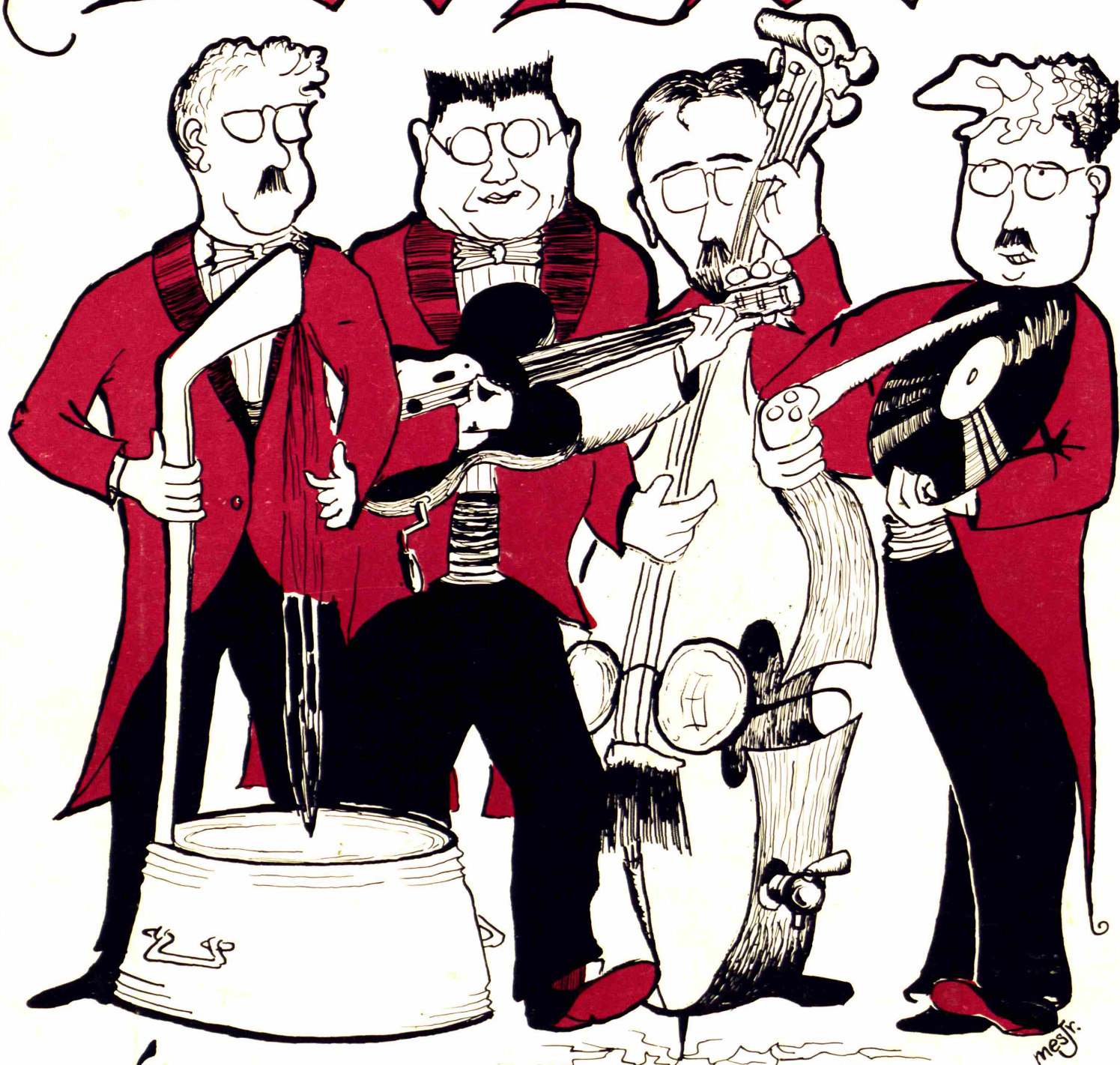


Woo Woo

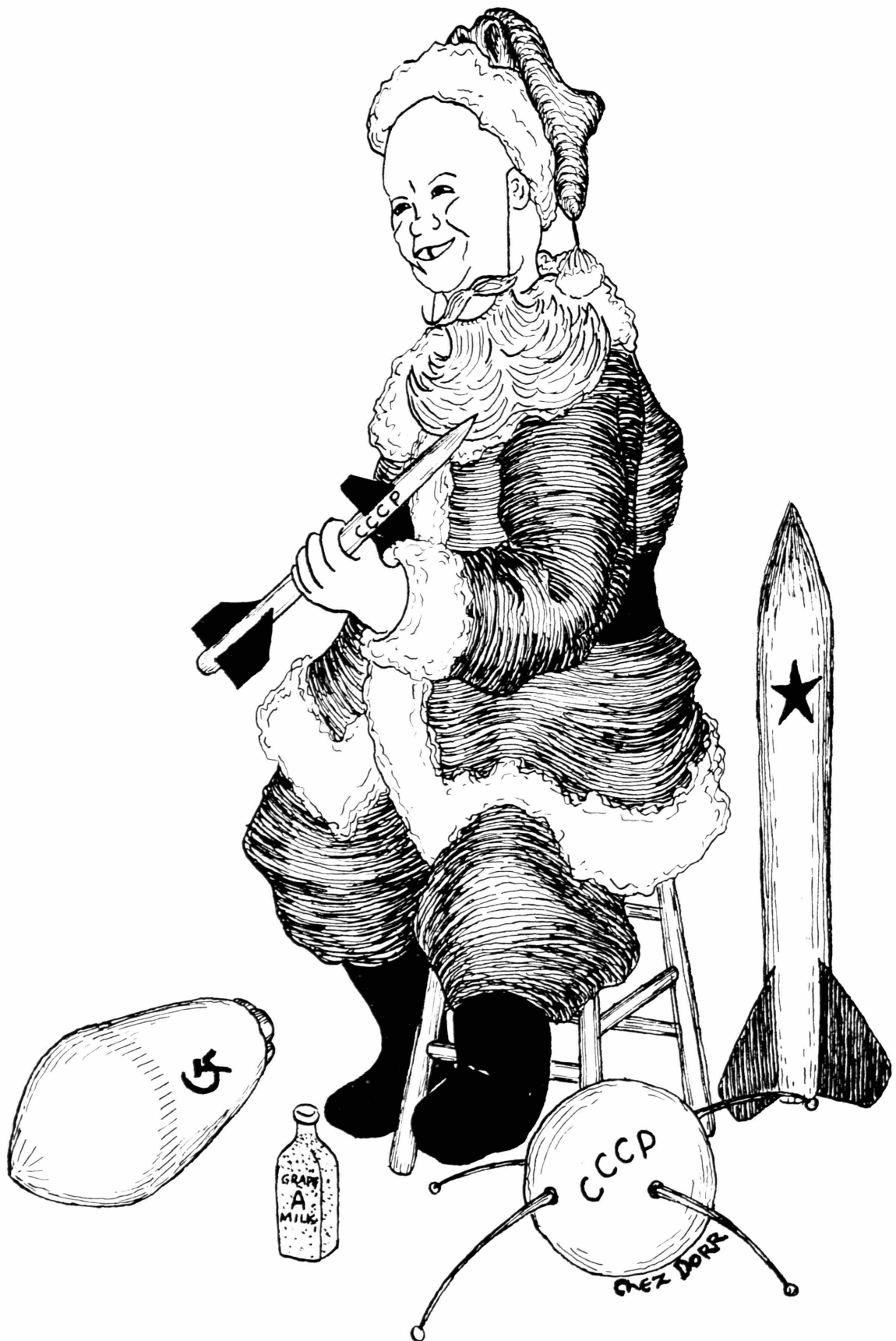
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"Happy Birthday Ludwig" Issue

HAVE A VERY MERRY XMAS . . .



. . . WHILE IT LASTS

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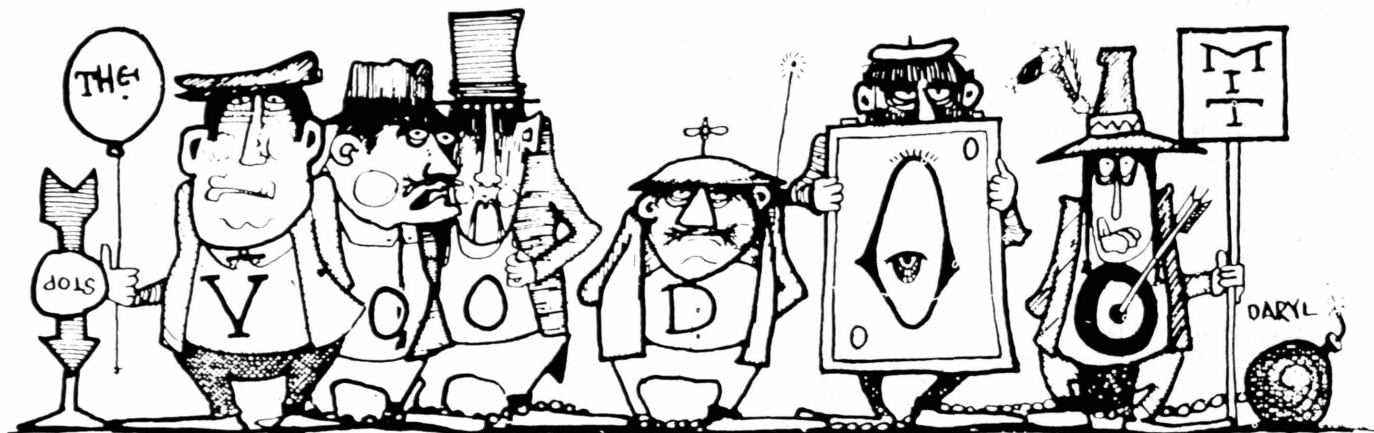
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We mourn another milestone in the annals of infamy....the staff of one of the best College Humor magazines in this country, the Texas Ranger, has been summarily fired, for printing in its last issue, what the University of Texas considered a "dirty" word. Having suffered a fate almost as dire, VooDoo feels that it should raise its voice in the clamor that will undoubtedly be raised by many other College Humor magazines, and note with sadness the passing of a swinging group of humorists.

HONEST CARR
Used John Dealer
Basement, Walker Memorial

Another sign of good cheer...one of our Senior board members was awakened at the unearthly hour of 10 a.m. last Sunday morning, by the sound of hymns blaring forth from a trumpet. Living in a resi-

dential area, (Allston), our man wondered what the commotion could be. Peering groggily out the window, he perceived a genuine Salvation Army band marching down his street. In no mood for salvation, he put a Dukes of Dixieland on his stereo system, turned up both channels full blast, and opened his windows. The stalwart militarists broke rank, stopped playing, and double-timed out of earshot.

*Progesterone,
Testosterone,
Combat your urge
To live alone.
They rush your blood
And shake your bone
And make you wallow
In sweet cologne
And clean your ears
And dial your phone
And sometimes giggle
And sometimes groan.
So clever is man,
With his gadgets infernal;
But he's still bossed around
By his juices internal.*

Chivalry is not dead in Boston. Yet. We were down at The Sevens the other night and we saw a demonstration that proved this. As you may know, between the hours of 10 and midnight on Friday night the interior of The Sevens resembles an M.T.A. car at rush hour, except that everyone's drinking. Through this entanglement of bibulous bodies a young maiden, with a cat mounted upon her shoulders, was attempting to obtain a clear passageway with notable lack of success. Suddenly one of the bartenders observed her plight and came immediately to her aid, by shouting out loudly and clearly, "Make way for the lady with the ('young cat')." "

A few months ago, an official memo from Ralph Savers was circulated around R.L.E., to the effect that too much petty thievery was going on, and would everybody please make sure that their respective offices and labs were locked at all times. We were therefore very surprised last week, as we walked through the first floor of building 26 to observe that somebody took the 709 Computer! (See for yourself!)

We were not at all shocked at the recent furor over the Boston Police, and their illegal doings....we've known all that for years. The really funny part is the sanctimonious huffing and puffing being done locally, trying to show that the Boston Police Force is not really corrupt. A prominent religious man even took it upon himself to lecture an assembled group of policemen on how badly "Boston is being maligned." Hoodah!

We don't know how much stock to put in this report, but we hear that Dean Petri is actually giving loans to students so they can buy (fine art) prints from the gallery in building 14. To think...they said MIT had no culture!

We wish to congratulate a certain G.P., Professor of Music, upon his receiving an award from High Fiddidly Magazine.... it seems that he has done more than any other single person to perk up the ebbing record industry by causing the early demise of MIT's record collection. If you want an example, come to his lectures; but don't bring your lunch.

The SPCA has finally persuaded the city of Boston to provide maternity shelters for the numerous stray cats and dogs which infest our fair streets. These enclosures, in which the poor beasts are permitted to have their offspring are, it is true, open to the foul weather, but they are at least stuffed with nice warm scrap paper. You may have noticed them here and there on the street; they are marked. "Drop Litter Here."

It is a known fact that all M.I.T. students, as they walk down any corridor, look in and inspect each secretary in every office. Little do they know that each and every secretary is peering out and inspecting every little Tech Tool! There is a certain office in the Institute which is blessed with two doors. In this office many games have been played in the past two years. As a matter of fact, the most popular is for each secretary to pick out the wierdest Tool who walks by and inform the other before he walks by the other door. **TOOLS BEWARE!**



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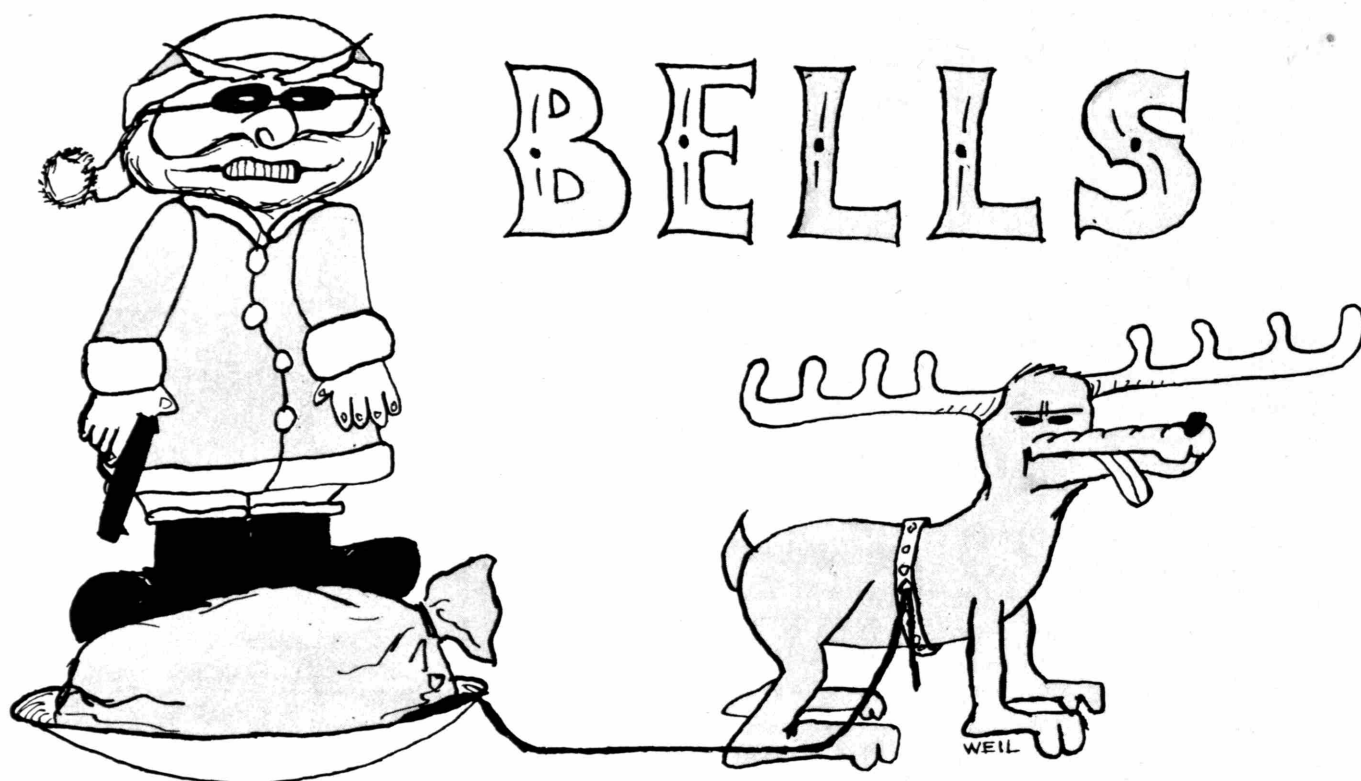
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Just a half-mile down the Ave.



The cold, white snow had ceased falling. A seemingly limitless white plain stretched out in all directions from the long rows of factory buildings which, silent now, had hummed incessantly all year long for this one night's effort, this night's effort which would bring joy throughout the world the next morning to millions of little children. S.N. leaned heavily against the golden hand rail of the great sleigh in order to steady himself. He felt dizzy, he heard a strange ringing sound in his head and his stomach seemed to have a mind of its own, yet he climbed into the driver's seat as he had done countless times before; the show must go on.

His wife had begged him to let one of the helpers take his place, there were so many who could do the job. But S.N. knew better. It was *his* job, his alone, and no fall down a flight of steel factory steps was going to keep him from seeing that it was done right. He knew the entire route better than anyone else, its pitfalls and its shortcuts, the tricks and turns.

A few hours before takeoff time he had been in such pain, a kind of pressure beneath spot on his head marked by the clean white bandage, that he almost consented to let one of the helpers make the trip. But miraculously the sharp barb of pain had departed, and despite her pleas he had supervised the loading and hitching, chuckling all the time as though he couldn't

bear the strange ringing sound inside his head.

All the others were asleep now, they were far too exhausted from the yearly effort to see the takeoff; besides, they had seen it countless times before. Their job was done. The cargo stood neatly stacked in almost endless lines on the snow. Each trip back would see those lines diminish until, with the rising sun, they would be no more.

S.N. picked up the reins. The deer, who up until this point had been restlessly pawing the earth, snapped to attention; this was the job they had awaited all year, their *raison d'être*. S.N. gave the reins a slight snap and the sleigh rose effortlessly into the sky. Suddenly he felt at ease. This was his job, his joy, and this year would be better than ever. He permitted himself a full belly-laugh of joy. Why, the sleigh was even rising faster than ever before. Yes, this would be a banner year.

Stop 3,243,247 was at the Littig home. This was an easy stop for S.N.: only one customer, Conrad, age 7. Standing next to the tree he paused with the electric train set still half way out of the bag to picture Conrad's high screams of delight the next morning. He chuckled softly to himself so as not to awaken his customer, who had fallen asleep in a peeping position just inside the doorway to the dining room. Yes, the trains, the tractor, the model airplane, the

car with the remote control, and the funny puppet with the face of a duck, all these would not fail to amuse and delight him.

And he had earned it too. For weeks he been practically a little angel, perfect to the point of making his mother nearly burst with pride when she saw him clean up the playroom without being told, eat the spinach he hated so passionately, and offer his favorite toy to the boy next door.

S.N. took a last look at the warm, angelic-looking creature sleeping peacefully, half-in, half-out of the dining room doorway, and rose through the soot. Usually the trip up was easier, but tonight he rose slowly in accompaniment to the dull throbbing which had begun again in his head. Then throwing the bag into the back of the sleigh he mounted the driver's seat, took the reins, and moved on to the next house down the block. The sleigh rose more slowly than before.

Sergeant Brady could hardly hear the voice

at the other end of the line. He would have preferred not to be here at all. To-day was a day when a man should be home with his family. He closed his eyes and waited for the screaming in the background to stop so he could hear what the woman was trying to tell him. It didn't stop, it went on and on, a high pitched scream that he, as a father, had heard many times before. Someone was throwing a tantrum.

Suddenly he heard a sharp crack and the scream diminished to a whisper. Now he could finally hear the almost hysterical voice of the woman at the other end of the line. She was obviously in tears: "For months we saved, a little each week since last June! He took it all, not a trace left! Everything, everything, over forty dollars in toys, from our own living room without a trace!..."

Sergeant Brady was not surprised, how could he be surprised? It was the 3,243,247th such theft reported in New York in one day.

— Solon

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The Case of the Lifeless Longhair

Another Agatha Crusty Murder Mystery

There he lay, sprawled in a pool of crimson, his face a contorted expression of paralyzed fear. Mintomoni, the famed conductor, had obviously met his demise by foul means, reasoned Hercules Poisson, for how else might a violin bow have lodged itself between the ninth ribs of the silent figure? Ah, yes, thought Hercules aloud, this was no suicide...an inordinately appropriate way for a musician to go...it must have taken years of planning.

Scotland Yard was baffled by the case, and had sent for the one man who could solve it. "Voici, how ze mighty have fallen," thought Hercules Poisson, as he recalled last month's conversation with Chief Inspector Shropsham-Wickwire...the foolish Inspector had insisted that he could solve any crime ever perpetrated.. and now he was reduced to once again summoning the intrepid Poisson to perform a seemingly unsolvable analysis.

Already the keen wheels of Hercules's mind had begun to spin; "Tiens, This is no ordinary crime...there must be a motive, cleverly disguised. Perhaps it was one of Mintomoni's orchestra; and then again, it may have been a disgruntled listener; or perhaps a competing conductor."

A week later, Hercules Poisson had failed to unearth any further evidence. He sat, enveloped in a cloud of incense, at a magnificent marble-topped desk, in Montomoni's split-level mansion in the hamlet of Whitworth-on-Thread, listening to one of the conductor's numerous recordings. The sound of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, transcribed for a myriad of the famous Mintomoni Singing Strings, floated forth from the gramophone, accompanied by the characteristic whirring sound that had made



Mintomoni's recordings of the classics popular.

Suddenly the door creaked open, and in strode a masked figure, brandishing a Luger at the defenseless Hercules. "Aha," cried our hero, "ze murderer has returned to ze scene of his crime!"

"Yes," rasped the mysterious stranger," but you will be dispatched far less elegantly than was that miserable excuse for a conductor."

"Before you shoot," remarked Hercules with commendable calmness, "you might as well tell me who you are, and why you have killed Mintomoni. Alors, such is the usual procedure in zese hackneyed mysteries of murder."

"Well, who are we to upset tradition, old chap?" replied the masked one, walking towards the detective and nearly tripping over the body of Mintomoni. Deucedly inefficient, these Scotland Yard blokes...which reminds me, why do they call it Scotland Yard, when they do their work in London...but I disgress "You see," said the stranger "I am really...aargh..."

"Tres bon!" exclaimed Hercules Poisson, as the dauntless Inspector Shropsham-Wickwire stepped from behind a curtain to examine the product of his sharpshooting.

"Well done, my foot," retorted the Inspector, "I thought that gun was unloaded...now we'll never know who did in Mintomoni."

"But it is zat I very well know who zis is," replied Poisson, as the masked assailant gave a few more groans prefatory to expiring. "Zis," said Poisson, removing the mask with a grandiose gesture, "is Ludwig Beethoven VI...a descendant of ze composer."

"Magnificent!" roared Inspector Shropsham-Wickwire, as he gazed upon the countenance which alarmingly resembled that seen on countless Mintomoni record jackets.

"The motive is obvious," interjected Hercules, "Ludwig VI became revolted at the way in which Mintomoni's Singing Strings murdered Beethoven's music, oui, so he was forced to do likewise with Mintomoni. I simply waited all week at the scene of the crime, playing recordings of that awful music, knowing that the murderer would return. Another case solved, alors!"

The record on the Gramophone, which had been playing on throughout this stirring episode, finally and mercifully ran into the lead-out grooves. The silence at last was refreshing, without the heaviness of the Singing Strings.

"There's still one thing that puzzles me," mused the Inspector, "what was that incessant whirring sound on all of Mintomoni's recordings?"

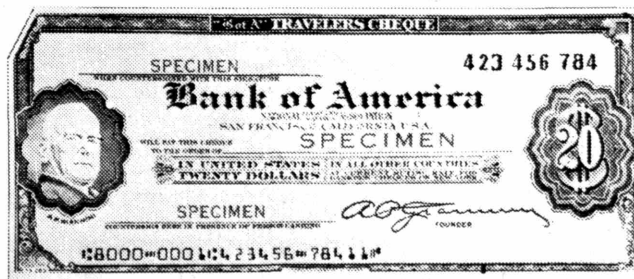
"Easily explained," said Hercules Poisson, tripping over both bodies on his way to the door, "zat was ze composer, turning in his grave. Vive l'Allomagne!"

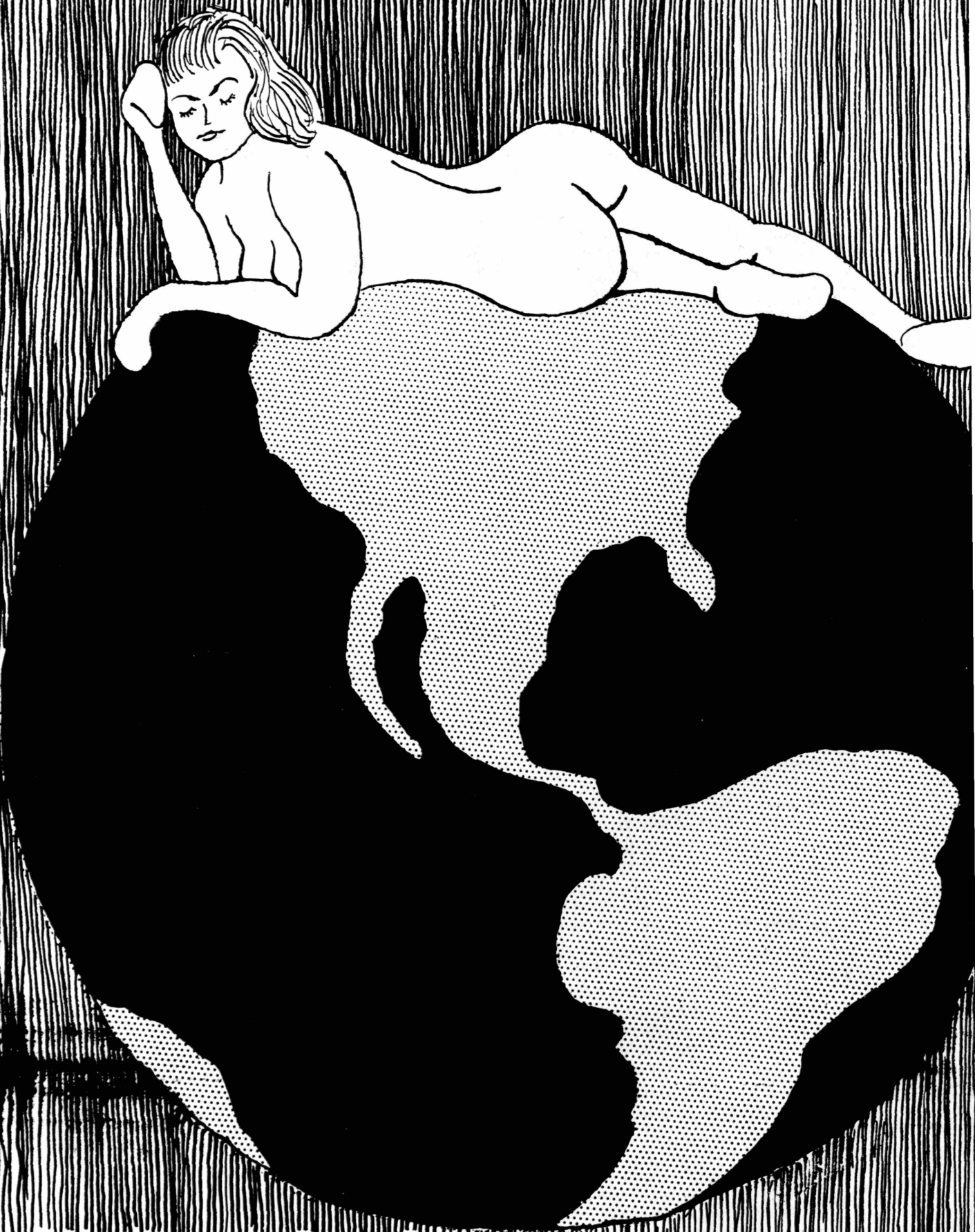
— ELP



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PEACE ON EARTH

mesJR. &
CHAZ DORR

Let's put the X back in Xmas.

• •

"OK Moses, take out your tablet and number from one to ten, we're going to have a little quiz."

• •

Let's put wash back in Washington's Birthday.

• •

Heard about the absent minded professor who kissed the streetcar goodbye, jumped on his wife and went to town?

• •

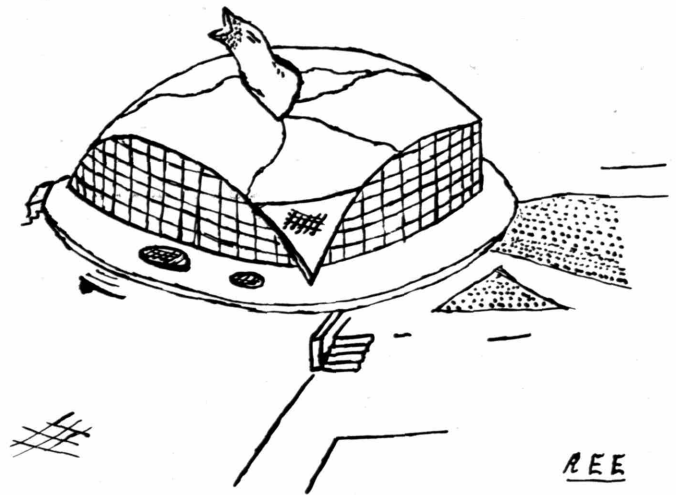
Let's put the east back in Easter.

• •

We hear that Jacqueline Kennedy has had a great effect on fashion in Cambridge. All the women and Harvard students are dressing like her.

• •

Let's put the link back in Lincoln's Birthday.



Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust
If you don't like the sweater
Get your hands off my fraternity pin.

• •

Let's put the coulomb back in Columbus Day.

• •

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

• •

Let's put the Trojans back into the horse.

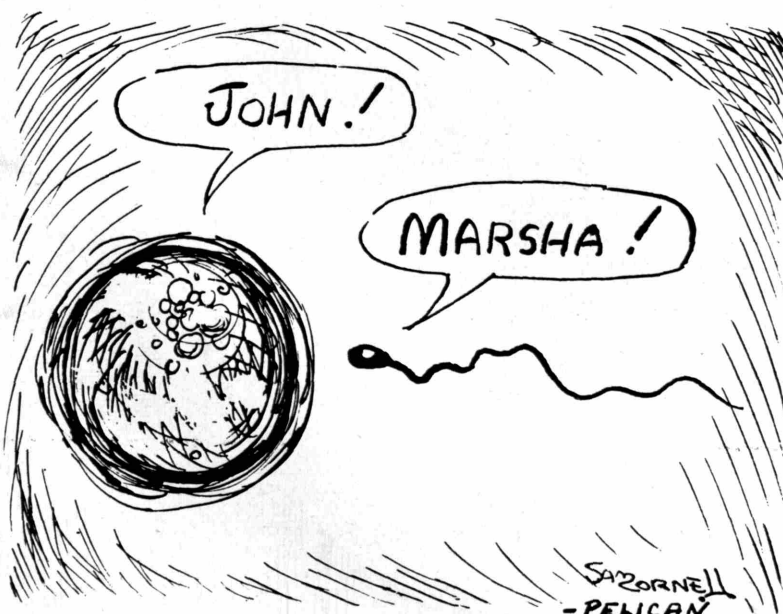
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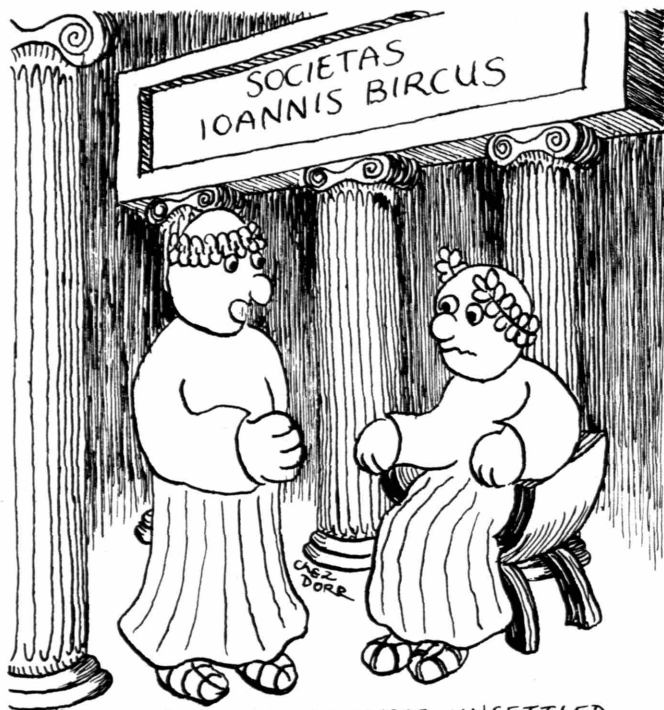
"Why don't you smile?" the teacher asked young Johnny.

"I didn't have no breakfast."

"You poor dear," said the teacher. "But to return to our geography lesson, Johnny - where is the Polish border?"

"In bed with Ma - that's why I didn't have no breakfast."





"COMES FROM ONE OF THOSE UNSETTLED MIDDLE EASTERN AREAS, PREACHES ABOUT THE RISE OF THE POOR AND THE WORKERS, EVEN CALLS HIMSELF 'THE MESSIAH'; I TELL YOU THE HOUSE UNROMAN ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE SHOULD BE NOTIFIED OF THIS"

She: Never, never kiss me that way again!

He: Sorry, A mere slip of the tongue.



Is it some strange witching power inherent in the hour of midnight that makes all the couples on dates then turn into motels?



Then there's the indignant coed who exclaimed: "I'll give you just 45 minutes to get your hand off my knee."

St. Peter and God were playing golf one day St. Peter teed off and hit a long drive straight down the fairway. God hit his into the rough; all of a sudden a rabbit picked up the ball in his mouth and started running back toward the cup. An eagle appeared out of nowhere, picked up the rabbit with the ball still in his mouth, and started to fly toward the cup. When he was just about over the cup, a bolt of lightning struck him, knocking him and the rabbit to the ground, whereupon the ball fell out of the rabbit's mouth and rolled into the cup. After watching this improbable sequence of actions, St. Peter turned to God and said, "Are you going to play golf or screw around?"



"..AND I WANT A BICYCLE AND A PONY AND A FALLOUT SHELTER FOR MY DOLLY.."

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Vassar and Smith:

Don't bother with;

Wellesley and Conn:

They're bad for you, son;

Wheaton and Hood:

More harm than they're good.

No matter what place,

No matter what name,

If it's crawling with women

You'll end up the same:

They'll drink all your booze

And spend all your money

And all you'll get back

Is a small dab of honey,

Which looks pretty good

In Saturday's light,

But loses it's charm

Come around Sunday night

When you've totaled the score

And Looked all around

At your deflated pockets

And a heart that's shot down

And a pile of papers

All due the next day

Which you'd never get done

If you had till next May.

So stick with your books

And you'll really go far.

By the way, pal o' mine,

Can I borrow your car?

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THE KING'S PROBLEMS

An Albert Allegory

The story you are about to read is not true! The names, places, and events are entirely false since such things could only be the delusions of a warped mind. Even the methodology outlined is wrong, very, very, wrong. Thus warned, dear reader, (and the author suitably absolved of all guilt) please read on with tongue in cheek and the other portions of the anatomy suitably positioned.

Once upon a time, there was a King who had a strange little Kingdom by a large smelly ocean. The kingdom was composed of several large villages in which all his subjects lived. The king was basically a good man but he had a problem.

The problem arose because the king didn't have enough police or other officials to govern his subjects very well. He did have a small force but its job consisted mostly of patrolling the kingdom for elephants which were parked on the wrong places. The policeman would put a pink ticket on the elephants' trunks in hopes that the owner wouldn't leave him there again. The elephants were such a big problem because they dropped hooda. After all, you can see why the king didn't want his kingdom full of hooda. So he had a small police force to keep the elephants from dropping the hooda in the wrong places and to take care of it when they did. This police did a very good job because they really enjoyed their work.

But now the king had no one left to see that his subjects obeyed his laws. The king, however, was a crafty old man and he used an old trick. He selected these subjects who seemed to have nothing better to do and let them watch over the other subjects. He called the watchers "com." to be very sure that they did a good job, the king formed a funny little secret society with an even funnier name and let only com people join. At the meetings, he fed them and told them what to do. This all worked well except:

The king had forbid his subjects to make drinks in their rooms. The king said that the stills in which his subjects made the drinks were dangerous because they could get out of control and made icicles. Then, he feared, his subjects would be frozen alive and their houses might fall down and the king would have to build new ones at considerable cost. Everybody told the king not to worry because the icicles wouldn't stick to the walls but the king still didn't want his subjects making drinks in their rooms. (The king also sold drinks to his subjects but this has nothing at all to do with the story). In any case, the com seemed unwilling

or unable to find the stills in the subject's rooms and the drinkmaking went on.

Another problem was the monkeys. The subject were allowed to bring monkeys into their rooms but only until a certain hour. The king felt that if they stayed any longer something would happen. He wasn't sure just what might happen but everybody filled his head with horrible tales and he didn't like the monkeys in the rooms at all. So the king told com to consider the problem of monkeys in rooms and see if this was proper. (Hint, Hint!) The com had a big meeting and told the king that it was a great idea but that the monkeys should sign in so the other monkeys will be able to telephone them. The king didn't like that but he had no people of his own in the villages and the village had so many entrances he couldn't stop the monkeys coming in. So the king said okay and even agreed to tear up the monkey sign in sheets when the monkeys left since they weren't needed any more.

So here we have the king's problem's how can we control his subjects??

The answer was deceptively simple, first of all, he didn't throw away the monkey cards but kept careful records so he could tell who was wasting time on monkeys. (Check up if you don't believe it!). Then he started putting "helpers" into the villages to help his subjects. He gave them some money to spend and told them to be good guys at first so the subjects would accept them in the village. Then while the helpers were coming in, the king started building fences and walls around his villages. Finally he tried to get control over the kingdom's publications so that the subjects couldn't tell each other what was happening.

Then one day, the helpers turned into the kings watchers. They carefully watched for stills and kept a sharp eye out for monkeys. This was easy since the fences left only a few entrances where before there had been many. The publications were forced to say what a good thing the king had done.

In a little while, the monkeys were completely kept out of the villages. The king wanted his subjects to dress for dinner and the watchers made them. In fact, anything the king wanted his subjects to do the watchers would make them do it.

And the king had solved his problem. QED
Dear readers, you are still looking for the funny part of the story? The funny part is that the students don't realize what was happening until it's too late!!!

- Phil Issy

Voo Doo Doll of the month



While sitting in our apartment one nite tossing around the idea of presenting our readers with a Voo Doo Doll of the month, we heard a soft feminine knock on the door. It was Sheila coming to visit her friends at the Voo Doo Cave and we had our first doll of the month. Come along with Sheila as she spends an evening at the Cave reminiscing summer days at the Cape.

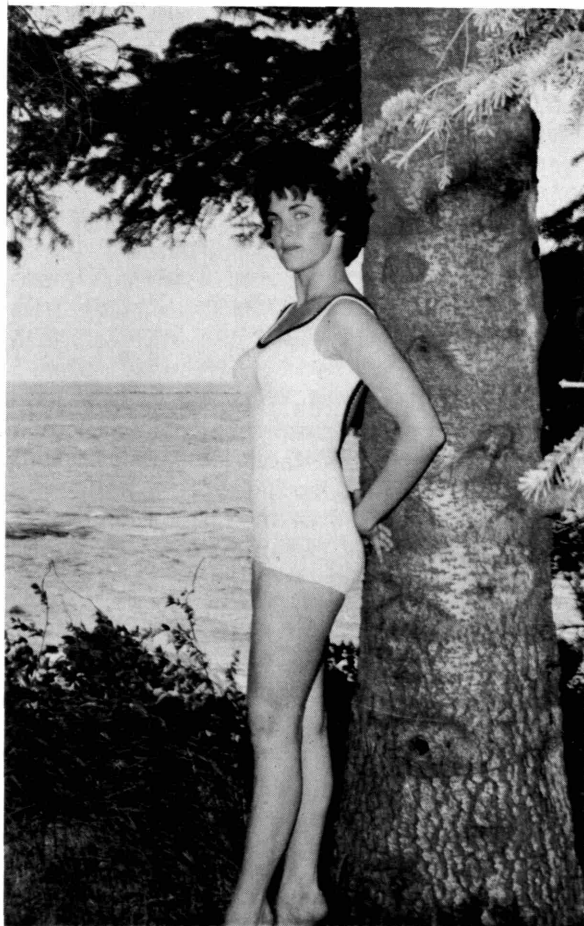






Sheila Ann Curley, a vivacious and attractive girl from Denver, Colorado, is 19 years old, 5'3", and 107 lbs. Sheila has just graduated from the Academie Moderne Finishing School and is presently employed there as the assistant to the Dean. ● Our doll of the month is an enthusiast of horseback riding, skiing, tennis, and bowling. ● Looking into the future, Sheila's plans promise to be as successful as her past endeavors. To put it into her own words, "After I have completed my career and furthered my education, I hope to become a fine wife and mother."

G.T.V.



DOMESDAY. . .

Spring! And a young man's fancy turns to... tuition, commons, dorm fees, and other suitable riot topics. So it is today, though perhaps December is a trifle early in the season, as the crowds gather before the home of MIT President Stratton. The scene is tense with anticipation and excitement. Tools clamor, hacks yammer, coeds...(damn 'er). Alert the tech reporters buzz around the scene collecting information on the condition of Mr. Stratton's petunias. All eyes face Walker Memorial for inspiration.

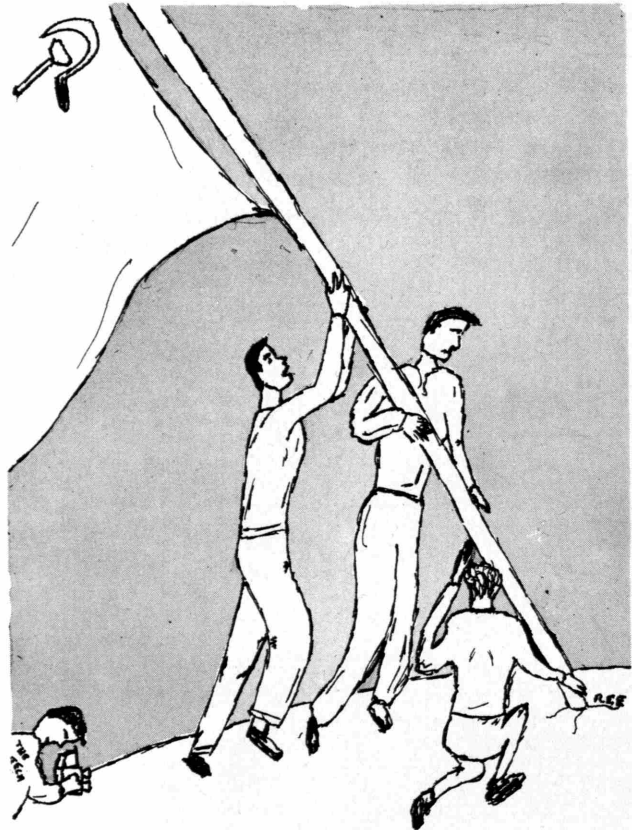
In the VooDoo office, serving as riot headquarters, nowhere is the tenseness tenser. Outside, tens of thousands await the decision reached in this smokefilled room. Messengers run in and out, typewriters click, and beer cans pile on as the board hurries toward its decision. Plans are drawn up, discarded and remade. Decisions are reached and word is sent to the huddled masses below.

The cry goes up. "To the domes." Yes, the domes. That was the key; take the domes. Dreamy eyes face west; west, toward the Great Dome, epitome of domishness; west, to the less ambiguous but very important Lesser Dome of Building 7; west, to the incredible Kresge Dome, hidden behind the buildings, but very visible from a certain point on Memorial Drive.

Already the plan is in motion. First, Kresge. The attempt falls through; for "the damn thing's only concrete, and it should be reinforced!" But the drive continues, as the second scaling party starts up the sides of Building 7.

The strategy here is very important. While a small, handpicked party climbs the outside of the dome, a somewhat larger party is working its way through the tortuous hall and stairs of the building. This party will later split and send a distraction party down Building 3, while the main part gains the roof. With this dome as a base of operations, parties will be sent to the Engineering Library. A main force will risk the run across the roof from the Lesser Dome, meet with the force from inside, and with a third force scale the Building 10 pillars. This task force will make a base camp at the base of the dome before the final assault by a carefully picked few.

Meanwhile, Stratton's Strikers are organizing their forces. From their fortress in the new Earth Sciences Building and their advance position in Building 9 comes the formidable



counterforce: Chem Lab instructors armed with washbottles of butyric acid; Course VI men armed with thunderbolts, Course II men with ordinary bolts; armored carts run by the men in 8.01; Nuclear Physicists armed with gamma rays, Oceanographers armed with manta rays; and Humanities Instructors armed with red pencils. Entrenched in their two inaccessible strongholds, they wait for the attack.

The disappointment of the Kresge Collapse is quickly dispelled when the first of the scaling parties appears on the Lesser Dome. Then a window opens, and the main party of inside climbers appears (we shall skip the thrilling tale of the espionage and danger in the halls, and the annihilation of the decoy party). All cheer as the victorious party pours its libations and starts for the main objective. Pandemonium breaks out in the Great Court (where the bulk of the rioters have moved for a better view); another cheer as the climbers start up the pillars.

But, wait! Who is that on the roof but a

Religious Counselor! He motions the approaching parties back. He screams: "Back!" but the angry host advances.

"Sideways?"

"Back!"

"Back?" they ask, brandishing sliderules.

"Back! You can't! This is not right!"

The climbers climb.

"Back! C'mon, I'll look like a fool if I can't persuade you! Please go back! Look, fellas, there's a Rabbi watching...Back!"

"No! Onward. Upward. Upward. Upward. Damn!"

"Ladies present!" comes the curt reminder, as all but the coeds demurely leave (this includes the counselor).

Turn now to one man, one man who has been selected to spearhead the attempt. "Why?" he wonders, wonderingly. "Skill? (My iceskating ability). Courage? (Two gloves on Field Day). Popularity? (President of the class). Brains? (Writing for VooDoo). Yes, I guess I am a prince among men!" This is Chief Assaulter Charlie Prince.

"Let's go!" They start up, leaderless. "Charlie!" He thinks too much... "Here, Prince!" And up they go.

More cheers rise from the Great Court. Through the Great Windows below the Great Dome they see the inside party on its way. The vanguard outside is rounding the bend.

"Why? Why this struggle and pain? Must I fight up, through the grit of a century, must go over the top, through thick, through thin, despite the cold, the grunge, the rain, the pain, my hangnail; up. Why?" Teargas rains on them. Bullets whiz by. The wounded roll down the sides in a mire of blood. The force is decimated, but they go up. "Why?" he asks himself. They struggle up. A few more feet. There! Two of them have made it!

"Why?" screams Charlie. "Why? All this blood, the dead, the pain! Why do we climb the domes?"

"Because they are there!" answers the other, as he delivers a swift kick in Charlie's (Cont. on p. 98).



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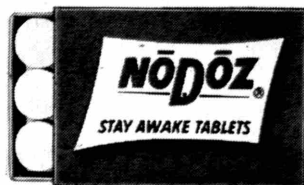
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A drunk on a train noticed a woman nursing a large, healthy baby.

"Lady," he sez, "How come your baby is so big and fat?"

"I don't know," sez she, "all I feed him is milk and tomato juice."

Drunk considered a minute and asked. "Well, which one is tomato juice?"



Sandy's birthday was drawing near and in a fit of extravagance his mother bought 5 yards of woolen plaid with which to make him his first kilt. She soon regretted her profligacy, however, and used only 3 yards of the plaid in making the kilt.

When Sandy's birthday came, he was delighted with it and his mother showed him how she managed to save 2 yards of the material, as an object lesson in thrift.

Sandy was anxious to show the kilt to Racine, his girl friend, but on his way to her house, he stopped off to go swimming with the boys. When he dressed again, he put on his coat but, not being used to the kilt, he forgot the darned thing.

He hurried on to Racine's house and rang the bell. When she opened the door, he threw open the coat and said, "Look what I've got, Racine, and there's 2 more yar-rds of it at home!"



Who was that lady I saw you with last night?

That was no lady. That was my roommate. He just walks that way.



We know a girl who says: "The wages of sin has gone down, but I'm still doing a damn good business."

Overheard at a party:

"Is that Hortense?"

"Hm, she looks relaxed enough to me."



Sol was startled one morning to hear his son say he was being converted to christianity. He rushed over to his friend Isaac's house to ask for advice. "Isaac!" he cried. "Vot can I do? My son is turning christian."

"Funny you should say that," Isaac replied. "My son too is turning christian!"

Greatly agitated, the two ran over to Abraham's. "Abraham!" they shouted. "Vot can ve do? Our sons are turning christian!"

"Funny you should say that," said Abraham. "My son also has told me he is turning christian."

The three distraught fathers rushed over to see old Jacob. "Jacob!" they howled. "Our sons are turning christian! Vot shall ve do?"

"Funny you should say that!" exclaimed Jacob. "My son has turned christian too!"

They all ran in desperation to the rabbi. "Rabbi, rabbi!" they screamed. "Our sons are all turning christian!"

"Funny you should say that!" remarked the rabbi. "My son this morning is also turning christian."

"Vot can ve do?" they asked.

"Let us all go into the synagogue and pray the rabbi counseled. So they all went in to the synagogue and lifted their faces while the rabbi prayed, "Father, vot can ve do? Our sons are turning christian!"

And from the heavens a great voice thundered, "Funny you should say that...!"



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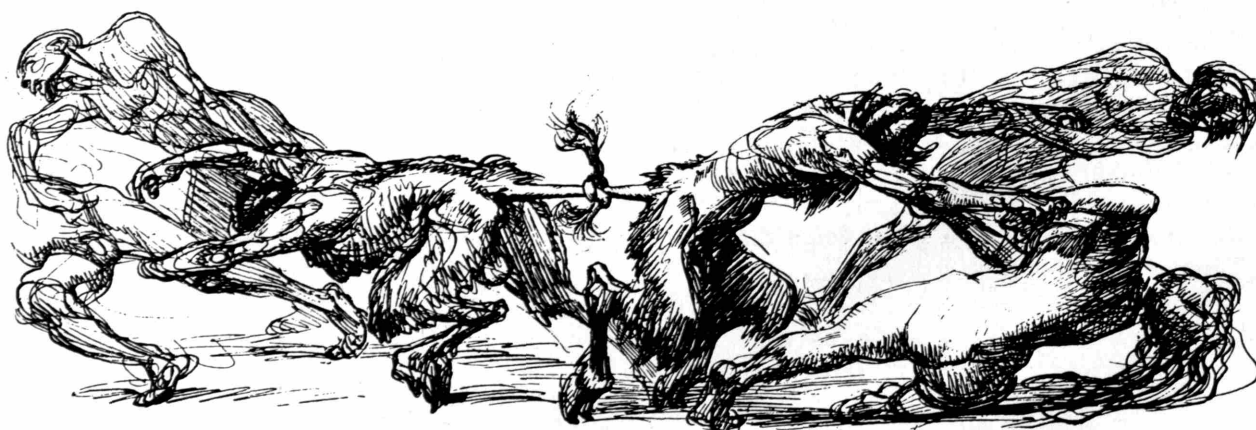
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HEINRICH KLEY

Due to the tremendous demand (but we lost the letter), Voo Doo again presents a few of Heinrich Kley's drawings, in the hopes of bringing a bit of seasonal cheer to you downtrodden tools. (If you are interested in further examples of this unusual cartooning we suggest that you pick up *The Drawings of Heinrich Kley*. \$1.85, Dover Publications.... available at many bookstores, yea, even the Coop.)



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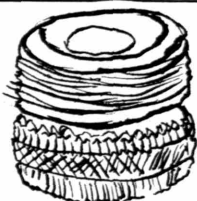
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Overheard at the White House:

"Jackie, dear, I *do* think that pink is just a peachy, dandy color . . . but not for the Pentagon!!!"



An elderly yachtsman bought his young lady friend a bikini and looks forward to seeing her beam with delight.



Lou: "Did you hear about Joe? He went blind drinking coffee."

Stu: "Really? How did it happen?"

Lou: "He left the spoon in the cup."



"Your girl's spoiled, isn't she?"

"No, it's just the perfume she's wearing."



"The artist I pose for is a painter, a sculptor and a wood engraver."

"Yes, but I imagine he does one thing better than the rest."

"Sure he does, but you can't pay the rent with that!"



"Joshua, will you put down that blasted trumpet and fight like the rest of us?"

Her Majesty the Queen paid a visit to Mrs. Higgins, the wife of a day laborer in a village in the South of England.

Mrs. Higgins had just been named mother of the year, and with good reason.

At the age of thirty-six, she had already borne sixteen children and a recent x-ray examination at the local health clinic disclosed that she was expecting quadruplets to complete the astounding record.

Unfortunately, Mr. Higgins was kept away by his job and was not able to be on hand for the Queen's visit. Mrs. Higgins received the young Queen's praises and compliments with evident pride and pleasure, and then the conversation turned to the absent husband.

"Surely," said the Queen, "your husband deserves some recognition for his part in producing the most magnificent family in the history of England. I am so impressed with his accomplishment, I shall give him a knighthood!"

Mrs. Higgins smiled sadly. "That's vury kind of you, yer Majesty, but knowin' *him*, I doubt vury much if he'd ever wear it!"



Old Lady to Taxidermist: "I would like these two dead monkeys stuffed."

Taxidermist: "Do you want them mounted?"

Old Lady: "Oh, no. Just holding hands."



Several years ago a friend of mine had a Chinese houseboy whom he suspected of stealing wine. Being a whimsical sort, and somewhat drunk one night, he urinated into the half-full wine bottle. Then waited for the results. But he didn't hear from the houseboy about the wine, although he noticed the bottle kept getting lower. Finally this was too much for him. He called the houseboy and accused him of stealing wine. The houseboy was very upset, and exclaimed, "Me no drinkee wine. Me never touch it. Me use for gravee on your meats!"



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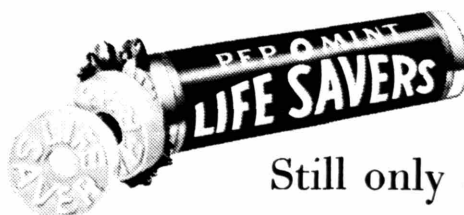
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"'Tis sweeter
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If you are not sure what the opposite sex is, consult the Homberg Infirmary. Otherwise, Techmen, just draw a picture of the very ugliest coed you can imagine, as in the sample picture, and mail your entry to VooDoo, 303 Walker Memorial. Use the Institute mail system: after all, you should get something out of your tuition. And you coeds, draw the grimmest, most repulsive horny Tech tool you can. Producers of the most paralyzingly disgusting examples will receive a six-pack each.

Drawings must be in black ink, and the contest closes Feb. 1, 1961. THIS IS FOR REAL!



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review

Technology Student Calendar

ACTIVITIES OF THE WEEK

Monday, December 4

DEPARTMENT OF CHEMICAL ENGINEERING. Seminar: "Making Ethyl". Professor George Boudaiee, Sam Houston Institute of Technology.

DEPARTMENT OF HUMANITIES. ** Symposium: "How to Prevent Fallout" . I. Klipov, Professor of Fertility Rites, Hahvahd, Jeremy Whiffle, Professor of Gynecology, Suffolk College, Peter Long, Instructor, Department of Physical Plant, the Sorbonne, and V. Lysat, Professor of Morals, Burton House. Course XXI Seniors can attend if accompanied by an adult. 5:00, rm. 4-270.

M. I. T. ASSOCIATION OF WORKERS OF THE WORLD. Discussion, "Possibilities of Uniting". John Beech, discussion leader. Vodka and blintzes will be served. 5:00, rm. 4-270.

M. I. T. AHRIMAN SOCIETY. Coffee will be served, followed by a Ritual B. M. Guests invited. 5:00, rm. 4-270.

A. I. E. E.- I. R. E., M. I. T. STUDENT BRANCH.* Lecture, "Are we for real?" Professor Isadore Padler. 5:00, rm. 4-270.

OUTING SOCIETY. Trip to Mt. McKinley. Transportation provided. Will camp at the base for three days, while becoming fortified. Upon completion of trip, will again set up camp to become re-fortified. Members, guests and co-eds welcome. 5:00, rm. 4-270.

M. I. T. DEBATE SOCIETY. Rehearsal, 3:00, rm. 4-205.

TECHNOLOGY DAMES. Discussion, "Some Schemes for Decorating rm. 10-250". Coffee and Pretzels served. Rm. 10-250, 5:00.

Tuesday, December 5

TECHNOLOGY CADILLAC CLUB. + George Boudaiee, noted purveyor of fine imported and domestic wines, will speak at great length to the Technology Cadillac Club, on the subject, "Importing and Domesticating Fine Wines". After that, a group discussion will be held, after which questions may be asked of Mr. Boudaiee by interested parties on the subject covered and others. Mr. Boudaiee is currently in the employment of the Donnelly Memorial Theater as a wine purveyor, and has been said to have the greatest ability in the Ux Sx to consume alcoholic beverages.

TECHNOLOGY CHAPTER. A. A. "On the Subject of Quitting". Lecture by Mr. George Boudaiee. 5:00, rm. 20E222.

FRESHMAN HOCKEY. Game with Radcliffe. Room 5-217, 7:00 P. M.

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** Worth going to

Continued (upside down) on page 4.

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ABOUT THE TOWN

Did you have a good week-end? If not, it should cheer you up to hear that we did? We curled up with a good book from M.I.&T., Publishers Extraordinaire. For an expensive but intellectual evening, add some liquid refreshment to your reading—make it a Dunga Gun cocktail. It's both tasty and healthful, and you can thus improve your mind and body at once. There is no better way to enjoy a young lady's company than to discuss Prof. Warner's ideas over a cold Spoon Ruster. Priam, you will find, is an interesting store. Where else can one find three floors of balloons, for example.

The days of cold are approaching. For those healthy souls walking on Harvard Bridge, we suggest you avoid the crowd come January by crossing the river in a less ordinary way. Swim it, insulated by a fine warm frogman outfit from Priam Products!

The famous New England winter is about here, and now is just the time for a riot. When the administration least expects it. Priam will help you plan your campaign as well as provide you with materials. For more serious disturbances, Gordon Clipyard offers firearms and explosives of all kinds.

And after such strenuous activities, you will want to stop in at Walker for a great pizza on a shingle, or Smithy House for really out-rate foods. The feeling of fullness that results after you have ripped through a nice large hunk of C-Rations almost justifies the cost of your student health insurance.

And if you have any money left over after this debauch you can tuck it safely away in the local Toomer Savings Bank. Even if it fails again, you will experience the glow of self-satisfaction that comes with the knowledge that you have contributed to the further beautification of East Campus.

Tuesday, December 5 (cont)

M.I.T. INSCOMM. Lecture, "On Getting Nothing Done While Having Fun Doing It". Litchfield Lounge, 5:00.

M.I.T. ACTIVITIES COUNCIL. Meeting to discuss admission of the East Campus Fence Painting Committee to Class A Membership. Kinner will be served. Bring your own.

EAST CAMPUS FENCECOMM. Lecture, "How to get very friendly very rapidly with the begger professors at the Institute". Mr. Jurin Tumor, speaker. Florey Lounge, 6:00

DEPARTMENT OF FOTC. Film on the 32.4 mm Field Piece, 1937 M1A1. Sponsored by the Fred Zoomer Squadron and the Scabby Elade Society. Room 20E210, 5:00

M.I.T. LEADERSHIP SOCIETY. Speech, "Why I'm going to Run for U.A.P. in 1962". by Jurin Tumor, B.M.O.C.


NUCLEAR*INORGANIC CHEMISTRY. "Nuclear Instabilities in Quasi-Static Spin Fields, Using the W.K.B. Approximation, and allowing for Fourteen Degrees of Freedom, In a Vacuum!" Speech by Prof. Jose Jimenez, followed by refreshments. Metrecal and cookies will be served.

INDOOR TRACK. Meet with an Accident. Athletic Field, 5:00

LECTURE SERIES COMMITTEE. Entertainment Film Series: "The Life of Alexander Sergeevich Bushkin." In Russian.

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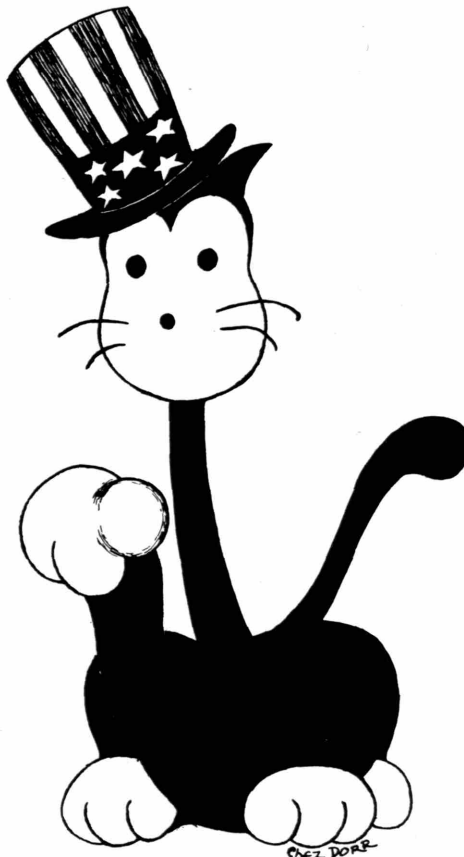
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Dear Phos,

Now that I've broken up with that stupid girl at Simmons, I find that your kind of literature is just what I need. (Well, almost) At any rate, enclosed is the ridiculous sum of \$2.80 for the next eight issues of Voo Doo. Say, why don't you guys print more dirty jokes?

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