"Hello, Roto-Rooter? What can you dig up for the front page?"
TENSE?
NERVOUS?
TIRED?
READ VooDoo
AND RELAX

Better yet,
why not subscribe to it

Address To: Subscription Manager
Voo Doo, Walker Memorial,
Cambridge 39, Mass.

Enclosed please find $2.80 so
Please send the next eight issues of Voo Doo to

Name ........................................
Street and No. ............................
City ...........................................
State ........................................
Telephone (if female)
After having received several inquiries, we would like to point out that, in the Catalog Issue, the 6.07 Lab was a photographic reproduction of the actual sheet handed out this term. Ask any Course VI Senior. The advertisement "Gifts by Will" was not, as most of our readers thought, a fake ad. No kiddin', sports fans this is a real ad, which the Institute uses to squeeze that last Dollar out of its' alumni! We thought it was funnier than any parody we might have done....that is, if your wallet has a sense of humor.

Have you seen the temporary outhouse in Building Ten? The scrawl upon it started out as "Protect your eyes! Do not look". Some Right Thinking person added "at coeds". Then some Wrong Thinking coed stuck on "Right! We're tired of being stared at."

Gentle coeds: have you ever stopped to think WHY people stare at you?

A reliable monger of rumors tells us of a Tech tool who took, of all things, a coed out to eat. Came time to pay, the waiter brought the check. The tool motioned to his pet coed. She brought a slide rule and handed it to him. He pushed the slipstick for a while, then looked at the check, nodded, and handed the slide rule back. What a brain!

A sale at Radio Shack during the Summer heralded genuine "Geranium Diodes." (Four for a dollar) Those clever Japanese!

A board member was staring out at Beacon Street, we hear, when a large yellow Municipal-type truck drove up. Four men got out. They worked energetically for some minutes, then re-entered the truck and lumbered away. They left behind one small portable NO PARKING sign - set squarely in the middle of a yellow-painted no-parking zone.

We noticed, while perusing the latest R.P.I. Bachelor, an advertisement for the Red Front Restaurant, in Troy, N.Y. We wonder how the John Beech Society has allowed this one to slip by....

In the humanities senior seminar recently the stu-
dents were announcing their research topics. One fellow stood up manfully and blurted, "I'm studying scientific dissemination."

With commendable equanimity the prof remarked, "I assume you mean the dissemination of scientific information."

On Sept. 18, 1957, Gamaliel Smoot of Coke Falls, Nebraska, fell 3000 feet without sustaining injury. After performing this amazing feat, he fell one additional foot to the ground and was killed.

Think that over, Archimedes.

To The Bursar, Wolly Hokanson
Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Dear Sir:

It is a well-worn cliche around the institute that the undergraduate student only pays for approximately half of the cost of his Tech education. We take this to mean that there is an approximate subsidy of $1500 each year for each and every M.I.T. student.

Last week a letter appeared in the tech from Mssrs. Gerald W. Leehan, Robert Fiorenza and John Rykowski as a protest for the $1200 grant Voo Doo received from Finboard to clear up a long-standing bad debt. (As everyone knows, this bad debt was accrued in 1957 when the institute faculty club purchased 3600 copies of the Field Piece issue and decided not to pay for them.) The protest of these gentlemen was based on the weak argument that Voo Doo's "filth and garbage" were not "in keeping with the ideals and traditions of the majority of Techmen." To refute this argument is so tres facile that if it were not for the fact that our typesetter needs the work we would forget it altogether.

The gist of the matter is that each month the traditions and ideals of Techmen are faced with a great decision: which, among all of M.I.T.'s publications, should they purchase? Keeping in mind that discounting M.I.T.'s yearbook, which comes out only once a year, Voo Doo is the most expensive of all campus publications, it is interesting to reflect upon the various publication sales. If TEN, which also comes out once a month, could sell just 1000 copies they would probably throw two $600 banquets at Joesephs in Boston. Tangent would be even more delighted to have that many sales. While the Tech, with its miserable letters to the editor column would be delighted, yea-ecstatic, if sales would climb to 2,000. But last month Voo Doo, in just five hours low pressure sales (VOO DOO!! VOO DOO!! HEY GET 'CHUR VOO DOO YOU FINKS!!!) sold out an entire edition of 2800 by two o’clock. So much for Voo Doo and the majority of Techmen.

But simply from this misconception of Voo Doo’s catholic function on campus, these gentlemen protested our needed $1200 grant. Voo Doo therefore feels compelled to protest the $6000 cumulative grant to Mssrs. Leehan and Rykowski who are in their second year at Tech ($1500 x 2 x 2), and the total of $6000 granted to Mr. Fiorenza alone. Obviously these men, in protesting Voo Doo instead of buying it, in writing to the editor of the tech and in paying attention to the activities of finboard, are not, in their own words: "in keeping with the ideals and traditions of the majority of Techmen." Using their own logic, Voo Doo therefore asks you, as bursar of M.I.T., to withdraw these men's grants and ask that they reimburse the institute the $1200 they have already cost it.

Sincerely yours,

The Voo Doo Senior Board
After hearing some really wild stories about mixers, (a VooDoo man has no need for mixers), we decided to visit one and report back to you, our horny readers. Thus, on a balmy day last week we followed a typical Tech Tool to his very first mixer. This particular one was held at Mt. Ryder, the oldest non-accredited girls school in the country. As you will see, a good time was had by all!

The girls were rather pleased to see the boys and welcomed them warmly.

One fellow seemed to be quite in demand. It was the first time that the police had heard of such a thing.

This girl seems to be working her way through school.
You've heard of the Cha-Cha and the Twist. This is called the Rump-Romp.

We spotted this fellow saying goodnight to a very special girl.

You can get a man with a gun!
Our MIT man seems to have done rather well for himself, but

...a guy from Harvard walked off with the belle of the ball. (He used two dabs of Dillcream.)

This girl is of the shy retiring type. She holds her own mixers.
Send for the complete Vanguard catalogue, which includes outstanding folk music recordings by ODETTA, THE WEAVERS, CISCO HOUSTON, LEON BIBB, SHOSHANA DAMARI, CETANIA DAVRATH, ALFRED DELLER, MARTHA SCHLAMME, PAUL ROBESON, GERMAINE MONTERO, and others, and the NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVALS of 1959 and 1960.

Dept. U, Vanguard Recording Society, Inc. 154 W. 14 St., New York 11, N. Y.
WADDA YA KNOW, I GOT SOMEBODY'S DIME BACK

CHING
GRINKLE
GRINKLE

PLOP
TING KLING
Hey, this machine work?

I wouldn't know. Never use the things myself.

You can have machines... I'll take people any time... they're softer.
ELSA'S
Noted for the Best Sandwiches
To Eat In or to Take Out

The famous special Roast
Beef Sandwich
KNACKWURST – BRATWURST
with Sauerkraut or Potato Salad
71 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge, Mass.

ELSA and HENRY BAUMANN
EL 4-8362

See Segal for Special Rates to Techmen
Segal's Body Shop
"Specializing in Body and Fender Repair and Refinishing on all makes of Cars.
306 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.
Down the Ramp of the Mass. Avenue Garage
Tel. Kirkland 7-7485"

DIRECT IMPORT WINES
Schloss Norman
HARVARD WINE & LIQUOR CO.
288 Harvard St., Brookline 46, Mass.
Free Delivery AS 7-9000

Direct Import Wines 1958's Finest Growths

Liebfraumilch and Moselblumchen – $1.25
Niersteiner, – Ruedesheimer,
Berncasteler and – May Wine..... – 1.35
Zeller Schwartze Katz ............. – 1.45

Lowest prices on camping and sporting equipment
and Outdoor Clothing and Footwear

Central War Surplus
433 Massachusetts Ave.
Central Sq., Cambridge
TR6-8512

Heard in a hotel lobby:
"Just think, John, we don't have to pull down the shades; we're married now!"

The birds do it....
The bees do it...
The bats do it...
Join the Air Force!

"I'll see you," said our hero as he laid down a royal flush in a game of strip poker.

Dizzy Daisy, the bathing beauty, says the water came up to her expectations and tickled her fancy.

In a water safety class the instructor was quizzing her students on common sense in lifesaving techniques.

"What articles of clothing," inquired the teacher, "would you remove last if you fell in the water with all your clothes on?"
One little freshman raised her hand.
"The blouse," she said. "Air gets under it and acts like a buoy."
The famous German surgeon, Dr. Rudolph Von Schlicer, was famous for having developed many remarkable surgical techniques, but the most spectacular of all was an appendectomy which required only a half inch incision.

The doctor came over on a tour of this country just about the time a wealthy playboy was advised to have his appendix removed. Since his wedding was only a month away and money was no object, he decided that he would have the operation performed by Von Schlicer and avoid the usual appendicitis scar.

The operation went off as scheduled in a hospital, but when the playboy came out of the ether the next morning he was horrified to find his entire lower region a veritable mass of gauze. He called the nurse over and demanded to know why a half-inch incision should require so many bandages.

"Well," she replied, "there you were in that huge amphitheatre with half the prominent surgeons in the country looking on. The doctor went through the operation with consummate ease, and every move was a thing of beauty. When he had finished, the doctors began to applaud. Before long, the ovation was deafening. Well, they simply wouldn’t stop, so for an encore the doctor circumcised you."

We've seen so many articles describing President Kennedy's house at Hyannis Port as rambling and comfortable, that we'd almost think he lived like the rest of us — if it wasn’t for that expensive winter cottage his father bought him in Washington.

Did you hear about the guy in the park doing push-ups and along came a drunk who took one look at him and asked, "What’s the matter fella, did you lose your girl?"
It all started as an innocent bridge date, honest. How was I to know that it would end with two girls and I all in the same... But let me begin at the beginning.

Like any other fall Sunday afternoon, I went by the girls' dorm to pick up Comet (you see, her real name was Halley and she once dated an Astronomy major) for our weekly bridge game. This in itself would not have led to my downfall and utter disgrace. However, Maris had broken up with her steady the night before, leaving us without a fourth. The three of us talked it over and decided to go to the Student Union and find some random stranger to fill the table. And so it came to pass in this strange land of the Collegians that it was accomplished.

After the game I offered to buy supper for Comet, as the dormitory dining hall was closed on Sunday. So the three of us — me, Comet, and Maris — trotted off to eat. Then somewhere from the evil depths of those two scheming, female minds came the sanguinary thought that it was too early to return to the dorm and the boring, but safe, academic pastime of study. Nothing would do but that I move to the center so that one of the girls could cuddle on each side of me, thereby using the heat of passion as well as normal body heat to renew our chilled circulation.

We were all sitting in the front of the car and blissfully enjoying "The Weak Flesh", not to mention a fifth of old Napoleon brandy that had been carelessly left in the car, when Maris decided that she was cold. Being the perfect Southern gentleman that I am, I offered to turn the heater on. But Comet, as flighty and airy as her namesake, had a "better" idea. Nothing would do but that I move to the center so that one of the girls could cuddle on each side of me, thereby using the heat of passion as well as normal body heat to renew our chilled circulation.

As is usual in such circumstances, I was concentrating most of my attention on one of the girls, leaving Maris feeling slightly neglected. She decided to rectify this and jabbed me a hard one in the ribs. I jumped and landed on Comet, who in turn lay down across me and slugged Maris on the jaw. She followed this pugilistic accomplishment with the startling revelation that she was very comfortable lying there and had no intention of moving. This was satisfactory to me, but as soon as everything...
was once more peaceful, Maris gave me another one of those vicious pokes. The explosion which resulted made the previous one seem like a soap bubble.

Things quieted down until two men walked past the car. As soon as they saw the men, both girls grabbed and kissed me simultaneously. This, to say the least, drew stares, whether of admiration or fear of contagious lunacy I know not.

After regaining my breath from the surprising performance, I sent Maris to get a pack of cigarettes. She returned to find Comet and me in a tight clinch and retaliated with still another of those bone-breaking jabs. About this time, I noticed that several of the multitudinous passersby (of which there was an astonishingly large number for such a near-vacant drive-in) had already made about five trips to the refreshment stand since we had been there.

And then the second feature started. True to its title, it was both amoral and libidinous. It was not bad when the actresses just stripped down to the waist. In fact, that only brought forth comments like:

"Just think what the girls back in the dorm will say when they ask us what we did and we can tell them that we went to a drive-in movie where we saw a strip show, drank brandy, and wrestled with Carl!"

But then the screen showed one of the actresses in the nude. Comet yelled that she was embarrassed and threw her coat over her head. With a shouted "I'm too young to be out here alone!" I followed her under the coat.

Several minutes later when we emerged, Maris was waited with her headscarf, which she brutally entwined around my neck like a highly experienced garrotter. It was after I had manfully fought my way out of this sordid death trap that my horrified gaze fell upon the uniform of the strong right arm of the law peering into the car with his beady little eyes shining over the edge of the flashlight that he was pointing in the window at us.

So, Dad, that's why I want you to come down here to the police station and explain to these nice gentlemen that I am an innocent victim of the Fates, not the lustful, drunken, aggressor in a case of criminal assault.

Tex

Deke: "See that fellow over there?"
T.C.: "Yes, what about him?"
Deke: "Oh, he's a terrible guy, awful low life; let's ostracize him."
T.C.: "O.K. You hold him and I'll do it."

Do people make fun of you when you step out on the dance floor?
Next time, bring a girl.
THE MEN ONE MEETS AT...

"MIXERS"

...the protester

...the tech tool
"Gee, I think my roommate's looking for me."
"Let's not play 'who do you know' — I believe in serious conversation. Ahhhhh...er....mmmmm....er, 'ah.......
"The funniest thing happened in physics lab the other day."
"Simmons? Where's that? Is that some kind of Cooking School?"
"Would you like to come up to my room and see my slide rule?"
"I think my roommate's looking for me."
"I'm lost. Give me your name, address and telephone number."
"Now that you're a junior I'll bet you're really looking for a husband!"
"Personally, I've always thought that free love had distinct advantages.......
"Excuse me, I think my roommate is looking for me."
"Whew! (1-2-1-2-3) These Latin American dances (1-2-1-2-3) sure keep you (1-2-1-2-3) hopping."
"Honest? A waltz, you say?"
"You must have taken lessons from Arthur Murray."
"...took out a girl from Dix Hall and then there was a cute little trick from Chandler and a real mover from....."
"I hate to rush off, but my roommate is still looking for me."
"I don't see how anyone can keep a straight face around here with so much money changing hands."

"Anyone want my flower?"

"Whadd'ya think I am an armrest?"
“Sorry, Mr. Hokanson. You'll have to show your Bursar's Card.”

“Who put the sand in the birdseed?”

“...and the whole thing is run by steam.”
"What do you mean, your college board scores will get you into school?" my high school counsellor yelled. "Your character and teachers' recommendations come first. You won't go to college with that attitude. You can go to hell!" And so I did.

After acceptance came the deluge. First the propaganda, then the form letter from the Student Aid Center explaining why underendowed MIT, one of the poorest colleges in the country, can't give you the aid you need; then the letter from the President explaining the tuition rise and pointing out that generous financial aid is available (the fact that the tuition rises biannually was neglected); and finally the bill from the bursar's office offering infinite ways to incur and to avoid the five dollar fine. Basically the best way to do this is to send in your family's life savings and arrange to pay the balance in monthly installments for the next ten years.

I arrived in Boston early one morning and soon learned the evils of the street numbering system, which reads something like the random number table of the CRC. The cab driver became lost. I learned much later that for 20¢ I could have taken the MTA and ridden a luxurious 1890 train or a streetcar called subway.

Once at my new home, I was slightly shocked and highly disgusted to find out that the large spacious room I expected was a broom closet with a scenic view of the Cambridge factory and urchin districts. Even with the window closed I could still smell chocolate. Cambridge is probably the only city in the world where one can contract bronchial acne.

When I entered to register in building 7, I saw above the door an emblem saying "Mens et Manus." I thought this meant the whole building was one huge public bathhouse, but an upper-classman translated this for me as "Abandon all hope, ye who enter here." However, I found that there were others even more snowed than myself. While standing outside I was approached by a coed (female, I think) who pointed to the chapel and asked, "Is that round building with the moat around it the Nuclear Reactor?" After a couple of hours spent looking for the course nine headquarters in building nine and trying to find out why they use "V's" instead of "U's", I was ready to call it quits.

In dire need of a status symbol, I picked up my shiny new COOP charge card (which had better remain shiny and new considering that I paid the outrageous price of $216 per sq. yd). I did manage to buy an MIT sweatshirt. Only fairies wear them on campus, but you're a big man back home. Because of the high cost, I'm getting a large refund.

I soon discovered that Tech has a complete program of extracurricular activities (and innumerable extra-curricular extra-curricular) for the students to pass their "spare" time partici-
pating in. These include LSC reruns of last year's hit movies, occasional LSC lectures designed to make one a well-rounded conservative, and a chance to play "democracy in action" — which is a game played by student government modeled after the one in Washington with even more graft.

If you're looking for a more fanatic activity, you can help God take surveys or join a group seeking to abolish nuclear bombs. If you're a little more conservative, you could claim that anyone who'd rather be red than dead is really yellow. MIT always will give you a chance to express your ideas, even though they rarely listen to you, no matter how infantile they are (e.g. the tech).

Freshman courses are quite varied. My studies range from playing with trains in Physics lectures to playing with BB's in lab. I also take courses in alchemy, arithmetic, and advanced vulgarities. There are really only three things I must remember for my three major courses: momentum is conserved, I can't divide by zero, and under no circumstances may I return my non-returnable bag.

However, life soon became complicated. After a few weeks of telling jokes, my math lecturer surpassed my knowledge of high school calculus, as 8.01 had done several weeks before. Which meant I had to study. But that wasn't too difficult, since the term was three weeks old and was four months behind. I began to tool. This is a system of cramming similar to a crash program. It works on the principle that nine pregnant women can have a baby in one month.

Somehow I have found the time to make this testimony for V.D. If it can save just one naive high school Senior I will be happy. I guess the moral of my story is: If you must go to hell, try the other one. At least it's free.

by MARSHALL BROWN
(As told to staff psychiatrist no. 42537 – VI)
You say you love college and you're getting D's in all your subjects? You say you're broke and can't afford stamps, and you're rooming with a girl who has a pet snake and expects you to love it like a sister? Is that your trouble, kid?

You say your roommate tried on your formal for the prom and fell down the stairs, ripping your gown and breaking the heel off your new shoes? You say you had a blind date and his dog bit you? You say your room faces the men's dorm and your shade is broken and you have to dress in the closet and this morning the closet door fell off? Is that all that's bothering you?

You say your roof fell on the room and girls keep dropping in? You say you're stuck in a dorm with 250 girls and your one best friend had a date the other night and he turned out to be your boyfriend? You say that a cute one got away, thank goodness, and now his wife is after you? Is that all that's getting you down?

You stayed up all night cramming for an exam and then slept through the exam the next day? You say you went out one night and got bombed and told your date you would marry him and now you can't remember his name and he keeps calling you to set the date? Is that what's on your mind?

You say the house mother knocked on your door to collect for the dorm drive just as your boyfriend was climbing in your third story window and you had to push him out? You say your bed was short-sheeted and filled with crumbs and some slob put Saran Wrap under the toilet seat and when you went to get the mop you got your roommate's pony tail instead?

Well, Kid . . . . . . . . . . C'est la vie!
Dickies Casuals

HORIZONTAL FRONT POCKETS

it's the sharpest look in slacks!
SHELLEY on Life Savers:

"So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!"

from Ode to the West Wind, line 35

Still only 5¢

THE BACK BAY JEWELERS
-- Since 1895 --
OMEGA AND HAMILTON WATCHES
DIAMONDS AND JEWELRY
Watch Repairing -- Jewelry Repairing

236 Massachusetts Ave. Boston

GOOD UNTIL DEC. 20 '61

NOW ON SALE

$12.00 FOD CHEQUES
$10.00 to MIT STUDENTS
Please Have Identification
94 MASS. AVE.
(Near Commonwealth Ave.)

THIS COUPON WORTH 50¢
Towards Any Dinner Over ($1.76)

NEWBURY'S STEAK HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE MUSIC BOX
647 Mass. Ave. TR 6-7789 Central Sq.
PRESENTS
Long Play Record of the Month
Gloria Lynne
$2.98 I'M GLAD THERE IS YOU $2.98
and it's co-feature
45 RPM of the Month
79¢ PEPPERMINT TWIST 79¢
Complete Stock of 45 RPM Records Available
Old Favorites As Well As The New

THERMOELECTRIC
SURPLUS SALES
304 Mass. Ave. Two Blocks from TECH
Binoculars - Telescopes - Lenses
Radio Equipment - Electronics
Motors At A Fraction Of Usual Prices
HOURS: 9-6 Mon.-Fri., Sat. 11-3

REVEL AT THE SIG EP CIRCUS!
FREE BEER, BAND
ΣΦΕ - 528 BEACON
NOV. 18 8:00 P.M.
DATES ONLY!
EDITOR'S NOTE:

The character of Munich in 1908 was not unlike the present outlook in our country; disillusionment and a sarcastic outlook on life was the stimulus to one Heinrich Kley, a commercial artist who published innumerable cartoons in the local Munich newspapers and art publications. These drawings were of amazing technical quality, and even more amazingly, displayed one of the most imaginative, and at the same time warped, and often nearly obscene, senses of humor in the history of cartooning. VooDoo discovered a collection of these cartoons stashed away at the Coop, and after perusing (no, kiddies, perusing is not synonymous with stealing) the book, (Kley: The Drawings of Heinrich Kley, Dover Publications, New York 14, N.Y., $1.85) we decided that these were too good to keep to ourselves. Here are just a few examples, which we are reprinting with the permission of the publisher; although Herr Kley is of another place and era, we wish we could make him an honorary member of the VooDoo Art Staff.

HEINRICH KLEY

Committee for Public Morals
Die Sittensucher

Doctor of Engineering
Dr. Ing.

Dance Craze
Tanzpfl.
Love's Labor Lost
Verlorene Liebesmüh

The Child Prodigy
Das Wunderkind

The Maiden's Prayer
Das Gebet der Jungfrau

After the Ball
Nach dem Ball
PULL DOWN: TEARUPSMANSHIP

SANTORO'S SUBMARINES
474 Massachusetts Avenue Cambridge

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>REG.</th>
<th>MED.</th>
<th>REG.</th>
<th>MED.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Roast Beef</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pepper Steak</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hot Meatball</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Regular</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Italian Cold Cuts</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imported Ham</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White Meat Turkey</td>
<td>75</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>75</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corned Beef</td>
<td>75</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White Meat Tuna</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Egg Salad</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Italian Sausage</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pepper &amp; Egg</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hot Pastrami</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lobster</td>
<td>75</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>75</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

TRowbridge 6-4422

Kendall Square Gulf Service Sta.
KENDALL SQ.

Complete Car Service – Lubrication – Washing
Tires – Batteries – Accessories
Parking – Daily or Monthly – Cor. of 3rd St.
Motor Tune Up Service
Complete Repairs

11 Broadway E LIot 4-9286

JOE KEEZER of Harvard Community Exchange
Kirkland 7-2455 1094 Mass. Ave.
Sells Brand Name Suits and Coats at Bargain Prices
Cambridge’s First Second Hand Store Welcomes Our FRIENDS FROM M.I.T.

HAPPY HOUSE SHOP
636 MASS. AVE., CAMB.

CANDY CARDS
GIFTS for everyone

THIS COUPON WORTH 50¢
Towards purchase of 1 lb Chocolate, Candy
GOOD UNTIL DEC. 15, ’61
Simeone's Restaurant, Inc.
ITALIAN - AMERICAN CUISINE and PIZZA
Steaks - Chops - Lobster
IMPORTED BEERS and CHOICE LIQUORS
STUDENT DISCOUNT BOOKS AVAILABLE
21 BROOKLINE STREET CAMBRIDGE
One block from Central Square Elliot 4-9569
FREE PARKING

KENDALL SHOP
- BOOK SHOP - General fiction and non-fiction, 1200 titles in pocketbooks, all magazines, hardbacks.
- GIFT SHOP - custom jewelry, cosmetics 1500 different greeting cards.
- Kendall Square near post office.

Hearing Aids — Contact Lens

Service
Prescriptions Filled
Glasses Repaired

Unity Optical Co.
Abe Wise, Licensed Optician
31 Massachusetts Ave.
Copley 7-1571
Special Prices to MIT Community
Nearest Optical House to M.I.T.

SQUASH RACKETS
Large Variety - All Prices
RESTRINGING A SPECIALTY
Sneakers ... Shorts ... Shirts ...

SKI EQUIPMENT

TENNIS and SQUASH SHOP
67A Mt. Auburn Street, Harvard Square
Phone TR 6-5417

Stolen from the Yale Record
The comfort of Bostonian Moccasins is sewn in by hand. The front of a shoe is the critical comfort area. Here Bostonian hand-stitches a moccasin seam. Each stitch gathers the leather to the exact contour of the foot. Result: flexible foot-hugging fit. Bostonian leather is cut from plush hides like those used in luxury slippers. Folded, kneaded and hand-shaped into one seam-less cup that cradles and hugs the foot naturally and comfortably. Even the outer soles are tenderized! See for yourself...

Bostonian Moccasins
cup your feet in luxury leather....

15.95 to 26.95
Patronage Refund Too

Bostonian Moccasins
with the handsewn cobbler's stitch....

TECHNOLOGY COOP
40 Mass. Ave.
Cambridge

Keep The Coop in Your Buy-Life
SENIOR BOARD

General Manager – Al Cameron
Managing Editor – Frank Ansuini
Editors – Greg Gabbard
Bob Hirschfeld
Business Manager – Bob Jahncke
Art Consultant – Paul Rubinstein

JUNIOR BOARD

Sales Manager – Stu Rooney
Paul Wehrenberg
Make-up Editor – Steve Zilles
Treasurer – Art Samburg
Circulation Manager – Ted Graham
Publicity Manager – Peter Angevine
Features Editor – Eric Hoffman
Literary Editor – Solon
Ad Manager – Cary Mack
Art Editor – Chez Dorr
Office Manager – Arnie Falick
Governmental Rep. – Jim Bradley
Exchange Editor – Bob Gray
Photography Editor – Steve Benton
Joke Editor – Bernie Davis

Sales Staff
Rog Parks
Jim Kotanchik
Gary Feurer
Bruce Crocker
Ted Huguenin
John Meyn
Dick Kirpatrick
Anne Schallbruch
Norma Rogers
Lydia Wermerski
Bob Budny
Bill Hoffman
Rick Shields
Lee Veneklad
Jim Scholmer
Jim Monk
Don Day
Tom Thornbury
Mike Parker
Jerry Dassel
Mike Robson
Logan Donnell
Tom Callahan

Art Staff
Art McCray
Bruce Francone
Rick Armstrong
Steve Fletcher
Mike Oliver
Wayne Haase
Rick Gander
John Navas
Scott Hynek
Lou Paulo
Lou Frasco
Hugh McCollum
Bill Ryland
Tom Palmer
Hank Newell
Phil Smith
Gary Rose
Bill Kassen
Channing Stowell
Dick Hawkes
Bob Tilan
Pete Lewis
Lou Dardi
Neil Pappalardo

Features
John Banzhaf
Tom DeFazio
Edwin L. Praglia
Melanie Rovner
Marilyn Burwen
Richard “Jungle” Langer
Sharon Korson
Judith Tax
Sue Abramowitz
Jack E. C. Florey
Bobbi Breslof
Bobbie Sheppard
John Reed
John Pryke
Bobbie Hirsch

Art
Wilma Katseff
Marcia Katseff
Jane Daniel
James Weil
Maurice Scherer
Linda Koiro

Publicity
Bernie Shiffman
Frank Chasen
Walt Miller
Don Smith
Mike Levine
Horack, wherever you are
John Miller
Yazan Sharif
Gen. Gentilli
C.A.B.
Mark Cohen

Treasury
Bob Blumberg
Ken Olshansky
Dick Lowensohn
Charlie Gitomer

Advertising
Mark Ain
Dave DeWan
John Proctor
Ron Thomson

All material submitted with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Literary Editor, at this office, will receive careful consideration. We cannot acknowledge, nor can we guarantee the return of, unsolicited manuscripts.

Copyright 1961, by the VOO DOO Senior Board. Published by the Senior Board at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Office: 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Massachusetts. Office hours: 4:30 to 5:30 p.m. Monday through Friday. VOO DOO is published monthly from October through May. Thirty-five cents per copy. Subscription $2.80 for eight issues: $6.00 in Pago Pago. Published Nov. 18, 1961. Nov. copy inserted. Entered as second-class mail at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Represented for national advertising by Don Spencer, College Magazines Inc., 530 Chrysler Bldg., 11 W. 42 St. New York 36, N.Y.
Salem refreshes your taste
—“air-softens” every puff

- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

Take a puff... it's Springtime! Gray rocks and the fresh green leaves of springtime reflected in a mountain pool... where else can you find air so refreshing? And where else can you find smoke as refreshing as Salem's? Special High Porosity paper “air-softens” every puff. And fine tobaccos make Salem taste rich as well as refreshing. Smoke refreshed... smoke Salem.

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company