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1959

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CIGARETTE ?

The world is in a state of flux. Gone is De Witt Clinton, half of Long-fellow Bridge, Superman, and our claims to the moon. Personally, I think it is due to the cessation of the atomic tests.

Please notice 35¢ printed on the front cover of this issue. Now don't panic! Don't send nasty letters to the Office and complain about saving a dime. For you and you only (if and only if you are an M.I.T. student and if and only if you bought the Magazine at the Institute on Friday) Voo Doo sells for audiophile net at 25¢. Honest, sports fans, we lose money on every copy. But through the miracle of volume selling we manage to make a slight profit, which we consciously pour back into the business in order to bring you a better magazine. As long as we can do this, the price to you clods will stay at a quarter. On the other hand, if you were stupid enough to give the man 35¢, don't rush back for your dime - just be more careful and don't pay for the next two *The Tech's*.

Speaking of changes, the M.I.T. publications department has apparently been practicing solipsism. They have willed us out of existence (see last page of General Catalogue). But Voo Doo is an easy going publication and tends to accept most things. For instance, an article was passed into us which would make the "Field Piece" look like a cap pistol. It is on our bulletin board.

C.R.P.

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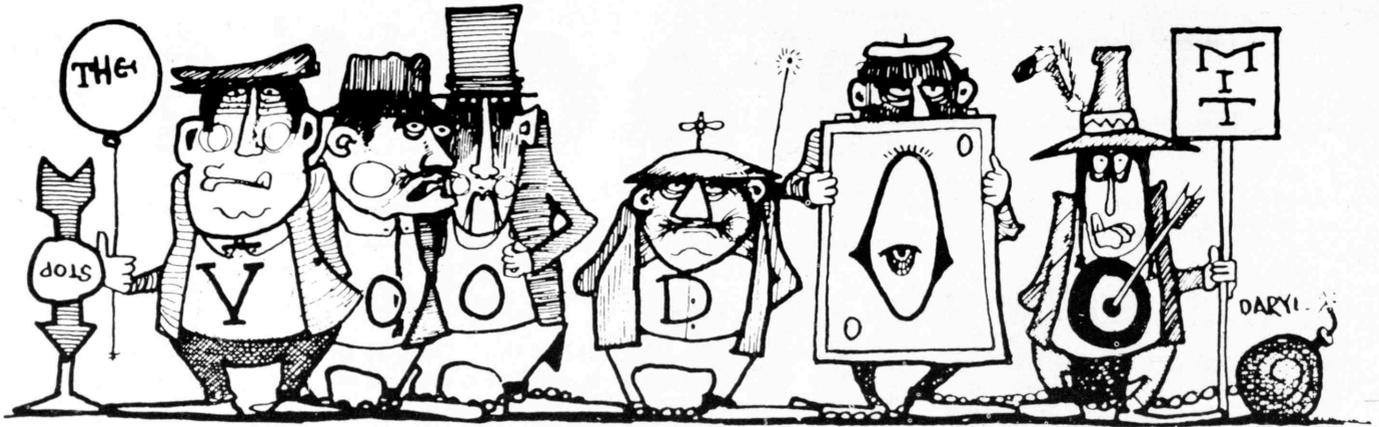
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All material submitted with a stamped self-addressed envelope to the Literary Editor, at this office will receive careful consideration.

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Somebody (probably from Harvard) told us that the Institute is cheap. "No, no!" we protested. "Our beloved school? Our blessed future alma mater? Not M.I.T. If anything, a bit extravagant. But cheap? Never!" Alas! We must be disillusioned idealists. Even this magnificent monument to the intellect is a derelict, always seeking the hand and the easy way out. And the really nasty part of the story is that the Institute appears willing to sacrifice the health of its students just to save a buck. It generously notified the freshmen, through their advisors, that it would generously treat them to a meal. One advisor took his freshmen to Walker Memorial, the student dining hall. Oh! The indigestion of it all!

A cathode ray tube is one of those glass enclosed vacuums that physicists would have us believe can do wondrous things. We suppose it is related to a TV tube or one of those little things that glow when one flips the switch on a radio. Evidently, electrons, or protons, or neutrons, run around like idiots inside a lightbulb until they can find something to do. What they do is what we went to a physics lecture to learn. The instructor spent most of the lecture telling us how the silly tubes were made (of value to Edison stockholders). Just as the bell rang, he added, "And, of course, you know what you can do with a cathode ray tube." You can rest assured that we immediately went up to him and told him.

Our roving reporter notified us that on Main Street in Cambridge there is a toy store featuring the sign, "Headquarters, M.I.T. Hydrodynamics Equipment, 75¢ box." Anyone for a water fight?

Mr. William R. Sullivan, 1116 S. Flower, Los Angeles 15, California. Remember that address. Mr. Sullivan, or somebody who dislikes us, sent us a postcard which needs answering. Only, we are too busy to bother with his problem. Perhaps some of you, out there in the peanut gallery, will send *bons mots* to Mr. Sullivan. He wrote us, "This world doesn't have an unlimited amount of space for an unlimited amount of people. The laws of nature have a statute of limitation there are those who chose to ignore them for which we all have to pay." How much?

There are some people who say the M.I.T. rings are ugly; there are those who say they are "interesting." Then there are those sweet, darling, engelic little children, *you could murder!* Ordinarily, the summer is, for M.I.T. students, the opportunity to parade around in T-shirts proclaiming their insanity; or the chance for prospective seniors to show off their class rings, with their fat, flaccid beavers chewing away at their pocketbooks. Consider the unfortunate case of an unfortunate member of our Senior Board. He went tripping gaily through the woods one day when a small boy, a veritable darling, popped out of the underbrush. Seeing the

M.I.T. ring on the Senior Board member's finger, the sweet child cried out, "Are you a member of the Beaver Patrol, *too?*" All children should be named Dennis, and then be boiled alive or made to read Jonathan Swift's modest proposal.

Ah! The open road. Miles and miles of beautiful Nature stretching in its majestic greenery before us, as we go speeding along on the super-highway, free for the summer from intellectual activities and grungy classmates. What can there be to mar our sense of peace? What? State road signs, that's what. Connecticut publicizes itself as the "Friendly State." Then immediately annihilates our feeling of finally being wanted with, "DO NOT LITTER: \$50 FINE; OBEY ALL LAWS; DO NOT SPEED: VIOLATORS WILL LOSE LICENSE." And then, as if Connecticut were not nasty enough, Massachusetts has to remind us, as we return to classes, that it is the "Vacationland for all!"

In spite of the instructors, freshmen manage to learn something. Anyone who has attended Professor R's math classes cannot help learning something, for he is an able teacher. His is the ability to make an inherently boring subject into something vital, fascinating, and imperative. But occasionally he suffers from *double entendraitis*. His freshman in elementary calculus are still puzzling over the meaning of increments after his explana-

tion, "If you go from here to Providence, a distance of sixty miles, in one hour, you have gone sixty miles per hour. You do not have to go sixty all the way, however. You can go ninety miles per hour, if you don't get caught. Or, you can park for five minutes, if, again, you don't get caught."

Ordinarily, the members of the Junior Board are pretty hip characters. But, some of the degenerate ones on the campus do manage to sneak into our sanctum. Such a reminder of man's inhumanity to woman is our Publicity Manager, affectionately known to his enemies as Fang. His bearded ugly self came running vociferously up to us one day. "I got a letter! I got a letter!" he shouted drunkenly.

"Fine." we answered. "What did Mother say?"

"From a girl. I got a letter from a girl."

After promising that we wouldn't mention his name (we haven't, have we?) and worse, that we would print the blasted missive, he took his enraptured soul back to his room, where he lives with his motorcycle (a thing somewhat analogous to a blanket, for him). He wanted us to mention the girl's name, but we can't because either any girl who sends him letters should be kept closeted in her casket, or she might be a perfectly nice girl who would prefer to forget her one moment of indiscretion.

Quote, "I'm dying. I'm suffering beyond human consumption. Sweat is running down my face. Dark circles envelope my reddened eyes. I can hardly

keep my heavy eyelids up. My tongue feels enlarged and cottony. My heart beat is drumming in my ears. My fingers are twitching and nervous. Why am I dying? Why am I suffering beyond human consumption? Why is sweat running down my face? Why are dark circles enveloping my reddened eyes? Why can I hardly keep my heavy eyelids up? Why does my tongue feel enlarged and cottony? Why is my heart beat drumming in my ears? Why are my fingers twitching and nervous? Why? Why? WHY? Because I miss you? Because I can't live without you, you degenerate darling? Because I am broke and don't have any cigarettes, that's why?"

And he said it was a love letter.

Michael Padlipsky wishes to announce that it is not true.

East Campus residents for years have been complaining about the soapy aroma sent their way through the atmosphere by Lever Brothers. Last June there was some talk by these students that they were going to do something about it. And evidently they did! We returned to school and learned that Lever's had closed their Cambridge plant. But never fear! Soap shall not leave Cambridge. From a Dallas newspaper we learn that the metamorphosised horses have gone up the river a bit to the Little Red Schoolhouse (Harvard we believe the name is). As the paper said, "Fred Gamble, Jr. a graduate of St. Mark's, and Bill Proctor, an old Thomas Jefferson High school man, are rooming together during their freshman year up at Har-

vard University.

"Naturally, they have a sign over their door: 'Proctor & Gamble.'"

Voo Doo, ever vigilant, has, after much effort and beer, uncovered a secret organization amongst the secretaries of the Institute. Voo Doo has for a long time been aware of who actually runs M.I.T. but now they are banning together to take over officially. Rumor has it that some of their most active backers are professors, evidently tired of the figurehead positions they hold. The headquarters for the movement? Room 8-105.

About this time last year there was a Voo Dooing proclaiming that the rumor about our printing a spoof of "Scientific American" was entirely and unequivocally false. Well, in line with this old tradition and contrary to the squib printed in "The Tech," we wish to make a similar unequivocation now: The rumor about Voo Doo's printing a "New Yorker" parody is just simply not true.

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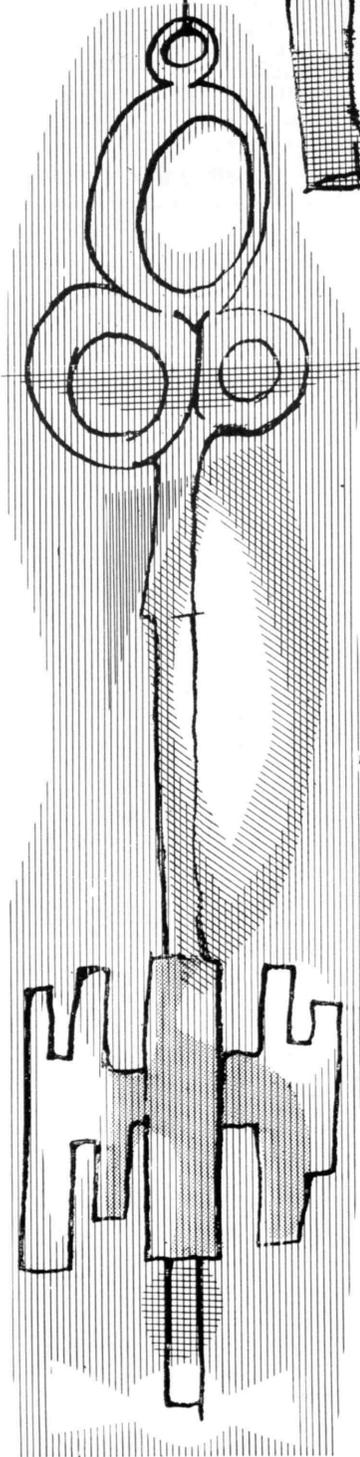
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The Key

J.C.



Buford Small had few vices. For most of his life he had lived alone; he rejoiced over the simple pleasure of reading, discovering, through his literary wanderings, ideas and experiences he otherwise in his simple life might never have had touched. While he sometimes regarded his job as somewhat menial, he felt a strange loyalty to the building which had become his home.

A janitor in the Pentagon has higher status than the custodian of any other building. Not only must a Pentagonian pass a Civil Service examination but must also go through a thorough security investigation. Within the Pentagon there is a hierarchy consisting of janitors passed to collect non-classified trash, semi-classified, and finally for the supreme few worthy enough, top-secret trash. Buford had, through diligence and trustworthiness, attained the highest position — chief janitor.

As the aged Buford was completing his rounds one night he discovered to his dismay that he had mislaid the key to his little room. He himself several years before had installed the lock — which had but one key — his. He could think of no one who could help him out of this predicament. He could think of no friends, for he had none. A locksmith was out of the question because he would have to go through security checks be-

fore he would be allowed in the building.

“No one can help me out of my predicament save myself.” thought Buford.

Perhaps he could dismantle the lock. After several fruitless hours he succeeded. The door was open and Buford never again would be the same. In dismantling the lock to his room Buford had become entranced with the intricate inner workings of the mechanism.

Several days later, quite by accident, he found a discarded lock. He analyzed its workings. Soon, locks and keys became an obsession with him. He ceased reading his usual literary fare in favor of locksmith's manuals and especially treatises on the history of the venerable mechanism.

After a few months, Buford was seized by an obsession to open some of the forbidden locks in the Pentagon, not for purposes of theft but purely for the joy he obtained from working with a precision lock. Learning of the principle of *Master Keys* he set upon making a set of his own. After several weeks and two hundred key blanks he perfected a master key for all locks in non-classified doors. Ambitious, Buford attacked the somewhat more complex problem of semi-classified locks. This venture took months and over a thousand key blanks before meeting with success.

M.I.T. Voo Doo



Then he tackled the virtually impossible task of top-secret doors. Working continuously (after working hours, of course) for nigh on two years and slaving through some three thousand blanks he produced the ultimate of the ultimate.

"Finally!" he exclaimed to the empty corridors. "I can do what no other man in the Pentagon can do. I can get into any room I want to."

Now that his curiosity was satisfied and his drive for perfection was successful, Buford settled down into his dull existence as chief janitor of the Pentagon. He had power and fortune at his fingertips, but he wanted none of it.

Strolling through the building one day he came upon a small door which he had never before noticed. "Naturally, I can open this door with one of my

keys. The question is, which one?"

Trying every one of the master keys, promptly secured from their hiding place in his cubicle, he was astounded to learn that none of them would work. The implacability of the lock offered a new challenge: a door having a special lock must contain something out of the ordinary. Fatal curiosity again took hold of him.

The old janitor was amazed at the complexity of the newly-encountered lock; never before had he seen so finely machined a tumbler; so intricate a design; so foolproof a mechanism. It seemed as if the lock had been designed solely for his vexation.

Diligence was one of Buford's virtues. After two months of concentrated effort, the solution was found.

"Let's see if this room has been worth the expenditure of a thousand key blanks," he thought, as he slowly turned the key in the tumbler....

Within was darkness.

The old man hesitated, then strode boldly into the room, looking for a light switch. On the opposite wall he found it and turned it on.

Hearing a hissing sound behind him he wheeled panic-strickenly around. *The door was closing!* He ran towards it—too late! No matter how hard he worked the door it would not open.

Dejectedly he looked around the room. It was virtually empty. On the inner side of the door there was a huge lock. On the floor, there reposed a file and a single key blank.

Al Garp

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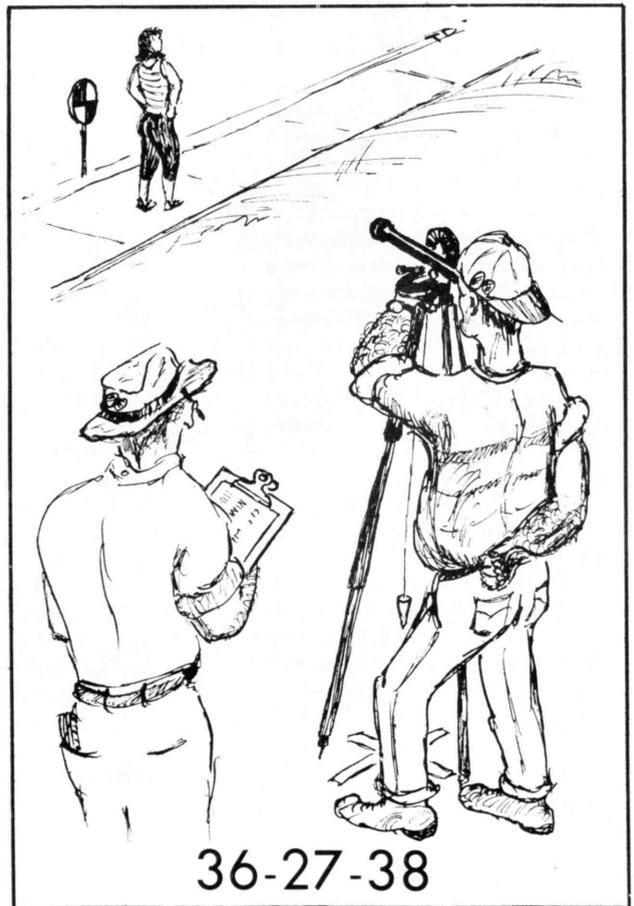
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As a result of a tip from a reliable source, the game warden of Hipswitch County reluctantly donned his snow shoes and mused halfway up a mountain to corner old Hermit Hawkins, a "character" in those hills for years. He dragged his weary bones back into his home some seven hours later. "Well," said his wife, "did you find that old Hawkins really was poaching?" "Yep," he reported with a sigh. "Deer or elk?" she asked. "Eggs," said the game warden.



A hipster was walking down the street when he saw a friend of his standing on the corner of Mass. Ave. and Beacon Street, snapping his fingers like crazy. "Like man, why are you snapping your fingers?" "Well, Daddyo, I'm chasing away the elephants." "But there aren't any elephants around here!" replied the first cat. Still snapping, the second one answered, "See, I told you it would work."



His toes curled in the black soil. It was marvelous to feel the good cool earth beneath his feet again. Tenderly he bent down and crumbled a piece of rich sod between his fingers. A man was a fool to leave the land. He thought of the city as loathsome. All it had brought him was unhappiness and sorrow, but that was over. He was back to his first love—the earth. For a while he was motionless in silent contemplation; a prayer of thanksgiving arose from his heart. Once more he was part of nature and not just a shadow in the city. A voice called, "Dinner's ready." Slowly and reluctantly he took his foot out of the flower pot.



With all the hotels around the country that advertise, "George Washington slept here," it's no wonder he's called the father of his country.



There once was this eight foot, 345 pound Texas cattle raiser. When he died, it was impossible to find a casket big enough. So, some bright fellow, who apparently knew Texans, gave the big fellow an enema, and he was buried in a shoe box.



A fraternity man staggered into a bar in Boston one night and yelled in a loud voice, "When I drink, everybody drinks!" When the people heard that, they all gathered around the fraternity man and shared a toast with him.

When he had finished his Scotch he shouted again, "When I take another drink, everybody takes another drink." Immediately all the people present surrounded him for another round.

When the fraternity man finished his drink, he pulled out a dollar and slapped it on the table. "When I pay," he screamed, "everybody pays!"

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Security

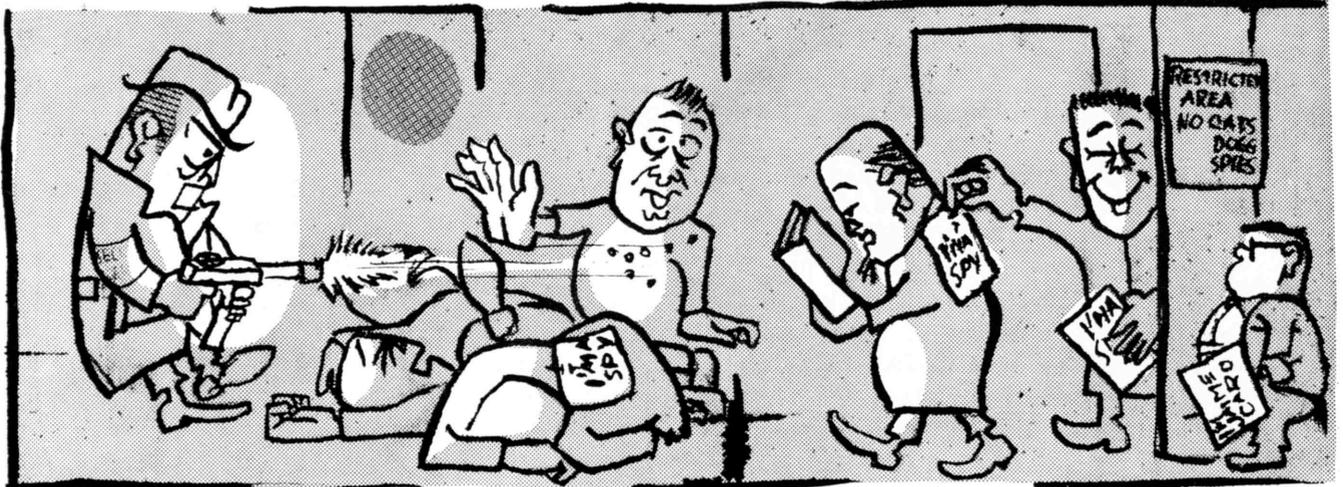
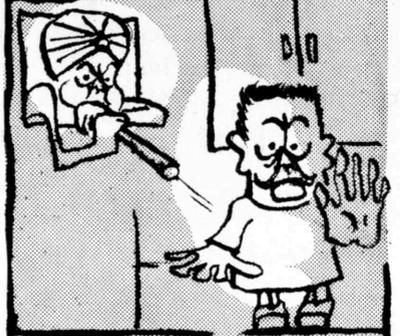
Since so many of today's technically trained graduates will be working under the SECURITY system and many more will be affected by it, Voo Doo presents this informative explanation of the system for the entertainment and edification of its many readers.

The security system of this country is designed to prevent the transmission to the enemy of information which may be damaging to the safety and well being of the country. (This is in no way complicated by the fact that we are presently at peace with every nation on the face of the earth). Therefore, all documents and information having any connection with the government is given a classification dependent upon its nature. This classification determines the importance, handling, and accessibility of the information. A brief description of each classification is presented below.

UNCLASSIFIED — This means that the information is worthless. Thus, it serves as an indication that your work is considered very unimportant. In general, you should strive to have your work classified as highly as possible to make it seem more important. Anything bearing this classification is to be ignored and not used for any practical purpose. Of course, it must be withheld from press and citizen's groups just on general principles.

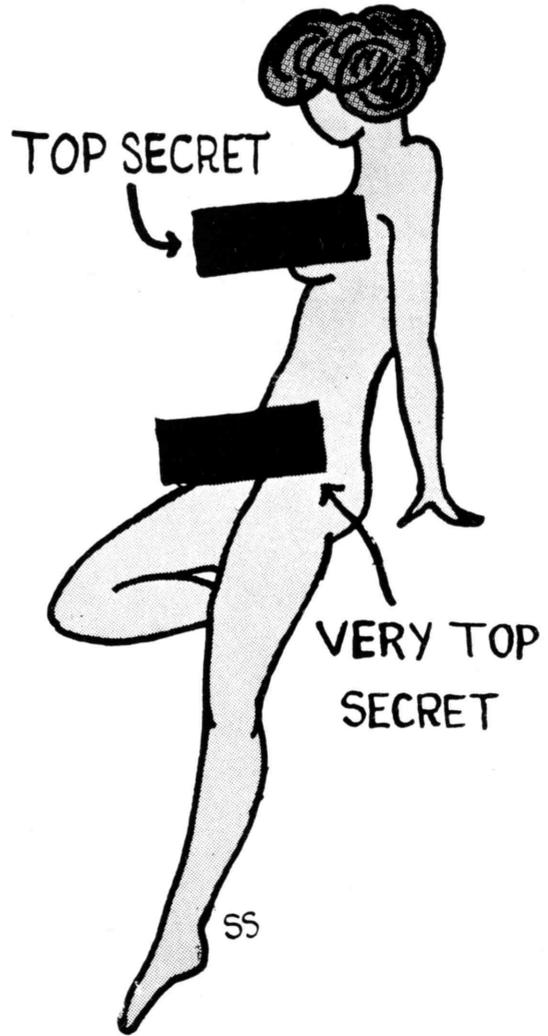
CONFIDENTIAL — This minimal classification must be applied to any material of value which contains over twelve consecutive words in the same language, a diagram, picture, chart or graph.

Confidential material must be kept securely locked in an approved receptacle 90% of the working day. Furthermore, you can't show it to Russian friends, or read it while in the men's room. Generally, each government employee is issued a Confidential stamp when he begins work, so that he can stamp anything lying around which someone else forgot to classify. Office pools and contests concerning this stamping are common. RESTRICTED-AUTHORIZED AUTHORIZATION REQUIRED—This is sometimes known as the eraser classification because it was designed to cover up mistakes. Any material you feel might reflect unfavorably on you is given this





classification immediately. These documents must be kept constantly in your possession and may be examined only by people **you** want to examine them. (This generally means no one but close friends who might want to have a laugh with you.) After three days, it must be delivered personally to the authorized burner at the official bonfire where it will be destroyed by an admiral or other officer of equivalent rank.



SECRET — This is an important classification because it means that someone just might want to read it at some time. You are on the first rung on the ladder of success when you get your first document classified **Secret**. Secret material may not be removed from your place of work, although any sort of copy of it may be made for any use whatsoever. This dis-

tion is pointless, but is considered very important by the people who formulate policy. When not in use (93% of the time, by law) it must be stored in an approved, fireproof, triple laminated, case-hardened steel, certified burglarproof filing cabinet, and secured by a seventy-cent padlock. If you work with secret material, you shouldn't talk about your work, except to your mistress and a few close friends.

TOP SECRET—All material classified **Top Secret** has been judged by the Director of Censorship to be injurious to the morals of persons reading it, and therefore no one can read it but a certified eunuch of the rank of captain or above. **Top Secret** material is generally allowed to be stolen by Russians in the hopes that it will degrade their morals and thus place them on a more equal plain with our citizens.

VERY TOP SECRET—1 ONLY — This material is defined as "anything that might get us into a hell of a lot of trouble if it got lost" by the Infernal Security act of

1801. Obviously, it is kept under continuous surveillance, generally by specially trained members of the K9 Corps who have passed retirement age. Document bearing this classification and/or any higher classification may be transported only by a person whose intelligence has been certified too low to understand any of it. The courier must also have a rank of Major or above. If you lose any of this material, a small amount of money is docked from your pay and you lose your key to the men's room. (or woman's room if you are lucky enough to be registered as a female.)

EXTREMELY VERY TOP SECRET—BURN BEFORE READING—At this level, security precautions are very strict. In the words of the Director, "Be Careful Not To Leave It Lying Around!" **DON'T TELL**—This is the highest, conventional security classification placed on a document. All information of a scientific or technical nature is placed in this category to discourage co-operation between scientists and men of learning, which, it is feared, would lead to drastic changes in our system of misgovernment.

??????—This is so classified that even the name of the classification is classified **Top Secret**. By the time you know what this is all about, it's too late. It is generally reserved for the President's golf scores and matters of similar international importance.



In addition to classifications, there is a further provision known as the **NEED TO KNOW RULE**: even though you have the necessary classification clearance, you still cannot see the material. For example, even if you have a **DON'T TELL** security clearance, you still can't see the medical records of certain WAC friends, unless you can come up with an acceptable **NEED TO KNOW**.

Finally, the student should be aware that there are severe penalties for divulging and even reading information concerning the security system unless you are cleared for it. In fact, if you aren't cleared for unclassified material, you better put this away and forget it. Or better yet, run and hide — it's too late!

John Banzhaf

Did you hear about the rich Texan who wouldn't let a doctor paint his sore throat until he'd consulted an interior decorator?



"What's the difference between mashed potatoes and pea soup?"

"Anyone can mash potatoes."



An M.I.T. student was at a party and he happened to be talking to a young girl about the difficulties in becoming an engineer these days. The girl, seeming not at all sympathetic, put in a remark to show the hard time she was having. "Do you know," she said, "That it takes three full years to make a librarian now?" "Gee, I'm sorry," replied the Tech man, "but I don't think I'd be able to wait that long."

Voice from the rear of a taxi: "What are you stopping for, driver?"

Driver: "I thought somebody told me to stop."

Voice: "Keep going. She wasn't talking to you."



I know a man who actually saw flying saucers. He walked up behind a plump waitress in a diner with an extended fishing pole in his hand.



"Love me always, Sweetheart," she purred.

"Sure, honey," he replied, "Which way should I try first?"



There's a rule in this Institute that says we can't print any obscene jokes.

Then there was a cannibal who passed his cousin in the jungle.



It's tough to find,
For love or money,
Jokes that are clean,
And likewise funny.



"No, not the woods. My mother wouldn't like it."

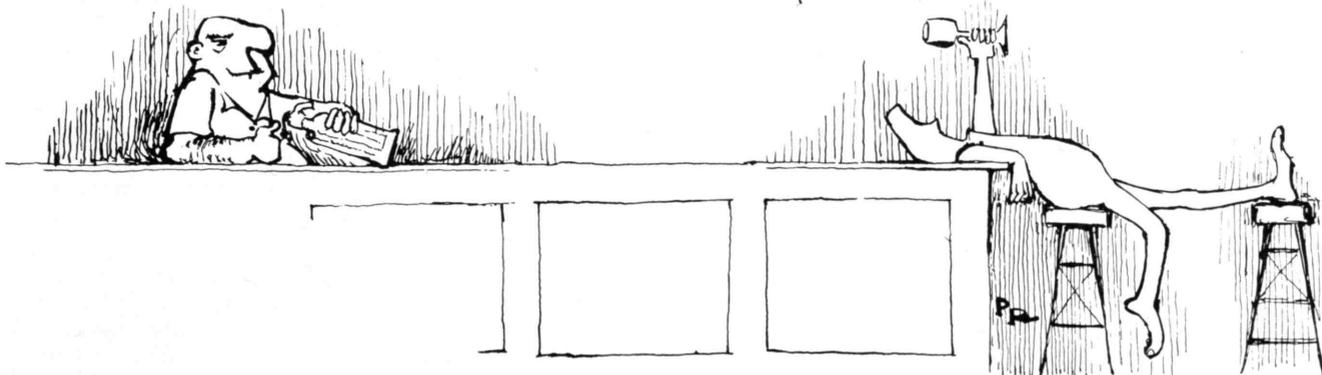
"Your mother isn't going to get it."

"To the woods."



Have you heard about the cute stenographer who left her coat in the office and took her boss to the cleaners?

HOKAY, SIDNEY, SHOOT ME DE SELTZER....



QUO VADIS,

Commodore Stratton glared at the figure standing at attention before his desk. "Well, Captain Gordon?" he snapped.

"Y-y-y-yes, sir?" quivered Crash Gordon.

The Commodore glanced down at a folder on his desk. "According to your record, everyone calls you 'Crash' Gordon, although your real name is Theophilus Xerxes Gordon—and with good reason. Nine good reasons, in fact: three smashed destroyer escorts; five demolished destroyers; and one experimental ship scattered over half a planet."

He looked up at Crash. "You're also known as the Alibi Ike of the Space Corps. Now, by Heaven, I want to see you talk your way out of having lost track of a whole blasted full-size planet!"

Crash swallowed audibly and croaked, "Well, sir, it was this way..."

The interstellar cruiser *Dung Beetle* hurtled through space, its streamlined metallic form propelled by the immense power of its superatomic drive. Its controls were on automatic; and deep within the bowels of this mighty engine of destruction the commanding officer stalked the red-litten corridors of the engine section, followed by his loyal Science Officer, Dr. Xarkov.

But wait! This is not quite the same intrepid roamer of the spaceways whose wild career we have followed heretofore. The captain's bars have worked a change, it seems. There is still the same oversized muscle-bound physique, the same diminutive blond head, but there is also a subtle difference in his walk. It is more clumsy than of yore.

Dr. Xarkov noticed it, and inquired about it.

"It's just on account of these no-good boots being too big," Crash growled. "They issued them to me on purpose. They're persecuting me. You may not know it," he concluded darkly, "but I've got enemies in high places."

He expounded further. "Just because my father, G.G. Gordon the great industrialist, told the Commodore that he couldn't make any more billion-dollar donations to the Astronauts' Pension Fund until they investigated why I hadn't been promoted to captain when all my classmates from the Space Academy were piloting battleships, everybody calls me a teacher's pet...just because they had to go and change Regulation VII to read "All pilots of spaceships above destroyer class must have attained to the rank of Pilot First Class *except Crash Gordon.*" They didn't have to do that;

they could have jumped me to First from Pilot 3/c.

"To top it all off, they ran out of city names and started naming cruisers after insects. So with the *Firefly*, the *Glow-worm* and the *Wasp* on the line ready to go, they give me the *Dung Beetle!*

"Somebody up there hates me, he whined. "And I wouldn't be surprised if they had a saboteur aboard just to discredit me." Peering around furtively, he jerked open the door of Furnace Room No. 2 and asked, "Seen any saboteurs?" The brawny stoker inside replied without looking up from his coal shovel, "Naw. Ain't seen any wooden shoes in the gears lately, either."

The blond space hero slammed the door and strode down the corridor toward Furnace Room No. 3, only to fall flat on his face after two steps. Then, as Dr. Xarkov stared, he sat up on the steel deck with a heavy leather boot clutched in his hand. "Sabotage!" he screamed "And that stoker knew about boots in the gears!" He dashed back to the furnace room and cut down the unfortunate stoker with his Mark XI Mauser ray gun.

"That settles that," he said as he holstered his weapon and limped back toward the hatch.

"Tell me," quoth Dr. Xarkov, ever the inquisitive scientist,

ASTRA



BY
G.N. GABBAIO

"do you walk that way because you have only one boot on? If so, isn't that the other boot you have in your hand? And if that's so, isn't it true that the boot merely slipped off, being too big, and thus caused you to trip and fall?"

Crash looked at the heavy knee-high blucher in his hand, then down at his bare toes, wiggling through the holes in his sock. "Gee," he said, "I owe that stoker an apology."

Without warning, a bespectacled, rabbit-like little man with his coat halfway off came running around a corner to carom off the captain. Crash grabbed him. "What are you doing down here?" he thundered. "Who are you, anyway?"

"Ulp!" said the little man. "Why-uh-I'm a reporter. I came down here to see if I could find a convenient empty fuel tank or something, since this ship seems to have no convenient phone booths or broom closets."

"That's the silliest story I ever heard!" snarled Crash.

"I'd better start at the beginning, then" the reporter said, straightening his glasses. "You see, I was in the cocktail lounge enjoying a drink with a girl I had met. We were in the midst of a friendly debate as to how many moons Barth should have. She stuck to the idea that one is plenty,

but I've always thought two would be nice—two nice large ones." He peered over his spectacles at Crash. "By the way, Captain, I've been meaning to ask your opinion on that subject."

"Do you mean one moon for each side, or—never mind! Quit trying to distract me! You still haven't explained your presence in the engine section."

"The girl suddenly let out a scream and ran away," continued the reporter mildly. "I thought she might be in distress, so I came down here..."

"To look for a convenient empty fuel tank," finished Crash.

"I did hope to find something along that line," the other admitted.

"That's an awful thin story," said Crash, "but it just might have an element of truth in it. Since I can't be absolutely sure you're a saboteur, I'll just put you off on the next habitable planet we come to."

A check later revealed that a woman had been frightened out of the cocktail lounge by the entrance of the ambassador from Arcturus VIII, whose natives resemble giant mice. Crash, however, remained adamant, and the *Dung Beetle* landed on Zolta, a small and uninhabited world in the 26th System.

He noticed, just before the airlock closed, that the marooned reporter looked around at his new home with a curiously speculative gleam in his eye.

"Well, Gordon," said the Commodore, "that's a cute little fairy tale, but what does it have to do with the fact that the next routine check of Zolta revealed that it had disappeared without a trace?"

Crash swallowed again. "Sir, I think that reporter stole the planet."

The Commodore just stared at him for some time before he could find his voice. "Gordon," he said at last, "just how do you think that meek little man moved Zolta out of its orbit?"

"How should I know?" Crash said wildly. "Maybe he's some kind of superman or something."

The Commodore's face slowly suffused with red, "Gordon," he said, almost strangling, "what did you say this reporter's name was?"

"Clark something," replied Crash innocently. "Brent or Dent or something like that, I think it was."

Back on Earth, people stared incredulously at the two moons which were rising in the night sky.



"NO ROOM AT THE DORM"



A Comedy in Three Weeks

The Freshman (Homo Semisapiens Pretechianus), begins to emerge from the ground early in September. He is equipped with a slide rule, a rush week room assignment, and Money. The merchants lick their chops.



He is irresistibly attracted by the Sign, he now beholds at the corner of Hayward Street; it is the first indication that he is nearing his Goal. (A phenomenon known to Biology students as Signotropism.)



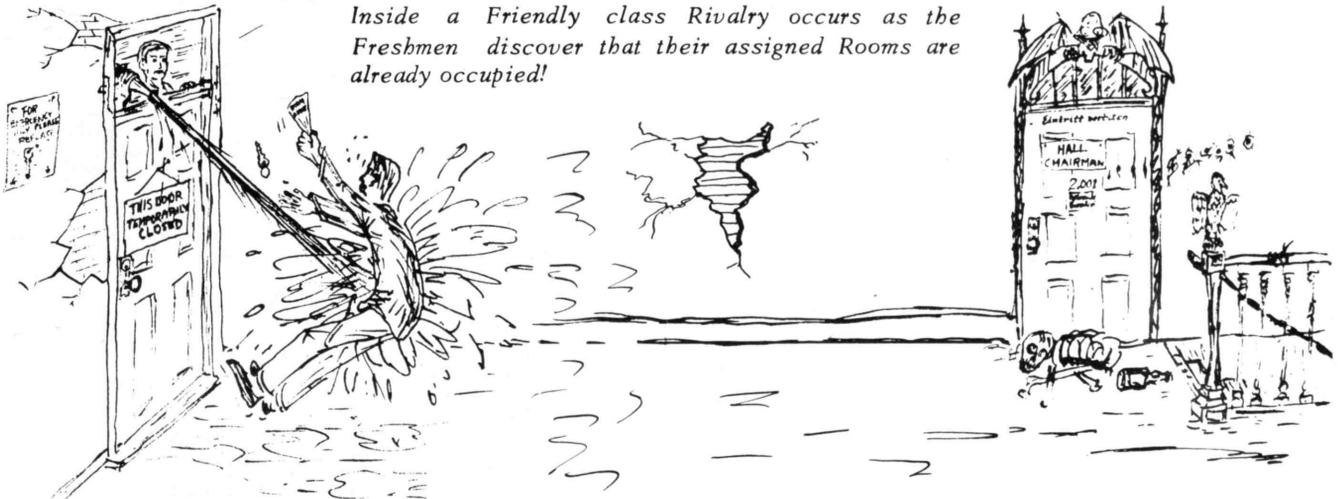
The Glory of M.I.T. is now in sight, and as soon as he gets around that truck he can even see it!



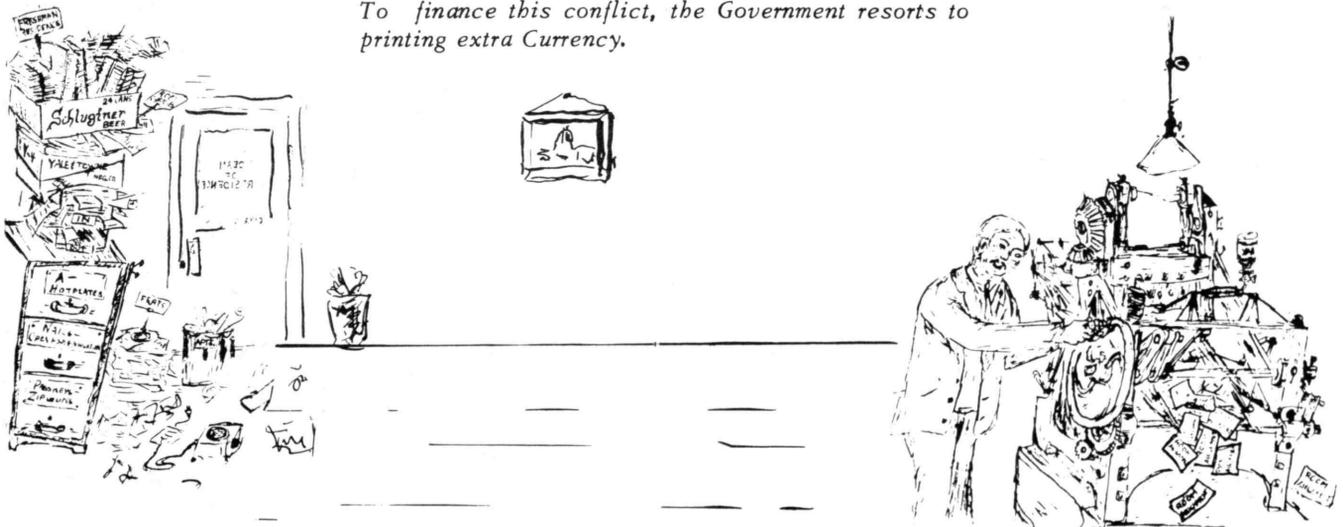
Overcoming all Obstacles, the growing Ranks of Freshmen swell toward the majestic Edifices that Compose East Campus; the Residents burst forth with a spontaneous Rejoicing at their triumphant Arrival.



Inside a Friendly class Rivalry occurs as the Freshmen discover that their assigned Rooms are already occupied!



To finance this conflict, the Government resorts to printing extra Currency.



Communications are set up by the upperclassmen:



The combination of superior Force and deft Planning bring Victory, and the vanquished Enemy is brought to Justice.

The Morale of the troops is built up by the use of suitable entertainment:



I had an uncle who was a great magician. He used to walk down the street and turn into a saloon.



Two cats were having a duel. Before they started pacing off the distance, one turned to the other and asked, "Like man, is this a duel to the death, or to the best three out of five lives?"



In the drive-in movies, you can always tell which couples are married. They sit in the front seat of the car.



"My girl has everything a man could desire," the Tech man exclaimed, "Hair on her chest, big muscles...."



"All my miseries come from wine, women, and song." moaned the dejected dorm man. "It seems I can't get any of them."

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at

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The Zebra Room

A real cool cat was walking down the street when he met a fellow hipster standing on the street, snapping his fingers like anything. "Say, what are you snapping your fingers for?" "I'm chasing away the elephants," replied the other bop man. "But face it, kid, there just aren't any elephants for miles around." The second hipster replied, "It's a good thing. This doesn't work very well anyway."



A college student was once asked why he closed his eyes when he drank. He replied, "At the sight of liquor my mouth always waters, and I don't like to have my drinks diluted."



A Man walked in to a psychiatrist's office. "I've got an awful problem, Doctor," he complained. "I have a terrible memory. It seems I forget everything." "Well," said the doctor, "I think we can help you. Why don't you lie down on the couch and tell me all about your problem?" "Problem? What problem, Doctor?"



A couple of vats at a beer brewery in Milwaukee were struck by lightning in a flash storm last spring. Not only were they undamaged, however, but experimentation proved that the beer within, instead of being spoiled, was actually improved in quality. The foreman smacked his lips over the unexpectedly fine flavor and wired the head of the outfit, "We believe this to be the first case on record of a storm actually brewing."

M.I.T. Voo Doo

At the resorts these days,
the young girls look for
husbands; and the husbands
look for young girls.



You can lead a Techman
to water, but why disap-
point him?



A name invented by the
police to describe the kids
picked up in houses of ill
repute: Brothel sprouts.



Which one of you Siamese
twins has been having an
affair with my wife?

I wonder what the people
who designed short shorts
will be up to next!

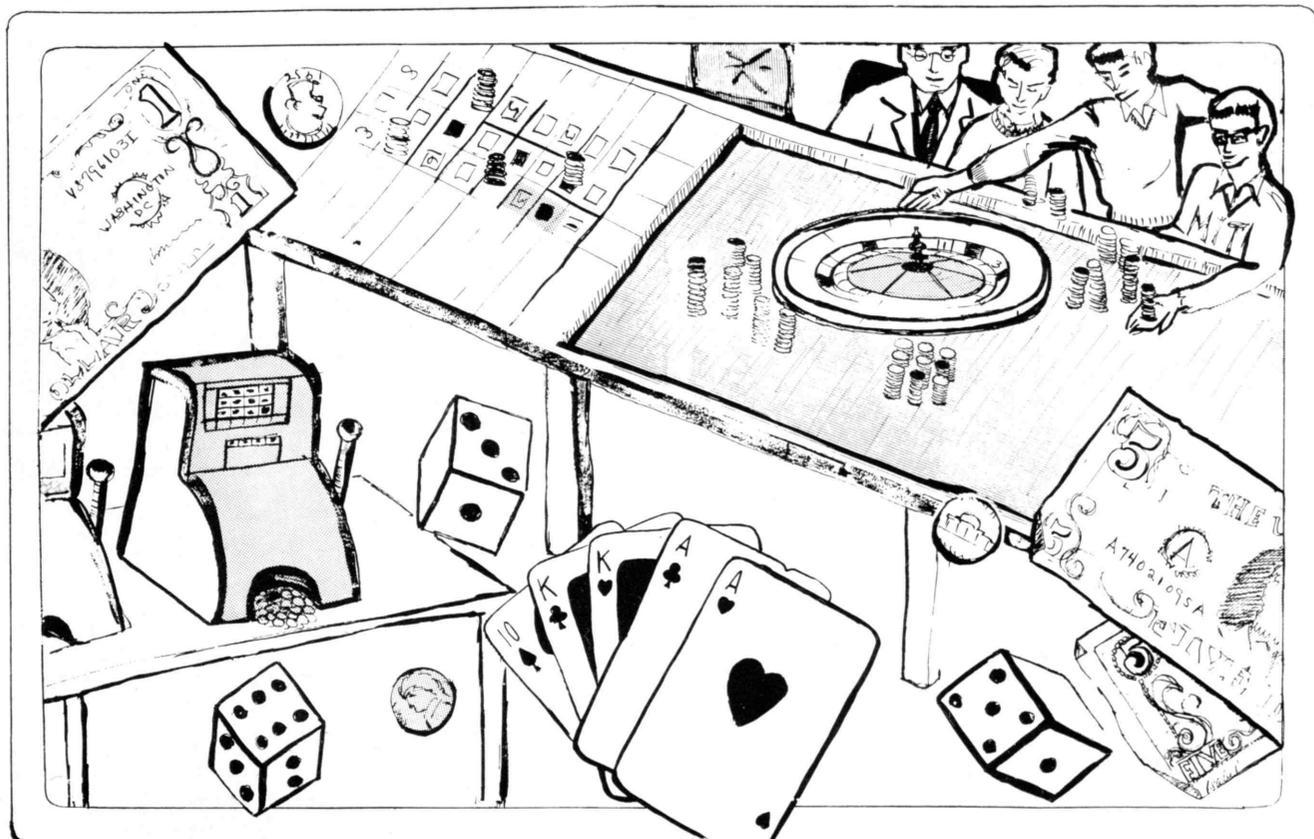
Stop Calling EL4-7253.



Did you know that 90%
of all people were caused
by accident?

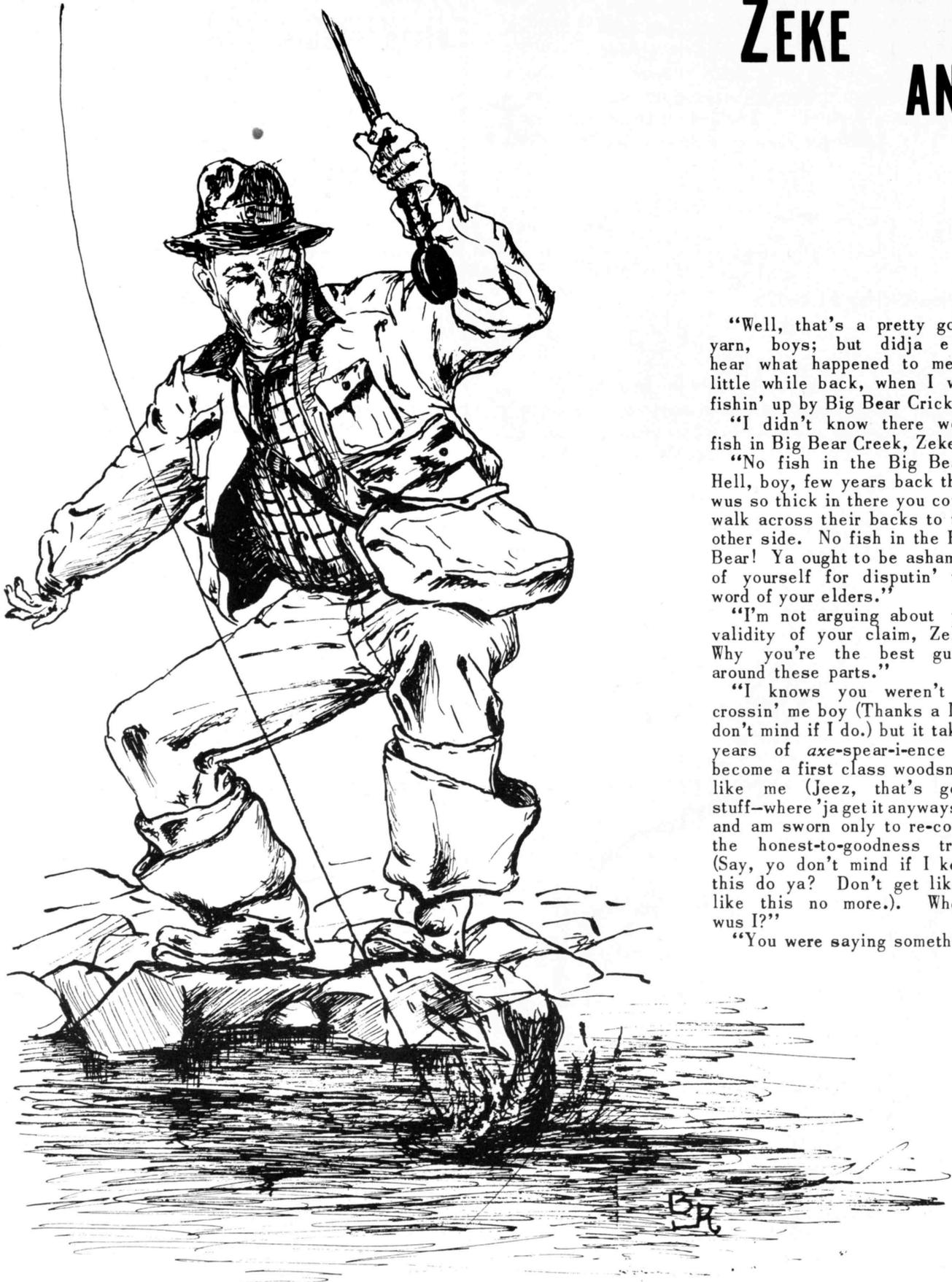
Two's company, three's
the result.

We heard the other day
what those cryptic letters,
WTBS, stand for: We Trans-
mit B--- S---!



OPERATIONS RESEARCH LAB - "THE MONTE CARLO METHOD"

ZEKE AND



"Well, that's a pretty good yarn, boys; but didja ever hear what happened to me a little while back, when I was fishin' up by Big Bear Crick?"

"I didn't know there were fish in Big Bear Creek, Zeke."

"No fish in the Big Bear? Hell, boy, few years back they wus so thick in there you could walk across their backs to the other side. No fish in the Big Bear! Ya ought to be ashamed of yourself for disputin' the word of your elders."

"I'm not arguing about the validity of your claim, Zeke. Why you're the best guide around these parts."

"I knows you weren't a-crossin' me boy (Thanks a lot, don't mind if I do.) but it takes years of *axe-spear-i-ence* to become a first class woodsman like me (Jeez, that's good stuff—where 'ja get it anyways?) and am sworn only to re-count the honest-to-goodness truth (Say, yo don't mind if I keep this do ya? Don't get likker like this no more.). Where wus I?"

"You were saying something

THE SERPENT

By Irv Roberts

Down the road a-piece, I hears tell, there's a little crick, no bigger'n a puddle. Yep! That's where a smart country feller can catch some real bass.

about the time you were fishing the Big Bear."

"Oh, yeah! The Big Bear. Well I was fishin' the Big Bear a couple years back and havin' pretty good luck that day. Took me three fat bass within an hour. Then my luck plumb ran out—them bass stopped a-hittin' and nawthin' would work. Wouldn't even tumble for a spoon."

"What did you do, Zeke? Pack up and head for home?"

"Hold on a-minute and I'll tell ya. (Damn! But that likker's good. Corse it's your bottle, anyways, but you're welcome to a swig if you wants one.) Well, 'twas one of them real wet days which chills ya plumb clean to the bone. With my un'usal sense of forecastin' (my corns ached) I'd packed along a pint o' whiskey jest in case. Welllll, I set down there beside the bank, pulls out my bottle and promptly un-chilled."

"What's this got to do with fishing, Zeke? I thought we were talking about fishing?"

"Damn! Hold on a-minute and we'll get to that. Where the devil was I?"

"On the bank, getting crocked."

"Yeah, on the bank gettin' croc-no! I warn't gettin' crocked. A little warm, mebber, but not crocked. Well, there I was, a-settin' and a-feelin' a glow spread within my bones when all's a sudden—a few feet away—I spies this big water snake a-sunnin' himself on a rock."

"Ah, *bab!* Just as I thought. You *were* crocked!"

"Shet-up and listen, will ya? Looked like that old water snake was 'bout to dine. 'Cause there, in his mouth, was a young froggy and I swears he was a-lickin' his chops."

"Say, I'll bet that's why the fish weren't biting.. The snake scared them away."

"Naw, yer dead wrong. My guess's this here snake grabbed the froggy from out o' the weeds in back a his rock. Anyways, while I was a-settin' and a-gazin' at that there frog, all of a sudden-like, a powerful idee come o'er me."

"You were going to exterminate the serpent."

"What?"

"You were going to kill it?"

"Naw, yer wrong again. Shet up and listen, will ya? I decided to get me a-holt of that froggy. What a bait! If'n the bass turned up their pir-snikety noses at a juicy frog, might's well go home and call it a day. Spek'latin' on this, I yanked my fishin' rod out and with one cast—knocked that frog plumb clean out o' that there snake and onto my hook."

"Haw, haw. That was giving it to the snake, Zeke."

"Now don't laugh. Ya shoulda seen the *axe*-pression on that snake's puss. Why that poor critter he looks up at me as if the end o' the world had come. Finally he slithers off o' the rock and over to me like a dog a-beggin' for a bone."

"What did you do, Zeke? Club him one?"

"Like hell I did! I felt a-sorry for him. That pore hungry little critter, a-droolin' and a-

slaverin' and a-gazin' up at my pole with his froggy a-hangin' from my hook."

"You gave him back his frog, eh, Zeke?"

"Hell, *nooooo!* But I couldn't take his vittles away without a-givin' him sumpin' in a fair swap. The oney thing I could think of was a swig o' my whiskey. So's I grabbed the critter 'round the neck, shoved the bottle into his gut and poured half of the likker down his poke."

"What a dirty trick!"

"I warn't no trick a-tall. Left me with but one more swig in the bottle. Well, that critter skee-dadled out o' there like a bullet."

"You know, that was a pretty mean thing to do, Zeke, even to a snake."

"Listen, bud. How many snakes ya know gets a crack at good corn likker these days? Now I ask ya, how many? Anyways, I started a-fishin' with that there frog and *man* was I hot. Those grand-daddy bass were a-jumpin' after that frog like kids after candy. I got me my limit in no time a-tall. It was almost like dynamitin' for 'em."

"Well, I guess snakes do serve a purpose. At least that one did. Say, Zeke, I'll bet that snake really must have it in for you."

"Hell, *nooooo!* Jest as I was a-fixin' to leave, I felt sumpin' a-tuggin' on my leg. I looks down and ya know what? There was that darn fool snake sa-shayin' drunk-like—with another frog in his mouth!"

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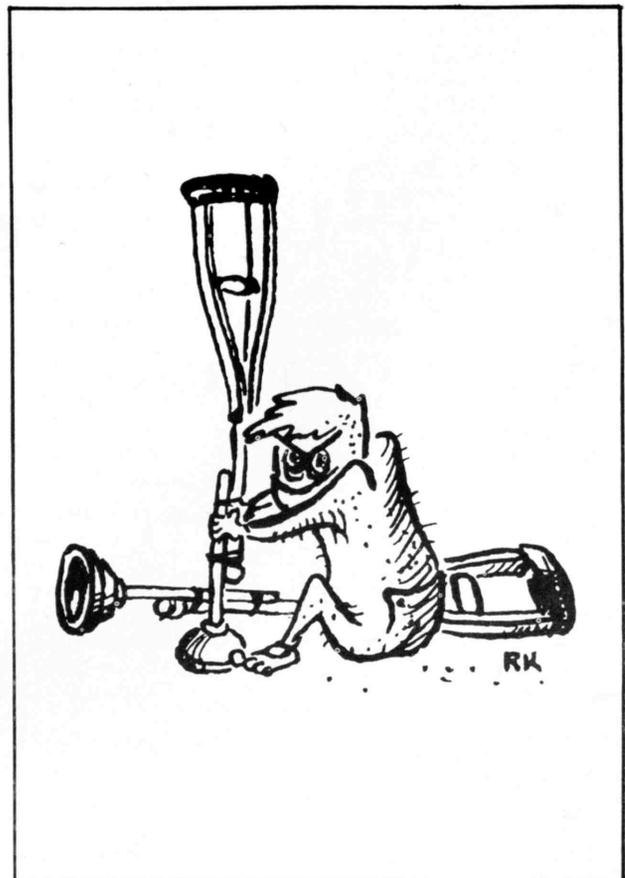
A dashing young movie hero, the delight of millions of teenage girls was told by his studio head, "It's time you played a different kind of role. We're casting you as a miner in your next picture." The hero announced firmly, "Nothing doing! I hate minors. The last one I met cost me twenty thousand dollars."

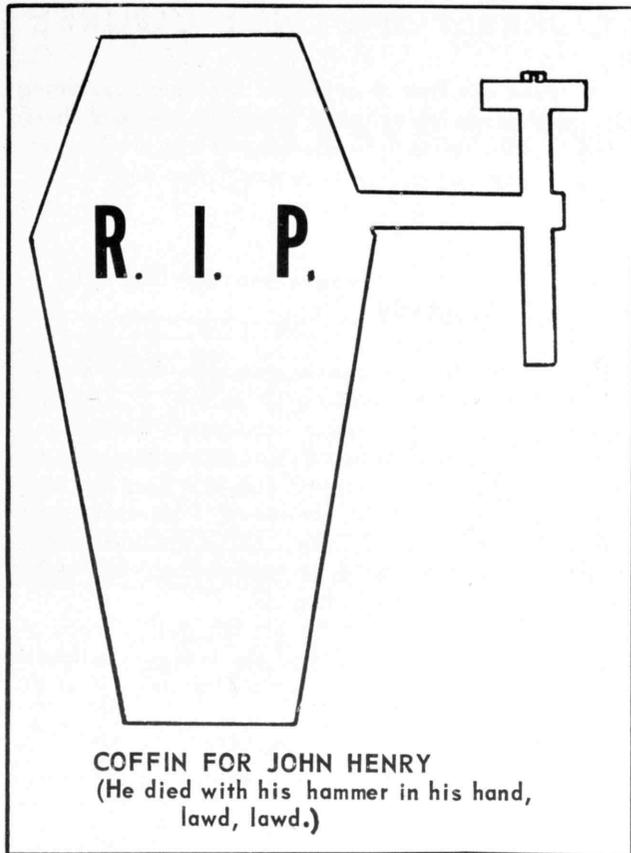


During Krushchev's tour of Washington, D.C., he was very quiet. However, when he saw the Washington Monument he was heard to remark, "Eh, they'll never get it off the ground!"



A drunk sat down next to a shapely coed in a bus and looked down, commenting, "Shay lady, you got two verrrry beautiful legs." "How would you know?" she snapped. "Easily," he replied brightly, "I counted them."





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Didja hear d' one 'bout the near-sighted whale that fell madly in love with a US submarine and followed it all over the world. Every time the sub ejected a torpedo the whale would pass out cigars.



"If you can't type, take dictation, file or keep books, why does your boss pay you such a huge salary?" asked a friend. "I can't conceive," she replied.



A Tennessee doctor, testing a hillbilly's mental capacities for the local draft board, asked, "What would you say is the difference between a little boy and a dwarf?" "Might be a heap of difference," allowed the hill boy. "Such as?" encouraged the doctor. The prospective infantryman drawled, "That dwarf might be a girl."

November 1959

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THROUGH FAITH ALL THINGS ARE PASSABLE

Here is a free sample lesson.

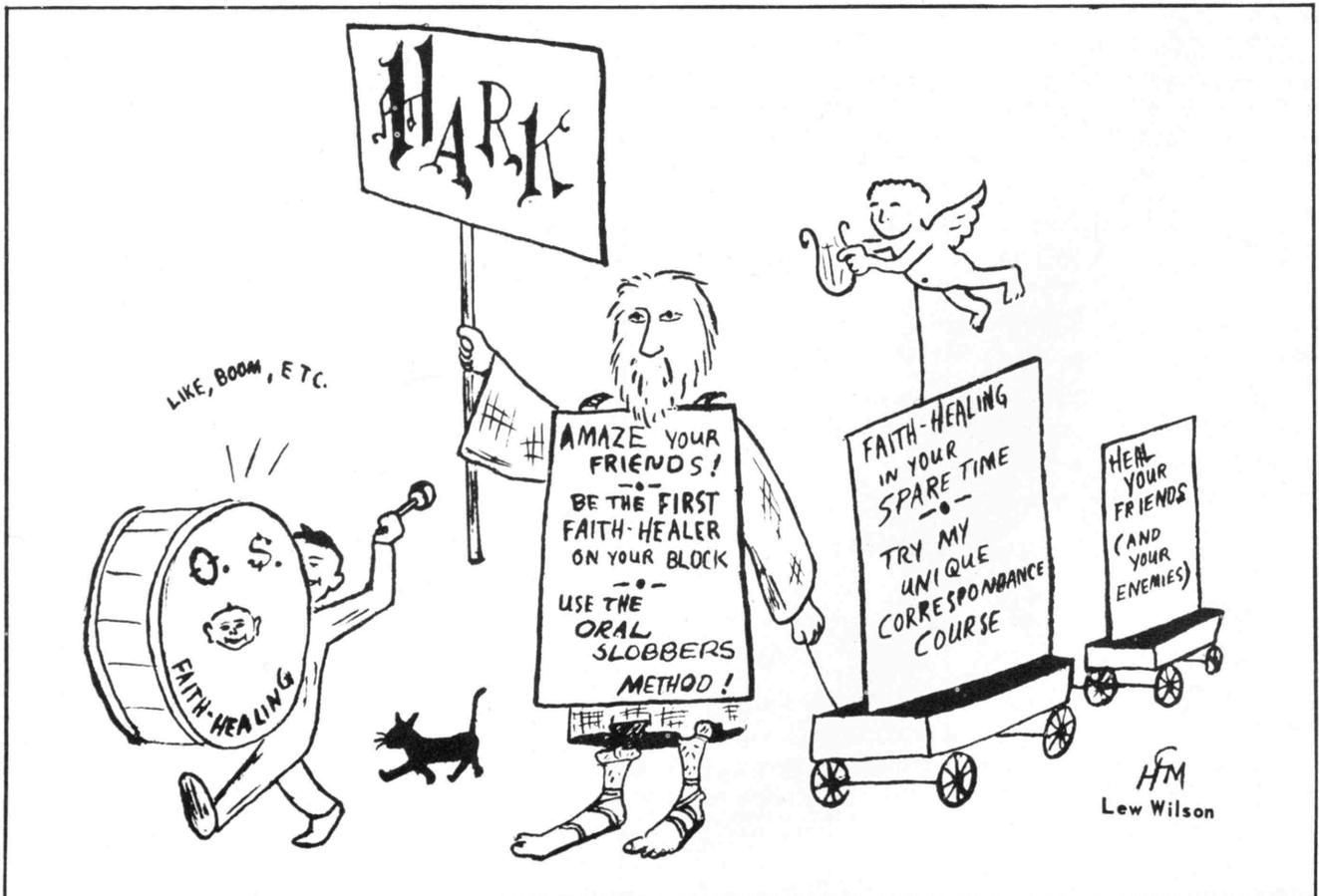
Lesson No. 276. How To Cure a Goitre

After obtaining a signed statement of exemption from responsibility for Death through Asphyxiation or Strangulation, including a clause covering possible funeral expenses, work yourself into a convincing but controlled frenzy by tramping up and down a platform (if available). Invoking the Spiritual Aid of the Omnipotent, without warning, fling yourself at the Sufferer, grasping his throat gently but firmly with your right hand, at the same time pressing back and downward on the forehead with the left hand in such a manner as to keep the jaws tightly clenched, thereby muffling any cries of Protest or Agony.

Exert a steadily increasing pressure, being careful to rupture as few glands as possible, and when the Sufferer is sufficiently compressed so that it is no longer visible, release the sufferer and proclaim to your spellbound audience that this Soul has been relieved of its fleshy burden of Pain through the Healing Powers, etc., etc., No contradiction from the Sufferer need be feared since his larynx has been effectively crushed....

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PHYSIKALISHES by Molly Kule

$pV = RT$ ma non troppo $h\nu$

$5ma$ α $n\lambda = 2d \sin \theta$

O, come with me to watch the first Radon; when the stars Argon;

$H_0 \Psi = E \Psi$

$5\Delta \rightarrow 4E$

as the day Krypton. And if the morn be cloudy - you won't Xenon.

$\log \phi$ zur pumpe

twas there she set my Neon; and told me what a Helium!

$\text{flat} \pm 2 \text{ db.}$

a study on the diatomic scale
arranged for a cyanogen band

NB— this probably dates back to Helmholtz — brought up to this most recent
version by Dr. J. Rothstein and

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TECHNOLOGY STORE

40 MASS. AVE. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

A drunk boarded an M.T.A. trolley and sat down next to an old gray haired lady.

"You may not know it," said the old lady, "but you're going straight to Hell, young man."

The drunk jumped to his feet and hollered to the driver, "My God, let me off! I'm on the wrong trolley."



A man walked into a psychiatrist's office and stretched out on the couch. "I've an awful problem, Doctor, I keep thinking I'm a dog." "Well, this is pretty bad!" exclaimed the doctor. "How long has this been going on?" "Ever since I was a pup."



Her hat was on one side, her clothes were rumpled, and her shoes were almost in shreds. "Were you knocked down by a motorist?" queried a bystander. "No picked up by one," she snapped.



The belligerent little man with a very bad speech impediment said to the counterman, "I'd wike scwambled eggth with chicken wiverth - and no withe cwackth!"

"Scwambled eggth with chicken wiverth," the waiter called to the cook.

"Thop twing to mock me," snarled the little man with a fierce look in his eye.

"I wathn't," protested the waiter. "Thith ith the way I talk."

The little man sat down. Just then a new customer sat down at the counter. "I'll have pancakes with syrup and sausages," he said.

"Pancakes with syrup and sausages," sang out the waiter.

With a howl the little man was up again. "Tho, you were mocking me," he accused.

"I wath not!" said the waiter indignantly. "I wath mocking bim!"

PUT YOURSELF IN THIS PICTURE!

ITEM: BENTLY FILTCHHEIMER -
WEALTHY YOUNG SOCIALITE,
MAN ABOUT TOWN, AND
AVID VOO DOO READER -
WAS RECENTLY
ROBBED
DURING HOME
TOWN'S ANNUAL
'BENTLY FILTCH-
HEIMER DAY', AND
SHOWERED WITH WEALTH
FAME AND MISCELLANEOUS.



YOU ARE A POTENTIAL BENTLY FILTCHHEIMER!

YOU CAN BE THE SOPHISTICATED BON VIVANT YOU WANT TO BE, INSTEAD OF THE INTELLECTUAL GARBAGE FLE YOU ARE! FOR INSTANCE, ARE YOU ASHAMED BECAUSE ...

- YOU DON'T KNOW
1. WHAT IS COMING OFF?
 2. WHICH END IS UP?
 3. WHY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST COMES OUT ON TUESDAYS?
 4. F = MA?

*  REMEMBER: ANYTHING THAT'S NOT WORTH SAYING ONCE, ISN'T WORTH SAYING AT ALL.  *

DOES YOUR BEST FRIEND MAKE YOU FEEL INFERIOR BECAUSE HE MAKES OUT WITH ALL THE GIRLS IN TOWN, GETS STRAIGHT "A's" IN COLLEGE, IS CAPTAIN OF THE FOOTBALL TEAM, AND RIDES A WHITE HORSE?

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE TALLER THAN HE IS, EVEN TALLER THAN HIS HORSE? DO YOU WANT TO HOLD A MIGHTY ARM, GET BACK FOUR DOLLARS FOR EVERY THREE YOU INVEST, AND GUARDED AGAINST THROAT SCRATCH? THEN READ NO FURTHER BECAUSE ANY FOOL KNOWS YOU CAN'T GET NOTHING LIKE THAT NOW-DAYS. BUT SINCE YOU'RE STILL PSYCHICALLY OBLUSCATED (E.G. "P.O.E'D") TAKE EIGHT ISSUES OF VOO DOO IN A FOAMING GLASS OF WATER FOR INSTANT RELIEF. DO NOT DELAY! FILL OUT THE FORM BELOW (LEFT). OR BETTER YET, FILL OUT THE FORM BELOW (RIGHT).

M.I.T. Voo Doo
WALKER MEM. BLDG.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS

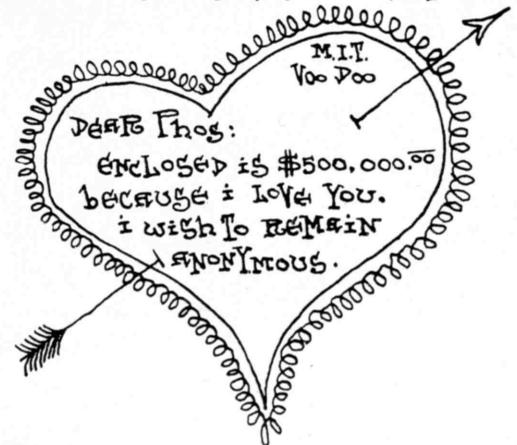
DEAR THOS:

ENCLOSED IS \$250 SO PLEASE SEND EIGHT
~~incredibly funny~~ ~~issues~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~interesting~~
~~issues~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~interesting~~ ISSUES OF VOO DOO TO...

NAME _____ PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS _____ PLEASE EMBOS

CITY _____ STATE _____ PLEASE PRINT



* AND IF IT'S NOT WORTH SAYING AT ALL, YOU READ IT FIRST IN VOO DOO!

Still young and beautiful at age 75!

THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE...



But America's most famous lady does it!

No Paris design of '59 is more lovely than this ageless beauty, a gift from France 75 years ago. Miss Liberty has welcomed millions to these shores with the words, "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free . . . I lift my lamp beside the golden door."



A cigarette that's **Low** in tar
with **More** taste to it!

THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE...

But L&M does it!

When you're in New York, be sure to see Miss Liberty. And right now, enjoy an **L&M** - Low in tar, with More taste to it. That free-drawing, pure white Miracle Tip is so advanced, **L&M** can use the light, mild premium quality tobaccos you need for full, rich tobacco taste. That's why **L&M** is kindest to your taste!

Live Modern with L&M
KINDEST
TO YOUR TASTE!

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