64) -
cultivate your taste in backs
Christmas (Jan '65) - yep.
They have it every year.
Adult Fun
(Mar '65)
Weather (Apr '65) -
or not
Wretched American
(May '65)
Tossed Salad (Jun '65) -
barf
Summer '65
Class of 69
(Oct '65)
Grape Society -
(Nov '65)
Drunk Santa (Dec '65) -
we got drunk that night too
Noo Yawk Times (Jan '66) -
"Grate." Boston Globe
Batcrap (Feb '66) -
Boy Wonder's back
Rhinoceros (Mar '66) -
horny
Jack World (Apr '66) -
keep it in.
Tampoor (May '66) -
Tampy comes out.



Voo Doo

M. I. T. HUMOR MAGAZINE
ROOM 461 M. I. T. STUDENT CENTER
CAMBRIDGE, MASS. 02139

IN VIET NAM

where there are more Americans than in New York City, the most popular magazine has twenty low-caliber rounds; *VooDoo* only has eight. Why? We don't know, but we must be doing something wrong; after all, we're not in Viet Nam.

If you're not in Viet Nam either, or even if you are, fill out the coupon below and get a new kind of magazine:

I do subscribe to American foreign policy in Viet Nam.
I do not

I do also wish to subscribe to *VooDoo*, for the outrageously low
however outrageous

low price of \$2.90 plus 10¢ postage and handling My money
beer and graft

is enclosed for such nonsense
too valuable



Send the issue to me: _____
somebody else: _____

address: _____

and make sure they are delivered *promptly* to:

gzornin: _____

"Sarah, when your mother and I speak of a safe place for your money, we do not mean the lining of your miniskirt."

"Okay, Stan, so I'll write you a check to the phone company for \$7.10 and you give me your ten and I'll give you three singles and you'll owe me a dime. Stanley, when are you going to get your own checking account?"

"Young lady, just because you no longer have your thirteen two-dollar bills, it does not follow that you paid me \$26.00 last week. Are you sure you don't have a receipt?"

"I don't care who your father is. Jack's Delicatessen don't take New York checks."

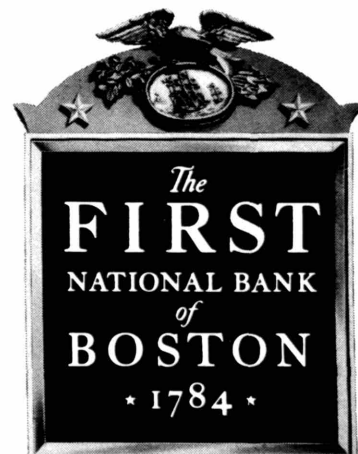
"That's right, monsieur, \$23.80. Did not mademoiselle enjoy her souffle Rothschild? No, monsieur, we do not accept pledge pins in payment."

How about trying a checking account with us? That way, your money is safe and always available when you need it, and your check is your receipt.

We'll print your name at the top of each check. Give you a choice of three check registers. And send you a complete statement every month.

Our nearest office to you is probably the Kenmore Office at Beacon and Commonwealth — or the Massachusetts Avenue Office, just past Commonwealth.

Any weekday — from 9 to 3:30.



MEMBER, F.D.I.C.

Every Tech Man Should Have At Least One



We firmly believe every Tech man should have at least one of these attractive models. Choose the short sleeved insignia sweatshirt shown at "A". Available in white with red trim at just \$2.95. "B" is a machine washable lightweight insignia jacket perfect for warm weather sports and casual wear. \$7.50 in grey with red trim. At "C" is a handsome raglan sleeve sweatshirt in deep maroon with white trim for \$2.95. In the middle at "D" is a cotton knit tee shirt in white with the M.I.T. insignia at \$1.35. "E" is the 1970 Class Jersey in white. Priced at \$2.95, it features short sleeves with red and grey bands. All insignia shirts shown are available in sizes S-M-L-XL. If you want one, or more than one, simply complete the coupon indicating size.



The Tech Coop
84 Mass. Ave.
Cambridge, Mass. 02139

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:

SIZE QTY.

- A. Short sleeved insignia sweatshirt in white at \$2.95
- B. Lightweight insignia jacket in grey at \$7.50
- C. Raglan sleeve sweatshirt in maroon at \$2.95
- D. Tee Shirt in white with M.I.T. insignia at \$1.35
- E. Class of '70 short-sleeved jersey in white at \$2.95

Total amount enclosed _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____