

VOODOO



THE GOOD OLD DAYS?

By Dahl



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Very soon now those who inhabit the halls of Tech and other institutions of higher learning (?) will be free as a bird, and fleeing to all parts of the country. As you can imagine, vacations are spent by various types of fellows in various ways.

There is always the type who takes a summer job as an engineer. I guess he can't get enough engineering here in nine months. But I've heard tell it's wonderful, working only forty hours a week!

Then we have the outdoor type, like the chap on the cover, who takes a job as camp counselor for the first time. He says he loves the fresh air and sunshine, and the nice kiddies running around. Little does he know that it always rains, and that the only reason kids come to summer camp is because their parents can't stand them any longer.

Of course we can't go on without mentioning the fellow who will step aboard Dad's yacht and go for a three month's cruise in the South Seas. So we mentioned him. Damn Capitalist!

Do "The Tech" men take vacations? Not really. Rumor has it that this group of [REDACTED] has been hired by Ford to dig worms for the Thunderbird to keep their grubby little hands busy.

In contrast to all the above types, Voo Doo Men do the only wise thing ----loaf. We wander off to many parts of the world and spend our summer enjoying life at its best, sipping champagne with a beautiful girl in our arms, etc.

Take our advice, men, and enjoy your vacation. See you all next fall, if you're lucky enough to come back!

J.L.Z.

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This month's cover by Charlie Gilliatt





**T**he Tech strikes again! A sinister crew of espionage agents infiltrated the VOO DOO office a few days before publication and made off with our cover. Every few years the same stunt is pulled with the intent of scooping VOO DOO by publishing the cover in The Tech before it reaches the public on Voo Doo sales day. Once again The Tech emerged victorious as in the past, with our cover. And, once again, they stole the same old cover as in the past one used on an issue published in 1923.

**A**merican-Grace Airways will be pleased to note that one of the questions on the recent Selective Service exam concerned deciphering one of their schedules.

**A** WTBS announcer called the station on the telephone. When the phone was answered he asked to speak with himself. He was told that he was not there and asked who was calling. He gave his own name. The one who answered the phone was a little confused and wanted to know why the gentleman called in the first place. The answer was that the young man wanted to prove his theory that he couldn't be in two places at once.

**H**arry stood on the balcony with his Simmons flame at a recent formal. Sweet music drifted out from the ballroom. A gentle wind sifted through soft locks of golden hair. She sighed deeply.

"Thank you for the orchid, Harry. It's lovely. Isn't it strange out here, just the two of us on the balcony? Listen to the waterfall in the back. And the music. It blends with the waterfall. They mix together like a cocktail. Oh Harry, doesn't the waterfall sound just divine?"

Harry dropped his cigarette on the floor and stepped on it. He listened to the divine waterfall.

"You're standing in front of the men's room."

**T**he attendance at the recent Tri-regional conference on Rising Enrollment was larger than expected.

"**T**hat's a very good question." The instructor remarked, after a bright student requested further knowledge. "Yes indeed, a good question." He turned to the blackboard and thought for a moment. "Sure is a good question." He lifted the chalk to the board and paused. He thought and thought. Suddenly he turned to the class. "What was that question again?" he said.

**W**e noted with interest the other day that when the lecturer in 8.06 casually mentioned a book on quantum physics the Coop, fifteen minutes after the lecture was over, had sold its seventeen copies of the book and received orders for fifty three more. We wonder if this same professor could be persuaded to mention the words Voo Doo on sales day.

**T**he public schools around here had a week's vacation not long ago, and a small, but vociferous, group of urchins took the opportunity to invade an 8.07 lecture. After making themselves obnoxious for a while they left, whereupon the lecturer mumbled a suggestion to the effect that someone spank them; but from the back of the room came a far superior idea in the form of the cry, "Make 'em listen."

**O**n a recent The Tech circulation day a group of freshmen were discussing a flagrant typographical error in a headline during their humanities class. One intelligent young gentleman commented that there were never any typographical errors in Voo Doo unless a double meaning was intended. The even more intelligent instructor replied that there were no double meanings in Voo Doo.



**W**e heard the saddest story ever, yesterday, from a friend who spent a recent Sunday morning doing his New York Times crossword puzzle and then went that afternoon, to his girl's apartment. During the course of the afternoon, he picked up her Times and remarked that the crossword puzzle seemed rather easy; and, in response to her quizzically raised eyebrow, rapidly filled it in with all the answers he had labored over that morning. He was basking contentedly in the sunshine of her admiration when she noticed a few missing words in the puzzle and filled them in.

**L**ast December an East-Campus resident received his license plates and registration cards from the state. As he was about to throw away the enclosing envelope, a dirty slip of paper fell out. On it was a hastily scrawled message: "Help! I'm a prisoner here."

"What's the matter with your finger?"

"Oh, I was downtown getting some cigarettes yesterday and some clumsy fool stepped on my hand"

the masses  
are asses  
but nietzsche  
is peachy



"Drink broke up my home."  
"Couldn't stop it?"  
"No, the damn still exploded."



Prosecutor: "Now tell the jury the truth, please! Why did you shoot your husband with bow and arrow?"

Defendant: "I didn't want to wake the children."



Then there's the one about the bar belle that all the strong men tried to pick up.



Did you hear about the fellow who spent all his time throwing rocks at arctic birds?

He didn't leave a tern unstoned.



Egotist: A person of low taste, more interested in himself than in me.

"I feel a little chilly, Joe. Will you run inside and get me Jack Brown?"



King Arthur: I hear you have been misbehaving.

Knight of the Round Table: In what manor, sir?



Little Audrey nailed the bathroom door shut, and then laughed and laughed, because she knew that her father was having a beer party at the house that night.



Summary of the difference between lovers and husbands: day and night.



If she's good for nothing. She'll be bad for nothing.



And then there's the college boy, who dubbed his Jag the "Mayflower" because so many Puritans had come across in it.

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## On Shrinking heads--

First off get yourself a head. Now, for heaven's sakes, don't just walk up to some guy on the street and ask him if you can please shrink his head. Even if he is a friend of yours he will probably say no. You have to be subtle. You know - sort of hide in an alleyway and when someone walks by -. Well, let's assume you've got a head to shrink - a human head, its much more fun with a human head. It should be mentioned that you would do well to avoid bald heads so I will mention it. You will do well to avoid bald heads. Hair forms an excellent dipping handle.

Well, now you need a potion. Actually, any old potion will do. You could dig up one of the ancient favorites - dragon albumen suspended in sea serpent urine - or you could try one of the latest types - isotropic zinc fluoride (watch out, this stuff is dangerous and you may wind up with shrunken fingers). The most popular potion used today, however, was invented by Soola Bop Bop Weechuck, provincial medicine man to the Wally Wally Dup tribe in North Africa. (They speak the Ykltzbfllpts dialect of the Zunga language.) His potion was a combination of various organic substances. He started with one ground up porcupine quill which he sprinkled on the bottom of a large pottery pot. You can just toss an old chewed up toothpick in the bathtub. It works just as well. To this he added a mouthful of fingernails which he had bitten off his fingers while waiting for the porcupine to step into the snare. He was out of cigarettes at the time and always did get nervous in tense situations. Then he tossed in some old pieces of human rib that were left over from breakfast that morning. After this he relaxed for a moment, as he had to blow his nose. While thus engaged, one of Mr. Weechuck's wives, who happened to be passing by, came over to see what he was doing. She was getting old and ugly, and, in general,

was somewhat useless, so he popped her into the pot. She squirmed quite a bit and tried to get out, so he blew a poison dart into her, and left the dart, poison and all, in the potion. The pot was getting quite full, so after adding a lizard's tail, which is more or less standard in all eerie potions, he doused the whole works with Schaefer beer and boiled it for three days. The concoction was then aged for two and a half moons, following which Zoola donned a beanie with a propeller on top headdress and performed a war dance to the tune of "You Ain't Nothin' but a Hound-dog."

The potions mentioned above are merely suggestions. If you don't take a fancy to any of them, you are perfectly justified in making one of your own. Any old stuff will do because the potion actually has no effect on the headshrinking process. It is merely a ritual which is, of course, essential, to avoid offending the temper of the gods. It has been found in the past that twelve dips of the head to be shrunk into any potion at all, will qualm all the spirits with the possible exception of the fire god, who is always P.O.'d anyhow.

Well, now your ready to really start shrinking that old head. All you have to do is remove the skull and stuff the skin with hot sand. That's what the Jibaro's down in South America do all the time. (It really is, honest, I looked it up). Like on a Saturday night when we'd take in a quick movie or something, the Jibaros hop down to the beach and stuff a head with hot sand. Its really a great pastime. It's just loads of fun to sits on the beach, sifting sand, and watching all your stuffed heads shrink to the size of the head of a small monkey. Of course, if you've shrunk the head of a small monkey, it will get even smaller. (A monkey's head is, by the way, about the size of an orange. This makes a small monkey's head



about the size of a tangerine. This means if you stuff the head of a small monkey with hot sand it will probably shrink to the size of a grape. I wouldn't try anything smaller than that, if I were you.)

Well, that's about it. Now you can stop building drip castles in the sand. Spring is here, and as Chief Abble Dabble Wabble says, "Boolie agsti bok bok." And one more thing. Bear in mind that this is permanent business. Once a head is shrunk, it can never again be enlarged. So be sure that you don't shrink a head that you don't want shrunk.

Max

Alexander, the Pullman porter, returned home unexpectedly one afternoon when his train was cancelled. After looking around his house, he took out his razor and began to strap it.

"Alexander, what yo' gonna do wif dat razor?" asked Ruby.

"If them shoes under da bed ain't got no feet in 'em, I'se gonna shave."



Here's a scene that took place on a crowded cable car. A young lady is vainly groping for her purse to pay her fare. A young man is standing nearby with anguish written on his handsome features.

Young man: "Pardon me, Miss, but may I pay your fare?"

Young lady: "Sir!"

Young man: "I beg your pardon again, young lady, but won't you let me pay your fare?"

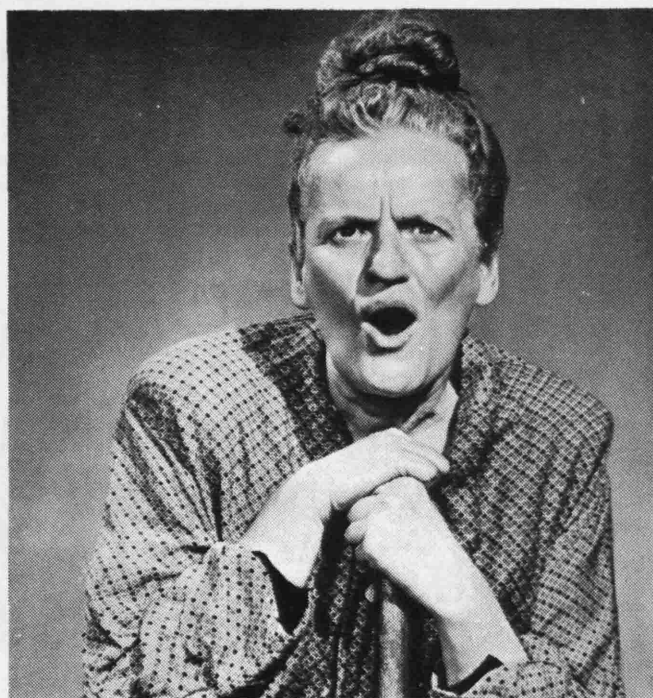
Young lady: "Why, I don't even know you and anyway I'll have this purse open in a minute."

Young man: "I really must insist on paying your fare. You've unbuttoned my pants three times."



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## Charlie Mun

### LAUNDRY

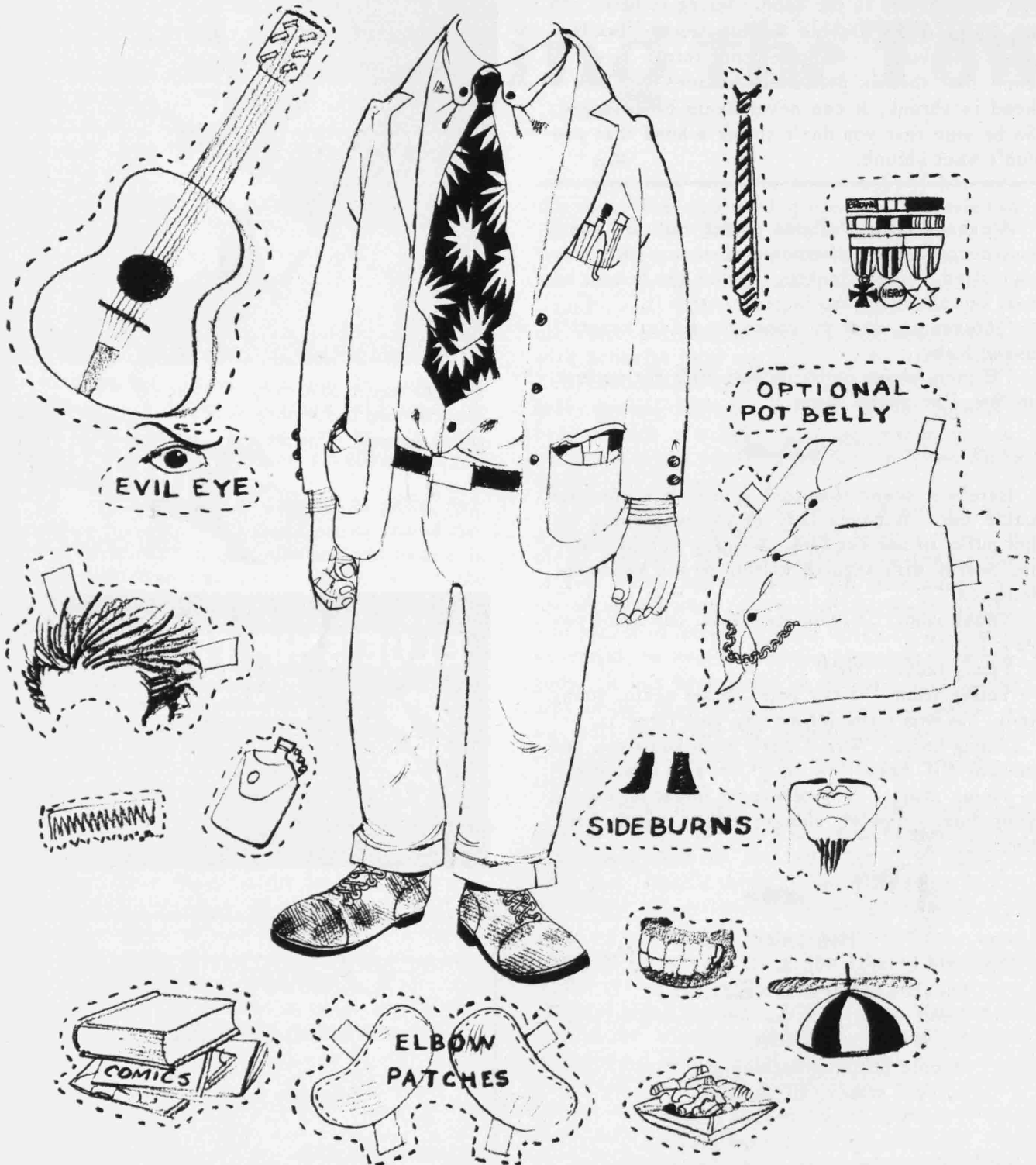
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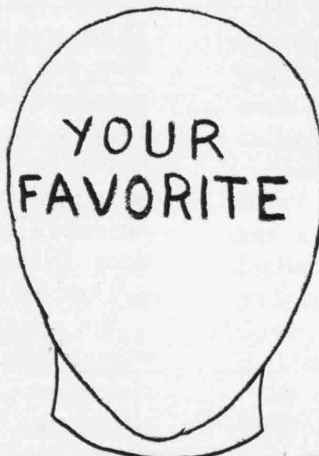
# VOO DOO DOLLS

Use the power of Voo Doo magic to even the score with your professors. Just cut along the dotted lines and assemble the professor you dislike most. Remember, when the going gets rough and you are in need of some hearty satisfaction, stick pins in your Voo Doo dolls and imagine your professors squirming with anguish. Try it during lectures and recitation classes. The Voo Doo gods guarantee them to work. If you are not satisfied with your dolls, take them together with the remaining parts of this issue to Pago Pago, where \$53.00 will be weirdly refunded.





# SAMPLE SKULLS



# Adagio for Frank Quiet



His name was Frank Quiet and he had been in Top City for a month. He hardly knew anyone as yet in the City; he had struck up a few friendships with the men he worked with at the plant, but they were all married. When a man is over thirty and still a bachelor he doesn't often get invited to a married man's home. At least Frank Quiet didn't.

It was Saturday. The day had been one of those hot appetite-killing days which hit the city in the late spring, so Frank decided to skip dinner and take in an air-conditioned movie. There was only one feature and when he emerged from the cool Bijou the sunset still lingered in a purplish-red glow. It seemed too early to go back to the apartment. He paused near the entrance to the theatre and inhaled the now soft warm twilight air so soothing after the harsh air-conditioned coolness inside. He breathed deep, filling his lungs.

Then he saw the woman.

She stood alone, a little way from the placard scenes from the movie, fumbling with a pack of cigarettes. The woman had auburn hair; in the glimmering sunset it looked almost ruby. She wore a close-fitting black linen dress. The red and black figure, nearly classical in its simple contrast, brought back a submerged though never forgotten scene to Frank's mind. He was on a train, going to the war, and he waved goodbye again and again to a red-haired girl in a black sweater and skirt. "That your girl?" a recruit next to him had asked. "Sure is," he had replied. "Gonna marry her when I come back." "If you come back," the recruit had amended. "I'll come back," he had replied. But four years later, when he came back, the girl was dead. Lukemia, they told him, lack of red blood cells, you know. He had shaken his head. Lukemia, they told him again, saying it more softly. But he still couldn't comprehend it. All he could think of was her red, red hair.

"Light?"

"Thanks." Her face was impassive, statueque, molded of stone. She didn't look anything like the girl who had died. At first, he felt

vaguely disappointed, but as he stared at her, the woman, different, yet reminding him of the girl, the disappointment faded away. He stared long at the lines about her mouth. They seemed chiseled on the sculptured face. Chiseled by pain perhaps.

"Well, aren't you going to ask me for a drink?" said the woman drawing on her cigarette. "I'm thirsty." Her cheeks puffed out slightly. Tilting her head back, she let the smoke billow out of her nostrils. There was no breeze and the smoke hung around them like breath in the winter.

"Sure, sure," he gasped, "bit slow tonight." He took her arm and started down the avenue. They went to the Black Rose Grill. It was a quiet place and the booths were small. They were there for an hour. Their conversation was sparse, the matter limited, but Frank hung on to each word. She said her name was Dorothy Tearshell. It seemed like a pretty name.

"Yeah, sometimes I get real lonely living by myself," Frank said, twirling the glass in his hand. "On weekends, 'specially, I just can't stay in that damn apartment."

"It's bad, isn't it? The loneliness, I mean," she answered.

"You said it." He finished his drink and made a signal for another.

She stayed his hand. "Is your place far from here?" The woman's face was softer in the dim light of the bar. In the rear someone was playing blues, slow sad blues, on a steel guitar.

"No, around two blocks. Want to come up? (She smiled at the question.) I've got a radio and some liquor. Neither very good." They both smiled at this. The slightly parted red lips and red hair of the woman against the dark leather of the booth, so different from the memory somehow brought the girl to mind again. She had promised to be faithful. "There has been and only will be you, Frank," she had whispered as they kissed at the train station after their last night in the hotel together. "Only you," the girl repeated as he buried his face in her flower-smelling rich red hair. "Only you."

"Sure," the woman said, "I'd like that."

When Frank helped her out of the booth, she squeezed his hand. It was as if she found a lover there. He took a deep breath in order to ease the sudden pressure on his chest.

\*\*\*\*\*

Frank awoke late Sunday morning. He turned over on his side, expectant and nervous. She was gone. There wasn't even a note; just a tissue on which she had blotted her lipstick and

some red smeared cigarettes remained as proof that it was not all a dream. He sat at the edge of the bed fighting it, the final depression, the taste like cold lead in his mouth that toothpaste couldn't wash away.

What had she said last night? "This is a nice place. But rather small. You don't have money, do you? Don't worry, we'll have fun." And then later: "You're so tender, so tender. So much more than the others." He had kissed her eyes. "Oh, you're so good to me," she sobbed.

Remembering, he felt a little better. After all, he thought, he knew her name and Top City wasn't that big. He had left the girl; it was not his fault but he had nonetheless left the girl. He would not leave the woman. He laid back on the bed, cradled his head in his hands and smiled at the ceiling.

\*\*\*\*\*

He searched Top City for two weeks. He tried every bar, hotel, rooming house, and brothel in the area, but the answer to his question was the same all over. Nobody had ever heard of a woman called Dorothy Tearshell.

Then one night, stopping by chance in the Black Rose Grill for a beer after work, he saw her again. The woman was sitting in a dark leather booth with someone, not the booth they had sat in two weeks before, but another one, down by the guitar player, further yet into the dark recesses of the dimly lighted bar.

He ordered another glass and sipped it slowly. The long day at the plant and the nights of searching suddenly came up at him and he felt very tired. Then he thought of the woman so near, so near, and he anticipated a great peace—the peace that comes not from passion, but from sympathy and understanding.

The glass was empty.

He got up and walked over to the booth where they sat. The man with the woman, an obese type with a belly, like an unmanageable beach balloon, lapping over the edge of the tiny booth table, moved away from her slightly. He wore a hand-tailored suit with diamond buttons that sparkled when they caught the light. Frank ignored him.

"Your name is Dorothy, Dorothy Tearshell, isn't it?" he asked quietly. But it was more statement than question.

"Yes," she answered, sitting up a little straighter so that the light from the bar proper reflected on her marble-like face. "Yes, that's my name."



"You know a man by the name of Frank Quiet?" Again it was more statement than question. The fat man shifted a little further away from the woman. She reached out her hand toward him.

"Hold it, Harry, he ain't going to hurt you. No. mister, I never heard of him. Should I have?" she said, shaking her head so that a lock of her red hair fell over her eyes. "Should I have?" she repeated, as Frank, transfixed, could do nothing for the moment but stare at the woman as she straightened her hair. The girl had always been particular about her hair. "It's my vanity," she would say laughing. "It's mine, too," he would reply.

He choose his words carefully, cruelly. "You ought to. You slept with him two weeks ago."

"Slept with who?" the fat man put in. At a glance he was over fifty, twice the woman's age.

"No one, Harry. The guy is drunk." She turned her stony face back toward Frank. Her lips were pursed tight and the chiseled lines about her mouth showed deep and cold. "Tell your friend he's a liar, see. And I don't like you either. Why don't you be a good guy and

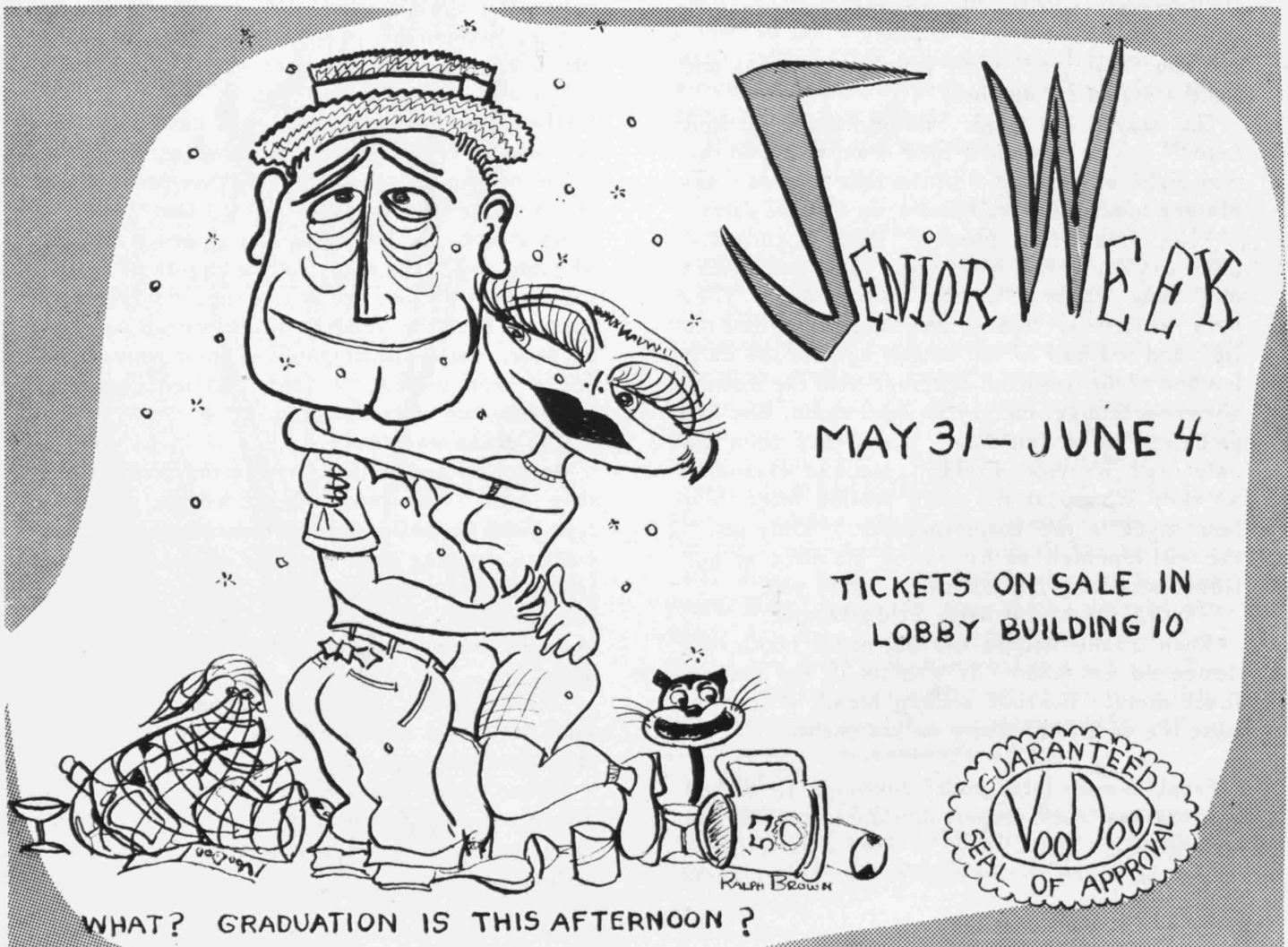
blow? Can't you see we don't want to be bothered?" And she ostentatiously laid her hand on the fat man's belly and shook it a little. "See?"

"Yeah, I see." Frank took a last long look at the woman, the woman with the red hair still absently rubbing the beach balloon belly, and left.

Back in his apartment he turned on the radio. Josh White was playing St. James Infirmary on one of the stations and he dialed it in clear. "Let her go, let her go, God bless her," sang out the guitar. As the music filled the room, Frank Quiet wondered for the first time if the girl had been faithful to him during the war. He tried to push the thought away but it kept coming back. All he could think of was her red, red hair.

*Bob Jaffe*

Newlywed Recruit, (honey-mooning in the West) wired to his C.O.: "Please give extension of furlough. It is wonderful up here." C.O. replied: "Extension refused. Return immediately. It's wonderful anyplace."





# Aloha Sailor!

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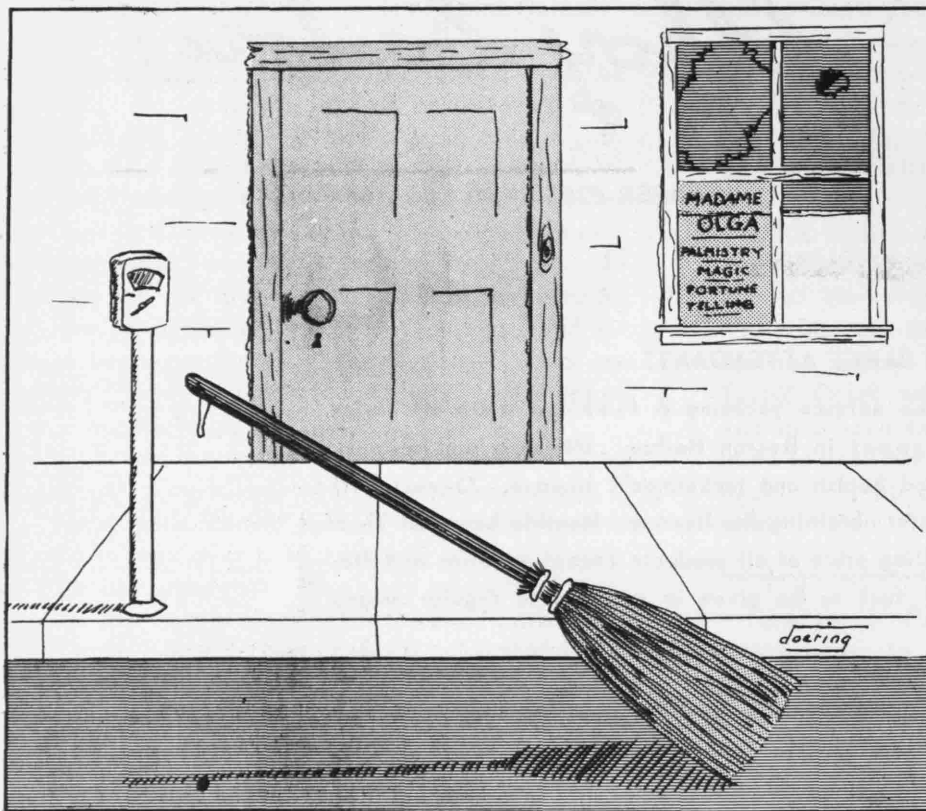
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Position Desired-----

Date Of Availability-----

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Then there's the one about the three bears. One of them married a giraffe, and the other two put him up to it.



A tricky girl, I'll tell the world,  
Is little Minnie Marters,  
An inviting smile on rosy lips  
But mousetraps on her garters.



"This pen leaks," said the convict,  
as the rain came through the roof.



A bird in the hand is worthless  
when you want to blow your nose.



Some people sow their wild oats on Saturday nights and then go to church on Sunday to pray for crop failure.



First Drunk: "We're getting closer to town."

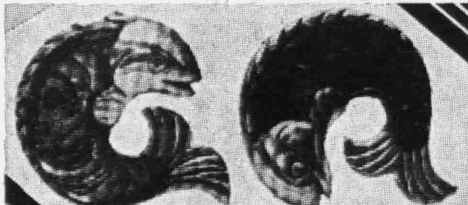
Second Drunk: "How do you know?"

First Drunk: "We're hitting more people."



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KENDALL SQUARE ROTARY



Some girls are like a zipper nitie: Pull one little thing and it's all off.



The tramp was sitting with his back to a hedge by the wayside, munching at some scraps wrapped in a newspaper. A lady, out walking with her pet Pomeranian, strolled past. The little dog ran to the tramp and tried to muzzle the food. The tramp smiled expansively on the lady. "Shall I throw the little dog a bit, mum?" he asked.

The lady smiled a gracious assent, and the tramp caught the dog by the nape of the neck and tossed it over the hedge.

"And if he comes back, mum," he said, "I might throw him a bit more."



Outside a lecture hall at Harvard there is a row of hooks with a sign above, reading: "Reserved for Faculty Members Only." The other day this scribble was visible below it: "May also be used for hats and coats."



Some girls are like dried up cucumbers--they're much better when pickled.



"Ethics are vital to the successful business man," a successful business man told his young son. "For example, an old customer paid his account today with a hundred dollar bill. As he was leaving the shop, I discovered that he had given me two hundreds, stuck together. Immediately a question of ethics arose: Should I tell my partner?"



Fraternity Man on phone: "Is Joan Jones there?"

Sorority Girl in reply: "No, she's in bed right now but she should be back in an hour."

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CHA CHA CHA  
MAMBO  
TANGO  
RUMBA



G. B. Shaw once said to a very attractive tennis partner, "With girls like you, tennis should be played in high grass and without a net."





SUMMER  
VACATION

NO JUDGMENT  
KNOX

CALC

PHYS

HUM

CHEM

FINALS  
— COME ON! IT'S YOUR  
TURN TO RUN THE  
GAUNTLET!...

Henry Okun  
4/29/57



# A TRAGIC TALE

"A man M is out walking his little dog D on a leash 5 feet long. He walks along a wall. 10 feet from the wall is a luscious bone, and the little dog strains at the leash so as to be as near the bone as possible. Alas, since 10 is greater than 5 his passion is forever to be unrequited."

The above, quoted from a math quiz, is a prime example of the notoriously unfair questions which have been given in freshman calculus. Who could fail to feel the pathos of the little



dog's (D) situation? And as the enormity of the case strikes, how could he fail to shed a tear in behalf of poor starving D even at the risk of warping or oxidizing his slide rule?

It would not be nearly so bad if D were a stranger, but he is an old friend who appeared in four quizzes and the final last term. He began happily enough, doing his civic duty (and gaining personal pleasure).

"A certain Levittown near Philadelphia started off with 30 children and 20 dogs, but since then the canine population...has been increasing twice as fast as the juvenile..."

But when he was detached from the canine mass and appeared as an individual, D's troubles began. His evil master M (for Man; also Mad Mathematics Instructor) began the torture in the second quiz:

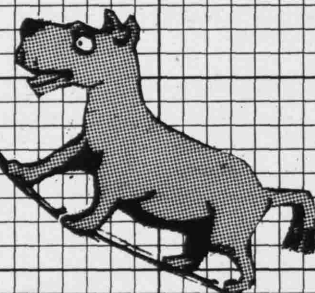
"A man M is out walking a little dog LD, on a leash 10 feet long. The little dog stops at a hydrant, but the man keeps on and turns the corner. Soon the leash becomes taut. The little dog is pulled away from the hydrant, but for various reasons stays along the curb as it is pulled along by the man."

It may be inferred from this that the leash is not all that becomes taut; also, because he keeps so carefully in the gutter, that LD (more familiarly, D) is an exceedingly well-bred animal, and is probably possessed of a Harvard education.

In the next quiz: "The little dog sees a bone 198 yards away, at time  $t-1$ , and he starts running towards it at an ever-increasing velocity  $v$  given by  $v=4t$  yards/second."

We are not told what injuries poor D sustained when he crashed headlong into the bone. Perhaps it was some consolation for him that the author finally admitted that he had a gender; despite the fact that his male-ness was implicit in the curb episode, the author had hitherto referred to him as "it".

The poor dog had by this time become somewhat deranged, presumably because of the frustrating experiences the inquisitor has been putting him through. The hitherto carefree, simple, kind, well-bred little dog had by then been turned



into a "menacing" figure by the warped actions of M:

"A neurotic rabbit is running along a straight road with its velocity given in miles per minute by the law  $v=t^3-t$  ( $t$ -time). It started one minute ago ( $t-1$ ) from in front of farmer Eisenhower's mailbox, and right now is being scared by a menacing little dog."

D did not appear in the next quiz, so the heart-torn freshmen began to hope that the unhappy beast had finally been let alone by his tormenter.

This was not so, however, for on the final, "The little dog is chained by a 1-yard rope to a stake in the middle of the garden. A cat comes into view, whereupon the dog starts running excitedly around the stake in circles..."

M now appears to fear retaliation from D, and so severely restricted the animal's movements before torturing him with a "cat" (the term is obviously symbolic), infuriating him with her inaccessibility.

This hurts D deeply for he is, one must remember, Harvard educated, and therefore of the opinion that all cats will submit to his wishes.



The dog did not appear in the first quiz this term, but he was again featured in the second-the bone episode- which brings us up to date. Many freshmen have been concerned over what cruelties M performs upon D in private: "If M is so callous to him in public," one highly placed freshman leader has said, "what tortures might he be making LD endure in private?" The A.S.P.C.A. is reported to have taken an interest in the case.

Certain students of extremely high moral standing have objected to the whole "LD" series, especially the curb incident, as "injurious to the standing of the Institute, and morally offensive to a large part of the student body." Although the mathematics department "is and should be a self-censoring body," it should be "made to apologize and refrain from similar indiscretions." Judcom reportedly will consider these objections "very soon"

J.M.

First Korean Vet: "And there we were on top of that shell-torn hill, fighting for our very lives, odds 200 to one."

Second Korean Vet: "Boy, that must have been rough."

First Korean Vet: "You said it! That was the meanest Chinaman we ever saw."



Texan in a bar up North was telling how tough Texans were. "What about those big Rattlesnakes?" asked a Damnyankee.

"Well now, if they bite on the arm you take a knife, cut across the bite, suck out the poison and spit it out on the ground."

"What if one bites from the rear?"

"Well now, that's when you find out who your friends are."



Two bulls were in the pasture eating. It was cold as hell. Finally one bull said to the other:

"I'm cold, I'm going to the barn and slip into a Jersey."

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Phone TR 6-5417

A black and white line drawing showing a hand applying a piece of tape to a battery. The battery is cylindrical with a label featuring a sine wave. A wire is connected to the top of the battery, passing through a switch symbol. Another wire is connected to the bottom of the battery.

2. Casual J. Cholmondley (pronounced Grupfk), experienced upperclassman, condescends to show Wolf how to contact her cheaply thru the hall phone and its many connections.

5. The pentagon, which connects to the audio line.

JUST KEEP READING ALONG THIS

IF SOMEONE KNOWS A GOOD METHOD OF SHOWING THAT THERE IS A BUTTON [AS IN "SHIRT BUTTON"] IN THIS CUP ON THE END OF THE STRING WITHOUT USING CUT-AWAY DRAWINGS, WHICH ARE PASSÉ AND OUT-OF-IT, PLEASE COMMUNICATE WITH THE ARTIST THRU THIS MAGAZINE, I CAN PROMISE THAT, SINCE YOU PROBABLY WON'T WRITE THIS LETTER UNTIL LATE IT WILL SIT AROUND THE OFFICE ALL SUMMER BEFORE I SEE IT. UNLESS YOU ARE A STRIKINGLY BEAUTIFUL GIRL, CIRCA 16-21, AND IF SO, PLEASE INDICATE SO ON THE ENVELOPE, AS I'M A BUSY MAN! NOW THAT YOU'VE READ THIS, ARE YOU ANY HAPPIER? WELL, NEITHER AM I, SINCE THIS PAGE WAS DRAWN AT ONE FOURTH SIZE AND ENLARGED FOR PRINTING, AND SO I'M GETTING AN ANGUISH OF WAITERS COMP

JUST KEEP READING ALONG THIS

(IF SOMEONE KNOWS A GOOD METHOD OF SHOWING THAT THERE IS A BUTTON [AS IN "SHIRT BUTTON"] IN THIS COP ON THE END OF THE STRING WITHOUT USING CUT-AWAY DRAWINGS, WHICH ARE PASSE AND OUT-OF-IT, PLEASE COMMUNICATE WITH THE ARTIST THRU THIS MAGAZINE, I CAN PROMISE THAT, SINCE YOU PROBABLY WON'T WRITE THIS LETTER UNTIL LATE IT WILL SIT AROUND THE OFFICE ALL SUMMER BEFORE I SEE IT. UNLESS YOU ARE A STRIKINGLY BEAUTIFUL GIRL, CIRCA 16-21, AND IF SO, PLEASE INDICATE SO ON THE ENVELOPE, AS I'M A BUSY MAN) NOW THAT YOU'VE READ THIS, ARE YOU ANY HAPPIER? WELL NEITHER AM I, SINCE THE PAGE WAS DRAN ONE FOURTH SIZE AND ENLARGED FOR PRINTING, AND SO I'M GETTING AN ANGEL LIPS OF WAIST COMP

EVEN IF THE OTHER PEOPLE ON THE BUS THINK YOU'RE SLIGHTLY DRUNK, OTHERWISE YOU'LL READ THE END FIRST

6. Passing thru some lumped circuit equivalents, the message goes to.....

THAT'S NO FAIR,  
CUE I CAN'T SKIP THE  
ROBB WHEN YOU SHAKE  
IT THIS FAST!

7. Radio Free Brooklyn, who transmit by microwave link to

8. Special contacts in the sewers of Paris.

9. A tap takes the message thru the trans-atlantic cable,

0. Back into the complex Boston telephone exchange

DIFFICULT

EASY

CREST HALL

B.U. CHARLES-GATE

WYOMING ROAD

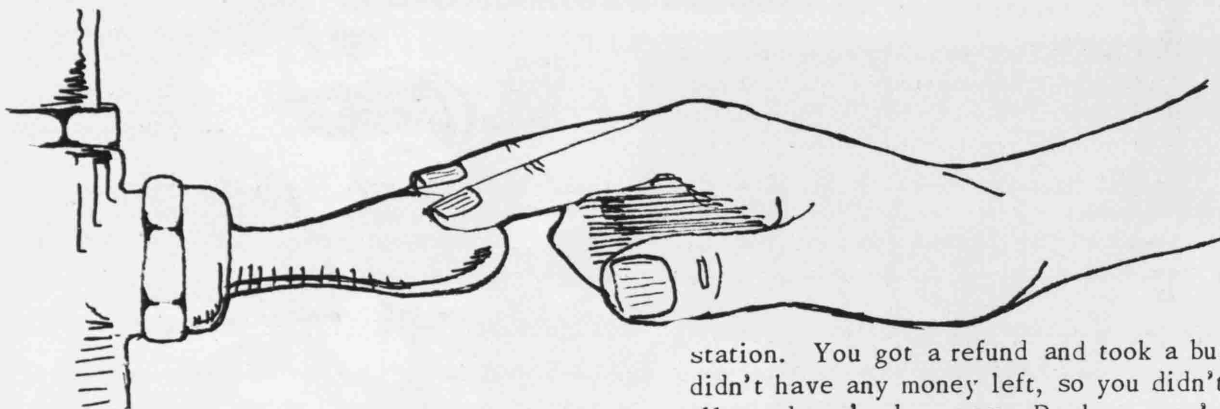


11. Unfortunately there is another girl on the line at the other end. One of many who are working in shifts to keep Wolf from getting thru, or so it seems.



11. Unfortunately there is another girl on the line at the other end. One of many who are working in shifts to keep Wolf from getting thru, or so it seems.





## This is YOU \* \* \*

Presented by Voo Doo in cahoots with the Delphic Oracle. This month: Preview of your summer vacation.

This is you, Sequester McGivern, Techman. This is you, joyful and anxious, waiting for the 4:05 plane for Cheboygan, Michigan. You've had reservations since last April, when you found out that you wouldn't be able to get home for spring vacation. You didn't get home for Christmas, 'cause you were cramming; and you didn't get home between terms--you used that vacation to convince two professors to raise those F's to D's. Then in the spring you broke your leg trying to catch an MTA bus on Mass. Avenue, so you haven't been home for eight long months. But soon you'll arrive home, see some old friends and that special girl, take it easy, and live awhile. You say the plane's been grounded? Fog? Well, there's a train leaving South Station in ten minutes. If you take a taxi, you can make it with time to spare. Hurry up, now.

This is you Sequester McGivern, rushed but happy, ready to board the train for Cheboygan, Michigan. In just thirty hours of delightful travel, you'll be there. Don't worry about the baggage you left at the airport, or about your airplane ticket. The baggage will be shipped for you, and you can get a refund on the ticket when you get home. And you have enough money to pay the cabbie his \$4.75 for the trip from Logan to South Station, with enough left over to buy your train ticket, too. It looks like the train is full; you'll have to stand. Well, get on board boy. Have a nice trip.

This is you, Sequester McGivern, thirty hours later....Where the hell is he?

This is you, Sequester McGivern, six hours still later, when you arrive at the station in Cheboygan, Michigan. You had to stand until Albany, and then the train broke down in the

station. You got a refund and took a bus. You didn't have any money left, so you didn't eat at all, and you're hungry. Buck up, you're home now. You can sleep for a week, and there's lots of food at home. What if it is 5:00 A.M.? You don't have any money, and it's a four-mile walk to your home? The walk will do you good. Good-night.

This is you, Sequester McGivern, exhausted but happy, standing on your front porch, home at last. You left all your baggage behind, and you're broke, but you're home, lad. You put the key in the door. It doesn't work. They've changed the lock. Pound on the door, that's it. Here comes someone; it's your father. And there's your dog, Decrement, who approaches with wagging tail. He's growling at something. Watch out! You didn't need that pair of pants, anyway; but you will have to have that bite looked after in the morning. We will leave this touching reunion of father and son. Down, Decrement, down I say! Down! Sequester, call off your dog! Sequester.....

This is you, Sequester McGivern, three days later, rested and happy. Things are looking up. Your baggage came through, and you got your refund. Of course, you paid about \$20.00 for the baggage because it came "Air Express Collect," and you had to go all the way to Pontiac for your refund, but it was worth it. Now you're going to see that special girl, Beverley Neverson. You can't find your car, so you ask your mother. Your brother has the car, and he's at Beverley's--she flushed you, and she's going out with your brother. No wonder you haven't heard from her for two months, and no wonder your brother has kept out of sight the last three days. Tough luck, old fellow.

This is you, Sequester McGivern, on your first day at work, expectant and happy. Your father insisted that you find work, so here you are. Your car broke down on the way, and you're already an hour late. Here comes your boss, "Pops" Crunge; he'll explain your duties. You will keep the floors, spittoons, and latrines clear. What school did Crunge say was his alma mater? Haaavahd? Where's that? Take it slow, pal.



This is you, Sequester McGivern, back at Tech a day early, a broken man. You have survived a summer of "Pops" Crunge, you have recovered from your ordeal of the previous June, you have a new girl, but this last is too much. When you opened your mailbox, you found the bill for this term, and the price of your little 8 x 8 room is now \$235 per term. You might have survived even this blow; but there, in your mailbox, big as life, was the first issue of The TECH....

This is you, Sequester McGivern, you poor slob.

*Chris Sprague*

"Sam what is your idea of the perfect wife? "What must she do? What must she have?"

Sam gave his idea. "The perfect wife must be an economist in the kitchen, an aristocrat in the living room and a harlot in the bedroom."

Six months later Sam ran into his business acquaintance again, who promptly offered his congratulations. "I hear you got married, Sam," he said. "Tell me, did you get the perfect wife?"

"Well-yes and no," Sam replied.

"What do you mean, 'yes and no'? Did you or didn't you?"

"My wife," said Sam bitterly, "is an aristocrat in the kitchen, a harlot in the living room and an economist in the bedroom!"



Mary had a little lamb  
Whose fleece was white as snow.  
She took it to Pittsburgh,  
And now look at the damned thing!



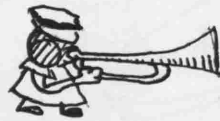
Frosh: "I just brought home a skunk."  
Roomie: "Where ya gonna keep him?"  
Frosh: "I'm gonna tie him under the bed."  
Roomie: "What about the smell?"  
Frosh: "He'll have to get used to it like I did."



"What's your new girl's name?"  
"I call her baseball."  
"Baseball? What do you call her that for?"  
"She won't play without a diamond."

# TECHNIQUE

Takes Great Pleasure in Announcing  
The Impending Appearance Of



FANFARE



THE 1957



# TECHNIQUE

Which Will Make Its Debut

The Lord Willing

~ On ~

May 20, 1957 A.D.

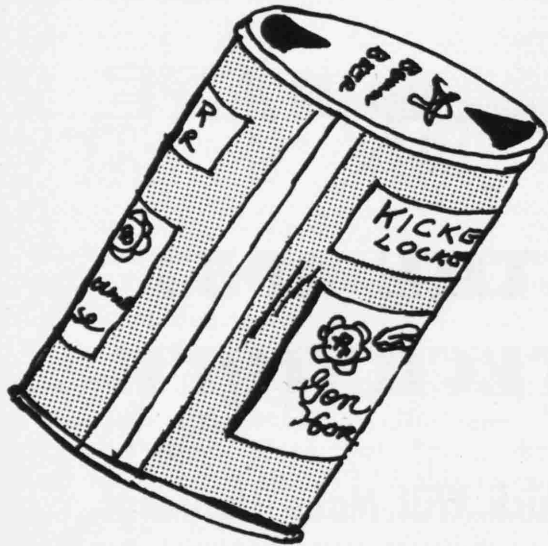
It May Doubtless Be Procured In

The Lobby Of Building Ten  
and  
The Technique Office

For a Short Time Thereafter  
Upon the Surrender Of An Option  
Or The Necessary Gold

# YOU TOO CAN PLAY

DON'T BE A WALLFLOWER—LEARN TO PLAY THE BONGOS  
AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS, BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY WHEN  
YOU BRING YOUR BONGOS

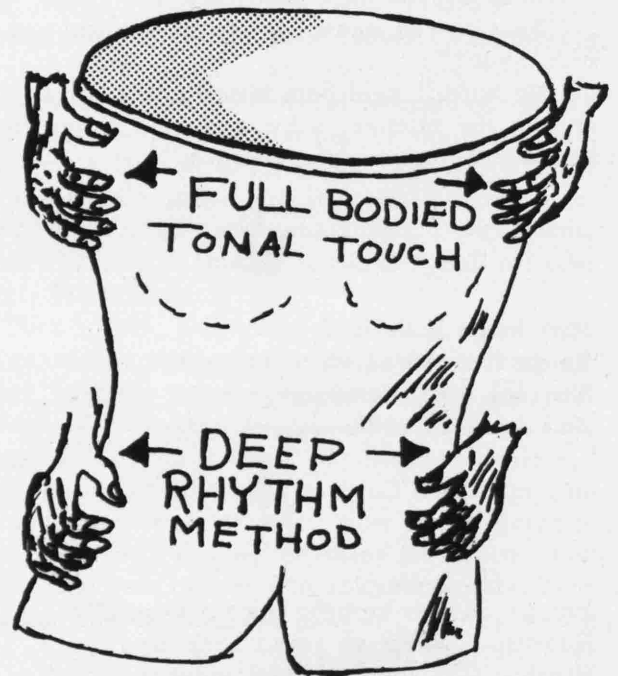


## ← FIRST

SELECT A HOLLOW CONTAINER.  
TUNE IT BY VARYING THE  
AMOUNT OF LIQUID INSIDE

## SECOND

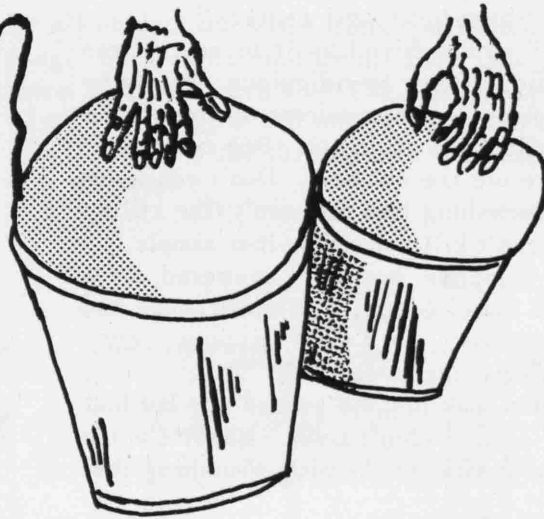
OBTAIN A FIRM GRASP ON  
YOUR DRUM. EITHER OF THE  
TWO HOLDS WILL PRODUCE  
THE DESIRED EFFECT. USE  
WHICHEVER IS MORE CONVENIENT



## ← IVY MODEL

# THE BONGO DRUMS

THEN  
LEARN THE  
RHYTHM



Boom Boom BumBoom  
BumBum BumBoomBAM  
Boom Boom BumBoomBum

ACTUAL CONVERSATION OF  
HAZUNGI BONGO DRUMMERS

SECOND MOVEMENT OF  
"PEG O' MY HEART"  
FOR BONGO



TWO STAGE  
BONGO MISSILE

DAYLIGHT COME AN WE WAN GO HOME.

{MAX}  
{SIF}



## LOOK BACK FOR THE DEAD

Ed looked at the body lying before him, "Dead," he nonchalantly said to his companion.

"Poor thing," the companion replied.

"Who would have wanted to kill her, Bob?"

"I don't know," Bob said, shrugging his shoulders. "Lots of people would like to see her dead."

"Maybe it was a homicidal maniac?"

Bob looked at his friend as if to say he was crazy. He said, "Don't be ridiculous. You been reading too many of those murder stories." He paused to collect his thoughts. Bob continued, "Ed, you sure are the dumbest. Don't you know that killing something like that ain't like killing a man. You can't kill something that simple."

"Yeah, I suppose not," Ed answered, as if he had lost a major battle; his intelligence had been questioned.

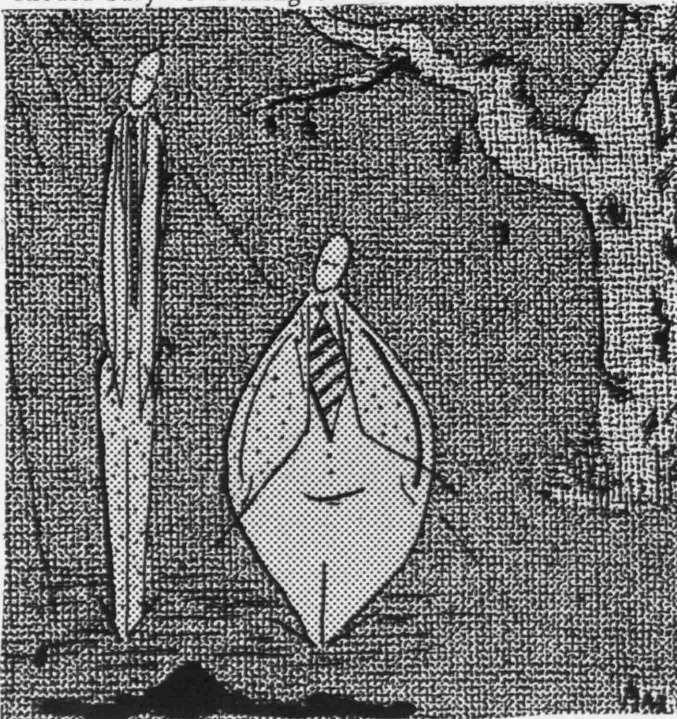
"What are we going to do, Ed?"

The decision was his; he perked up, but had to admit defeat. "I don't know. Maybe I'm too simple to know what to do with something that simple."

"We can't just let her lie there. We ought to do something. Maybe we can bring her back to life?"

"No, I don't think so," Ed answered.

"Maybe...maybe we ought to bury her." Bob said hesitantly, as if he himself didn't believe that burying her was the thing to do. He thought a moment, then added quickly, "Ma says we should bury dead things."



"That's it!" Ed cried with excitement.

"What? Bury her?"

"Heck, no." Ed dragged out the "no." "We'll bring her to ma."

"What's she going to do with her?"

"I don't know."

"Then why bring her to ma?"

Ed was becoming impatient with his brother.

"Do you know what to do with her?"

"With ma?"

"No!" yelled Ed. "With her!" He pointed to the motionless body before them.

"Hell, I don't know what to do with her."

Bob mumbled, scratching his head.

"Well," Edward said with a superior tone of voice. "Well, maybe ma can tell us what to do with her."

"Maybe she can at that."

"What are we waiting for? Let's go!"

"You carry her, Ed."

With indignation Ed replied, "Why should I carry her? You were the one who found her. I don't want nothing to do with old things like that."

"Yeh, but I don't like the looks of her."

"You chicken, Bob?" Ed whispered in a monotone.

"No, but you know I ain't got no stomach for dead things."

"Well, we certainly can't leave her here. You know Ma won't leave the house."

"Why don't you carry her?" Bob was relieved at the idea of Ed carrying the body.

"Because you're the one who found her."

"Ed?"

"Yeh?"

"You chicken?"

Ed couldn't restrain his temper any longer.

"Bob, of all the dumb things to say!"

"Well, are you?"

"You know I'm not."

"Then you carry her." Bob smiled.

"No! You found her."

"Please, Ed."

"You found her."

"Damn you."

"Damn yourself for finding her."

"\*G!"

"None of that, Bob. Now pick her up and carry her to Ma."

"Damn the world."

Bob picked her up. She was surprisingly heavy and holding her seemed to make him lighter and happier.

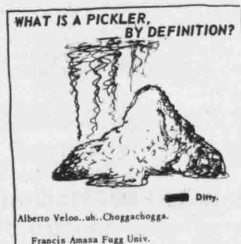
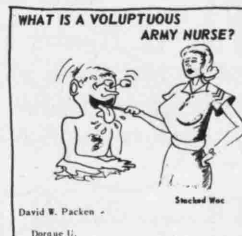
"I'm just too simple. Too simple," Bob muttered to himself. "Maybe I'm really not. What if she is? Poor dead thing."

Don Silverman

# Picklers!

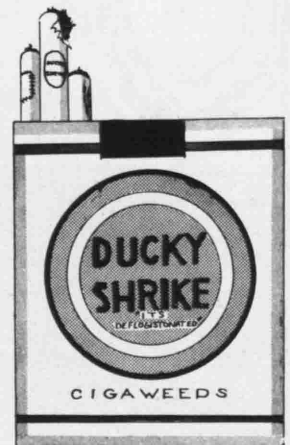
WHAT IS A  
DUCKY SOLD AT  
HAHVUD?  
(SEE PARAGRAPH AT RIGHT)

We all respect our little friends at Hahvud, don't we gang? Sure we do, and we all know that a Ducky up there is known as a Fag Fag. A Ducky is a good cigaweed. Just ask any of your pals at Hahvud. You'll say it's the driest, most vile cigaweed you ever smoked!



STEP ON IT **DUCKY** AND GET  
PICKLED **DUCKY** MAKE  
MUCH, MUCH MONEY!

Do you like to shirk work? Forget it: get pickled; while you're under, you might come up with something ridiculous enough to get printed and thus make a really big fool of yourself.



## DUCKIES TASTE BITTER

Product of the *American Tobacco Company*

America's leading weed mffrs.

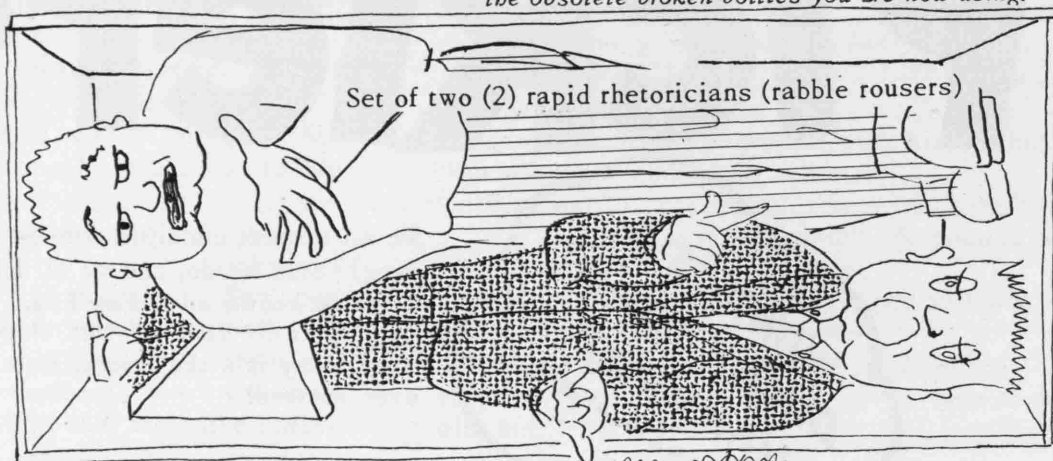


# RIOT KITS

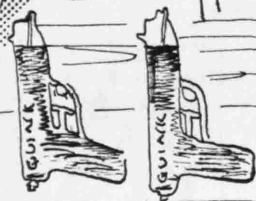
Voo Doo Presents:

Complete outfitting for the ninety-three proof, high-octane, sophisticated rioter.

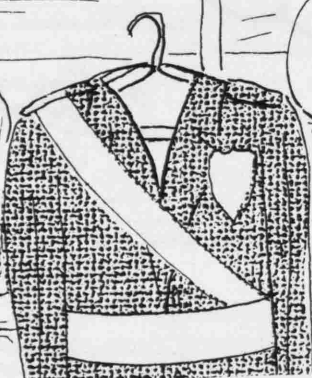
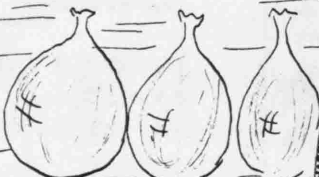
And remember we offer highest trade in values on the obsolete broken bottles you are now using.



Set of two (2) rapid rhetoricians (rabble rousers)



Water bombs

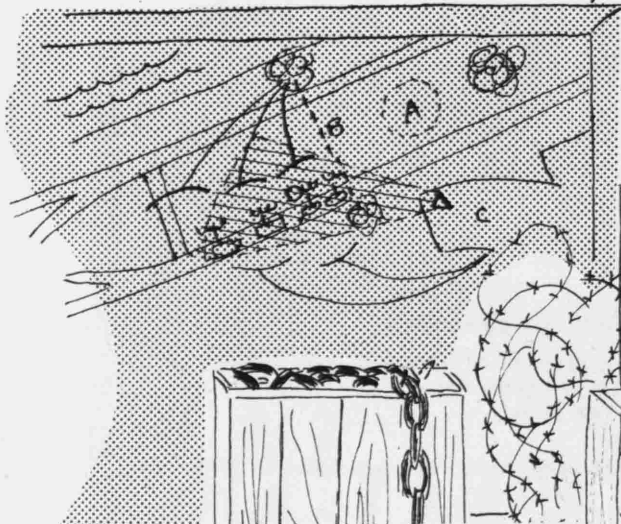


Style 1743 (Cambridge blue) disguise

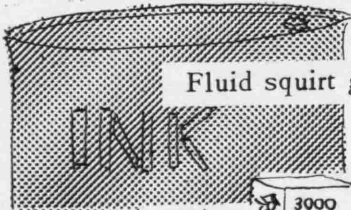
Molotov cocktails



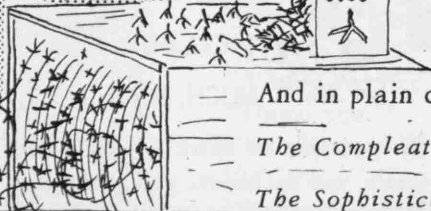
Strategy blackboard



Complete set of traffic direction links



Fluid squirt gun ink



And in plain cover our book department stocks:

*The Compleat Rioter*; Jean-Paul Danton

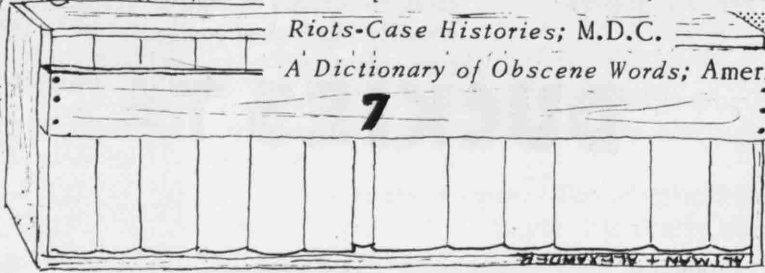
*The Sophisticated Bartender*; V. I. Molotov

*Riots-Case Histories*; M.D.C.

*A Dictionary of Obscene Words*; American Writers

7

Guild



Women never can make up their minds. As soon as you get them a little tight, they get loose.



"Yes, I'm the man who advertised for a top-notch lion tamer," nodded the owner of a small-time carnival. "Are you applying for the job?"

The husky Texan before him nodded briefly, patted the gun in his holster, picked up a chair and a whip and said, "Let me at him!"

"Not so fast," warned the owner, "There is one application in ahead of yours. We'll have to give her first whack."

"Her?" questioned the Texan.

"Yes, it's a girl," admitted the owner, "I was surprised too. Here she comes."

A beautiful brunette came upon the scene. She had a full-length fur coat wrapped around her, but not one bit of the usual lion-taming equipment--no gun, no whip, no chair.

"You're not going into the cage like that!" gasped the owner. "My lion is the meanest, most ferocious beast ever taken alive."

"I don't scare easy," yawned the girl. "I have handled bulls: I can handle a lion. With that she unlocked the door and strode unconcernedly to the center of the lion's cage. There she flung open her fur coat. Underneath it, she was wearing nothing at all!

The lion's eyes bulged, it gave a lusty roar--and leaped at her. But there was no bloodshed. The lion swabbed his great red tongue across her cheek, gently kissed her hands and feet, licked her face again--and climbed back on his stool in the corner!

The carnival owner shook his head unbelievably, and demanded of the Texan, "Do you think you can do better than that?" "Hell, yes," boasted the Texan. "You get that damn lion out of there and I'll show you!"



An American sailor bribed his way into a Turkish harem and was amazed to see a fat, bored eunuch playing a garden hose on a line-up of bewitching ladies. "A religious rite?" he asked.

"Not at all," replied the eunuch. "Orders, When one of them sizzles, I send her in to the sultan."



Marriage--A public avowal of a private intention.

"Here's a special message from the admiral, captain," reported the sailor, "It's to you personally sir."

"Read it to me," snapped the captain.

The sailor read: "Of all the blundering, stupid, idiotic morons, you take the cake!"

"Have that decoded at once!" ordered the captain.



The young lady, touring in the Soviet Union, took 680 Russian Rubles to the bank to exchange for American money. When she was handed 48 cents she was heard muttering to herself as she left the bank--"and to think that I gave him breakfast, too."



"I want you to know, my dear," he said, as he shifted gears with his knees, "I've never had a date before."



Better Things For Better Living Through Chemistry





The quiet little freshman coed from the country was on her first college date and was thrilled beyond words. She didn't want to appear countrified; she had put on her prettiest dress, got a sophisticated hair-do, and was all prepared to talk understandingly about music, art or politics.

Her escort took her to a movie, and then to the favorite college cafe. "Two beers," he told the waiter.

She, not to be outdone, murmured, "The same for me."



These jokes can't be so terrible. When I threw them in the furnace, the fire roared.



Sammy Begdupe's teacher kicked him out of school Tuesday but his Paw and Maw are fighting to get him back in, saying he was innocent in his answer. Teacher was trying to get Sammy to pronounce "feet." "Now, Sammy, what does a cow have four of that I only have two of?" Sammy told her and was expelled.



Freddie's father, a watchmaker, wanted Fred to follow in his profession.

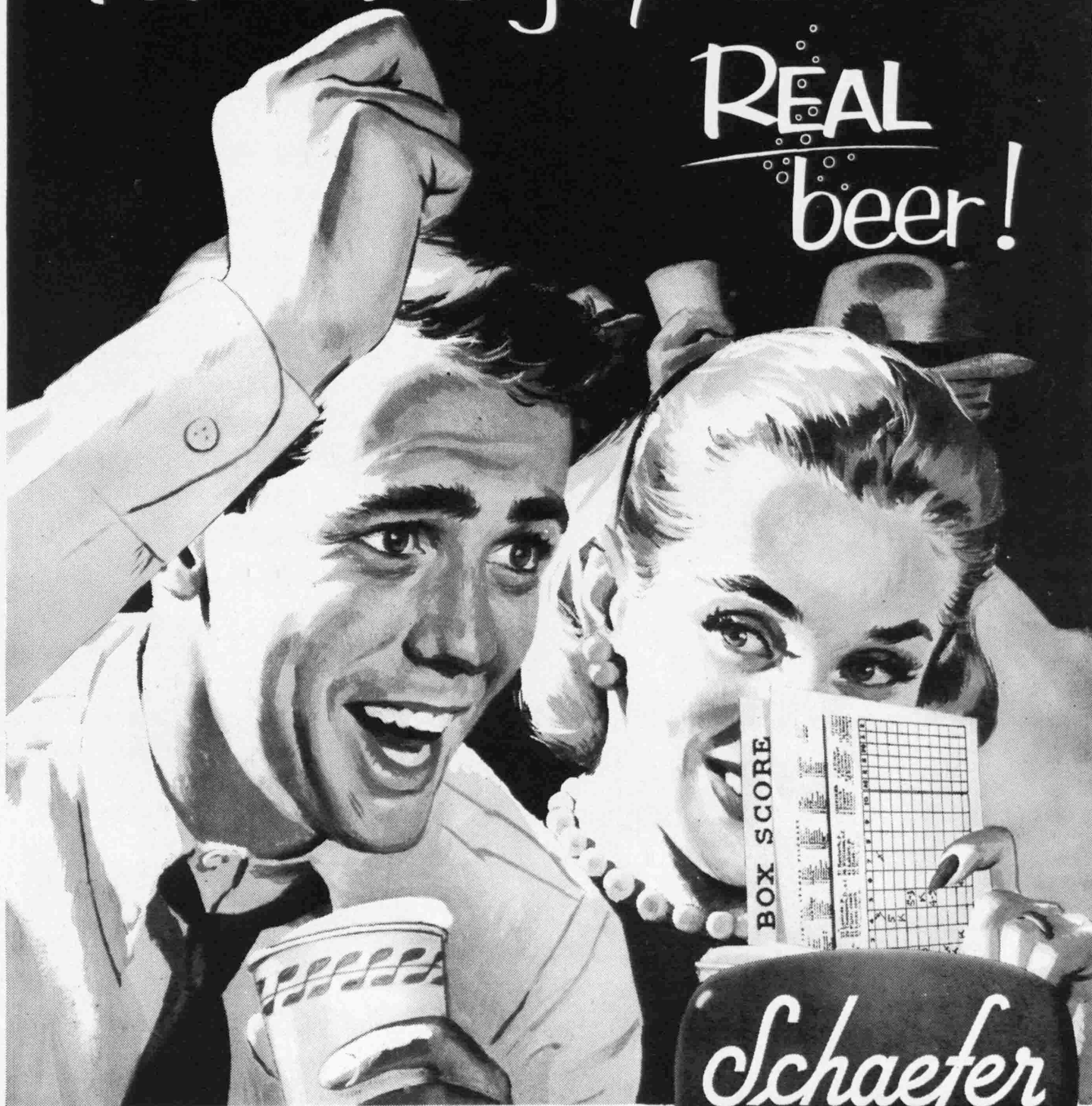
"But I want glamor, fun, excitement, money, WOMEN!" Fred shouted. "Don't hold me back!"

"OK, I won't hold you back," answered his Dad, "But take me with you!"



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