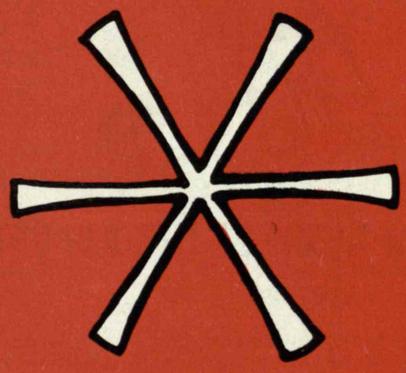


THE APRIL 1962 VOO DOO



*FUNNY
ISSUE
ONLY 35¢





THE BIRCH HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the horror of the coming of the Reds,
They are tearing up Old Glory into 60 million shreds,
They are standing in our closets, they are hiding 'neath our beds,
Let's fight until they're gone!

CHORUS:

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Don't let the nasty Reds sub due ya!
Let's fight until they're gone!

They are peering through my window late at night as I watch Paar,
I have seen them in the glove compartment of my family car;
There's one hiding in the treetops—he has got a B.A.R!
Let's fight until they're gone!

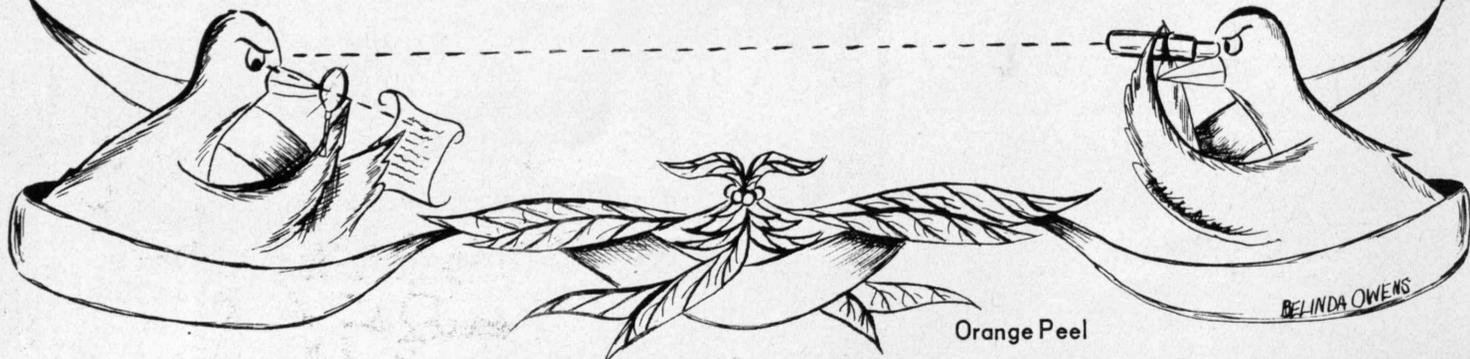
CHORUS:

I have seen them in the cages of the park menagerie,
I have learned that all but one are in the Birch Society;
Right now I'm in the process of investigating me!
Let's fight until they're gone!

CHORUS:

They are running through my kitchen and that really makes me mad;
I have counted four this morning (that's including Mom and Dad);
They will soon take over Cambridge and rename it Stalingrad—
Let's fight until they're gone!

By Marcelino M. Castillo



Orange Peel

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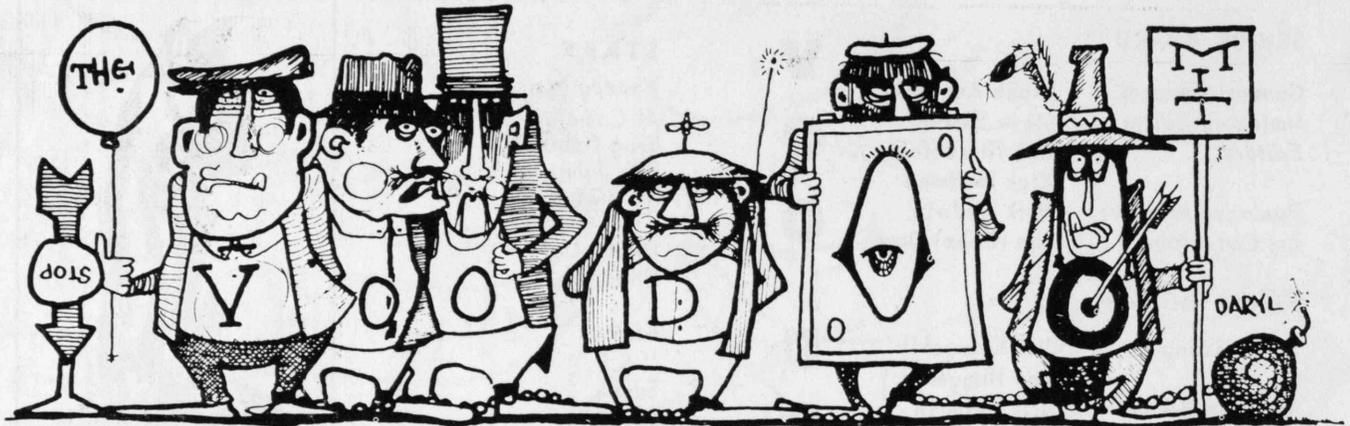
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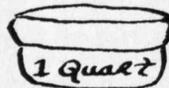
Last sales day, a certain coed walked by our booth in building 10; at first thinking that we were selling Voo Doo, she approached the booth, but upon seeing that the covers said "T.E.N.", she walked off, with a disgusted expression on her face. Just then, our man screamed, "Getchur Voo Doo!"her face lit up, and she returned to buy a copy of her favorite magazine, with the apology that "I thought it was Tech Engineering News." Of course, a few people who thought that they were buying the real T.E.N. were slightly perturbed when they realized that they had been duped. We never said it was the real T.E.N., friends.



We just heard of the crew that went to Eli's (the source of all surplus military electronic goodies) and found an interesting looking audio amplifier lying on the ground, Determined to see what the insides of it looked like, they removed the bottom plate. There on the plate, in bright red crayon was lettered, "Six months left in this ----- place!"



A most interesting event is coming, sports fans. All the really important people will be there, watching the festivities. And ROTC will be there too. We mean "Mil Day", of course, that glorious day when the future military greats of the land sally forth, to make fools of themselves on Briggs Field. In past years, the event has proved most humorous, and we urge our readers to plan to attend. Remember, the future of our nation rests in their hands! Gawrsh!



It seems that a rather interesting experiment is going on in the Biology Department. They have been paying students Five Dollars a day; the student must go on a special diet, eating only food which the Biology Dept. prepares for him, and bringing in whatsoever feculent matter results from this diet, for analysis, It's true! We heard it from a guy in East Campus who is making \$5 a day, selling ---- to the Institute!

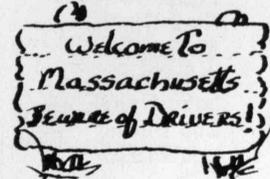


"Official...."

Noticed on a black Cadillac parked near the construction site of the new Earth Sciences Building: Rhode Island License Plates, "PILE". We can imagine what the operator of such a vehicle is called.



Word has it that yet another dance craze is covering the continent; you've heard of the Cha-Cha, the Twist, even our own Rump-Romp... well, the new one's called the Mess.... you just stand still and move your Bowels.



It's finally been proved! We've known it all along! According to the latest release by the National Safety Council, Massachusetts Drivers are the worst in the country! Yep!



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Spring is here again!
(Or haven't you noticed?)
And with the coming of the
first breath of warm air to
the fetid Cambridge atmos-
phere, a fellow we know is
resuming his "Johnny Apple-
seed" activities. Each
spring; this noble soul (who
shall remain nameless, for
obvious reasons, goes into
the Great Court, reaches in-
to his box of weed seeds,
and sprinkles them liberally
where they'll do the most
good. Ah, to bring a sprig
of green to our drab lives!



We also hear that a new
MIT Honorary Society is being
formed by a group of superior
individuals who are thoroughly
Psychicly Obfuscated at not
being elected to Eta Kappa
Nu. The society is open to
course VI men who have
flunked at least one subject
while at the Institute. The
name of this new society is,
of course, Tau Sigma.



At a lecture last week....
Mercilessly, the professor con-
tinued his lecture on Advanced
Thermodynamics. Finally suc-
cumbing to superscripts, sub-
scripts, sub-superscripts, super-
subscripts, and even sub-sub-
scripts, one tool fell in a blaze
of glory. Tying his handker-
chief to his slide rule, he
raised it as a white flag of
utter surrender.

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TRADITIONAL FOLK LYRICS

As everyone knows, we at Voo Doo are largely illiterate, so it would surprise many to see the following folk songs appear here. Well, not so surprising, as we stole them from the Science Fiction Society's publication, *Twilight Zine*. (What are they doing printing songs, anyway?) Since the *Twilight Zine* is distributed only to a rather limited group of fanatics, we thought that some of this stuff warranted wider circulation

THE THERMODYNAMICS FINAL (tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Free energy and entropy were whirling in his brain
With partial differentials and Greek letters in their train,
And the delta, sigma, theta, epsilon, and pi's
Were driving him distracted as they danced before his eyes.

Chorus: Glory glory dear old Thermo (3)
We'll pass you by and by

Heat content and fugacity revolved within his brain,
Like the molecules and atoms that you never have to name.
With logarithmic functions doing cakewalks in his dreams
And partial molal quantities devouring chocolate creams.

Chorus

They asked him on this final if a mole of any gas
In a vessel with a membrane through which hydrogen could pass
We're compressed to half its volume what the entropy would be
If two-thirds of delta sigma equalled half of delta P.

Chorus

He said he guessed the entropy would have to equal four,
Unless the second law would bring it up a couple more.
But then it might be seven if the Carnot law applied,
Or it might be almost zero if the delta T should slide.

Chorus

The professor read his paper with a corrugated brow,
He knew he'd have to mark it, he didn't quite know how,
Till an inspiration in his cerebellum suddenly smote
As he seized his trusty fountain pen, and this is what he wrote.

Chorus

Just as you guessed the entropy I'll have to guess your grade,
But the second law won't raise it to the mark you might have made.
For it might have been a hundred, if your guesses all were good
But I think it must be zero till they're rightly understood.

Glory, glory dear old Thermo (3)
We'll try again next year.



HAIL TO MIT (tune: Alma's mother)

There beside the Charles River Basin,
Lies an awesome sight (site)
Midst the factory whistles blowing
Long into the night.

There it squats; its Great Dome rising
Like an ugly head.
Viscious grin across it sweeping,
Wishing you were dead.

Toothlike pillars neatly standing,
Bared beneath the sun;
Crablike pincers cruelly formed
By buildings 2 and 1.

In its halls the unwashed student
Cringes from the lights.
As if here were a streptococcus
Pursued by leukocytes.

Lab instructors, proctors, finals
Rub their hands with glee.
Cackle gaily to each other
From screwing you and me.

At its rear, like fecal matter,
Sits Necco's seething vat.
Adding pungent chocolate odor
To that of rancid fat.

Gather round all Tech tool brothers
From every ethnic root.
Lift your voice in joyous chorus;
.... the Institute!

THE FRESHMAN'S LAMENT (tune; Cowboy's Lament)

As I walked out of the room 10-250,
As I walked out of the lecture one day,
I met a poor freshman with slipstick and pencil,
With slipstick and pencil and so much to say.

"I see by your brass rat that you are a senior."
These words did he say as I slowly limped by.
"Come sit down beside me and solve this equation;
I've got a straight F and I'm saying good-by."

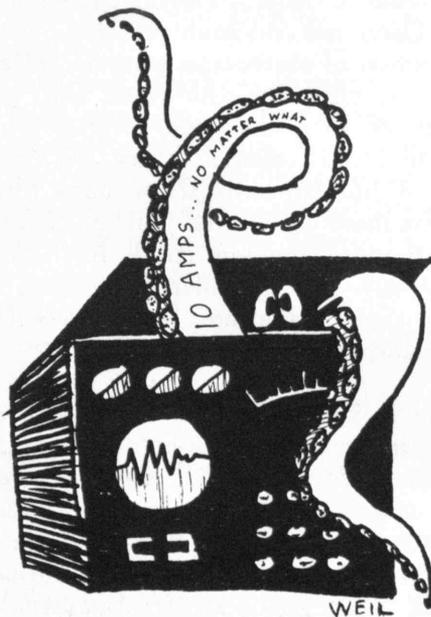
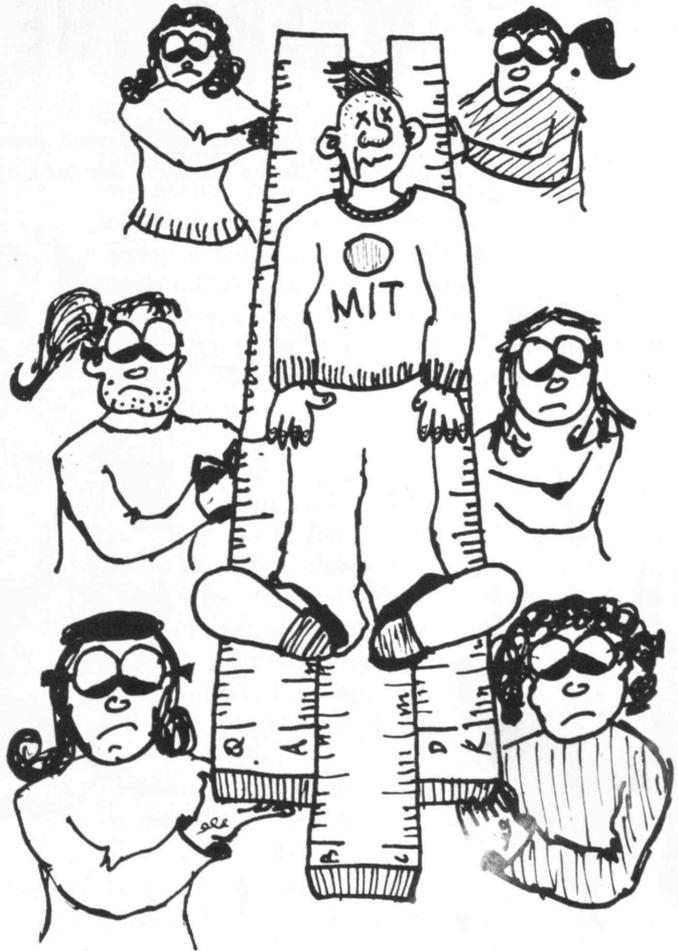
"I integrate slowly, my quiz marks are lowly;
My themes were rejected -- they say they're too clear.
With farads and newtons and joules, dynes, and coulombs,
A hell of a future - a Tech Engineer."

"I dream differentials and standard potentials;
My mass action constants are always the same.
My chem lab assignments are dry lab refinements,
And chemistry lectures are always to blame."

"Let six tech coeds come carry my sliderule;
Let six happy seniors come help me along.
For I'm a poor freshman with nothing but failures,
A poor flunking freshman and I've done no wrong."

**This 1,2 freshman then transferred to harvard,
Where he got the best grades that anyone had.
Now he's making millions and living in comfort;
I wonder if harvard will take me post-grad.

*sing this slowly as if contemplating an 8.07 final
**sing this happily if you still remember how.



THE CURRENT SOURCE (tune: the boom, boom boom, a pop song about five years ago)

One day in old 6:00 lab I saw a great big box;
It was all black and written on, and tied down with big locks.
It had a shorting bar on it and writing on the side;
It said: TEN (10) AMPS -- NO MATTER WHAT. It always was alive.

I wheeled it over to my bench, my partners weren't there.
I wanted to see what it read on the microammeter.
I hooked the MIT meter through a hundred billion ohms.
It look like they'll no longer need to plaster the great dome.

When they finally got the lab cleaned out, I was well upon my way,
A heading back to harvard bridge to throw it in the bay.
I chanced to meet old Ernie G., his face was all bright red.
He said, "Short out that goddamned thing. The currents go through my
head".

At this I dropped the big black box right off into the bay;
The bubbles started immediately, electrolysing away.
The Charles is getting lower every minute every day.
If someone doesn't short out that source, the crew will row on clay.

WHERE THE GIRLS ARE

From Florida comes the following manuscript, found in an empty Ex-Lax bottle floating in the Charles and written by one of our Senior Board members who took off, Spring vacation, for the infamous Ft. Lauderdale:



“Two nights before vacation starts we decide to take off for Ft. Lauderdale .. “We” being myself and a friend who has a political science paper to write. We decide that writing on Civic Decisions against Collegians in Ft. Lauderdale would be a good topic, and quickly pack Volkswagen.

“Spend night sleeping on East Campus cots along the side of road in Florida. “Getting there is half the fun.” BS! Sounds of crickets (rattle - snakes?) birds (rats?), and trucks (trucks!) force us to decamp after two hours of sleep and spend night in St. Augustine. Visit Castilla san de Marcos or some-such and decide that it’s a good place for a water fight. Can’t seem to find any girls in the city. Not a one. Wonder where they’re hiding them. Check map and see Anastasia Island nearby. Have visions of thousands of girls hidden there by their protective parents. Drive there. Visions disappear. Nothing but sand and water and Alligator farms. Wonder where they are hiding girls. Drive car along beach. Drive car into ocean. Chicken out when water gets up to hubcaps. Go to bed.

“Hit Ft. Lauderdale wondering if the Elbo Room is really just a prop in the MGM studios. Sure enough, there it is in all its glory at E. Los Alos and S. Atlantic Blvds. Hundreds of college students having around. Traffic unbearable. Nothing but Corvettes and snob-vehicles. Never such a collection of stereotype gung-ho college Joes. Each one complete with sweat shirt with school name or random Greek letters, white jacket, white tennis shorts, straw hat, dirty sneakers, and athletic build (How many Phys. Ed majors can there be?) And GIRLS: Yessirree one delicious- looking chick for every 3.55 gung-ho’s. But considering quality, we decide that these odds are better than MIT Freshman mixer, anyway.

“Second day in Lauderdale we decided to set ourselves apart from the gung-ho’s by sporting suits. Receive odd stares from waitresses and suspicious stares from the abundant police. Decide to drop in to the News Morgue of the Ft. Lauderdale News and read clippings of the past ten years of ‘Collegians in Ft. Lauderdale.’ Very interesting afternoon. Find that 50,000

collegians down last year spent \$2.5 million and cost the police department \$45,000 in extra pay. Read about one cop that worked 54 days straight without a break. Read about buses being swiped, sharks thrown into motel pools, riots.

“Spend evening walking up and down S. Atlantic Blvd. strumming git-fiddle and singing “Hot Nuts” (“Get ‘em from your hotnuts man!). Get back to motel. Motel owner asks us if MIT is in Michigan. We straighten him out.

“Spend this day on the beach as a test of my personal ‘Four Hour Suntan’ theory. Meet delightful female type. Blond. Stacked. Good looking. Alone. Spend three hours with her on beach before finding out she’s engaged. TS. Four-hour stantan turning into three-hour sunburn. Walking down S. Atlantic Blvd. in front of Elbo Room. Hear shouts of ‘Hey, Voo Doo!’ Turn around to find two members of Junior board leaning against the mailbox. After exchanging initial greetings, I start to tell them about our experiences with a snake on the Sunshine State Parkway. Use words ‘long and thin’ just as female type walks up to deposit letter in box. Gives us dirty looks and (practically) runs away. Stop into Bahia drugstore Mar for quasi-lunch. Waitress thinks MIT is in Virginia. We straighten her out. Much impressed by the friendliness and courtesy of the ‘townies’ in Lauderdale. Even the wrappers on the soda straws read ‘It is a pleasure to serve you’ rather than the Bostonish ‘Thank you. Come Again.’

“Pickup some beer at grocery store. Just outside store stopped by perfect Fidel Castro-like-ness (complete with machine gun) who is trying to bum some matches. Trade him match for cigarette. Halfway through six-pack of beer we begin to compose an ‘Ode to Ft. Lauderdale.’

Swirls of girls and rows of shmoes,
(Mixing)

Bevys of Chevvy's and Hords of Fords,
(Dragging).

Pails of males and scads of lads,
(Drinking).

Miles of smiles and measures of pleasures,
(Rioting).

Flocks of rocks and herds of words,
(Profane).

Bunches of punches and pails of jails,
(Squelch).

Reams of themes and schools of tools,
(MASOCHISTS!)

“Morning comes and it seems less funny, but so what . . . Run into guy at Bahia Mar Yacht Basin who is sure MIT is a little school in New York. We straighten him out.

“Getting a bit tired of looking at Corvettes and gung-ho's, but the girls make it worthwhile. Run across article from last year's Ft. Lauderdale News concerning the theft of a steak from Barton's Market. “Barton's description of the two students wasn't too specific. He said they had crew cuts and wore sweat shirts with, Greek letters on their fronts.’ Good luck to you, Daddy. That narrows them down to only about 50,000 people!

“Last day in Ft. Lauderdale spent randomly. Bomb on down to Miami for filet mignon. While there find car in front of us perfectly straddling the white line down the center of the road. Check the license plates. You guessed it, Massachusetts! Motel owner offers to trade me his '56 Sunbeam Supreme for my VW. Didn't Square of Ft. Lauderdale at E. Los Alos and S. Atlantic and start north (shudder).

“Pass fireworks stand and within five minutes increase the potential energy of VW by about 50,000,000 joules. Go forty miles out of our way in an attempt to see Cape Canaveral. See signs reading ‘No Cameras, Film, Liquor or Explosives. Turn Back.’ Decide that signs are not meant for us. Get as far as the gate. “This's fur us you can git!” Turn around. Horny for orange juice, we stop at one of the abundant roadside stands. Fella there not only heard of MIT but even knows about Radcliffe! So overjoyed we buy ½ bushel of oranges.

“Stop at gas station in Georgia, and patronize one of the little dispensers on the wall of the men's room. Drive halfway through Georgia's with sample of its wares attached to car aerial. Spend night in Savannah, listen to 20 minute discourse by woman owning motel on how to turn on the air conditioner (it has two knobs). She obviously never heard of MIT either.

“Back in Boston. Yeeecchhh!! It's raining. It's cold. It's dark. It's unfriendly. Have to re-adjust to Boston driving. Stop first at China-town, and then to the dorms. Back to grind, the end of a Tech tool's paradise. Next year..”



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How many stripes on a bumblebee?

I don't know.

How many feathers on a bird?

I don't know.

How many dwarfs did Snow White have?

Seven.

How come you know so little about the
birds and bees and so much about fairies?



I don't mind your 'running out of gas' rou-
tine, but the trailer's got to go.



Harvey: "Look, is that lady's dress torn or
am I seeing things?"

George: "Both."



"Did you make out okay on your date with
those Siamese twins?"

"Well, yes and no."



There's one thing worse than being a bachelor
and that's being a bachelor's son.

Little old Grandma toddled out to the mail box to pick up her mail. A neighbor lady, happening to be out in her yard struck up a conversation with Grandma. She finally asked Grandma: "How can you stand the silence of living alone?"

"Oh," said Grandma as she watched two of her kittens playing in her small garden; "It's not really too bad. If things really get dull I can kick the hell out of one of my cats."



Irving rushed home from work and excitedly called his girl Selma.

"Selma, you'll never guess! I've got a chance to visit a real bumpologist ..."

"Whaddya mean? You were going to come over to my apartment tonight! And besides, what's a bumpologist anyway?"

"Selma, - a bumpologist is one of these guys that feels the bumps on your head and predicts your fortune from it. This is just too much of an opportunity to pass up."

"Well, Irv, if it's such a tough choice, why don't you flip a coin?"



"My name is Tex," one cowboy introduced himself to another.

"Oh, you from Texas, pardner," asked the second.

"No," said the first, "I'm from Louisiana. But who wants to be called Louise?"

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First little boy: "I don't like the new little girl in our block. Her neck's dirty."

Second little boy: "Her does?"



A guy just called by his draft board happened to think of a friend who had been rejected because he wore a truss. So he hastily purchased one and rushed down to the board. After the examination, he noted the official had put N.E. after his name.

"What's the N.E. for?" he asked.

"Near East," was the reply. "Anybody who can wear a truss upside down can ride a camel for two years."



The village fair was all agog over its annual spelling bee. One by one the contestants were eliminated until two remained, the town lawyer and the stableman. Everyone waited breathlessly for the word which would decide the match.

"How do you spell auspice?"

The stableman lost.

Hear about the coed who tried out for ROTC, but after two weeks was kicked out? Seems she was found guilty of contributing to the delinquency of a major.



It was not a fast lecture,
It was not a slow lecture,
But a halffast lecture.



A drunk, sitting at a local bar, had been eyeing a voluptuous blonde for some time and finally summoned enough courage to approach her. "Shay," he mumbled, "how about spending the night with me, baby?"

"Fine," she replied. "Shall we go to your place or mine?"

"Hell," responded the drunk, "if you're going to quibble, we'll just forget about it."



A little girl raised her hand during a biology lesson and wanted to know if her grandmother could have a baby. Somewhat surprised at the question, the teacher replied that her grandmother was too old to have a baby.

"How about my mother?" asked the little girl. The teacher replied that it was possible but that her mother was probably getting a little too old to be having babies too. "Well, could I have a baby?" she wanted to know.

"Goodness no," said Teacher, "you're much too young."

"See!" said a voice from the back of the room, "I told you there was nothin' to worry about."

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The magazine of

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**Erotica*

**Efluvia*

If you can read this ad,
you're literate enough
to read....

TANGENT

On Sale Someday or Other....

Paul's Esso Service Station

- Honest reliable service to M.I.T. students for over 20 years.
- Complete Car Service
- Corner Broadway and 6th Street, near Kendall Square

EL 4-9392

*Special Report: Jacqueline Kenerdy's
trip to the Commonwealth of Oz*

The nation has a right to know about the recent secret Goodwill journey made by Mrs. Kenerdy to the underdeveloped and as yet neutral Commonwealth of Oz. As United States aid is pending for this little-known land, we sent E.L. Pragla our ace reporter, to report on this momentous journey.

"Amidst scores of well wishers, Mrs. Kenerdy boarded a luxurious Boeing 709 Jet, at Dullness International Airport, and after three hours prepared to debark and greet the throng of Oz residents that would undoubtedly be awaiting the arrival of the benignly smiling first lady. Unfortunately, a minor customs difficulty had detained the plane, as the authorities were still searching through Jack Parr's Luggage. (Mr. Parr later decided to leave the entourage, due to the presence of large numbers of newsmen, who thought they knew what he was really like.)

After a tumultuous welcome (Mrs. Kenerdy's jet had inadvertently landed on, and done away with, a universally disliked individual whose name is best translated "Wicked Witch of the West", the first lady was shown the nation's proudest heritage, a beautifully maintained super-highway made, curiously enough of Yellow Brick. Smiling graciously, she won the hearts of the people by removing her shoes, and gaily tripping down the sacred road.

Along the way, curiously enough, she encountered Bert Lahr, attired as a Lion, Ray Bolger, disguised as a Scarecrow, and an individual in a sort of coat of armor (we're not sure who he was, as they're still trying to extricate him), all three of whom were sent along by the State Department, to provide comic relief. Unfortunately, no camel drivers were available.

After some abortive attempts by the subversive and anti-American Witch of the East, to stage protest demonstrations and the like, Mrs. Kenerdy at last met the premier of Oz, a forceful and beloved patriarch named Wizard, who showed her the sights of the picturesque capital city of his country, as well as the technical innovations which he introduced.

It was later revealed that Wizard was once a student in this country. He was, however, disqualified from the Electrical Engineering course at M.I.T., and returned to take over the affairs of state in Oz.

All in all, our correspondent reports that Mrs. Kenerdy's trip did much to unofficially cement relations between our country and Oz. Efforts are presently being made to allow Oz to gain a seat at the United Nations, however, the U.S.S.R. has so far blocked this action, claiming that it does not recognize the miniscule commonwealth. Premier Wizard will probably reciprocate by visiting the U.S. late next year; he has, thus far, indicated no desire to visit his alma mater."

— E. L. Pragla



Voo Doo Doll of the month



For the first time since our series was initiated, we have a Doll who resides in the Greater Boston area. Miss Loris Dee Phillips and her family live in Brookline. Their beautiful home was our 10-second studio this month.

Loris Dee, a green-eyed blond, has the wonderful combination of a sensitive face and a sensational figure. These, and her bubbling personality, made her our most pleasant model to work with so far. Her grace and good humor are reflected in that night's set of exceptional photographs.





Although aspiring to a career as a model, she is also studying commercial art at the Boston School of Practical Art and modern dance at the New England Conservatory of Music. Among other things, Lori is now modeling cosmetics and hair styling for Revlon and clothing for the Hart Modeling Agency. This summer she will become a professional actress. Lori was a finalist in the Miss Massachusetts contest several years ago and has been prominent in beauty pageants this year.

Whatever field she chooses, we of Voo Doo are sure of her success. With fine looks and a wonderful personality, Lori cannot help but win with her many talents.

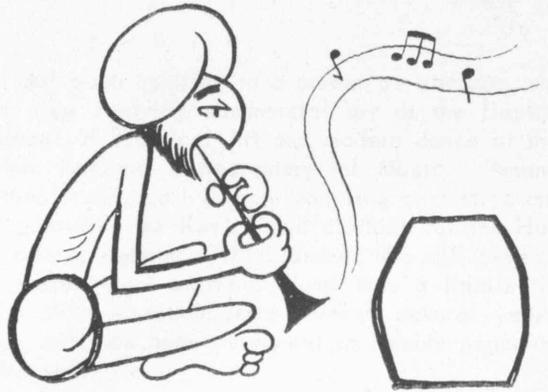




1



2



3



4



5



FW

The Yale Record

Found in the Wastebasket

Metropolitan Transit Authority
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Sirs:

I have been traveling on your streetcars for the past 17 years and service seems to be getting worse every day. I think that the transportation you offer is worse now than it was 2000 years ago.

Reply to Traveler
Dear Sir:

We received your letter of the 1st, and we believe that you are somewhat confused in your history as the only means of transportation 2000 years ago was on foot.

Yours very truly,
A traveler

Reply to Metropolitan Transit Authority
Dear Sirs:

I have received your letter of the 7th, and I find that you are the one confused in your history. If you read the Bible, Book of David, 9th verse, you will find Aaron rode into the city on his ass, and that, gentlemen, is something I have not been able to do on your streetcars for the past 17 years.

Yours very truly,
A traveler

R.O.T.C. Made a Man Out of Me!

says Rafael Trujillo, Jr., formerly of Ciudad Trujillo



Let ROTC (pronounced rot-see) do as much for you! Learn the time-honored art of warfare as practiced by such great soldiers as Ghengis Khan, Attila the Hun, and General Walker.

Small dogs and children will cower in fear at the sight of your formidable combat boots!

**Phone your local ROTC recruiter Today!
In the Yellow Pages, of course.**

CHAPARRAL

The recent survey on cigarette smoking found that 90% of the men who tried camels still prefer women.



What's grey and comes in quarts?

Charcoal ice cream.



The young man made a rather hasty purchase at a drug store and answered the druggists rather knowing smile with a short and glowing description of the date he had that night.

That evening the young man rang the bell and was invited into the girls home and was introduced to her parents. After a general discussion of the weather and other pleasantries, the young man said, "Its about time for us to get started if we are going to church. Won't you join us - he asked the parents.

The young man was insistent so they finally joined them. After the service the girl said "I didn't realize you were so religious."

"No," the young man said, "and I didn't realize your father was a druggist, either."

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We have Surplus Surplus

Bet you didn't know that the real reason why Kennedy calls Cuba "Cuber" is to irritate Castro.



A teacher, unfastening with difficulty the overshoes of one of her little pupils, asked, "Did your mother hook these for you?"

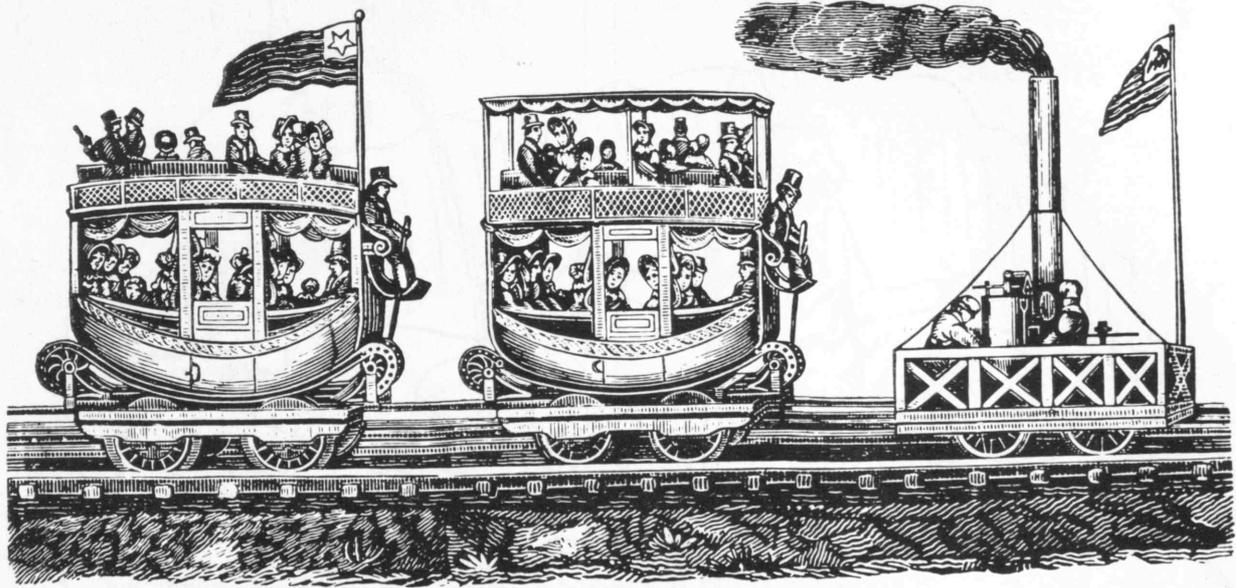
"No," the child said, "She bought them."



The preacher solemnly read the announcement: "The Little Mothers of the congregation will meet in the Sunday School room Monday evening at eight thirty. Any young lady who wishes to become a Little Mother will please see the pastor in his study after the sermon."



"If these mugs are thinking about muscling in our territory they better think again . . . right boys?"



Whenever you leave town, carry money only you can spend: **Bank of America Travelers Cheques.** Loss-proof, theft-proof, cashed only by your signature. Sold at leading banks everywhere.



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Children born in houses of ill fame are
brothel's sprouts.



Virtues are learned at mother's knee.
Vices at some other joint.



One day two ladies went for a tramp in the
woods but he got away.



1st Fratrat: Why are you so happy?
2nd FR: "I had a date with a Kappa last night."
1st FR: "So?"
2nd FR: "I found out what the key is for."



"My boy friend is serving on an island in
the Pacific."
"Hawaii?"
"No, Alcatraz."



GRAY'S GULF

Next door to Building 33

Minor Repairs - Tune Ups

Tires - Tubes - Batteries - Accessories

We give S & H Green Stamps

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RENT NEW FURNITURE

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save money.

New and used furniture for sale at low
prices.

Special rates for students.

B. A HOLMES CO., INC.

1096 Boylston Street

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The worried young thing entered the doctor's office and finally told him with some difficulty, that she needed an operation.

"Major?" asked the doctor.

"No, only a private so I'll probably have to pay for the whole thing myself!"



Chi O: My date sure got fresh last night.

Pi Phi: Why didn't you slap his face?

Chi O: I did, and let me tell you something.
Never slap anybody when he's chewing tobacco.



"BOY, WHAT A DISGUSTING
'MAGAZINE'".

ΑΦΩ

PRESENTS

the

MIT
SPRING



8 P.M.
April 21
Rockwell Cage
Prizes, Food, and
Amusement!

There are lots of couples who don't neck
in parked cars. The woods are full of them.



Confucius says,
"Women who cooks carrots and peas in the
same pot ... Very unsanitary."



BYRON

on Life Savers:



"Give away thy breath!"

From *My 36th Year*, line 36



Still only 5¢



The famed SIR PERIOR CORD . . .
 75% Dacron* (polyester)
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 convenience without sacrificing
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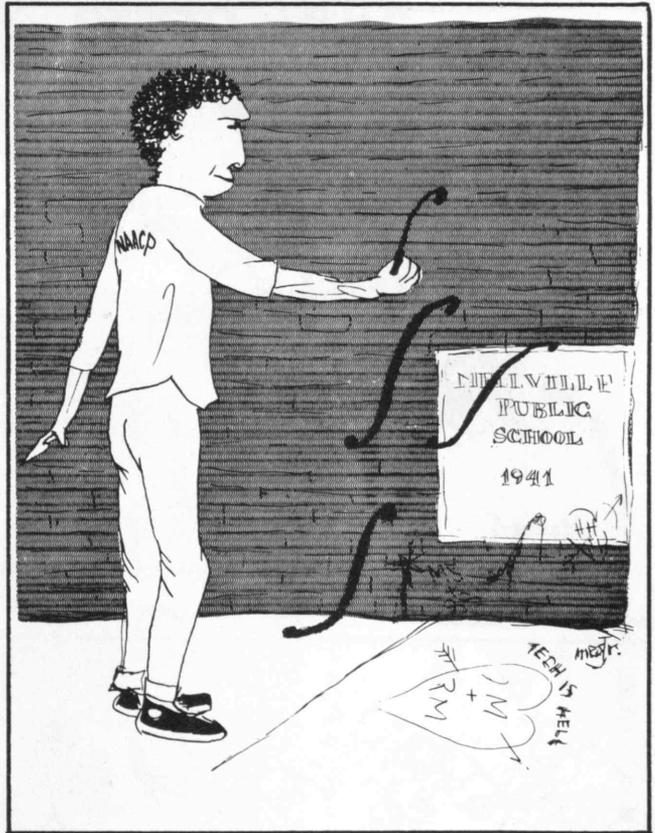
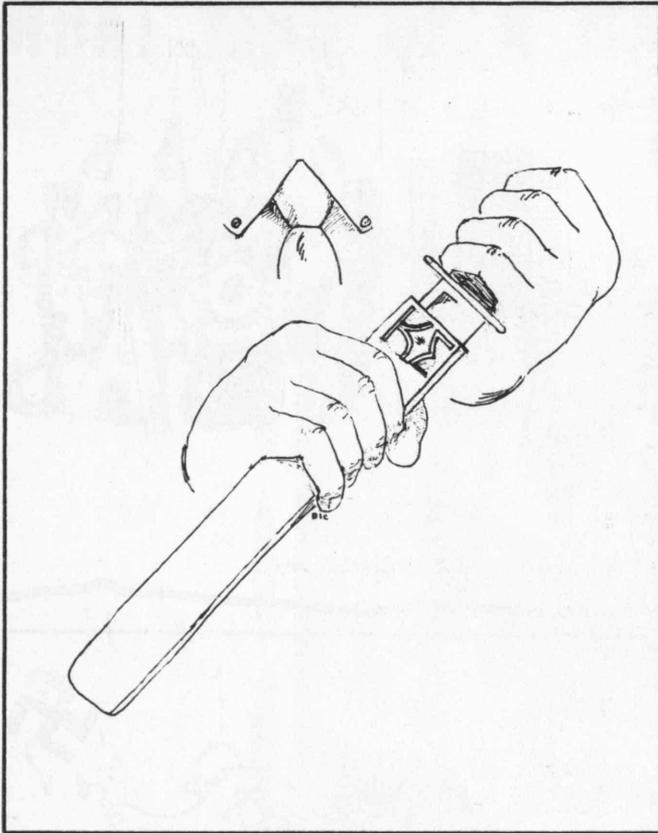
Rotc Col.: "Repeat: Repeat!
 Did you say to push the Anti-
 Anti- Anti - Missile! - Missile
 button, or the Anti-Anti-Anti-
 Anti-Missile Missile button???"

ROTC Gen: "Check! Roger!
 Wilco!! The Anti-Anti - Anti
 Missile Missile Button."

ROTC Col.: "Or did he say
 the Anti-Anti-.....
 BOOM!"



ONLY 300 MORE WORDS
 TO GO



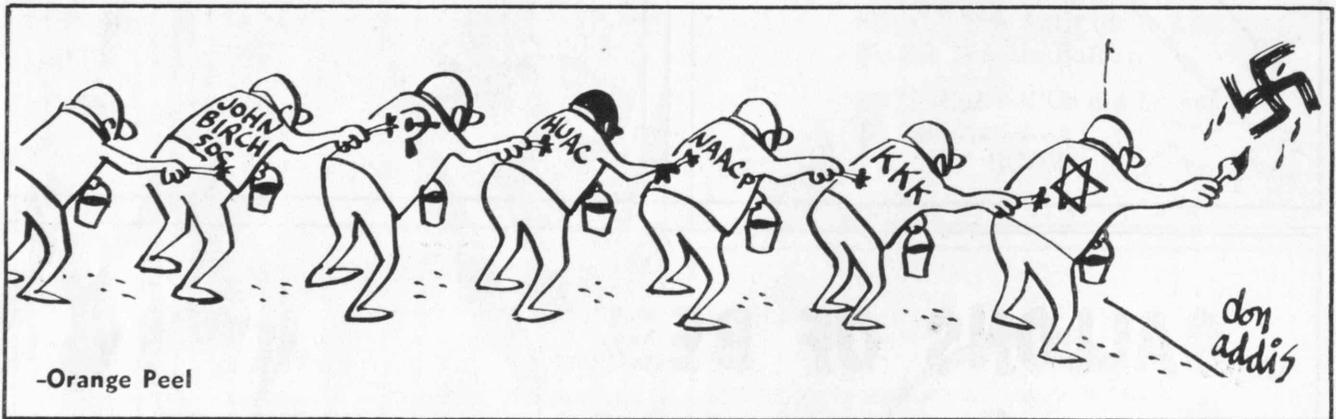
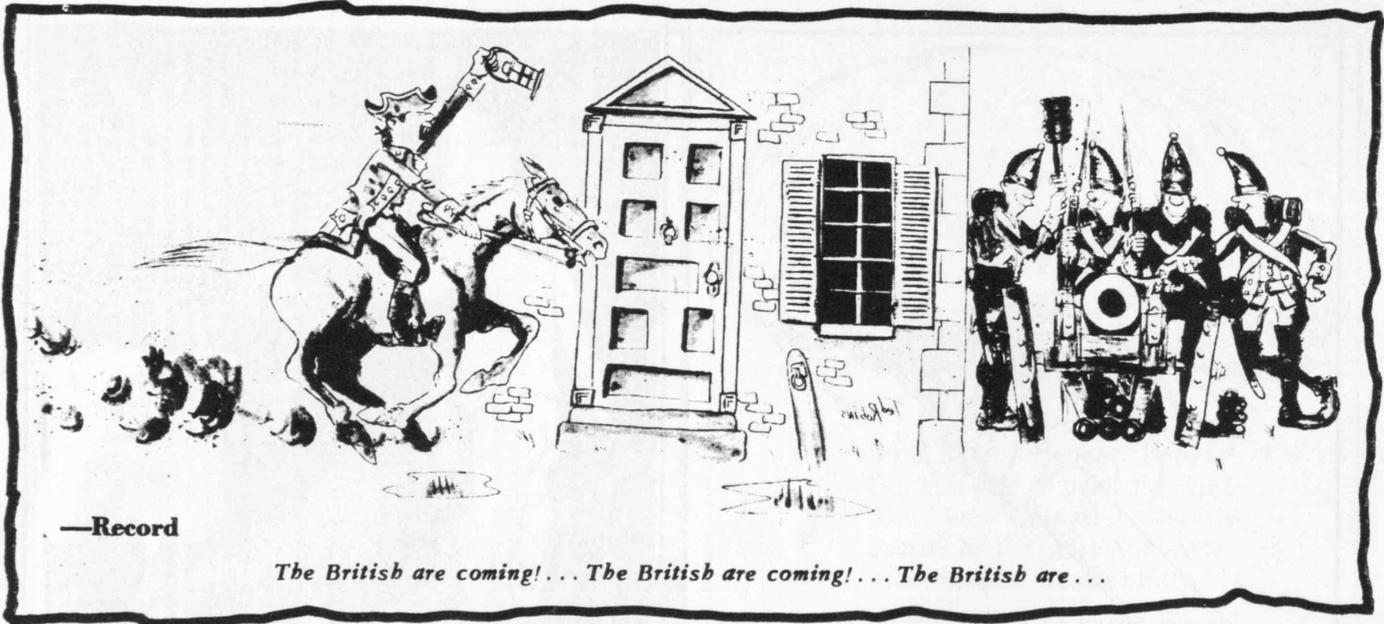
GALLONS OF BEER!

- FRIDAY, June 1 - Clambake & folksing
- SATURDAY, June 2 - Senior Prom, Midnite buffet
- SUNDAY, June 3 - Senior Night at the Pops
- MONDAY, June 4 - Al Cameron's birthday
- TUESDAY, June 5 - Boat ride to George's Island

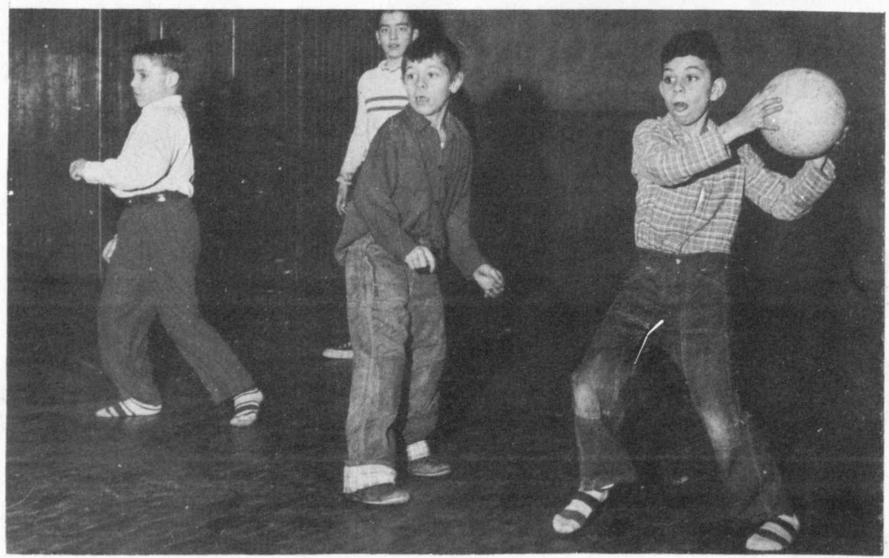
"M.I.T. SENIOR WEEK"

Tickets go on sale April 23





-Orange Peel



"Hey, mistaah, ahhn't you gonna apply youah brakes??"

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