

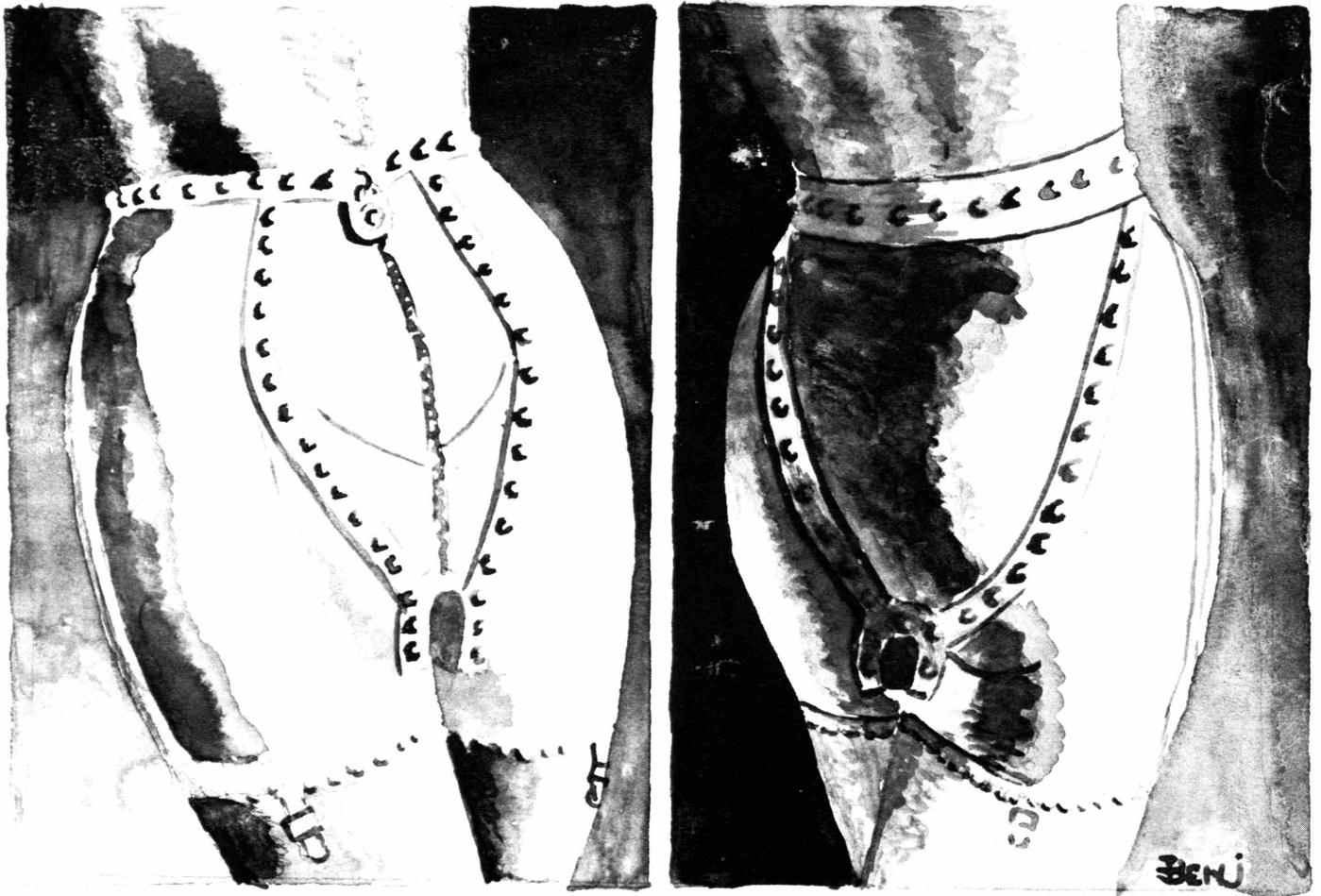
BIG
MOTHER ISSUE

V∞ D∞

MARCH 1964

35¢





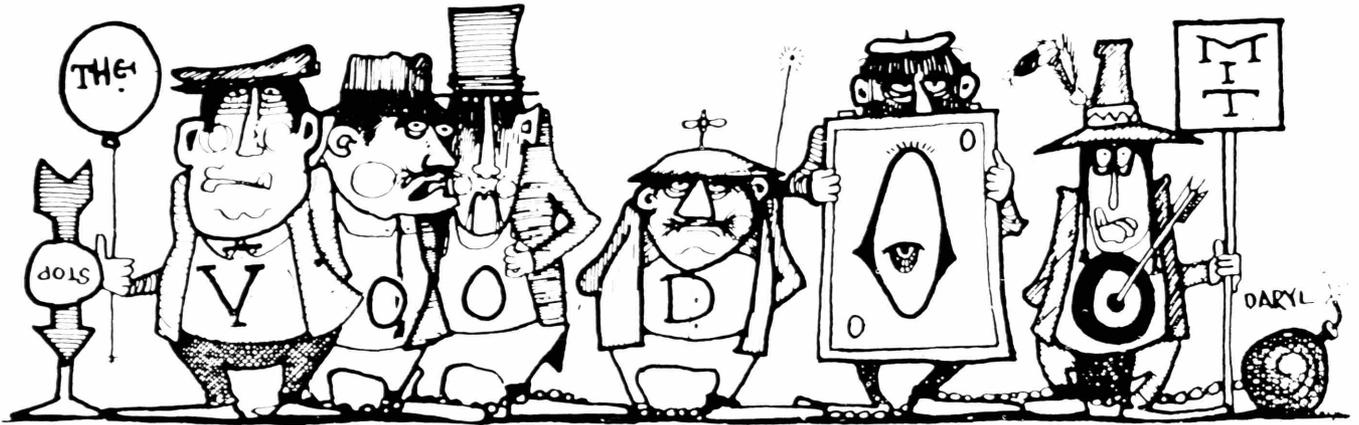
new countermove
by *maidenpruf*

NEW! From the people who brought you Maidenjapan and Bottledenbond! The only binding decision you'll ever make. Each special Maidenpruf girdle comes with not one, but TWO NEW KEYS! Satisfied users write:

"Maidenform's new girdle chaste all my cares away!"

"'New Countermove' by Maidenpruf supplies the polite way to tell a guy to garter hell."

And remember, girls everywhere are locking for it!



As you probably have gathered, this is the Motherhood issue. It sort of seemed appropriate—after all, everyone had a Mother. It’s like Freud. So here we are, presenting the *VooDoo* view of the greatest American tradition of all; along with some other stuff we wrote before the theme was picked. Anyway, Motherhood seems like a perfect place for a neophyte board to start.

Upon getting the word on the lethal effects calico genes have on male cats, our crew of Course VII majors stopped in at their neighborhood butcher’s shop for a quick test of the notion. The proprietor’s tricolored tabby was lounging on a large salami in the front window as they entered.

“Mr. Perigganio,” they panted, “is your cat a female?”

The little butcher eyed them unbelievably for a moment, then finally admitted, “Yes. Yes, she’s-a female,” and added without waiting for the anxious Techmen’s reaction, “--but she’s-a *sick*.”

Now we’ve seen the epitome of dedication. You know those leather patches you put on jacket sleeves where the elbows wear out? The new style is to put them on the shoulders—where the strap from those green bookbags rubs.

An encouraging note: an instructor walked into a lecture and asked if anyone wanted to pose with the Digital Computer, the picture to receive “widespread circulation”. No one would.

Our staff economist remarked the other day that the only advertising gimmick more misleading than, say, “\$20 up” is “\$20 down”.

Our retiring Editor, a Tennessean, commented that, considering the use to which Sears Roebuck Mail Order catalogues are frequently put in that area, they might be more aptly called “seatalogues”.

“**A**nd the new shall replace the old.” An outgoing Senior Board member was ranting about the naivety of a new Junior Board member in rare picturesque language. The initiate calmly asked, in a pause between invectives: “Do you eat with the same mouth?”



McNamara Flies in Face of Opposition (UPI Photo)

One of our researchers was hard up for something to report and, since he didn't come to us empty-handed, we now possess the following info: in a recent Boston telephone directory, there are listed 43 John J. O'Connors, 21 John J. O'Connells, 17 John J. O'Keefes, 17 John J. O'Learys, and no fewer than 127 John J. Sullivans. However, there is only *one* Pat O'Hara. There appears to be a linear dependence of the number of Mary E.'s of a given name to the number of John J.'s, but the proportionality constant has not yet been determined. There may be a statistics thesis in there somewhere, if you don't mind the eyestrain.

Our Central Square correspondent reports his latest encounter with the local wildlife. An urchin, aged about 12, cornered him with "Psst, I got Beatle pictures." Really.

One of our Senior Board members was trying to kill time last week, and wandered into the first office he found. The Secretary inside took about three minutes to get up her courage, then blurted out, "Could I be a *VooDoo* Doll of the Month?" The *VooDoo* staffer was typically not at a loss for a smooth line and casually remarked, "Yeah." Whereupon the Techretary began to get upset, "But what would Prof --- say?" "Oh, I'll get it squared away with him." "Well, er, ah, ... my figure isn't that good." We ask you, stop by room 12-289 sometime and judge for yourselves.



The Commonwealth of Massachusetts
CITY OF CAMBRIDGE

TO

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Warrant No. 1778

OFFICERS FINAL WARRANT NOTICE
BEFORE ENFORCEMENT

The City of Cambridge has placed in my hands a WARRANT for the non-payment of your **Poll Tax** for the year 19 63 amounting to \$ 3.89

Unless this amount is paid to me within five days, I am directed by this Warrant under (G.L. Chap. 60, Sec. 15A) to **seize your property**, and if sufficient property cannot be found I **shall arrest you and commit to jail** and charge you fees prescribed by law.

This TAX can only be paid to me

LOUIS M. MELNICK

Deputy Tax Collector

P. O. Box 25

Cambridge 38, Mass.

Unless this tax is paid to me within the specified time you will be subject to arrest at any time and place within this Commonwealth at additional cost to you.

This form approved by Commissioner of Corporations and Taxation

BAKER'S SHOES

of Cambridge

Better shoes for men,
women, and children.

For children:

BUNTEES
CHILD LIFE

For women:

ENNA JETTICKS
BASS WEEJUNS
OLD MAINE TROTTERS

For men:

NUNN-BUSH
AIR-FILM
BASS WEEJUNS
JACK PURCELL TENNIS

We specialize in corrective
fitting.

Your Doctor's prescription
carefully filled.

We carry a complete line
of SELVA dance foot-
wear, leotards, tights,
and accessories.

Sizes for men and women
to 15.

All widths to EEE.

BAKER'S SHOES

of Cambridge

521 MASS. AVE.

CENTRAL SQUARE

EL 4-8883

ELSIE'S

Noted for the Best Sandwiches
To Eat In or to Take Out
The famous special Roast
Beef Sandwich

KNACKWURST - BRATWURST

with Sauerkraut or Potato Salad
und die feinen Wurstwaren

71 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge, Mass.

ELSIE and HENRY BAUMANN
EL 4-8362

All Photographic Supplies and Services

Ferranti-Dege, Inc.

1252 Massachusetts Avenue / Harvard Square

CAMERAS FILM
LENSES PROCESSING
PROJECTORS ACCESSORIES

Telephone / Kirkland 7-8600

Hearing Aids — Contact Lens
Service
Prescriptions Filled
Glasses Repaired

Unity Optical Co.

Abe Wise, Licensed Optician
31 Massachusetts Ave.

Special Prices to M.I.T. Community
Nearest Optical House to M.I.T.



SAMUEL BLUESTEIN CO.

SCHOOL & ENGINEERING
SUPPLIES - TYPEWRITERS

SALES

SERVICE

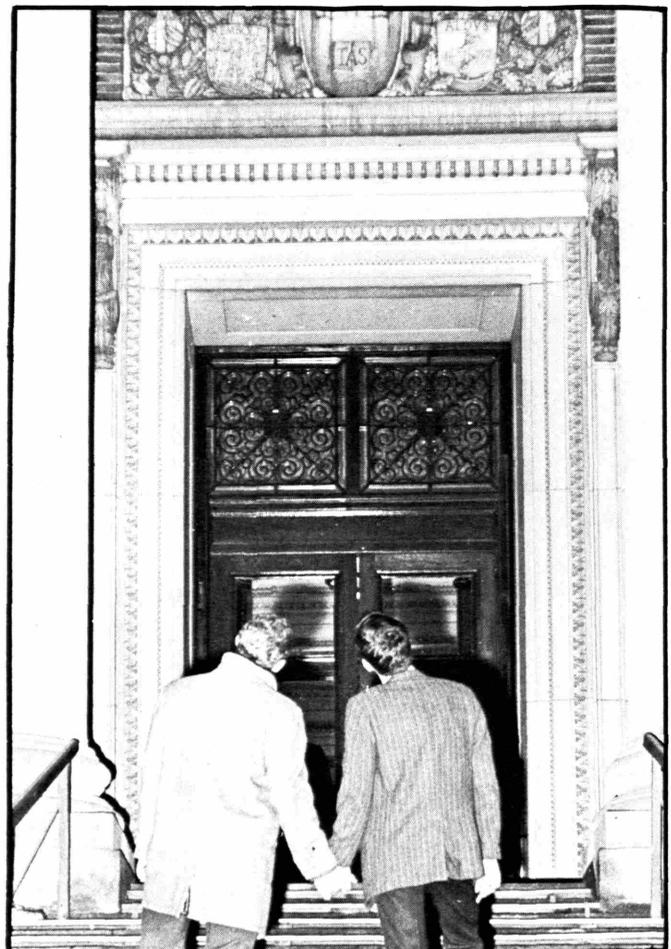
RENTALS

1080 BOYLSTON ST.
(Corner Mass. Ave.)
BOSTON
Copley 7-1100

345 MAIN ST.
MALDEN
DAvenport 2-2315



"Gentlemen, I think we may safely regard this as a definite advancement of advertising as an art form."



BIG MOTHER INTERVIEW:

MOTHER OF THE YEAR

Here she is: the gal you've been waiting to hear from, *VooDoo's* Mother of the Year. She is Mrs. Carlyle Lactiferous, Boston housewife and mother of three (Boy, is that young for a mother!) Mr. Lactiferous is a tort feaser for Stouffer's Foods, their children are Maynard, 19, a student at Roxbury High; Armand, 12, an urchin; and Anita, 3, an infant. Herewith, our interview:

Well, Mrs. L., you must be very proud to have been designated our Mother of the Year. How does this make you feel?

I sometimes get these headaches. They start at the back of my neck, and sort of work forward. By the end of the day, what with picking up the kids, defrosting the supper, and ordering the groceries, I have a really painful throb. But I take just one of these pills, and in no time I feel fine. They're wonderful.

As a mother, you probably have some strong ideas about discipline. Could you tell us what you believe about this?

Kids can be a terrible pain, but with a little understanding, they are no problem. My advice would be to try to understand your children, and see that they understand you.

How is this best achieved?

Frequent beatings.

(Sneezes.)

I see you have a cold. May I suggest you gargle with salt, baking soda, aspirin, and hydrogen peroxide, as hot as you can stand it. That really cleans out the throat, and kills germs.

I'll try it. I imagine you know all sorts of cures for colds, and other

ailments your children keep getting. What other hints can you give us?

Probably the next most serious problem is irregularity. Again, the problem is one of cleansing, and again, the commercial products don't do their stuff. I recommend swallowing Brillo pads. That really cleans out the old system.

I guess Mother knows best. What other household hints can you give us? How about laundry?

Oh! That's it...I find this soap gives a much whiter white, and this softener really cleans out the gray; is that it?

What do you mean?

You can't fool me. There's a camera here somewhere, and I just have to plug the right thing to be used in an ad. Don't worry, I'll never let on that I knew it all along.

No, really, you're Mother of the Year and we just want to talk with you. What was your most terrifying experience as a Mother?

One day we had an accident in the car. Thank goodness no one was hurt, but the car was demolished; and within hours our Liberty Farm Insurance man was there with his umbrella....

Now really; we don't want a testimonial—

But Andasin doesn't upset my...

But—

...never tasted so good until I tried...

?

...my new Kulminator freezer...

...

...27 per cent fewer cavities, so if you can't eat between brushings....



You might say that a girl has reached the awkward age when she is too old to count on her fingers and too young to count on her legs.



And then there was the retired brassiere manufacturer who still liked to keep his hand in the business.



And then there was the Frenchman who was so tired that he fell asleep before his feet hit the pillow.

I think that this wife-swapping was a good idea — I only hope our wives are hitting it off as well.



She was a gorgeous girl.
And he was a loving male.
He praised her shape in English,
French, Italian, and Braille.



Gal: "Why don't you come up to my apartment and have a bite before you go home."

Guy: "Naw, you can bite me right here in the hall."



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 Cutlet 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 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 know to like some girls.

Frank and Marion Lawless

the English Room

IN THE FIRST BLOCK ON NEWBURY ST.

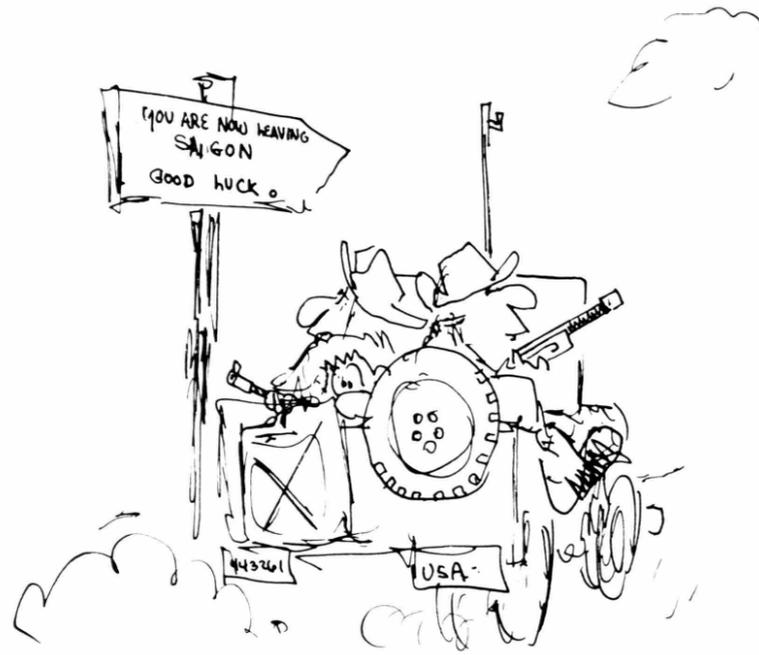


ALL QUIET ON THE EASTERN FRONT

Believe it or not, we received these cartoons, unsolicited, from a GI in Saigon. We have no idea what connection, if any, our war correspondent has (or had) with MIT. We're hoping that we'll hear from our man in Saigon again, and if he encloses any biographical information we'll let you know. Of course, we all have our pet theories about how he happens to be in the fix he's in (complete to the specific courses he flunked), but it amounts to nothing more than speculation. . . .



the cold warrior burns...



MEDAH SCHMEDAH I'D LIKE
A BOTTLE OF BUD... COLD
TELL THAT TO UNCLE BARRY



YA KNOW FOR
OVER A MILLION
DOLLARS A DAY IT
SEEMS THEY COULD
FIX THESE DAMN TROADS

THAT'S OKEY.. BUT TODAY WAS
HIS PRO-AMERICAN DAY



HMM... COULD BE AN OMEN



YEAH, AN I GOT A ENGINEERING
DEGREE AT M.I.T.



PERSONALLY, I'D
RATHER SWITCH
THAN FIGHT.

JOIN THE ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETY!

WE REFUSE TO TOLERATE:

- Cruelty to dumb animals
- Cruelty to smart animals

WE TOLERATE:

- Cancer
- Heart disease
- Muscular dystrophy
- Cerebral palsy

● **CAMERA SPECIAL THIS WEEK** ●
NEW ROLLEICORD CAMERA
 Regular \$130.00
Our Price 98.50
 Cameras and Photo Supplies, Binoculars, Tape Recorders
 All Major Brands
!!! LOWEST PRICES ANYWHERE !!!
WOLF & SMITH
Photo Supply Co.
 907 MAIN ST., CORNER MASS. AVE., CAMBRIDGE
TR 6-3210

STICKERS:



3 for \$1.00
 "The Mummer"
 3708 Larrabee Avenue
 Bellingham, Washington

Enjoy the Finest Italian-American Food
 and Delicious Pizza



Simeone's
 ITALIAN-AMERICAN RESTAURANT
 Choice Liquors and
 Imported Beers

21 Brookline St., Cambridge EL 4-9569
 (at Central Square)
 Open Every Night 'til Midnight—Free Parking
 Ask About Student Discount Books

A left-wing economics professor was accosted one day by a John Bircher who asked,
 "Hey Mistah, why is your course Red?"



Ta hell with the expense! Give that canary another seed.



As they say in Mechanics: "Every couple has its moment."

1870 *1863*
JAMES F. BRINE, INC.
 29 Brattle Street
 876-4218
 HARVARD SQUARE

**Complete Sporting Goods
 for Men and Women**

Baseball — Softball — Tennis
 Squash — Golf
 Teams Outfitted
 Ladies' Sports & Casual Wear

Restringing in Our Own Shop

"NEXT"

A Typical Day in the Life of the Good Doctor Ralph

by Charles Deber

The little waiting room was crowded, and it had the medicinal smell of a doctor's office. Over in one corner, little Johnny stuck his fingers into the fish tank and tried to squeeze the guppies. On a little table in another corner were a pile of old *Life* and *Look* magazines, and one called "Hypochondriac's Weakly" which contained such articles as, "The Last Time I Felt Nauseous", and "Why I Miss My Appendix." A little old lady near the window sneezed twice. A little old sign outside the window said, Ethington L. Ralph, M.D. His friends called him Eth L. Ralph for short.

"Next." What next, indeed, thought Dr. Ralph. As each day passed, the good doctor had thought he'd "seen it all", but each new day brought new surprises, new afflictions, new things that people had wrong with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Horst Obelgherst rose and wandered into Dr. Ralph's private quarters. Mr. Obelgherst wore ear muffs.

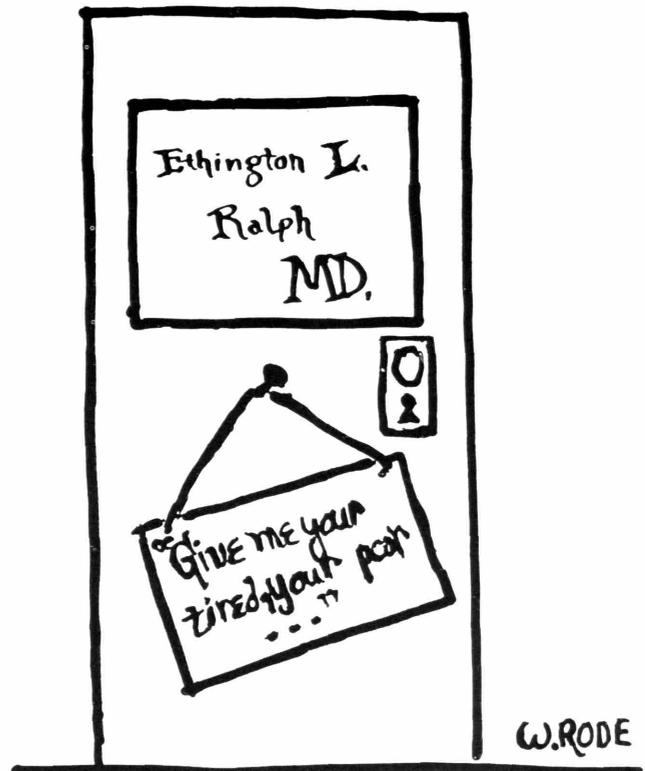
"You can take those off, sir," said Dr. Ralph.

"Er, that's the problem," said Mrs. Obelgherst. "My husband has flames shooting out of his ears. Of course, he's embarrassed; the whole family is upset over it, and, well, he doesn't want to hurt anybody, so he wears....."

"He'll have to take them off if he wants me to examine him."

Mr. Obelgherst removed his right ear muff. A bright yellow flame shot out across the room, through the waiting room, and out into the street, where it singed the moustaches off of two Tech coeds.

Dr. Ralph thought for a moment, and then advised Mrs. Obelgherst, "Tell your husband to keep his head in a pail of lukewarm water overnight."



"Oh, thank you, doctor. How can we ever repay you?"

"Oh, I think \$10 will do," said the good doctor.

Dr. Ralph wondered what kind of material those ear muffs were made of, as he said, "Next". Miss Elsie Tadlos, looking a bit wide around her midsection, strolled into his office.

"I think I'm pregnant," said Miss Tadlos.

"Well, why come to me? You need a gynecologist."

"I went to one. He said I couldn't possibly be pregnant if I wasn't married." (Continued)

"I'm afraid your gynecologist is a spreader of old wives' tales."

"Will you examine me, Dr. Ralph? I really must find out."

"Tell me, Miss Tadlos," said the doctor, as he pinched her stomach a couple of times, "Do you have a boyfriend?"

"Oh, yes, but I've always taken the proper precautions when I'm with him."

"Precautions?"

"Yes, I never let him touch me."

At this point, Dr. Ralph removed a large pillow from under Miss Tadlos' dress. "Why, you're not pregnant."

"Of course not, doctor, and it's my pleasure to inform you that you're on Candid Camera."

While Dr. Ralph kicked Miss Tadlos out of his office, Allen Funt squeezed another guppy.

"Next"

A woman brought her teenage daughter in to see the doctor. "When she woke up this morning, I thought she looked a little different than usual. I looked closely and suddenly I realized that her eye brows and eye lashes were gone."

"Mother, I keep trying to tell you, Harold and I were..."

"She keeps saying she was playing some game with her boyfriend, but I can't imagine what kind of game would cause this, so I think it's some sort of rare disease..."

"Well," said Dr. Ralph, "there is a rare tropical disorder known as lackanookie, which has been known to cause loss of facial hair."

"Mother, we were playing a game called Mutiny on the Bounty. I was Captain Bligh and Harold was Mr. Christian. Every time Mr. Christian misbehaved, he had to be punished, and I would give him 50 lashes."

"Well," said her mother, "Harold must have misbehaved quite often. You went through both sets of eye lashes and both eyebrows."

"As a matter of fact," giggled the teenager, "I owe Harold exactly 5,678,000 lashes, and he's gonna come over tonight and try to run up the total further."

"You poor thing," said her mother, "you must have been scared shipless."

"That's not my brand o' humor," contributed Dr. Ralph. "It sounds like Harold isn't the only one who's being *pun*-ished."

Everyone in the room barfed at that point, but Dr. Ralph managed to collect his \$10 consultation fee.

A little boy was next. "What can I do for you, young man?" smiled the good doctor.

The little boy breathed on Dr. Ralph. A couple of times. Then he said, "Daddy has leprosy, and Mommy wants to know if you could give me a vaccination so I won't get it."

"Er, no, young, er, man, there's no vaccination against leprosy. Now, er, get out."

The little boy walked slowly out of the doctor's office, his face the very picture of despair. Suddenly Dr. Ralph was calling him back into his office; the little boy's face lit up as he strode confidently into the doctor's private room.

"Here, young man, you forgot these," said Dr. Ralph.

"How kind of the doctor to return them," thought the little boy, as he walked out this time with all ten of his fingers.

It was almost time for lunch, and fortunately for Dr. Ralph, there were only two more patients in the waiting room. They were two funny-looking girls who seemed to be badly burned around their mouths.

"What happened?" said the doctor, as he began treatment by putting band-aids on their noses.

"Well, we were walking past your office just a little while ago, when a bright yellow flame shot out and singed our moustaches."

MESHNA'S Monthly Special **MAKE YOUR FORTUNE**

U. S. Army Model PRS-3 Metal Locators Brand
New with batteries, checked, with instruction
book. Successfully used by Edward Rowe
Snow. \$45. each F.O.B. Lynn. Send for our
latest 68-page pictured catalog. . . pictures
for those who can't read.

John Meshna, Jr.
19 Allerton St., Lynn, Mass.

Charlie-the-Tech-Tailor

"Est. 1918"

71 Amherst Street

EL 4-2088

Opposite Senior House and Dorms

Press your suit

Have *Mend your clothes*

Him *Sew on Buttons*

Dry clean your clothing

Laundry Service Available

Shoe Repairing

N.B. He is noted for the finest work at the
lowest Prices

The husband who knows where his wife keeps her nickels and dimes has nothing on the husband who knows where to find the maid's quarters.



"And the Lord said unto Noah...make thee an ark of gopher wood..." And Noah made he an ark of gopher wood (gopher wood will go further), and started to select the pairs of animals to stock it with. There were two gnu, two shrew, two toucans, two toads. And two mastodon, two elephants, two grapes, two barracuda, two rats, two ebaipfak.... A real menagerie. And for forty days and forty nights, they swung their ark across the flood. Finally the waters receded, and the ark was brought to rest on the land. And Noah said to the animals: "Go forth and multiply and replenish the Earth, that I may clean out this tub!" And the animals leapt joyously ashore, and crawled, waddled, strode, or flew to the nearest bushes. All but two of the snakes, who slithered sadly to the bilges. (If you know this one, you may as well stop here.) And Noah asked unto the snakes, "Why do you not clear out and multiply?" And the larger snake said sadly, "Lo, I cannot, for I am a talking snake. Also, we are Adders, and therefore cannot multiply."

But Noah, who chose not to live with two snakes, said: "Get ye ashore, and do your best." Several days later, Noah was spying through the forests, and was well pleased with the procreative abilities of his charges. Motherhood reigned supreme, and the forest crawled with little beasties. But just as Noah was about to proclaim the project a success, he came upon the two adders, still snakelingless. Sadly, he returned to the ark. But after a few days, he was aroused by a clamor of good cheer in the forest. He ran to see, and what did he behold but all the animals gathered around a rough wooden platform of hewn trees. And on the platform, he beheld the two snakes, surrounded by a fine brood of little snakelets. "How," he asked in amazement, "did you overcome your difficulty?" The proud parents made no reply, but a wise owl was heard to remark, "Even an adder can multiply with a log table." (Sorry we made you wade through all that.)



SPRING CLEARANCE

Going on at
CRAMER ELECTRONICS

Quantity	Item	Reg price	Sale price
2	Ampex 1250 stereo tape deck . . .	\$495.00 . . .	\$345.00
1	Ampex UST-4 stereo tape recorder	299.00	225.00
2	Rekokut N33H inc/arm & cart .	175.00	75.00
2	Rekokut R inc/arm & cart .	175.00	75.00
1	Paco S50 oscilloscope kit	54.95	40.00

Above are just samples of some fantastic bargains available at Cramer Electronics.

HINT to Hi Fi buyers.... Try us *last* for the best prices in Boston on HI FI Stereo equipment.

CRAMER ELECTRONICS

817 Boylston St.
Boston, Mass. 02116
CO 7-4700

Opposite the
Prudential Tower

Voo Doo Doll

of the Month

K. PATTERSON AND J. MULLER

VooDoo's March Doll is undeniably an outdoor girl. Who else would scamper over the rocks at Gloucester in March? Meg Dryden hails from Canada, so she's used to the cold weather.

Meg's evident warmth was all that kept the photographers from freezing on that blustery day. She's dated up already, for obvious reasons, so we're keeping her school a secret.



Announcing . . . The Location of

JERRY'S

BARBER SHOP

282 Massachusetts Avenue

2 Blocks down Mass. Ave. from M.I.T.

"For That Professional Look

. . . . Go To Jerry's"

Continuing Larry's Practice of Service

SANTORO'S SUBMARINES

474 Massachusetts Avenue		Cambridge			
	REG.	MED.			
Roast Beef	60	45	Veal Cacciatore	60	45
Pepper Steak	60	45	Italian Sausage	60	35
Hot Meatball	50	30	Pepper & Egg	50	35
Regular	40	30	White Meat Tuna	50	35
Italian Cold Cuts	50	35	Egg Salad	40	25
Imported Ham	50	35	Crabmeat	60	40
White Meat Turkey	75	50	Lobster	75	50
Corned Beef	75	50	Hot Pastromi	60	45

TRowbridge 6-4422

Schaum's Outline Series

Theory and Solved Problems

COLLEGE ALGEBRA \$2.50

including 1940 SOLVED PROBLEMS

ADVANCED CALCULUS \$3.75

including 925 SOLVED PROBLEMS

CALCULUS \$2.50

including 974 SOLVED PROBLEMS

VECTOR ANALYSIS \$3.25

including 480 SOLVED PROBLEMS

Plus 20 other titles

BOOKWORM, INC.

just over the bridge at

493 Beacon St. Boston 15, Mass.

corner of Mass. Avenue

Open every weeknight until 10:00

As the sodomist said, "I'd walk a mile for a camel!"



Definition of a college man; one who can't count up to 70 without cracking a smile.



"Well, I'll be damned", said the little brook as the fat lady fell off the bridge.



A certain radio announcer had charge of a daily Man-in-the-Street program, his duties, of course, being to chat with people on the streets of the town in which he was employed. One day a drunk staggered up to his microphone and said, "I wanna play 'Knock, knock.'" Seeing no harm in this, the announcer said that it would be all right.

"Okay," said the drunk, "Knock, knock."

"Who's there?" asked the announcer.

"Argo," said the drunk.

"Argo who?" said the announcer.

"Argo to hell," said the drunk, chortling gleefully.

Immediately the local gendarmes collected and carted the ill-fated announcer away to jail. He was sentenced to five years for permitting profanity to be broadcast over his program. During the five years in jail, however, he made it his business to learn every "Knock knock" joke in existence so that such a thing could never be pulled on him again. When finally released, he returned to his old job on the Man-in-the-Street program.

On the first day of his resumption of duties, a sober, staid business man stepped up to the microphone and announced that he wanted to play "Knock, knock." Sure of his ground, our protagonist said that it would be all right.

"Knock knock," said the man.

"Who's there?" asked the announcer.

"Peggy," said the man.

The announcer thought over every "Peggy" gag that existed and finally decided that they were all presentable.

"Peggy who?" he asked.

"Argo to hell," said the man.



Slightly over a year ago, I decided to avail myself of the wonderful, quasi-captive audience with which my editorship confronted me and sound off in print with various reminiscences, gripes, opinions, etc. Also we needed to fill space.

Now, sadder, wiser, balder, and ten pounds heavier, I'm taking leave of this space and turning it over to the young man posed menacingly behind me in the photograph above. His name is Mike Levine; he's been our Features Editor for the past year and is the new Editor; and, despite appearances, he's harmless. As a newly-elected Fellow of the Woopgaroo Society, I know my duty—to come to Makeup Night, sip my beer, nod sagely, and talk about how the magazine is going to hell. I intend to start immediately. *Au revoir*, dear readers; I hope you've enjoyed this year past as much as I have.

—Reed

Come with me through a trauma. Case study of a newly-pledged neurotic, or, How to Lose Your Mind and Flunk Out for Fun and Prophet.

There was a time, in my distant past, that I thought being Editor of *VooDoo* would be a real suave deal. I watched J. Shelton Reed command his forces, ruthlessly cut up articles (mostly mine), dash off a *Cathouse*, and, with a flourish of rubber cement, gestate and deliver an issue. Swell, I had cards printed, and was really set for the greatest experience of my life.

And then the fit hit the Shan (if you never heard that one, let us know and we'll print it...) "Well," says Reed, oilily, "Lotsa luck, Editor. Don't forget to get everything to the printer by Friday."

Everything? We then had two VooDooings, five jokes, and an unprintable story.

But I thought collecting material was the hard part. And then, about a half hour ago, the world dumped again. It's Thursday night; the Editor is supposed to write a *Cathouse*....

I once thought *Cathouse* would be easy. I figured I'd dump on Commons, on the 'Tute, and Student Government; in fact, on anything that peevied me at the time. But sitting here, my typewriter neatly loaded with a pitifully blank sheet from an exam booklet—well, it just ain't the same as I'd pictured it. You must know; you've written themes.

But with most themes, a topic is assigned. I know, we've got *Motherhood*, but it just doesn't turn me on. I'm beginning to wonder if I'll ever write again. (Or what ever made me think I could in the first place!) Down the hall a Hi-Fi is blaring "Mud, Mud, glorious Mud..."; some nut is playing handball against the door; my dear helpful roommate occasionally reminds me that *Cathouse* is due tomorrow.

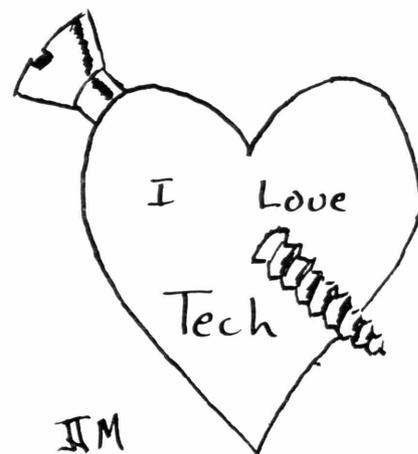
Somewhere another Hi-Fi is playing "Tom Dooley"; and the guy overhead is bouncing a marble. It's amazing how perceptive one becomes at times like this. Maybe I should drown it all out with a record—something quiet, like "Suicide's Lament".

No! Dammit (a compound with meaning only to beavers), I *can* write a simple, one-page article. But I think I'll spin my ring a bit first. They spin fine when you do it just right on a hard flat surface, like a trolley track, or a desk top. But what a loud clang when they fall. That's why they're called "rings".

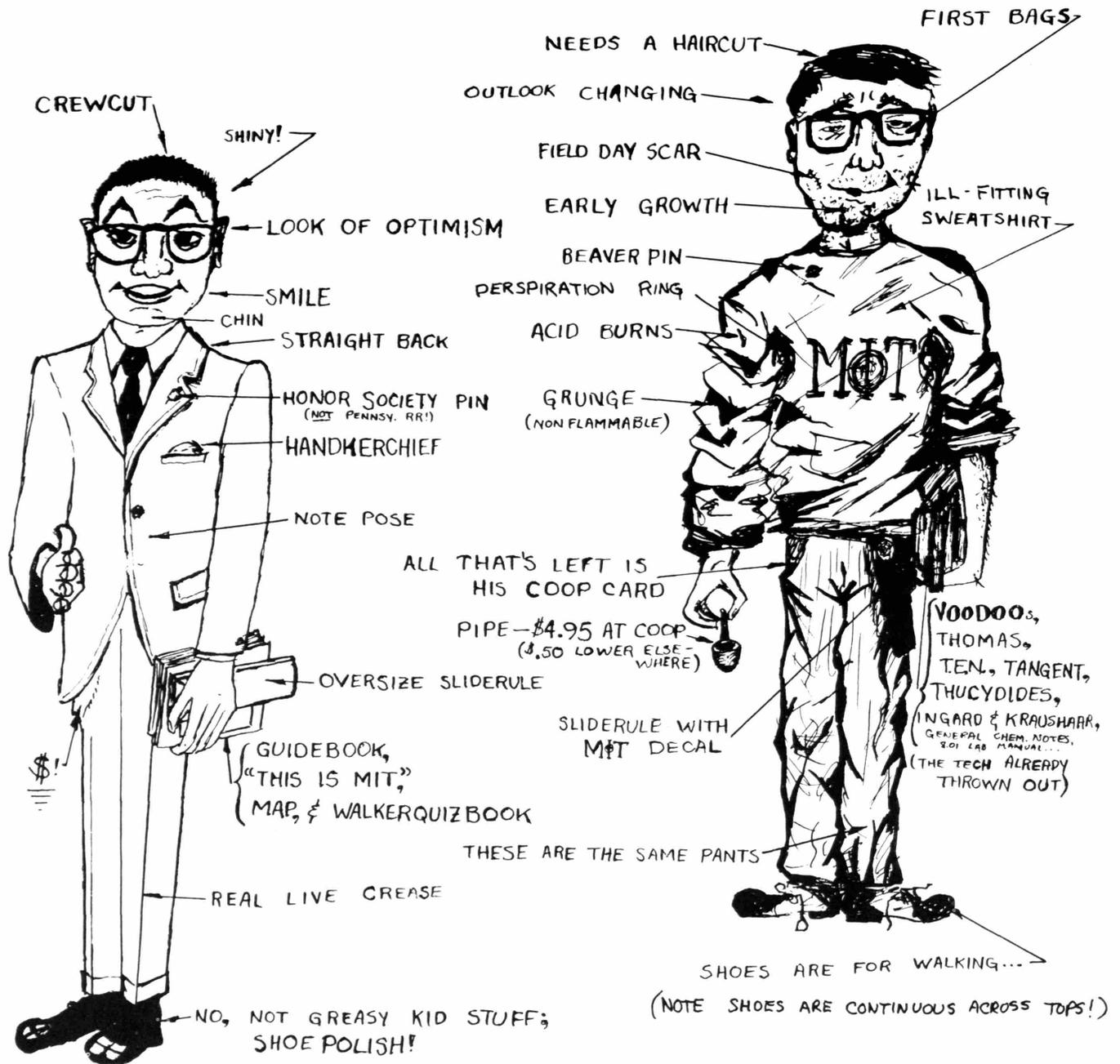
By the way, I'm fully aware that what I've written so far bites the bag, and has no hope of improvement. But I don't have time to try again, and I don't know what I'd do if I did. (I'm afraid to request mail on that point.) But I will try to do better next month. If there is a next month.

I think I'll go tell that kid what to do with his handball.

—Levine



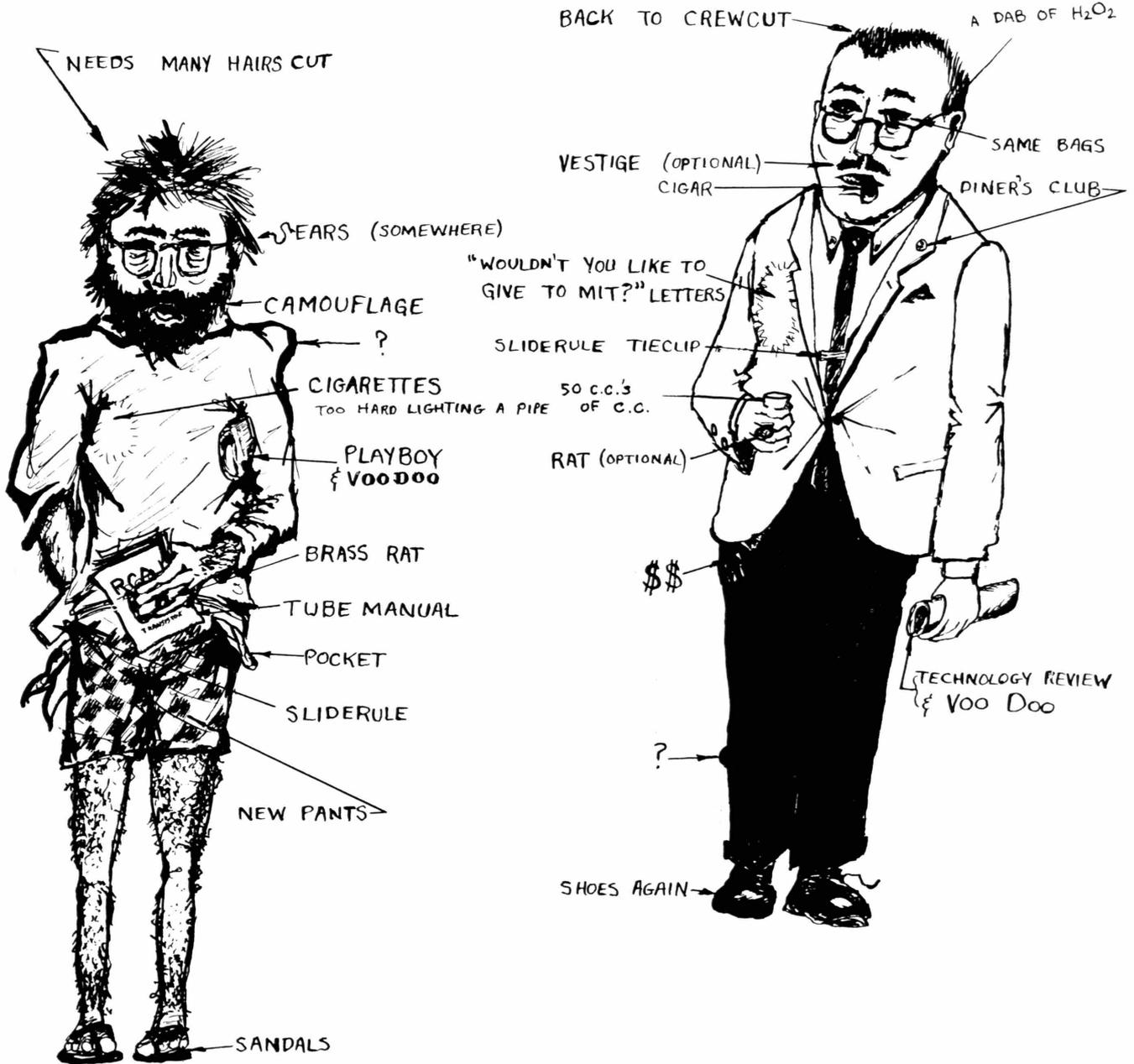
Devolution of the Techman



FLEDGELING

3 MONTHS ALONG

Or What Mother Nevers Sees



UPPERCLASSMAN

GRADUATE

You know what they call a guy who uses a pitchfork to shovel cement?

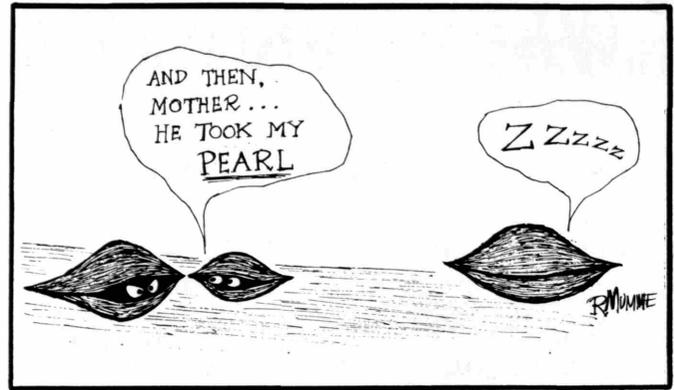


Ivan, the son of a rich landowner, and Pyotr, the son of a poor peasant, had been inducted into the Russian Peoples' Army on the same day. While they were standing in line waiting for physicals, Pyotr said, "Ah, Ivan, it is so wonderful; you are the son of a rich landowner, and I am the son of a poor peasant, and here we are, side by side, in the great Russian Peoples' Army!" Ivan ignored him.

The next day, they were being dismissed from drill, and Pyotr said, "Ah, Ivan, it is so wonderful; you are the son of a rich landowner, and I am the son of a poor peasant, and here we are, side by side, in the great Russian Peoples' Army!" Ivan ignored him again.

The next day, they had been exploring the town, and they had stopped to urinate in the street, when Pyotr said, "Ah, Ivan, it is so wonderful; you are the son of a rich landowner, and I am the son of a poor peasant, and here we are, side by side, in the great Russian Peoples' Army! But one thing bothers me: when I urinate in the street, it makes a harsh spattering sound, but when you urinate in the street, it makes a soft hissing sound; why is that, Ivan?"

Ivan replied, "That's because I'm urinating on your coat, peasant!" (Please laugh. Our Joke Editor needs *your* support.)



Who comforts me in moments of despair?
Who runs fingers lightly through my hair?
Who cooks my meals and darns my hose?
Squeezes nose drops in my nose?
Who always has a word of praise?
Sets out my rubbers on rainy days?
Who scrubs my back when in a shower?
And wakes me up at the proper hour?
Who helps me keep on the beam?
And figures in my every dream?
I do—

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SIR GREENBAUM THE INNOCENT

Ribald Classic from *Return of Ye Headless Knight*

AND IT CAME TO PASS that Bishop Dally was roused from his morning lays by a knock on the door.

"Excuse me," he said to Mistress Kate and opened the door. It was Sir Greenbaum with the handsome Lady Purity on his arm. "I see you start the day off with a bang," the Bishop remarked.

"Only lacking your nobler taste and finesse, my Lord Bishop," replied Greenbaum, bowing toward Kate.

"All the modern conveniences, Greenbaum. What do you think of this fine piece of craftsmanship?"

"What a fine pile. Verily, a title on the door rates a broadloom on the floor."

"But why have you come, Sir Greenbaum?"

"I would seek the whole of the Fall of Man."

"I see your point; an upright undertaking."

So the Bishop girded his ass, and the three travelers started down the road, leaving Purity behind.

Now, three days on their quest they were hailed by a band of nymphs.

"Beware these brazen fiends, Greenbaum, they have fire in their loins."

"Would that I might poke those embers," the young Knight replied.

One of the nymphs, an Irish girl yclept O'Mania, approached the Bishop. "Would you care to, Dally?"

"I will stave you off with all the might and power of my Bishopric."

So they retired to the intimate shade of a nearby grove to plumb the depths of their basic differences.

Meanwhile, Sir Greenbaum, eager to fathom the mysteries of human existence, engaged in heated discourse with the remaining nymphs.

"One must grasp firmly the well-spring staff of life," remonstrated a nymph.

"You said a mouthful," replied Greenbaum.

"Your point is well taken," commented a nymph.

Bishop Dally returned from his studies.

"We must find a suitable measurement for Man's turpitude," declared the Fair Knight.

"Shall we leave this site in search of a better yardstick?" asked the Bishop. "I put it up to you."

"Apply your stick to your ass, and it will take you much farther," exclaimed Greenbaum.

They made their peace, and the three resumed their quest.



Several miles down the road they came upon an old woman.

"Can you tell us of the whole of the Fall of Man?" Greenbaum inquired of the hag.

"You may find a key to that whole in the enchanted castle just through the forest."

They passed through the dense wood and came upon the enchanted castle the old woman mentioned. They had barely passed through its portals (having washed their clothes and left them out in the sun to dry) when a heavy lethargy overcame them.

When the lethargy departed, they went out from the land of Nod and entered a lush garden, a heavenly paradise of the gods named Eden. There they found lovely ladies living in the natural state.

The maiden was bathing in a crystal fount when Greenbaum came upon her.

"Oh no," ejaculated the Bishop, "Not again! It really is not in my nature."

The lass turned; transparent beads of water rolling delicately across her lithe body. Her shimmering tresses glistening with fine droplets as though baptized by total immersion.

The maiden approached the Bishop and asked, "How many times may one fall and still be saved?"

"As many times as you like," came the reply.

"Oh goody," cried the maid scampering into the woods with Sir Greenbaum.

And thus was calibrated man's moral turpitude. At one end of the scale—Greenbaum representing reality, and at the other—the Bishop representing confusion and inconsistency. Their work done, the Bishop mounted his ass and drove it home.

—Adapted by N. R. Troika

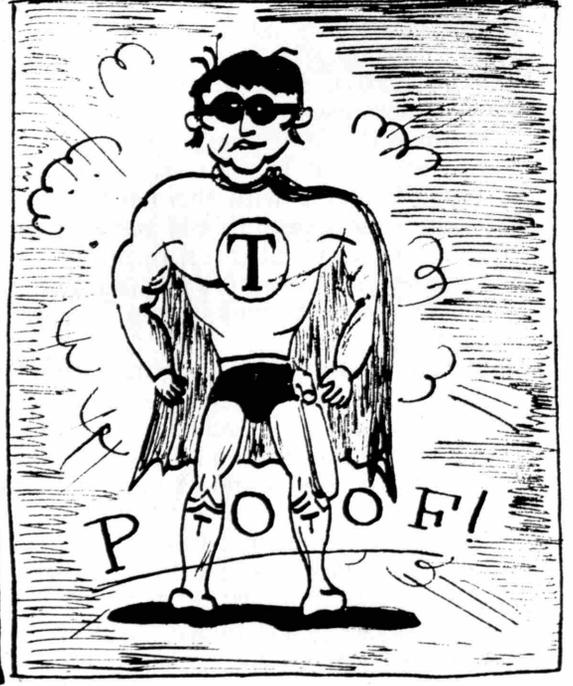
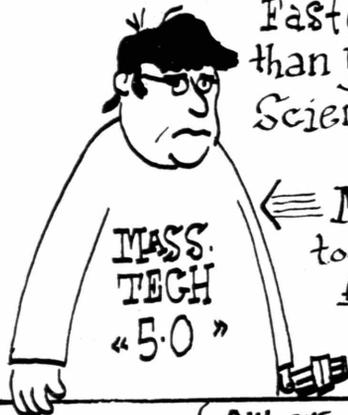
LOOK! UP IN THE SKY! IT'S A BIRD!
IT'S A PLANE! IT'S.....

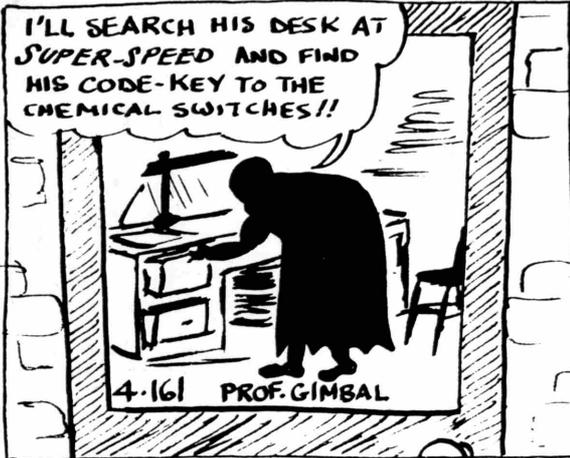
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I'LL SEARCH HIS DESK AT SUPER-SPEED AND FIND HIS CODE-KEY TO THE CHEMICAL SWITCHES!!

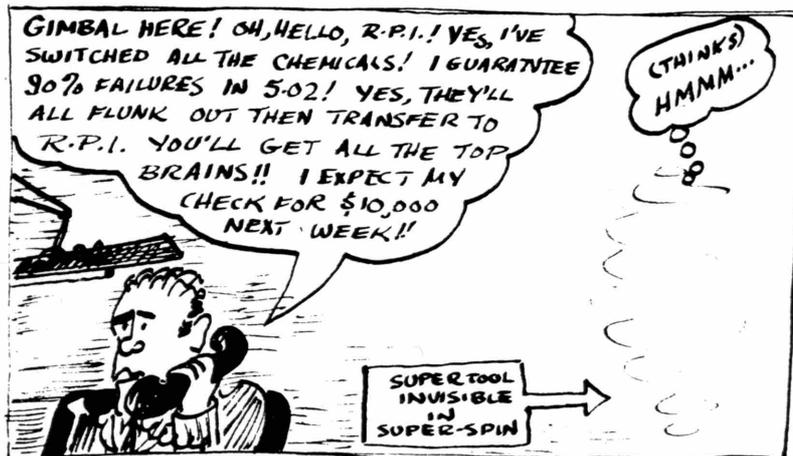
4-161 PROF. GIMBAL



BUT THE TOOL OF STEEL IS INTERRUPTED!

UH-OH! THE PHONE! AND HERE COMES PROF. GIMBAL! I'LL PUT MYSELF INTO SUPER-REVOLUTION FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF LIGHT SO HE WON'T SEE ME!!!

RRRING! RRRING!



GIMBAL HERE! OH, HELLO, R.P.I.! YES, I'VE SWITCHED ALL THE CHEMICALS! I GUARANTEE 90% FAILURES IN 5:02! YES, THEY'LL ALL FLUNK OUT THEN TRANSFER TO R.P.I. YOU'LL GET ALL THE TOP BRAINS!! I EXPECT MY CHECK FOR \$10,000 NEXT WEEK!!

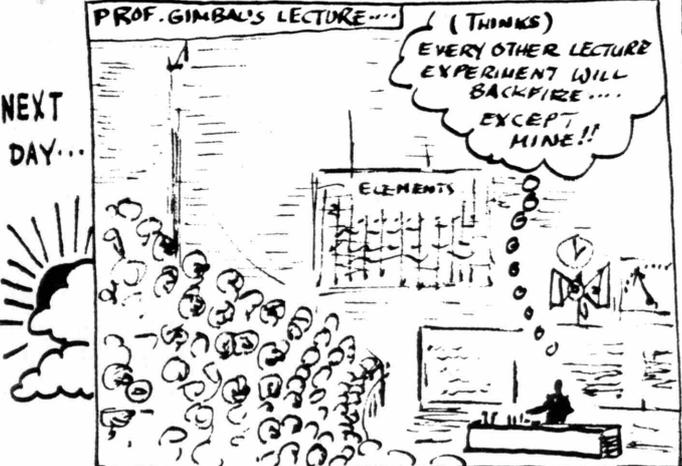
(THINKS) HMMM...

SUPERTOOL INVISIBLE IN SUPER-SPIN



LATER, AS THE TOOL OF DESTINY SCANS ALL OF THE INSTITUTE CHEMICAL SUPPLIES WITH HIS X-RAY VISION.....

GOSWINE'S EVEN SWITCHED ALL THE CHEMICALS FOR USE DURING LECTURES! I'D BETTER SWITCH THEM BACK SUPER PRONTO!



PROF. GIMBAL'S LECTURE....

(THINKS) EVERY OTHER LECTURE EXPERIMENT WILL BACKFIRE.... EXCEPT MINE!!

NEXT DAY...

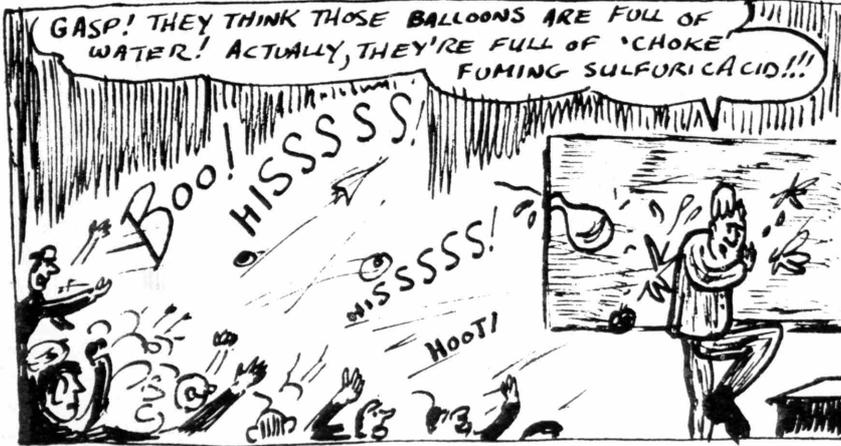


...AND I SIMPLY POUR IN FUMING SULFURIC ACID....

(THINKS) FROM THE WATER BOTTLE, OF COURSE...

...AND WE GET A BLACK PRECIPITATE

(THINKS) OH, OH, NOTHING'S HAPPENING!



GASP! THEY THINK THOSE BALLOONS ARE FULL OF WATER! ACTUALLY, THEY'RE FULL OF 'CHOKE FUMING SULFURIC ACID!!!

Boo! HISSSSS!

HISSSSS!

Hoot!



LATER....

YES, SUPERTOOL, I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON. I'M BOOSTING 5:02 AVERAGE BACK TO "A"!

GOOD, PROFESSOR GIMBAL! YOU'RE HELPING STRENGTHEN MY BELIEF THAT INSTITUTE HAS THE FINEST PROFESSORS!

Mr. PATERSON



MIT Men

Come and play
with me-

To you it's free

You can find me at the Cue and Cushion, the exclusive private billiard club. I'll make you love to play pool — and I'll see that you get special treatment — membership privileges and one dollar in table fees free during your first visit.

Bring a girl along, she can play free too — I love competition. You and your date will enjoy playing pool at the Cue and Cushion — more fun and relaxing than anything else you can get away with early in the evening. It's the poor man's LSD.

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876 Lexington St. in Waltham 899-3031
Only 15 minutes away via Rte. 2.
turn left at the Waltham Exit.*

THOSE MOTHERIN' PIGEONS

*Be kind to your web-footed friends
For a duck may be somebody's mother*

Which may be very fine for ducks, as I'm sure none of us would deny their maternal instincts, at least not after all those Disney films. But instead, think how you would feel if your mother was a *pigeon!* How would you explain it to the fellows?

This is ridiculous, really, because it is impossible to imagine a pigeon being *anybody's* mother, mainly because they're so short. On the other hand, unless they have developed some *very* efficient methods of birth control, some of them *must* be mothers. After all, the story *is* about the birds and the bees. (To pigeons, to do the things that inspired the birds and bees story is known as "counting coup", an expression which they picked up from Sitting Bull.)

At any rate, it wouldn't be so bad if they would carry on their little affairs in private — but on the street, in the grass, on fire escapes — the most public places they can find! (That isn't all they do in public, he said as he tried to wash the stuff out of his hair.)

It's sort of depressing, when you're walking to class, and you're sort of down in the mouth anyway, and you see a male pigeon strutting around saying "B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-p! B-r-r-r-r-r-r-p!" and spreading out his neck feathers and jumping up and down, and there's a female pigeon sort of crouching, and saying "B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-p!" right back to him, and you'd like to stay and watch, but the bell is ringing....

The worst time of all, though, is late on a Spring afternoon when you'd like to take a nap — and you open a window to get the nice fresh breeze blowing in off the (ugh) Charles — and just about the time you get to sleep, this bunch of goddam pigeons decides to have a goddam orgy on the fire escape right outside your window. "B-r-r-r-r-r-r-p! B-r-r-r-r-r-r-p! ... EEEEEYYOOOOOOOOWWWW!"

Although it may be true that there are many frustrating things in this world, and the only certain thing about life is that the odds are seven to five against, the *most* frustrating thing I can imagine is to have an orgy going on right outside your window, and you aren't even the right species to be invited. Now don't ask me again why I HATE PIGEONS!

— Goe

A tiger went into a bar and ordered a drink.

"Sorry," said the bartender, "we don't serve tigers here."

"If you don't gimme a drink, I'll eat that lady at the end of the bar!"

"That makes no difference; we don't serve tigers here."

So the tiger ate the lady. "Now will you serve me?" he asked menacingly.

"I told you, we don't serve tigers here!"

"Better give me a drink, or I'll eat those three men over there!"

"Oh, no you won't!" said the bartender. "That was a barbiturate!"



Did you ever notice what *motel* spells backward?

From a Senator-friend of ours at home we learned that a lot of those girls at the national conventions really didn't care who got in.



An old favorite which might bear one more telling is the one about the lady who visited a furniture store and asked to see a "sexual couch."

The salesman, masking his amusement, politely asked, "Don't you perhaps mean a sectional couch, madam?"

"No, no," she replied emphatically. "I'm sure my interior decorator told me I should have a sexual couch for an occasional piece in the living room."



Recent statistics indicate that 70% of the women with breast cancer attribute it to men who smoke.

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 Jeff Levine, George Howison, Bill Hoffman.
 Directed by Dave Cohn



BOARD

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 Mark Radwin Cary Mock Mike Levine

Charlie Deber, Roy I. Mumme, Bob Hodges,



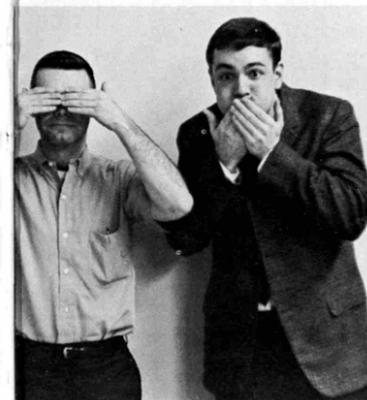
NEW SENIOR BOARD

Rubin Large Cohn Schmitt
 Del Hagen



NEW

Levine
 Editor



MANAGING BOARD

Pilon DeWan
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NEW JUNIOR BOARD

Scherer Deber Pindyck
 McCraith Fletcher Hendricks

A meteorologist could look into a girl's eyes and tell whether.



In Persia the ruler is called a Shah. His son, the prince, is called a Shan.

This Shah's son, or Shan, was subject to fits, so he appointed two bodyguards to stay with the Shan at all times, so that if he was seized with a fit they could quickly take him to the palace.

At a great public ceremony, the Shah permitted the bodyguards to take the Shan to see it. While it was going on, the bodyguards thought that in view of the extreme heat it would be all right for them to take out just a minute or so for a cold beer, but while they were gone, the Shan had a fit. Word quickly reached the Shah, who rushed to the beer parlor, knocked the two guards' heads together and shouted, "Where the Hell were you when the fit hit the Shan?"



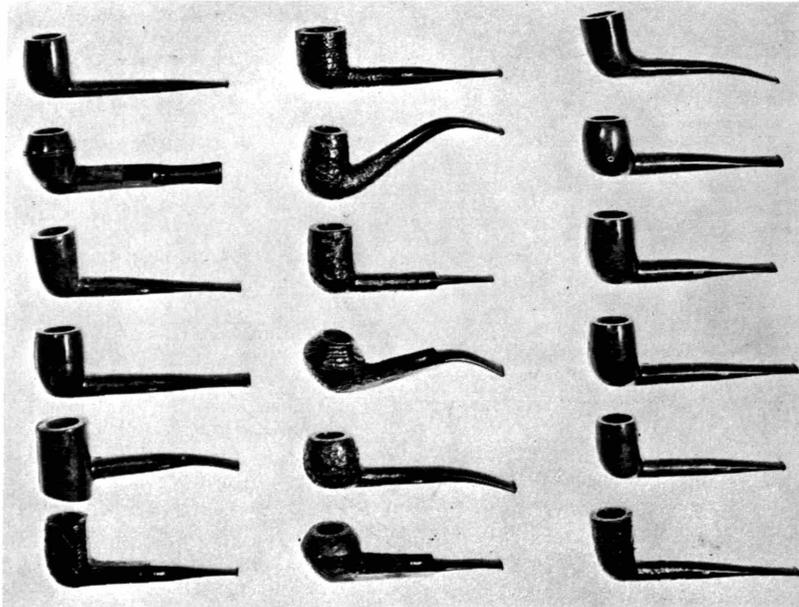
One student had a habit of drawing the resultant vectors on his 8.01 quizzes in red pencil. One test came back with the note from his professor, "Hey, why is your force red?"



It was their first date. They were thinking of the same thing. She called it mental telepathy. He called it beginner's luck.



The little boy wanted \$100 so badly he decided to pray for it. He prayed several weeks with no results. So he wrote God. The post office finally forwarded the letter to the White House. The President chuckled and ordered \$5 sent to the boy. The lad, delighted that his prayers had been answered, in part at least, wrote a thank-you note to God but added this P.S.: "I notice you routed my letter through Washington and as usual the bureaucrats deducted 95 per cent."



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RASHO-MON

SATURDAY EVENING
MARCH 21
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WEDNESDAY EVENING
MARCH 25
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A LECTURE

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Soviet Expert

FRIDAY EVENING
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6:30 & 9:00 P.M.
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60c



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MOUSE ON THE MOON

THURSDAY EVENING
APRIL 23
8:00 P.M.

A LECTURE

KRESGE
FREE

Walter Slezak

