

The Shape of Things to Come

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back to the Womb.

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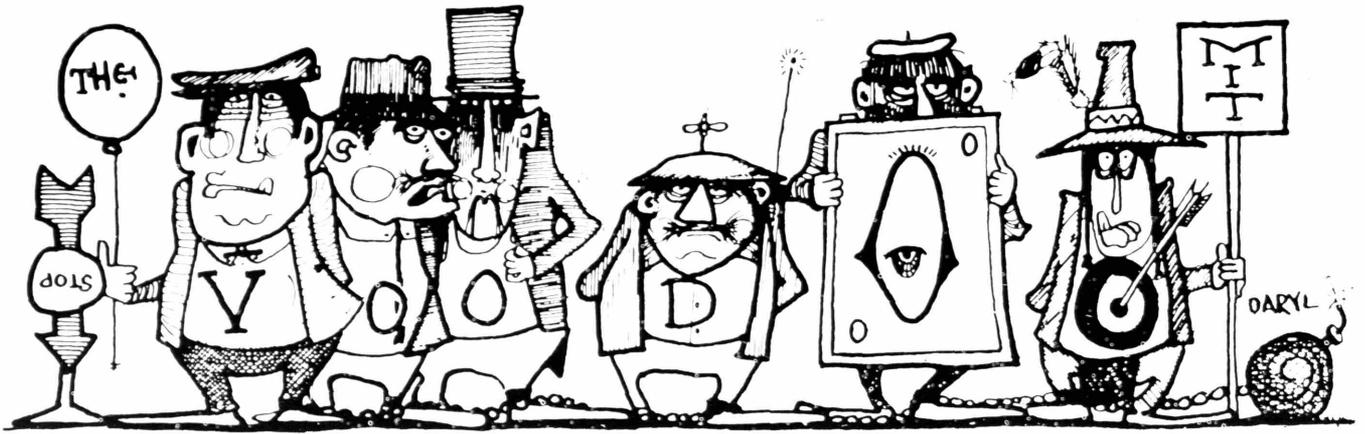
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In these days of unbearable tension, it is inconceivable that anyone can erect an impregnable barrier against the slings and arrows that outrageous fortune has in store for him. It is with thought in mind that we present in this issue the framework for a new mass movement—Uterism! Throughout the magazine you will find bright little back-to-the-womb-type slogans to spring on your friends: somewhere in this mess you'll find the emblem of the Uterite movement: Cut it out and paste it on your windshield, your door, your forehead—what the hell! Escapists of the world, unite!

A friend of ours was walking down Beacon Street the other evening and passed a group of guys standing on the corner. He was about two houses down the block when he heard a feminine voice cry "Horny?" He turned around just in time to see the assemblage turn toward the window from which the damsel had called, shout (almost in unison) "Horny!", and march *en masse* into the house. Oh, well...

The following conversation was overheard by a Junior Board member in a Central Square drugstore.

Young Man (to not-so-sweet young thing behind counter): "Do you have any rubber cement?"

She: (incredulously) *Rubber cement!??*

He: "Yeah, rubber cement..."

She: (suspiciously) "You'll have to ask the pharmacist about that!"

Say, did you ever take a good look at a fire extinguisher? Next time, read it closely.

TO PLAY
TURN BOTTOM UP

A certain former Tech Coed who has actually graduated from this place was up in the office on Makeup Night, and informed us of a singularly effective method she had used in her earlier days, to drop a course. It seems that she was flunking the course mightily, and, due to the lateness in the term, was required to petition to the C.A.P. (No, frosh, that does not stand for Civil Air Patrol)

Standing before the mighty Professor Sv—on, she tremulously implored, "Please let me drop the course."

IOWA CITY, Iowa (AP)—Coeds at the University of Iowa are being offered a special education course this Fall.

The course, called "Relaxation," is "sort of a remedial course for girls who are overly tense," said a university official. "They'll just sit around and—well, you know, relax."

Our spy on the *the tech* staff informs us that for several hours before they wrote their "Boys Will Be Boys" editorial scorning the East Campus Song Book, the boys on the staff were reading the thing and laughing their heads off. Tut, gentlemen!

"No!" he smirked.

Thinking fast, she retorted, "But sir, I'm married, and I don't have time to take it."

"What?" he replied, astounded. "But you didn't *have* to get married." The Coed remained silent. Prof. Sv—on blushed.

She dropped the course.

From an 8.051 Recitation instructor, whose early morning class elicits many a groan on homework-collection day, we hear that last week, one of his students, a coed, phoned him after class, asking if she could hand in her homework that afternoon, using the time-worn excuse, "I'm sorry, but I overslept." Thinking nothing of it, he gave his permission. Ten minutes later, one of his male students called to ask if he, too, could hand in the assignment late, saying, "Sorry, but I overslept." Even this didn't faze the instructor...but he began to wonder when he received the two assignments, and found that they contained exactly the same mistakes...

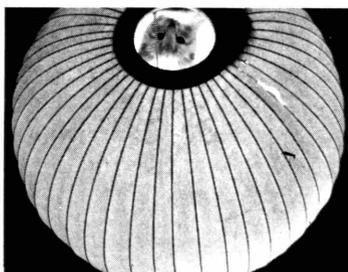
Our Voo Doo Doll for last month has spent the past four weeks suffering the penalties of her most rash indiscretion: last Sales Day she gave out her 'phone number. Kim does not number will-power among her many virtues, and so we *appeal to you, for her sake*, to restrain yourselves and stop calling her. Besides, her husband stands 6'-6", weighs 280 pounds, and has threatened to cream the next amorous clod who dials the number.

In May of 1961 we appealed to our readers for support in the campaign against the most widespread childhood disease

in the world today—virginity. In these days of crisis and universal brouhaha, it is uncertain whether this dread affliction will be wiped out before *we* are.

Since our last appeal no significant decrease in the incidence of virginity has been reported. Our statisticians at the Laboratory of Virginity Experimentation (LOVE) report that the principal center of infection for the 16 to 25 age group can be traced directly to the college population. A hard core of malingerers seem to account for these disturbing observations. It has been noted that *everyone who leaves college as a virgin entered college as one*. There is no excuse for this! Although virtually everyone suffers from virginity at one time or another, the cure is simple and easily administered.

In case you've never been in the VooDoo office, we might point out that the high point of our somewhat strangely decorated headquarters is the famous VooDoo hanging lamp, being a sphere about two feet in diameter, and highly susceptible to playful swinging on the part of our more bellicose staffers. Last week, Phos invited one of his younger friends, by the name of *Gruff*, to inspect the facilities. Gruff took a particular liking to our lamp, and for all we know, may be there still. Like we say, Back to the Womb?



In classroom, on campus, at parties



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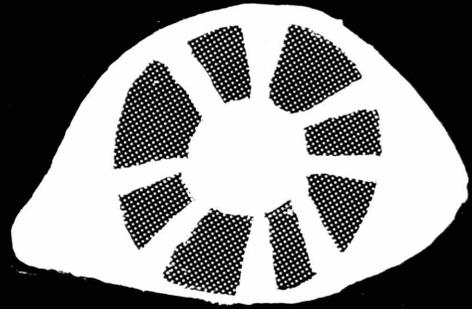
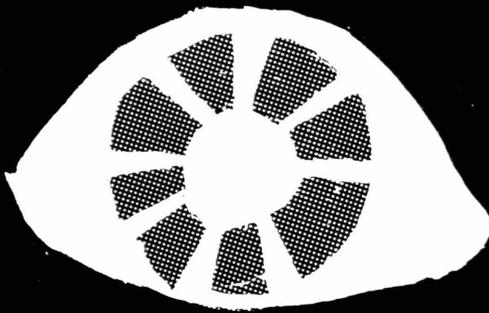
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THE ESCAPE



Bennett and Jason had been conversing for some time. They spoke to each other not out of common interest, but of boredom. For, through some ridiculous quirk of fate, they had somehow both gotten locked into a closet, or something. The closet was rather stuffy and warm, but, in the hope of being discovered and released, they bided their time.

Jason tried to renew the flagging conversation. "Lovely day, isn't it?" he remarked, with almost a twinge of laughter, considering that he had been forced to stoop to such mundane chatter.

"How would you know, stupid?" retorted Bennett. "We've been in here so long, I can hardly remember what it was like outside."

Somewhat piqued by this, Jason resumed his veil of silence. Some muffled words came from without... both listened intently, hoping that someone would notice the door, and that this asinine imprisonment would come to an end. The talking persisted for some time, and was followed by some curious gurgling sounds; immediately thereafter, their little cubicle began to shake up and down...but this too ended, as quickly as it had begun.

"Really now," exclaimed Jason. "This whole thing is taking on the aspects of some monstrous practical joke...as if someone *planned* on our being here, and then arranged all manner of disturbance to annoy us. I shall have no self respect left after I get out of this!" He violently kicked at the door, in another vain attempt to secure his freedom, but, knowing from several previous attempts, during the last few hours, that it would not budge, he became sullen again. As an apparent consequence of his action, the enclosure shook again for a moment, more violently than before.

Bennett looked on with an air of resignation. "Take it easy, Jay, boy," he said. "Look, it isn't as if we were really alone. For instance, have you noticed that,

even though we've been in here for what seems an eternity, we haven't starved to death?"

"Yes, it does seem rather curious," replied the dejected Jason. At that point, the heaving of the cubicle began anew...this time, it was almost as if it was being transported in some monstrous truck over a badly cobblestoned street.

"See here," said Bennett. "If you really want to do this methodically, let's take turns kicking at the door... you kick once every five minutes for half an hour, then I'll take over. Maybe, if we're persistent, someone will at least notice us."

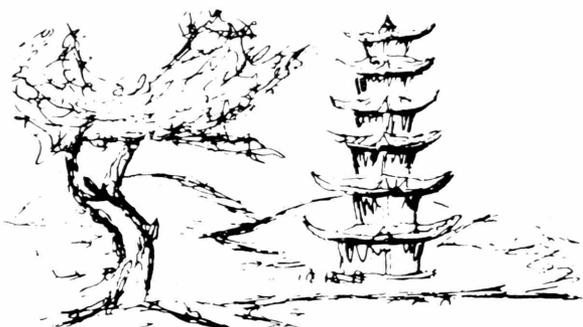
This notion seemed to encourage both of them...and Jason commenced his kicking at once. Since this kicking seemed to have some effect on the closet's shaking sprees, the two continued for some time.

Suddenly, Bennett noticed, in the very dim, reddish light, what appeared to be another exit. It was near the bottom of the enclosure, and was very narrow. As Jason continued kicking, Bennett managed to push his head into the orifice, to get a better view. As Jason watched, incredulously, the head, then the shoulders, and then the remainder of his companion's body disappeared into the exit with great rapidity. Encouraged by the possibility of making such an escape himself, Jason assumed the position near the floor occupied a short time ago by Bennett, placed his head in the opening, and prepared to crawl through.

Suddenly, his head was seized by what appeared to be a huge claw, and he was dragged violently from his imprisonment into the outside world.

"See, Mrs. H.," beamed Doctor Brown, as he held Jason upside down, in his left hand, and Bennett in his right. "You've given birth to two fine boys."

-Edwin L. Pragma



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The enthusiastic young man walked into the booking agent's office with his dog.

"What have we here?" the agent asked.

"A talking dog," replied the young man proudly.

"Come off it," mocked the booking agent.

"No, it's the truth. Listen. Fido, when a golfer hits the ball out of the fairway, where does it go?"

"R-r-rough?" said the dog.

"Fido, who was the greatest ball player of all time?"

"R-r-ruth!" said the dog.

"Enough of this foolishness," the booking agent said, and he threw the youth and the dog out.

While walking away, the dog looked up to his master.

"Ty Cobb?" he asked.



It was the intern's first day in the asylum, and he approached an inmate who sat in the corner with his hands folded in front of him.

"Would you mind telling me your story, sir?" the intern asked.

"Not at all, not at all. It all started when I broke a cup while washing the dishes, and my wife said, 'Why don't you break all the cups?' So I broke all the cups. Then I broke a plate, and she said 'Why don't you break all the plates?' So I broke all the plates.

"When we went to bed that night I rolled over in my sleep, and she said 'Cut that out!'"

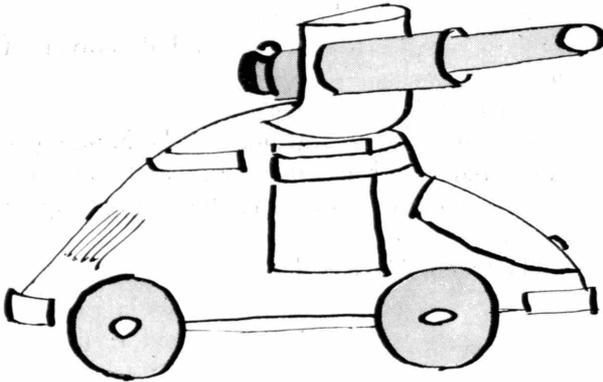
The man unfolded his hands. "Have you ever seen one of these in the daylight before?"



GOVERNMENT SURPLUS SALE

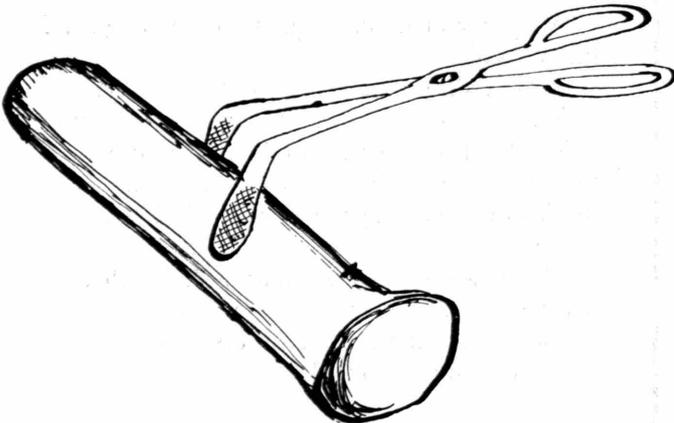
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(Kangaroo extra)

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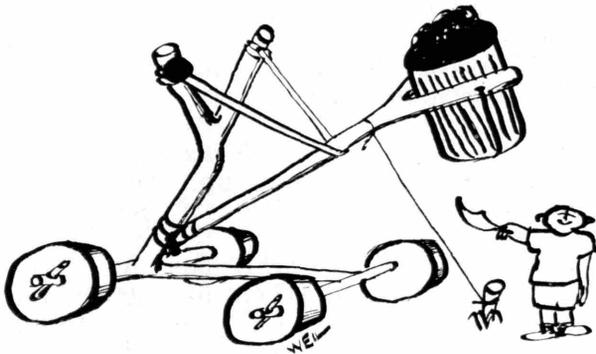


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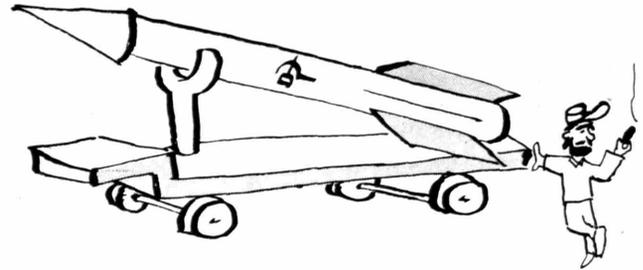
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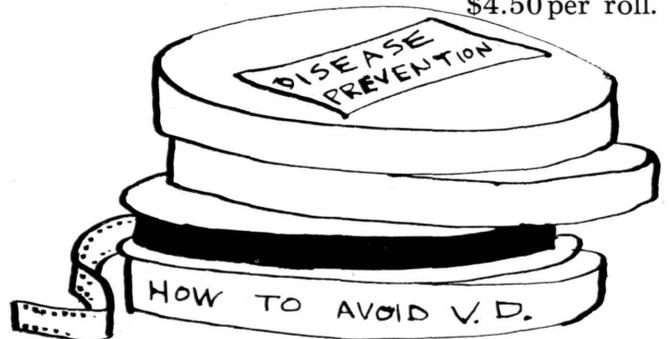


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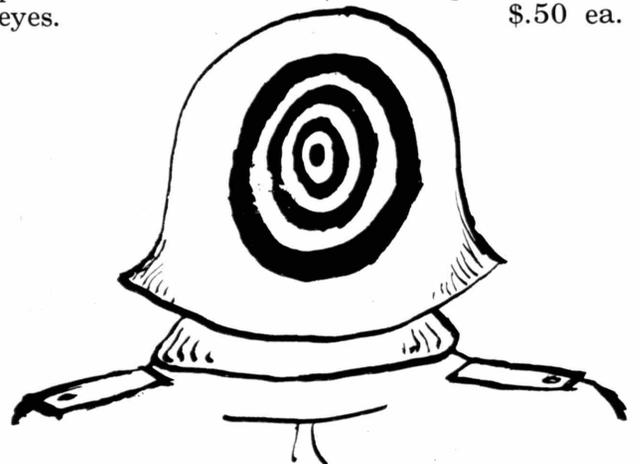


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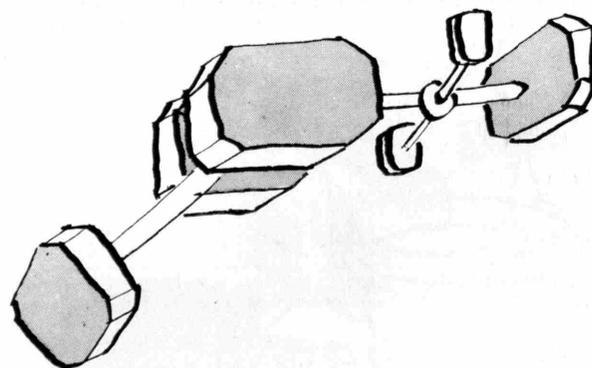
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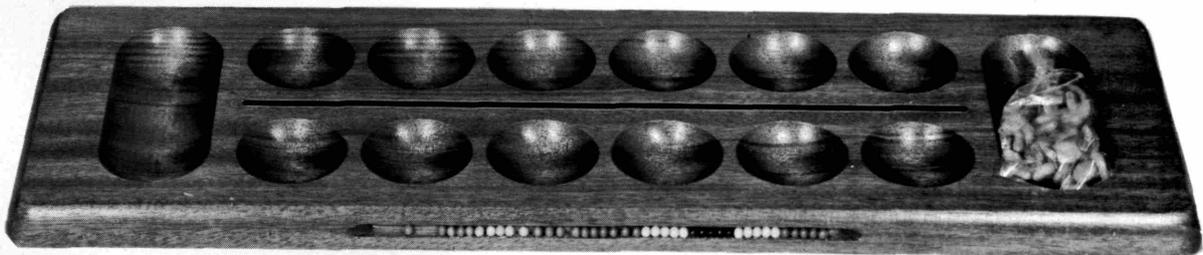
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(“The Pain in the Brain

Is Plainly on the wane”)

In the late thirties, in a paper presented before His Majesty's Thursday Afternoon Bridge Party and Psychological Society, the brilliant German psychologist, Friedrich Oldzenmilner, reported that he had found “pleasure centres in the hypothalamic regions of the brains of rats.” This announcement was greeted with resounding cries of “Double!” and “Redouble!” Noting the great impression which he had made upon His Majesty's Society, Oldzenmilner returned to his laboratory where he was found several years later by the Army of Liberation, dead, with his hand on the lever of a Skinner box and his face in an enigmatic grin. Fortunately his records were spared by the rats (which had escaped their cages and eaten everything in sight) and came into the hands of a Second Lieutenant who realized the earth-shaking implications of his find. Today, that man, Tony Pierce, heads up what promises to be the fastest growing company since Character Assassination Associates—Electrogasm, Ltd.

Utilizing the findings of Oldzenmilner, and applying such modern techniques as skin electrodes, Pierce developed (around 1949) what he termed the “Happy Hat.” Pierce's early experiments using the Happy Hat to electrically stimulate the “pleasure centers” of human subjects yielded astounding results. He discovered that, in humans as well as rats, the intense pleasures—the joy—received from this stimulation completely precluded any thoughts of sex, food, and survival. He found, in fact, that subjects under Happy Hat stimulation would not even bother to eat and had to be fed with intravenous glucose. When the Happy Hats were removed, the subjects would go to any extreme to restore the stimulus. Pierce found that subjects who had been kept under Happy Hats for thirty days and more grew healthier, stronger, and more resistant to disease—all the while experiencing pleasures which exceeded anything the physical world could offer—joys which cannot be described in words.

Eager to capitalize on his findings, Tony Pierce established a pilot-run Happy Hat center. Late in



“Electrogasm: crackpot idea?...”

1955 he took over an abandoned warehouse in Moosejaw, Me., set up a bank of 50 Happy Hats driven from a common Stimulator, and was immediately flooded with eager customers. We were able to speak to some of the clientele while they were being brought out from under the influence of the stimulator long enough to pay the monthly charge. The following comments were typical.

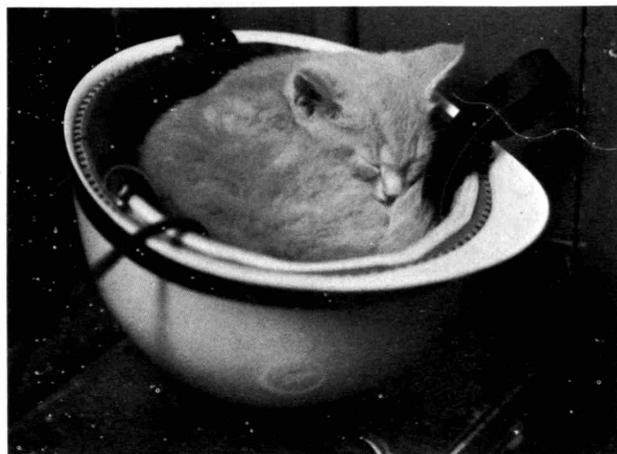
(Jack E. C. Florey) "When I'm wearin' my Happy Hat, I just don't give a damn!"

(John Attis) "I prefer this method of self-stimulation to any other."

(A noted university official) "I get a bigger kick from Happy Hats than from reading the East Campus songbook."

(Jurin Tumor) "I think everyone in East Campus should have one." And on and on and on—

What does the inventor of this astounding device have to say about it? We talked to him the other day and asked him about future marketing plans. "Well," he said, "my associates have come up with two models which we hope to have on the market early next year. There's the standard Happy Hat (Patent Pending) (Trademark 1952) which runs on regular 60 cycle, 117 volt AC and the deluxe "Pleasure Dome" model which operates on 117 line voltage, 12 and 6 volt car batteries and a self-contained solar-charged mercury battery. We anticipate sales in the millions. By the



...or a means to the end?

way," he added, "these units come in all sizes and we're making provisions for custom-fitting centers in all major cities." We inquired about price. "Naturally these things don't come cheap," he said. "I mean you want Nirvana, you got to pay for it. The prices will be comparable to that of an excellent car—say a Bentley Continental. My market analysts tell me, though, that the market is ripe for something like this. A little matter of government approval and we're in." As we were leaving, we asked him for his impressions of the sensations the hat produces. "What are you—out of your mind?" he demanded. "You wouldn't catch me dead under one of those things!"



"Electrogasm, Ltd's experimental station in Moosejaw, Me., beaming Happy Hat pulses to the world.

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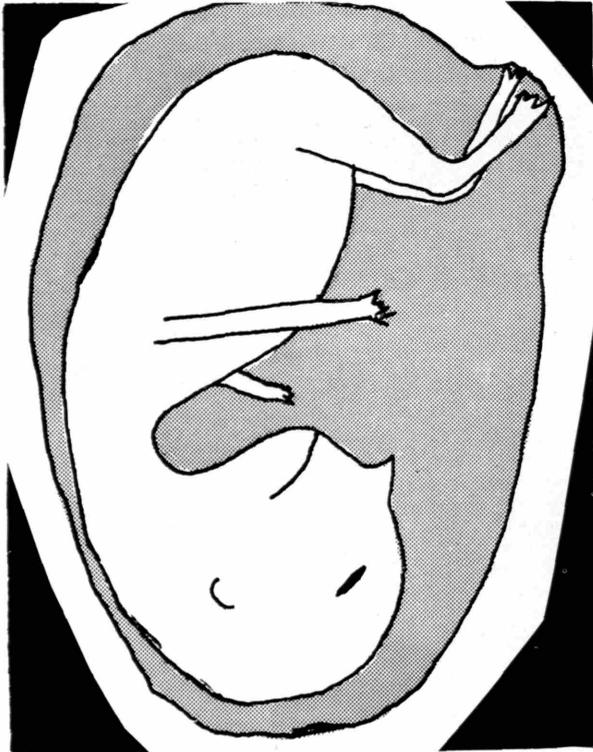
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IHTFP

The devoted husband was in Chicago on a visit. He had decided to purchase a gift for his wife and was strolling along Clark Street with this end in mind when he stopped in front of a marble front store. In the window was a beautiful carpet of velvet, upon which was a diamond studded lady's watch. The husband entered, bent on buying the watch and was approached by a striped trousered man.

"I'd like to buy that watch in your window," he said.

"The watch is not for sale," was the proprietor's haughty reply.

Our hero looked a little puzzled and asked, "Isn't this a jewelry store?"

"It is not!"

"Then what do you sell?"

"We operate on tomcats."

"Then, what in the hell is that watch doing in the window?"

"And what, sir, would YOU put in the window?"



A castaway from a wrecked ship was captured by cannibals. Each day his arm was cut by a dagger, and the natives of the island would drink his blood. Finally one day he called the king.

"You can kill me and eat me if you want to, but I'm tired of being stuck for the drinks."



Said the Bishop one day to the Abbott,
Whose instincts were just like a rabbit:
"I know it's great fun
To embrace a young nun—
But you mustn't get into the habit.



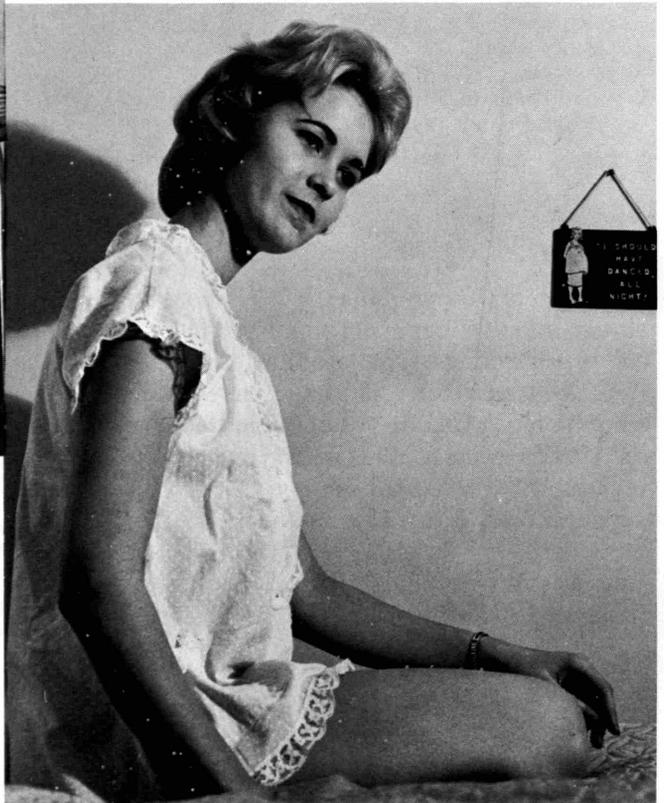
Voo Doo Doll of the month



This job of writing phoney blurbs about the chicks who go into this mag every month gets to be a drag. We were thinking—What could we say about lovely Freya Anderson that would make interesting reading? What, in fact, could we say that would tear our readers' eyes from the pictures on this page? Well, says an Editor, we could tell them she's just wild about engineers and, even though poor li'l ole she doesn't know the First Thing about all that *terribly, terribly* complicated stuff like arithmetic and all, she just *adores* Men who do. (Know the First Thing, that is.)

photography by

Art G.



Well, the truth is that she hasn't the slightest illusion about the charm and debonair-ness of engineers or about the mysteries of arithmetic either. She works as a data-processor for IBM, so that shot *that* idea. Well, says ever-helpful Editor, with her name, you could say she's a recent import from Scandinavia. No—Truthfulness prevails. She's from California via New Jersey (and would like to return to Cal—She hates the East). She's as American as lox and bagels.



There's always sports, says ever-present Editor. We can say she's an outdoor girl. Well, no—She does claim to like outdoor sports better than indoor, but she also says she wants to have twenty kids, when she gets married. I hope her husband likes outdoor sports, too, says ever-humorous Editor. Yeah. In the snow. Scratch *that*.

Well, says ever-garrulous Editor, we have to say *something*.....

Wonderful! Says ever-ready Editor. She's a hometown girl type! Write her up as the Girl Next Door! Well, aside from the fact that we never would have left home if we had a GND like this, she's not the type at all. Not only does she like to do Kookie things like walk in the *snow* for Chrissake!, but she likes to live alone, likes big cities, and all sorts of unNextDoorish things.



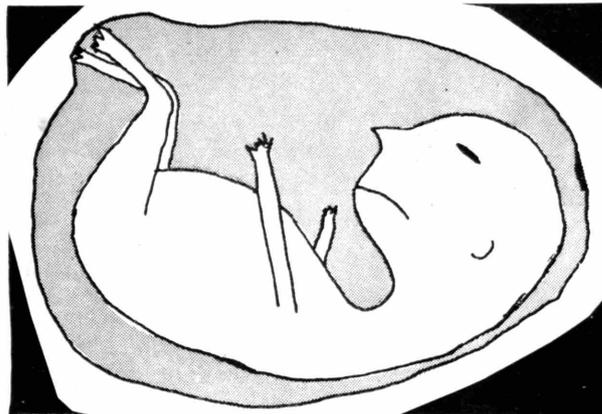




“MAY I LEAVE THE ROOM?”



A famous lecturer was walking home after delivering a speech on the moral aspect of safe driving. He was crossing the street when a car whipped around the corner like a bat out of hell and very nearly ran him down. The driver stopped and the lecturer asked him what religious denomination he belonged to. The driver replied that he was an Ecopalian. “An Ecopalian?” replied the pedestrian. “Yeah,” said the driver, “I had the middle letters scared out of me on the last turn.



Damn these seat belts!

For The Students Who Live Off Campus

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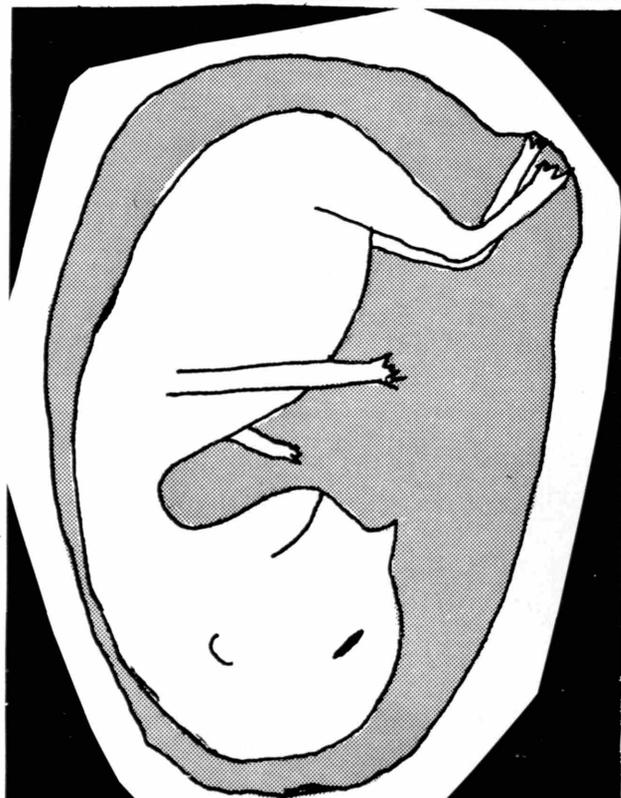
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to
go for**

COMPLETE AUTO REPAIRING, TIRES, BODY
WORK, with Snow Plowing on the Side



I HOPE THEY'VE SOLVED
THE RE-ENTRY PROGRAM

An oriental potentate of our acquaintance possessed the ability to satisfy each of his six hundred wives in an hour and a half. He was approached recently by the representative of a large Television network, who offered him a hundred thousand dollars to perform this feat on an hour and a half T.V. Spectacular. Since it takes a lot of money to keep six hundred wives in Gefilte Fish, our turbaned friend agreed.

Everything went alright for the first half hour of the show, with two hundred down, four hundred to go. Similarly, the second half hour went without a hitch, as millions of enthralled viewers looked on. After the big U. S. Rubber commercial, it was evident that the old boy was tiring...in fact, five minutes later, he collapsed on the floor in a state of exhaustion. While the disappointed viewers were hastily shown Groucho Marx reruns, the producer ran up, screaming, and tearing his hair.

"What's the matter? Five hundred dollars a second, this is costing us!"

The Sultan looked up, and replied, weakly, "I just can't understand it! It went fine at rehearsal this morning!"



Voodoo's Handy Telephone Directory

As a beginning-of-term public service, Phos presents a timely and useful list of phone numbers, which you may clip out and paste near your favorite pay phone, right next to the hook that holds the "twistor." These numbers were gleaned from the Metropolitan directory, and are all legitimate (we think).

Mass. Fertility Assoc.	RE 4-4617
Boston Strip Co.	LA 3-5062
Mass. Youth Service Board, Reception & Detention Facilities: Boys	AV 8-9100
Girls	BE 2-8153
Organ Blower Co.	TR 6-7484
Brink's Armored Car Serv.	LA 3-4401
United Beer Coil Serv.	TR 6-6207
Moxie Co.	HI 4-3400
Interstate Fireworks	RE 2-2844
Flying Fingers System	DU 7-3730
Dot Products Supply Co.	TR 6-8260
Cambridge Nipple Corp.	KI 7-1410
Middlesex Adjustment Service	WE 3-5770
National Blank Book Co.	LI 2-1268
Grid Flat Slab Corp.	CO 5-9481
National Date Co.	AN 8-2350
Clara Arthur	RI 2-0224



CRISIS

My Fellow Citizens:

I come before you tonight to discuss a matter of the utmost urgency. At no time during this present administration has the security of the free world been so seriously threatened. My daughter Caroline has publicly stated that she would rather have a pet elephant instead of a donkey for her next birthday.

There have been crises before tonight. Last year, the Soviet Union, acting on what they called "advice from an esteemed capitalist poet", that is, "Good fences make good neighbors", built a wall dividing Berlin. At that time I asked the Congress for permission to call up 100,000 reservists. Earlier this year, when the stock market crashed in New York, I asked 100,000 businessmen for permission to continue being President. Last month, the Soviet Union, acting on what they called "advice from an esteemed bearded socialist", that is, "Capitalist neighbors require good defenses", attempted to establish nuclear missile bases on the island of Cuba, with a

striking capability of almost any target in our hemisphere. The very idea! My fellow Americans, you have seen what even less flagrant violations of the Monroe Doctrine have done to the late Miss Monroe. That is why I have made it clear that any attack by Cuba on the United States will be considered an attack upon the United States by Cuba. Ask not what we can do to Cuba; ask instead what Cuba can do to us!

The disastrous outcome of a well-intentioned revolution in Cuba demonstrates once again the dire consequences which can arise if one man, or group of men, becomes too powerful. Let me assure you that if you re-elect me in 1964; then elect my brother Bobby for the next eight years; and then elect my kid brother Teddy for the following eight years, it will then be exactly 1984.

But I digress. Getting back to the specific crisis at hand, involving my peace-loving daughter, I want to bring out that any solution to this problem will be a difficult one, with sacrifices which may be necessary for many decades. Remember, Americans, you should never run from fear, but you should never fear to run. I have therefore proposed the following initial steps to be taken:

1. I have ordered all shipments of elephants, whether having nuclear trunks or not, to be turned back at points no closer than 90 miles from the United States mainland.

2. I have decreed that the letters G.O.P. shall henceforth stand for, "Get out, Pachyderms."

3. I have called an emergency meeting of the United Nations Security Council to ask that all donkeys now being held captive behind the Iron Curtain be freed immediately and be allowed to select their own forms of government under the principle of self-determination.

4. I have instructed my daughter Caroline to join the R.O.T.C. immediately, and have absolutely forbidden her to play with my country.

5. Finally, I have asked my brother Ted to change his name to Edward Moore, in the hope that he will be spared some of the unkind words now being directed at this administration.

I have asked a fellow democrat, Gov. Ross Barnett, to assist in my program of sending the elephant back to Dahkest Afrika. I hope that you will not become too disheartened with our present world situation. After all, there still is one. Thank you and good night.

-C. Deber

Said she, we must be discreet,
 For I promised my mother so sweet,
 I would stop you in haste
 When you got to my waist;
 So you see, you should start at my feet.



The husband answering the phone said; "I don't know; call up the weather bureau," and hung up.
 "What was that?" asked his wife.
 "Some fellow asked if the coast was clear."



Said the lispng shoe salesman to the lady customer:
 "Thit down please, while I look up your thize."



Then there was the boy balloon who chased the girl balloon all around the toy store..Seems he wanted to see her bust.



"I see you are no gentleman," hissed the woman on the street corner at the man who laughed as the wind swept her skirts over her head.

"No," he replied, "and I see you aren't one either."

ELI HEFFRON & SONS, INC.

Here's how to get to Eli's where one may obtain Surplus Electronic Parts cheaply!
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 Open 7:30-4:30
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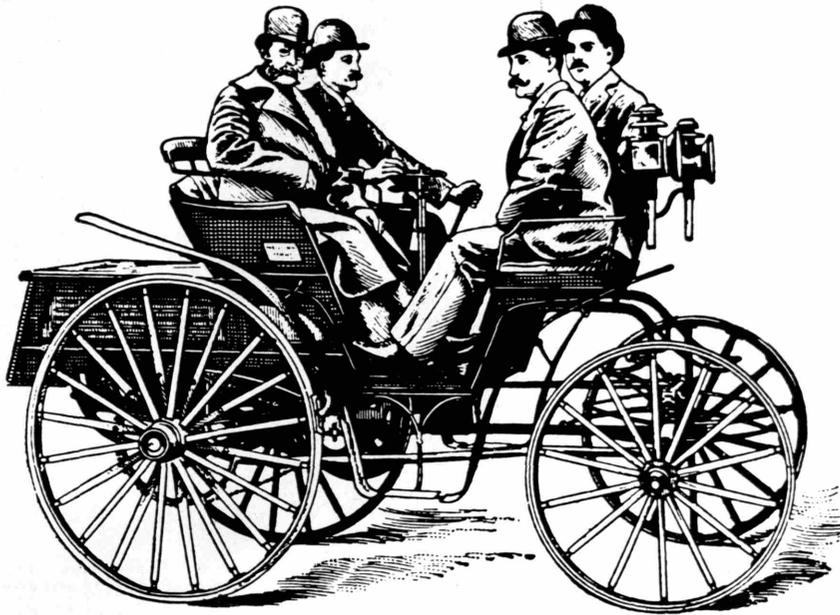
Complete Laundry Service

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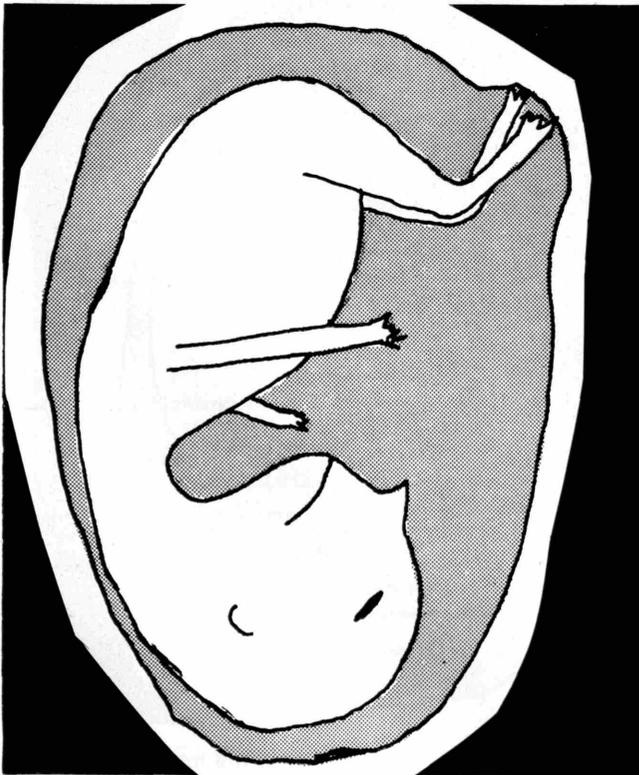
What's a zebra?
 25 sizes larger than an Abra.



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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9 months is too damn long.

The Lecture Series Committee

presents the

Flying Disc Man from Mars

a serial

shown exclusively at 5:00 O'Clock

Saturday before the regular LSC Movie.

No extra charge for the serial

Chapter one (of several):

Saturday, November 17, 1962, at 5:00 PM.

The little man hadn't done very well by his beautiful wife. After four years of marriage he had not been able to earn enough to move out of his tenth-story cold water flat. One evening after climbing 190 stairs he opened the door to his room and found his wife in bed with a Charles Atlas type. He quivered and shook with anger.

"You get out of that bed!" he screamed. "Leave my wife alone!"

The adulterer looked at the size of his opponent. "Get out of the room, runt, before I throw you out."

The poor fellow knew he was outmatched, but before he left he cursed and said, "Just wait, I'll get even, I will."

The Charles Atlas type was not worried, for he was not married.

In the morning Charles awoke and found upon his chest an enormous boulder. "Aha," he thought, "is this what the runt meant by getting even?" With an enormous show of strength he lifted the boulder in his arms, carried it over to the window and heaved it out into the street.

As he leaned over to watch its descent he found a note tacked to the sill: "You have two seconds in which to untie the wire."



A pair of newly-weds went to a local hotel on their wedding night; the next morning the bride's closest girl friend telephoned to ask how married life agreed with her.

"Oh, Marge," she replied, "I'm so awfully, awfully tired. I didn't sleep a wink; all night long it was up and down; in and out; up and down; in and out! Don't ever get a room next to an elevator!"



A young Alabama Marine, after fighting World War II in the Pacific jungles came back to his Alabama plantation with a pet monkey. He found that the monkey could pick cotton faster than his hired hands, so he went to the local banker and asked for a loan with which he could buy one hundred monkeys and train them to pick cotton at a far lower cost than the human hand.

"No," said the banker, "It's far too risky. As soon as you got your monkeys trained, those damn Yankees would probably come down here and free them."

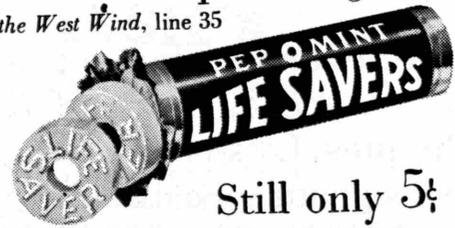
SHELLEY

on Life Savers:

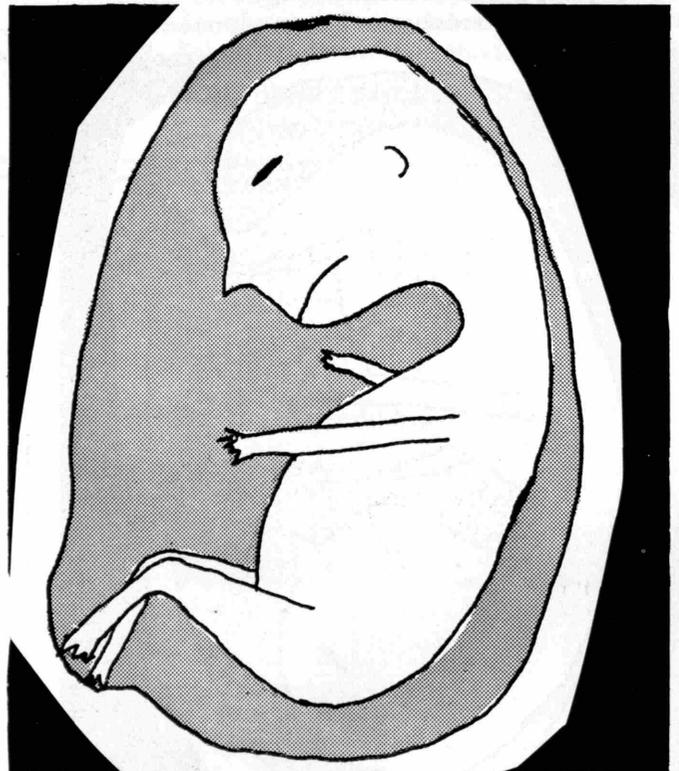


"So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!"

from *Ode to the West Wind*, line 35



Still only 5¢



This is a hell of a time for her to stand on her head,

WHICH WAY
TO THE MEN'S
WOMB?



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Sally and Jane were touring an aquarium when they passed a tank containing a giant squid. "That reminds me," said Sally, "I have a date with Sleech tonight."

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Bulletin from the Department of Food Technology

"The foetus of the Sea Cow has been found (see *Jerns, et al.*) to be a high quality source of certain vital hormones and vitamin B8, but degenerates rapidly upon extended storage." From P. 167, Vol. III of Dr. John Nermus Haley's *Animal Tissues and Their Nutrient Values*, John Wiley and Sons, New York, 1956.

O, feted fetid foetus, feed us!
As Hunger comes, hungry, to meet us.
The population grows and grows.
Our nation's stores will surely go,
And then shall they entreat us:
"How now, Brown Cow, the Foetus?
Rotting, you will defeat us!"

-Bernard Biales



"Dense, aren't you, little man?"

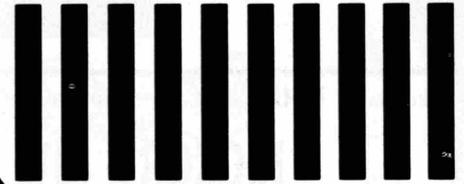
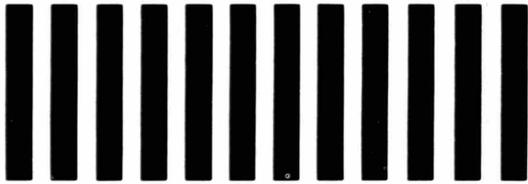
Hi Fi Pizza

496 MASS. AVE,
CENTRAL SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE
EL 4-9673

AND

King of Pizza

126 WASHINGTON ST.
DORCHESTER
GE 6 -9427



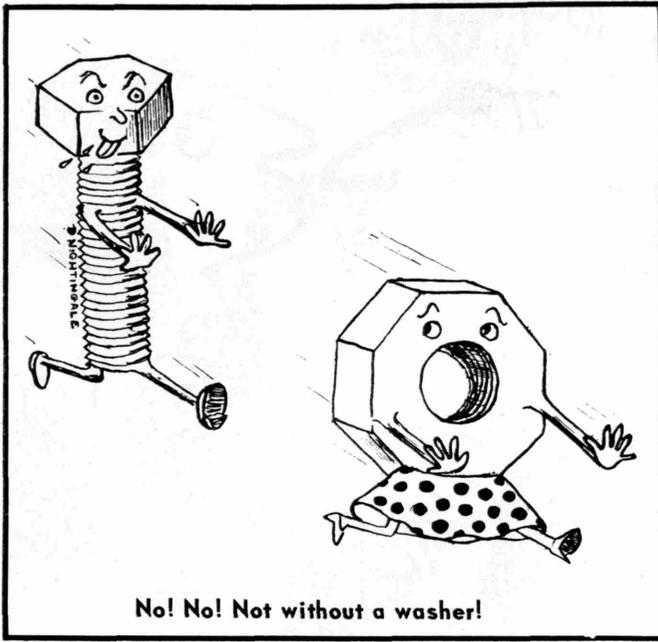
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APPEARS ON YOUR RECEIPT
YOUR PURCHASE IS **FREE**

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PEPPER, ANCHOVI CHEESE, AND
COMBINATION

This coupon worth
on any pizza pie **25¢**



No! No! Not without a washer!

The couple seemed to be standing alone in the teeming crowd. The girl looked up at the tall, good-looking man standing beside her.

"I don't think it would bother you much," he said to her.

The girl turned slightly away and shrugged her shoulders. "Well, I just don't know."

The boy turned her around and put his hands on her shoulders. "Now, Marge, you shouldn't feel that way about it. If you would just realize it's an every-day occurrence, you would think differently about it. I'm sure you would."

"Don't, I just can't do it. Everytime I think about it, I become ill."

"But, darling, it's nothing to get upset about."

"Let's don't talk about it, any more, Don. I hate to ruin your entire evening by being such a party poop. If you want to so badly, I'm afraid you'll have to get someone else."

The girl started to walk away. The boy caught up with her, then again opened the conversation.

"Marge, please think about it just a little bit more. Can't you see my viewpoint. It won't hurt you a bit. It's perfectly safe."

"Well, will you still hold me and protect me? What about—afterwards."

"Darling, you don't have to worry about afterwards. I'll take care of you."

The girl seemed to wilt. She shyly put her hand in his, and looked up wistfully, "All right."

"I love you, darling. Wonderful."

He ran to the ticket window and bought two tickets on the roller coaster.

MANNY'S WOMB ROOM

276 E. 53rd Street, Boston
features

Tastefully Upholstered cubicles decorated in the darkest possible black.

Refreshing beverages served through a flexible tube affixed to the customer by a courteous, white uniformed attendant.

The perfect sanctuary for harried businessmen who do not wish to be disturbed until they decide to leave.

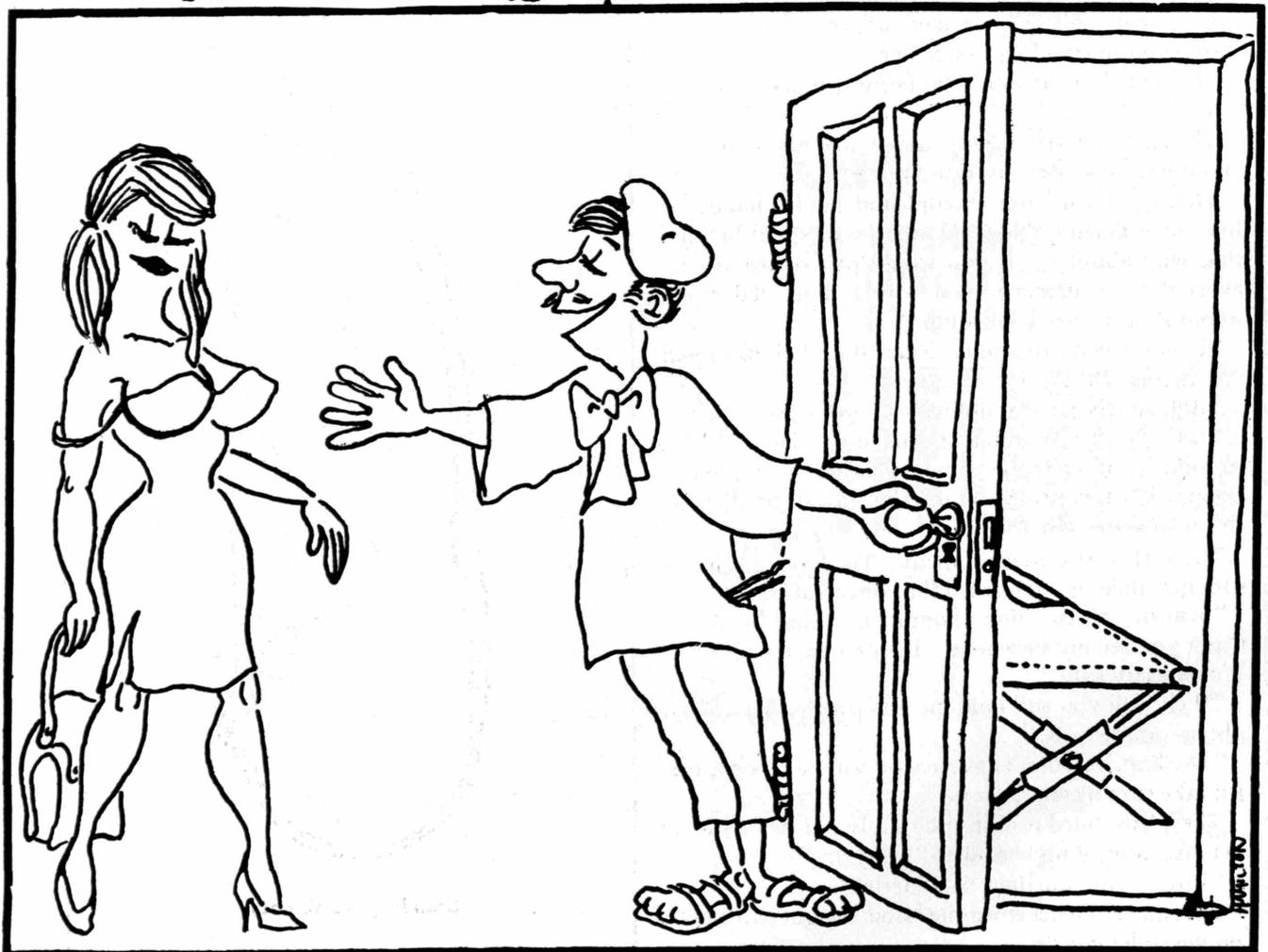
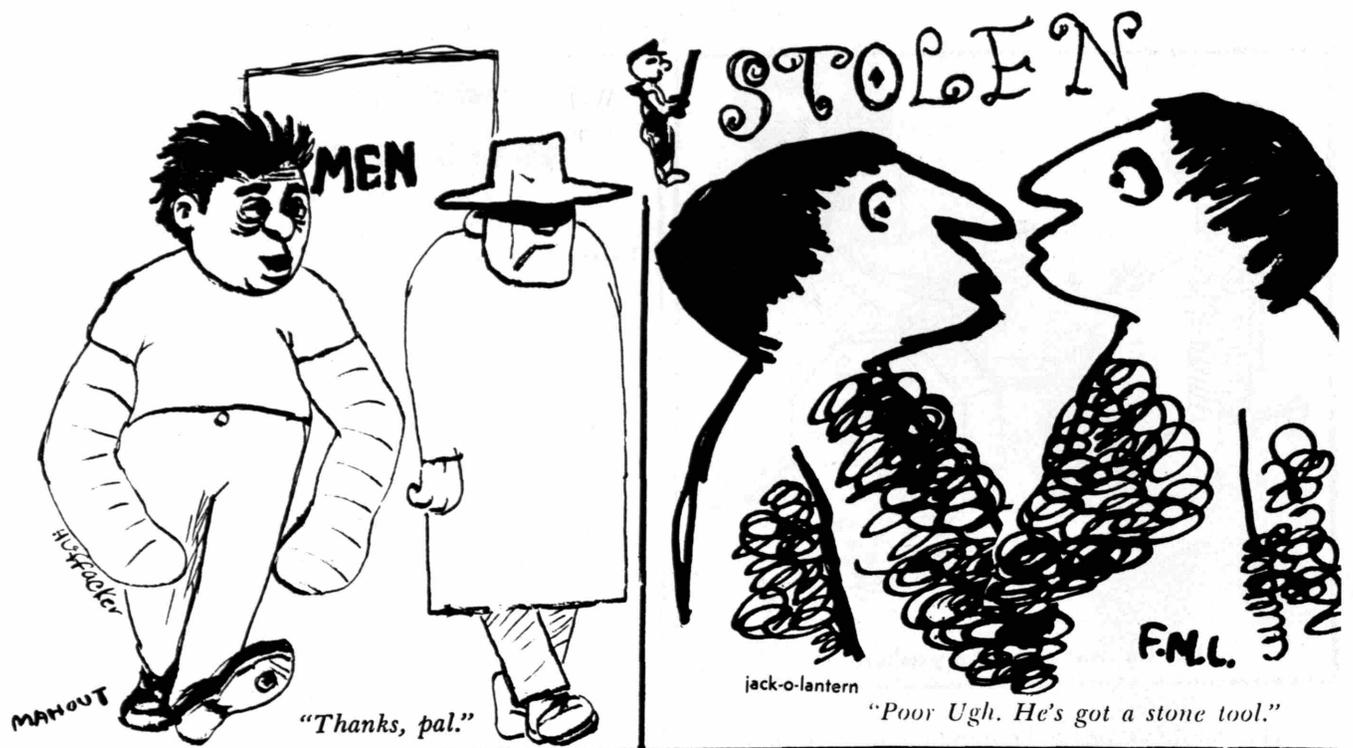
Specially designed chairs which require the occupant to draw up his knees and assume a singularly comfortable posture.

A Constant temperature of 99°

DROP IN ANYTIME



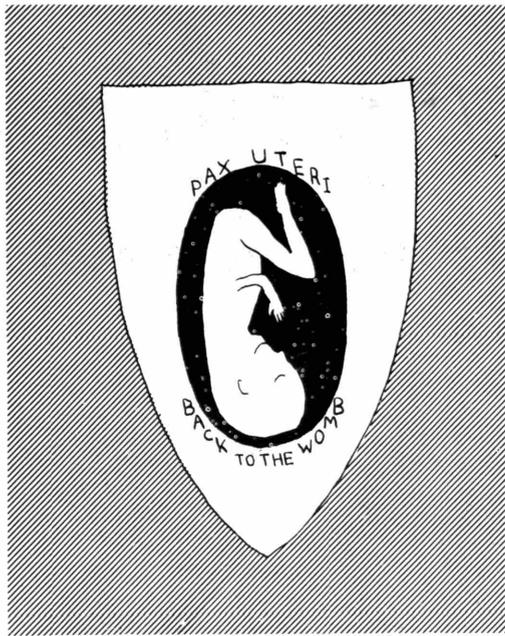
Standing womb only.



"Miss Stevens, I simply must get you on canvas."

- SMOKE SIGNALS

AN ANTHEM FOR THE UTERITE MOVEMENT



(To be sung to the tune of "No Hips at All")

Well I remember the day I was born
I came to the world all shaven and shorn
I once was so cozy with just enough room
Oh, the best place to be is back in the womb.

Chorus:

Back in the womb
Back in the womb
The best place to be is back in the womb.

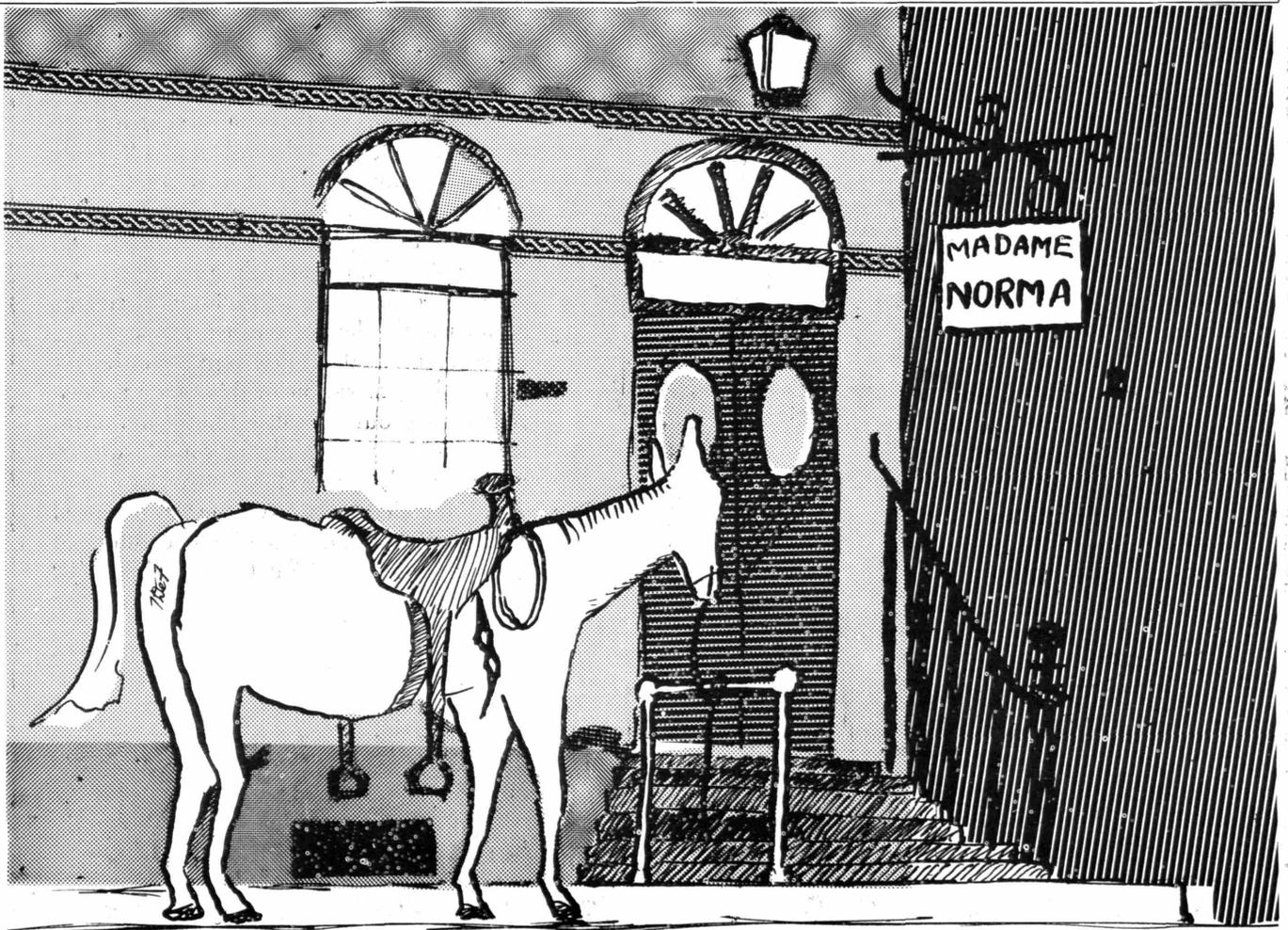
I grew up and went to dear M.I.T.
(A place where they charge an exorbitant fee)
I took my first quiz and they lowered the boom
Oh how I wish I were back in the womb.

Chorus:

So gather 'round brothers and listen to me
You think that right now you are happy and free
Well the world and its people are headed for doom
And the best place to be is back in the womb.

Chorus:

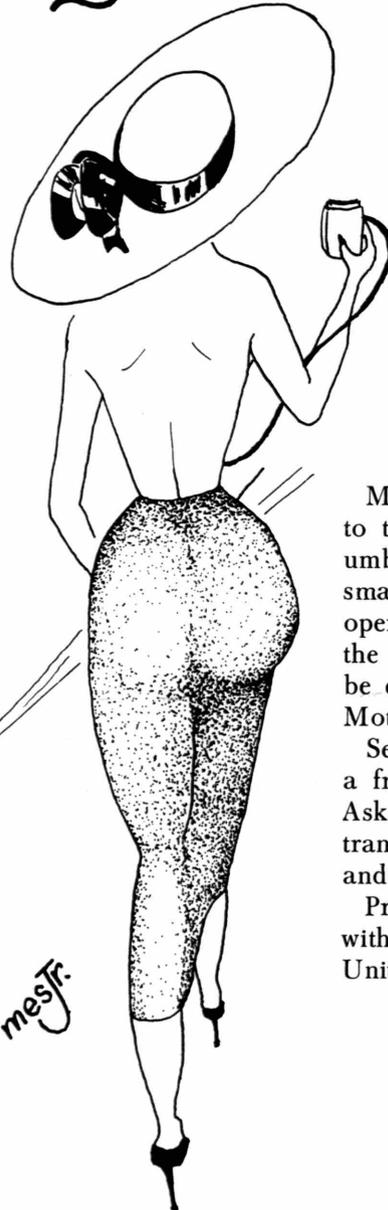
ED GERSHUNY



The Lone Ranger rides again.

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See your local GYP/R representative for a free demonstration of this new product. Ask to see our complete line of umbilical transducers—now made for round, square, and triangular navels!

Prompt delivery (salvation) guaranteed within the boundaries of the continental United States. It's GYP/R for SECURITY!

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GEORGES Y PERON, ROSICRUCIANS

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Garrard Model TA Mark II	32.50
Walnut Base	4.50
Pickering U38/AT Stereo Cartridge	46.50
	<hr/>
	83.50

40% off

while they last
TOTAL PRICE

\$49.98

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Turn left onto Mt. Auburn St., 2nd left is Plympton St.

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30A PLYMPTON STREET
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ALLSTON TOWER OF PIZZA

New 1/2 hr. FREE
Delivery

PASSING

TO BOSTON SIDE OF
CHARLES RIVER



A GIFT TO YOU



All you have to do to be a Receiver is simply save your numbered
Tickets with each item when ordering your Pizza or Sandwiches either by
delivery or in store.

Given away to Lucky M.I.T. Winner each week:

KICK OFF PRIZE **8 TRANSISTOR RADIO List \$39.95**

First Drawing: November 26 and each week thereafter.

The only Genuine Italian Specialists Catering to M.I.T.

Featuring Boston's Noted Chef Signor Anthony Raia

AL 4-1600

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