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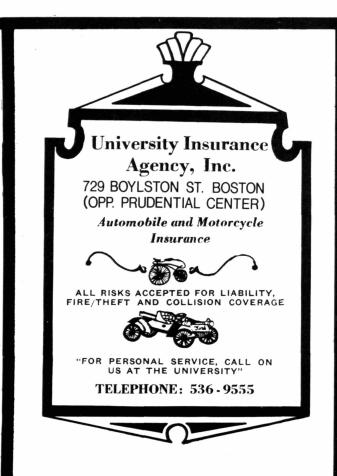


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VOL. 52 NO. 5

POSTAL INFORMATION

Due to various inconsistent numbering changes during our lifetime, dear reader, we have attained the fifth number of our fifty-second volume before attaining our fiftieth year. This is due to various confusions resulting from several coups which occurred in our political infrastructure while the magazine was still in its infancy, before moving to 84 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Mass. 02139, where Voo Doo is now published nine times a year during the months of October through May and August by the Voo Doo Managing Board. Rest assured, dear reader, that you are not being gypped. This issue, entered as Second Class Mail at the Boston Post Office is the only authorized official Fiftieth Anniversary Issue, and if you would like more Voo Doos delivered to your very own home, you may subscribe for only two dollars per annum.

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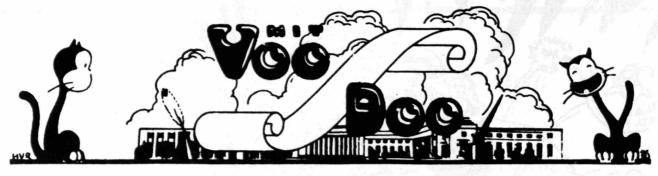
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* does not apply to Fair Trade discs

Thursday's Motto-Don't buy a pig in a poke unless you know the pig

A. O.





VOO DOO EXCLUSIVES

lowed a dark, sinister looking figure in a slinky black gown twenty blocks yesterday before discovering that it was a supreme court justice . . .Latest dirt: The White House cat had kittens . . . but the White House has only one cat!! Another blunder on the part of the administration! . . . A certain Pentagon Admiral, who shall remain nameless, when informed that a case of beri-beri was discovered in Korea and was asked what to do with it, replied: "Give it to the Marines; they'll drink anything." . . . Housing

situation getting quite acute here as is shown by the following which appeared in the Washington Daily Bungle: "E. 23rd St., One-family coal bin, sootable for three; Dirt cheap. \$600.

Attention Boston Globe: M.I.T. scientists accidentally crossed yeast cakes with falsies . . . Harvard Prof. says that we must not be fooled by inflation . . . Draft situation getting worse. I have it from my sources that one local board had to paste two midgets together . . . One draftee tried to get an ex-



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emption because he had been troubled by flat feet for years. He kept getting tickets from traffic cops for speeding. . . Zstetter Z. Zsterling has written me of his plan for drafting men in alphabetical order!

Well, Congress has finally got moving, and it looks as if they mean business (as a result of my blistering column of two weeks ago). Yesterday, it passed a bill allowing Margaret to open the daily sessions of Congress with the singing of arias from La Boheme . . . Advice to the House: Madam, ten dollars for fifteen minutes is too much!

Copy editor, Chicago Tribune: If you check, you will find that Norby F. Sogssnesmer, who has been on the Quiz Kid program for twenty years, is a seventy-three years old midget Ph.D. . . . Attention Aberdeen Proving Grounds Ordnance Officers: G. I. Private awoke at night and found new use for helmet under bed.

Moscow: Stalin's pipe has had

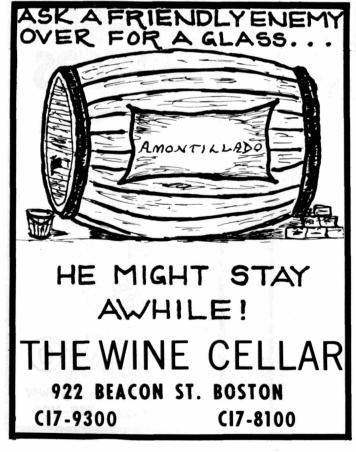
automatic stoker installed . . . Mrs. Bandeley, wife of Assistant Secretary of the Seabees was surprised to find out that red corpuscles were not the second rank in the Russian army . . . Lorenzo Calif.: Good Humor Man, Mersely, mistaken for a surgeon, performed an emergency roadside appendectomy using a Lucky Stick as a scalpel . . . Hollywood: Mary Really has once more filed suit for divorce. It seems to me that out there, they keep the bouquets and throw away the grooms.

Attention America: Mystery Melody is . . . YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW!! . . . One of Washington's physical culture magazines ran this add: "Would you like to test your muscles? Try this sample exercise. Clasp hands over head and place feet together on the floor. Now bend to the right at the waist as you sit down to the left of your feet. Then by sheer force of your muscles, haul yourself up, bend to the left, then to the right, and sit

down slowly on the floor to the right of your feet. Twist sharply left, then right, crossing feet at the same time. Stick with it and let us know the results." The next day a letter came in. It contained one word: "Hernia."

I am pleased to report that it has just been calculated that 78% of my correct predictions have come true! And now for my PREDICTIONS THINGS TO HAPPEN! . . . In order to top competitors, Gypsy Rose will remove outer layer of skin . . . Burlesque Houses in Boston will close because of shortages of raw material . . . Dick Tracy will NOT be drafted . . . Eighteen year-olds will by this time next year be nineteen years old! . . . AND MY SCOOP OF THE WEEK: Tutti-fruitee with cherrymaple syrup.

Phil Stark





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1949

Sam'l: Where are you going,

Zeke: Town.

Saml': What's the matter with that wheelbarrow?

Zeke: Broke.

Sam'l: Who broke it? Zeke: Hired man.

Sam'l: Same hired man who got your daughter in trouble last year.

Zeke: Yep. Clumsy, ain't he?

1950

Mistress: Something between a mister and a mattress.

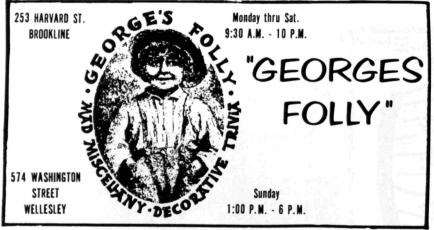
1948

A certain young woman of Spain Faced dishonor again and again, And again and again, And again and again,

And again and again,

And again and again and again.

And from the year 1962:
Knock, knock.
Who's there?
Nixon.
Nixon who?
See, you've forgotten him already.
Who's laughing now?



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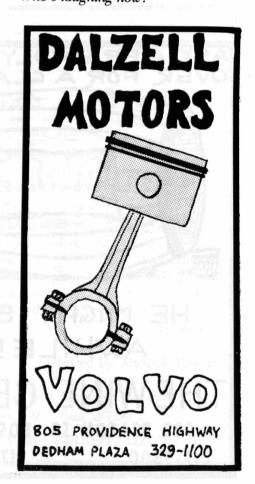
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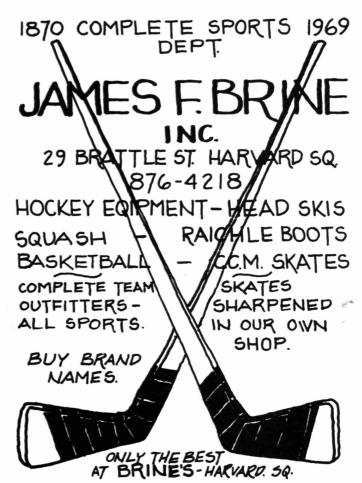
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A scientist looking for an I.Q. unit deserts his experiments to record the fascinating adventures of a subject.

Gaston, Boy Amoeba

SOMEBODY asked me last year what I thought of microscopic life. I have been trying to ignore the question because it is difficult for me to relate my experiences in this small field. It always brings back memories of the late Gaston.

Who was Gaston . . . ?

Well—allow me to start a little beyond the beginning. My interest in microorganic life first materialized when I read a paper from the Union for Research Psychiatry, having mistaken the URP (excuse me) treatise for that day's New York Times. The article brought out the point that we direly need a unit for the measurement of intellectual capacity. You see, when you take an I.Q. test you get a grade of, say, 40. 40 what? That's just it; no units.

We need a unit, so I began to think: what has a unit intelligence. Well, one day while talking to a business administration student, it hit me. The amoeba! Perhaps we could rate a man as beying an intelligence of, say, 3000 aboveba.

I set out to find an amoeba and give it a few tests so I could brief it when the time came to submit it to the Bureau of Standards and the men in charge of I.Q. That began my troubles. I went from door to door asking people if they had any amoeba to spare that they could give me or sell cheap. All the people acted strangely, so I suspect most of them were rather attached to their amoebas and would just as soon sell them as a pet dog or child.

Trapping Amoebas

After setting some specks of Jello out in the back yard and arranging them casually as though it was just a group of amoeba talking, I caught some gregarious amoebas who came to see what was up. The jig was, because I scraped them into a test tube and took them inside. Then I was shocked to discover something that was to upset the whole scheme.

Every one of the amoebas, I found, has a distinctive personality and a unique intellect. I had to try a new approach in the hope of measuring these organisms. I couldn't just assemble a desktop full of amoebas and fire questions at them. I couldn't test a large group of them and take the average because I didn't know



Gaston was a socialist

how much two amoebas are better than one.¹ I set out to find a median amoeba with an average intellect.

That is how I first met Gaston. He was sent to me by the Sociedad Frenetico para Amoeba, an association. They were supposed to send another amoeba, an average amoeba, but he became scientist-shy so they sent Gaston instead. He was far from a median amoeba. He was an extrovert, a flamboyant kid with attractive contractile vacuoles, who had been thrown out of the house when he started keeping company with a rich virus, the exotic virus "x."

It was Gaston who first said... well, he didn't exactly say it; I used to dip him in ink and let him write his messages. Anyway, the first time he tried this he wrote with a dramative firmness, "Dis is de nuts." It was a nimble performance with Gaston hopping out to where the i's were to be dotted and then gracefully skidding across the "t." Gaston, midnight-blue-black all over, would hop into the ink eradicator for a quick sponge, then roll over on a blotter.

From Gaston to Jello

Gaston was unique in other ways. He was a socialist and had convinced all the local diatoms² that all evils were traceable to the beastly capitalistic radiolaria.³ I told him that his socialistic inclinations were probably due to his own laziness. I called him a jellyfish, which he took as a compliment.

On occasion we used to have fun together. When I was washing test tubes, I would make a soap bubble, he would slide in and up he'd go. When the bubble broke against the ceiling he would catch on to the plaster and walk down to the sink for another ride.

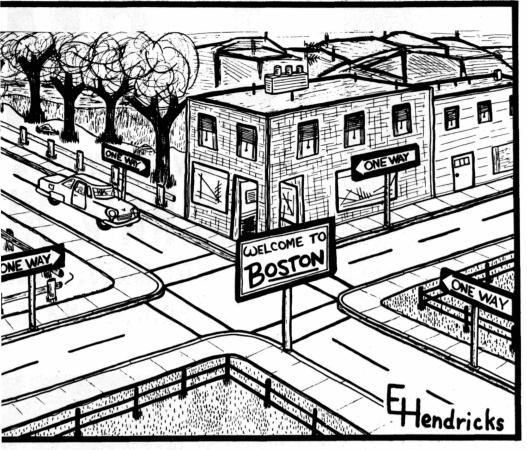
... but there is a sad end to this happy story. It happened so suddenly. One day I went to take Gaston for a bubble ride and he was gone. Thinking that perhaps he was just being coy, I looked in the sugar bowl, in the coffee can, everywhere, but no Gaston.

Finally, on a tip from a passing paramecium I searched the street in front of my house.⁴ With deep grief, I must tell you that it was there I found him. Alas, just a blot of protoplasm with a smell of alcohol on it. I reverently drew a circle around him and inscribed requiescat in pace on the concrete amid my bitter tears.⁵

With somberness I threw away my notes and to this day there is no unit for I.Q.

PHIL CLAYTON Illustration by the author.

- 1. Hayr says: 2 amoebas = 1.3 amoeba.
- 2. Who were formerly split into diatomic factions or fissions.
- 3. Who denied it in a press statement.
- 4. Warren Avenue. Incidentally, most amoebas have pseudopodia, or false feet. This is a good device, for when one amoeba steps on another amoeba's foot the latter can say, to avoid strained relations, "It wasn't my real foot anyway." Pseudopodia are called, colloquially, "glubs."
- 5. That is the dramatic ending. If there is enough demand we can have a case of mistaken identity, with the real Gaston just having gone out to sow his wild oats. Then we'll have more adventures of Gaston.



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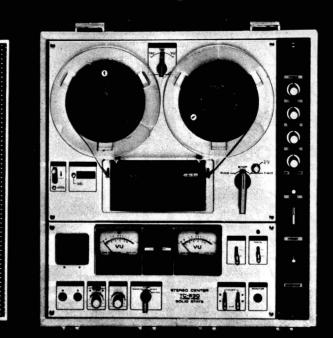
DEER PARK

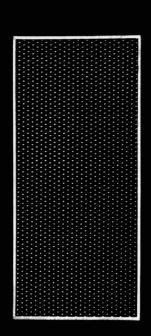
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A 40-watt-dynamic-power stereo amplifier powers the lid-integrated full-range stereo speaker system.

The entire system is packaged in a handsome leather-grained carrying case in black and satin-chrome. Complete with two F-45 cardioid dynamic microphones,

Special Features:

Three Heads. Permit tape/source monitoring for audible comparison between sound source and tape being recorded.

Built-in Switching for Sound-on-Sound and Echo Effect. Individual selection of Ch. 1 or Ch. 2 enables interchannel transfer for multiple-track and specialeffects recording.

Professional Slide Controls for Recording Volume. You can adjust volume of both channels instantly and simultaneously with one finger. Position and relationship of controls are immediately apparent.

Stereo Control Center - A complete solidstate preamplifier and 20-watt music power amplifier to connect microphones and components such as: Magnetic Phonograph, Stereo FM Tuner, TV or additional stereo tape deck. Convenient front panel switching selects listening or recording source from any of the connected components.

Two Professional-Size VU Meters. Internally lighted and calibrated to NAB standards.

Noise-Suppressor Switch. Special filter eliminates undesirable hiss that may exist on older pre-recorded tapes.

Scrape Flutter Filter. Special idler mechanism located between erase and record heads eliminates tape modulation distortion. This feature was formerly found only on professional studio equipment.

Non-Magnetizing Record Head. Head magnetization build-up, the most common cause of tape hiss, has been eliminated by a special Sony exclusive circuit, which prevents any transient surge of bias to the record head.

Ultra-High-Frequency Bias. Special silicon power transistors permit a bias frequency of 160 KHz, ensuring lowest-available recording distortion.

Vibration-Free Motor. An exclusive new Sony development which uses "floating" shock-absorber action to isolate any motor vibration from the taperecorder mechanism.

Pause Control with Lock.

Four-Digit Tape Counter. For precise editing, cueing, and tape indexing.

Retractomatic Pinch Roller. Provides clear, unobstructed path for ease of tape threading.

Automatic Sentinel Shut-off. Disconnects power to tape motor at the end of reel or should tape accidentally break - without disconnecting power to preamplifier and power amplifier.

Record Interlock. Prevents accidental erasure of tapes.

Automatic Tape Lifter. Protects head from wear during fast-forward and rewind operations.

Public-Address Capability.

Vertical or Horizontal Operation. Three Speeds. 71/2, 33/4, 17/8 ips.

Separate Bass and Treble Tone Controls.

Two Stereo Headphone Jacks. One for tape/source monitoring, and one with level and tone controls for stereo listening. Left, Right, or Stereo Mode Switch.

Specifications:

Power Requirements: 85 watts, 117 volts, 60 Hz.

Tape Speeds: 7½, 3¾, 1% ips.

Frequency Response: 30-22,000 Hz @ 71/2 ips; 30-1300 @ 3¾ ips; 30-10,000 @ 1% ips.

Wow and Flutter: 0.09% @ 7½ ips; 0.12% @ 3¾ ips; 0.16% @ 1% ips.

Signal-to-Noise Ratio: 50 db. **Amplifier Output Power:** 40 watts

dynamic power. **Transistor and Diode Complement: 40**

transistors, 7 diodes.

Input Provisions: 2 Microphone, 2 Magnetic Phono, 2 Tuner, and 2 High-Level

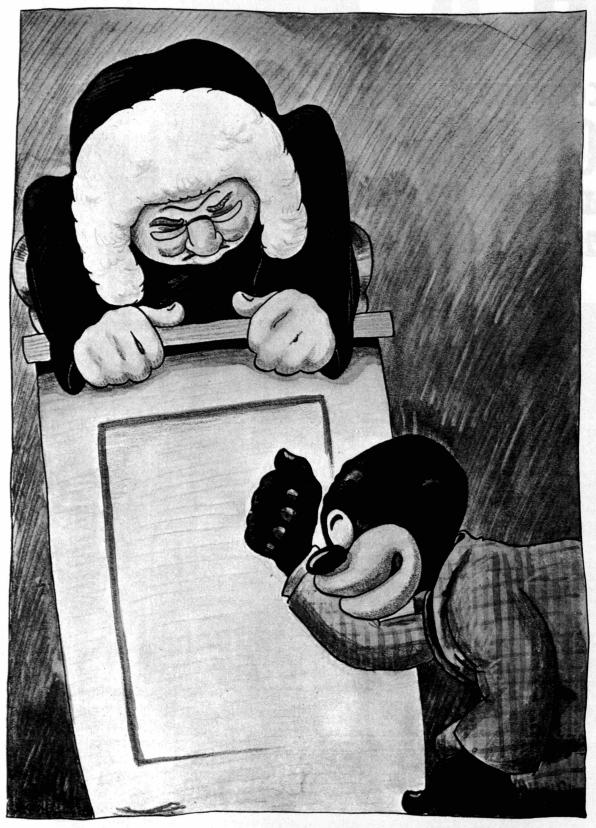
Output Provisions: 2 Lid speakers, 2 External speakers, 2 Line outputs, and 2 Stereo Headphone Jacks, (8 ohms). (One for tape/source monitor, one for stereo listening.)

Reel Capacity: Up to 7". Dimensions and Weight, lid included: 17% W × 20" H × 11% D; 46 lbs., 3 oz.



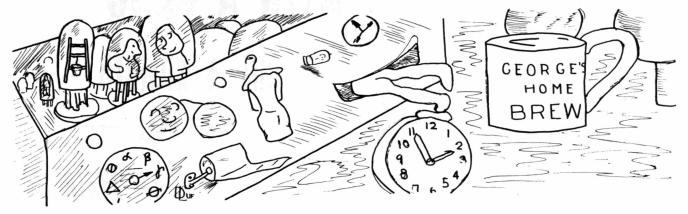
11

FROM 1920: "HERE COME DA JUDGE"



[&]quot;Have ah made mah point, yoah Honah?"
"You have, shoot again."

Interior Decoration



Harris is mad, surely, but he's productive. If you stick with him and step lively, you'll have a lot of fun and you probably won't get killed. Life is rarely dull with Harris. And who am I to quibble at eccentricities?

If it was ill-advised of him to rig the van de Graaf generator to discharge one evening through the barracks room next to his, you must admit it was clever. And who can but laugh at this prank of floating primacord down the sewer, even if a quarter-mile of Cambridge street was turned into a rather unsightly trench. Harris is not malicious, just mad. And as I said, he is productive.

You may know that Harris, whilst flunking M11, read "Cybernetics" and promptly decided, typically enough, to build himself a high class analyser.

"But this one," he said ecstatically, "will solve each problem completely, physically, in addition to symbols and graphic solutions."

"You mean? . . ." I said breathlessly.

"Yes! When I say 'my problem is a shortage of beer,' it will get me beer. And when I say, 'I need a date,' all will be attended to." His eyes rolled comically behind his thick lenses.

I did not laugh. The others did, but I, to whom Harris long since gave the only electronic, perfectly controllable poltergeist in the world, I did not laugh. I remembered

how I had once mis-set it and as a result had been bodily hurled from my room three days running.

Harris finished George, as he calls the assemblage of tubes, old coat-hangers, and other junk, last week and we've been running tests on it for the last six days. George redecorated our rooms and filled the closets with well-chilled beer, just for a starter. Warming to his task, he produced predictions of quizzes to come which have proved remarkably accurate this week. He then constructed, over a period of a day or so, some sort of mental-wave gadget that obviates study.

True, there were kinks at first. The first time Harris and I asked George to solve the eternal problem of the woman shortage, George blandly produced a pair of aged Siamese twins from a Tibetan morgue.

Scotch was served once with Seven-Up and once, rather disconertingly, our plebian request for hot dogs was interpreted all too literally. However, we laid these and sundry other little mixups to his relative immaturity and lack of experience, educating George and reaping the benefits. calmed down the enthusiasm, no doubt inherited from Harris, which had led him to answer vigourously every one of our requests. Just after he was finished, I carelessly made a remark in regard to a recently failed quiz. George's overhelpful attitude caused frightful

embarrassment to the professor responsible for the question, in that George carried out my unthinking statements to the letter, and I fear I had been unusually graphic in description. Since then, however, we have matured and modified his attitude somewhat, though not too much. Who knows, there may be another quiz like that one.

Why is the plumbing gold? Oh, just a whim of George's. The room is full of them. The rug, for instance, is a fur much like chinchilla. You know, it'll never wear out, George tells me? It seems to be alive. George has made all sorts of things for me.

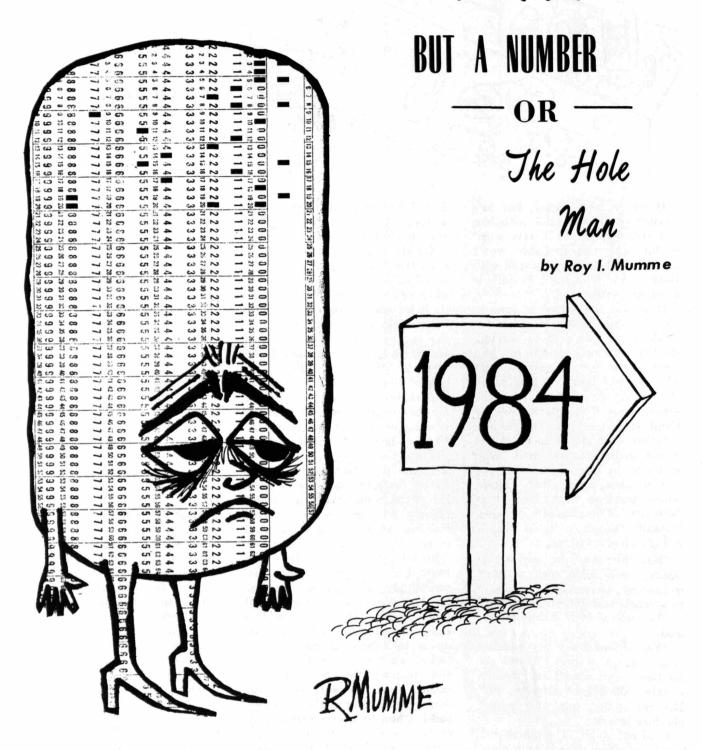
For instance, here in the closet. See the stairs leading down? No, I'm sorry I can't take you down there now. It's an apartment, off in some other dimension or something. I...ah, hello, Yvette. I see you've grown turquoise hair tonight. Very becoming.

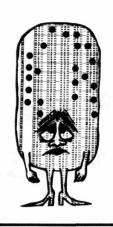
Isn't she? Fantastically beautiful. Perfect, I believe, in every way. Every way. She'll be back in a minute and you can talk to her. Of course, she adores me madly.

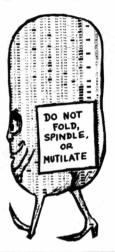
Where did she come from? Oh, George made her. For me. To replace some of my things that Harris used to make George. Isn't she the most beautiful alarm clock you ever saw?

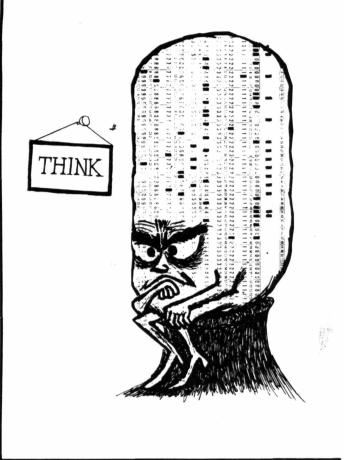
RIP

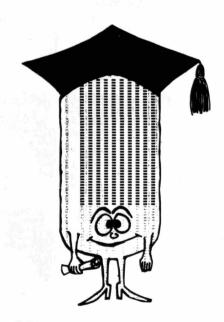
NOT WITH A BANG

















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COURSE V: STANDARD THESIS

by Charles Deber, B.S. (Chem)

THE SYNTHESIS AND REACTIONS OFACID						
WITH SODIUMNITRATE						

THESIS for the Degree of Bachelor of Science (Chemistry)						
by						
June 19						
Dedication: To my 1. Mother 2. Father 3. Mother and Father 4. Mistress 5 without whose help this could never have been written.						
Acknowledgement: The author wishes to thank Dr, his wonderful thesis advisor, whose						
()forbearance ()patience ()love of chemistry ()money ()feverish thirst for knowledge ()daughter						
taught the author a lot about chemistry.						
Historical Introduction						
It has been known for several years months, due to the work of, who was a very						
famous chemist, that the reaction of lukewarm — with cold quite cold — produces a charburnt melting point Kelvin bed						
treuse precipitate which has a melting point of — Kelvin Rankine at bed bath -room temperature.						
This is because () atoms like to become bonded to other atoms () it's always nice when you get a precipitate () it was New Year's Eve, so it seemed like a good idea at the time.						
It has also been found that the reaction is catalyzed by () two teaspoons of Accent per mole of reactants () eel's eyes () having your girlfriend whisper the word "Yes" three times into the flask () beer						
In a separate study, Ralph, who was also an extremely famous chemist, discovered that if you add distilled anhydrous water to a similar system, a great amount of bubbling occurs, with the sub-						
sequent formation of supercalafajalisaspialadocious acid. However, nobody besides Ralph						

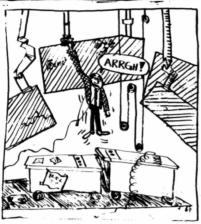
has ever run this reaction because
() everyone else has forgotten how he did it () the explosion destroyed his lab notebook
() this reaction is pretty dull, anyway
() supercalafajalisaspialadocious acid causes sterility
In this thesis, we will study both of these reactions in an attempt to determine which one is
better and whether either one may be used to prepare
worse () aphrodisiacs () synthetic lollipops
() instant water just add hot coffee
() sober prunes from stewed prunes.
Discussion and Results
We found that both reactions proceed through a simple ridiculous mechanism in which a much larger
number of carbon atoms come flying through space with the speed of a rifle bullet locomotive Because of this
we were able to formulate the following intriguing formula:
() PTI nRV () As you increase the concentration of reactant A in the system, the amount of
A present in the system increases.
() 2 moles of urea taken internally = di-urea. () Vanadium plus Deuterium plus 4 Oxygen = VOODOO.
and the state of
These results have caused us to define the "mole" as
() a small rodent that lives in the fields. () a brown mark usually found on your chin.
() a brown mark usually found on a small rodent.
We therefore conclude that
() chemistry is very interesting.
() there are more germs in the Charles River than there are atoms in the uni-
verse. () if you heat ethyl alcohol before drinking it, you will obtain hot ethyl alcohol.
() don't fool around with that supercalafajalisaspialadocious acid it's wicked stuff.
Experimental
Into a $_{50000}^{50}$ liter Erlenlater flask was poured $_{2}^{1}$ milliliters of liquid iron, followed by the addition
of two pounds of freshly chopped NaOH liver. The entire mess is tied to the end of a long rubber hose, and
whirled around over your head as fast as you can for 12 hours. Using caution, one milligram of super-
calafajalisaspialadocious acid is added (while holding your breath) until () a bell rings
() a mushroom cloud lights up the lab
() your mother calls you for dinner () Course 5.02 is cancelled.
We recommend, however, that you do not hold your breath until course 5.02 is cancelled, since () a chemist who is blue in the face is of no use at all
() breathing Cambridge air is not that desirable, but it's better than nothing at
all. () it.will probably be replaced by a course which is much worse.
() it, will probably be replaced by a course which is finder worse.





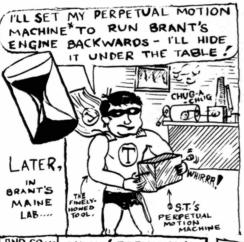


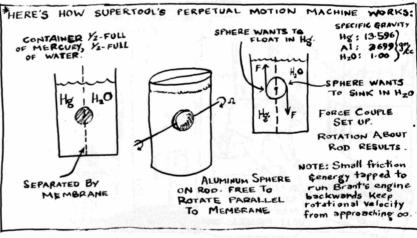




















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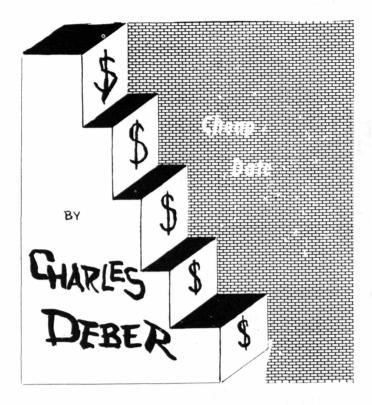
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"Oh, that's great" exclaimed Ralph into the telephone. He had been trying to get a date with Ethel — a real sweet kid from B.U. — for the longest time, and she had just said yes, she could make it for next Saturday night.

"I was thinking maybe we could go to a movie over at my school; you know, M.I.T. has these first-run flicks every week," explained Ralph, who really didn't have much money, and knew that the M.I.T. movie would cost only a dollar for the both of them, a relatively inexpensive evening these days. "They have the latest James Bond movie."

Although Ralph had already seen it twice, Ethel hadn't even seen it once, so she had said okay, remarking that she had heard it was good. Ralph said he'd pick her up about a quarter-to-seven, and said again, "so I'll see you Saturday."

It was only Tuesday, but Ralph was already floating on air. He strolled over to the mirror and stared at himself for a minute or so; he hoped that sore on the tip of his nose would heal up by the end of the week.

Ralph went for a haircut the next morning. He was pensive while the Coop barber nonchalantly shaved his head with that electric thing. He thought of the "sacrifices" that men continually make for women. They travel long distances. They stand out in the cold for long periods of time. They shower, and shave, and get haircuts, and get their shoes

shined and stuff like that. And they spend huge sums of money — money they would never dream of spending on themselves. Well, Ralph figured, he wouldn't be spending much this week. Or travelling far — B.U. was right across the river.

Ralph paid the barber \$1.50, and gave him a quarter tip because he was in such a good mood. He walked through the Coop, and picked up a tin of black shoe polish (39 cents) and a nice new tie (\$2.00). He also remembered to take his shirts out of the laundry, since the one he wanted to wear Saturday was among them (\$1.26).

Ralph's sport jacket and good slacks both needed pressing, so he brought them into the cleaners Thursday afternoon, on his way to Central Square to pick up a bottle of Old Spice After-Shave Lotion for Men. He had had good results in the past with Old Spice (\$2.50). Boy the drug store was crowded; he glanced at his watch; the afternoon was practically shot, and he hadn't even started that problem set. Imagine how much more efficient the world would be, thought Ralph, if there were no such thing as women; if we lived in some sort of asexual The amount of time he spent thinking about, talking to, preparing for, and being with women, appalled him. The only redeeming factor was that girls probably spent at least that much time fussing over men; they probably spend about two hours a day combing their hair. Somehow, though, the idea of an asexual world bothered Ralph; there was something about Ethel that he liked very much, although he couldn't put his finger on it.

Ralph stopped at the dry cleaners for his stuff on Saturday afternoon (\$1.00), got dressed, and was ready by 6:15. He noticed that the fuel indicator on his car was about a foot below "E", so he stopped for gas (\$3.00) on the way over to Ethel's dorm.

Ethel was a few minutes late, but when she finally came down, and Ralph took one look at her, he was sure it was well worth the wait, and he didn't even hear her mechanical apology. She signed out ("I have to be in by 1:00." "Sure.") and they drove over to M.I.T. for the movie.

Ralph was surprised that there was hardly any line, until he saw the hastily scrawled sign that a last-minute schedule change was necessary, and that the movie for tonight was something called "Blood Feast" (in color, yet). Ethel didn't want to see that — and who could blame her? — so they drove up to Harvard Square where a good Peter Sellers flick was playing (\$3.60).

"Did you like it?" said Ralph after the movie. "Yeah, it was good," said Ethel after the movie.

It was a cold night, so they went into a nearby coffee house for an invigorating hot drink, with a little bit of pleasant Flamenco guitar music in the background. The exotic coffee (2 cups for each of them, 50 cents a cup), was delicious, and the cover charge was only \$1.00. Ralph glanced at his watch as Ethel spoke at length about her term paper for her physiology course, saw that it was almost 11:30, and suggested that they'd better be going, since he would like to show her his room at M.I.T. He left a 50-cent tip — that seemed reasonable.

Ralph's roommate, who had been amply warned in advance, apparently was satisfied with only ten minutes of staring at Ethel, excused himself, and by 12:15, Ralph was alone in his room with her. "Gee, your room is much larger than ours," said Ethel. Ralph muttered something in reply, but he was thinking, would it be all right to try and kiss her? "Are girls always allowed up here?" asked Ethel. Ralph muttered something in reply, but he was thinking, a good make-out session was what they both needed. "Gee, I think we'd better be going," said Ethel. Ralph muttered something in reply, but he was thinking, those rotten curfews.

They drove up in front of Ethel's dorm by a quarter-to-one. Ralph turned off the motor, put his arm around Ethel, drew her to him, and gave her a big kiss. She said nothing. He looked at her pretty face in the dim light, and then their lips met again, and again, until it was just about three minutes to one.

"I'd better go," said Ethel.

"Mmmmmmm," said Ralph.

They walked to the door, where Ethel said, "Well, thank you very much, I had a very nice time. It was really fun."

"Yeah, well, me too," said Ralph. "You're really fun to be with."

"Well, good night," said Ethel, as he kissed her quickly, there in the doorway, with everybody watching.

"Good night, and I'll call you one of these days." Ralph drove back to M.I.T., feeling exhilarated, smiling, thinking of Ethel. She always closes her eyes when she kisses.

Since the previous Tuesday, up to 1:00 A.M. that Saturday night, Ralph had spent \$19.00 because of Ethel.

The following week, when Ralph called and asked her out, Ethel said she would love to, but she couldn't make it this week because her roommate's parents were coming up for the weekend, and she had promised to



1929

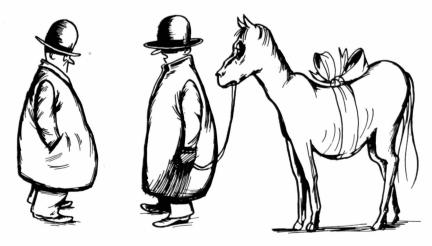
Collegian: "What's wrong with these eggs?"

Waitress: "Don't ask me, I only

laid the table."

1947

We heard about the tipsy pre-med the other night who called up Dr. Wasserman of national fame; and when the good doctor answered the phone, our inebriated friend said, "Hello, is this Dr. Wasserman?" The voice said, "Yes." Our friend said, "Are you positive?"



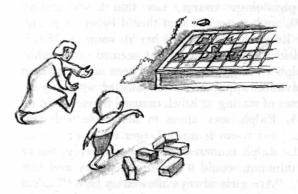
"... and what are you gonna get your wife for Christmas?"

IN 1949, HARRY TRUMAN AND WINSTON CHURCHILL BOTH VISITED MIT DURING OCTOBER. IN RESPONSE TO THIS PORTENTIOUS EVENT VOODOO PRODUCED THE FOLLOWING:

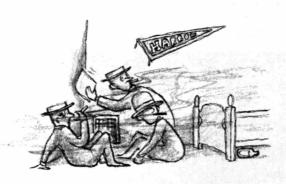
Winnie the Pooh



Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill was born November 30, 1874, at Blenheim Palace, Oxfordshire. His father, the 3d son of the 7th Duke of Marlborough, married well — an American woman.



Early in life, Winston displayed his first interest in masonry and bricklaying by laying numerous bricks into a bed of hothouse gladioli.



In "public school," Winston wrote Greek verse, but still found time to participate in many extracurricular activities—it was on the playing field of Harrow that he won many of the battles of World War II.



During the Boer War, Winston was named as correspondent by the London Morning Post. Jailed temporarily in Pretoria, he jumped bail and eluded his captors by mingling with a herd of wild zebras.



Returning to England, Winston was elected to Parliament. Determined to rid himself of his speech impediment, he stuffed his mouth with small scones and practiced from the White Cliffs of Dover. Seagulls for miles around stopped to listen, attracted by the flying crumbs.



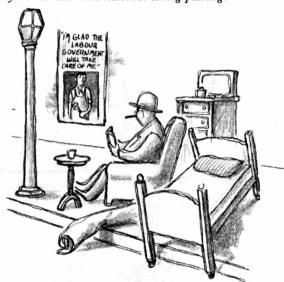
His desire to eat regularly and to associate with men who enjoyed the best of spirits prompted Winston to switch parties numerous times. In 1906, he left the Conservative camp to become a Liberal.



The powers of the Liberal Party soon recognized Winston's ability and began to groom him for the position of First Lord of the Admiralty by apprenticing him to an attorneys' firm.



While Winston was at odds with all parties during the 1930's, he wrote several volumes which were distributed to the plain wrapper trade under the title of "Mein Memoirs." To save the trouble of mailing corrections, he followed the text closely in his later international string pulling.



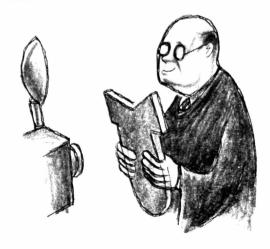
Winston's reckless spending of his rent money on Corona Coronas during the war eventually necessitated his moving to a lower rent district — never in the history of human conflict has one man owed so much to one landlord.



After World War I, Winston retired from Parliament, but Britain's finances fascinated him. Always ready to turn a fast pound, he willingly accepted the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer.



A popular but fallacious legend has grown up about Winston's heroic answer to the threat of London bombings. One warm afternoon he ordered two pints in a local pub and started a wave of patriotism that carried Britain through its darkest hour.



Though Winston is best known for his achievements in politics and literature, he is also a devotee of the arts. Accordingly, VooDoo will present him with the Irving Cowdrey award for the most significant contribution to German architecture during the past decade.

A stream-lined blonde walked up to the bar in a swank New York hotel. She ordered six Manhattans, and proceeded to down them, in quick succession.

A drunk who was standing nearby looked on in amazement. He lurched over, and stood weaving in front of her.

"Shay," he hiccoughed, "how much does it take to make you dizzy?" The blonde gave him a fishy-eyed stare.

"It'll take more than you've got, and the name is Daisy."

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[&]quot;Yes, Sew its seams."

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2+2=4

The Children's Hour

Preface: We stuck some macaroni in our hat, slipped into the Brockton children's library and softly inquired about Mother Goose. The slight librarian walked to the tots' shelf. We followed, trying to keep in her shadow. The children had ten pairs of eyes and six stereoscopes trained on us.

"Probably a sociologist," one of the kids muttered.

The librarian found a worn Mother Goose book. We packed our enormous bulk into a chair one foot high and began copying corruptible verse like, "Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye." She offered us a more colorful edition, but we whispered, no thanks, we're just interested in the verse.

Hearts, thumbs, tarts, plums, slitherum, slatherum, stiles, pigs, cats, and empty cupboards — at the end of an hour we had been unnerved by the children's library, the adult's hell and left for a quiet reference room where we could look up Mother Goose's biography in peace. That hour's nervous doodling follows:

A dillar, a dollar, A ten-o'clock scholar, What makes you come so soon? You used to come at ten o'clock, And now you come at noon.

Switched to Course XV.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat, His wife could eat no lean.

Eating hamburg took time.



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Pease-porridge hot, Pease-porridge cold, Pease-porridge in the pot, Nine days old.

Walker Breakfast.

There was a little girl who had a little curl,

Right in the middle of her forehead; When she was () she was very, very good,

And when she was () she was horrid.

In () substitute good or bad as desired.



Jack, be nimbler.

Nursery school problem:

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives.
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St.
Ives?

Hint: Neglect losses due to friction.

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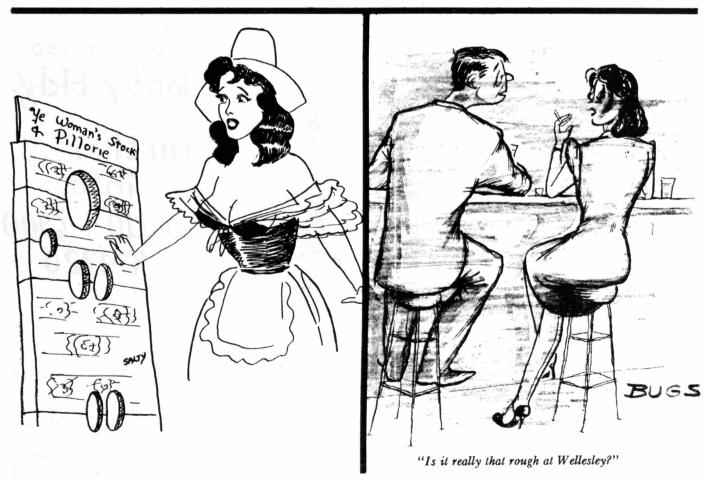
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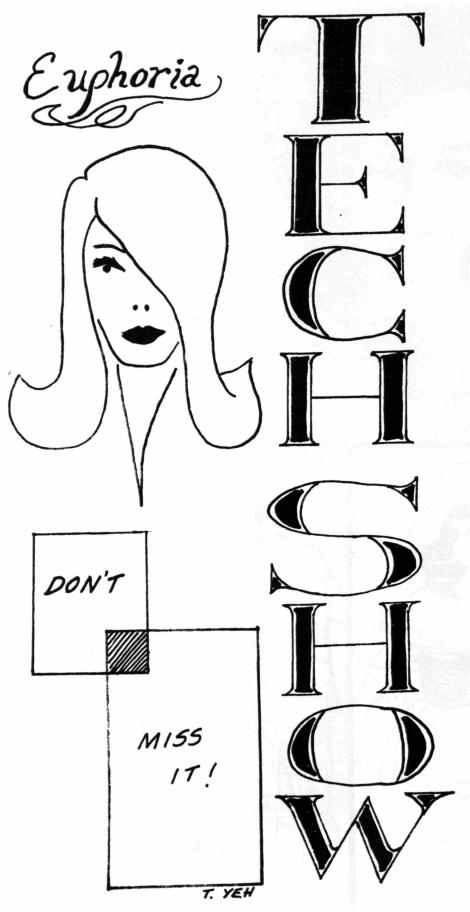
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THEOUPHOULOUS SMEAR



A tragedy of the early Grecian School, believed written in 487 BC by Menangals. Including notes by the translator, Professor Constantin Hottwatter. BS, MS, PhD.

Dramatis Personae

Eroe: Prince of Athens

Eroea: Princess of Athens

Ero: King of Athens

Bronislavsky (2): Commander of the

Athenian phalanx

Chorus of Grecian soldiers

The Argument

Eroe loves Eroea. Bronislavsky loves Eroea. Eroea loves Eroea. Ero wishes to see Eroea marry Eroe.(3)

The Scene

Field headquarters, where the royal court has gone to watch maneuvers.

Chorus

strophe Aaaah.

antistrophe Ooooh.

strophe Hear the beating of the drums,

Gallant Bronislavsky comes.

antistrophe And approaching far away,

Hither cometh Eroe.

Bronislavsky: Ah, Venus, Helen, what do I care for your charms—what indeed, with Eroea in my arms? Eroe: What, Bronislavsky? Listen, mister, last night it was I who kissed her.

Bron: Gallant Eroe, what you say



is not nice!

Eroe: Foo to you, gallant (4)
Bronislavsky; I kissed her twice.
Bron: But night before last, I kissed her thrice!

Eroe: I ended up with the most lipstick, (5) so she kissed me better.

Bron: Oho, you're wrong there, or so I'll wager!

Eroe: I know I did!
Bron: I'm sure I did!

Chorus: (singing in unison) Aha, aha, aha. (6)

Bron: No, I!

Eroe: Not you, but I!

Bron: I! Eroe: I! Bron: I! (7)

Eroe: Come, let us cease this argument, which is silly in the most.

Bron: To forget our differences, then, a toast! (poisons Eroe's glass)

Eroe: (drinks, staggers) What potent wine, it's gone to my head. (falls dead)

Bron: At long, long last, my rival's dead.

Eroea: (coming on scene) He's dead!

Bron: Of course he's dead—I killed him, too,

For he was a rival of my love for you.

Eroea: Ah, Zeus! (8) My loved one now is gone,

And never again will come the dawn.

To help your bravery in the field,

And to defeat our common foe,

I kissed you, general, as best I could,

With lipstick thick, alas, O woe!

And lipstick might as well be mud,

For all I cared; but kissing Eroe.

I bit my lips, and so kissed him with blood.

And now, to follow my love, To the gardens of the Gods above. (she drinks Eroe's wine, falls dead beside him)

Bron: My loved one and her loved one,

Will ever happy be,

So let me ride with Charon now To my gloomy destiny. (stabs self, dies)

Ero: (coming upon the bodies)

My son, my daughter, my general,

All ready for a funeral.

Ah, that I should live to see such things—

Farewell, my Greece, thy memory stings. (stabs self, dies)

Chorus: The king is dead, long live the queen, (9)

And with a happier man be seen.

Notes by Professor Constantin Hottwatter:

(1) Though the meaning of the title is obscure, it is supposed to have some bearing on the drama.

(2) Note that the Russians had already infiltrated their men into high government positions.

(3) This was common in Greece, according to unreliable sources. Anything to keep it in the family.

(4) Greeks were noted for their gallantry.
(5) Those Greeks knew what they wanted.
(6) Untranslatable, but approximately "aha!" in English.

(7) In Greek this was "ay, ay, ay!"
(8) Translated literally, this means, "By

(9) She did, too. See Sophocles' "Cour Tintreeg," one of his lost dramas.

JOHN HARRINGTON

Once a man and his dog were sitting on a park bench watching the pigeons. The man reached for a cigarette and found his pack was empty. Turning to the dog, he said, "Hey, Charles, do you have a cigarette?"

"No," said the dog, "but there's a place down the street where they sell them."

"Fine," said the man, "here's a quarter, so get me a pack."

An hour later the dog had not returned, so the man went to look for him. He found the dog sitting at a bar, casually sipping a Martini.

"This is a heck of a note," said the man. "Here I've always been able to depend on you before, and now you pull a trick like this. What's the idea?"

"Well," said the dog sheepishly, "you never gave me any money before." And we'd like to find out where you can get a Martini for a quarter.



A woman approached the pearly gates and spoke to Saint Peter. "Do you know if my husband is here? His name is Smith."

"Lady, we got lots of Smiths here. You'll have to have more identification than that."

"Well, when he died he said that if I were ever untrue to him he'd turn over in his grave."

"Oh, you mean Pinwheel Smith."

"How do you keep eating at the fraternity house?"

"Oh, I just take a tablespoon of Drano three times daily."

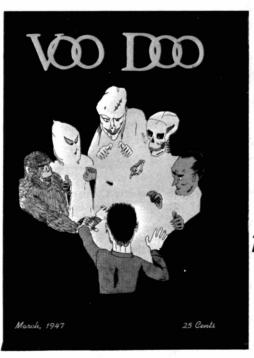
All you people on the Commons strike that note.

1955

The old engineer pulled his favorite steam engine up to the water tank and briefed the new fireman. The fireman got up on the tender and brought the spout down all right, but somehow his foot caught in the chain and he stepped into the tank.

As he floundered in the water, the engineer watched him with a jaundiced eye.

"Just fill the tank with water, Sonny," he drawled. "No need to stamp the stuff down."



The Tech EATS IT!

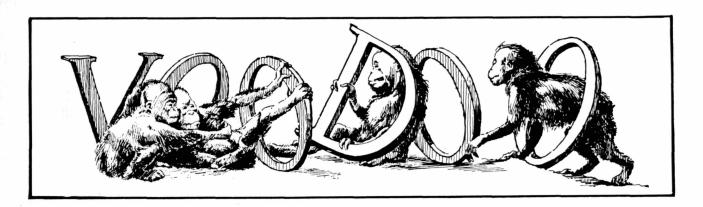
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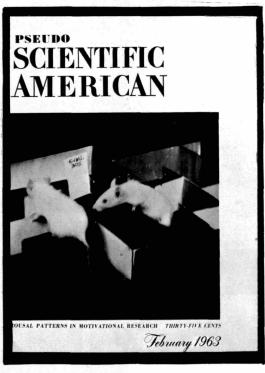
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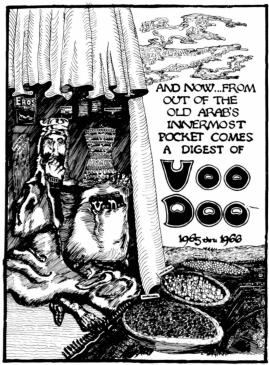








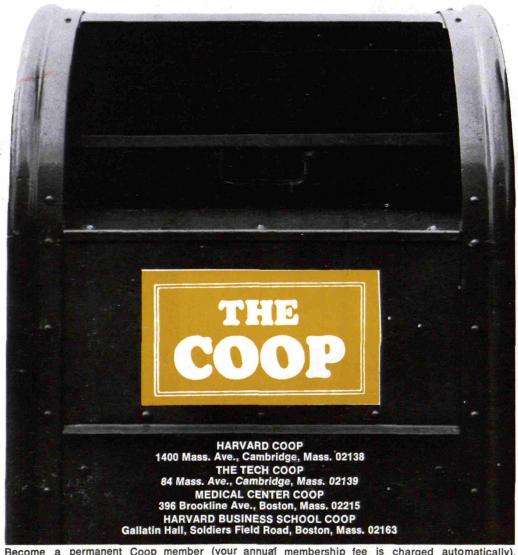




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