Copyright 1962, by the Voo Doo Senior Board. Published monthly (if we're lucky) by the Senior Board at The Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Our office is 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Massachusetts. Office hours: 4:30 to 5:30 p.m. Monday through Friday, but we're hardly ever there. If you don't believe this rag is thrown together on Makeup night, come up and see for yourself. Voo Doo is published October through May, and we soak you thirty-five cents a copy. Subscriptions are $2.80 for eight hilarious issues $69.00 in Pago Pago. Published Nov. 16, 1962. Entered as second class mail at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Represented sporadically for national advertising by Phil Knowles, College Magazines Inc., 11 E 42 St., New York 36, New York. Say, what are you doing reading the postal information anyway? YOU should be tooling!
Follow me...
back to the Womb.
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.”
“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. Svon—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?

CONTINENTAL ‘100’
PORTABLE
Tape Recorder

100% transistorized — uses ordinary flashlight batteries...no cord, no plug, no outlet. Take it right into the classroom...record the lecture in full. Records/plays back up to 2 hours on a single 4” reel. Only 7 lbs.—wear it over your shoulder like a camera. Heightens the fun at parties, games and songfests. Simple to operate: push two buttons, you’re recording...push one, you’re playing back. Constant-speed motor with capstan drive. Complete with NORELCO speaker and dynamic cardioid microphone, permitting distant pickup. Rugged...handsome...surprisingly low-priced.

In classroom, on campus, at parties

...see it now at camera shops, hi-fi dealers and leading stores near the campus. Write for brochure: A

Norelco®
North American Philips Company, Inc.
High Fidelity Products Division
230 Duffy Ave., Hicksville, L.I., N.Y.
In Canada and throughout the free world, NORELCO is known as "the Philips".
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. Pragla
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
The items listed on the following pages are at present released for civilian dispensation. All prices quoted are subject to change without notice.

B-25 GUN TURRETS. Handy if you have enemies in the neighborhood. .50 cal. rapid fire mach guns. Fits top of any American automobile. Takes care of annoying low-flying aircraft. $30.00 ea.

BALLOONS. 400-ft. dia. Great way to keep the kids out of mischief. FAA-approved. $60.50 ea.

RELIEF TUBES. Many new, some still crated. Handy for apartment dwellers, automobile, train, plane. $3.00 ea.

COBALT BOMB. Be the first guy on your block to rule the world. Just buy one of these babies, declare yourself a republic and get in on international affairs. Put in for Foreign Aid. $9,007,678,954. ea.

SHRAPNEL. Useful shrapnel scraps. Lovers of modern art will appreciate this item. 1001 uses. $45.00 ton.

KANGAROO POUCH LINERS. A product of American research and technology originally designed for our Anzac Allies 'down under'. These sturdy metal & muskrat fur liners are of the finest U.S. craftsmenship, featuring rifle ports, ammunition clips, K-ration and utility boxes, and a gas-powered heater-defroster unit. Many units complete w/bench and backrest. Australia almost resigned from the UN over this. $54.00 ea.

FLIP-OVER CHEVRONS. Designed for both Army and Marine Corps personnel, these flip-over chevrons feature two separate ranks on two sides of the chevron. I. A Private. II. A Staff Sgt. Handy for getting salutes. $.45 ea.

SWAGGER STICKS. Just the thing for the chicken ex-officer. These quality swagger sticks are hollow, and can conceal anything from a .45 single-shot weapon to 16 oz. of pure Four Roses. $.45 ea.

PORTABLE RADIOS. Quality construction throughout. Finest 8-transistor circuit, grade A materials used throughout. Originally designed as a receiver for the U.S. Signal Corps, this radio was declared surplus when it was discovered that it would receive nothing but a little-known hillbilly station near Point Barrow, Alaska. $4.50 ea.

REAR-VIEW MIRROR FOR MERCURY CAPSULES. The Govt. made 500,000 of these before it was discovered that the Mercury Capsule hadn't been thought of yet. When it was, they didn't put in a window. $.04 ea.

TAILWHEELS. 5000 on hand, designed to fit P-38 & T-28 aircraft. $56.00 ea.

USO STARS. This item moves fast. Very attractive for conversation pieces, etc. $43.00 ea.

FOXHOLES. Come in assorted sizes, many brand-new, uncrated. Constructed of sturdy European sub-soil. Some still w-valuable equipment. $2.50 ea.

$4,700,000 ea.

JAPANESE-HELD ISLANDS. Own your own personal island. All in S. Pacific area, come complete w/kamikaze, snipers, infantry, who don't know that the war was over 17 years ago.

$5.00 acre.

U.S. ARMY INDOCTRINATION FILMS. Entertainment for the entire family. Thousands of ft. of 16mm., sound & color; award-winning footage. Great for parties, formal dinners, getting rid of mooching relatives, etc.

$4.50 per roll.

WIND TUNNELS. Useful for clearing yard, turn it around to double as vacuum-cleaner. 100-ft. orifices, complete w/34,000 hp. electric motor.

$4,000 ea.

CATAPULTS. Handy to have around for getting rid of junk in back yard, unwanted guests, etc. Sturdy laminated oak w-3000 lb. steel spring. 2-mile range.

$44.95 ea.

GUNG-HO OINTMENT. Want to mobilize that lazy wife, adolescent, relative? This item does all of that, and more. Great for Brass Bands.

$4.00 jar.

CANALS. We have several beautiful canals up for bids. Can be converted to priv. lakes, or new owner may charge rates to sightseers.

AT AUCTION

DEPTH CHARGES. Handy for clearing lakes, gutters, or just to fool around with at the beach.

$5.00 ea.

U.S. MARINES. Wide selection. Each Marine comes complete with equipment for safe operation. All battle-tested and guaranteed for 3 years or 4000 miles.

$25.00 ea.

C-RATIONS. We can't move these. If you have a use for them, they're yours. FREE.

C-RATION ANTIDOTE. We strongly recommend the purchase of this if you acquire the above surplus item.

$500.50 gal.

CATAPULTS. Handy to have around for getting rid of junk in back yard, unwanted guests, etc. Sturdy laminated oak w-3000 lb. steel spring. 2-mile range.

$44.95 ea.

DEPT CHARGES. Handy for clearing lakes, gutters, or just to fool around with at the beach.

$5.00 ea.

U.S. ARMY INDOCTRINATION FILMS. Entertainment for the entire family. Thousands of ft. of 16mm., sound & color; award-winning footage. Great for parties, formal dinners, getting rid of mooching relatives, etc.

$4.50 per roll.

CATAPULTS. Handy to have around for getting rid of junk in back yard, unwanted guests, etc. Sturdy laminated oak w-3000 lb. steel spring. 2-mile range.

$44.95 ea.
INTERNATIONAL SPIES. Govt. surplus spies being offered. Great for digging dirt on that idiot living next door. Several languages to choose from. $65.00 ea.

STEAM-POWERED JEEP. Great for the man who must economize on fuel bills. Handy runabout for the wife—if she's a steam engineer and doesn't mind shoveling coal while on the Freeway. $450.00 ea.

FIGUREHEADS. Several up for surplus dispensation. An Admiral who is no longer with us bought up this item for USN ships of the line. Declared surplus when ruled obscene in 650 foreign ports. $4.50 ea.

UNRECOVERED SPACE PROBES. Novelty item. These space probes originally cost U.S. Govt. millions. Some still in orbit and can be recovered when we get into space. All parts & instruments potentially valuable. Owners whose probes have landed on Venus, Moon or elsewhere entitled to bona fide ownership of the crater it makes. $450.00 ea.

SALTPETER. Comes by the barrel. Civic leaders appalled at the population explosion can use this item. Great for parties, informal gettogethers, etc. $4.50 barrel.

SAMURAI SWORDS. Constructed of finest U.S. stainless steel. Handles of hard DuPont polyester plastic. $5.50 ea.

MACHINE GUNS. Comes complete and ready-to-fire. Water-cooled w/180-degree swivels, gyroscopic balance, gas-actuated kick-piston. Only trouble is they gotta fire cannon balls. $4.00 ea.

WASSERMANN TEST ANSWER GUIDES. Answer sheets for scoring the Wassermann Tests. True-False, Multiple-Choice keys included. 3-page illustrated section on proper scoring of essay section of test. $4.50 book.

RADIOACTIVE WASTE. We have Radioactive waste in clear glass bottles on sale from the AEC. Great for low-cost, low-level illumination, great novelty gift. Includes Strontium 90, U-235 & 238, H 3 O, etc, with a special decanter full of scrapings from Yucca Flats. $5.50 bottle.

USMC INSTRUCTION MANUALS. These easy to read, illustrated pamphlets cover such subjects as: How To Bury Dead Snipers, Care and Feeding of the Bazooka, How to Cotton Up to Lieutenants, How to Read Your Dogtags, Why We Have Atheists In Foxholes Instead of On The Flagships, etc.

ZIPPIERS. Rejected by USN because they did not zip down, across and up. On sale at: $3.00 doz.

OFF-LIMITS SIGNS. 1001 uses. All brand-new, spelling 'OFF LIMITS' in English, Romanian, Congolese, Swahili, Tibetan, Eskimo & Cantonese w/introduction by Shelley Burman in Egyptian hieroglyphics. $4.00 gross.

MUZZLES...Modern-design, guaranteed muzzles, originally intended for Military. $4.25 ea.

VEEBLEFETZERS, MARK IV. If we knew what they were good for, they would not be up for sale. Complete w-carrying case, jog-slip vernier & prismatic range adapter filters. Card for membership in 'U.S. VEEBLEFETZER CARRIER CORPS' included. $20.00 ea.
PROFANITY DICTIONARIES. Most complete alphabetized dictionary of English profanities on the market today. Originally designed for USMC, this handy pocket guide toward more colorful expressions saw its heyday during and after the Korean War. Very handy for bill-collectors, mechanics, businessmen, college students. Complete w/a short history of 4-letter words and pictures of the proper body gestures to go with each picturesque expression. $1.50 ea.

YAK BUTTER. Nourishing, tasty fermented Yak butter, originally designed for our high-altitude pilots. Comes in 16-oz. cans raw or cooked. Surplus because the pilots couldn't figure out how to open cans. $.15 per can.

TRENCH FOOT. Bottles of this item can be quite useful. Good for teaching family to clean up bathroom, etc. $4.50 8-oz bottle.

RELATIVE-BEARING GREASE. Finest grade of relative-bearing grease available in this country. Useful for lubricating those stubborn relative bearings. $54.00 lb.

ATLAS NOSECONES. Can be converted to playhouse, guest room, etc. Great for getting rid of mother-in-law, wife, annoying dogs on the block. $32.00 ea.

MEDALS. Little-heard of medals, collector's items. Include such rate beauties as: Meritorious Latrine Cleaning (crossed mops on field of buckets), Distinguished Butt-Picking (crossed cigarettes on field of nicotine & tars), Yellow Heart (crossed Anacin tablets on field of cornplasters), etc. $.10 ea.

MACHINE GUN BATTERY ACID. Have any machine gun batteries laying around the house? Here is the hard-to-find MGB acid you've been looking for. Works equally well with U.S. Army Artillery Batteries. $3.50 gal.

PROPAGANDA LEAFLETS. Come in various languages, colors. Really great for Beat poetry recitals. Lots of laughs. $2.00 per bundle.

LATRINES. Many new, not even out of crate. Handy for lge. families, parties, service stations, etc. $14.50 ea.

**KALAH . . .** The world's oldest mathematical game. Engineers and mathematicians are now using it to program digital computers. Any six year old can learn to play it, yet it can be so complicated and fast moving that it fascinates adults. So beautifully hand made in solid mahogany you'll leave it permanently on your coffee table to challenge guests. Only $6.00 with complete instructions.

**TECHNOLOGY STORE**

40 MASS. AVE.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
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.
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."

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 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!"
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."
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 J.
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.
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.

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......
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."
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).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Phone Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mass. Fertility Assoc.</td>
<td>RE 4-4617</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boston Strip Co.</td>
<td>LA 3-5062</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mass. Youth Service Board, Reception &amp; Detention</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Facilities: Boys</td>
<td>AV 8-9100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Girls</td>
<td>BE 2-8153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Organ Blower Co.</td>
<td>TR 6-7484</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brink's Armored Car Serv.</td>
<td>LA 3-4401</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>United Beer Coil Serv.</td>
<td>TR 6-6207</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moxie Co.</td>
<td>HI 4-3400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interstate Fireworks</td>
<td>RE 2-2844</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flying Fingers System</td>
<td>DU 7-3730</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dot Products Supply Co.</td>
<td>TR 6-8260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cambridge Nipple Corp.</td>
<td>KI 7-1410</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Middlesex Adjustment Service</td>
<td>WE 3-5770</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>National Blank Book Co.</td>
<td>LI 2-1268</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grid Flat Slab Corp.</td>
<td>CO 5-9481</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>National Date Co.</td>
<td>AN 8-2350</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clara Arthur</td>
<td>RI 2-0224</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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 daughtah Caroline has publicly stated that she would rather have a pet elephant instead of a donkey for her next birthday.

Theyah have been crises before tonight. Last yeah, 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 yeah, when the stock market crashed in New Yakh, I asked 100,000 businessmen for permission to continue being President. Lahst month, the Soviet Union, acting on what they called "advice from an esteemed beheaded socialist", that is, "Capitalist neighbors requiah good de-fences", attempted to establish nucleah missile bases on the island of Cuber, with a striking capability of almost any tahget 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 cleah that any attack by Cuber on the United States will be considahed an attack upon the United States by Cuber. Ask not what we can do to Cuber; ask instead what Cuber can do to us!

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

But I digress. Getting back to the specific crisis at hand, involving my peace-loving daughtah, 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. Remembah, Americans, you should nevah run from feah, but you should nevah feah 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 Cage be freed immediately and be allowed to select their own forms of government undah the principle of self-determinahion.

4. I have instructed my daughtah Caroline to join the H.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 worlds now being direct-ed at this administration.

I have asked a fellow democrat, Gov. Ross Barnett, to assist in my program of sending the elephant back to Dahkest Afriker. I hope that you will not become too disheartened with our present world situation. Aftah 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 lisping 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.”

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.

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.

9 months is too damn long.
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."
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."

They have a new method for separating the men from the boys at Harvard. They use crowbars.
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, 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

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

AND

King of Pizza
126 WASHINGTON ST.
DORCHESTER
GE 6-9427

IF A RED STAR
★
APPEARS ON YOUR RECEIPT
YOUR PURCHASE IS FREE

MUSHROOM, ONION, MEATBALL,
PEPPER, ANCHOVI CHEESE, AND
COMBINATION

This coupon worth on any pizza pie 25¢
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. Every time 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.

"Margie, 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.
"Thanks, pal."

"Poor Ugh. He's got a stone tool."

"Miss Stevens, I simply must get you on canvas."
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, 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.
Milady holds GYP/R's latest contribution to the analog art—the all new solid-state umbilical amplifier. Hailed by today's smart young set as the most fashionable operational amplifier available to those "on the outside," this multi-channel device can be carried anywhere, providing electronic Mother at the flick of a switch.

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!

GYP/R
"The Greatest Name In Operational Amplifiers"

GEORGES Y PERON, ROSICRUCIANS
TURNTABLE SALE

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

TOTAL PRICE 83.50

40% off
while they last

46.50

AUDIOLAB WORKSHOP

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 You Ring......We Bring!!!
178 HARVARD AVE. ALLSTON

From M.I.T.: Down Mass. Ave. into Putnam Square,
Turn left onto Mt. Auburn St., 2nd left is Plympton St.

Tel. TR 6-4880
30A PLYMPTON STREET
CAMBRIDGE

40% off
while they last

TOTAL PRICE $49.98

30A PLYMPTON STREET
CAMBRIDGE
Salem refreshes your taste — "air-softens" every puff

A moment of fresh discovery

is yours with each Salem cigarette... for as springtime refreshes you,
Salem's own special softness refreshes your taste.

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