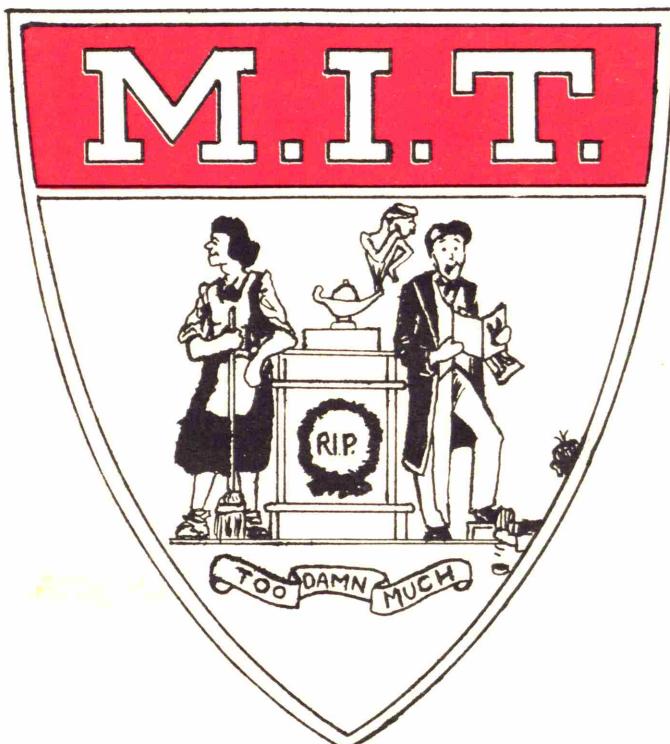


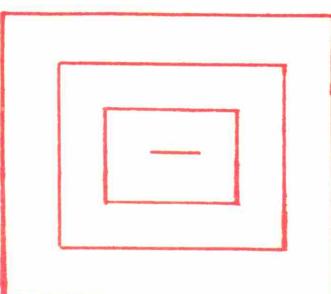
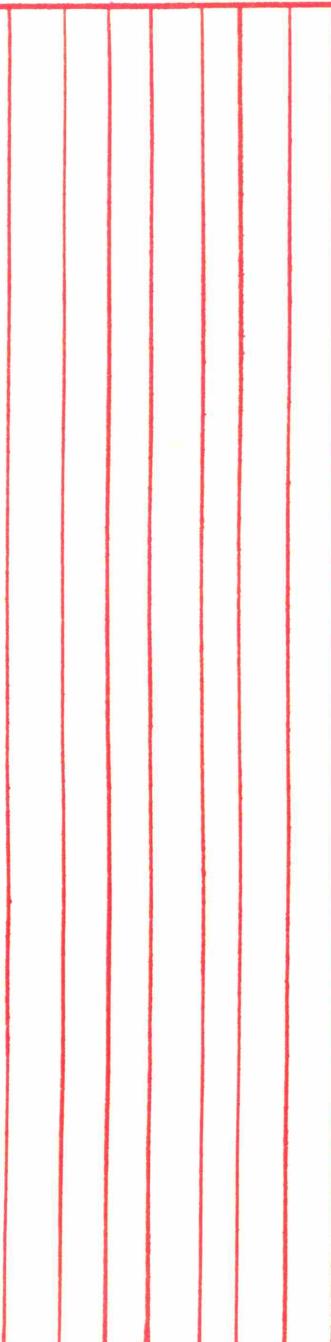
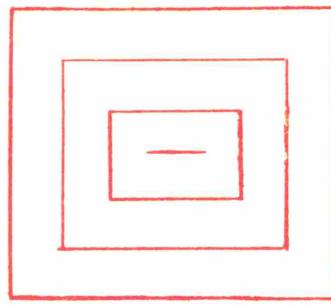
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Voodoo



MEANINGLESS INFINITY OF TERMINOLOGY

Feb. 1964 35¢



~~THIS SPACE FOR DOODLING~~

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WE THOUGHT THE DAY WOULD NEVER COME DEPT. . .

A former *VooDoo* man, who has moved far, far away, recently received a Poll Tax bill via his forwarding address—enclosed was “A Special Message from Mayor John F. Collins,” a touching little piece of modern Americana, which, together with the *V.D.* man’s doggerel reply, is printed below. Needless to say, our man had never even been eligible to vote while in Boston, let alone being anywhere near as disreputable an establishment as a Boston polling place.

<p align="center">CITY OF BOSTON OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR-TREASURER ROOM 200, CITY HALL ANNEX 1963 POLL TAX COLLECTOR'S OFFICE COPY</p> <p align="center">PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE AND RETURN WITH YOUR PAYMENT AVAILABLE AT THE OFFICE OF</p> <p align="right">Taxes are payable at the Collecting Division City Hall Annex Boston, Mass. <i>[Signature]</i></p> <p align="center">YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED THAT YOUR 1963 POLL TAX IS DUE AND PAYABLE WITHIN 30 DAYS FROM THE DATE OF ISSUE OF THIS NOTICE. POLL TAX NOT PAID WHEN DUE IS SUBJECT TO PENALTIES OF 35 CENTS FOR DEMAND AND 4% INTEREST FOR CHARGES AND FEES. POLL TAX REMAINING UNPAID FOR MORE THAN THIRTY DAYS AFTER THE DATE OF THIS NOTICE IS SUBJECT TO 4% INTEREST FROM DUE DATE.</p>	<p align="center">CITY OF BOSTON 1963 POLL TAX</p> <p align="center">Any application for abatement or exemption must be filed in writing ON AN APPROVED FORM with THE BOARD OF ASSESSORS on or before October 1, 1963.</p> <p align="center">All payments must be made to or to the order of The City of Boston. For receipt, enclose a stamped addressed envelope with ENTIRE BILL. Mail to Collector-Treasurer, Collecting Division.</p> <table border="1" style="margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto;"> <tr> <td>TAX</td> <td>\$ 200</td> </tr> <tr> <td>DEMAND</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>CHARGES</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>INTEREST</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td colspan="2">TOTAL \$</td> </tr> </table>	TAX	\$ 200	DEMAND		CHARGES		INTEREST		TOTAL \$	
TAX	\$ 200										
DEMAND											
CHARGES											
INTEREST											
TOTAL \$											

A Special Message From Mayor John F. Collins

It is a pleasure to tell you that this is the last poll tax bill that you will ever receive from the City of Boston.

The poll tax is a relic of the past, handed down from Colonial times. Under modern conditions, it is neither an equitable nor a practical tax, and is inconsistent with our basic democratic American principles.

Acting upon the petitions of the Mayor of Boston and others, the Legislature has therefore wisely abolished the poll tax, effective January 1, 1964 (Acts of 1963 Chapter 160.)

Since it is a rare occasion indeed that any tax is abolished, some of you may wish to retain your receipts as historical keepsakes.

Cordially yours,

John F. Collins
Mayor



O, Mayor Collins, hail to thee!
Thy heart, so full of charity,
Hath wisely abolished, by decree,
The Poll Tax. (Ch. 160, Acts of '63).

Though my vote for you I cannot cast,
(For my Boston residence is long past)
I rejoice that justice came at last,
Though the legislature oft acts half-fast.

In the South, 'tis well to note,
The Poll Tax denies some men their vote.
But some Bostonians, the South may gloat
Must pay their tax, yet still can't vote!

Historical Keepsakes, I must tell,
As election gimmicks seem to sell.
An historical tax receipt sure is swell,
But I think I'll keep my two bucks as well.

Sincerely,
Burma Shave

VOO DOO

FEB. 1964

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Peter Kendall

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Rich Cutler

Spence Sherman

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Bob Pindyck

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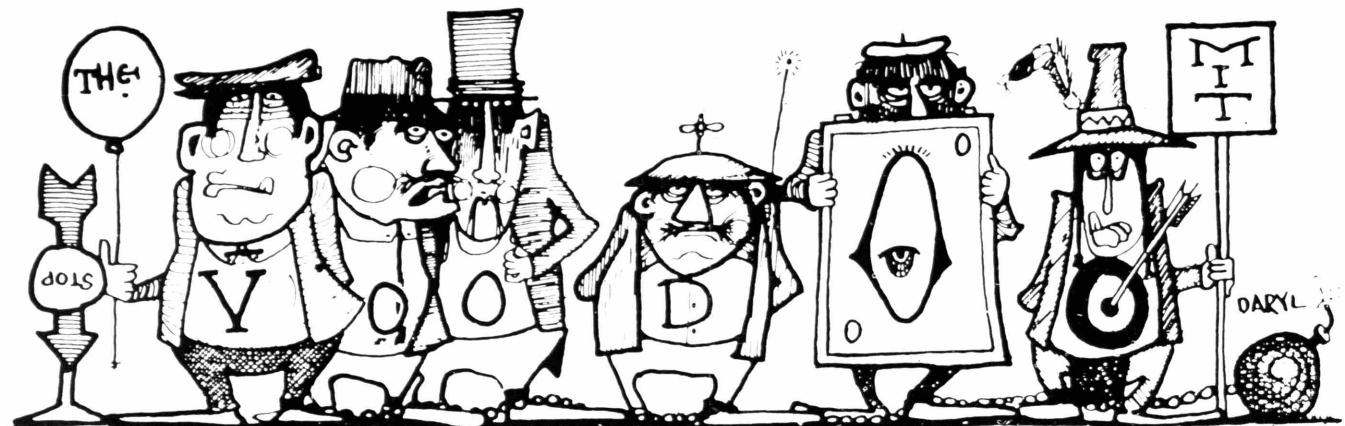
Tim Karpetsky

Ed Eisenman

Sanford Libman



Just to keep this magazine all legal and on the up and up, the contents are Copyright 1964 by the VooDoo Senior Board. Published February 28, 1964 at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology by the VooDoo Senior Board and a few hangers on. VooDoo is published monthly on a spastic schedule October through May, and we have been known to throw a bunch of garbage from past issues together on those hot August evenings. Glad this is our last issue. Our price is thirty-five cents per copy, or \$2.80 for eight issues, and you gain a two-month delay by subscribing. If you get one at all. Sorry about that, Charley. Special rate to residents of Pago Pago, \$69.00. Our office is 303 Walker Memorial or the nearest bar thereto. Try us on Wednesdays. Entered as Second Class mail, although we hate to admit it, at Cambridge, Mass. Bona Fide College Humor magazines may reprint if credit is given. Thanks, Old Peel, we appreciate the publicity. Thank you for trying to up our standards, Fordham Monthly. Up yours.



Well, here it is Spring Term and time for that venerable institution known as spring cleaning. Sure, we know about the snow outside, but after our last issue we sure saw a lot of birds—and that's some sort of sign, right? Anyway, we have a management shake-up due for next month and the old Board wanted to run some of the random goodies which have been lying around while their names are still on the masthead. Hence, the Spring Cleaning Issue—designed to simultaneously amuse you and get the garbage out of the limbo of our Editor's desk. To start you all off all fresh and clean this term, the magazine comes to you in a real working-model book cover which can be pulled loose from the staples and attached in the usual fashion (i.e., glued) to your favorite textbook. Have fun.

One of our more complimentary correspondents writes the following: "Like I saw it happen and didn't believe it at the time, but I figure anyone dumb enough to buy your magazine would believe it. Reference material was permitted during the first half of a certain foreign language Humanities final. A certain coed naturally staggered into the room carrying all her notes from the course. When the proctor ordered the books closed, she luggered the notes up to the front of the room... and dropped them in the wastebasket."

When asked what some particularly nauseating yellow-and-brown-things-with-meringue-on-them were, the Walker coolie, whose unpleasant task it was to dispense them, replied: "Feased torts."

Wandering into his 21,03 class late last term (construe "late" in either way), one of our coolies discovered that *VooDoo* was the topic of discussion. Perking up his ears (while closing his eyes), he heard his instructor proclaim: "*VooDoo* is the dirtiest college magazine in the United States." Evidently he doesn't read *Tangent*.

A Senior Board member stumbled into a quiz room about a month ago — a week's beard, six weeks' haircut, three weeks' grunge, five nights' eye-bags, and several gallons of coffee to the worse. He fell into a desk and stared blankly at the top of it, where these words met his blood-shot gaze: "How does it feel to be an ugly tool?" He wept.

The Chairman of the Department of Poultry Science at the University of Wisconsin is Dr. Bird.

You know how the sandwich machines are always empty, the hot food machines are always full and there are never any forks or spoons to eat the hot food with? Well, there is still a solution: straws. Take two of them, remove the wrapper, grasp firmly, and you now have a set of perfectly acceptable albeit shortlived chopsticks. It took our correspondent three pair to go through a can of corned beef hash. However, in view of the acquisition cost, this is not a limiting feature.

continued

"And, as the sun sets in the West, we bid a sad farewell to the beautiful British Empire. . . ." The Beatles are asking, and getting, \$8,000 for a half-hour performance.

Last month's cover, depicting a swarm of flesh-starved beavers biting the bag, was adapted from an oil painting sent to us by Al Kuhfeld. The original painting was a masterpiece, done in authentic RAW GUTS style, lurid, sadistic, etc. The adaptation was done by our Art Editor and Mr. Kuhfeld disclaims any credit for the final result. Sorry, Al.

We got a letter from one of our advertisers last month which read, in its entirety: "Dear Sir: Would you please cut off my restaurants. Because we don't want more."

While waiting in the textbook line at the Coop a few weeks ago, we were amused to see that they had stocked *Sex And The Single Girl*, "the sensational best-seller that torpedoes the myth that a girl must be married to enjoy a satisfying life," in the Fiction section.

It is with a great deal of pride that we can point to the originality of our administration, when it comes to handling the angry masses during campus riots. The potent words, "Anyone who is here three minutes from now, will not be here tomorrow" which dispelled the rent riots a while ago had such spectacular results that the Dean of Brown College used them exactly (cleverly substituting 5 minutes for 3) some three months before!

(Continued on page 16)

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“Charlie, answer the door.”

“Hello, door.”



Principal: Johnny! Why are you walking around that way?

Johnny: Well, I asked the teacher if I could go to the bathroom, and she told me to stick it out till lunch.



“You’ll have to hand it to Venus DeMilo when it comes to eating.”



“Hurry, come quickly,” the man shouted into the telephone, “My house is burning down!”

“Try throwing water on the flames,” the fire chief suggested.

“I did, but it didn’t help.”

“Then there’s no use in our coming. That’s all we ever do.”



What’s the difference between mashed potatoes and pea soup?
Anyone can mash potatoes.



Twenty-one years
have elapsed—
Bartender, make mine
a Pabst.

The fellow entered an almost empty bar and ordered an Old Fashioned, and told the bartender to fix up the guy at the other end of the bar so he wouldn't be drinking alone. Finishing his drink, he told the barkeep, "Another of the same, please, but leave the fruit out of it this time."

"Ah, go to Hell!" screeched the little guy at the other end of the bar, "I never asked for a drink in the first place!"



"Do they make false eyes out of glass?"

"Certainly! How else could you see through them?"



Recent historical findings have brought some light to bear on the discovery of Greenland by Eric the Red a thousand years ago. It appears that when the Viking ship of the red-bearded explorer landed, it amazed the local Eskimos who had never seen a European before.

Pointing in wonder to the captain of the landing party a frightened Eskimo asked one of the Norwegians, "Hey Mistah, why is your Norse red?"



"Here's one the grapes never tried," said the elephant, as he crossed a coed with Luther Burbank.



Little Red Riding Hood grew up to be a beautiful babe. One day, she and her boyfriend were going to go horseback-riding. The boyfriend reserved horses "x" and "y" in the corral for them. When they got to the stables, Riding Hood asked which was her horse. Her boyfriend replied: "'Y' is your horse, Red."

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101 Ways to Kill Time

by Lois Richardson and George Boudaiee

1. Fill somebody's car with empty beer cans.
2. Fill in all the blank spaces on a machine-scored test.
3. Punch an extra hole or two in your IBM registration card.
4. Read *Cyrano de Bergerac* in Russian.
5. Collect all the parking tickets you can find.
6. Collect black widow spiders.
7. Place a collect call to Khrushchev.
8. Paint cracks on the roof of Kresge.
9. Find Amelia Earhart.
10. Draw a Santa Claus suit on Khrushchev.
11. Raise goldfish in the chapel moat.
12. Tool.
13. Cut out pieces of paper the same size as parking tickets and place them on cars all around campus.
14. Send a CARE package to Rockefeller.
15. Call the FBI and accuse your room-mate of being a Communist.



21. Write a sequel to *Lolita*.
22. Put roadblocks across the driveways to the parking lots.
23. Go to class.
24. Imagine Fidel Castro without a beard.
25. Start a Young Communists Club on campus.

16. See how much TNT it would take to blow up the bridge.
17. Paint a red candy stripe on the flagpoles in the Great Court.
18. Put "wet paint" signs on all the door handles in Building 20.
19. Imagine a bald bear.
20. Start an anti-Communist crusade.



26. Switch to Tareytons, then quit.
27. Plan a new invasion of Cuba.
28. Take 143 hours next semester.
29. Walk around campus with your eyes closed.
30. Go to the Fenway Theater.

- 36. Tap the phones at the coed dorm.
- 37. Beat up a vending machine.
- 38. Draw a pumpkin disguised as an apple.
- 39. Look up all the dirty words in the dictionary.
- 40. Think up new dirty words.



- 31. Take all the manhole covers.
- 32. Apply for graduate work at Simmons.
- 33. Send your transcripts to Harvard.
- 34. Plant some money and see if it grows.
- 35. Imagine a blizzard in Miami.



- 41. Dismantle your desk.
- 42. Compile a list of 101 ways to kill time.
- 43. Think up a riddle.
- 44. Try to remember when toothpaste used to be white.
- 45. Write a sequel to Mein Kampf.

- 46. Try to walk on water.
- 47. Figure out what the buttons on a man's suit sleeve are for.
- 48. Buy something and refuse to accept Green Stamps.
- 49. Ram the back of a police car.
- 50. Take a bath without water.

- 56. Clean up MIT vice.
- 57. Feed 5000 MIT students with seven Richard's Twinburgers.
- 58. Figure out some practical use for hula hoops.
- 59. Push a Volkswagen over and see if it rolls back on its wheels.
- 60. Send a U. S. Savings Bond to Khrushchev.

- 51. Try to make bread out of stone.
- 52. Send a fan letter to Hopalong Cassidy.
- 53. Imagine Tech as an all-girl school.
- 54. Make a new translation of the Bible.
- 55. Check out a library book.

- 61. Butter up your teachers (use real butter).
- 62. Do a Spring fertility dance.
- 63. Say fink backwards—knif.
- 64. Sign up for extra Phys. Ed. classes.
- 65. Call the police and say you're the Strangler.

(continued)

- 71. Try to mix chicken fat and water.
- 72. Give some Geritol to a worm.
- 73. Find the nutritional value of a spoonful of mud.
- 74. Set a tiger shark loose in the swimming pool.
- 75. Raise the Maine and sink it again.

BEFORE



LATER



- 81. Make up a name for the Unknown Soldier.
- 82. Forget your name.
- 83. Make mudpies out of fall-out.
- 84. Without looking, try to remember what the back of your hand looks like.
- 85. Switch signs on the rest room doors.



- 91. Break into a the tech dispenser.
- 92. Invent a smokeless cigarette.
- 93. Plant grass on the bridge.
- 94. Read Tangent.
- 95. Get analyzed.



- 66. Send a copy of VOO DOO to John Steinbeck.
- 67. Challenge Ike to eighteen holes of golf.
- 68. Take a swim in the Charles.
- 69. Ban VOO DOO.
- 70. Be playmate of the month.

- 76. Forget the Alamo.
- 77. Plot the overthrow of student government.
- 78. Get a horse.
- 79. Paint an elephant pink.
- 80. Go roller skating in Building 7.

- 86. Hijack an airliner.
- 87. Put a "for sale" sign in front of Building 7.
- 88. File bankruptcy papers in Henry Kaiser's name.
- 89. Picket the L.S.C.
- 90. Figure out some use for Nixon-Lodge stickers.
- 96. Go fly a kite.
- 97. Paint a new Mona Lisa.
- 98. Think of Winston Churchill as a little boy.
- 99. Call for the time and try to carry on an intelligent conversation.
- 100. Gargle with peanut butter.
- 101. Try to write something funny for VOO DOO.

THE BIRD IS THE WORD

C. Deber

Duckie flew into the living room and bit Ralph on the ear. You know, it hurts when a human being bites you on the ear, but when a parakeet takes a vicious peck out of your tender lobe, man, that smarts!

"Oww", exclaimed Ralph.

"I'm sorry," said Ethel, who thought her claws had torn another hunk of flesh out of Ralph's back.

"No, no, not you; it's that darn bird again. And this time I'm gonna kill him."

There were a few things that Ralph just didn't understand about the whole situation. How could one little parakeet run the entire household? Why name it Duckie (although it pleased Ralph that the name Duckie rhymed with so many other names)? And why did it always bite Ralph?

Ethel kissed Duckie on the left wing. "You leave him alone, you big bully," she warned. Duckie was a clever bird, actually, and Ethel had taught him to play a game of "completing the phrase." For example, if Ethel said "pretty", Duckie said "boy". If Ethel said, "pollywanna", Duckie said "cracker". If Ethel said, "Hiya" Duckie said "leah". Ralph got Duckie alone once, and taught the little bird a new, simple phrase, so that whenever Ralph was around, Duckie said, "you".

Ethel put Duckie back in the cage, but the educated bird opened the door with his beak, flew out, and landed on Ralph's shoulder. Then he flew to Ethel's shoulder. Then Ethel got a tissue and wiped off Ralph's shoulder. Then Ralph was glad that Duckie wasn't an eagle.

But that did it. Ralph had seen too many Roadrunner cartoons to take this sitting down. Like a crazed coyote, Ralph burst into action. He grabbed Duckie off of Ethel's shoulder with his hand, and though Duckie pecked furiously at his palm, Ralph raced into the bathroom, with Ethel stumbling closely behind him (actually, she had her teeth sunk deeply into the back of Ralph's left leg), and flushed Duckie down the toilet bowl.

But either Duckie had a large amount of ingenuity, or the plumbers that built Ethel's apartment had gotten their pipes crossed, because when Ralph strode into the kitchen to get a cool, refreshing drink of water as reward for a job well done, there was Duckie, chirping merrily in the sink, saying, "you you you". Ralph couldn't quite understand how Duckie got into the kitchen sink from the bath-

room, although he did remember that whenever Ethel's mother made him a bowl of soup, it tasted kind of funny.

"Ralph, darling" purred Ethel, leading him back to the couch in the living room. "Forget about that itsy-bitsy birdy, Ralphy. It's just the two of us."

Ralph was not one to turn down offers of this kind; his lips met Ethel's, and as they embraced in a long, feverish kiss, Ralph tenderly caressed Ethel's soft, silky feathers.

"Feathers?" yelped Ralph. Either Ethel was moulting, or else Duckie was.

"Chirp" screamed Ralph, in a deep voice resembling that of a 500-pound canary. He jumped up and chased Duckie into the next room. Ethel heard chirping, roaring, "you you you", and then it was quiet. Ralph walked back into the living room, a big smile on his mutilated face, and a considerable number of feathers between his teeth.

"What did you do?" said Ethel, fearing the worst.

"I," said Ralph, "ate the bird."



Duckie said "You!"

The evening had been going well, but now at the critical moment, the girl wouldn't let Frank into her apartment. Her excuse was thin:

"My roommate's home."

"In other words, I'm supposed to ignore this doormat that says, 'Welcome?'"

"Of course, silly," she laughed, "There's hardly room enough for us on that."



A pretty young lady stepped up to a teller's window and asked to start an account. After filling out the appropriate forms, she presented a crisp new hundred-dollar bill.

"Just a minute," said the teller. "I'll have to check up on this."

On returning, he said, "Sorry, Miss, but this is a counterfeit bill."

"Awk!" she screamed. "I've been raped!"

A certain young lady was invited up to her boy friend's apartment the other evening to look at his etchings. When they arrived at his apartment, she was surprised to find no etchings. In fact, to her amazement, she discovered he had no chairs, no tables, no furniture at all.

She was floored.



"Folks," said the minister, "the subject of my sermon this evening is liars. How many in the congregation have read the 69th chapter of Saint Matthew?" Nearly every hand in the congregation was raised.

"That's right," said the reverend. "You are the folks I want to preach to. There ain't no 69th chapter of M atthew."


Dinner Menu

Choice of appetizer.

All the salad you can eat . . .

Roast Prime Rib of Beef, Natural Gravy -- \$2.52

Grilled Sirloin Steak -- \$2.52

Roast Stuffed Chicken with Cranberry Sauce -- \$1.85 -- Half \$2.10

Southern Fried Chicken Leg with Cranberry Sauce -- \$1.76

Southern Fried Breast of Chicken with Cranberry Sauce -- \$1.90

Grilled Hamburg with onions or Mushroom Sauce - \$1.76 two patties 1.95

Corned Beef, with horseradish -- \$1.90

Grilled Ham with Apple Sauce -- \$1.90

Veal Culet with Creole, Cheese or Mushroom Sauce -- \$1.90

Sirloin Tips with Sherry -- \$2.00

Coquille St. Jacques(Baked Scallops,Mushrooms and Sherry) -- \$1.90

Broiled Swordfish with Lemon -- \$1.90

Broiled Fresh Schrod with Lemon -- \$1.90

Roasted Stuffed Turkey with Cranberry Sauce -- \$2.09

Choice of two Vegetables

We have sticky rolls, home made oatmeal bread or the famous orange bread.

Choice of dessert and Beverage

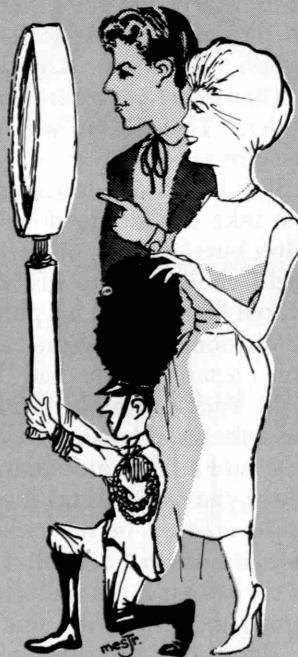
Wonderful warm blueberry pudding with Ice Cream. All kinds of fresh Fruit. - Pecan pie a la Mode. --- Old Fashioned Fresh Peach Shortcake. -- Strawberry Shortcake. -- Meringue Shell with Ice Cream and Sauce-- Brownie a la Mode -- Hot Fudge -- Baked Indian Pudding a la Mode -- Baked Custard Pudding--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

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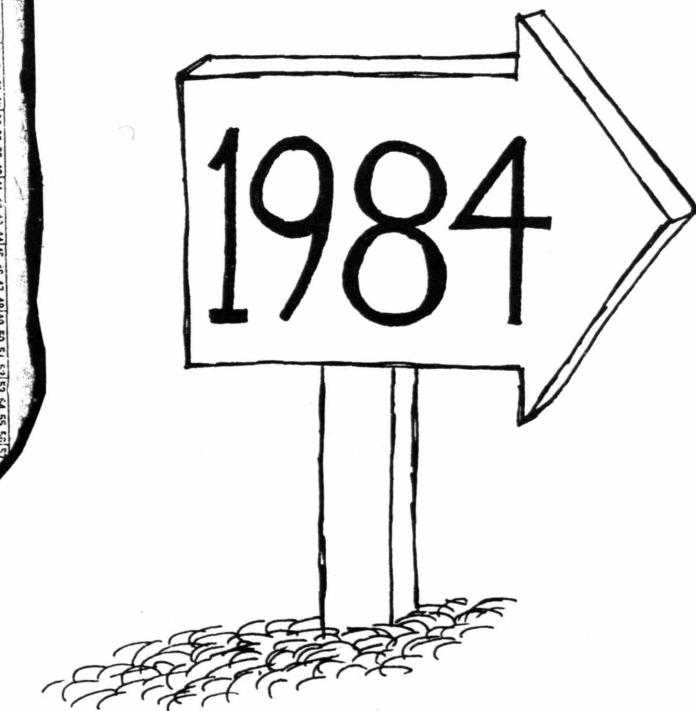
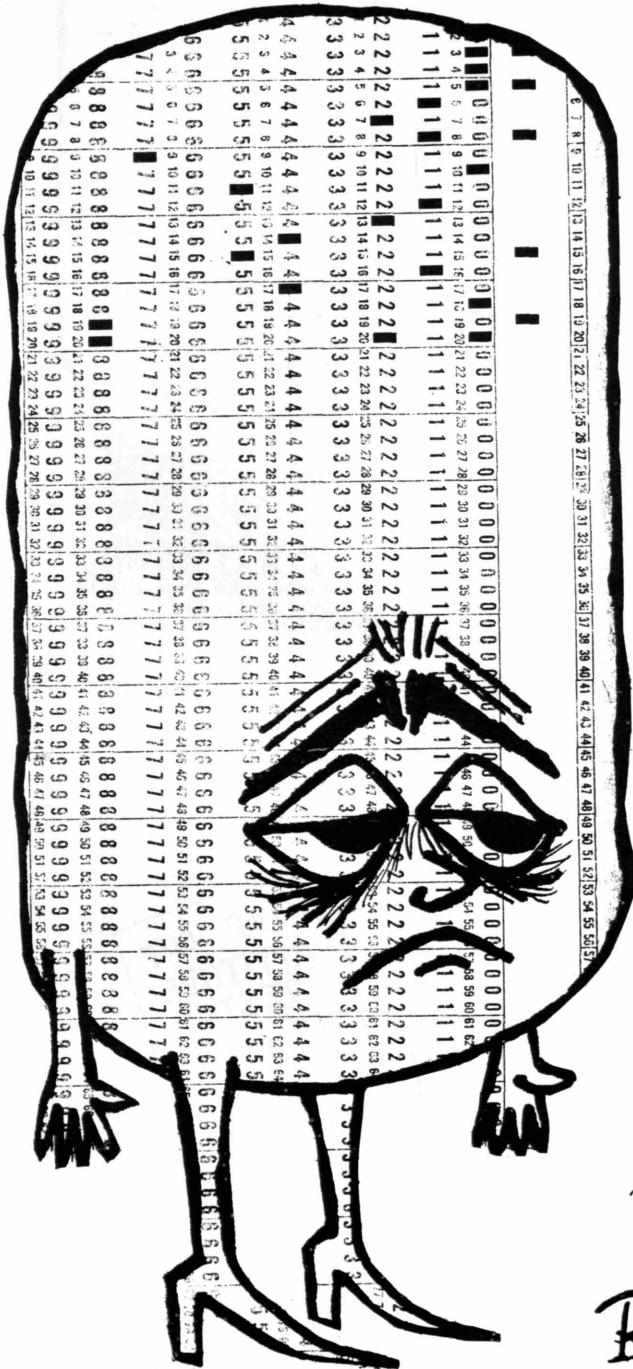
NOT WITH A BANG

BUT A NUMBER

OR

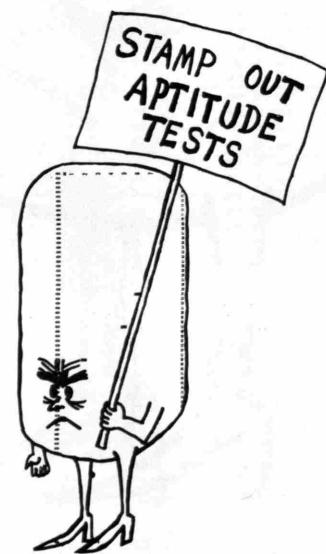
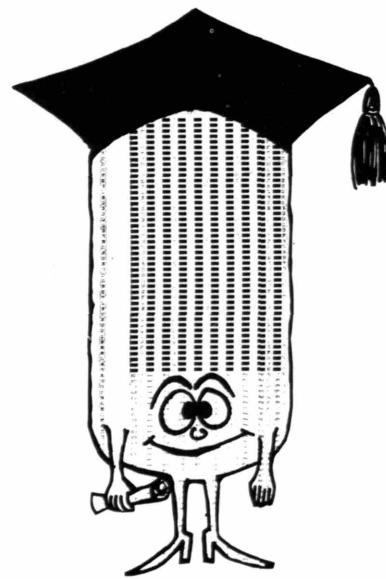
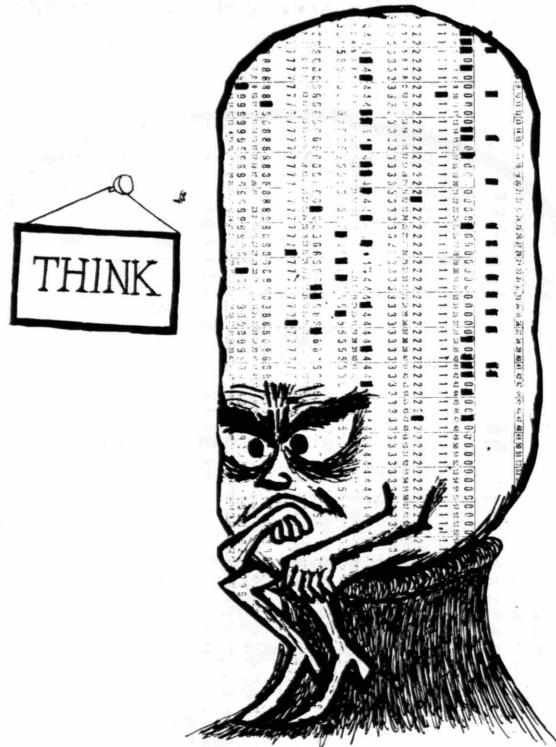
The Hole Man

by Roy I. Mumme



R MUMME

(over)



The defense attorney was bearing down hard: "You say," he sneered, "that my defendant came at you with a bottle in his hand. But didn't you have something in your hand?"

"Yes," answered the battered plaintiff, "his wife. Charming, of course, but not much good in a fight."



"Is this dance formal, or can I wear my own clothes?"



A student with a taste for high living owed money to a strait-laced friend of his. When, after several months, the friend had still not been paid, he proposed a deal.

"I'll tell you what," he said. "If you will give up your sinful ways and join the Baptist Church, I'll forget about the money you owe me."

"Become a Baptist? Never!" exclaimed the student. "That's a faith worse than debt!"



It was a dark rainy night in Caracas when Pedro stumbled in the door. "Why Pedro, where have you been?" screamed his wife. "Eet has been two years since I saw you last."

"I was arrested for speeding," Pedro said.

"They kept you in jail two years for speeding?" his wife said. "Bot we do not have even a automovil!"

Pedro said, "Bot I was arrested for speeding on Meester Neexon."

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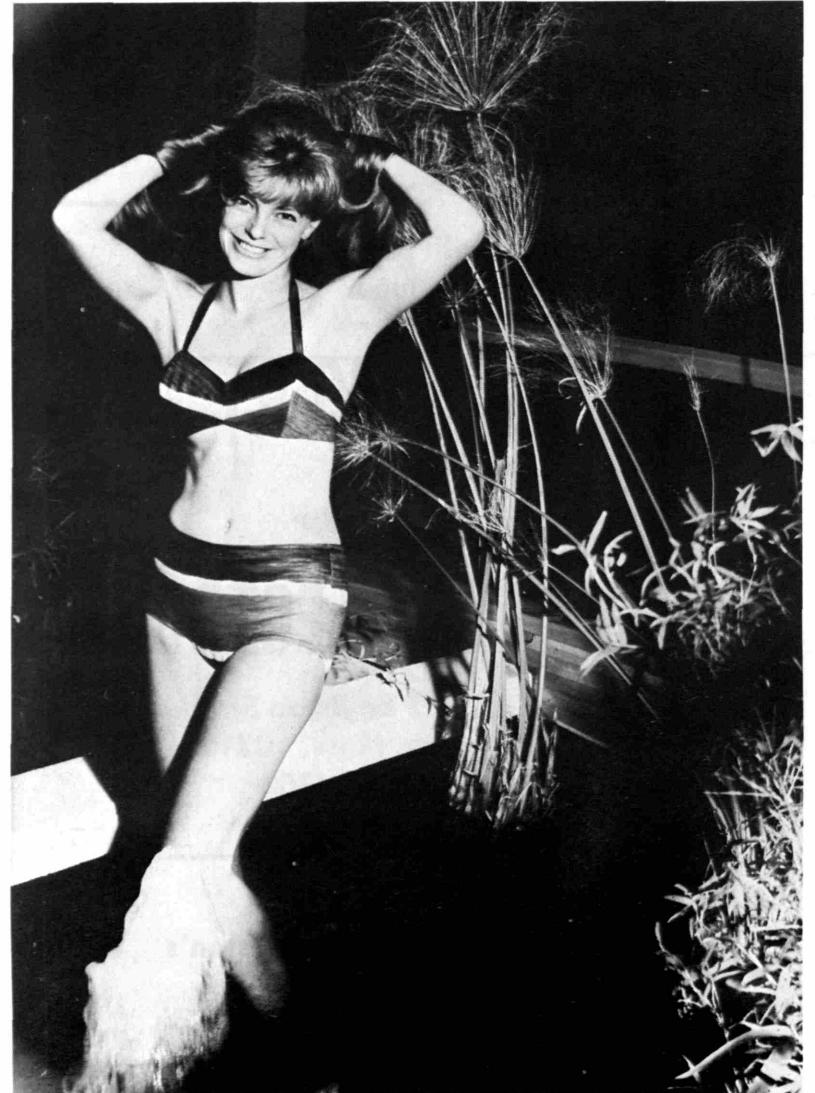
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VooDoo Doll of the Month



Now that you've drooled over the pictures for the last ten minutes, we are indeed sorry to inform you that our doll of the month is a student at Arizona State University, Helen Coar by name. A Sophomore, Helen was chosen Miss Scottsdale of 1962, and her chief hobby is horseback riding.

VOO DOOINGS
(Continued from page 3)

Dr. William Riley, Vice President of the Committee for Decent Literature, describing his group's operations on WBZ's "Contact": "We take these (allegedly obscene) materials around to various civic groups...and show them to them and then these aroused citizens put pressure on local officials. . . ."

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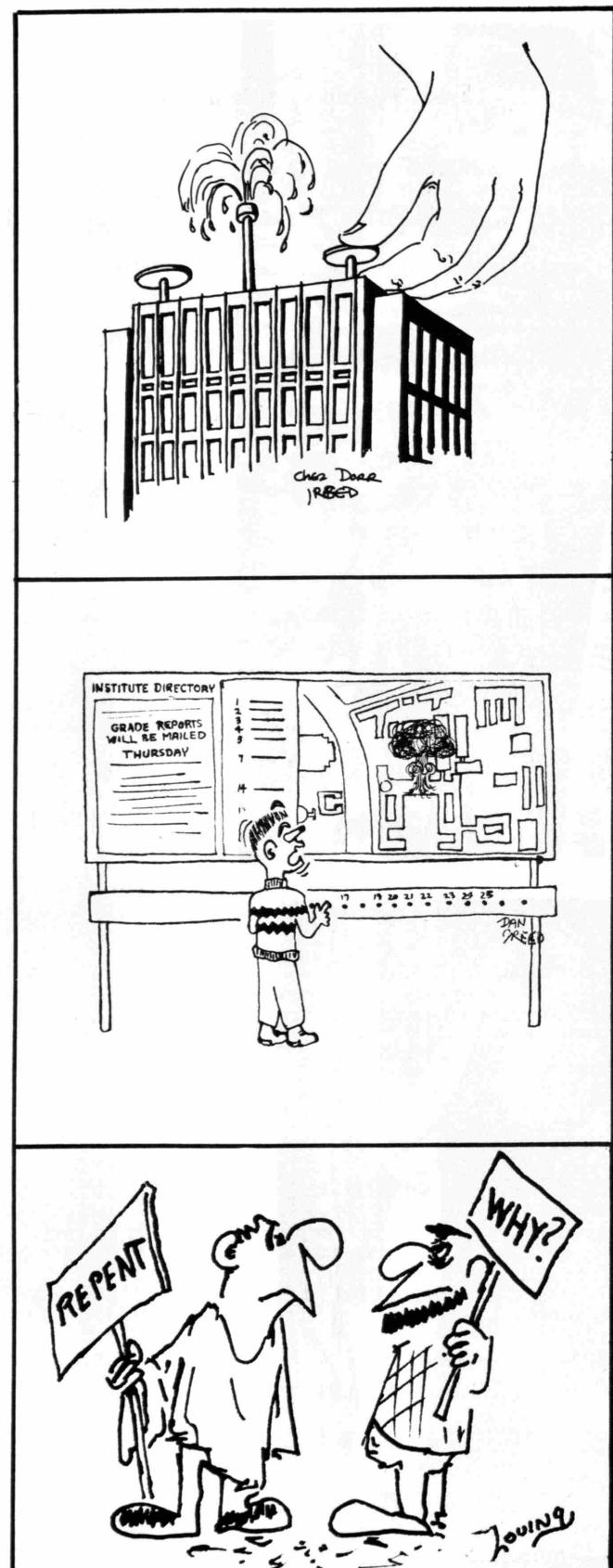
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Said the midget girl to the midget boy, "To the weeds!"



An unhappy Cuban shuffled down a deserted Havana street muttering to himself . . . "Those feelthy, rotten, steenkng, low down peegs."

A sudden hand fell on his shoulder. "Come along," said a secret policeman. "You are under arrest for treasonable utterances against the authorities."

"The authorities!" said the indignant citizen. "Why I never even mentioned them."

"No," said the policeman, "but you described them perfectly."



Definition of a politician: One who is always ready to lay your life down for his country.



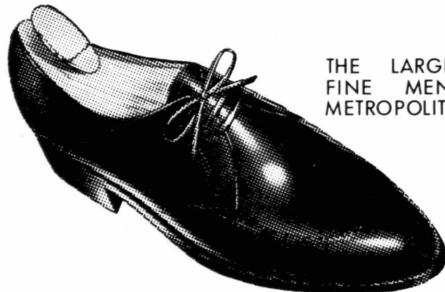
What's the difference between a coed and a tool box?



A mother and son attended a matineee, the son carrying his lunch in a paper bag. He took some hard boiled eggs out of the sack, peeled them, ate the whites, and began flinging the yellows over the balcony rail. An usher dashed up and demanded: "Who's that boy?"

Replied the mother: "My son, the yolk flinger."

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THE TECH COOP



I love Cambridge. With a dirty gray passion I do. The picturesque ice on her picturesque brick sidewalks, fleeting glimpse of hazy sun coyly revealing itself through the omnipresent murk, the sparkling gaiety, spontaneous wit, and effervescent *joie de vivre* of her cab-drivers, policemen, and other so-called "common" citizens—all these and more endear the colloidal atmosphere of Cambridge to my heart. But occasionally, the good will toward men with which my heart runneth over of late is tested and tried almost to the breaking point.

Like the time during one of our frequent snows when I lay abed, drifting, nay, plummeting to the Land of Nod, only to be callously yanked back to reality by a fuzz-mobile with loudspeaker beneath my window, announcing: "Hahvand Street is an emehgency ahtery. Move yeh vehicles ah they will be towed." Thinking quite lucidly (for my condition), I reasoned that a convertible with Tennessee plates and an MIT sticker would be the first to go, so I stumbled into my clothes and headed downstairs.

Mind you now, at this point I bore no malice whatsoever toward the City of Cambridge and its humble employees. They provided the streets, such as they are, for me to drive on, without spending so much as a dime of my money and, if they decide to clean their streets at midnight, well, they have every right to do so. In fact, removing snow before it hardens into rock-like ice seems an exemplary idea.

On the way out, I rang the bell of one of our downstairs neighbors, whose VW was parked behind my car. He hadn't heard the latter-day Paul Revere, so I gave him the gist of the declaration. He sputtered something about the even-numbered side being OK. My room-mate volunteered from behind me that he thought that was only on non-emergency arteries. I said I was only repeating what I heard. He suggested we call the police and check. For some reason not clear to me now, John and I withdrew to our apartment to call and our neighbor went back in his to do the same thing. My call was answered by a sergeant who was, I felt, unnecessarily abrupt. The conversation went like this:

"Plsd-ptmnt"

"Uh—hello. A cruiser was just by here saying they—uh, you will be towing tonight—"

"Sright. Snomergency."

"Well, he said Harvard Street is an emergency artery. Will they be towing on the even-numbered side of the—"

"Boassides." (click)

"Well, where— hello? Hello? Goddam." (click)

At that point the phone rang. It was our neighbor, calling to say the gendarmerie had told him the even-numbered side was all right. I told him what they'd told me. We puzzled about this for awhile and decided to try them again. I got a different sergeant this time. He said the even-numbered side was safe. Our neighbor got a different one, too. He was told it was not safe. We agreed that

we should probably take the way of caution, and hung up.

It was blizzarding outside. The wind howled around our shutters and every so often put a faulty storm window in resonance. The snow swirled, obscuring the corner streetlight. I decided to try the police once more. This time I reached a rather pleasant sergeant (are they *all* sergeants?) who told me, yes, my car would be towed if I left it on the even-numbered side of Harvard Street that night. I asked where I could park and he cheerily informed me (honest to God!) that I could park on the *right-hand* side of any side street. Before this sank in, I had thanked him and hung up. The right-hand side?

I trudged dutifully downstairs, found my car beneath its blanket of snow, and managed eventually to park it on the right-hand (and even-numbered) side of a non-emergency artery several blocks from the apartment. I slipped and sloshed back home and went to sleep immediately, dreaming about all those cars with improvident owners being towed off to a massive subterranean storage garage and when that was full being dumped in the Charles.

Next morning they were still there, untowed and unticketed, and the street was uncleared.

But I love Cambridge. I love her with a deep, abiding, and thoroughly unrequited love.

—Reed



"Ah wins."

"What you got?"

"Three eights and a pair of kings."

"No you don't, Ah wins."

"What you got?"

"Three sevens and a razor."

"So you does. How come you is so lucky?"

If LOOK can do it, so can we: here are

THE VOO DOO ALL - AMERICANS

Right end — Doray, Me.

Left end — Weepnoe, Mo.

Week end — Squeam, Mich.

Rear end — Kramm, MIT

Left Tackle — Nose, Ark.

Right Tackle — Rebel, Yale

Center — Play, Tex.

Guard — Aga, Conn.

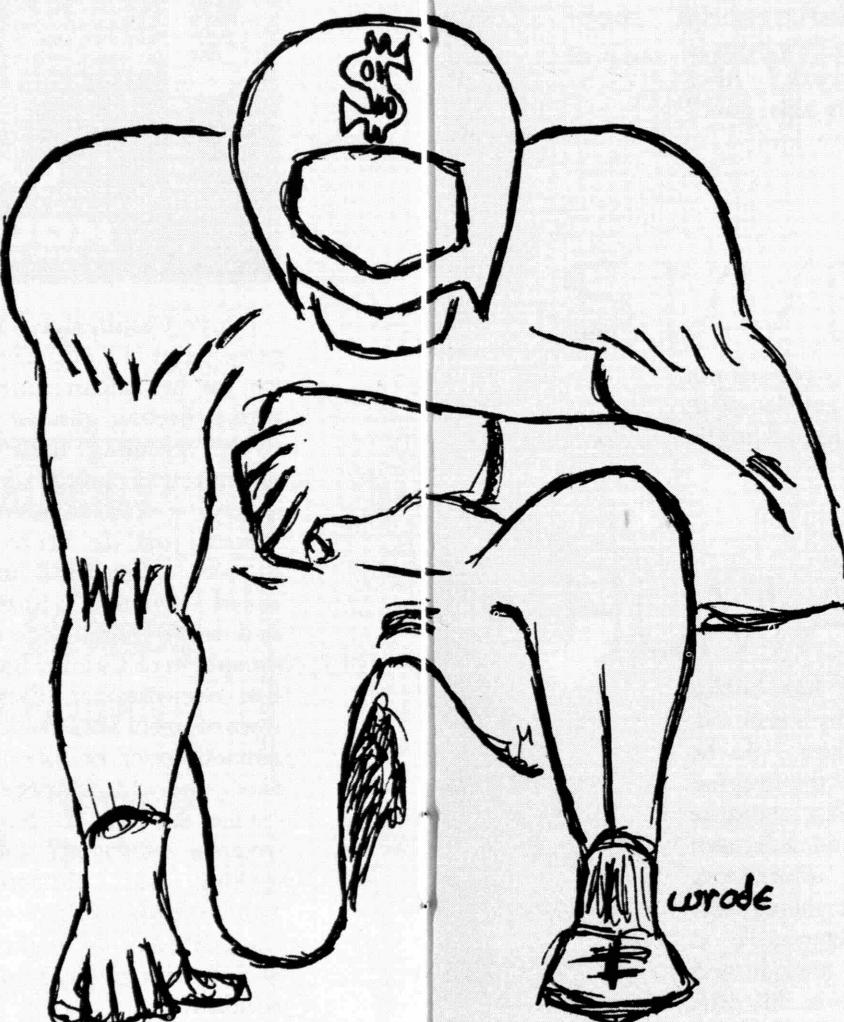
God — Praise, Ala.

First Water Boy — Poisoned, Wells

Second Water Buoy — Hale, Columbia

Goldwater Boy — Workers, Ariz.

Referee — Stouthearted, Minn.



Quarterback — Ash, Kan.

Halfback — Indiscreet, Miss.

Fullback — Dahousedat, Vanderbilt

Throwback — Kiss, Mass.

Offenbach — Trala, La.

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Safety — Erroneous, Assumption

Second Baseman — Farmerinthe, Del.

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A hamburger by any other name costs a lot more.



Moving along a dimly-lighted street, a gentleman was suddenly approached by a stranger who had moved out of the shadows nearby.

"Please, sir," asked the stranger, "would you be so kind as to help a poor, unfortunate fellow who is hungry and out of work? All I have in the world is this gun."



The absent-minded professor put his umbrella to bed and stood in the corner and dripped all night.



A wife discovered her hubby standing over his baby's crib. Silently she watched him. As he stood looking down at the sleeping infant, she saw in his face a mixture of emotions that she had never seen before — rapture, admiration, doubt, despair, ecstasy, incredulity. Touched and wondering alike at his unusual parental attitude and the conflicting emotions, his wife with her eyes glistening, arose and slipped her arm around him. "A penny for your thoughts," she said in a tremulous voice.

He blurted them out: "For the life of me, I don't see how anybody can make a crib like that for \$3.49!"

VOO DOODLES

Waking in lecture the other day, a surprised staffer found himself with a pencil in his hand. A certain word on his notes caught his attention (sorry, we can't reveal which word), and it occurred to him that with a little doodling, the word was doubly descriptive. Lo, he had invented a catchy way of writing, and wasting time, freshly stolen from another publication. His fertile mind snapped out idea after idea; his fertile fingers snapped off "VooDoodle" after "VooDoodle"; our fertile Editor threw out idea after idea. But our futile printer made plates of his hasty sketches, so we put the fetal idea to you. Look at the samples, and try your hand at mutilating words.

SINE WAVE

HEAD

HUMANITIES

5.4 

TEST TUBE

METER

ELECTRICITY

—Marc Levenson

"But, Joe, I can't marry you,
you're almost penniless."

"That's nothing, the Czar of Russia
was Nicholas."



"Why did the elephant and the grape get married?"

"I dunno."

"They had to."



UPI reports seeing this sign in a London Maternity Shop:

"Maternity Wear for the Modern Miss."

Coed: "Come in and take a bath and I'll get you a date."

Sister: "Yeah, and then suppose you don't get me the date?"



How did you get that scar across the bridge of your nose?

From glasses.

Why don't you get contact lenses?
They don't hold enough beer.



She was the type who whispers sweet nothing-doings in your ear.

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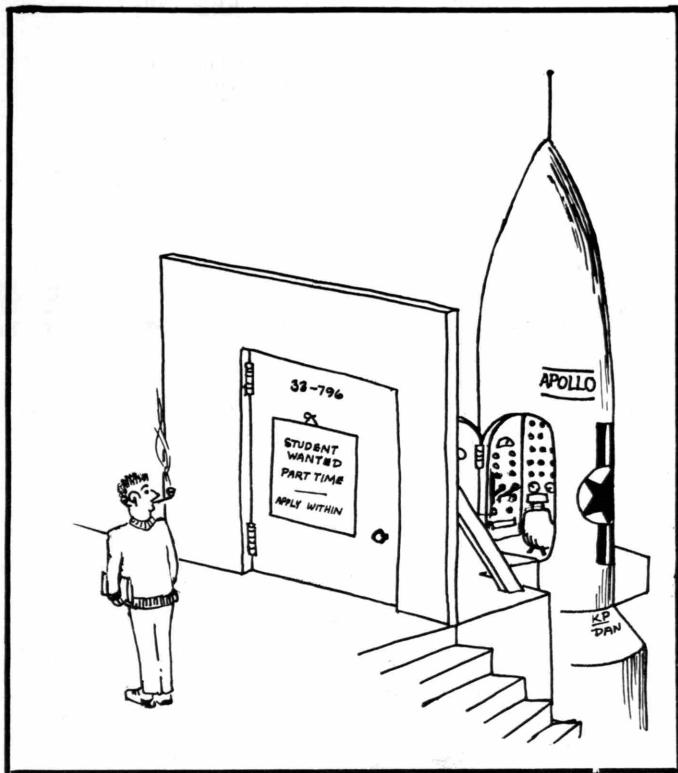
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With apologies to W. S. Gilbert. . .

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Don't look for me at MIT, you will not find me resident.
I'm helping Representatives and Senators who constitute
Committees which send governmental money to the Institute.

Maybe I'll aid an industry and charge a large consulting fee,
We all know who will ultimately pay this large resulting fee.
So in personal relations I must be extremely prudent,
And as a point of policy, I'll never see a student.

Unless I choose to speak at the Commencement of a college
On the brotherly community of Scientific Knowledge,
And to speak to rich alumni groups, I never will be hesitant
For I am the very model of a modern college president.



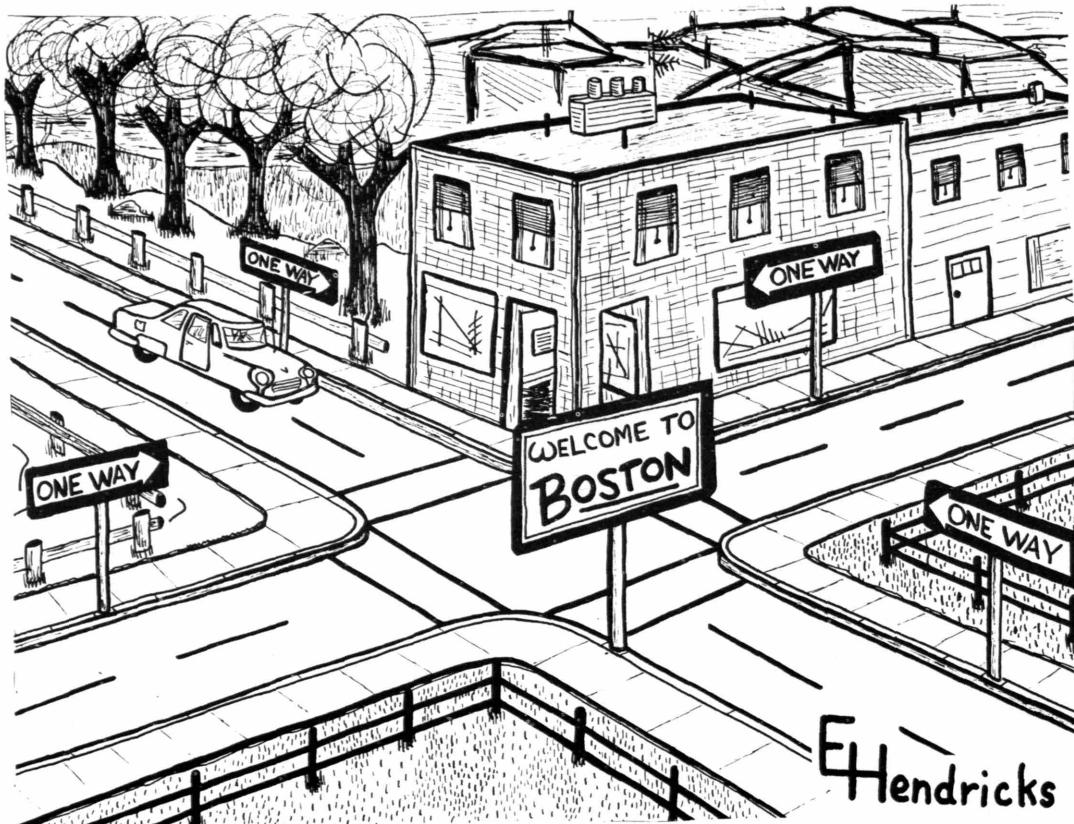
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This doesn't hurt our consciences because we are so morally
Justified in getting funding for the L.N.S. and R.L.E.

Thus, our Research Lab'ratories probe the undiscovered reaches
And I stock them with professors—the kind that never teaches.
And they fear to sign petitions, 'cause I've hired many spare men,
For I am the very model of the Corporation chairman.





Autonomy, Not Bureaucracy

. . . D. F. Nolan, UAP Candidate

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Contemporary Series



SATURDAY, MAR. 7
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Entertainment Series

the horizontal lieutenant

FRIDAY, MAR. 13

KRESGE

6:30 and 9:00 P.M.

Contemporary Series

"DAVID & LISA"



SATURDAY, MAR. 14
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5:15 7:30 9:45 P.M.

Entertainment Series

to kill a mockingbird

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26-100 8 P.M.

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B. F. Skinner

author of "Walden Two"

"Utopia Now?"

TUES., MAR. 10
FREE
26-100 8 P.M.

A Lecture

J. Kenneth Galbraith

author of "The Affluent Society"

TUES., MAR. 17
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on his recent tour of Red Chinese Scientific facilities

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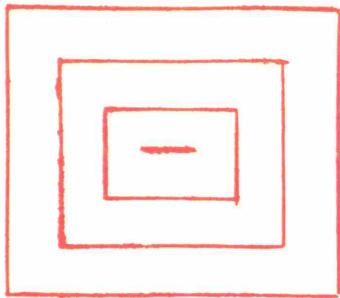
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