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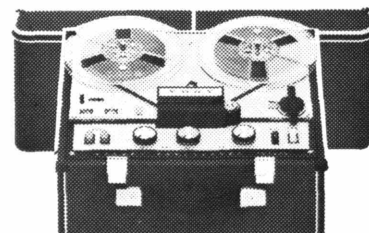
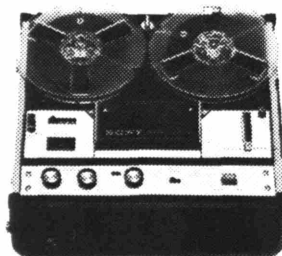
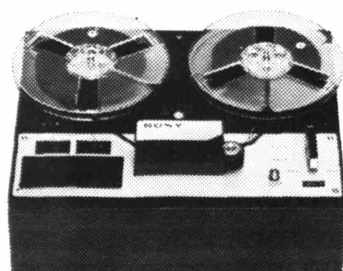
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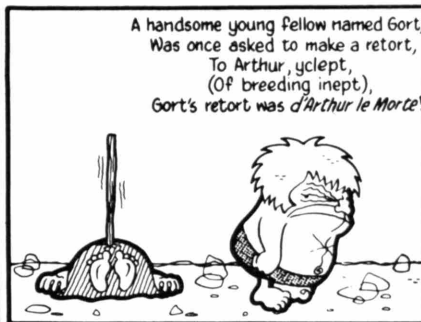
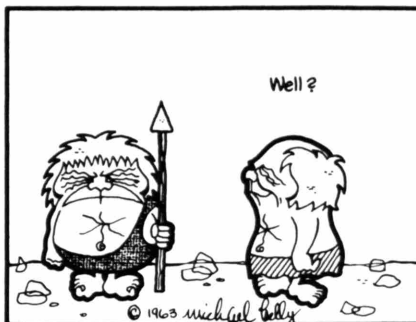
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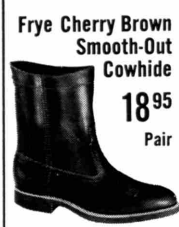
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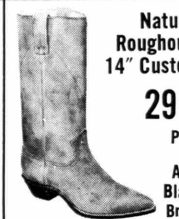
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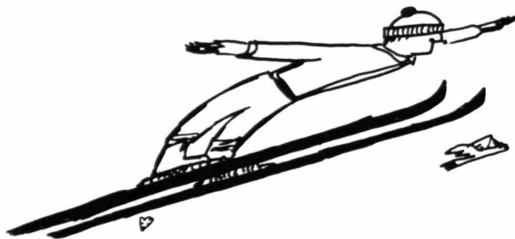
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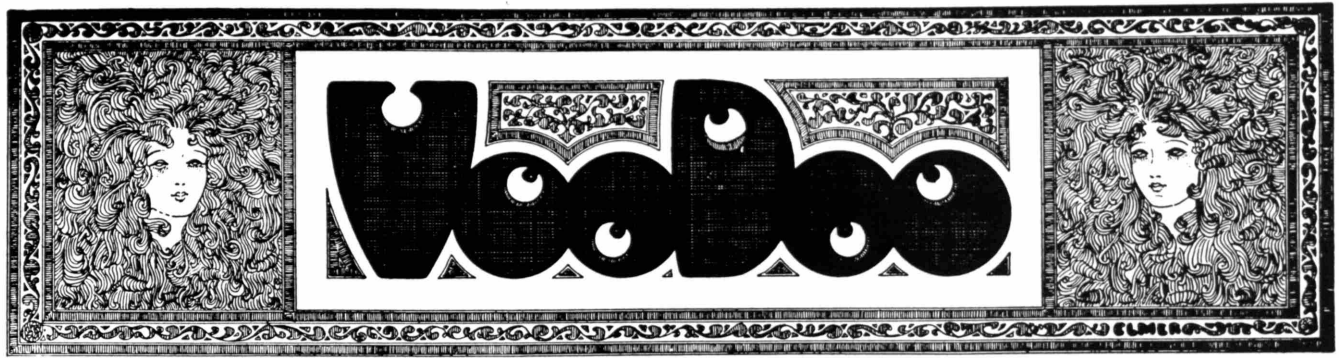
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### Postal Information

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Be not afraid, for behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, for to you is sold this day in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts a magazine which is VooDoo the Gross. And this will be a sign for you; you will find the magazine wrapped around rotting fish and lying in an ashcan. And suddenly there was with the salesmen a multitude of techly tools praising the magazine and saying "Glory to VooDoo in the highest", and on earth peace, good will to men.

# Mass. Bar Ass'n Head Blasted

The girl at the desk didn't even smile ... Sort of make's you wonder what goes on over there...

On persuing a copy of your favorite hippy magazine and mine, we came upon the following personal:

Swinging Biology Prof wants to meet flower child. Object, cross-pollination.

One of our staph members was in a seminar where uses of lasers to break rocks was being discussed. A suggestion was offered to rotate the laser by means of mirrors in order to do all sorts of wonderful things. (Isn't science wonderful?) What to call such a device?

A Laser Susan, of course.

After Lit night our beloved coed-itor, finding herself unable to negotiate the great distance to McCormick, asked someone to walk her home. Six VooDoo Staff members, always willing to help a female in distress, picked her up and walked (carried) her. After she went upstairs, the six Staff members agreed that she was a nice piece of mass.

One his way home, one of our staffers was startled by the sound of car meeting car. It seems as if a young lady has succeeded in simultaneously parking and smashing the headlights of the car behind her. The young lady got out of her car walked around to the rear, and noted the damage she had done. After a moment's consideration of the ethical questions involved, the pretty miss did what every normal American would do. She re-entered her car and parked it halfway up the block so nobody would know.

While this scene was transpiring, our staffer was by no means sitting idle. He proceeded to take the license number of the offending car and, more importantly, he too considered the ethical implications of the courses of action open to him. Being a normal American (aren't we all these days?), he quickly ducked into his fraternity house thereby ending the incident – or so he thought.

As soon as the door slammed shut a knock was heard. Of course the person whose car was hit was at the door enquiring about the smashed headlight. Moreover this was more than just an ordinary person, this was a rather cute young lady.

After giving the miss all of the information at hand and pointing out the car at fault, our helpful staffer offered two alternative courses of action. The most obvious called

on that time honored principle of "an eye for an eye" and required that the miss smash the headlight of the offending car. This was finally rejected since it was Christmas and illegal. Eventually our miss decided to merely report the incident and she departed.

By this time, our staffer was in a rather mischievous mood. He had always heard how any private citizen could make a citizen's arrest so why not a citizen's parking ticket? A hasty ticket was scribbled saying, "Put \$13.90 in small bills in a plain envelope and meet me on the corner at 9:00 pm sharp. Fail not at your peril! Our staffer was so amused by the whole incident that he decided to relate the story during the "announcements" following dinner at his fraternity (which shall remain nameless but its first two initials are Alpha Epsilon).

In case the reader is unfamiliar with this ritual, "Announcements" is college version of "Show and Tell" during which stories are told and announcements are made.

As the story was being retold, a girl entered the house. You can imagine the surprise of the staffer and the girl when he realized she was the first girl, the one who caused the whole incident! Alas our staffer straightened the whole situation out, even to the point of asking out the reckless (driving) miss. We forecast a smashing time for both.

The VooDoo staff would like to wish you all a very merry Christmas.

On earth peace, good will towards men.



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"You wouldn't hit a man with glasses, would you?"

"No, I'd hit him with a brick."

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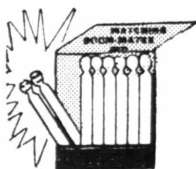
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Nation's No. 1 Tennis Retailer 1967

One dark and gloomy night a peasant girl lay sleeping peacefully in her bed. Suddenly she was awakened by the sound of her window being opened. Looking up, she saw a huge werewolf climbing in her room. Remembering the stories she had heard as a child, she reached for a Holy Bible laying next to the bed, whose cover held the sign of the cross. As she flashed the cross at the creature, it stopped, then doubled up with laughter.

"Oi vay," it said, "have you got the wrong werewolf."



Arturo Toscanini, the famous Italian conductor, was once leading a college orchestra in a rehearsal. For non-professionals they were doing very well. A beautiful young co-ed in the cello section, however, was having trouble with the bowings. Every time she would mis-cue, Toscanini would fly into a fury and curse out the whole cello section to avoid singling her out for ridicule. Finally her bowing errors became too much for the great man to take, and pointing right at her with his baton, he said: "Between your legs, Miss, is one of the most beautiful instruments in the world — and all you do is sit there and scratch it!"



# How the Christmas Story Was Reported

by Rich Rosen

## The New York Times

### Boy Born to Mrs. Christ

Mrs. Mary Christ of Bethlehem, and God, of Heaven, announced the birth of a son, Jesus, in a manger on Dec. 25. It was the first child for both. Mrs. Christ's husband, Joseph, a graduate of the Palestine Institute of Technology, was not involved in the affair.

The briss will be held next Sunday in Nazareth.



### Better Homes & Gardens

#### More New Uses for Your Manger

In last month's BH&G we showed some new uses for your backyard manger, as a carport, outdoor kitchen, etc. A reader, Mrs. Mary Christ of Bethlehem wrote us this letter:

"On Dec. 25 I suddenly discovered that I was in labor and had to rush to an inn to have my child. However, the inns all had their holiday rates in effect, and my husband and I could not afford them. We were in despair when we remembered last month's article on new uses for your manger. We rushed home and found that a manger, provided that it is kept immaculate, makes a very good emergency birth-place. Besides, if you give birth in your manger, you remain a virgin. Thank you again."

## National Enquirer

Mary: "I'm Still a Virgin!"

Joe: "I Had Nothing to do With It!"

It finally happened to Mary and Joe Christ. Their marriage, which was on the rocks due to troubles in the marital bed, now seems to be over — Mary had a child by another man!!

Young Jesus was born on Dec. 25, while Joe Christ was spending his usual evening-away-from-home. Mary was moping around the house when a new man came into her life. "He was Godly", is all she remembers. At any rate, the child is the net result of this hanky-panky. Joe disclaims any knowledge of what went on the night of Dec. 25, but Mary, who miraculously kept her virginity through all this, expects to use this fact to receive a large amount of alimony in the court settlement.

**TIME**  
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

*Born:* Jesus Christ, to Mrs. Mary Christ of Bethlehem, under very unusual circumstances. After giving birth normally to her first son, Mrs. Christ is still a virgin. Moreover, her husband was not even present at the time of conception. The facts of the matter are still cloudy, and Richard Nixon has declined to comment.



## Virgin Refused Entry, Gives Birth to Son

A local woman, scorned by her neighbors because she had remained a virgin while married for three years, surprised the entire town today by giving birth to a rousing young son. Mrs. Mary Christ, of 3 Kings Rd., Bethlehem, showed up pregnant last night, and attempted to find an inn where the birth could be performed. However, Mrs. Christ and her husband, Joseph, were quite poor, as Mr. Christ was denied jobs because of his alleged impotence. As a result, the couple was barred from entering any of the local inns.

They resorted to a manger, where the child, Jesus, came out happy and healthy. However, the surprising thing about the birth is that Mrs. Christ is still a virgin, as is Mr. Christ, and the husband was waiting for his unemployment insurance payment at the time of his wife's pregnancy. The role of a third party in the matter is being explored currently by a special commission appointed by King Herod.

## PLAYBOY

### How *Not* to Get Caught

The recent news of the virgin birth of one Jesus Christ has got to be the ultimate. Somebody actually was able to cavort in bed with Mrs. Christ for hours, father her child, and still keep her a virgin. Her cuckolded husband, dumbfounded by the development, is looking at mystical answers to explain it away, but we suspect a pretty slick stud operating in Bethlehem.

## Harriers Sweep BC, Tufts

A surprising thing happened when Joseph Christ was born to divorced Mrs. Mary Christ, who had not been a virgin before, but who now occurred in Bethlehem, which is in Palestine. Mr. Kreist, Mrs. Christ's husband, knew nothing of the affair, which is because he was away at the time. It is believed that the appearance of a star

(Continued next week)

## Scientific American

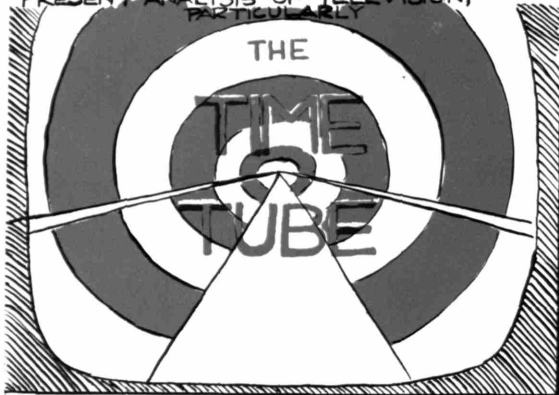
### A Discourse on the Genetic Effect of Celestial Phenomena in the Vicinity of Bethlehem.

On the evening of Dec. 25, the sudden rising of a star in the sky north of Bethlehem was reported to have caused strange effects in the gestation cycle of the women of the town. The births, which occurred under highly unusual circumstances, went unexplained until three wise men came up with the star theory, which has since been borne out by the evidence.

One particular case of note was that of a Mrs. Mary Christ, who gave birth to a son on the aforementioned evening, while protesting that she had retained her virginity. Later examination by her family physician indicated that her hymen was indeed intact. The star theory, which has received wide support in scientific circles, now seems to state that there was some heavenly influence

(Continued on page 57)

IN AN EFFORT TO KEEP THE MIT "WHOLE MAN" INFORMED TO CURRENT HAPPENINGS, WE NOW PRESENT ANALYSIS OF TELEVISION; PARTICULARLY



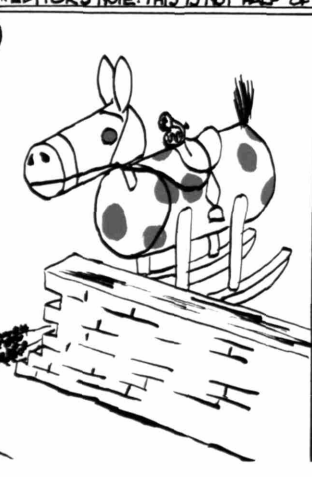
TWO SCIENTISTS TUMBLING THRU TIME, TRAPPED BY AN EXPERIMENT WHICH SOMEHOW WENT WRONG, HEADED FOR NEW, UNKNOWN ADVENTURES (HEH!)



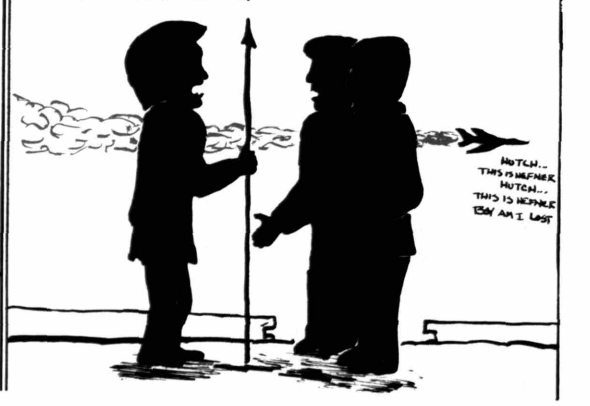
\*EDITOR'S NOTE: THESE ARE NOT THE BOBBSEY TWINS



YOU WILL BE EXECUTED, OF COURSE AS SOON AS WE GET THAT BIG HORSE DRAGGED IN

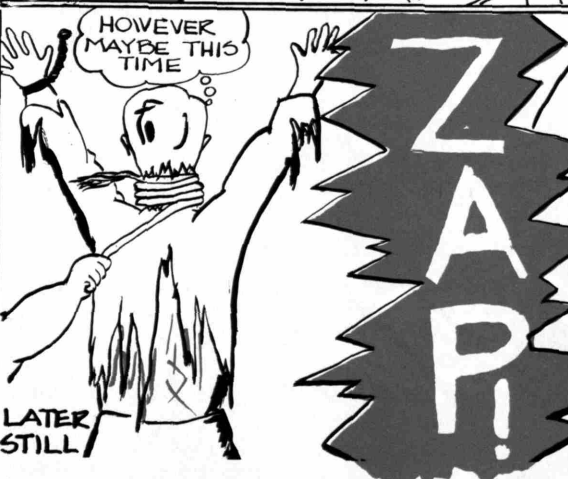
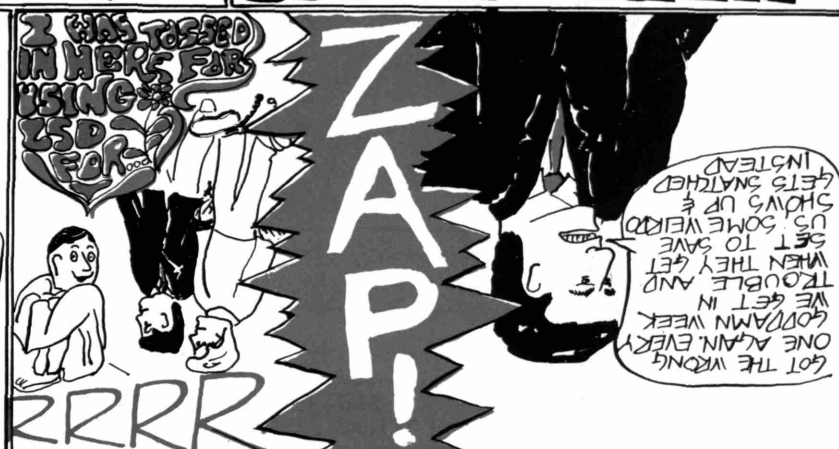
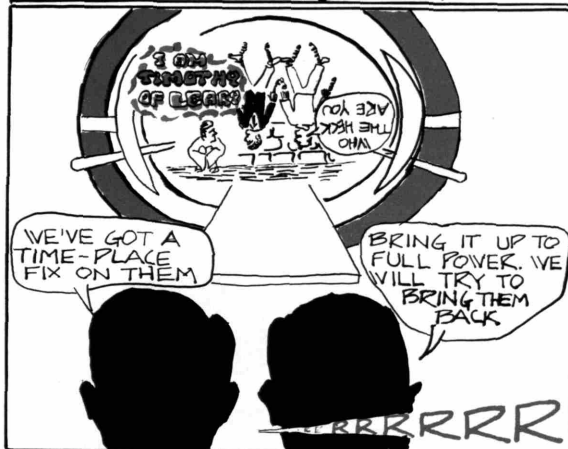


LOTS OF INNOCENT WOMEN AND CHILDREN WILL GET HURT WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



WELL, YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS BUT WE'RE FROM 3000 YEARS  
THE FUTURE, AND HISTORY SHOWS THAT YOU'RE  
GONNA LOSE THIS WAR IF YOU HAUL THAT HORSE  
IN. THERE ARE 10,000 GREEK SOLDIERS  
IN THAT HORSE

BY GOD, YOU'RE RIGHT!  
YOU MEAN YOU WON'T DRAG IT IN?  
NO! I MEAN I DON'T BELIEVE YOU!





YOU'RE SQUINTING

WELL, YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS, BUT ABOUT THAT SECRET, CAN'T-MISS INVASION YOU'VE BEEN PLANNING...

I NOTICE HOW YOUR SUIT IS ALL NEAT & PRESSED AGAIN



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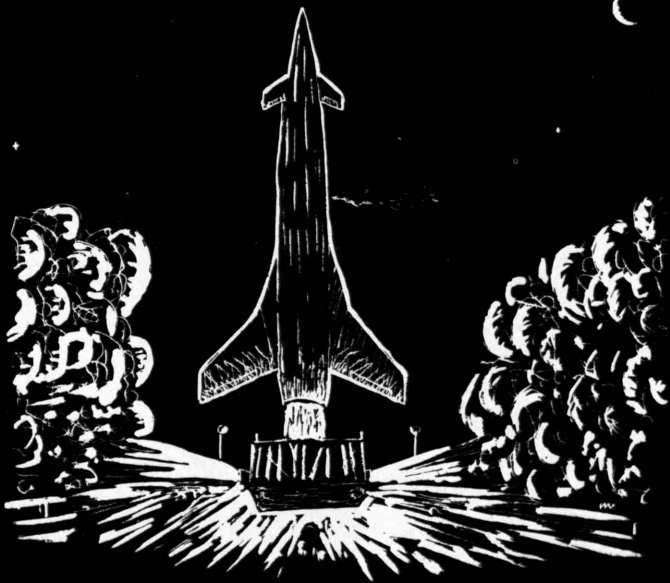
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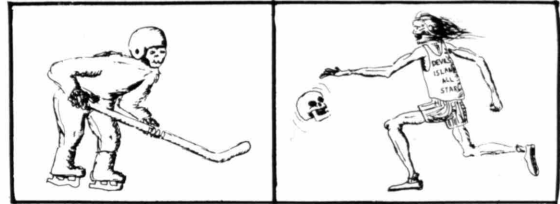
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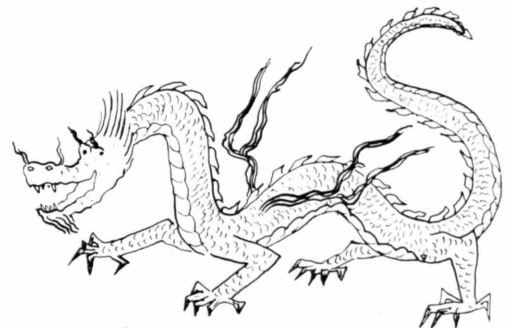
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# VOODOO'S CHRISTMAS PLEASENT

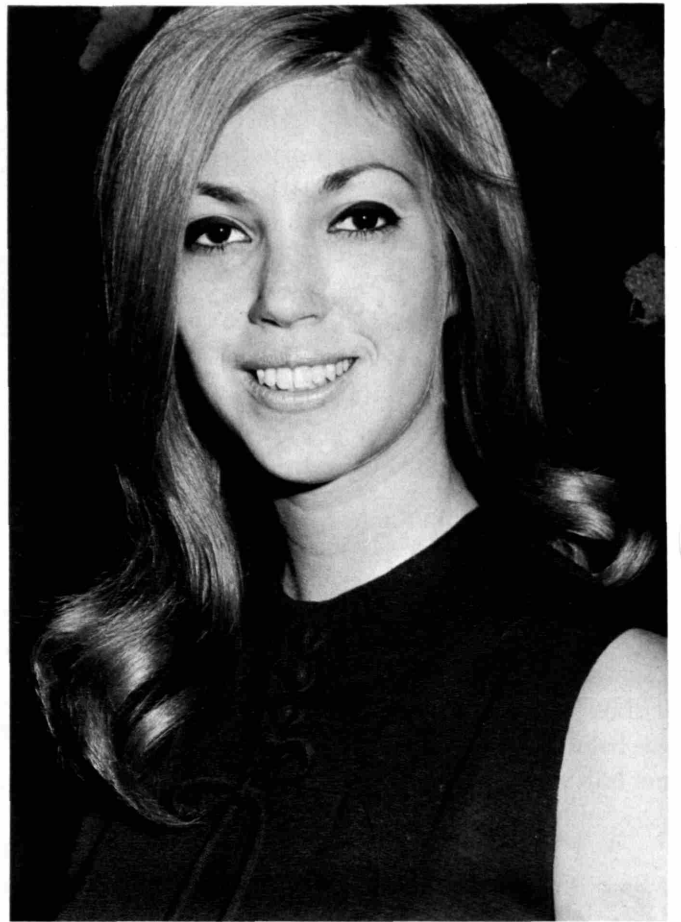
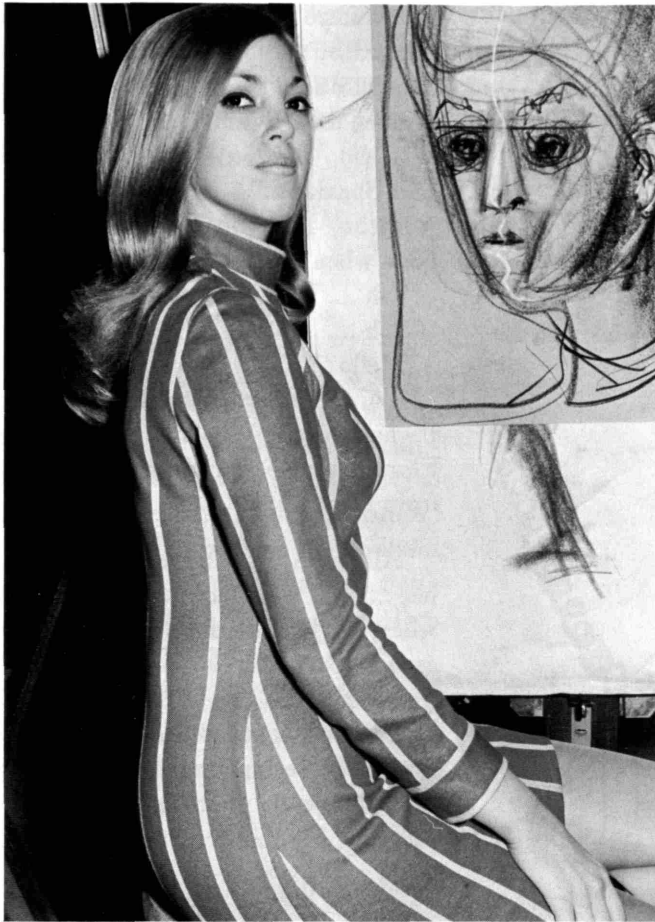


Here we are. A tasty, titillating morsel who calls herself Barbara. But that doesn't matter. She lives high above Kenmore Square, and she lives high. But that doesn't matter. Barbara likes sports, athletics, drama, French, and avacados. But that doesn't matter. Barbara is.

Photos by John Roderick









When I first called Eastern Airlines over a month ago, I had no idea what I would have to go through just to get one round trip ticket to home for Christmas.

"Hello, Eastern Airlines. Miss Ecbaipfak speaking"

"Hello, I would like to get tickets for Christmas to Tallahassee, Florida"

"Where are you calling from?"

"Oh, uh, Boston Massachusetts."

"Okay, sir. When will you be leaving?"

"The twenty-first of December."

16 "All right, let me check that .....

(space of about three minutes listening to burblings and hissings on the phone) ..... Thank you for waiting. We have a flight leaving Boston at some ungodly hour for Nowhere, New Jersey, Where you will probably miss your connection to Brisbane, Utah.....

"Fine, fine, I'll take it!"

"All right, let me confirm that..... (another interminable wait)..... Thank you for waiting. I have confirmed flight 243Z....."

Things went like this for several minutes, with many happy minutes of listening to clickings, hissings and burblings courtesy of New England Bell, and innumerable "Thank you for waiting" 's. Finally there was just one reservation to go.

"Alright, For your return flight to Boston, you will have to fly Northeast (yecch) Airlines, Flight 500AZ; I will confirm that for you now....". I was subject to more electronic music. Suddenly I realized that I was listening to a very familiar sound: a dialtone.

I shouted "Hello!" many times, and banged on the phone some, too, until I had to admit I had been cut off. So I dialed them again.

"Hello, Eastern Airline, Miss Folgore Speaking."

"Hello, I was just making reservations when I was accidentally cut off."

"Oh .... What was the agent's name?"

"Uh ....."

"Hello?"

"I'm sorry, but I didn't catch it. Look, I was booking flights to Tallahassee, Florida on December twenty-first ..... from Boston"

"All right, I'll see if I can locate her ....." Of course she was nowhere to be found, so the agent (the second one, that is) decided to do it again herself. I read her what I had so far, and sat back to wait, her telephone (the second one) had an entirely different set of hums, gurgles, and clicks.

"Hello, thank you for waiting. We will have to change you return flights. Flight 444X out of Two Egg, does not exist, because Saturday is a High Holy Day, and flight 632 Q out of Brisbane does not exist because that is on New Years Day, and 1968 is a Leap Year."

"Oh, you mean the other agent had it all ..... mixed up?"

"Er ..... yes. You will have to take Flight 674Q to Nashville, where you will have a seven hour lay-over .....". And thus I completed new reservations, and had everything squared away. Or so I thought. When I returned home that evening, I found a message requesting me to confirm the last flight that the first agent was checking when I was cut off. I called back the next day.

"Hello, Eastern Airlines, Mr. Gzoltis speaking."

"Hello, I am calling to clear up something. I think I have double reservations." I explained in great detail what had happened, and received the inevitable reply:

"All right, let me check that."

For some reason the wheels of fortune

were turning backward for me that day, for as I waited patiently for that familiar "Thank you for waiting.", I heard once more a *dial tone*. Cursing Eastern, New England Bell, and Saint Nick, I tried again.

"Hello, Eastern Airlines, Mrs. Chunder speaking"

"Hello ....."

"Hello?"

"Uh, I don't really know where to begin; you see, yesterday (all my troubles seemed so far away!) I called for reservations at Christmas to Tallahassee, Florida ..... from Boston." Once more I explained my troubles, having to stop several times to figure out which one of Agents One, Two, and Three had done what."

"All right, let me check our files." By this time I knew the relays between Boston and New York well enough so that I could sing along. Finally:

"Thank you for waiting. I can't find anything, Sir. How were you going to pick up the tickets?"

"They were going to mail them to me."

"Oh!. In that case let me try the Klefnobulism Department" I was subjected to another Bell Telephone Concert.

"Thank you for waiting. I can't find thing. But rather than triple reserve you, why not just wait a week. If you don't get anything by then, call back." I thanked her profusely (she really sounded like the sweet motherly type) and went and prayed for a week.

Naturally, nothing arrived. So I resolved to risk the connections and try again.

"Hello, Eastern Airlines. Miss Venoum speaking."

"Hello, I am calling ... from Boston, if that will help, to check about a reservation." I explained once again what had happened.

"So why are you calling."

"So why am I calling? because the the last lady, er, agent, I spoke to said to call if nothing happened within a week!"

"Why?"

"HOW SHOULD I KNOW!!! Look, lady, or Agent, or whatever, YOU'RE the one who works there!"

"Don't get shook kid, er, Sir. I suggest you don't worry about it. I'm sure some tickets (not necessarily the right ones) will arrive in due time."

"Before Christmas?"

"Yes." This reassured I waited once more.



Many days later I received — no, not tickets — a message to call back. I did so, eager for any news about the location of my reservation.

"Hello, Eastern Airlines, Mr. Quixote speaking."

"Hello, I received a message to call you people, Extension 2393 ....."

"Okay ....."

"Okay, what?"

"Would you tell what reservations you hold"

"I'm not sure." Once again I explained what had happened that far fateful day so long ago, and subsequent events.

"Okay, let me check with the Schedule change department." I spent a few more happy moments listening to the music of the spheres, until (why are the Fates

against me?) I heard — A DIAL TONE! I called once more, after cursing at the top of my lungs for thirty seconds.

"Hello, Eastern Airlines, Miss Saccharin speaking."

"Hello, I am calling about .... say, would it help if I bribed you?"

"Sir?"

"Oh, never mind. Look, A very long time ago I tried to make reservations..."

"Hello?"

"It's a long story, which involves being cut off three times. Are all of you people clumsy or something?"

"Uh I don't *think* so. Let me get your number so if it happens again I can call you." I gave her all the necessary information, including all the flight numbers, etc., etc.

"All right, let me check with the Schedules department." I waited steeling myself for the inevitable dial tone.

"Sir?"

"Thank you for waiting."

"What?"

"Oh, I guess that's your line. Sorry."

"Well, anyway, the reservations you hold *now* are incorrect."

"You mean the *second* agent was screwed?"

"What!"

"Sorry. I meant that in the broader sense — er, narrower sense — oh, heck, I mean she goofed!"

"All right. You see, 1968 is a Leap Year, so flight 674Q does not exist on Sunday".

"Oh."

"Right. So here is your revised plan: Flight 444X out of Two Egg —"

"Wait! That's the one the First Agent said didn't exist!"

"But she was screwed, remember?"

"Okay." I got the rest of my instructions, and the good news that the tickets would be mailed to me on December first. Immensely reassured, I hung up. I would actually be flying home for Christmas!

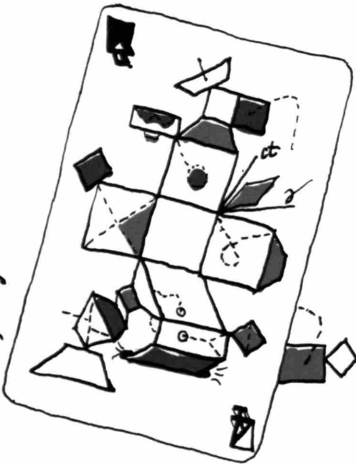
Today, however, I got another message from Eastern Airlines. I am to call them, Extension 2393 ....

# educational cards <sup>in colour</sup>



America's Toy Companies, concerned with the enlightenment of little kiddies, have, in the past, deluged homes with such things as chemistry sets, Erector sets, et cetera ad nauseam. Well, they've done it again, and here it is; the newest educational toy, "Educational Playing Cards", developed with the goal of teaching drunken gamblers as well as children.

features a hypercube to encourage budding mathematicians.



The Fire appears in four different number systems, as the card player moves into more advanced mathematics.

The eight was eliminated in 1923 by the Clayton Anti-Trust Act, and thus does not exist. Amer.

The TEN. is an utterly worthless card and is usually discarded in serious games.



Jack has been around long enough; we have replaced him with Fred, Alonso, Seymour, and Gustopher.







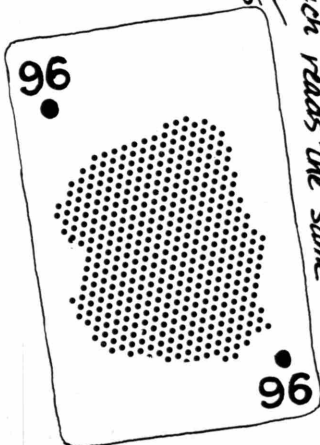
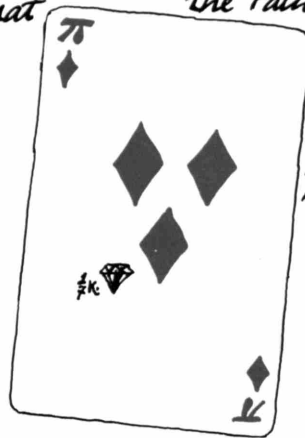
The Ace has been changed to the "one" in order to eliminate confusion.

This way the naive mind is not lost in the shuffle.



The customary "Two", as is wild card.

The "Three" has become the "Pi," so that the rational mind may be introduced to irrational numbers.



The 54 and nine, always confusing, have been combined into one card which reads the same both ways.



The Seven of December is a reminder of Pearl Harbor - it is also a reminder that the cards are made in Japan at .00001% of their retail price.

The Seven of Hearts is included to fire the ambition of potential doctors and butchers.



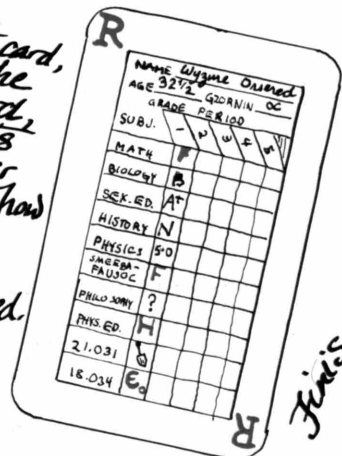
The "Queen" is a card which is of prime importance when playing solitaire games.



The King depicts famous leaders like presidents, emperors, prime ministers, & U.A.P.'s.



The last card, of course, is the Report Card, which tells the player exactly how little he's learned.



Jim's

WRITING-ARTWORK ART-BROMBERS

# IS THERE A SANTA CLAUSE IN YOUR CONTRACT?

by Sen. Berlin, R.R.S.

another outstanding Voo Doo exposee of the dastardly Commie ploy to subvert the free world presented as a public service by Voo Doo Magazine.

Now, when we are engaged upon a struggle to preserve our way of life against the most subversive threat ever to undermine our way of life, we must be constantly on the lookout for Commie threats. As that great patriot Thomas Jefferson, once said "vigilance is the eternal price of liberty", or something to that effect. It is our duty, as citizens of this great nation, to expose one of the most insidious plots ever to threaten our way of life.

Parents, arise! You, and your dear children, are innocent dupes of a lengthy and consistent Russian-sponsored attempt to subvert our nation. There is a viper in our midst. One whom you have trusted, nay, even loved, in an agent of these who wish to take away the freedom our parents died for. Yes, my friends, Santa Claus is a Commie.

Before you raise your hands in horror; and say "That cannot be", heed my warnings. Yes, my friends, I was as shocked as you. But the facts are inescapable.

First, and most obvious: the colour of this traitor's suit. Yes, it is red. Red, the colour of the hammer and sickle. Red, the colour of the notorious Red Guard. And all along, we had ignored this most obvious clue.

But, now, my friends, I will not be stampeded into rash statements on the basis of superficial evidence. Convincing as the above fact may be, still, more conclusive evidence has been un-

covered.

Consider, my friends, the name by which the heinous Claus is often known. St. Nicholas. Obviously, this name is Russian. The Czar who was deposed in the Bolshevik takeover of 1917 was named Nicholas. But who overthrew him? Nicholas Lenin, the father of the Red regime, the SAINT of the Revolution! Surely the link becomes obvious.

But there is more. There is his beard. As you surely know, the only ones who wear beards are Commies or leftist Commie symps., like Harvard professors.

Then, there are his reindeer. The significance of their number, eight, comes directly from the date of the Bolshevik revolution, October 8, 1917. Let me show you, dear friends, how insidiously the number eight appears in this date. Octo, of course, is the Latin word for eight. 9 minus 1 is eight. 7 plus one is eight. And he has eight reindeer.

Let the facts speak for themselves.

Even the reindeer themselves point a proof of guilt. Reindeer are Russian. And the commie bastard even comes over the North Pole. From where, may I ask?

But why have I exposed this man? He represents a threat to our way of life.

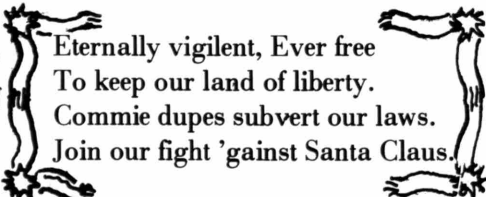
The initial problems are obvious.

First, there is the disrespect for private property caused by his breaking and entering into private residences each Christmas eve. The commercialization of Christmas and the taking of importance from Jesus Christ our Lord is only what you would expect from a bunch of atheistic Commie rats.

And consider the long term effect on our children, our innocent children. The American way of life is built upon the premise that each man receives awards commensurate only with his own efforts. By giving toys indiscriminately to all children, regardless of their contributions to the GNP, he has undermined our way of life. And need I remind you that he also distributes toys to North Vietnamese children.

But, dear friends, we now face an even more immediate threat. I have it upon good authority, whose name I have promised not to release out of fear of Commie retaliation for his relatives still living in fear behind the Iron Curtain, that the above mentioned Santa Claus is a Commie spy. In his yearly flights across our northern frontier, he has probed for a chink in our defensive armour, the DEW line. Perhaps it is too late. Perhaps even now the Red Hordes will pour across our undefended border, cause our own children to rise against us, and destroy the American ideals of freedom and democracy for which so many of our boys have fought and died.

Arise, fellow Americans, for our own self-preservation. Wipe out Santa Claus. Our future depends on it. Thank God we have been forewarned.



Eternally vigilant, Ever free  
To keep our land of liberty.  
Commie dupes subvert our laws.  
Join our fight 'gainst Santa Claus.

A freshman chemistry major came running into his dad's study to tell him about a new discovery that he had made in lab that day. His dad, wanting to watch television, kept ignoring him. Finally the father gave up and said he would watch the experiment.

He went out into the backyard with his son. The son dug up some worms and then got a 2 x 4 and a hammer from the garage. He then took a vial of purple liquid from his pocket, poured the liquid on the worms. After a few minutes, the worm got so stiff that he drove it into the board with the hammer. When he finished, the father said, "That's great! Let me have that purple stuff tonight and if it works, I'll give you a new T-Bird tomorrow."

The next morning the son woke up and looked out the window and saw a new Cadillac parked in front of the house. He was a bit confused and his father came in and the son asked him why there was a Cadillac instead of a T-bird in front of the house. The father replied, "The T-bird is in the garage, your mother bought you the Cadillac."



## CENTRAL WAR SURPLUS

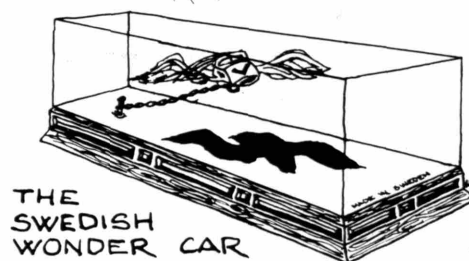
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## THE JOLLY BEAVER

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ST.



HARVARD  
SQUARE

COFFEE HOUSE

One co-ed to another: "He has delusions of adequacy."



An old Navajo wood chopper broke his fifty year old axe, so he decided to go to town to buy another one. It was the first time he had seen the town in thirty years. Visiting a warehouse, he was admiring the new machines when a salesman saw him.

"Yes sir, what can I do for you?" Said the salesman.

"I need me axes." Said the Navajo.

"Well, have you tried our new super-duper power axe?"

"How many trees do it cut?" queried the Navajo.

"As many as you need it to," said the salesman:

"I buy. But if not cut more than seven trees a day I come back and cut your white man jewels."

The old Navajo man went back into the woods around Santa Fe and sure enough, for the first three days, the power saw cut seven trees, but the fourth day it only cut five. The Navajo man took it back.

"No cut seven trees a day, it cut you, though, I bechum."

"Now wait a minute sir," said the salesman, "there is a two year guarantee on the motor. Let's start it up and see what's wrong."

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

"Hey what dat noise?" said the Navajo.

## Charlie-the-Tech-Tailor

"Est. 1918"

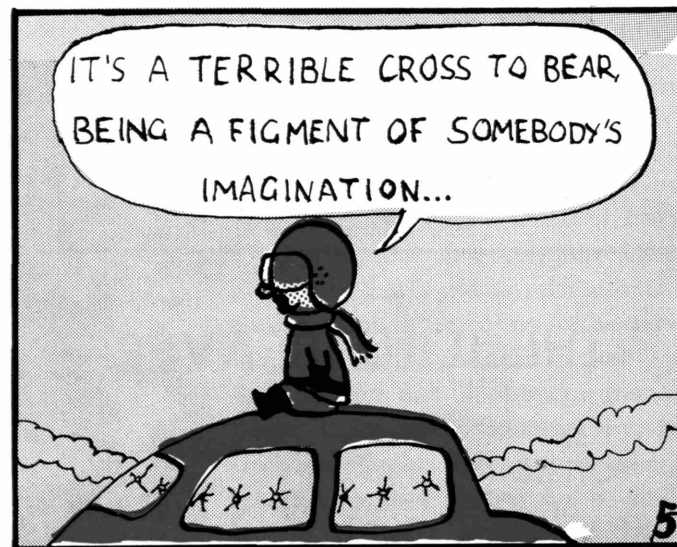
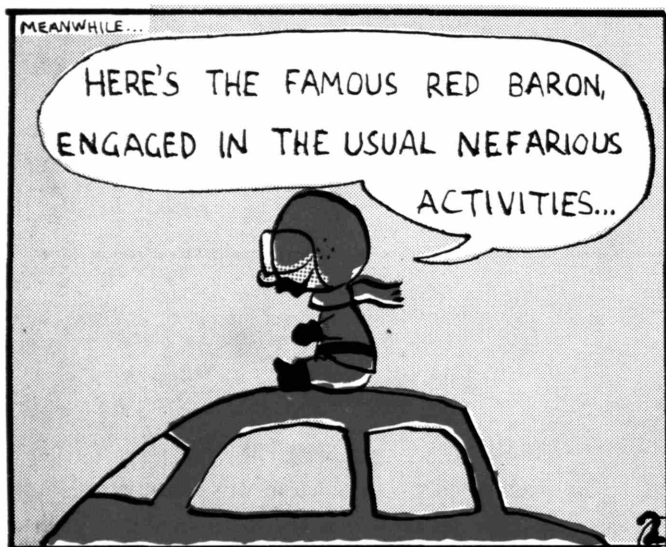
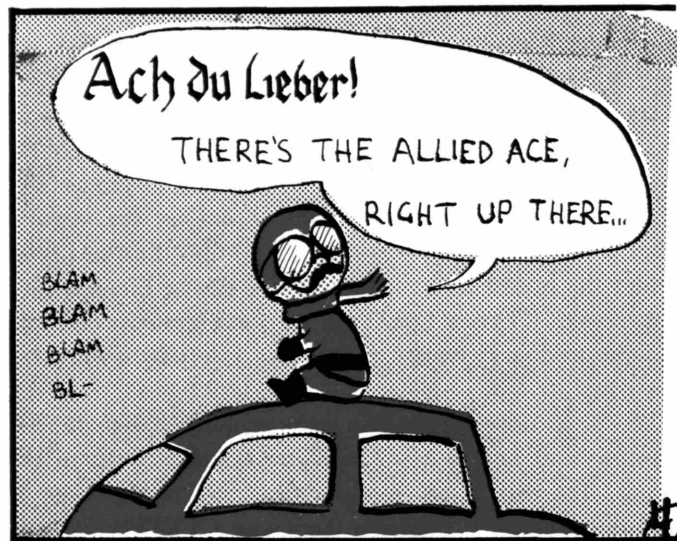
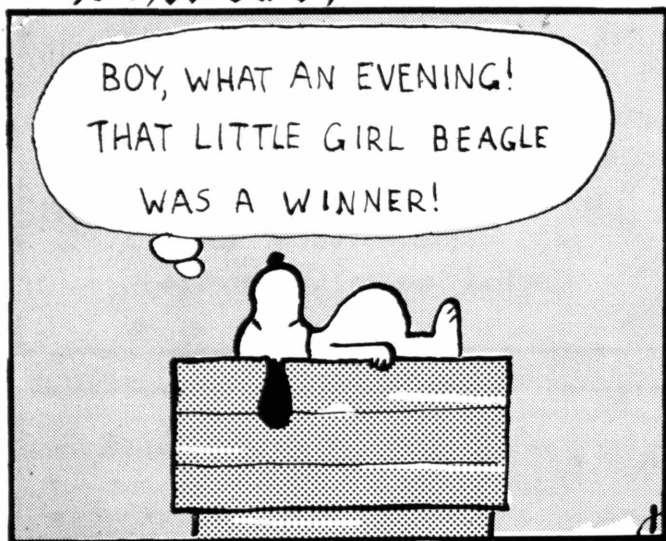
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# The Red Baron





# HERALD DRIBBLER SOCIETY PAGE

by C.D./H.S.C. Society Editor

## Kwyta Pigg Weds Ashley Acne

Kwyta Pigg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Swyne Pigg, and Ashley Ambrose Acne, son of Dr. and Mrs. Haveigot Acne, were united today in a marriage ceremony performed by Rabbi Nathan Nearsightedfarb at Temple B'nai Blech.

The marriage took place in a dimly-lit room. The bride wore a traditional garbage can adorned with lace and Saran Wrap, and carried a bouquet of poison ivy. The groom wore a blindfold. Only the bride's large, fluorescent nose was visible during the ceremony.

The bride, one of three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Pigg, was attended by her two little sisters, Bigga and Anotha. Mr. **Clarence Clearasil**, a graduate of **M.I.T.**, was best man.

The new Mrs. Acne was an honor student at Wellesley College, where she had Personality, Intelligence, and Good Cooking Ability. Mr. Acne had an unblemished record at Boston University, where he majored in Mixers, was an officer in the Hillel organization, and told everyone he was from Great Neck.

The brides father is a dentist, to whom the grooms father goes whenever his teeth hurt. The groom's father is a doctor, to whom the bride's father goes whenever anything else hurts. The bride's mother and the groom's mother are Co-Chairman of the Mah Jongg Mother's of America.

Following a wedding trip to the Concord, in the Catskills, where it's Single's Weekend, the couple will reside in a nice little house somewhere, nothing too expensive, but something nice.



**Mrs. A. A. Acne was  
Miss Kwyta Pigg**

## Mayflower Bride of Pilgrim



**Mrs. Mary Porina Pilgrim**

Mary Porina Mayflower, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Mayflower of Plymouth Rock, Mass., was married yesterday to Percy Platypus Pilgrim, son of Dr. and Mrs. Prehistoric P. Pilgrim, also of Plymouth Rock, in the Church of Early Americans. Reverend Timothy Timid performed the ceremony; a reception at the American Legion Post #1 followed.

Gaylord Ormsby was the best man, while Elizabeth Farina Mayflower was Maid of Iron for her sister.

The bride was an American History major at Original State College. Mr. Pilgrim is a blacksmith.

The bride's father is chief vehicular control engineer with the firm of Sumner & Callahan of Boston. Dr. Pilgrim is President of the Provincetown Shell Corporation along the National Seashore on Cape Cod.

Following a wedding trip to South Plymouth Rock, Mass., the couple plan to live Rocksby. Due to curfews, the wedding reception lasted only five minutes.



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# Two Big Balls to be Held this Fall

Highlighting the simply smashing society scene in Belmont, Mass. this fall will be two gorgeously gala gargantuan fetes, it has been announced jointly by Mrs. Wintergreen Witherspoon, Mrs. Gregarious Snobb, and Mrs. Cruchly Ziak von Forshtearess, sponsors of the fetes.

The first one, to take place shortly before Christmas Eve, will be a benefit for the Ethiopian Legion of Syphylytic Elders, a worthy charity. Tickets will cost \$100 a plate, and \$100.99 a plate with food on it. Dress will be formal (bowties and shinguards) for the men, and casual (bras and hairspray) for the women. Do come.

The following Saturday night, reports Mrs. Snobb, the most lavish event of the social season will occur: a benefit for the Society to Promote the Deflowering of Jewish Virgins. Featuring music by the Whatsitall Four, catering by Lobdell Blueblood Ltd., and a free steak knife to the first 100 patrons, this party promises to be a really big one, really big. An additional highlight of this feast will be the coming out of debutante Snotta Snerd,

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Worcester-shire Snerd of Aloof, Mass. Miss Snerd has been hiding in a closet for 21 years and her parents have promised to buy her a new Ocean (complete with fish 'n' ships) if she comes out.

Ordinary human beings like you and me need not apply. The party will be held outdoors on the lawn of the Megamansion of Mrs. Lotta Money, elegant hostess. God has promised a moonlit evening with temperatures in the 70's.



**Women Discuss Balls**

## Hoosier in Town for Weekend

Mrs. Elizabeth Murk of Lafayette, Indiana has come to Boston to visit her sister Mediocra, whom she hasn't seen for three years. Mrs. Murk expects to stay until Sunday evening at 6 P.M., when she is due to leave for home on a Greyhound bus.

The sisters last saw each other in 1964, when Mediocra came to Lafayette to visit Elizabeth. At that meeting, Elizabeth stayed four days, and traveled by train.

While Mrs. Murk is in Boston, she and her sister expect to ride the MBTA, eat at Durgin Park, and visit MIT., which is famous. "I hope it doesn't rain," said Elizabeth. Don't worry, Liz. It will.

## TONSILS REMOVED

Mr. and Mrs. Mandel Brat of Suburbia, New York, announce the tonsilectomy of their son, Nasty, on Saturday, Dec. 9, 1967, at Screaming Infants Hospital. Young Master Brat, who, incidentally, celebrated his sixth birthday this week, is reportedly doing well.

His parents respectfully request that anyone who feels he wants to help cheer Nasty up, to please send him get well cards, or have quarts of chocolate-vanilla-strawberry ice cream sent to his room.

Master Brat hardly cried at all, his parents have reported.

(THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND SPECIALS)

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# Wanda Farr and Remington Colt Nupitals



Mr. Farr relaxes between his daughter Wanda Too, and her new husband Remington, at bang-up affair last night.

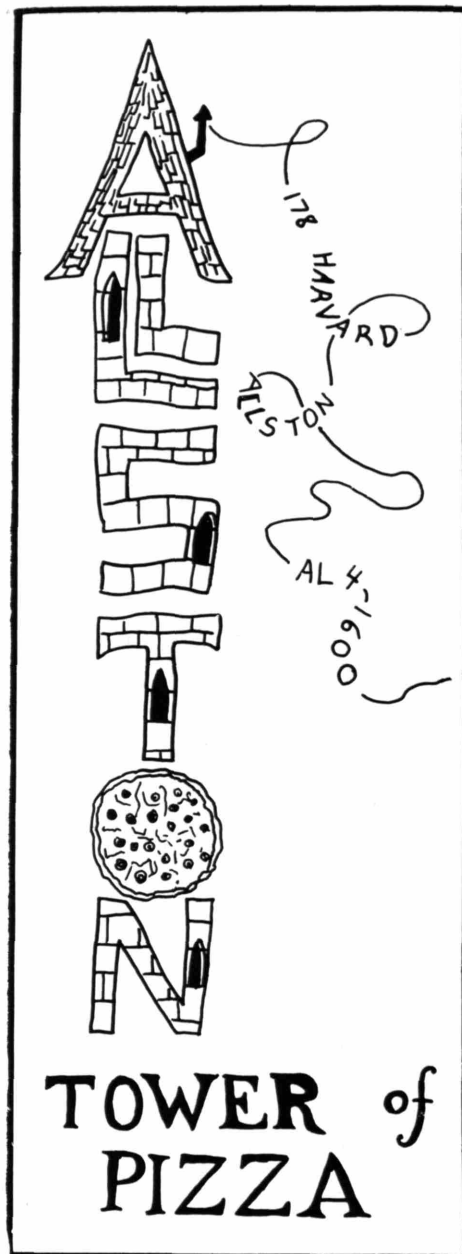
Mrs. and Mr. Nearor Farr announce the hasty marriage of their daughter, Wanda Too, to Mr. Remington Peter Colt, stud of Mr. and Mrs. Common Colt, this afternoon at the Church of Early Emissions. Reverend Mighty Worried performed the ceremony, which preceded a reception at the Pussy Willow Club.

The bride carried a bouquet of pansies and ragweed. The bride's father carried a shotgun. Everyone else just

sort of carried on.

Pregnant with anticipation, the huge group of guests saw Miss Lacka Scruples act as Made of Honor for her half-sister, and Mr. Rod Longer stand up for his college roommate Remington.

The buffet table at the reception was highlighted by a huge mound of chopped liver tastefully molded into the shape of an embryo.



## Blowya Mind Bride of Groovy Grass

The flower marriage of Blowya Little Mind, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Never Mind, to Groovy Crabbe Grass, son of Mr. Lorne Grass and the late Mrs. Grass, took place at 6 A.M. this morning in a wooded area about 10 miles from Framingham. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Timothy Leary.

The bride wore faded bluejeans and a "Make Love Not War" sweatshirt, and wore a bouquet of Mary Jane

poppies in her hair. The groom wore his beard wound twice around his waist, and did his thing attired in a pair of mini-kilts and a "WMEX Good Guys" sweatshirt.

As the sun rose, as the birds sang, and the early morning dew sparkled in the first rays of sunlight, the entire wedding party turned on with pot, as a transistor radio played "The Best of Bobby Vinton" in the background.

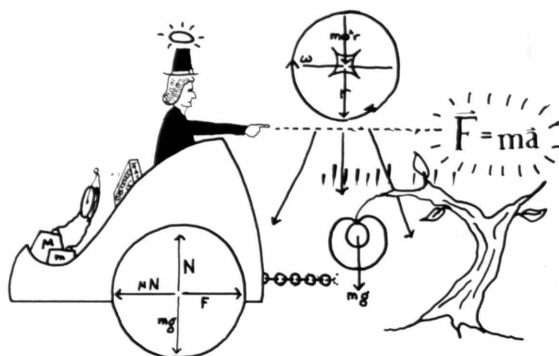
Pot holders were provided for all guests.

Miss Tayka Tripp was Flower-Girl-In-Chief for Miss Mind, while Mr. Speed Freeke was Drug Thug for Mr. Grass. Miss Mind is a graduate of Lysergic U., where she majored in Flower Power. Mr. Grass dishes out pot dogs & mustard at a psychedelicatesen in the East Village.

After a wedding trip to India, the couple plan to reside on Cloud Nine.

# christmas

Around the  
world



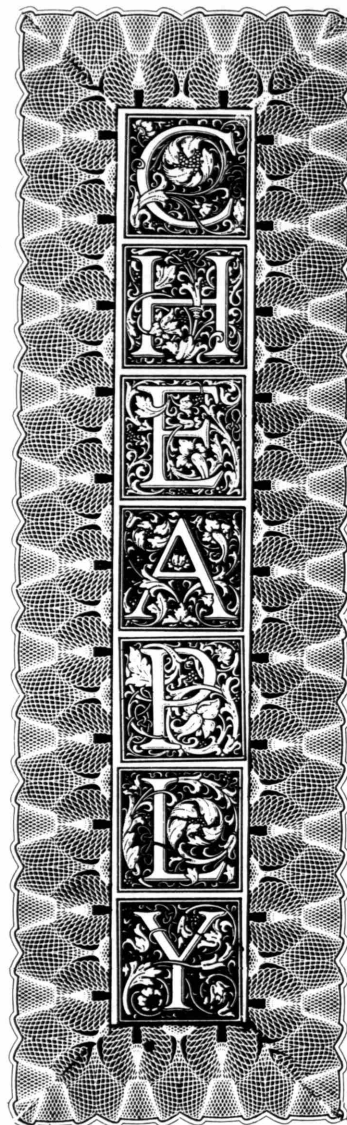
Because of the predominance of atheism at M.I.T. and the eminent horror of hypocrisy among the students there, the celebration of the Christmas, Chanuka, or Saturnalia is rare. As the emotional need for a solstice festival is felt even at M.I.T., however, custom there has evolved a sort of replacement. The celebration occurs at the same time as Christmas, namely 25 December, and is known as Newton's Birthday, for indeed, Isaac Newton was born on 25 December.

The manner of observation is as follows. During the weeks preceding the feast, the observants exert themselves especially to perceive regularities in their surroundings and express them mathematically. This soon becomes exaggerated and humorously absurd, as does overhearty application of love during Christmas, and is cause for much joviality. Apple trees, often decorated with crystal prisms, make their appearance in living rooms around

Cambridge. Children are warned of the imminent visit of Santa Nesmith, who travels about, the myth relates, in a chariot drawn by twelve steam-powered carts. The incipient technocrats are taught that if they are good Santa Nesmith will bring them such treats as logarithmic tables and abaci. In fact, these gifts are bought by the parents.

On the day of the feast itself, the observant family will gather in the morning about the apple tree and sing at such pitches as to produce interesting combination of feats. They will then attend a solemn meeting at which passages from the *Principia Mathematica* are reverently read, and finish the day with a grand repeat. Anecdotes of Newton's origin and boyhood are told around the table. Some of these, namely those concerning his origin, are very racy. The holiday does not continue after 25 December.

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upholder of worthy traditions, brings you,  
A XMAS XORAL  
A modern Christmas story for the screen.**



Scroode: Well, Bob Crochit, why don't you take Christmas Eve off?  
Why Should I, Mr. Scroode? I get quadruple time for working on Christmas Eve, plus time-and-a-half for over-time.



Crochit: Aha! Where do you think your going.  
Scroode: To the restroom.  
Crochit: But, according to our last contract, the restroom is for employees only — use the Executive Washroom.  
Scroode: But there is none!  
Crochit: Toughies, old man; use the water fountain.



Scroode: I can't stand it any longer—I'm going to punch your card out.



Crochit: Yeah, I guess I'll punch out (the fool doesn't realize that I'm actually punching back in!).



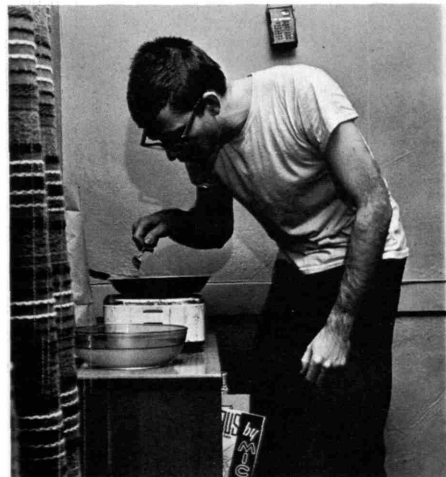
Crochit: Goodnight, OLD SWEET Mr. Scroode. See you at six Tomorrow morning when I'll get octuple pay!



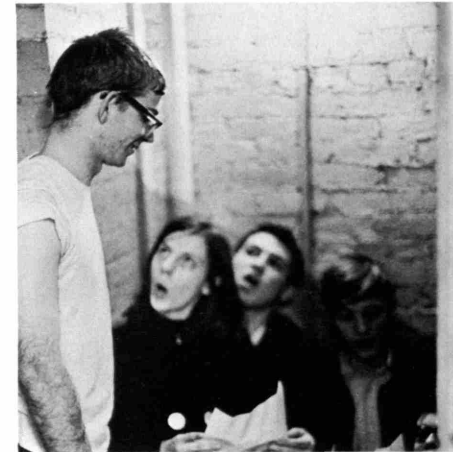
So late on Christmas Eve (please disregard the fact that the sun is shining), old Mr. Scroode walks home.  
Scroode: Merry Christmas, Nice Young Lady.  
Nice Young Lady: Bah, Humbug! You scummy old man!



Even Later on Christmas Eve, Scroode arrives at his garret, after walking four miles.



Scroode: "Rats, nothing but fried banana peels to eat again."



Scroode: "How sweet — Christmas carollers coming all the way up here to sing to a scummy old man."



Scroode: "I'm sorry, but I don't have any food to offer you."



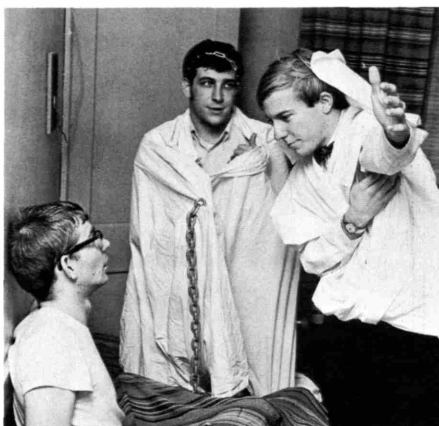
"Old Cheapskate!!"



Scroode: And so, to bed — to sleep, perchance to dream . . .



Awaken, Scroode, it is I, the ghost of Mungly, your olde partner, with a really big shew, to tell it like it is . . .



Scroode: "Holey Gadzooks, it is Mungley!"

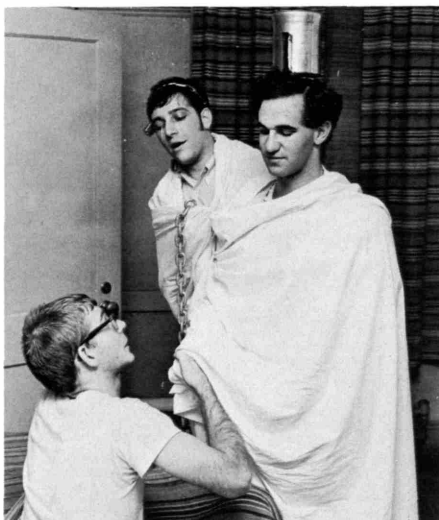
Mungley: Right. And for our first act, straight from the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas, we bring you The Ghost of Christmas Past.



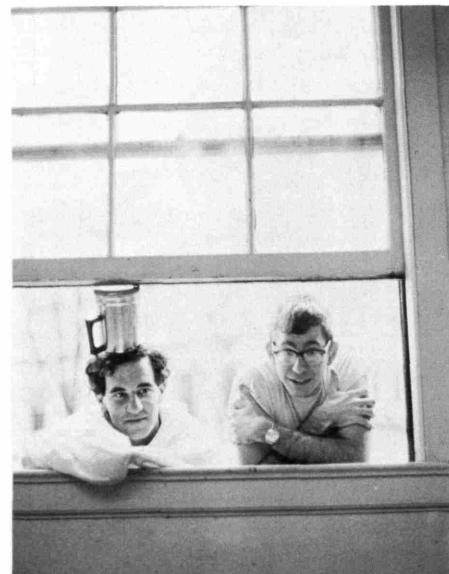
Mungley: Remember how it was, Scroode, in your college days . . . you loved a lovely young piece, but she scorned you as you would not pay enough attention to your fortune . . . then you dropped out of school . . .



. . . to become a pusher. But, by hard labor, and the Clayton Anti-Trust act, you became the head of your own honest business.



Mungley: Thank you TGOCP. Now the Ghost of Christmas Present Participle, with his trick teapot.



Let's go look into Crotchits' home . . .



Crotchit: Hello, Tiny Tool, My yecch son, see what I have embezzled for you today!

Tiny Tool: Oh, how thweet"

## SCROODE DEAD AND FORGOTTEN OLD FOOL

Scroode: Gack, that's my gravestone.  
Ghost of Christmas Future: Yes, Scroode, you are doomed unless you change your way of life. What would you do, if you could, to produce a more reasonable end to this fool stag.  
Scroode: Stomp hell out of Tiny Tool.  
Ghost of Christmas Future: Great idea!  
Scroode: Hot Damn! Let's Go!  
Ghost of Christmas Future: Wake up first, you old idiot!



Scroode: Hello, Tiny Tool, we have something to give you.

Crotchit: Yeah, a blow on the skull.



Tiny Tool: God Bleth uth, every one, or I'll break your scabby necks!



Crotchit: Scroode! Come to ride to work with me? Sorry, I can't — gotta take Tiny Tool to his Coiffeur.

Crotchit: I have seen the light. We must wipe out Tiny Tool!



Mungley: And now, for our grand finale, the Ghost of Xmas Future.



Crotchit: Hot Damn — we'll get that oppressor of the proletariat! Let's Go.  
Scroode: Wake up first, you idiotic Marxist!



Tiny Tool: God Bleth uth — ARRHHGG!



Scroode: Oh, by the way, in keeping with tradition, I brought Mrs. Crotchit a goose!



# DECEMBER ASSIGNMENT:

I WILL GET ALL MY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING  
DONE AT THE COOP BEFORE I GO HOME

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**THE TECH COOP**

OF THE HARVARD COOPERATIVE SOCIETY  
IN THE NEW M.I.T. STUDENT CENTER