

CHECK THIS LIST

To find the localities served by the Boston Directories

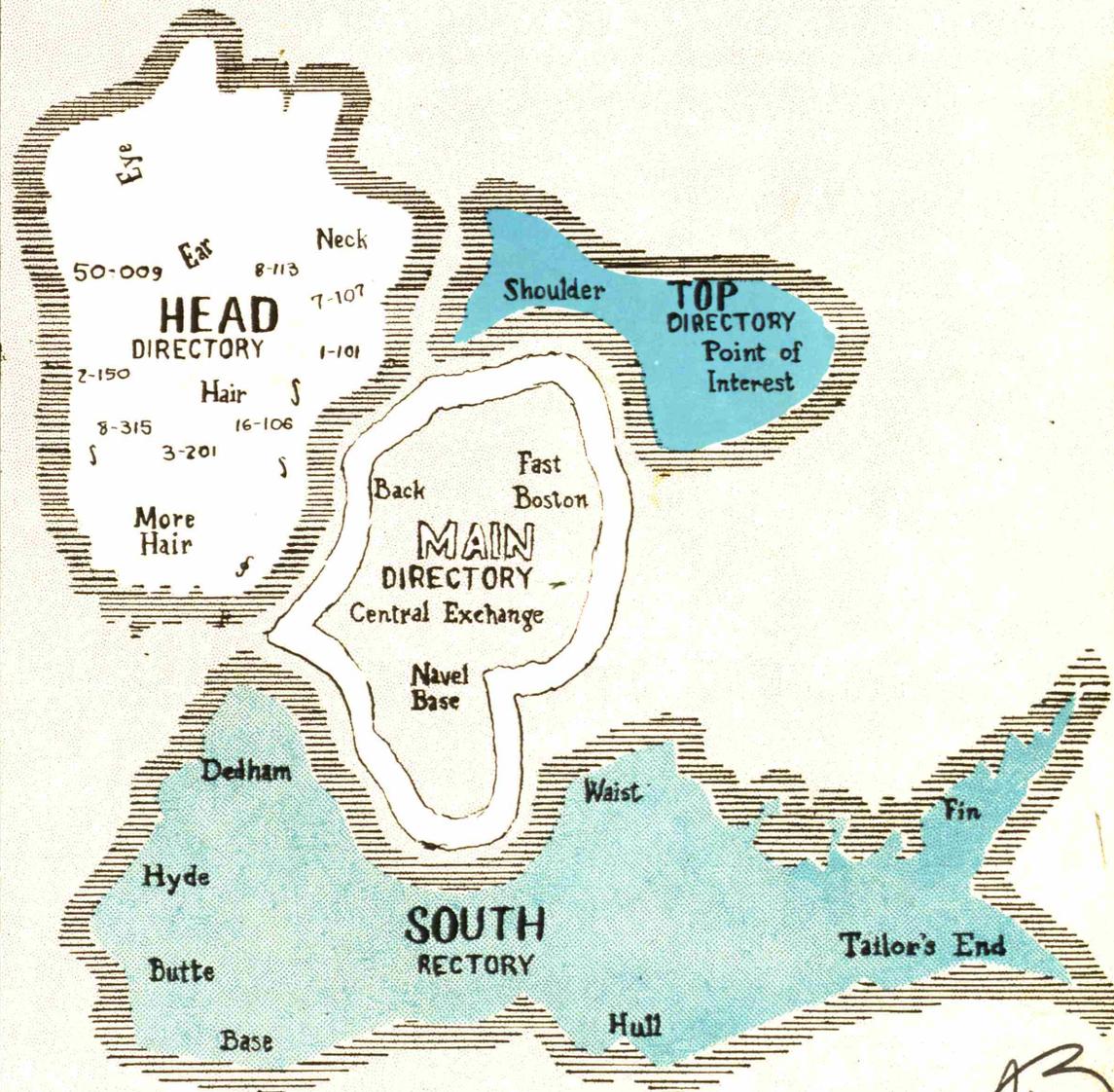
Endicott	607
Peabody	802
Marblehead	714
Greenfield	413
Holyoke	413
Longmeadow	413
Andover	413
Monson	413
North Adams	413
Northampton	413
Palmer	301
Pittsfield	301
Los Angeles	514
Millbury	2102
Millis	616
Nahant	313
Nantucket	313
Natick	616
New Bedford	517
Newburyport	215
North Attleboro	412
Northboro	717
Las Vegas	18 21
Reno	802
Little Falls	201
Hempstead	315
Herkimer	516
Hewlett	315
Hicksville	516
Hazleton	401
Hershey	401
Honesdale	714
Kalamazoo	601
Lansing	601
Carthage	601
Pepperell	703
Petersham	314
Plymouth	314
Princeton	914
Rehoboth	205
Rochester	603
Rockland	603
Athens	141
Buzzards Bay	502
West Paris	603
Unity	01
Poland	317
Norway	812
Gilmanton Iron Works	201
Moose Jaw	702
Prince Albert	301
Regina	301
Saskatoon	301
Swift Current	2201
Waterloo	14 70
Levis	605
Longueuil	605
Magog	605
Holden	1700
Holliston	606
Hopkinton	502
Hudson	5 41
Hyannis	5 41
Ipswich	5 41
Kingston	5 41
Lawrence	6 41
Triangle	1802
Rensselaer	02
Versailles	1919
Virginia	207
Hot Springs	207
Little Rock	207
Oxford	2104
Frammingham	307
Lawrence	864
Leavenworth	80 41
Fall River	007
Dallas	007
Boston	555-1212

WOODOO

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

Telephone Issue

MAY 1964



If you need additional copies of any of the directories serving the Metropolitan Boston Area..... RENT-A-TRUCK

EASTERN MASSACHUSETTS IS A TRAP

NEW ENGLAND



MERMAID

EMERGENCY NUMBERS

• FIRE

Originally thought to be the third of four elements, this theory was upset by the discovery of Molybdenum. The scientists next devised the theory of Phlogiston, but this was found not to hold water (nor, apparently, *vice versa*). Present speculation suggests that it is actually rapid oxidation, but this is out of our Department.

• POLICE

According to the Dean's office, we now have your undivided attention. But don't think you're going to catch us on that twice! No siree, Boob, we like it here, we do!

AMBULANCE

UN-4-6900

(write in your number here)

DOCTOR

still UN-4-6900

(write in your number here)

POISON

--- Your local apothecary, your physicks instructor, or whomever you'd like to!



OR TRY SATURATION DAILING THE FOLLOWING:

- "O" - OPERATOR, COULDJA PLEASE HELP ME?
- "O" - OPERATOR, COULDJA PLEASE HELP?
- "O" - OPERATOR, COULDJA PLEASE?
- "O" - OPERATOR, COULDJA?
- "O" - OPERATOR!
- "O" !

NOTE: AVOID CONFUSING THE ZERO (0) WITH THE "O" ("O").:
THE NUMBER FOR "OPERATOR" IS PRONOUNCED LIKE "OH!"
SPOILS THE JOKE, OTHERWISE - Ed.

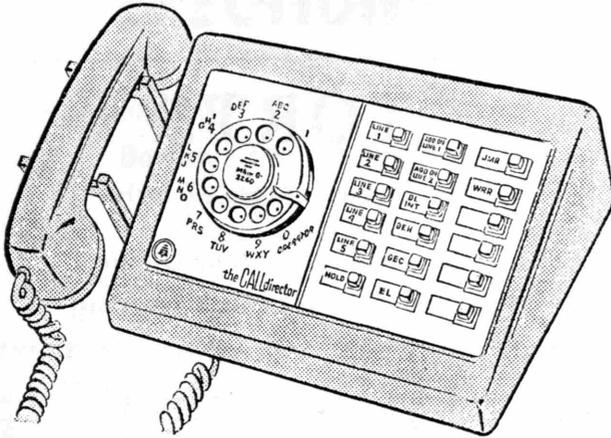
IF you do not have a dime, simply take the operator's address and mail it to her. If you're really a good sport, you might mail her a dime in the same envelope.

Jot down other important numbers here . . .

NAME	AREA CODE	Number
<i>Voice of Audubon Daily Recordings</i>	<i>KE-</i>	<i>6-4050</i>
<i>Dial-A-Prayer</i>	<i>KE-</i>	<i>6-4240</i>
<i>Cannon Mountain Ski Information</i>	<i>KE-</i>	<i>6-1775</i>

DIALING A LOCAL CALL

A call between any two telephones in the area served by all four of the Boston Directories may be dialed as described below.



1. GO TO

a telephone (it's that black box with a thing in the middle of it that has 10 holes).

DEPOSIT

all your loose change.



2. LIFT THAT THING

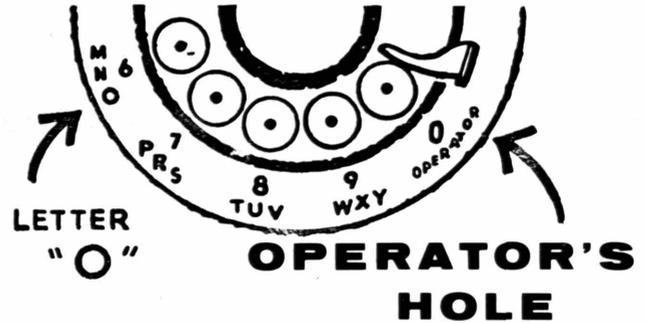
off the hook and wait until a beautiful woman begins to whisper sweet nothings in your ear.

SMILE

and say, "Well, hello there."

IF YOU NEED ASSISTANCE dial "OPERATOR"

She will help you. Sure she will.



3. INSERT THE EDGE

OF your index finger into one of the holes and rotate the circular thing clockwise until you can't anymore.

Do this six more times.

4. AFTER DIALING

you will hear —

THE RINGING SIGNAL

When you get tired of waiting, wait instead for monotonous annoying buzz.

or THE BUSY SIGNAL

Listen for series of louder monotonous noises.

5. PUT THAT THING BACK

on hook and go away.

But first write some profanity on the telephone booth wall.

YELLOW PAGES DIRECTORY BOSTON and VICINITY

Army, Salvation
God Squad emergency No: JC 2-3164

Bags, Barf
 "Look us up before you throw up"
 Boston Regurgitation Container Corporation
 Turgid, Mass.

Bags, Bitten (See Bitten Bags)
Berries, Dingle (See Dingle Berries)

Biting, Birds
**"Blast Pigeons
 to Smidgeons"**
 New England Bird Control Laboratories, Inc.
 48 Acorn St.
 Birdston, Mass.
 Wing 4-4444 Caw Caw Caw Caw

Fingers, Walking
 "Let Us Teach Your
 Fingers to Walk"
WARM UP YOUR FRIGID DIGITS
Acme Finger Walker Co.
INDEX 6-9996 It's Wristy Business

Fingers, Skating
 Little Wheels on Your Fingernails
 Skate Down the Street on Your Hands
 Hands doesn't rhyme with nails
 But who said this was a poem anyway.
 "This Ad is for Wheel"
Acne Skating Finger Co. Skate 2-4282

TORTS

Let Us Fease Up to 17 Torts
 Simultaneously, While-U-Wait
Boston School of Tort Feasing
 PLAIN OR ALREADY FEASED TO 3-4181

Ecbaipfaks
 Rent now ---- Paip Bak Later
 "Etaoin Shrdlu"
The Ecbaipfak Corporation
"Ecpaibfak is our Middle Name"
Boston, Mass.
 Large or Extra Large Qwertioup 2-8881

ROBOZOS

When Double Robozos just won't do
 A Triple is the Robozo for you.
 Dial OU-812
 Closed Sat., Sun. & Holidays
 Robozo Bros. of Cambridge
 "Mommy, what's a Robozo?"
OPEN 26 HOURS A DAY
OPEN 200 HOURS A WEEK
 "Bite the Bag."

SAME-DAY ERECTIONS,

INC.

PILE-DRIVERS HOT RIVETS

Boston's finest buildings
raised by hand
since 1856.

BUILDERS OF THE JOHN HANDCOCK BLDG. PRUDENTIAL 4-8421

HUNT MANURE

In Your Snare Time

BANG! ≡ PLOP!

"Come Down and Shoot Some Craps"

"We Squeeze to Please."

Manure - Hunters of Massachusetts

Bowell, Mass.

Pile 4-8212

PRESCRIPTIONS

- Hospital Supplies
- Canes & Crutches
- Surgical Supports
- Elastic Stockings
- Trusses & Belts
- Male & Female Fitters

Get the RABBIT HABIT

DELIVERY SERVICE
Anywhere In Greater Boston Suburbs



HARE-4-8112

Free Same Day Mail Order Delivery. Mail & Save

WE ARE AS NEAR AS YOUR TELEPHONE

"When you want to accomplish something concrete, do it with a load of

NICK'S BRICKS



"They Are Truly Wonderful Bricks"

Cement 1-4821



"From a Sidewalk to a National Habit"

CAMBRIDGE NUDIST COLONY

Located in the Heart of THE GREAT COURT OF MIT

"No Nudes is Bad News"

Bare-1-4822

Shirts?	No	Drawers?	No
Pants?	No	T-Shirts?	No
Blouses?	No	Belts?	No
Ties?	No	Vests?	No
Bras?	No	Sports Jackets?	No
Skirts?	No	Shoes?	No
Slips?	No	Sox?	No

CAN

I WEAR IT?

NO!

Please? No!

LINT / RENT LENT / LINT!

Massachusetts Leading Supplier of Gnurr (Belly-button Lint) and Firch (Pocket Lint)

LINT 8-8221

Mass. Gnurr & Firch Co.

Speakerphones allow busy office-workers, dispatchers, secretaries and executives to 'carry on' while both hands are left free for other tasks.



Well, here it is end-of-the-term again, and everyone's on the economy kick. So here is *VooDoo's* economical two-in-one package. You want to buy *VooDoo*, right? You also like to rip it up once you see it, right? You also feel it is a waste to rip up anything but a phone book, right? Ever manage to rip a phone book, without cheating? So here is *VooDoo's* phone book—think of what we're saving you in medical bills. When you get done reading, just rip it up—no extra energy expended, all the satisfaction of ripping a *VooDoo* AND a phone book, and you are still in shape to go back to tooling, like you should be doing now. Actually, we're just curious to see if anyone reads this, or if you all skip directly to the postal information.

For those of you who laughed at the "Pool Profs find new chalk use: FOR CUE" article in our *the tech* Parody issue (sorry B.J.), Bless You. For those of you who didn't, the ending is printed below:

blow with the twenty-pound slide rule he carried at his waist, when the Campus Security Farce broke in to halt the fray.

That was the story from Murphy, but Security Chief J. E. Huver told our *THE Rech* reporter that there was deep enmity between the two professors. Apparently Brant resented that fact that Bruckner had been promoted above him, merely because he had published 6,000 pages in the past month, as opposed to Brant's 5,000. Bruckner has repeatedly denied this, asserting that his promotion had absolutely nothing to do with his work at the Institute.

The verbal battle rages on, and meanwhile the Billiard Center stands idle, awaiting the repairs that may never come. This morning the Institute Committee announced plans to tear down DuPont Center and build a six-story parking garage.

We're glad to see other magazines have a sense of humor. Glancing through the table of contents of a recent issue of *Commentary*, we noticed that they had placed the feature "On Fanny Hill" on page 69.

As a prize at the *VooDoo* booth at the APO Carnival last month, winners were given the opportunity to throw a shaving cream "pie" in the face of a staffer of his choice. Halfway through the festivities, we discovered that the cream was nearly used up, so our publicity manager was sent to an all-night drugstore for more. He wiped his face, but arrived at the store with a considerable quantity of white fluff in his hair, ears, neck, etc., and asked for two cans of shaving cream. The druggist stared for a moment, then said matter of factly: "I don't suppose you particularly care what brand...?"

One of our subscribers tells the story of a friend who read the issue of *VooDoo* that contained the verse:

We don't smoke
We don't drink
Norfolk!
Norfolk!
Norfolk!

Soon afterwards he went down to Fort Lauderdale for Spring Vacation and entered a state of continuous drunk. One night he spotted three cute girls and wanted to snow them, so he blurted out:

We don't smoke
We don't fork
Newark!
Newark!
Newark!

He wondered why they went away without so much as a chuckle.

Wish our writers were as funny as our readers.

One of our Senior Board members tells of an incident that occurred in one of those humanities courses that you sometimes take on an impulse (You know, the kind that meet on the third floor of Building 14). It seems the USIA had singled out (actually it was closer to tripled out) this humanities class to show the border-line countries of the world what the average MIT student REALLY is like. So, they sought him out in his natural habitat — the third floor of Building 14 (Editor's note: That's the building where they keep all them humanities books and stuff). And there he was, alright, studying Chaucer, only he called it by some number. The observers were as inobtrusive as can be: Just go on with your class as usual, only we'll be coming around from time to time with these big whirring cameras and things, and asking you to repeat what you said five minutes ago, only *smiling* this time.

The class proceeded remarkably normally for a while, discussing the Pardoner's Tale, when up spoke our Director, looking intellectual in ascot and sunglasses, *et al*, to wit: "Say, Professor, this is all fine, but we were wondering if you could show a little more why the hell a bunch of guys majoring in Physics and Chemistry want to study Chaucer, anyway. It seems to me," our Hollywood friend went on to say, "the reason is because this Chaucer guy was one of the greatest humanists that ever lived. Unless I misunderstand this story, it seems at the end here that the Host wants to grab this guy by the - - - - and throw him out!"

"Love to," interjected the anonymous professor to the delight of the class.

An 8.04 instructor, laboring through the intricacies of the Bohr atom, misplaced an r2 term in a substitution. Staring bewilderedly at the hair on the board, he exclaimed: "I've lost my r's!"

For those of you who have been wondering why our map on the cover doesn't resemble Boston (or any other city, for that matter) even to within tracing accuracy, and to those who haven't figured out the significance of the mermaid bit (but not too hard), and for the multitude out there in Readerland that are reading the magazine from the back forward (notice that, strictly speaking, to get from the back of a magazine to the front you must actually go backward — think about that during reading period) — anyway, for all you guys, niaga kooL!

In case that last issue made you a little sick, don't worry. You've seen the last of RedHorse jokes for a very long while.

A few misunderstandings seem to have arisen from the statement in the "Patronize Our Advertisers" blurb last issue, that our advertisers will "fall on their knees to serve you." We were speaking metaphorically.

LADY ASTOR DIES;
SAT IN COMMONS

The New York Times

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

101 WAYS TO USE AND ABUSE THE PHONE

Next time you're feeling bored or depressed, or just randomly stupid, might I suggest that you avail yourself of the many opportunities for amusement provided for you by that miracle of modern science and engineering, the telephone. With practically no effort at all, you can keep yourself and your friends amused for hours on end (or even sideways).

First off, you can call the operator, and try to give her a hard time—this may not be as easy as it sounds, because they're used to it, and some of the sharper ones will cut you down to size fast if you're not on the ball. I've known quite a few girls who were very sharp operators (telephone) and they were quite willing and able to slaughter any innocents who crossed their path in malice. (This reminds me of the old joke about the guy who went out with a telephone operator and got pregnant—she reversed the charges. Let it pass, though.)

Anyhow, assuming you get a dumb one—or even better, one who is sweet and helpful by nature, and is still new enough on the job that she hasn't become misanthropic—assuming this happens, you can play all sorts

of interesting games. For beginners, there are the standard gimmicks, such as pretending you're drunk (some pretense), pretending you're stupid (again, big deal) or even pretending you're dead. Dumb questions are always fun, too—standard remarks include the classic “Number, hell—I want my peanuts,” and such other standbys as “Why is your horse red,” and “Is this the road to Denver.”

Another favorite is calling person-to-person for someone with a fairly tricky name, say, Ferdinand Basque. Then, when she can't understand the name because you're triple-tonguing the receiver mouthpiece, you can say something like:

“No, operator, that's *BASQUE*. 'B' as in beater; that's right, operator, 'BEATER.' B as in 'beater', a as in 'are', 's' as in sock .. SHAME on you, operator; No, I said.....”

If this form of revelry palls on you, you can call the long-distance operator, and ask to be connected with Akron, Ohio, or some equally obscure point. Once connected with Akron, you can get linked with Chicago, Las Vegas, Sacramento, or even Brisbane, Utah— wherever your little heart desires. Eventually,

you can get routed back to your local corner drugstore, and talk to the soda-fountain jerk—after all, like calls to like, as they say. Before leaving the subject of long-distance calls, I should add that it's a good idea to use someone else's phone for these exploits, or to at least give somebody else's number.

Drugstores, which I mentioned a minute ago, are great fun to call. After amusing yourself pretending that you're the father of a panic-stricken twelve-year-old girl having her first experience with the lunar bleeds, you can call back on another line and order \$75.00 worth of cosmetics for the old lady down the street, or somesuch. From this, it's only a jump to ordering banquets for 200, moving vans, tons of fertilizer, and even swimming-pools—the more ambitious projects are best saved until the victim is out of town for a vacation.

This too palls after a while, but fear not—the best parts are yet to come: direct discussions with your hapless prey. If you're just looking for a little innocent fun, you can call up a store which is advertising a “GIANT SALE,” and say that you want to buy a giant. This also works for “MONSTER SALE” and “GIANT WAREHOUSE SALE” ads. A friend of mine tried this once, and the guy on the other end immediately asked him what size giant he wanted. My friend, not to be outdone, said he was thinking in the eleven-foot range, and then asked where to buy food for it. The guy counter-replied “At a Giant Food Store, of course.” Score one for the common people.

The most fun, however, is calling people at home. The usual variants on this theme are the giveaway, the message, and the scare call. The giveaway, if done

right, has endless possibilities. Get together with a couple of friends (and a tape recorder, if you don't mind breaking a few laws) and start calling random numbers, telling the bourgeoisie that they are on a radio quiz show, or that they have just inherited some money. At this point, you can either string them along and see how long it takes them to catch on, or you can tell them to show up at some appropriate place and time for their reward. The message variation consists basically of calling and asking for someone who isn't there. For extra laughs, try calling about five times, and then claiming to be the sought-after party on the sixth go-by.

A final word concerning the art of *receiving* phone calls. Regular tricks include the "Hello, Joe's Bar and Grill" approach, with its variants — one I've found effective is "Center of the Universe, God speaking" — and the aptly answered question. As an

example of the latter, I cite the standard reply to "Is Jim there?" — namely a simple "Yes," followed by silence, or hanging up. With only a little effort, the dullest afternoon or evening can be made into a veritable orgy of clever games and stunts. AT&T will love you.



ELI's ELI HEFFRON & SONS, INC.

321-329 Elm Street, Cambridge
EL 4-8572

Dealers in *Surplus* Electronic Equipment and Parts.

Our Inventory Changes Weekly.

Come In and Look Around.

We have one of New England's Largest Inventories of SEMI-CONDUCTORS.

We have S.C.R. To-3 To-5 To-18 Zeners.

2 Amp Silicon Rectifiers 500 P.I.V. 6 for \$1.00

20 Amp Silicon Rectifiers above 150 P.I.V. 3 for \$1.00

Mixed Transistors. . . . \$2.00 a *HANDFUL*

We also have a large inventory of Test Equipment.

Open 7:30 am — 4:30 pm

Monday thru Saturday

We have Surplus Surplus

MESHNA'S Monthly Special

M-3 SNIPESCOPE

Infra-red, see-in-the-dark. Late model. Complete, ready-to-use.
\$225

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



DE 8-8882

麗香飯店

HOUSE of ROY

Real Chinese Foods

OPEN DAILY FROM 4 P.M. TO 2 A.M.

FOOD ORDERS TO TAKE OUT

25 TYLER STREET

BOSTON 11, MASS.

Harry and Sam were engaged in a mild argument about the extent of Sam's popularity. "Why," said Sam, "I know everybody — everybody knows me."

Harry was inclined to scoff, "Ya know the Mayor of New York?" he jeered.

Sam picked up the telephone and asked for City Hall ... "Bob? Just thought I'd say hello." Then he called Washington, D.C. "That you, Lyndon? ... Yes, this is Sam...Sure I could make it to your ranch this Saturday."

Harry was properly abashed, but he still muttered that while Sam might know everybody in this country, that didn't include the whole world.

Sam took the challenge. "Next week," he announced, "An audience with the Pope."

Sure enough, that next week, while Harry stood in the crowd, he saw the Pope. "Why Sam, I haven't seen you in years," greeted the Pope.

As Harry stared in disbelief, a little boy next to him, held aloft in his mother's arms, turned and said, "Mother, who's that man talking to Sam?"



TENNIS RACQUETS

Large Variety — All Prices

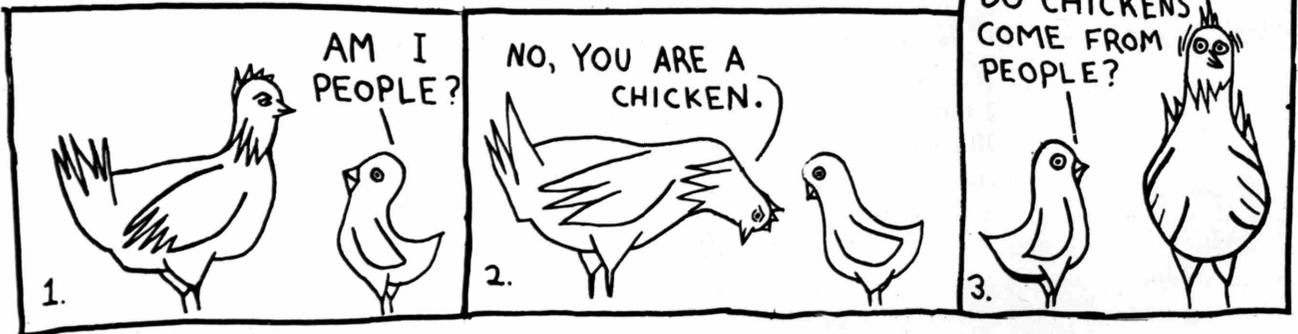
Restringing a Specialty

Sneakers. . . Shorts. . . Shirts. . .

ALL TENNIS EQUIPMENT

TENNIS AND SQUASH SHOP

67A Mt. Auburn Street, Harvard Square
Phone TR 6-5417



A famous French philosopher once stayed at the home of a horse enthusiast. The host's most famous stallion was kept in a stable adjoining the house.

During their evening discussion the philosopher asked, "If these buildings should catch fire, which would you save, me or the horse?"

"The horse, of course."

"Why?"

"Because I can't put Descartes before the horse."



Wife to obese husband taking shower: "George, why don't you diet?"

Husband, gazing downward and unable to see beyond central bulge: "Why, what color is it now?"



"Horrors! Dave cut his finger off!"

"His whole finger?"

"No, the one next to it."

Central War Surplus

LEVIS & LEES

sports, camping
and mountaineering
equipment

at lowest prices

433 Massachusetts Ave.
Central Sq., Cambridge

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.



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SCHOOL & ENGINEERING
SUPPLIES - TYPEWRITERS

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SERVICE

RENTALS

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(Corner Mass. Ave.)
BOSTON
COpley 7-1100

345 MAIN ST.

MALDEN

DAvenport 2-2315

All Photographic Supplies and Services

Ferranti-Dege, Inc.

1252 Massachusetts Avenue / Harvard Square

CAMERAS

FILM

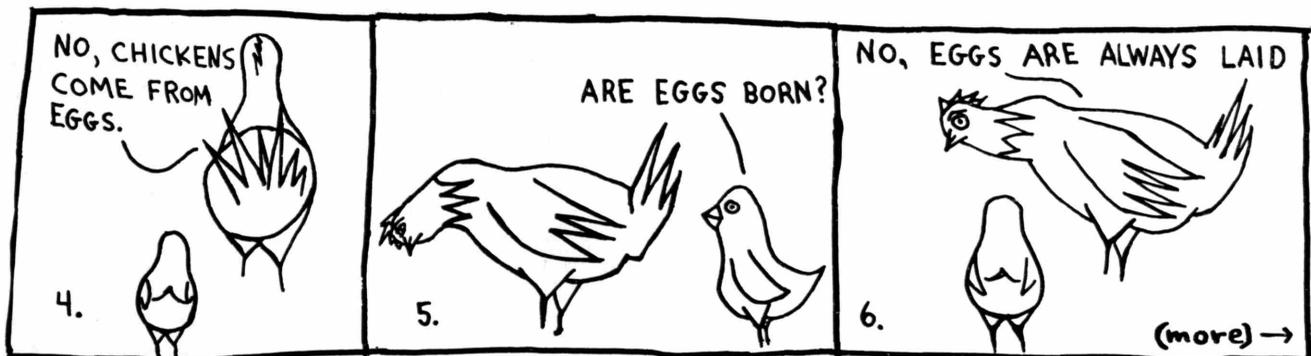
LENSES

PROCESSING

PROJECTORS

ACCESSORIES

Telephone / KIrkland 7-8600



Anybody can play cards, but it takes a cannibal to throw up his hand.



How does an elephant find his tail in the dark?
Delightful!



It sure makes me sad, Pa, when I think of our two beautiful young daughters laying over there in the cemetery. Sometimes I wish they was dead.



Have you heard of the ambitious actress who works for MGM. during the day and Fox at night?

THE NILE RESTAURANT REOPENS!

FEATURING TANTALIZING AUTHENTIC DISHES OF THE NEAR EAST

Lah'm Mishwi (Lamb on Skewers)

- Plain—(Broiled Choice Cubed Lamb) . . . 2 Skewers 2.25
1 Skewer 1.65
 - with Tomato & Onions 2 Skewers 2.65
1 Skewer 1.85
 - with Mushrooms 2 Skewers 2.75
1 Skewer 1.85
 - with Tomato, Onions & Peppers 2 Skewers 3.00
1 Skewer 2.00
 - with Tomato, Onions, Mushrooms & Peppers 2 Skewers 3.30
1 Skewer 2.25
 - Steak Mishwi—(Choice of Sirloin or Tenderloin Cubed)
with Tomatoes, Onion & Peppers 2 Skewers 4.75
1 Skewer 2.75
 - Jumbo Shrimp on Skewers 2.25
 - Syrian Sausages Mishwi 2.00
- Above orders include Syrian Bread, Butter and Choice of Rice Syrian Style, French Fried or Baked Potatoes.

OPEN 11:30 A.M. — 10:00 P.M.

just off park square

79 BROADWAY, BOSTON

tel.: 423-3430

(THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND SPECIALS)

FENWAY LIQUOR COMPANY

213 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston Next to Donnelley Memorial Theatre

CO 6-2103

**NATURALLY - TECH MEN PREFER THE FENWAY LIQUOR CO.
FOR THE MOST COMPLETE LIQUOR, WINE & BEER STOCK IN BOSTON**

Special Attention to M.I.T.

Students - Whether A
Bottle or A Case

FREE DELIVERY

Always Plenty of Ice Cubes
Party Planning



During the period immediately preceding first-term finals, we were wandering around trying to forget our troubles, as we are wont to do at such times, when we happened to come across some examples of a certain type of literature with which we are all familiar, and which enjoys a perennial popularity during such times because of the vicarious thrills and "escape" it provides. We are referring, of course, to those paperbacks with lurid covers and even more lurid titles like "Lust Orgy," or something similar—We should hasten to add that we ourselves are not *aficionados* of these publica-

tions—which can be purchased from any second-rate newsstand. Having glanced through a fair number of these books on occasion—honest, we *don't* make a practice of reading them regularly—we have noted a certain similarity in their style, as well as in content. This has caused us to wonder what the results would be if the writers of these great literary masterpieces were to turn their talents to other fields of endeavor. For instance, if they were to write childrens' books of the "Susie and her Daddy Go to the Zoo" variety...

...“TAKE ME, SHE PLEADED”

“The day was hot and sultry—the kind of day made for exploits of the flesh, where a man reverts to the animal. When I saw her standing in the door to my bedroom, I moaned, for I knew what it was that she wanted—she had been leading up to it for months.

She came towards me, her soft shoulders clearly outlined beneath the thin red cloth of her thin robe. The material was stretched tightly across her chest, revealing every line of her firm young body. It was then that I realized—she had outgrown her pajamas again.

She came over to the bed, and placed her hand gently on my knee. Every muscle within me leaped with awareness, for I knew the time had come.

“Daddy,” she said, her voice filled with desire, “you gotta get up now, 'cause you're s'posed to take me to the zoo today.”

The blood coursed through my veins, hot and furious, for I felt a burning need to sleep. “Go 'way,” I muttered.

“But you promised.” Her face was a torment. “You said you'd do it today.” Falteringly, she continued, the emotions within her almost too much to bear.

“Take me,” she pleaded.

I knew then, that I had to take her.

* * * * *

I held her hand, when it was all over, the warm salt taste still in my mouth, the feel of her body next to mine insistent in its presence. The fish-like odor still permeated the air, and I could not help but linger over the memory of her moment of ecstasy.

“Oh, boy, they're feeding the seals!” she had cried eagerly. I munched reflectively on my last piece of popcorn, wondering where this was all going to take us, caught up in wild abandon, breaking all the rules. The guard had spoken to me twice already this morning about walking on the grass.

It was then that I saw Sally; a hollow feeling in the pit of my stomach compelling me to her.

“Sally!” I gasped.

She looked at me blankly, wiping a smear from her

nose. There was no mistaking that invitation.

I gazed, fascinated, at the two firm pink mounds she presented to me, looking for all the world like two strawberry ice-cream sundaes topped with cherries.

“That'll be thirty cents, Mister,” she murmured huskily.

Suddenly, in a flash, it was all clear to me.

“Hey, you aren't Sally,” I cried, my voice a rasp of agony. “You're the ice-cream girl.” She muttered something about someone named “Sherlock,” and looked at me expectantly.

I knew then what I had to do.

* * * * *

It was dark in the thinly wooded area, and we were alone. I drew her to me, thinking of the pleasures we had shared that afternoon, forbidden to all but a few.

She smiled coyly, knowing that our greatest pleasure was still to come.

“Shall we — now?” she half-whispered.

“Yes, now,” I urged, my voice quivering in anticipation of the final satisfaction. “Please, now.”

Slowly, tantalizingly, she revealed the object of my desire to me. The firm white flesh glistened in the dying sunlight.

She heaved her breasts. I caught them, and scolded her for throwing around our fried chicken which I had paid a buck and a quarter for, back at the concession stand.

Suddenly, without any warning, he was there, his menacing figure towering over us in the dusk. There was a long silence, and then he spoke.

“Hey, bud — how many times do I gotta tell you to keep off the grass?”

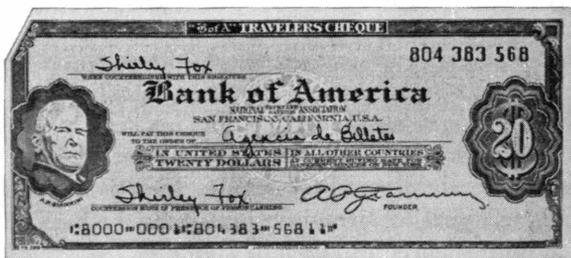


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It was real sad about the fellow who fell into the cesspool. He couldn't swim, but he went through all the movements.



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

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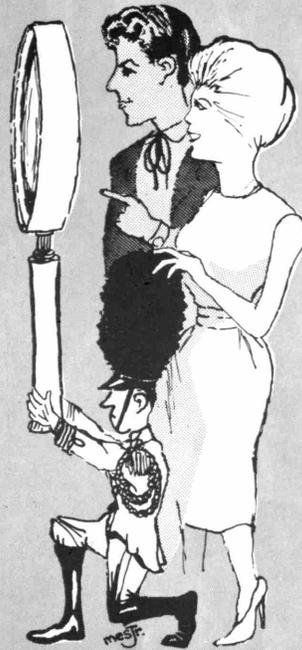
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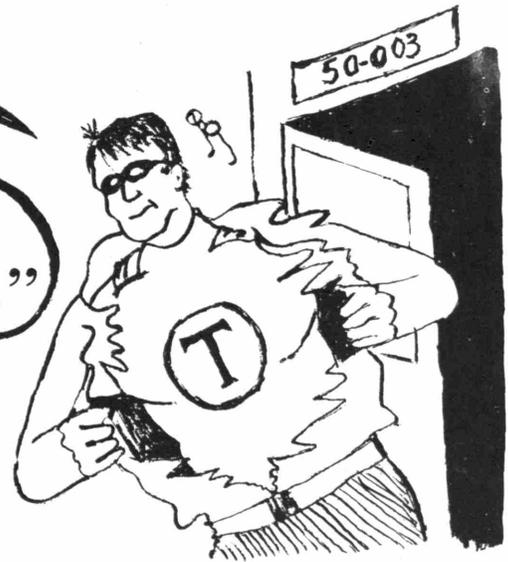
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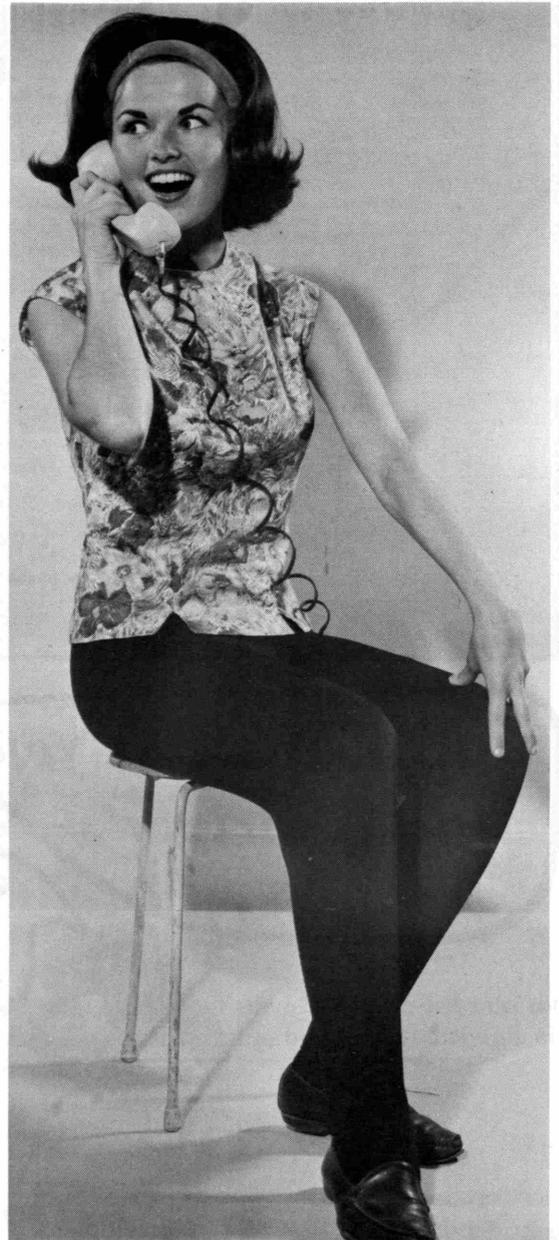


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VooDoo

Doll of the Month



If you will kindly put your eyeballs back in your head so you can read this garbled mess of information you will find that our Doll of the Month for May is Kathy Kenneally from Whitman, Massachusetts. Before you turn the page to strain your eyes further you might imagine what her soft, purring voice would sound like over the telephone. Phos camped on the desk next to the telephone until Kathy told him she was not interested in being a telephone operator but a fashion designer. Naturally Phos was interested in how fashion designers are made, and when it was explained that our blue-eyed Irish lass was an art major at Emmanuel it seemed to explain things.



Since Phos is the fun-loving type it was suggested that perhaps a little outdoor recreation might be relaxing for Kathy, and we hustled out of the office for an afternoon of enjoyment. We found a convenient spot and despite the circle of urchins insisting that Miss Rheingold was on their playground, Phos was well pleased with the climbing, crawling, and sliding.

Kathy found the afternoon a change of pace from her busy schedule of classes and modeling. If you think you might have seen her before, it may have been on the cover of the April sixth *Newsweek* with the article about the goings on at college inside. Or it might have been in the Miss Massachusetts section of the Miss America Pageant, where she breezed to a runner-up spot. Or maybe in one of the other contests she has won, including a qualifying contest a few weeks ago for this same Miss Massachusetts contest this summer. If you are in the area this summer you might watch the top modeling spots and beauty contests because that would be the place to spot Kathy. Beats working, she says.



*Photos by
Art G.*



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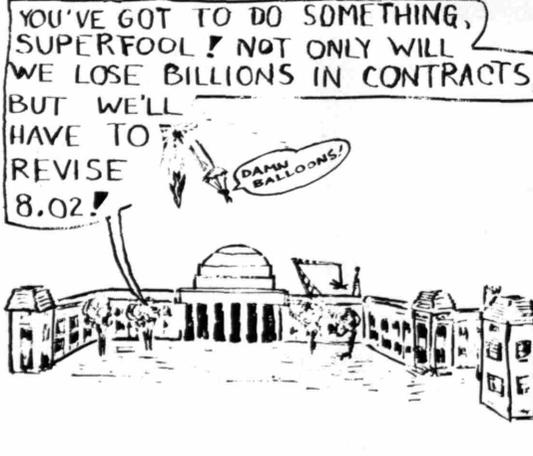
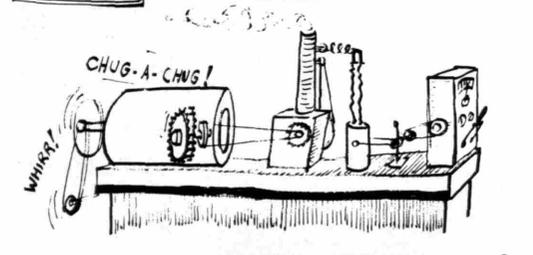
MEVIN FOUCH, ALIAS THE
TOOL OF STEEL, IS IN
MAINE ON A GEOLOGY CLASS
ROCK HUNT...

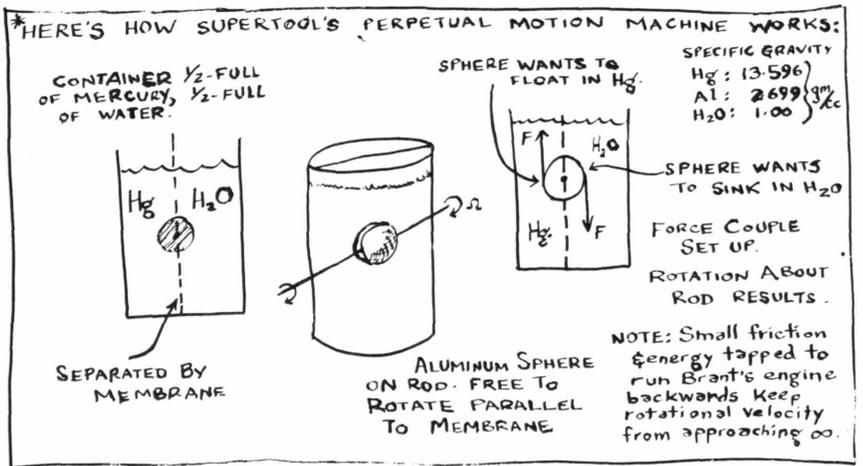
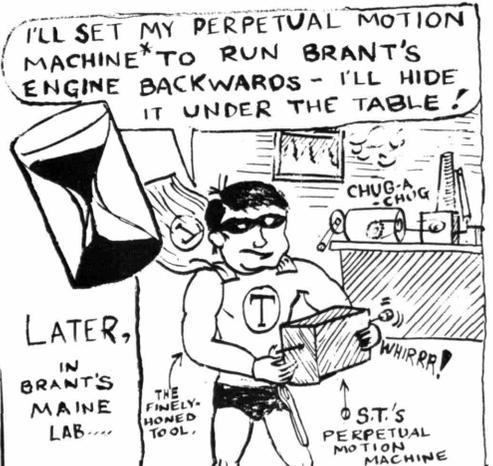
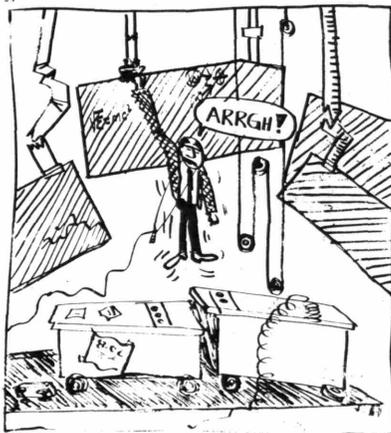
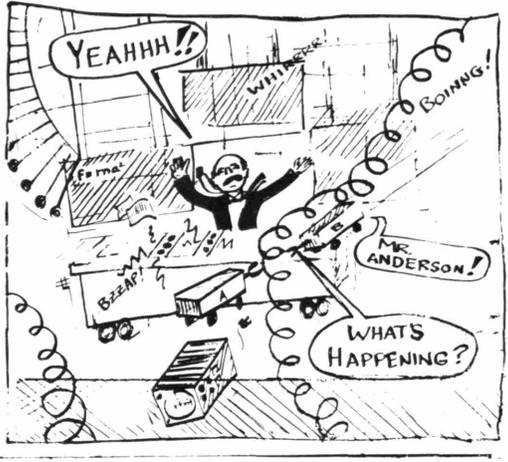
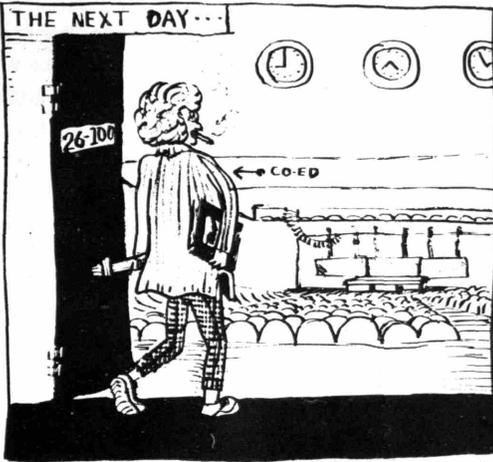


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TELEPHONY

Just for a change, a *Cathouse* which is honestly on the same topic as the issue—without stretching a point. History in the making.

New England Telephone is an easy topic. All you have to do is try to make a call sometime, and see what kind of experiences you have. Sometimes it takes a stretch of the patience to see the humor, especially if you have been feeding dimes to N. E. Tel. for your laughs.

Take for instance the last time I phoned our printer about re-writing a major feature (something we often do shortly after the plates are made.) The first catch was that I didn't know the phone number, street number, or correct name. You may wonder how I could not know the name; this is because the firm goes by some five or six different names, and I didn't know which would be officially listed. Also, they

had recently moved, and would not be in the phone book.

Something in the dark recesses of my memory reminded me that I had seen a bunch of placards once which said "to get information, simply dial 555-1212." So I plunked a dime in the phone, and simply dialed 555-1212.

"Information..."

"Uh, I'd like the number of the N--- Company, in South Boston."

"Is that the N--- Printers?"

"Yes, that's the one."

"I'm sorry, for that number, dial 411." (Click. Jangle. Dime returns.) (Dial 411)

"Ring. Gronk-click. Ring. Gronk-click-click. Ring..." This unnerving sound, much like the digestion and reminting of a dime, continued about three minutes before there came an answer:

"Op'e'ter."

"Umph. I'd like the number of the N--- Printers in South Boston."

"Is that a Boston number?"

"Yes, South Boston." (Long silence, punctuated by ringing and a distant cheery "Hello Irwin!")

"The number of the N--- Company is 482-****." (I dare not list it.)

"Is that their new listing? Is it on Tyodor Street or on..." (Click. Snap. Dime returns.) I really didn't know whether I had the right number or not, but I figured it's worth the chance. So I dropped the dime on the floor, picked it up, dropped it in the slot, got a dial tone, and dialed.

There was a long silence. Suddenly there were three loud explosions in the earpiece, then the sound of one ring. Then a busy signal, the sound of a dime dropping into a tin box full of dimes, and more beeps of the busy signal.

It didn't seem worth the trouble

of trying to convince the operator that N. E. Tel. had taken a dime on a busy signal, so I just waited a bit and tried again. Still busy. After another few minutes, I gave it another shot. The dime dropped down that little pinball machine, the bells all rang, and there I was. After about five minutes, I decided it simply did not plan to lend a dial tone, so I clicked the receiver and NET obediently returned my dime. I had considered dialing without a dial tone, but I've already been burned on that idea.

I reinserted my sweaty little dime, listened to the spin of the apples, cherries, and lemons that would determine whether or not the phone would let me win, and heard a dial tone. I listened a moment, hung up, pressed the coin release, and started looking for the slip of paper I had the number on.

Back again with the number, I flipped the dime into the nickel slot. It returned, and I put it in the dime slot. Dial tone. Dial. I could hear the purring sound of the number being rung. It was interrupted by the sound of my phone ringing—not a healthy normal ring, but three grinding rings, like you get from the old hand crank phones. NET generously mixed in a few bars of Tchaikovsky with the ringing, clicked a few more times for effect, reverted to busy signal, collected my poor dime, and pouted. (As much as a phone can be said to pout when it just sits.)

I took my last two nickels, plunked them in the nickel-slot (or nickel-odium) got a sick dial tone, dialed, waited, kicked the phone, heard some more Tchaikovsky, heard some sounds much like a buzz saw on a nail, and was finally greeted with "N*** Publishing."

(Continued)

"I'd like to speak with D****, please."

"One moment." In fact, 180 moments. Just as I started to explain our new makeup, a voice I recognized as 555-1212 cut in.

"Five cents additional charge please."



Just to broach a new subject, I thought you might be interested in how our Administration's "hands off student affairs" policy works. As you know, our undergraduate life is governed entirely by students, and control of everything, including discipline, is in student hands.

Here's how it works. Suppose

a member of the Administration feels a certain student group has stepped out of line and needs correction. Clearly, a letter from him is not going to be held as a shining example of government for and by students. So he sends a memo to the student supposedly charged with the realm in which the group or its offensive action falls. The memo "brings the matter to the attention" of the student committee chairman.

This student, though sometimes not clear on what the offense is, writes a polite letter to the head of the activity involved. The letter points out that the Administration has brought the matter to the committee's attention, and enumerates the corrective measures the committee plans to enforce. Carbon copies are sent to all the deans, the person who first complained, all the bystanders, President Stratton, President Johnson, most mem-

bers of the organization, the committee chairman's parents, and his local draft board.

The activity head is expected to write a polite reply to the committee chairman, and send carbon copies to all the people listed above, plus all the committee members, his own parents, the U.A.P., and his faculty advisor. Every person receiving a carbon copy of either letter is expected to send a letter to *his* parents, the editor of his home-town newspaper, and the first person he meets, and send \$5 to the person whose name is top on the list, putting his own name at the bottom. He is also expected to vote for the committee chairman (remember him?) for U.A.P. the next year.

In this way, student government is kept smoothly operating, and the coffers are kept full.

—Levine



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The Tech tool walked into a store, and asked the proprietor if he would cash a check. "Can you identify yourself?" queried the proprietor. The tool pulled out his mirror, gazed into it, and replied, "Yup, it's me all right."



Meanwhile, back at the oasis, the arabs were eating their dates.

STUDY AIDS for FINALS

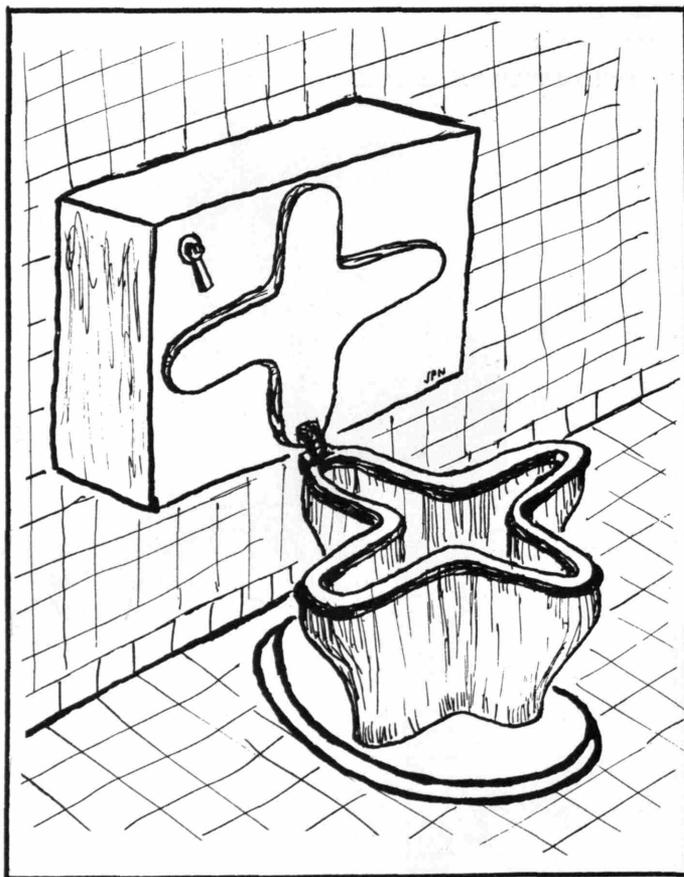
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The astronaut radioed to his base regarding a bright object in the sky that was slowly drifting closer and closer. The scientists at the home base checked their stellar charts, and radioed back, "Yup, it's a meteorite!"



On an Alabama plantation there was once a husky farm hand who had a fantastic reputation with every lady within a radius of thirty miles. One day his boss said, "Mose, I'd like for you to visit my friend Colonel Parker's place over in Louisiana. He's got seventy-three gals working for him and nary one man, and I told him you'd be just the man to remedy a situation like that."

"Just how far from here," inquired Mose, "is that place of Colonel Parker's?"

"Two hundred and forty-two miles," said the boss.

"Anything you say," declared Mose dubiously, "but that's a might big distance to travel for just one day's work!"



Hey, Mom, are we going to have the same thing for dinner *this* Monday night, too?

Yup, it's meatball night!

'Mrs. Peabody, How Does It Feel To Live In A State So Perfect That You Have To Hunt Elsewhere For Social Problems?'



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From MEET to MEAT



"Would you like to dance?" She wasn't the prettiest girl at the mixer, but after all, thought Ralph, I'm not the handsomest guy here either.

"My name's Ralph," said Ralph. "What's yours?"

"Murray," said the girl. "Actually my name is Murray Jane, but most of my friends call me 'Murray'".

"Where are you from?", Ralph inquired. It seemed like the next logical question.

"South Crevice, Idaho," said Murray. Now who do I know from Idaho, thought Ralph. Nobody.

"Do you go to school around here?" asked Ralph. She probably did, he reasoned.

"Yes - I go to Swellesley."

"What year, senior, jun-"

"Sophomore," said Murray. Hmm, thought Ralph, sophomore. I'm sure it's better to meet a junior or senior at these mixers, but by the time they're upperclasswomen, they're taken and they don't come to mixers anymore. The ones that do, I certainly don't need.

"Well," said Ralph, "what are you majoring in?"

"Social science," said Murray. "I want to be a social worker." Yeah, sneered Ralph to himself, she wants to be a social worker. They all want to be social workers. But what the hell does a social worker do? No girl he asked had ever been able to explain that. Why bother this time? Well, anyway, the conversation was beginning to drag, so Ralph figured he'd liven it up by asking some abstract question.

"Do mice fly at paint cans?" he asked her.

"Do WHAT?" asked Murray.

"Do mice fly at paint cans?" repeated Ralph. But before Murray could answer, the music had stopped, there had been a shuffling of people and bodies across the dance floor, and suddenly some other guy was

by Charles Deber



dancing with Murray. Ralph shrugged, and made his way slowly to the sidelines. A tough night for me, he thought. Been here an hour and a half and I still haven't been able to pick up a girl. Ho hum. Hey, there's a pretty cute chick sittin' over there. Try again.

"Would you like to dance?" This girl was cute, had a nice body, Ralph thought, but she was kind of tall for him. This would be like having a conversation with a belly-button.

"My name's Ralph," said Ralph. "What's yours?"



"Dolores Dibble," said the girl. "Dolly."

"That's a nice name," Ralph blurted out, in a departure from his usual line of questioning. "Where are you from?"

"Cucumberville, Montana," said Dolly. Barfed again, figured Ralph, who simply didn't know anyone from Montana.

"Do you go to school around here?"

"Yes—I go to Rotcliffe."

"What year, junior, soph-"

"Freshman," said Dolores Dibble. "And you?"

"Who, me, oh, yah, junior" stammered Ralph, surprised at the fact that it mattered what year *he* was in. I guess girls have a right to know about guys same as guys want to know about girls, he surmised.

"Well, tell me, Dolly, what is your major subject?"

"Psychology," said the girl, and Ralph knew immediately it was all over. Everytime he'd met a girl who was a psych major, he'd wound up being psychoanalyzed before the song was over. Here it comes.

"Do you often go to mixers?" said Dolly. "I make a study of the types of boys that come to mixers."

Fortunately, the music stopped just then, and Ralph said excuse me politely as possible and headed over to the other side of the huge room. What type am I, he thought? The good-looking, shy type? The extrovert? The creep? The not-so-good-looking-but-thinks-he's-god's-gift-to-women-type? Oh no you don't. You're not analyzing me, girl. *I* do all the analyzing around here.

Just when things seemed pretty dismal, Ralph saw this girl in a tight red dress float by. She was a bit overweight, and her hair looked like a pile of brunette spaghetti, but she wasn't exactly a "pig" either. Ralph made his play as soon as he convinced himself she was unescorted.

"Would you like to dance?" Of course she would, he thought. Why else was she here, except to meet boys? She won't turn down a request from any interested boy unless he had GAPO (gorilla armpit odor) or something, which Ralph didn't have because he had splashed half a bottle of *Canoe* all over his magnificent body.

"You won't believe this," said Ralph, who was beginning to get into a slightly sarcastic mood, "but my name's Ralph. What's yours?"

"Sue." Oh no, Sue. Everywhere you go, every mixer, you dance with at least two Sues. And maybe a Linda, a Judy, a Barbara, a Carol, a Mary. I've been lucky up to now, mused Ralph, I've had a

Murray and a Dolly. He wondered what her last name was, for some reason, but he couldn't say, 'What's your last name, Sue?' so he went further.

"Where are you from?"

"New York City," said Sue. At last! sighed Ralph, a girl from a place I've heard of, a girl from a place I know somebody from. I'll ask her if she knows Clyde Jones; he's from New York.

"Do you know Clyde Jones? He's from New York."

"No, I don't think so. Is he from Brooklyn or the Bronx..." Ohh, that's right. New York's a big place, Ralph remembered. She probably doesn't know him.

"Do you go to school around here?" said Ralph, as pleasantly as possible, to cover up the previous fiasco.

"No."

"No?"

"No. I'm a nurse. Over at Mass. General" Ohh, now we're going from bad to nurse. She probably shaves people before they have operations or something. Better change the subject. But Ralph couldn't ask what year she was in, and he already knew what her "major" was. By george, there was nothing left to ask. But while Ralph was thinking all this, the girl spoke again.

"My friends are all leaving now, so if you'll excuse me, very nice meeting you...."

Come in groups, leave in groups. What does that accomplish? How does any guy meet the girl he'll eventually marry, anyway? You gotta start somewhere. You gotta ask what her name is, and where she's from, and all that, how else do you get to know a girl you meet for the first time? And yet so many guys get married, and they all must have started this way. All these preliminaries, preliminaries, so much trivia to get out of the way before you finally get to the stage where you marry the girl. Wouldn't it be nice if you could do away with all the introductions, and what's-your-names and everything, and just get right down to business? He'd have to try this approach. Before the evening was over. Hmmm, any unattached girls around? There's one. She's got her back to me. Looks good from the rear. Nice behind.

Ralph walked up to her, and tapped her on the shoulder. "What's your name?"

"Ethel," she replied.

"Ethel, do you like apple pie?"

"Why, yes, as a matter of fact, I do."



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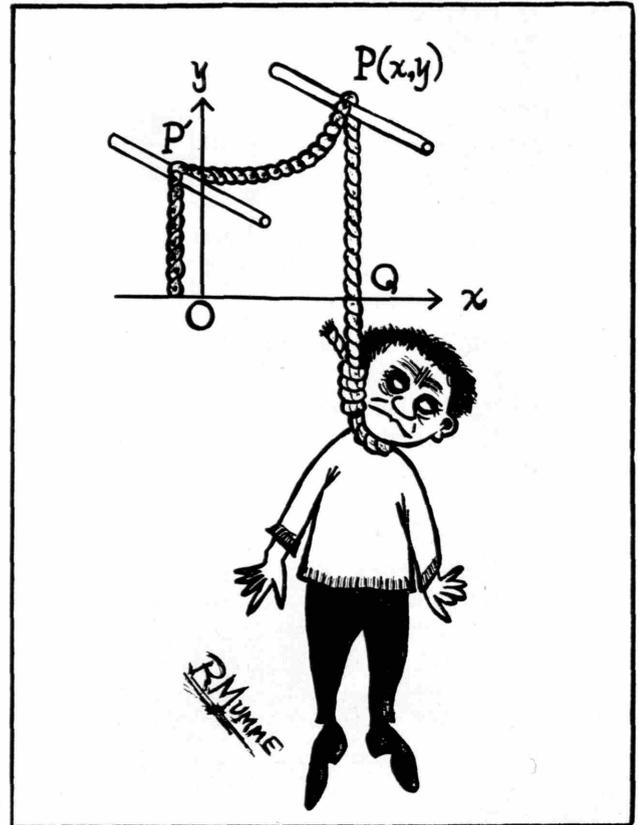
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Point of order, Mr. Chairman! shouted the delegate.

I'm sorry, sir, you haven't been recognized.

He pulled out his mirror and replied, "Yup, it's me all right!"



The girl from Louisiana was in the hospital for a check-up.

"Have you ever been X-rayed?"

"Nope," she said, "but ah've been ultra-violated."



Only Supertool can come flying.



"No," said the centipede crossing her legs, "no, no, a hundred times no!"



What's grey and comes in quarts?
Yup, it's me, all right!



BOY! I'D SURE HATE TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF ITS MOTHER CAME BACK.

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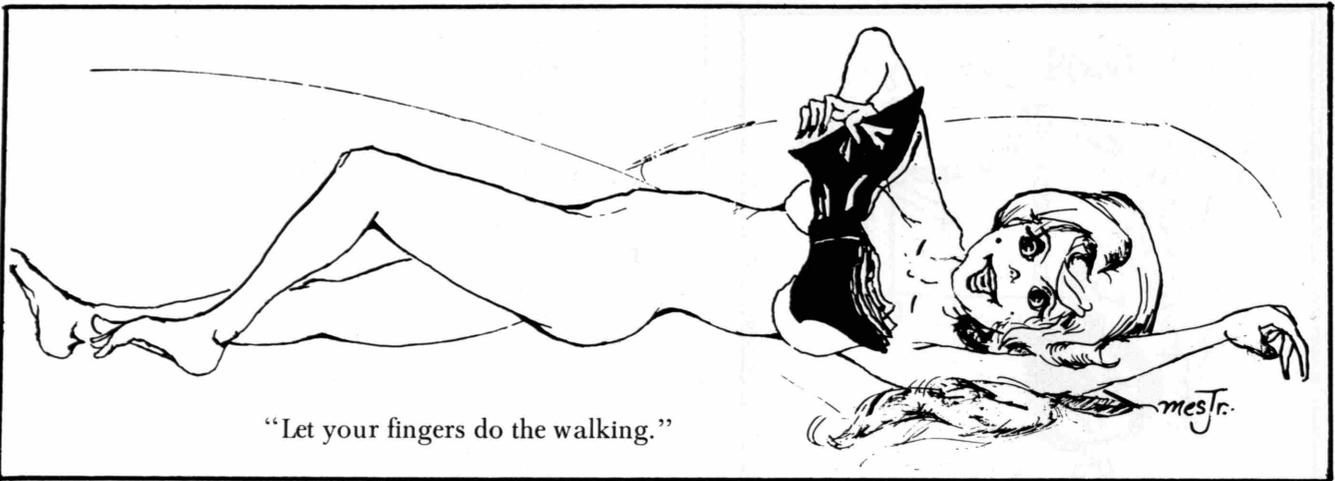
N.B. He is noted for the finest work at the lowest Prices



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Tell them VooDoo sent you. They will cringe in awe and reverence. They will fall on their knees to be of service. They will whisper about you as you leave the store.

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"Let your fingers do the walking."

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Good evening. I should like to say a few words about today's production. This magazine was perpetrated by the VooDoo Managing Board on May 22, 1964. The scene is the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the deed is done every month, October through May, and sometimes even in August. The well-appointed offices in which our characters work can be found in 303 Walker Memorial. The young men involved are there Wednesday nights, which would be a fine time for Kutner to reclaim his abacus. Speaking of time, my Sponsor would like a few seconds of your time for a few additional words:

VooDoo costs 35 cents per issue. You also can subscribe and get eight issues for \$2.80, prices considerably higher in Pago Pago. May copy inserted, copyright 1964 by the VooDoo Managing Board. Entered as second class mail at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Hope you liked our *The Rech* parody.

WHAT KIND OF MAN READS VOO DOO?



Well, you really don't have to be a big shot to get a *VooDoo* sent to you every month. For a small kickback of \$2.80 a year, we'll hurl eight magazines of high-power humor at you. What a bang-up deal!

Our Editor points out that I'll be fired if I don't stop unloading all these puns, but I get a real charge out of this. To be fair, I'll leave it to you: if you want me shot down for this bad writing, put a check in the lower corner of the coupon, fill out your name and address, and put another check (for \$2.80) in the envelope, and send it to

VOODOO
Walker Memorial
Cambridge, Mass.



Here's an offer you may not have been primed for! Phos wants to fill his chamber with old issues, so if you have some old magazines you'd like to unload, for cash, here's the battery of issues he wants:

<i>December 1955</i>	<i>October 1956</i>
<i>January 1956</i>	<i>February 1957</i>
<i>March 1956</i>	<i>March 1957</i>
<i>April 1956</i>	<i>October 1959</i>

If you have any of these issues, this should trigger you into action. The big gun to speak to is Ralph Schmitt, X-3782 or KE 6-1139.

VooDoo
303 Walker Memorial
Cambridge 39, Mass.

Dear Phos:

I'd get a bang out of seeing the clown who wrote this ad get shot down. Discharge him at once, and then send me a full load of VooDoo's. I enclose \$2.80 for eight explosive issues.

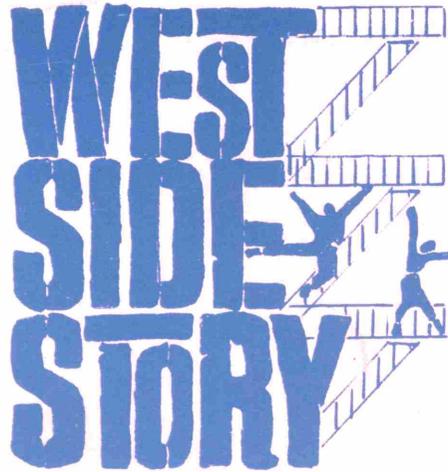
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LECTURE SERIES COMMITTEE CALENDAR

Friday, May 22
6:30 and 9:00
Kresge 60c

Contemporary Series



Saturday, May 23
6:00 and 9:00
Kresge 35c

Entertainment Series

The Manchurian Candidate



Wednesday, May 22
8:00 PM Kresge

FREE FREE free

FREE MOVIE

free **FREE** free