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NM

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Horoscope:

This new Clairol discovery gives fine, limp hair the body to hold a set. Makes thin hair seem thicker, damaged hair healthier. It's Kindness™, with concentrated protein! No waiting, no washing it out. Just comb Kindness in. Now it's easy to have hair that looks strong and healthy.

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Hal Rosenblit Phil Miller Rich Rosen Alan Chapman Gary Blau Scotty Rhodes Mike Bromberg PIT CREW

Office Cat: Phos: Kittens: Lynn P., Bonnie, Laurel, Judy K., Abigail C., Lainey, Super Ellin, Shelley F., Sandra B., Mimi, Susie, Ellen H., Lynn S., Margie; Gone to the Great Junkyard: King Pilon, Big Boob, Little Mike, Chuck (he's so cute), Maury, Ratman, Kim, Keithie-poo, Lord Calvert, D. F. Nolan, J. G., Dapper Ed J.; Draftsmen: Lynn Porsche, Jim Randall, Annie Tambureno, Paul Epstein, Kathy Rau; Cameraman: John Roderick; Word Builders: Sam Epstein, Bob De-Marris, Barney Black, Earl Withycombe, Barry Schwartz, Steve Cooper; Test Pilots: The Original Zoomer, Pete Kendall, Dr. Doom, Pete Marmorek, The Enforcer; Super Salesmen: Steve Piece, Bill Floor, Sullen Cracks, Sandbox, Ken Horny, Chick Pollack, Steve Erection, Pit, Rastus, Wally Elderbait, Rod Wreck, Big Dan, Little Jimmie, Tom Gravey, Lazy Tommie Tennieshoe, Bob Dumlap, Roarshak, Stanley Klepper, Tom Scald-well, You Betchersweet, Larry Peeeeeetro, Jim Bringafinger, Me Hairy You Jane?, Jim Bardee, P. Amstud, The Little Pollak, Dave Swamp, Karl Read, Tall Paul, K. K. Collins, B. Mc-Ready, Rich Walleigh, T. Derby, Tim Dalton, Hugh Jorgasm, G. I. Wanda Eata, Iban Kuffintoff, Clyde T., "Killer" Chalfie, Jimmy Cool and the whole gang; Corporation: Dad, Follanshod, Philthy Sux.

- IN MEMORIUM -

Blotted out by the Postal Department on this day, April 21, 1967, our Postal Information Department. Information, Postal. In memory of a dear joke section, a lifelong friend and a benefactor of many intelligent minds. "You are always in our minds." Services will be held at the VooDoo office, over beer, every Wednesday night.

STERILE POSTAL INFORMATION

VooDoo is published monthly during the school year by the VooDoo Managing Board, 84 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139; entered as Second Class Mail at the Boston Post Office, sold for thirty-five cents on campus and elsewhere for forty cents, year subscription three dollars. Copyright 1967 by VooDoo Managing Board. Volume 50, Number 7.

Letters to the Editor

Deer Gus:

I think that it's a horrible shame about the fact that there just aren't no more moose around any more these days hardly at all. Why don't all us he-men,do-it-ourselves readers get together and do something about this?

Running-Bear-With-Yellow-Streak

There's enough for me. Ed.

Dear Editor:

In last month's issue you had plans for building a cat house in your back yard. So I built a cat house in my back yard, but my cat doesn't like it, because the beds are too soft. What can I do?

Mamie Stover

exchange

Get a harder cat. Ed.

Dear Editor:

As an ex-pilot, I take issue with your statement in the Dec. issue that the YXBR-37 had a zip-flap underhinged umbilical main strut. Anyone with experience can tell that it was not this, but a cungle-braced reciprocating strut. Col. Wm. "Red" Baron You are right. Our writer had this confused with the umbilical auxiliary strut. Ed.

Dear Editor:

What is the primary energy source in the Lesser Magellanic Cloud? Mrs. Andromeda Galaxy

Glue kills your brain. Ed.

Dear Editor:

I followed your instructions for building a model 3427-J robot explicitly, but the machine I built ate my grandmother. What can I do?

Send 50c for set of plans, "How to Build a New Grandmother." Ed.

Dear Editor:

Following your plans, I made a new quintuple exhaust for my 1949 Frazer, but I still can't do over 15 mph. What should I do?

Henry J.

Buy a new Chevy from my brotherin-law. Ed.

Dear Editor:

I recently installed a stereo tape recorder in my '59 Chevrolet, and every time I pass an XKE with an FM radio, I jam the radar of every police car within 12 miles. What should I do? Mr. Wizard

Find a guy with an XKE and set up a partnership. Ed.



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Inquiries concerning the mounting of the Trichotometric Indicator Support indicate that some difficulty is being experienced with the brackets which attach the support. As an aid toward fabricating the support brackets, the accompanying illustration is provided to show the type of material as well as the dimensional data needed. It will

be noted that in attaching the bracket to the support, a special ambihelical hexnut is used. The application of this nut is unique in that any attempt to remove it in the conventional manner only tightens it. Because of this design, the nut must be fully screwed on before it can be screwed off. - Courtesy North American Aviation





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5

GUS GETS HIS

by Alan Chapman



The telephone rang at the Mangled Garage.

"Hey, the telephone is ringing," said Gus Wilson, owner of the Mangled Garage, to himself. And with this witty remark, Gus picked up the telephone. "Hello, Mangled Garage, Gus Wilson, owner, speaking."

"You've got to help me!" The voice was that of a woman in distress. "My car is stuck and I have to get to the bank before it closes and make a deposit because I made out a check and there isn't enough money in the account and if I'm overdrawn again my husband will kill me and . . ."

"Have no fear," Gus interrupted gallantly. He hung up the telephone and trotted over to his truck. He beamed proudly at the shiny blue vehicle. He admired the Gothic lettering on the side which said: "Mangled Garage, Gus Wilson, owner." Then he stopped beaming and admiring and said to himself, "Hey, she didn't tell me where she was stuck."

The telephone rang.

"Hey, the telephone is ringing," said Gus to himself. He answered it. "Hello. Mangled Garage, Gus Wilson, owner, speaking."

"Corner of Elm and Maple."

"All right." Gus hung up, jumped into his truck, and drove to Elm and Maple. There he spotted a '63 Ford. Next to it a young woman paced back and forth. In the front seat was a boy of about four. Gus pulled up

6

behind the Ford and hopped out of the truck. The woman turned around.

"Why, you must be Gus Wilson, owner of the Mangled Garage!"

"At your service."

"Oh, I hope you can fix it."

The small boy stuck his head out of the window.

"But ma, we're only out of . . ."

"Shut up, Norman!"

Gus set to work, rapidly and efficiently investigated the possible sources of the malfunction. After an hour, Gus smiled happily.

"Aha!" he exclaimed.

"What is it?" asked the woman.

"Your windshield wiper blades are gone," replied Gus.

"But ma, we're only out of . . ."

"Shut up, Norman!"

Gus continued. After another hour he turned to the woman.

"I can't fix it here. I'll have to call for a tow truck and take a closer look at it at the garage." The little boy jumped out of the window and landed at his mother's feet.

"Dammit, ma, we're only out of gas!" he screamed. Gus examined the fuel gauge.

"Young lady, I've got it. You're out of gas!" He took a five-gallon gas can from his truck. It was empty.

"Just a second," he said benignly. He then went around the corner and siphoned five gallons of gas from a parked car. Returning to the young woman he said, "Here's five gallons. That'll be a dollar fifty for the gas and ten dollars for confirmation of another mechanic's diagnosis."

"Can I give you a check?"

Gus looked at his watch. It was five-thirty, too late for her to make her deposit.

"No," answered Gus. She gathered the necessary amount from her pocketbook. Gus accepted it, cheerfully, thanked her, and started walking to his truck. The small boy turned to his mother.

"We've been screwed, ma!"

Gus turned around. "Shut up, Norman!" he said.

Back at the Mangled Garage, Gus greeted his faithful assistant Stan Hicks, who, of course, had been taking care of the station in Gus's absence. Stan, a hunchback, was originally hired because he could easily work under a car with the hydraulic lift only halfway up, but his ambition and devotion to Gus, combined with his ignorance of the minimum wage law, had kept him at the Mangled Garage.

"Hello, master, welcome back."

"Hello, Stan, anything happen while I . . ."

"Please, come quick!" A frantic-looking young man beckoned to them from the doorway. Gus followed him. On the street right in front of the garage was a '27 Essex. In the front seat was a young woman, squirming and moaning. "This is my wife She's going to have a baby. We were on the way to the hospital and the car broke down."

Gus took one look at the car and realized that he could never fix it in time. The woman squirmed more actively now and moaned more intensely. Gus rapidly outlined a plan to the man. They carried his wife into the garage and put her on a hydraulic lift. "Stan, some hot water."

"Yes, master." Stan siphoned some hot water from the radiator of the overheated Essex and brought it to Gus.

Now Gus began to work with the skill and precision of the mechanic, using only a lug wrench, a gear puller, and an occasional shot from a grease gun. Soon the baby, an ugly girl, was delivered. Gus cut the umbilical cord with wire-cutting pliers and tied it up. They took the mother off the hydraulic lift and put her in the ladies' room to recuperate.

Three days later the man came to pick up the Essex, which had been repaired, and his wife, who had recuperated.

"That's a hundred dollars," said Gus. "Fifty for the baby and fifty for the car."

"I can understand the fifty dollars for the car, but fifty dollars for the baby?... There were no parts involved."

"Sure. No parts, but lots of labor."

The man paid and the happy parents were on their way.

"Well," Gus said to Stan, "there's never a dull moment around the Mangled"

A horn sounded outside the Mangled Garage. A black sedan sputtered to a stop. The driver, a grim-looking man dressed in black, summoned Gus. "Fix it . . . fast!"

"Yes, sir," said Gus. He opened the hood and set to work.

Suddenly the music from the Mangled Garage's office was interrupted by a bulletin. "A daring daylight bank robbery took place just minutes ago at the Fourteenth National Bank. The thieves, who were armed, are believed to have fled in a black sedan . . . More news later."

Gus added two and two together. He got three.

Then he considered the situation: the recent bank robbery, the black sedan, and the grim man in a hurry to get his car fixed.

"Why, you're the bank robbers and this is your getaway car!"

"Yeah, now fix it." The driver was impatient.

"Like hell," said Gus. "I won't be an accomplice to such a crime, you filthy, rotten crooks."

A grim-looking man in the back seat pulled a machine gun from under the seat and put seventeen bullets in Gus. **7**



Paper mache crew boat made in the MIT man-machines lab by Jauck Kitch. The rudder is sheet iron and the oars are made of lacrosse sticks. The metal rings are brass rats. Although Jauck has been offered upwards of 6900 dollars for this work of art, he has generously donated it to the MIT alumni crew team, shown in the picture. The ship floats best in mid-winter on the Charles.



Do-it-yourself helicopter built by B. Toffalott. Composed of 13,000 special Mattuck left-handed screws, this beautiful replica of the U.S. Army warcraft stands 20 feet high and is 40 feet long. Bob spent over 4 years on the copter using his free time from his studies at the Tute. Majoring in course 21, Bob is on his way to a brilliant career in Bridgewater State Hospital due to his poor choice of courses during his freshman year.



Z.A.P. X-ray unit built by B. N. Narse. An intricate piece of machinery, this model is presently being used in research for Zodiac and Astrological Phenomena from which it got its name. B.N. put this little jewel together from the safety pins, string, and other stuff she found in her mother's sewing drawer. Only 18 years old, B.N. has to her credit the Harvard Bridge, The Green Building, and the Los Angeles expressway system, which explains why she cannot get a job anywhere, and also why she's tried selling her inventions to radical groups.





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NEW INVENTION FOR APRIL Our spy in the U.S. Patent Office found this amazing junk in the files this month.



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The Many Faces of Chris

> Photos by ART K.





This is Chris. She is the VooDoo Doll of the Month for May. Ask her, "May I?" Then take four giant steps forward.



GREAT CIGARETTE RACE or, HOW THEY PUFFED FROM BOSTON TO

BRISBANE IN 69 HOURS AND 34¹/₂ MINUTES

"Among the commoner phallic symbols occurring in fantasy are knives, pencils, and *cigarettes*." Arthur P. Hawthorn, *An Introduction To Freudian Psychology*, p. 39 (emphasis added).

(DFN's Last VooDoo Story)

Once upon a time, sometime after The Day The Bridge Fell, but before The Year The Dodgers Lost The Election, the country (and the city, too, for that matter) underwent a great psychosis. The root (if you will pardon the vulgar expression) of this malaise lay in the fact that the nation had run out of status symbols and a terrible state of affairs it was to behold, too.

Everyone had *two* color televisions and a helicopter; tailfins had long become passe, and matter transporters had not yet been invented, so there was absolutely no way for the "in" crowd to set themselves apart from the peasants. The suicide rate rose astronomically among Kennedy Democrats and Goldwater Republicans, and the bottom fell out of the Andy Warhol market. For a while it looked like the beginning of the end.

And then, it happened. Nobody knows how the thing got started (although some people claim it was at a party at Hyannisport), but the "Mine's Longer" fad became the overnight rage. Despite snide remarks by a few on the outer fringe of the "in" crowd, soon everyone had decided that the way to be "one up" on their peers was to have longer cigarettes. Benson & Hedges came out with a 100-mm model, and within a year, the other brands had followed suit. Then came the 125-mm ultra-kings. And then the 150's. As the smokes grew longer almost monthly, the ads became more suggestive (Sultry voice on radio claims "My husband's is a full six inches long; he's a real man). Seven inches became standard. Eight. The ads became hysterical (the famous L&M "Get real satisfaction - take a puff on our big one; a full foot long and twice as hot" was banned from air play in Boston and Memphis).

Finally, everyone came to a screeching halt at 375 millimeters; beyond that point, nobody could draw, and 16 the practice of cutting cigarettes in half became rife. So



the emphasis shifted — time, not length, became the key to status. Lucky Strike's "More Suckees with Luckies" carried the "Three Puffs More; Maybe Four; Maybe Five" approach to the logical extreme. The tobacco trusts scoured the ad agencies for new and original ways to dramatize the durability of their smokes.

Soon, the various companies were staging time-anddistance spectaculars, and claiming that "You can walk a mile while you smoke one Camel," and that "New True Blue with the miracle filter gives you extra staying power while increasing your pleasure. Arnold Green of Pawtucket, R.I., can puff his all night without stopping — and he enjoys every minute."

With the advent of high-density filters, commonly called "special tips — for the discriminating smoker," marathon smoking contests began to be measured in hours per cigarette, rather than vice-versa. James Fenwick, winner of the famous Marlboro Economy Run, managed to get almost three hours out of a single weed — and Marlboro's sales shot up fantastically with the introduction of their Fenwick TV ads ("And here he is . . . the man who puffs more than anyone . . . to tell you how to make your pleasure *last*, with new Marlboro 4-X Specials, the light you like to bite.")

The grand finale was reached when the manufacturers announced the National Supersuck contest. The idea was to see who could travel the farthest while chainsmoking a pack of cigarettes. Hundreds of local champions, who had qualified by passing the 50-hour test, were assembled on the Boston Common. They were told that they could travel by any means of surface transport, and that the winner would receive \$50,000 in cash and a lifetime supply of their favorite brand.

As the fans and paid rooters (there it is, that word again) looked on, chanting "Do it! Do it! Go *all the way!*" to their favorite such artists, the contestants were given the signal, as the referee's gun shot off.

The country waited with bated (and nicotine-laden) breath, as the four major TV networks reported. Rumors began to filter in that one man had made it to Ohio on his first $6\frac{1}{2}$ cigarettes, but this was later proven false. It was also claimed that secret agents from American Tobacco had kidnapped a Marlboro Man in Wichita, Kansas, holding him captive for three days until the race was over. Some gullible souls even fell for the Phillip-Morris-initiated rumor that one of their boys had made it all the way to South America.

But when all the hurly-burly was done, the final winner was a little old man (who later turned out to be a thirteen-year-old boy) who was officially clocked in at the Town Hall in Brisbane, Utah, after 69 hours and $34\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. He suffered a stroke immediately afterward, and now lives quietly in Brisbane, where he raises pigs and practices sodomy. He retired from public life shortly after his coronation as the "King of the Puffers," when the cigarette fad gave way to a hulahoop revival.



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Like anything, you can have too much togetherness. The time comes when you'd love to have a place remote from the house where you could go to unwind, to get away from teenage ruckus, to have a few hours of peace and quiet.

The hog yard is no answer, especially when the sow is suckling, because the children's friends are always down there, and the lice will get you in the hen coop. For real solitude, there is always the cow pasture, or the Great Court, but there are only cow tuffets on which to sit. Solve this and your plumbing problems with a backyard outhouse. Picture yourself enthroned on our plush fixture (design courtesy of Port-O-Pot, interior design by Eudardi Catapult), in intellectual contemplation of your favorite literature (literature courtesy of "Rogue;""Sir," and "Gent" magazines). Take a beer along; spend the afternoon. Our John is comfortable enough to spend the night in, a boon to a victim of excessive celebration. The kids will love the place — The hole is large enough for drowning a cat, or even a good-sized dog. And they'll also get a kick out of your (hoo boy) favorite literature. If you build it over running water, your wife can use it to wash out your socks. She'll be happy to add a little charm to the place: sew you some crinoline curtains, or a pillow for the seat.

The construction itself can be easily put together from plywood and lumber (lumber courtesy of Midnight Lumber Co.). Only simple tools are required: a hammer (or large rock), saw, and a Course II major. The types of fixtures used may vary greatly in expense and style. The designer of our interior chose the integrated Egyptian Baroque style noted for its subtle confusion. The interior is so cleverly designed, that even within its relatively confined space, it is easy to get lost. This magnificent design feature creates much uninhabitable space, swell for storing old raisin seeds and empty hubcaps. The appearance of size is further enhanced by an ingenious elevator system, which although getting one no place, gives the illusion of having covered great distance. Since the space is totally unliveable, womb-like privacy is insured (the designer disappeared eight and a half months ago; we are expecting to find him any day now). To make it easy to find your way out the back path, our designer has provided two fifty-five foot tall light poles, fabricated of stainless steel to be compatible with a wooded site. You need not go to the expense we did. Some of the best outhouses (the Taj Mahal being a notable exception) are very inexpensive, and in comparison to ours, much more useable. Such details as misleading floor designations, or ruby inlaid door knobs will go far toward adding to the charm of the place. 19







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69 THINGS TO DO IN

- 1. Brace yourself for the following bits.
- 2. Put a virgin in your drill press.
- 3. Try out a new vice.
- 4. Lathe your betht friendth wife.
- 5. Make a Phillip's screwdriver from vodka and milk of magnesia.
- 6. Clean out your bastard file.
- 7. Clean out your mother file.
- 8. Thread your pipe.
- 9. Make a table lamp from a human arm.
- 10. Make an ashtray out of your big toe.
- 11. Stuff a mattress with pubic hair.
- 12. Drink the spirits from your spirit level.
- 13. Donate your jigsaw to the Ku Klux Klan.
- 14. Ream out your miter box.
- 15. Tighten your nuts.



Chisel on your income tax.

- 17. Fly your plane.
- 18. Plane your fly.
- 19. Fill in the holes on your pegboard.
- 20. Screw your sawhorse on the table.
- 24 21. Sharpen your tool.



22. Saw a lady in half.23. Glue her back together with epoxy.

- 24. Tune in.
- 25. Turn on.
- 26. Drop trou.
- 27. Contemplate your anvil.
- 28. Take out your mallet and beat it.
- 29. Pull out your drawers and play with the contents.
- 30. Attach handsaw to buzzsaw to make hummm-saw.
- 31. Countersink your screw-holes.
- 32. Get some cracks plastered.
- 33. Practice tounge and groove joints use fish glue.
- 34. Keep suction on your plumber's friend.
- 35. Ream out your blower bore.
- 36. Flux your joints and solder-me.
- 37. Cut off Phillip's head.
- 38. Separate yo' black pine from yo' white pine.
- 39. Don't waste your time with a pushy pulley.
- 40. Sell adze.

Sharpen your too

YOUR HOME WORKSHOP



41. Install a multi-stage, double recycle, VooDoo beer closet.

- 42. Install a deep, capacious, walk-in type sink.
- 43. Keep your nose to the grindstone.
- 44. Change your name from Goldberg.
- 45. C-clamp
- 46. C-clamp run.
- 47. Run clamp run.
- 48. Show your girl your workshop and laser.
- 49. Washer grommet in the countersink.



50. Knock off an Italian with your dago cutter.

- 51. Scratch your etch.
- 52. Build a birdhouse and catch some dove-tail.
- 53. Wrench a wench on your bench.
- 54. Fill your model if you can plier scythes apart.
- 55. Finish off a piece of cherrywood and clean the stain off the floor.
- 56. Punch out a knothole with your putty gun and fill it with putty.
- 57. Insert tab "P" in slot "C" to make a paper doll.
- 58. Give your propeller shaft a twirl.
- 59. Wax your hardwood.
- 60. Repair a broken precedence.



61. Vivisect a close relative.

- 62. Clean up the ratchet and set out some rat poison.
- 63. Make a hoe in yo' spare time.
- 64. Practice for football season with your block and tackle.
- 65. Lubricate the area between your ball-and-socket joints.
- 66. Put a nozzle on your stopcock for long range shots.
- 67. Buy some pig-iron, make a mold, and cast your fate to the winds.
- 68. Use your universal joint for family entertainment.
- 69. Give this article the axe.

by Rosenblit et al.

25



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Now You Can Repeat Newton's Apple Experiment

by Sam Epstein

Every schoolboy knows the story of Isaac Newton, the popular English scientist and the apple that fell on his head, bringing him fame and riches, and many good ideas. Popular Everything now brings you instructions for duplicating this world renowned feat of ingenuity. Are we kidding you? No, we really mean it — this experiment can be done by anyone with a little patience.

Patience is the most important thing. Find an apple tree (easy) and sit under it (trivial) and wait until an apple falls on your head (a little more difficult).

HINT: try to sit under an apple.

It now becomes immediately clear that there has been a force on your head; and it's no secret that apples are massive. Say to yourself – Aha! Mass and force have a relationship. Newton called it gravity, so will you.

Thus you have Force - mass gravity If you have come this far, it's too bad that you weren't born 300 years ago because you'd be instantly famous. Oh, well.



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Sprite can sprint...and keep on going! Of course you'll be tempted! (But even if you never race, the roadability you will surely enjoy is there.) The steering is never spongy or indefinite; and the redesigned rear suspension encourages impeccable manners. Sprite is as sure-footed through the corners as any other runners.

Of course you'll be tempted! (But even if you never race, the control you must always have is there.) There are big disc brakes up front and 7" drums in the rear. Sprite's stopping power is commensurate with its performance.

Of course you'll be tempted... tempted to prove that your Sprite can do as handsomely as it looks. We have wrapped everything in the smoothest possible envelope modern, Spartan and rather lovely. All this and roll-up windows. All this and 30 plus m.p.g. All this for under \$2,000.* Temptation rears its lovely head at your Austin Healey dealer. Give in gracefully.

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