A Voo Doo Sampler
Cartoons & Jokes
Summer '83
Welcome. This issue of Voo Doo was hastily thrown together one muggy July evening by the meager summertime Voo Doo staff. We started to call it "The Best of Voo Doo", but decided that title was somewhat misleading since, as those of you who are familiar with the magazine can attest, this isn't really the best. Unfortunately it's not the worst, either. Actually, it's a fairly random sample of the output of the five or six warped minds which have contributed to the magazine over the past few years. We hope you find it enjoyable and interesting.

Comes now the pitch — If you’re an incoming freshman, we are (cynics would say “obviously”) starved for your talent. You’ve gotten a letter telling you what to do to join the illustrious Voo Doo staff; if you’re interested, the next step is up to you. We hope we’ll see you in September.
The young man made a rather hasty purchase at a drug store and answered the druggist’s 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 girl’s home and was introduced to her parents. After a general discussion of the weather and other pleasanties, the young man said, “It’s about time for us to get started if we are going to church. Won’t you join us?”

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.”

A woman purchased a washing machine and a couple of days after it was delivered she decided to try it out. She put in the soap, water, and clothes and started the machine. Immediately clothes began flying out of the machine in all directions. Being rather disturbed by such action she turned off the machine and called the store. After describing what happened the man asked, “Did you screw the governor?”

“Hell, no! I didn’t even vote for him!”

Sophomore: “How did you happen to come to Harvard? I thought your father was a Princeton man.”

Freshman: “He is. He wanted me to go to Princeton and I wanted to go to Yale. We had an argument and he finally told me to go to hell.”
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A student was very indignant at being arrested. He staggered into the police station and before the captain had an opportunity to say anything he pounded his fist on the desk and said: "What I wanna know is why I've been arrested."

"You were brought in for drinking," answered the captain.

"Well, thass different — thass fine—let's get started."

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The Sunday School teacher had asked her class where God lives. One small boy replied, "He lives in our bathroom."

"Why, Jimmy, what makes you say that?"

"Well, every morning my pop stands in front of the bathroom door and says, 'God, are you still in there?'"

"Number, hell," yelled the drunk into the pay phone. "I want my peanuts."

Two English gentlemen were sitting in their club reading. One approached the other one, "Excuse me sir have you ever been in Sussex?"

The second gentleman paused for a minute, took out a little black book, paged through it and replied, "As a matter of fact, Yes."

The first gentleman settled back, and then approached him again, "Did you know a Lady Chumley there?"

The second gentleman again took out his little book, repeated the same process and replied, "As a matter of fact, Yes."

The other gentleman after a brief pause asked, "Did you know her intimately?"

The second gentleman after again rifling through his book, replied, "As a matter of fact, Yes."

The first gentleman retorted, "Well, I happen to be Lord Chumley, and I don't like it one bit."

After rifling through his book again he replied, "Neither did I."
Jimmy was getting married that night, but during the afternoon he was in a car collision. After an examination the doctor informed him that he was all right except for a severe ligament laceration in a most awkward place, and it would be necessary to apply a protective covering. Thereupon, the doctor reached for four small strips of narrow wood and some bandages, and made a splint. Imagine Jimmy's disappointment on this day of all days, but there was nothing he could do about it.

Later that night, when he and his new bride finally got to the boudoir she started to disrobe in a strip-tease fashion. When she revealed her shoulders she said, "Look, Jimmy, never been touched by any man." Then she stripped to the waist and said, "Look, Jimmy, no other man's eyes have ever gazed upon this." This routine carried on a little longer until finally Jimmy said "That's nothing. Look at this, still in the original crate."
Once there was a man who grew an enormous raspberry. It was so giant that he decided to preserve it in a large glass cage. Then he decided that a raspberry that big was probably quite valuable, so he called an insurance company to send a man out to look at it. Sure enough, the next morning a man in a pickup drove up to his house and asked to see the raspberry.

“Certainly,” said the owner of the berry, and showed his visitor to the glass cage. But as soon as he had unlocked the cage, the other man hit him on the head and knocked him to the floor. Then, grabbing the berry, he carried it to his truck and prepared to make his getaway. The owner of the berry staggered to the door and cried, “Wait! Aren’t you from the insurance company? Haven’t you come to tell me how much my berry is worth?”

“Aha!” replied the other. “I come to seize your berry, not appraise it!”

An attractive cow-girl was travelling from Ft. Worth to Houston, Texas. On the same train was a northerner. (This was obvious because he was carrying a briefcase that had his name on it.)

The northerner struck up a conversation and proposed a rendezvous at a Houston hotel. “We’ll not only have lots of fun, he said, but I’ll give you five dollars.”

The cow-girl rose her eyes flashing, but before she could answer, a tall, lanky cowboy pulled out a revolver from a hidden holster and shot the northerner dead.

While the gun was still smoking, he turned to the others in the car and shouted, “Well, now, are there any more damn Yankees here who want to raise the price of women in Texas?”

“So you want to marry my daughter Sue, young man? That’s ridiculous. Preposterous! Why, you couldn’t even keep her in underwear.”

“You haven’t been doing too well yourself, sir.”
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"OK Moses, take out your tablet and number from one to ten, we're going to have a little quiz."

A young groom whose wife had continually rejected his amorous advances finally went to the doctor with his problem.

"Pills," said the doctor, "are the answer. Give her one of these before going to bed."

"But I'm afraid she won't take them."

"Just slip them into her coffee. They'll work."

That evening the young groom offered his wife a cup of coffee before retiring. Secretly he slipped not one but two pills into it. Then feeling guilty and feeling that he should have put in only one, he took one himself.

A short while later his new bride became restless.

"Honey," she murmured, "I think I need a man."

The young groom squirmed. "That's strange. So do I."

FBI man: "He got away did he? Didn't you guard the exits?"

Cop: "Yep, guess he must have gone out one of those entrances."
"Why is that man over there snapping his fingers?"
"He's a deaf mute with hiccups."

And then there was the inebriated fellow who was arrested for feeding the squirrels in the park. He was feeding them to the lions.

Slowly, her eyes glowing softly, the beautiful young debutante raised a glass on high, exulting: "Port wine to me is the nectar of the gods, the elixir of life. When I imbibe its fluid, my very soul begins to throb and glow. The music of a thousand muted violins whispers in my ear, and I am transferred to the make-believe world of magic. On the other hand, beer makes me barf."

Customer to bank teller: "May I see the loan arranger?"
Teller: "He's out to lunch. Would Tonto do?"

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Once again the time has come to enlist your aid in the fight against man's oldest disease, virginity. Virginity is by far the most vicious of diseases since it strikes all young children without exception, without regard to race, color, creed, or economic standing. Also, there is no known method of prevention which is at all effective.

It is paradoxical that this dread affliction is inherited only from a parent who has previously been cured. Thus the incidence of virginity in children born of non-virgin mothers is 100%. (Other relevant data is not statistically significant nor open to discussion in Massachusetts.)

Even more paradoxical is the fact that virginity is the simplest fatal disease to cure. Its cure has been known for centuries and is easily administered by untrained persons, without expensive medications or apparatus. For this reason if for no other, the present incidence of virginity is appalling, especially among the college population.

There is no question that virginity is fatal. The correlation between people dying and people known to have been virgins is 100% and no reputable physician has reported a virgin living longer than 0.15 kiloyears. However, of far greater importance is the suffering of the many people now living as victims of this dread scourge.

Richard S. Lazarus of Clark University summarizes the situation like this: "The strength of the sexual drive naturally varies from one person to another, but most people have enough drive to require frequent satisfaction. Yet many children learn early in life that sex is a subject about which there is much emotion and prohibition. They reach sexual maturity at about twelve years of age, and have well-developed sexual drives in adolescence, yet modern society has made no provision for satisfying them at that age. Among many people, sexual desires are considered to be immoral and indecent, and almost all sexual outlets are frowned upon before marriage. THE MORAL CODE CONCERNING SEX BECOMES INTERNALIZED AND PRODUCES A MOTIVATIONAL CONFLICT." (From the text for introductory Psychology at MIT).

There is little need to elaborate further on the conflicts, frustrations, and mental disturbances virginity has caused. The problem was recognized long before Freud's famous study was made. No doubt each of you has personally suffered or known someone who has suffered from his or her virginity. It is regrettable that our hospital beds are not filled with virgins being cured of their disease under medical supervision and direction.

Most astonishing is the extremely high incidence of virginity among college students. Kinsey estimates that some 55% of college males are sufferers, while the corresponding figure for non-collegiate males is about 20%. Similar figures hold also for coeds. The main reason is obvious; college student haven't been doing their part. Did you make a real effort last year to help stamp out virginity in your community or college? If not, we ask you to do so this year! We ask you to join with all other college students throughout the country in their fight against virginity. If you are sincerely interested, write for one of our free booklets entitled "What College Students Can Do To Help Stamp Out Virginity." (Book No. 1 for normal males, Book No. 2 for normal females, and Book No. 3 for Harvard students and Tech coeds.) Address requests to Good Housekeeping, HSOV Dept., 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Mass.
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Once again Phos, our office cat, mascot, and gadfly, has goaded us into searching for freshman staff candidates. Actually, there are few things we'd rather do less than spend our nonexistent spare time writing propaganda for incoming freshmen and (mis)representing the magazine by cleaning it up so people's mothers won't take offense. But guilt is a funny thing — easily aroused in our case — and Phos knows how to arouse it. So here we all sit this Tuesday night, sweating out a magazine. Now I've written columns in one night before — plenty of times — but even this presents some interesting difficulties this issue. What does one write for a bunch of soon-to-be freshmen?

How about a list of things to bring with you? Yeah, that'll do it. More free advice: 1) A slide rule. We never use them, but they look impressive. 2) Plenty of Bromo-Seltzer, especially if you've been foolish enough to sign up for commons meals.

3) A can opener. 4) A shovel — for freshman humanities courses. 5) A gas mask — standard for breathing Cambridge atmosphere three days out of five. 6) A sense of humor. You'll need it when you see your first grades.

Naturally there are a few other things you'll need, but they should be obvious.

If you bring item number six, you may have gathered that we're interested in you for our stalwart band. Many benefits accrue to the Voo Doo staffer; to name just a few: 1) a salary of $2.80 a year which we graciously permit you to take out in copies of the magazine; 2) direct access to the beer closet at any and all times it is open, provided you can outwrestle the Junior Board, which stays permanently immobilized in front of the door; 3) free use of the telephone, if you can figure out how to pick the lock which the General Manager has ingeniously installed on the dial; 4) attendance at all parties, thrown at least three times a year or less.

What, you may ask, must one do to enjoy all the above benefits? Well, nothing really. Our staff is loaded with hangers-on. But if you feel that you have to do something, you can: 1) join our Sales Staff and offend more people per unit time than is possible any other known way; 2) join our Circulation Staff and get thrown out of every girls' school in New England and several in New York, a distinction hitherto unique to our present Circulation Manager; 3) sign up with our Publicity Staff, where your most ridiculous ideas for stunts will be received with complete enthusiasm — and actually executed with technological precision on Sales Day; 4) join the so-called creative part of the magazine and add a fourth to us three sensitive souls who actually put things in the rag — then we can switch from pinochle to bridge, which is more aesthetically pleasing; 5) call yourself an artist or cartoonist and partake of the Bohemian atmosphere provided every Make-up Night — nude models are drawn from imagination (certainly not from memory).

Sound good? Yum. Actually the best thing about being on the staff is not the generous salary, the substantial fringe benefits, or even the enjoyable and simple-minded "work" you can do if you want to; the best thing about it all is the admiration of coeds from nearby schools, girls who hang around the office on Make-up Night watching for a chance to touch the sleeve of a Voo Doo staffer, girls who clamor (Not now, honey. Wait 'til I finish typing.) for the attention of Voo Doo men, girls who will do anything to be known as the girlfriend of a Voo Doo man. Think I'm kidding? Somewhere on this page is a picture of one of our less successful staffers.

Talked you into it? You can't say I didn't try.

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Southern Fried Chicken Leg with Cranberry Sauce — $1.75
Southern Fried Breast of Chicken with Cranberry Sauce — $1.85
Grilled Hamburg with onions or Mushroom Sauce — $1.75 two patties 1.95
Cordon Bleu, with horseradish — $1.90
Grilled Ham with Apple Sauce — $1.90
Veal Cutlet with Creole, Cheese or Mushroom Sauce — $1.85
Salmon with Sherry — $2.00
Coquille St. Jacques (Baked Scallops, Mushrooms and Sherry) — $1.90
Broiled Swordfish with Lemon — $1.80
Broiled Fresh Sword with Lemon — $1.90
Roasted Stuffed Turkey with Cranberry Sauce — $2.00
Choice of two vegetables
We have sticky rolls, home made oatmeal bread or the famous orange bread.

Choice of dessert and beverage:
Wonderful warm blueberry pudding with Ice Cream. All kinds of fresh fruit. — Pecan pie a la Mode. — Old Fashioned Fresh Peach Shortcake. — Strawberry Shortcake. — Meringue Shell with Ice Cream and Sauce. — Brownie a la Mode. — Hot Fudge. — Baked Indian Pudding a la Mode. — Baked Custard Pudding — Cake with Ice Cream and Sauce. — Several kinds of Cheese. — Vermont Special. — Vanilla Ice Cream with Maple Syrup and Pecans. — Sundaes and Parfaits.

We are dedicated to the fine art of serving college men. We have even been known to like some girls.

Frank and Marion Lawless

the English Room

IN THE FIRST BLOCK ON NEWBURY ST.
The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufung
by T. S. Flunkout

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrerete!

I let us go then, you and me,
When the morning is spread out against MIT
Like a freshman paralyzed upon a final;
I let us go, through certain half-swept corridors,
With muttering janitors
Or battleless boys in one-month cheap wool shirts
And sawdust-muscled, jock-strapped extroverts;
Halls that follow like a tedious derivation
Of atomic acceleration
To lead you to an overwhelming question...
Oh do not ask what it is,
Let us go and take our quiz.

In the room the proctors come and go
Talking of Avogadro.
And indeed there will be time
For the professor who pads along the aisle,
Smiling and gloating on his hellish quiz;
To prepare a poop sheet to solve the problems that
you meet;
There will be time for answers you compile,
And time for all the distributors' hands
That lift and drop a quiz before your seat;
Time for them, but not for us —
And no time for the hundred indecisions,
And for the hundred errors and revisions
Before the clock ticks out a terminus.

In the room the proctors come and go
Talking of Avogadro.
And indeed there will be time
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and "Will they see?"
Time to look back and bend over and stare
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and "Will they see?"

For I have known them all already, known them all
And time for all the distributors' hands
There will be time for answers you compile,
To prepare a poop sheet to solve the problems that
you meet;
There will be time for answers you compile,
And time for all the distributors' hands
That lift and drop a quiz before your seat;
Time for them, but not for us —
And no time for the hundred indecisions,
And for the hundred errors and revisions
Before the clock ticks out a terminus.

In the room the proctors come and go
Talking of Avogadro.
And indeed there will be time
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and "Will they see?"
Time to look back and bend over and stare
At the shaved spot in the middle of your knee —
(They will say: "How that boy is cheating yet!")
The formulae, in blue ink smeared with sweat,
Those physics formulae — as usual, all wet —
(I will say: "Sir, I dropped a cigarette!")

Do I dare
Change Newton's universe?
In a minute there is time
For decisions and revisions which a next peck
will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all —
Have known the lectures, recitations, labs,
I have measured out amperes with coffee spoons;
I shall wear the bottoms of my shoes half-soled.

So why should I resume?

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow
halls
And watched the smoke that rises from the fags
Of sleepy tools in shirt-sleeves, leaning over
oscilloscopes?

I should have been a pair of ragged urchins
Scuttling across the dirt of Harvard Square.
And would it have been worth it, after all,
Would it have been worth while,
After the commons and the water fights and the
slushy streets,
After the textbooks, after the quizzes, after the
wastrel that trail along the floor —
And this, and so much more —
It is impossible to solve this problem!
But after a magic lantern threw the data in curves
Upon a screen:
Would it have been worth while
If one, unplugging a wire or erasing an equation,
And turning toward the students, should say:
"That is not it at all,
That is not what Joule meant at all."

No: I am not Isaac Newton, nor was meant to be:
Am an MIT student, one that will do
To wash a bottle, plot a curve or two,
Kow tow to the prof: no doubt, an uneasy molecule,
Deferential, glad to be reclusive,
Politic, cautious and vermiculous;
Full of formulae, but a bit obtuse;
At times, indeed, almost meticulous —
Almost, at times, the tool.

I grow cold...I grow cold
I shall wear the bottoms of my shoes half-soled.

Shall I part my hair at all? Do I dare to wash
my feet?
I shall wear Bermuda shorts and walk out in the sleet.
I have heard the autos honking, on the street.

I do not think that they will honk at me.

I have seen them crawling homeward on the Ave.,
Braking with curses hurled upon my head
When chance turns all the lights to orange and red.

We have lingered in the rooms of MIT,
By finals sweared, with faces drawn and pale,
Till proctors take our papers, and we fail.

Notes:
1. Decima: rhyme with tool, see?
2. Perpendicular: no, that is not a type of equation.
3. Vernacular: yes, it means what it thinks it does.
5. Chance: yes, Virginia, now you know what makes the pretty lights blink.
And then there was the forlorn engineer who, upon seeing a seagull flying overhead, exclaimed, “Go ahead, everyone else does.”

The farmer’s daughter ran to tell her father, “Papa, here comes Kurt Sturdley.”
“Quick daughter, get into the house.”
“But papa, he’s a Tech man.”
“Get into the house quick and take the cow with you.”

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Well, not everyone can enjoy the overworked crudities that we publish in VooDoo. . . . but if you are (e) none of the above, you are probably an average Tech tool. If you resent the holier-than-thou character who is above such low forms of entertainment, why not embarrass him by buying him a subscription to VooDoo. Just think of that monthly occurrence. . . . the mailman comes, and holier-than-thou makes a dash for the mailbox so that he can conceal the accursed subscription from his loyal disciples. . . . but one month, he takes it back to his room. . . . well, you can guess the rest.

The fellow in the photo is one of our converts.
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