

VOODOO



MERRY CHRISTMAS ISSUE
25 cents



MERRY CHRISTMAS

by Dahl

ENGINEERS! ARE YOU IN A RUT? DO YOU WANT TO LIVE IT UP? THEN LISTEN TO THIS!



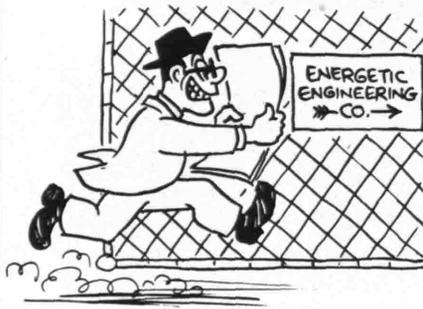
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Not knowing what we should ask Santa to place in our stockings Christmas morning, we asked Phos for some advice. Unfortunately, that lecherous old cat has a one track mind. His suggestions of various material and physical pleasures weren't what we were looking for. Since we are humanized engineers, we are searching for something more than that. It was a pity we had asked him. It seems that every-time we came close to finding a symbol of peace or love that could be squeezed into a wool skating sock, the leering cat made another lurid suggestion. We finally had to resort to throwing him in the beer closet and locking the door. Then we got down to serious discussion and deep thought. Believe us, it was no easy task trying to find what we were looking for amidst the sound of muffled meows and satisfied hiccups. After an hour of searching and probing it became apparent that we were misplacing concreteness all over the place. Unable to bear it any longer we unlocked the door. Phos forgave us when we had promised to follow his advice. Maybe next Christmas we can send the old boy away and we'll have some time for really serious contemplation. Just wait until next year. Maybe then...

R.B.

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All material submitted with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Literary Editor, at this office, will receive careful consideration.

Copyright, 1956, by the VOO DOO Senior Board. Published by the Senior Board for the Students of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Office: 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Mass. Office Hours: 4:30 to 5:30 P.M., Monday through Friday. Published monthly from November to June. Twenty-five cents a copy. Subscription: \$2.00 for Eight Issues. \$53.00 in Pago Pago. Published December 19, 1956. January Copy Inserted.

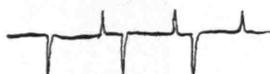
Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

This month's cover by Bloomer

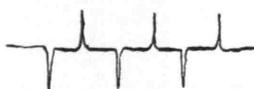




We recently spent an afternoon in Experimental Physics Lab trying to make the proper pictures appear on an oscilloscope. The piece de resistance was a Rube Goldberg circuit which was produced a wave form looking like this:



Upon turning a knob the wave was supposed to change to this:



But for some reason, we got this:



We immediately called the instructor, and accused the physics department of playing jokes on its helpless students. The instructor looked at the picture on the oscilloscope and patted us on our head. "Wishful thinking, my boy," he said, and walked away.

We know of a professor who refused to hand back a set of quizzes with the remark, "Most of you flunked except for a few and they obviously cheated."

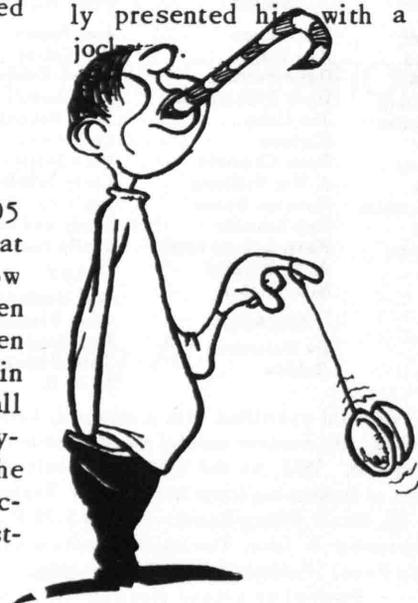
One of the on-campus fraternities has acquired a rather large, breedless dog which they often let frisk around Brigg's field. One day the dog was innocently enjoying a fine autumn afternoon when he became entangled with a R.O.T.C. platoon which was goose-stepping by. One of the brothers rushed to the scene to retrieve the dog, but before he could get there, the last man in one of the columns was knocked over. With the air of a veteran of many such campaigns the man picked himself up and regained his position in no time flat with only a barely audible "damn dogs."

Erratum: the publisher regrets the omission from the last issue of the strategically placed letters "hi."

As he began a recent 8.05 lecture the lecturer noticed that all the seats in the front row were unoccupied. At about ten minutes past the hour seventeen aspiring physicists marched in the rear entrance to the hall wearing eye patches and carrying wine bottles. They took the front row seats, offered the lecturer a drink and solemnly toasted the Maxwell distribution.

The other day in the Voo Doo office, we sat watching our treasurer juggle the books. After a while we noticed that his lips kept moving as though he were praying. By listening closely we managed to hear him repeating over and over, "Assets plus expenses equals income plus liabilities." We hope that someday after he has succeeded in committing this sentence to memory, he will tell us where last month's sales money has gone to.

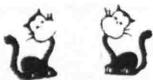
A professor in the Food Technology department has been worrying about the possible danger which may result from his lab being so near the new reactor under construction. Reliable sources inform us that several of his colleagues, in order to allay his fears, recently presented him with a lead jockey.



We were pleasantly surprised recently to find a small group of people playing the telephone game from the November Voo Doo. Our informant reports that the point count is mounting, the telephone bill is keeping pace with the point count, and a good time is being had by all.

Not long ago an instructor came to class, the day of the quiz, carrying the usual pile of paper and mimeographed problems. Behind him, however, walked one of his friends carrying a chess set. After the quizzes were distributed the two sat down and played chess for the hour.

We have a friend who swears this is true. It seems that he walked into our favorite psychology class last week and noticed the instructor standing at the front of the room engaged in profound meditation. After a few minutes had elapsed the instructor took a coin from his pocket, muttered "Heads I do, tails I don't," flipped, looked, and passed out the quizzes.



The locale was a nudist colony. The boy and girl were strolling through the woods. Shyly his words reached her blushing ears:

"Don't look now but I think I'm falling in love with you."

We pass on to the interested the import of a poster we noticed the other day in East Campus. It was an appeal by a girl from a local girl's school for sociology themes. She claimed that in return she would do anything as long as the owner held on to the theme.

During the recent furor we noticed that one of the Action for Hungary petitions had been corrected from, "by use of military force, if necessary," to "preferably by electrostatic force."



"Do you like cocktails?"
"Yes. Tell one."



She: I've lost so much weight you can feel my ribs.
He: Gee, thanks.

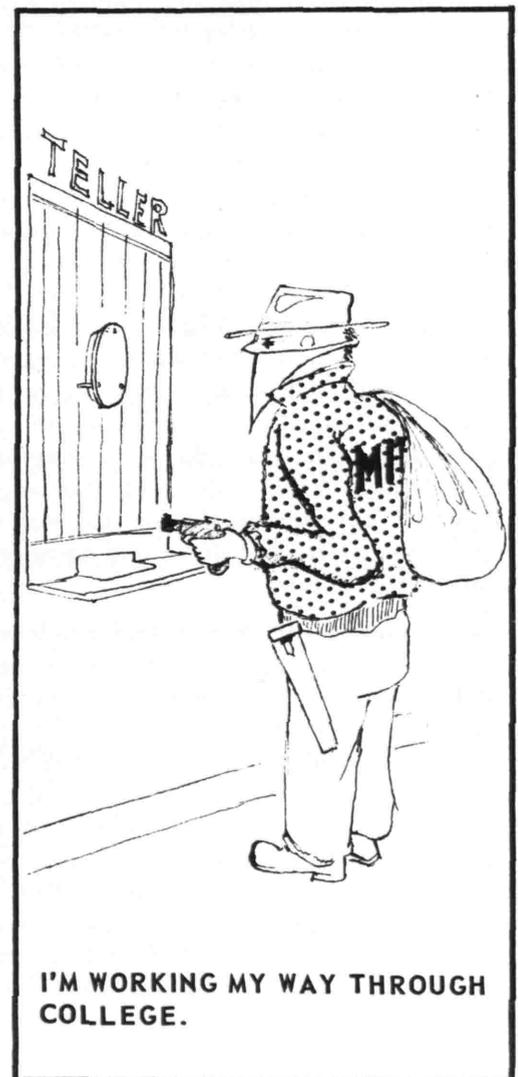


"Guess how old I am."
"21."
"No."
"24."
"No."
"23."
"No, try 22."
"22."
"No!"

We know of a proverbial Tech tool who complained the day after the elections that he hadn't been able to study the night before because the damn fool in the next room had been listening to a raffle all night. When enlightened as to the nature of the raffle and told that Eisenhower had carried forty one states, he nodded wisely and asked what had happened in the other three.



The music in the joint was so bad that when a waiter dropped a tray full of dishes, everyone got up and started dancing.





Doing the Town

Heigh-ho! The berry is on the holly, the pine cone is on the fir, the slush is on the street and the final examination is on the bulletin board. Hence, slyly laying our finger along side of our nose, we bid you draw your chairs a little closer to the roaring hot plate whilst we chat about whipping alcoholic goodies into bits of Christmas cheer.

Far from being a modern custom, toasting with a bowl of spiced wine or ale was a feature of medieval Christmas and Twelfth Night celebrations where the drink was called "wassail", a derivation of "waes hael" meaning "good health." As dedicated researchers worked far into the Christmas night, the following modern versions evolved.

Hot buttered rum, an old English standby, involves one pound of sugar, a half pound of butter, a pinch of salt, Puerto Rican rum, and some nutmeg, cinnamon and cloves. Mix the butter and sugar into a smooth batter. Add the salt and one-half teaspoon of the above spices. Place a heaping teaspoonful of this batter in a preheated mug, add a jigger of rum, and fill with hot water. The hot toddy is a simpler version of hot buttered rum. Mix a lump of sugar and a jigger of any desired liquor and stir in a five ounce glass with hot water and some lemon and cloves if desired.

Café Brûlot is a traditional drink at creole Christmas celebrations. Of the dozens of recipes used, the following is a very good one. Cut a large orange in half. Turn the orange inside out and place it in the bottom of a bowl with the pulp up. Add three cubes of sugar and two or three cloves for each serving. Also add two sticks of cinnamon broken into several pieces. Pour a generous amount of cognac over the orange. Ignite the cognac and, while dipping out the flaming liquid and letting it pour back into the bowl, slowly add hot coffee. Serve in cups while the cognac is still burning.

Eggnog stems from the medieval drinks which gave rise to the proverbial "egg-in-yer-

beer": eggs were often stirred up with hot beer, wines, or spirits. Beer and wines are no longer used, but egg-nogs are still prepared in a variety of ways. Pure cream, milk, or both may be used; the cream may or may not be whipped; and either the white, or the yolk of the egg, or both may be used. Some of the variations are as follows: "Baltimore Eggnog" is made by mixing one ounce of brandy, one jigger of Madeira, two teaspoons of sugar syrup, one-half ounce of Jamaica rum, one whole egg and four ounces of fresh milk and shaking vigorously with cracked ice. Strain and add cold milk to fill the glasses. Stir gently and dust with nutmeg. "Brandy Eggnog" is a variation of this mixture which substitutes an extra ounce of brandy for the Madeira.

"Boston Eggnog" uses only the yolk of the egg. Beat one egg yolk with three-quarters teaspoon of powdered sugar. Add a half ounce of brandy, a quarter ounce of Jamaica rum, four ounces of Madeira, one cup of chilled milk, and four ounces of shaved ice. Shake and strain. Fill glass with cold milk and dust with nutmeg.

A second cousin to the eggnog is the "Tom and Jerry" which requires a dozen eggs, three to four pounds of powdered sugar, a half teaspoon of nutmeg, a half teaspoon of cinnamon, and a quarter teaspoon of cloves, and a quarter teaspoon of cream of tartar. Work the sugar into the egg yolks until the mixture is as thick as you can make it. Then beat the egg whites stiff and add the cream of tartar. Add the spices to the egg yolk mixture and mix in the egg whites. Add a tablespoonful of this batter to a preheated mug, add a half ounce of rum and a half ounce of brandy, fill with boiling water and stir.

If you are the indolent sort, a tolerable eggnog may be prepared by obtaining a quart of the eggnog mixtures offered by local milk companies and mixing in the absent inner warmth yourself. Having supplied a way out for the unadventurous, we leave you -- Merry Christmas to all and to all a good nog.

---Bernie Wuensch

There was a convention of meat packing workers in New York a while back and one of the men there met up with a girl the first part of the week. They saw each other many times during the week and he told her if she ever came to Chicago to be sure and look him up.

It so happened that in about three months she was in Chicago and went to Swift & Co. to look for Mr. Gartell. When asking at the personnel office for him, she was told that they had five men with that name, and did she know his first name. She said no. So the personnel man said maybe he could help her anyway.

"Was he tall or short?"

"He was tall."

"Well, that lets out two of these men. Was he fat or slim?"

"He was slim."

"Well, that lets out one more man. Now, did he wear glasses?"

"He did not have glasses."

"Oh that must be our Mr. Gartell, the pheasant plucker."

"Oh, yes, that's him, and he dances well too."



A woman got on the train with nine children and when the conductor came for her tickets she said: "Now these children are thirteen years old and pay full fare, but those three over there are only six and these three here are four and a half."

The conductor looked at her in astonishment. "Do you mean to say you get three every time?" He asked.

"Oh, no," she said. "Sometimes we don't get any at all."

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-- After Aesop

So you cool chicks want a nightcap tale before hitting the slumber trail? Old Daddy-o's going to spin a little platter about a real gone rabid rabbit and a crazy, mixed-up recluse reptile.

This bunny had just blown into squareville from Cincy and was a little short of jack. As he trundled down the main drag, he could see this town was so dead they held their local bop sessions in the cemetery; but he soon raised one of the local yokels. "Slip me five, Jackson", says the rabbit, "I'm just off the boat and want to find the chief potentate." "You are crazy," says the guy, "Mad, I dig you dad," says the bunny, realizing that this cat was so square he was a cube. "I'm real hot to find the bigwig about town."

Well, this 3-D square showed the rabbit the route to the mayor's abode. In the office he really flipped when he set his pearly orbs on the cool chick at the desk. "Hey, doll," he shouted, "I want to beat my gums with the boy inside." "Sorry, she chirped," but the boss is out to lunch." "I know that, but can I see him," says the bunny.

Finally the game bunny gets to see this cool bird, and before long the mayor has really flipped over the bright idea of a big drag race with the rabbit standing in for a hot rod. "Caps," says the mayor, "we'll run the idea up a flagpole and see who salutes it."

Well, the mayor hopped out to the burg to find the clue from the local populace on the hottest driver about the premises. His Honor comes up with this flashy tortise who sports twin duals and a pair of carbs.

The locale for the big drag is down main street and when the bunny and tortise get there and sees one another, there springs up a kind of jive talk you chicks neverheard before. When Old Bugs sees the turtle's Briggs Cunningham engine and wire wheels, he really blows his lid. "Foul," he says, "I'm not going to drag that baby. All I've got is my two natural-born rabbit feet." "They is shabby luck," cries the mayor realizing the value of a pun in a real gone tongue and pushes the mad rabbit to the

go line.

The mayor counts off the final jiffies. "Ready aim, dig out," cries the starter. The two bobcats from Basin street dig out in a cloud of high-octane gas and the roar of grinding gears. As the turtle in his hot job roars past the bunny who is going like a slow freight, to 'Bama, he cries out, "See you later, alligator!" The rabbit who is real mad now remembers the tortoise's best friends and family skeletons in the beer closet and blasts out "After while, crocodile."

Well, chicks, to make a long tale short, at the other end of the race the turtle comes roaring over the finish line doing about sixty with that rabbit sitting 'way back in the road playing footsies with himself. The tortise hops out of his cool job, sings a few bars of "St. Louis Blues" and trundles off into the sunset.

Moral: Even in this cool, modern age, those damn Greeks know everything.

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PLANNING

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"Yes, I can tell you how I got my raise," said Sue to Lew, "but I don't think it'll help you much."



"There weren't many comforts and luxuries back in Adam's day."

"No, but few men have had more fun with a sparerib."



"Well, Jerry finally married that redhead."
 "What got into him."
 "Buckshot."



"Where ya been?"
 "Out with my girl drinking rum."
 "Jamaica?"
 "Don't be so damned inquisitive."



The farmer was busy working in the south forty when his little son, Johnny, came running out to tell him that a man had just driven up to the house in a big automobile.

"Johnny," said the haggard farmer, "run back to the house as fast as your legs will carry you and ask that man what type of work he does. If he says he is a traveling minister, run down the cellar and lock up my liquor cabinet. If he says he's a law officer, lock the garage where I keep the sill. If he says he is a salesman - sit on your ma's lap until I get there . . ."



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The Utterly Fascinating and Most Romantic Story of That Greatest Christmas Hero of all Times, Santa Claus

It came as quite a surprise to me that not many students here were aware that Santa Claus was an MIT graduate, class of nineteen ought twelve. To correct this mass ignorance, I did a little research into the matter, the results of which I am herewith presenting as the utterly fascinating and most romantic story of that greatest Christmas hero of all times, Santa Claus.

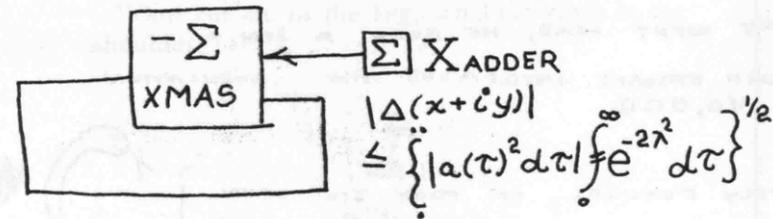


This story is true. Not even the names have been changed to protect the innocent. Our thanks go to a bribed official in the Registrar's Office without whose avarice, access to the files would not have been possible.

Nicholas Sarcofagus, later to be Saint Nicholas, entered the Institute, unshaven, in the Fall of 1904 from a nondescript Midwestern public high school.



Nick was very public spirited, kind, and generous. He joined Technology Christian Association thrice, each time under an assumed name. Nick arranged dates for his roommates, but never went out with women himself. In the winter, his room became a haven for birds and urchins.



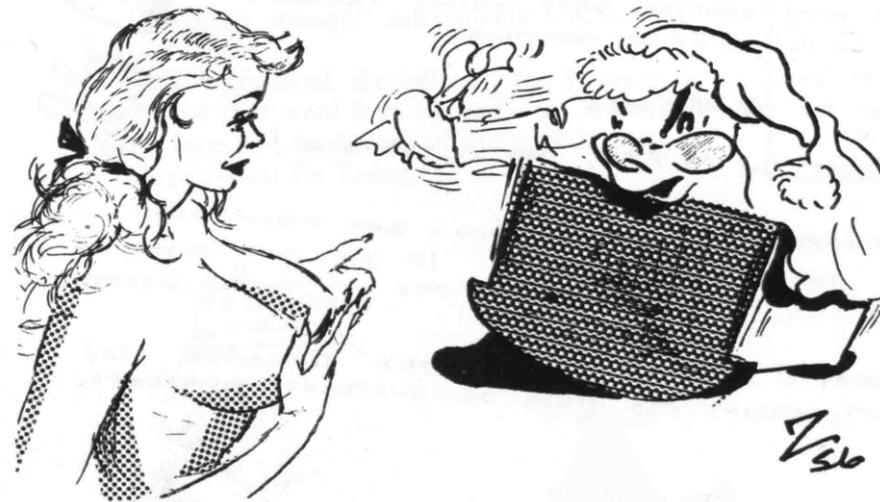
At the end of his junior year, Nick petitioned the Institute to form a department of Christmas Engineering. The petition itself was refused, but Nick was offered a degree of M.C.E. after he submitted an excellent thesis, "Let's Put the 'X' Back in Xmas!"

To create a Christmas legend was by no means easy. The first detail, the naming of a hero, was solved by Nick's past roommate, who, when Nick had fixed him up with an especially attractive specimen, said, "Nick, you're a saint." The existence of ancient books describing a Saint Nicholas was verified by Technology Press which discovered authenticated sources one week, tucked away in their printing press. The Office of Publications handled the widespread publicity campaign.



Most of us are familiar with the legend that Nick created, but few of us are familiar with how Nick met Catherine Kije, the girl who was destined to be Mrs. Saint Nicholas.

Nick himself, was very victorian in his attitude toward the opposite sex, and would have no truck with loose women. Nick's friends introduced Nick to Cathy, a most unusual girl, a chaste coed from B.U.



Cathy took an immediate liking to Nick, but found it difficult to believe that Nick was a saint. Nick, taken by her innocence, dispelled her doubts by replying, "Yes, virgin, there is a Santa Claus."

HUMANITIES REVIEW HISTORICK

ENGLISH HISTORY

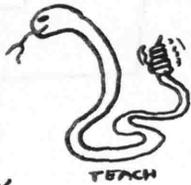
HENRY VIII MARRIED CATHARINE OF ARAGON. HE SOON GOT Tired OF HER AND DIVORCED AND BENEADED HER. HE NEXT MARRIED ANN BOLEYN AND BENEADED HER. HE THEN MARRIED ANN OF CLEVES AND BENEADED HER... AND SO ON...



ABOUT THIS TIME HENRY WENT MAD, HE BORE A SON.

→ HENRY VIII BY HIS OWN EFFORTS INCREASED THE POPULATION OF ENGLAND BY 40,000.

THEY GAVE WILLIAM IV A LOVELY FUNERAL, IT TOOK SIX MEN TO CARRY THE BEER.



THE SPANISH ARMADA WAS WHERE THAT THERE WAS MANY PEOPLE WITHOUT WORK AND IT GOT TO BE WHERE THERE WERE MORE AND MORE GETTING WITHOUT WORK AND WAS GOING AROUND BEGGING AND THE QUEEN TRIED TO STOP IT BUT SHE FOUND THAT SHE COULDN'T AND SHE HAD THEM CAPTURED AND BENEADED.

ON THE WAY HOME THE ARMADA BEGAN TO LEAK SO THEY HAD TO STOP AND FIX IT.

WHO SIGNED THE MAGNA CARTA? "I DIDN'T."



COMPARE EISENHOWER'S AND TRUMAN'S CABINETS. IKE'S IS BLUE WITH CHARCOAL GRAY TRIM. TRUMAN'S WAS BROKEN SO HE'S BUYING ANOTHER.

MEXICO WAS CONQUERED BY ~~the~~ Cortez

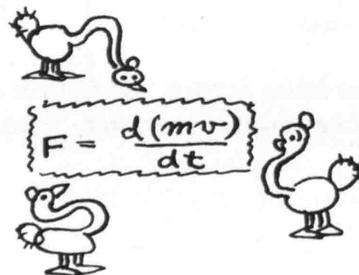
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN DIED IN 1790, AND IS STILL DEAD!

POETRY

A POETIC LICENSE IS A LICENSE YOU GET FROM THE POST OFFICE TO ~~THE~~ KEEP POETS. IF YOU ALSO WANT TO KEEP A DOG IT COSTS TWO DOLLARS AND YOU GET A DOG LICENSE

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"When I was a girl two men fought with guns to see which one would get me."

"Indeed, And what happened?"

"One got me in the leg, and the other in the shoulder."



Theatre Manager: "I hear that you and the leading lady are on the outs."

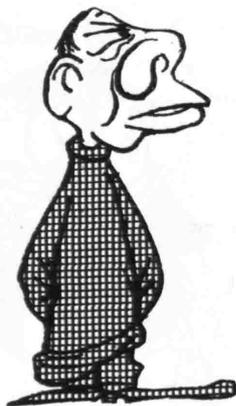
Electrician: "Yeah! It was one of those quick change scenes with the stage in total darkness. She asked for her tights and I thought she said lights."



A conservative editor called in an author who was famous for his earthy, blood and guts style of writing. The editor wanted him to delete a certain four letter word from the manuscript. It was so objectionable to the editor that he would not give it utterance but instead he wrote it on his desk pad. The author agreed and they went out for lunch. Hardly were they seated when the editor paled, then quickly arose from his chair, explaining that he must return to his office immediately.

"Anything wrong?" solicitously inquired the writer.

"No," stuttered the editor, "but I forgot to remove that word from my pad. My secretary might see it. At the top of the pad it says, 'Things I Must Do Today.'"



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THE RIGHT APPROACH

Henry K. seldom smiles - ever. But this day, as he bounced through the door, his face was all grin.

"What a doll: gorgeous, ravishing, really beautiful. Wow!"

Three students dozing at their desks, returned the "hello" but ignored the enthusiastic preface. Henry was well known as a man with bad taste.

"Max," he said, "This one is just for you. Blonde, petite, grffff!"

Reluctantly I spit out the pencil I was chewing and mumbled the necessary inquiries.

"Name?"

"Sheila Sizzle."

"Address?"

"Charlesgate."

"Freshman?"

"Freshman."

"Ugh!"

"Gorgeous."

"Phone number?"

"CO 7 - 7600."

I dialed the number and the line wasn't busy. This means trouble.

The switchboard girl had a very sweet voice. Switchboard girls always have sweet voices.

"Sheila Sizzle please. No, I don't know the room number. I'm sorry, Honey, I don't know the room number. Oh, c'mon now; there's a

little book right beside you. Look it up. Well, don't be so damn lazy. */?***

"Where'd you find this girl, H. K.?"

"Theatre group tryouts."

"Real nice, hunh?"

"Grffff!"

"Hello is this Sheila? You tried out for The Theatre group play this afternoon; is that correct? My name is - uh - Sam Harris - yeah - that's it - Sam Harris - and I saw you on stage this afternoon...well...I don't really know.... I'm afraid I couldn't say...well...actually I don't have anything to do with the show and I haven't the faintest idea whether they've chosen the cast or not yet so just shut up and listen for a minute, will ya!? I was just sitting in the auditorium looking for girls like you when you stepped up on the stage and I said to myself... hunh (Henry! Why didn't you tell me tryouts were in the rehearsal room!) ... Yeah, well that's what I meant, the rehearsal room - so when you stepped up on the stage, I said to myself... hunh ... yeah, well I don't mean the stage; I mean in front of the room there where you were trying out. Right? Right! (Whew.) Anyway, when you started dancing, I said to myself ... hunh ... all right, singing. Do you want to hear what I said to myself or not? Of course I was there! Now I don't remember what I said to myself. You've got me all confused."



After about twenty cents worth of such babble I wound up with a date for Saturday night. Henry K. was amazed at my success.

"That's not the right approach, Max. You were just lucky. I never heard such a sloppy line."

"For instance?"

"For instance why don't you tell the truth?"

"The truth! And have the name of Max smeared throughout Charlesgate - a freshman dorm!"

"The name is minor, The whole line stunk."

"You mean to say that I should have just told the girl that a guy she doesn't know gave me her phone number and that I, another guy she doesn't know, wants a date with her, a girl I don't even know."

Henry K. nodded. "Yep."

So four bits were placed on the table and the following evening the system was given the scientific test: experiment.

"Sheila Sizzle please. Aw, I forgot the damn room number!! Sorry - sorry - sorry! I didn't mean to blow up, but I just had a horrible experience last night; I'm sorry. Thank you. */?*

"Hello, is this Sheila? My name is - uh - Harry Samuels - yeah - that's it - Harry Samuels, and you don't know me but a friend of mine gave me your name and suggested I call you. Well - you don't know him either, but I just thought, maybe, if you're not busy Saturday we could get together. Well, he gave you a very high recommendation so I just thought - yes, I understand - but ... yes ... yes ... yes ...but if you've got nothing else to do ... unh hunh ... I see. O.K. 'Bye."

Henry K. handed me the four bits. Sadly I looked at him.

"It's your's Henry. She said yes."

"She accepted both dates for the same night?"

"That's what she did."

It was a very bewildered Sam Harris and/or Harry Samuels who trudged into Charlesgate Hall Saturday night and asked for Sheila Sizzle.

The girl at the desk flashed a routine smile and said, "She's not in. Would you like to leave a message?"

"Not in! Are you sure?"

"Quite sure; she had a date tonight."

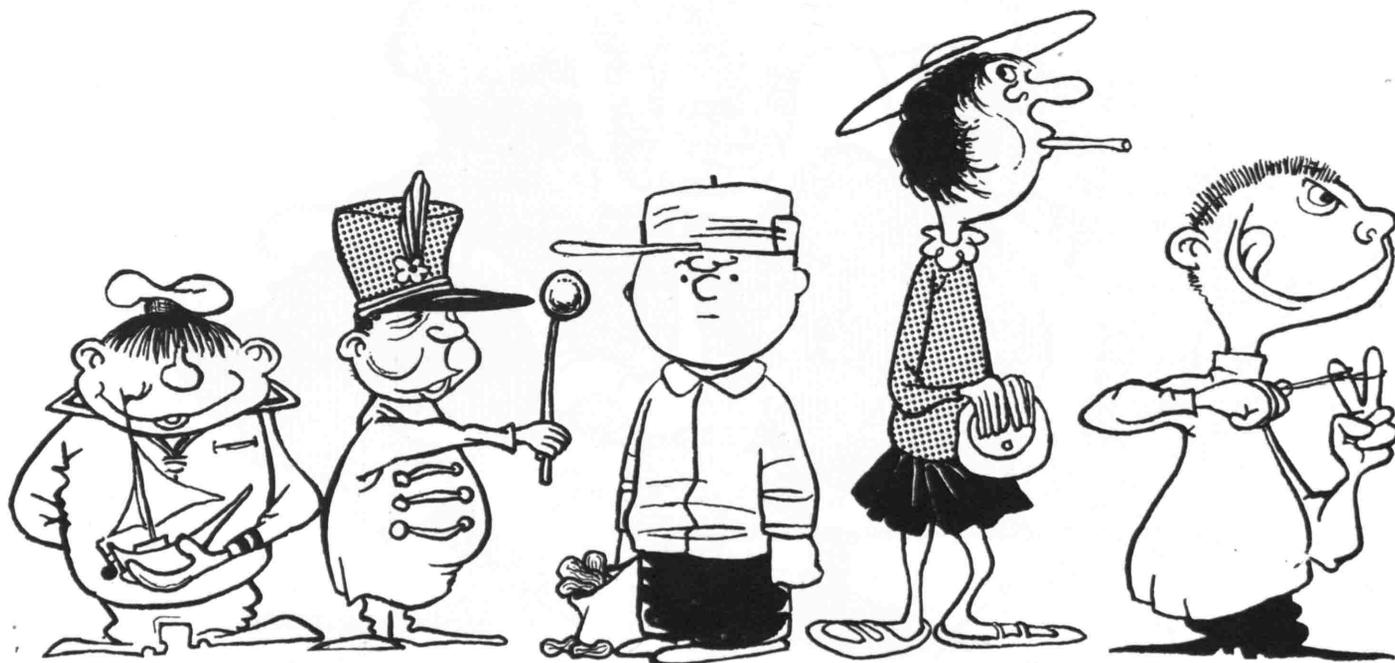
"Yeah, I know, I'm her date."

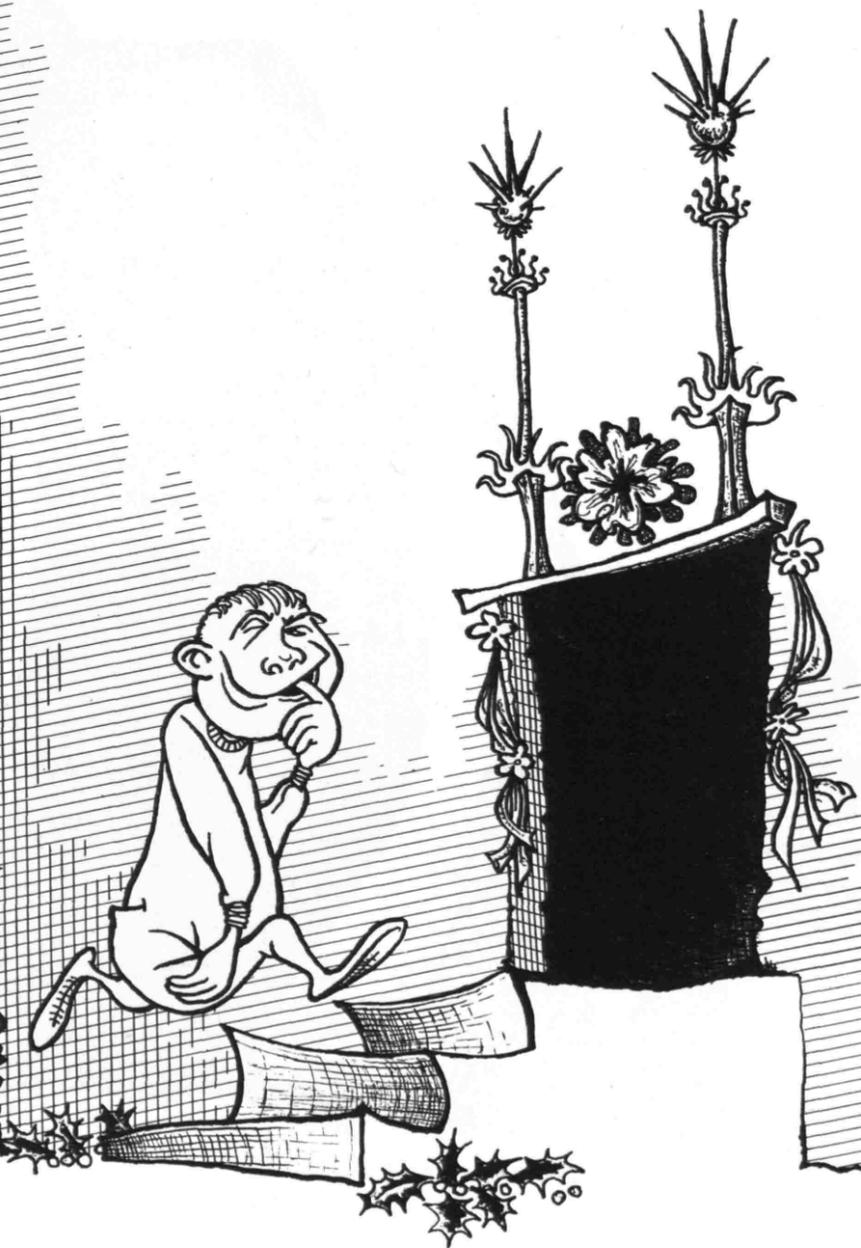
"I'm sorry, she left with a young man half an hour ago."

- Sonny Cohen

An eleven year old boy went to the movies to see a picture co-starring Marlon Brando and Marilyn Monroe. In one scene, Marlon rips off Monroe's blouse and says, "I want what I want, when I want it!"

This idea really caught on with the little boy and he rushed right home to try it out on the little girl next door. The first thing he did when he got to her house was to call her out into the yard, rip off her blouse, and say, "I want what I want, when I want it." The stunned eight year old girl finally replied, "You'll get what I've got, when I get it."







Flight

The flight was delayed; they stood there, queued up at the gate. Ahead of him, a crowd of girls waited, bundled up in mouton coats.

A long blond gasped her way gracefully to the head of the line. "Save three, we're down at the end....Yes, I know, they're getting married in December. She just can't believe it, it's just like a fairy tale!"

"The party was just divine...yes, he was there, and do you know who else I saw? (Gasp!) ...and he was in from Princeton, with this simply gorgeous car..."

Two Loden coats walked up to the little one with the big teeth. "He wants you to call him at his house, he doesn't have your number...." (She certainly did have big teeth. Why did they all wear Loden coats?)

"Oh, you go to (name of prominent girls' school)? I go to (another girls' school). Do you know-----, or-----? Oh, you live there. I don't know too many people there. Are you sitting with anyone on the plane?"

The takeoff was fast and rough; the plane rolled and yawed and pitched.

"Well, back to the salt mines....it went so fast...I don't want to go back, I've got so much

work to do. I've got three papers due this week, and I simply don't know how I can do them all. Every weekend I fall more and more behind...."

"And after the theatre, we went down to the Village, to this simply darling little place..."

"....No, I'm going to Miami for New Years'..."

"I simply don't know what I'm going to do about Jack, he just hangs around all the time looking lovesick.....(general laughter)..... I wish I could send him there, it's the only way I'll get rid of him. He takes me to the nicest places, but he's such a nothing....."

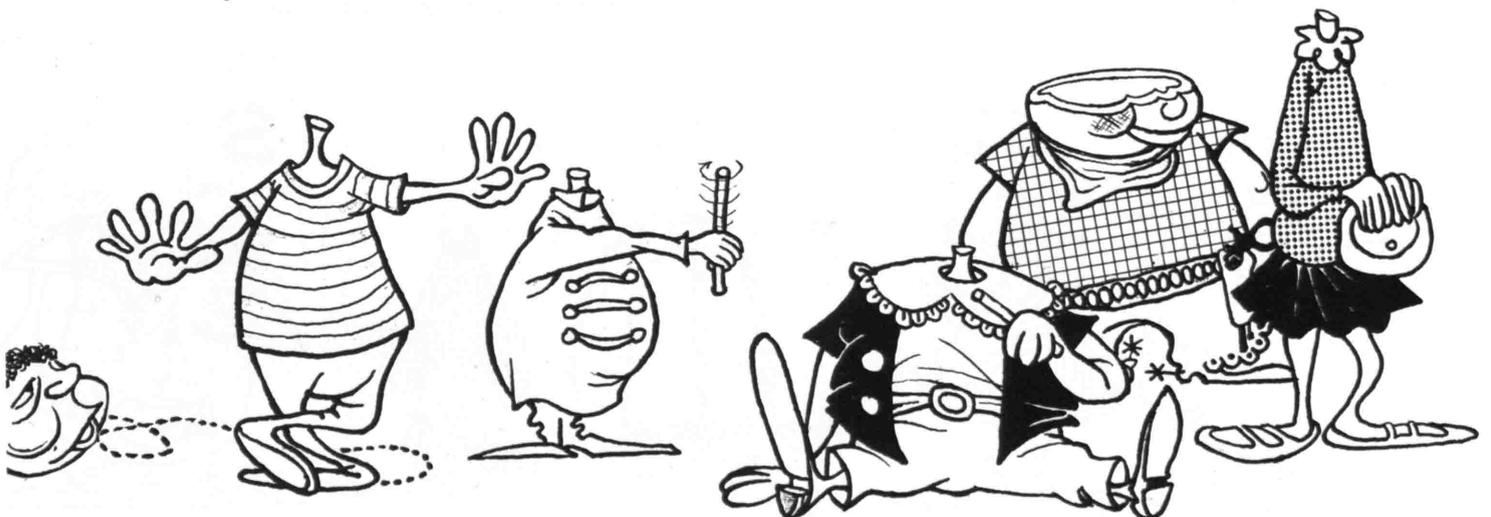
The plane bounced and dipped. It felt like an elevator going down. He took the letter out and read the last few lines: ".....and while I think you are very sweet, it would be better for both of us if we did not see each other so often any more. I am sorry that I had to break the date, but I was very busy...."

She signed it simply, with her name only. She had used the salutation "love" only when he had begun to sign his letters in that way; when he had stopped, so did she.

"....and he's absolutely loaded, and so nicesome crowd!..."

With a sense of urgency he reached for the tasteful white container.

- Bob Rose





A farmer owned two cows but no bull. So he borrowed his neighbor's for the purpose of servicing his cows.

He told his young son, "As soon as the bull is finished, come up to the house and tell me. I have to go up there now because your aunt is visiting us today."

So the farmer returned to the house. His wife and his wife's sister were having coffee in the kitchen, when his boy suddenly dashed into the room.

"Hey, pop, the bull just-----the brown cow!"

Greatly embarrassed, the farmer took his son outside, "that is no way to talk in front of your aunt. You should have said, "the bull SURPRISED the brown cow!" and I would know what you meant. Now you go back there to the pasture and come and tell me when the bull is finished." About five minutes later the boy again dashed into the room.

"Hey, pop," he started to say. Fearing another faux pas, his father interrupted him. "I know," he said, "the bull has surprised the white cow."

"He sure has," said the boy excitedly. "He ----the brown cow again."

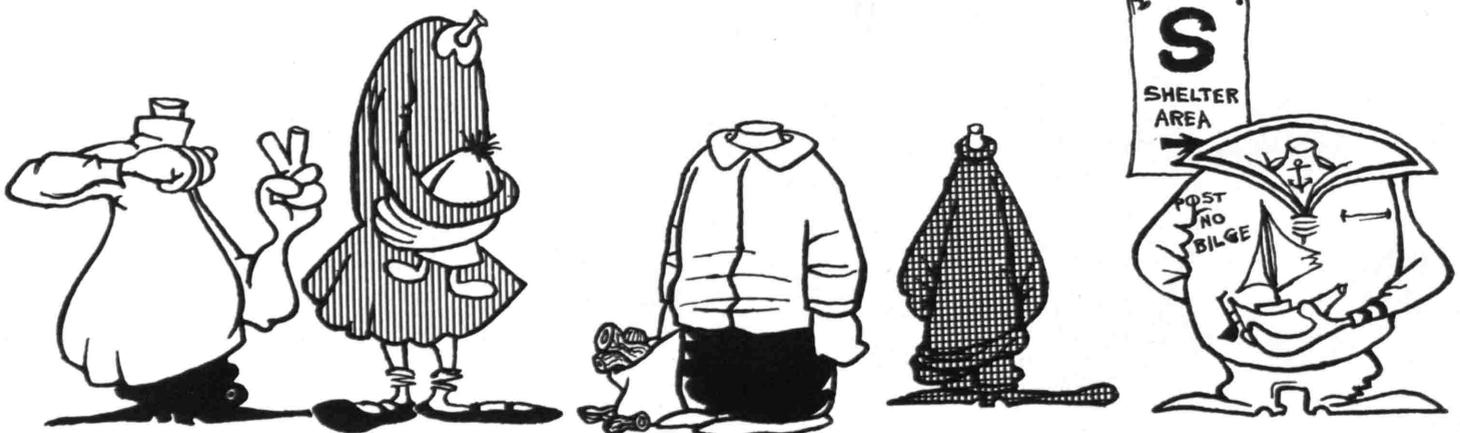


A young man entered a crowded subway train, and was forced to stand next to a girl for about twenty stations. They were bounced about at very close quarters for the duration of the journey. As the man started to leave at his destination, he turned to the girl, and said: "Madame, here is my card----just in case----"

Mother: What have you been doing?

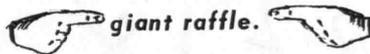
Son: Shooting craps, mother.

Mother: That must stop. Those little things have as much right to live as you have.



TWENTY TREMENDOUS PRIZES

Voo Doo announces a



First prize: Winner will be allowed to dredge the Suez Canal.

Second prize: Free, all-expense paid trip to Hungary (side-arms furnished).

Third prize: Seventeen thousand Stevenson buttons, and thirty-four and a half Freshman gloves from the glove fight.

Fourth through tenth prizes: One slightly used dummy MIG-15 jet plane, direct from Egypt.

Tenth through 20th prizes: One never-used real MIG-15 fighter plane.

RULES

Rule 1: Entry must be filled in completely. (Neatness counts)

Rule 2: $F = ma$ (Neatness doesn't count.)

Rule 3: All entries must be in before the beginning of World War III.

Rule 4: In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Rule 5: This contest is not open to members of the Voo Doo staff or their mistresses.

NAME _____

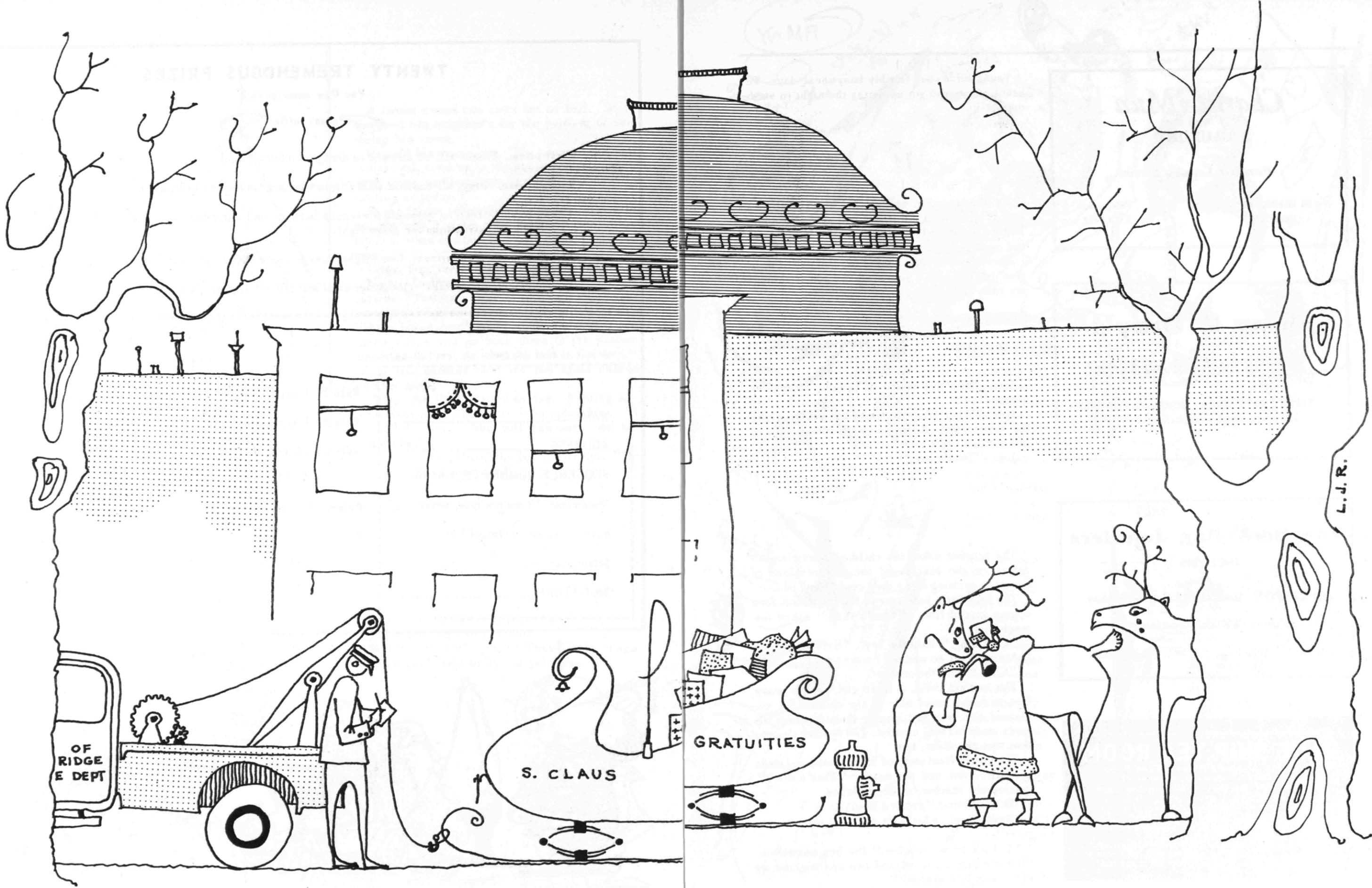
ADDRESS _____

SEQUENCE NUMBER (± 1 RCH)

Statement: "I am not now, never have been, and never will be, a prime minister."

SIGNATURE _____





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Boston Harbor at the tip of Colorful Old T. Wharf —
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glorious sunsets.

Foot of State Street—Atlantic Subway Station
OPEN EVERY DAY, INCLUDING SUNDAYS, FROM 12 TO 8 P. M.

FOR RESERVATIONS TEL. LA 3-8719—AMPLE PARKING

Young brides are terribly busy these days. We heard of one who got up during the night to wash out a slip.



An old Scotsman who was on his deathbed looked over to an old friend and said, "Robbie, when I'm buried I want you to take this Scotch and pour it on my grave."

Whereupon Robbie answered, "Angus, I'd be glad to, but would you mind if I ran it through my kidneys first?"



Joe: "She's a vision of beauty. A regular mirage."

Jim: "I get what you mean but you're using the wrong word. A mirage is something you can see but you can't feel."

Joe: "That's her."



The teacher asked the children's art class to depict on the blackboard their impressions of the most exciting thing they could think of.

The first little boy went to the board and drew a long jagged line. "What's that?" asked the teacher.

"Lightning," said the boy. "Everytime I see lightning I get so excited I want to yell!"

"Fine," said the teacher.

The second child, a little girl, drew a wavy line with the broad side of the chalk. She explained that was her idea of thunder which always made her feel excited. The teacher thought that was excellent, too.

Then little Neal stepped to the board and made a single dot and sat down. "What's that?" queried the teacher, a bit perplexed.

"It's a period," replied Neal.

"Well, Neal, what's so exciting about a period?"

"I don't know, teacher," the boy answered. "But my sister has missed two of them and my whole family's excited!"



TROUBLES

Troubles
 Roommates
 Five man suite
 Four tools
 No fun
 Much sorrow
 Must drown same
 Buy liquor
 Phone Rachael
 Pick up same
 Return to dorm
 Bare soul
 Ask pity
 Receive same
 Girl in arms
 Both soused
 Many tears
 Good start
 Too late
 One o'clock
 Rachael gone
 Bull session
 Decision
 One more try
 Roommates agree
 Rachael again
 Party for two
 Girl tipsy
 Go to drugstore
 Return
 Party for two
 Roommate and Rachael
 Troubles.

Jew's



Gift

Christmas



Is

A

Ideal

Subscription

The

To



“VOO DOO”

Your girl is guaranteed to think of you at least eight times a year.

Your old man will feel more like paying next term's tuition.



Your high-school teachers will wish that they too had had gone to college.

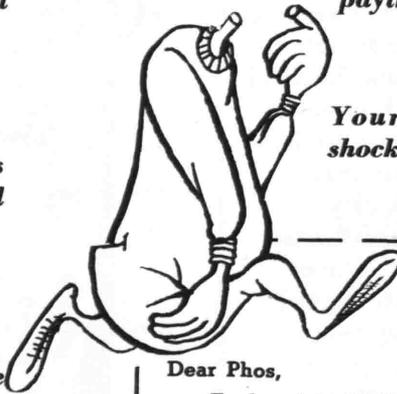
Your kid sister will be shocked.



Your kid brother will be the life of the party.



Your mother will realize that you have finally grown up.



MIT Voo Doo
Walker Mem. Bldg.
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Phos,

Enclosed is \$2.00 so please send eight hilarious issues of Voo Doo to...

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Letters from men in the service show that there is no greater morale builder than Voo Doo.

It had been a busy day for Mother and to make matters worse her small son came running into the house with his pants torn.

"You go to your room and mend those pants yourself," she ordered, "and don't let me see you out here until the job is done."

A little later she went in to see how the repair job was coming along. The pants lay on a chair and the door to the cellar, usually closed, was open. The mother called down sternly, "Are you running around down there without your pants on?"

A deep voice answered, "No ma'am, I'm reading the gas meter."

"Peggy is the kind of a girl you could fall madly in bed with."



"Well I'll be damned," said the little brook as the fat lady fell off the bridge.



A hangover isn't serious until you can't stand the roar of a Bromo Seltzer.



"Well I'll be damned," said the little brook as the fat lady fell off the bridge.

Danny: I was a 90 pound weakling and whenever I went to the beach, a 220-pound bully kicked sand in my face. So I took this course I read about and, sure enough, in a little while I weighed 220 pounds.

Del: Then what?

Danny: I went to the beach and a 440-pound bully kicked sand in my face.



Have you heard about the absent-minded nurse who made the patient without disturbing the bed?

GIFT SUGGESTIONS

AT THE

TECHNOLOGY STORE

PIPES—ASHTRAYS—SMOKING ACCESSORIES

ELECTRIC SHAVERS

GAMES—PLAYING CARDS

FOUNTAIN PENS—PENCILS—DESK SETS

CAMERAS AND PHOTO ALBUMS

CANDY—FOOD BOXES—IMPORTED COOKIES

GIFT BOXED STATIONERY

JEWELRY FOR MEN AND WOMEN

HIGHBALL, OLD FASHIONED, COCKTAIL AND
SHOT GLASSES WITH M.I.T. INSIGNIA

RADIOS—TOASTERS—COFFEE MAKERS—IRONS
GRILLES—MIXERS—ELECTRIC FRY-PANS

TRAYS—WASTEBASKETS—DESK SETS—BOOKENDS
WITH M.I.T. INSIGNIA

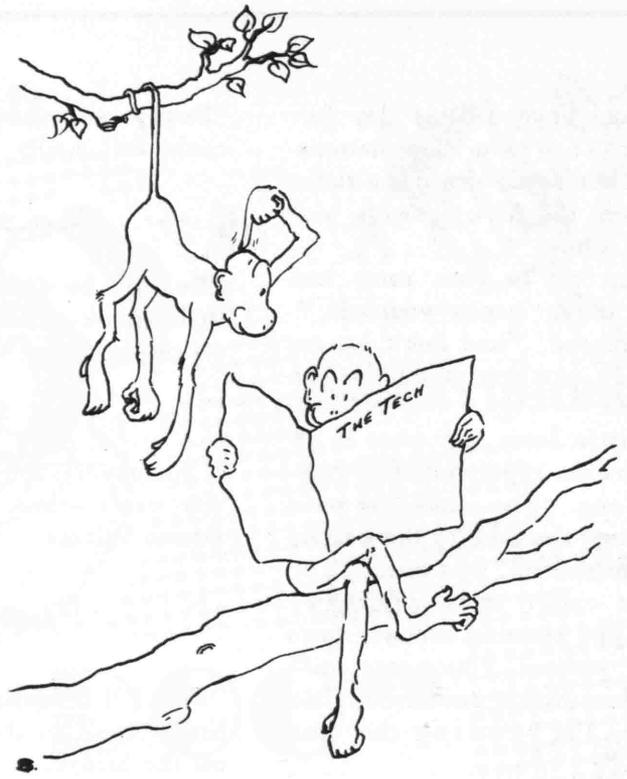
STUFFED ANIMALS

M.I.T. BLANKETS AND AUTO ROBES

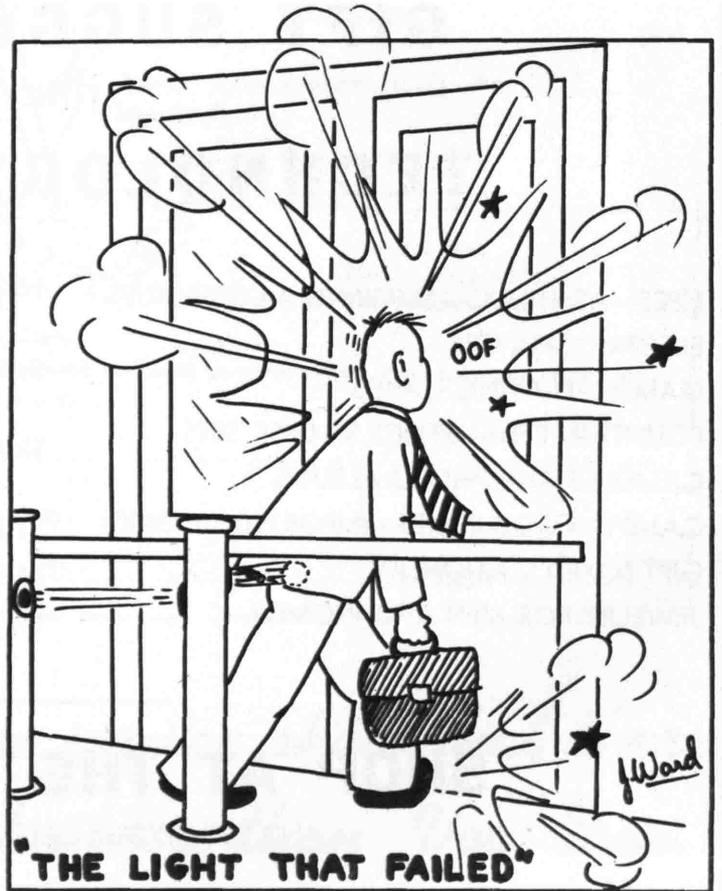
BILLFOLDS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

SHOP AT THE TECH COOP

AND BUILD YOUR PATRONAGE REFUND



LOOK, MA, JUNIOR'S BEEN MADE EDITOR OF THE SCHOOL PAPER.



THE LIGHT THAT FAILED



Cambridge Police Department
calling car 21—"Look out your back
window; boys stealing your tire."

As a matter of fact, I never got through 8.03 either.

**TO VOO DOO ARTISTS
WHO HAVE TURNED
PROFESSIONAL
WE DEDICATE —**



"That's all right, honey, I'll use a golf bag!"

She: "That Chesterfield was much more satisfying."
He: "Yes, and twice as comfortable."

He: It certainly is a man's world.

She: How so?

He: Well, we've always had men for president, most of the successful doctors and lawyers are men, and men even cook better.

She: Yeah, but who makes the best mothers?

He: Men!



Difference between war and peace is there never has been a good war.



Husband returning from a trip: "You say you had a burglar in the house while I was away? Did he get anything?"

Wife: "I'll say he did. I thought he was you."



Little ten-year-old Margie had been given the usual 'bird and bees' story to acquaint her with the facts of life, and had been very interested in the dissertation.

Shortly thereafter she was attending a wedding with her mother, and was awe-inspired with the beautiful ceremony. Following the pronouncement that they were now 'man and wife' the groom turned to his bride and gave her a fervent kiss.

"Mommy," inquired little Margie, "is he spreading the pollen now?"

No pipe mixture at any price can match **HOLIDAY**



We proved it and so can you

A sample of Holiday Pipe Mixture in a plain wrapper was shown to the custom blender in a nationally famous tobacco shop. "Can you duplicate this tobacco?" he was asked. After careful examination, he said, frankly, that he couldn't. Although he could identify the types of tobacco used and could supply them in a \$6 a pound mixture, *he couldn't guess the secret of the blend!* You can verify Holiday's matchless flavor in a much easier way — smoke a pipeful. Money back for the pouch flap if you don't agree.

LARUS & BROTHER COMPANY, INC., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA



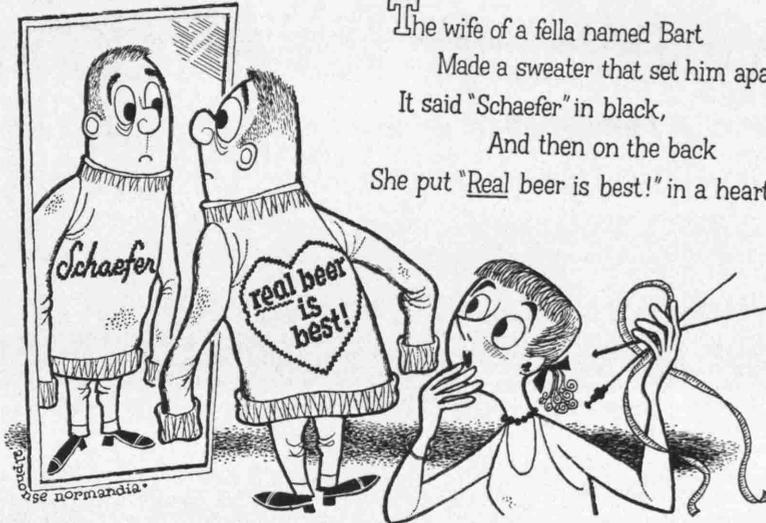
Custom blended for mildness



More men every year switch to Holiday, because it contains these five famous tobaccos skillfully blended into a mixture of unequalled flavor, aroma and mildness. Each tobacco adds its own distinctive flavor and aroma, to make Holiday America's finest pipe mixture. Try a pipeful—enjoy its coolness, flavor and aroma—and see for yourself why more and more men are switching to Holiday as a steady smoke.

the nation's NEW pleasure smoke

AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE MIXTURE...Canada's Finest Too!



The wife of a fella named Bart
 Made a sweater that set him apart:
 It said "Schaefer" in black,
 And then on the back
 She put "Real beer is best!" in a heart

All knitters, crocheters and their willing victims: Pause a while today to enjoy some Schaefer. Schaefer is real beer, real in true beer character, real in the wonderful flavor you want, but don't always find. Its light, lively flavor is just right these fall days.

For real enjoyment—real beer!



A NEW IDEA IN SMOKING!

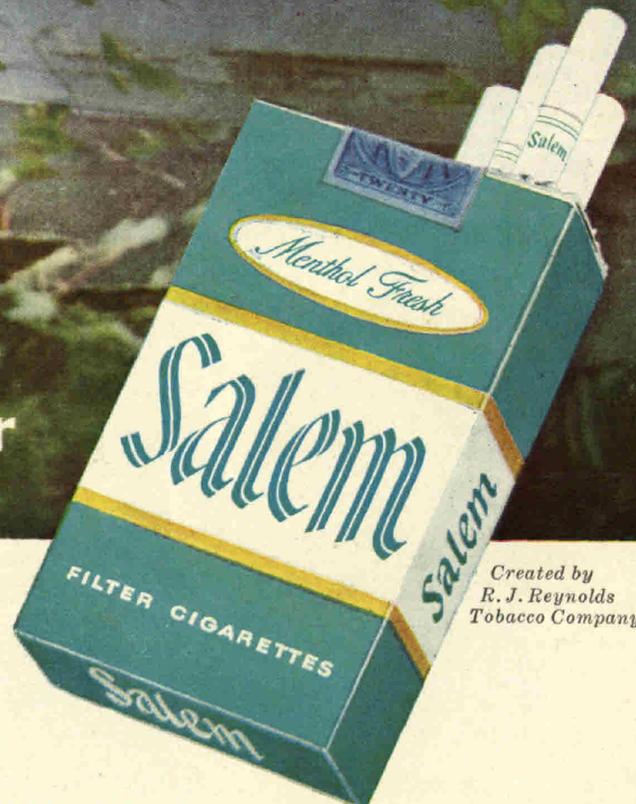
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...smoke refreshed



- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- most modern filter

Take a Puff—It's Springtime!

This inviting spring scene tells you how refreshing SALEM *tastes*. Pure menthol-fresh comfort... full rich tobacco flavor with a new *surprise* softness... modern filter, too. You smoke *refreshed!* New experience for any smoker. Try SALEM!



Created by
R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company

It's delightful to smoke **Salem**...you'll love 'em!