The eerie vapor cloud surrounds a world where temperatures drop down as low as -452°F. Here molecules stand still, some liquids flow uphill, and an electric current encounters virtually no resistance.

Cryogenics - the science of ultracold - is an area of major emphasis for General Electric research and development.

It’s important because it promises smaller and faster computers, truly frictionless bearings, better ways to transmit vast amounts of electric energy.

Future progress is being shaped by General Electric people in many ways . . . developing jet engines for supersonic aircraft . . . automating industries to increase human productivity . . . applying computers to such tasks as helping teachers work effectively with the swelling number of students.

These are projects in which college-educated men and women at General Electric are putting their training to good use in meeting people’s needs — today’s and tomorrow’s.
# Voodoo Month of the Year

## April You Fool

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SUN.</th>
<th>MON.</th>
<th>TUES.</th>
<th>WED.</th>
<th>THUR.</th>
<th>FRI.</th>
<th>SAT.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The direction of the wind is often predicted in vane</td>
<td>Smog lifts in southern Cal. — U.C.L.A.</td>
<td>Commons: Chili today, cold tamale</td>
<td>Stop Marching</td>
<td>1st April Fool's Day</td>
<td>2nd April Tools' Day</td>
<td>3rd April Showers in Great Court</td>
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<tr>
<td>4th</td>
<td>5th</td>
<td>6th</td>
<td>7th</td>
<td>8th</td>
<td>9th</td>
<td>10th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tools pop out to see April</td>
<td>How's your Mon., Ed?</td>
<td>Spring vacation is over</td>
<td>Springs return to work</td>
<td>President arrives in Boston</td>
<td>Ice storm — Hail for the Chief</td>
<td>MIT Open House — keep this date open</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11th</td>
<td>12th</td>
<td>13th</td>
<td>14th</td>
<td>15th</td>
<td>16th</td>
<td>17th</td>
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<tr>
<td>Acid ball season closes</td>
<td>Baseball season opens</td>
<td>Goodale 5th burns</td>
<td>Ash Wednesday</td>
<td>Internal Revenue Service stages sneaker tax</td>
<td>Institute builds bridge over Mass. Ave.</td>
<td>First Day of Passover</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18th</td>
<td>19th</td>
<td>20th</td>
<td>21st</td>
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<td>23rd</td>
<td>24th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Easter Sunday — don't be cross</td>
<td>Patriots Day — a day to be Revered</td>
<td>No Tues. is good Tues.</td>
<td>Cecil B. DeMille leads Jews out of Egypt</td>
<td>Moses leads them to World's Fair</td>
<td>Coeds buy VooDoo</td>
<td>VooDoo goes to the dogs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25th</td>
<td>26th</td>
<td>27th</td>
<td>28th</td>
<td>29th</td>
<td>30th</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dogs barf — their barf is worse than their bite</td>
<td>Mon. if by land</td>
<td>Tues. if by sea</td>
<td>Why is your horse Wed?</td>
<td>29 If at Thurs. you don't succeed</td>
<td>30 Fri., Fri., again</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Seldin, Marshall, Deber, Goe*
Hello,

A young troglodyte, name'd Gort,
With members was a want to consort,
But his features alas, much resembled an ass,
Thus the club was his only resort!

Well?

A handsome young fellow named Gort,
Was once asked to make a retort,
To Arthur, yclept, (Of breeding inept),
Gort's retort was d'Arthur le Morte!

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**That offers MORE!**

157 sizes in all... SHORT... MEDIUM... TALL...

No matter what your color, size, style or fit,
If it's LEVIS — WALKER'S HAS IT!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WOMEN</th>
<th>MEN</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sizes 22-36</td>
<td>Sizes 26-50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Short-Medium-Tall</td>
<td>Short-Medium-Tall</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

DENIM • CORDUROY • S-T-R-E-T-C-H • STA-PRESS
RANCH PANTS • CHINO... Real comfort in every pair!

NEW! PURE WHITE WHITE LEVI'S IN STOCK

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black, blue

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For those super-loyal readers who read everything in the mag, including this unimportant postal information, we have a special announcement this month. Be it hereby decreed that VooDoo is published monthly almost every month (except maybe July, August, and October) by the VooDoo Managing Board, who call the Massachusetts Institute of Technology their home. Be it further known that you can subscribe to this mag for a mere $2.80 a year, although the price for our readers in Pago Pago remains at an even $69.00. Not only that, let it additionally be said that our offices are indeed at 303 Walker Memorial, and that the mag has been entered by second class males as second class mail at Cambridge, Mass., 02139. And in conclusion, let us note in passing that the grungy contents of this issue were copyrighted in 1965, and if you happen to be reading this on the same day that the mag was published, today is March 19, 1965. Thank you, super-loyal readers.
We decided to do a Weather Issue this time, guys, for no other reason except that the weather is something you can do nothing about, while VooDoo is nothing that you can do something about, mainly not buy it, but since it looks like you already have, bought it, that is, why not wade through our delightful April concoction, with all its bad puns about rain and stuff like that.

This month Phos salutes the superb group of journalists who put out a publication they call the Tech (probably because that title rhymes with so many things), for their magnificent movie review in the February 24 issue. This lengthy review, entitled “In Quest of the Savage Emotion”, recommends that if “you have not seen this film, go and see it” and points out that its photography “pulsates like flesh.” The Tech unfortunately neglects one minor detail: nowhere in the review is the name of the movie mentioned.

A friend of ours recently received a reply from a grad school to which he had applied for admission. All over the envelope was stamped “U of —, the friendly school!” He opened the envelope, and found an IBM-ized section of a form, on which was checked the box corresponding to “Not acceptable for admission.”

Those who have discussed the situation will probably agree that a traffic light would be helpful on the corner of Mass. Ave. and Memorial Drive, in preventing accidents, etc. So one day recently, Phos was pleasantly surprised to see some guys digging a hole in the sidewalk on the corner, and installing a post in there that looked quite a bit like it was going to be a traffic light. When it was finished, however, it turned out to be a police emergency call box, which we think exemplifies typical Boston thinking: put a call box right on the corner so that accidents can be phoned in quicker.

Speaking of typical Boston, we were wondering the other day how come it has so many unusually complex intersections, with traffic pouring in from five directions. Well, Phos asked an old native and it seems that in the year 1750, somebody let 100,000 cows loose from the Boston Common, and wherever the cows didn’t walk, they built houses.

Shortly before a recent Physics lecture, one member of the class wrote on the board, “If anyone found my Bible, please get in touch with me tonight.” The VooDoo staff unanimously voted him the Paul Getty award for materialism — i.e., wanting it back.

There has been some talk about making the Graduate House co-educational; one question on the questionnaire distributed to the grad students asked if women living there would contribute to a “freer exchange of ideas and opinions.” We predict that it would also contribute to a freer exchange of genes.
A coed friend of ours was recently contacted by the MIT Public Relations office; a certain Boston newspaper was interested in doing a photo feature on "A Day in the Life of a Typical Tech Coed." She had been selected to be followed around for a day. The next day, she was called again. It seemed that as she had dropped a course in plasma physics and a course in advanced computation since the PRO had looked at her schedule, the reporter deemed her unsuitable. What good was a typical coed who was taking only run-of-the-mill courses? They would seek a typical coed with more exotic courses.

But, of course, the story has a happy ending. The coed in question told the PRO where to put this attitude; they passed it on to the paper, and shamed them into using their original typical coed for the feature.

The above was purchased by an unsuspecting tool at Stop 'n' Shop. He didn't realize what he had until a more worldly VooDoo staffer told him. No further comment needed.

While discussing methods of analyzing political systems, a certain political science prof said, "Let's call this one the Hot Box theory — it's pregnant with meaning."

Said the VooDoo staffer to the sloppy slopper at Walker, "Waiter, there's soup in my fly."

One of our staff members, in the Thirsty Ear over the weekend, heard Bob Gahtan tell about a great new way to strike back at the "loss of identity" problem: Ordinarily, if you go into a bank to make a deposit, you get a deposit slip, write down your account number, the bank code number, the amounts, etcetera, hand it to the teller; he checks the addition, then turns it over and puts a stamp on the back. Instead of that, go into a bank — any bank — pick up a deposit slip, write on the back: "THIS IS A STICK-UP" — then turn it over, and put it back in the pile of deposit slips.
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FOOD ORDERS TO TAKE OUT

25 TYLER STREET BOSTON 11, MASS.
Charlie phoned Shirley to invite her out for a lamb dinner.

“What do you mean, a lamb dinner?” asked Shirl somewhat puzzled.

“Three cocktails and a piece of ewe,” smirked good old Charlie.

Steve Baum: Hey, did you hear that they found another civil rights worker shot in Mississippi?

Jim Steele: No.

SB: Yeah, they found him with more than fifteen bullet holes in his back and head.

JS: Geez, how terrible.

SB: Yeah, the sheriff said it was the worst case of suicide he’d had in years.

Then there was the girl who greeted her boyfriend with “Notice anything different about me?”

“New dress?”

“No.”

“New shoes?”

“No. Something else.”

“I give up.”

“I’m wearing a gas mask.”
GOSH! ALL THOSE SUPER CHARACTERS ARE GETTING IN MY WAY!

by Keith Patterson

LAST MONTH:
SUPERTOOL is helping to save the Institute by chasing the mysterious $UPER-$AMARITAN who is robbing rich professors to give to starving students. He has just robbed Prof. Eliat, alias SUPERPROF, who now joins the chase...

ON BEACON HILL:
EEK! IT MUST BE THE (GWODAD) BOSTON STRANGERS.

AND...
...AND COUGH UP THAT 10 GRAND IN LOAN INTEREST TOMORROW, "BIG JULIE", OR ELSE!!

YOU'VE "WHIMPERED" GOT TO STOP "$.$", SUPER-TOOL!

I'LL CATCH HIM AND USE THE REWARD TO FINANCE MY NEW ELECTRONICS PROJECTS!

SHURRE WE'LL BE AFTER HIM, MAM.

AND SO...
A. AIJE LUD TROUGHTEN A POOR LADY:

SO FORCES ARE ALIGNING TO CATCH $UPER $AMARITAN!! CAN HE SURVIVE THIS SUPERHOT?

READ ON
HMM, TOO BAD WE DON'T HAVE A "NEGATIVE" RESISTOR. WE COULD HOOK UP A CIRCUIT, AIM IT AT HIS POWER SOURCE, AND STOP HIS MACHINE! THIS 5¢ BATTERY I HAVE WOULD START IT OFF!

NOW TO ACTIVATE MY FOOLPROOF DEFENSE - AN "IGNORANCE SCREEN"!

I'VE PROGRAMMED MY COMPUTER WITH ALL THE REJECTED THESE, FLUNKING QUIZZES AND "F" PAPERS I COULD FIND IN 20 YEARS AT THE 'TUTE. WHEN I TURN IT ON, DIRECTED AT THE CAVE ENTRANCE, IT WILL SET UP SUCH A STRONG FIELD OF IGNORANCE, THAT ANYONE CROSSING IT WILL HAVE HIS MIND REDUCED TO A PULP! S.T & S.P. WON'T DARE CROSS IT

FORTUNATELY, SUPERTOOL, I HAPPEN TO HAVE A NEGATIVE RESISTOR WHICH I PERFECTED AT MY LAB YESTERDAY! LET'S GET TO WORK!

HOLD IT, SUPROF! MY X-RAY VISION TELLS ME THAT SUPER AMARITAN HAS AN IGNORANCE SCREEN AT THAT DOOR!

THE DUO OF SUPER-HEROES SETS TO WORK

ALL SET! LET'S TURN IT ON BEFORE THE POLICE CRASH INTO THE CAVE!

YOU DOLT, SUPERTOOL! YOU ACCIDENTALLY GROUNDED THE CIRCUIT!!

HOLEY CRUNCH!
WHAT HAPPENED??
Cramer's First Annual
Madison's Birthday Sale
March 16th

H. H. Scott 48 Watt Stereo Amp Kit
Model LK48
Reg. $129.95
$79.50

H. H. Scott 80 Watt Stereo Amp Kit
Model LK72
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$99.50

3965! How Could Supertool Make Such a Goof?

How Will He Get Back to 1965 in Time
For His Nucleo-Positive Antimatter Lab?
What of Superprof? Can He Return in
Time to Publish "Advanced Electrostatics"
(MIT Press, $35, 82 pp.)
& "$\$" Himself? Do You Really Care?

The Negative Resistor Absorbed All
The Earth's Gravitational Power In
The Immediate Area, With No
Gravity, We Immediately Accel-
erated To The Speed Of Light,
At Which We Are
Now Traveling!!

We Seem To
Be Slowing
Down, Superprof! The
5¢ Penlite Must Have Worn Out.

Everything Looks So
Different!

I'll Try My
Transistor!

...The Mwex Good
Guys Present
The #1
Song For
3965, The
Beatles And...
**DEAR PHOS**

This month, Phos answers questions from our readers about the weather....

Dear Phos:
Why is Boston weather so lousy?

Mark

Dear Question Mark:
Somebody up there hates us.

Dear Phos:
When you're out with a girl and it's raining, do you have to hold your umbrella over her? I tried it once but I got soaked.

Wet-behind-the-ears

Dear Phos:
Is it proper to wear rubbers when you're out with a broad?

Wondering

Dear Won:
Only if it's raining.

Dear Phos:
How can you tell when it's Spring?

Curious

Dear Curiosity:
The pigeons start making out in the Great Rice Paddy.

Dear Phos:
I have trouble getting along with girls; could this be because I talk about the weather all the time?

Weather-Minded

Dear Mind:
Become whether-minded.

Dear Phos:
I heard that Boston has more snow than a human being can stand; is this true?

Statistician

Dear Titian:
'S no joke.

Dear Phos:
As a brilliant young scientist, I have become dissatisfied with the temperature as an index of discomfort in cold weather. Can you supply a "Cold Index" for me?

Technician

Dear Tool:
CI = \( \frac{M \times F}{VD} \)

CI = Cold Index
F = Square Inches of Frost-bite, Per Ear
M = Grams of Frozen Mucus, per nostril
VD = Vertical Displacement, Millimeters

Dear Phos:
How can I snow my girl when it rains?

Rained Out

Dear D'out:
If she reigns, it's "no."

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Better shoes for men, women, and children.

For children:
**BUNTEES**
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WEATHER SONG TITLES

"She Was Only a Meteorologist's Daughter, But She Had a Warm Front"
"The Flurry With the Fringe on Top"
"You're Snowman 'Til Somebody Loves You"
"Come to Me My Melancholy Baby"
"We Shall Overcast"
"Desafinosnow"
"I Can't Give You Anything But My Umbrella"
"If Ever I Would Leave You, It Wouldn't Be In Winter"
"The Sleets of Laredo"
"Once In A While — It Snows Like Hell"
"There's No Business Like Snow Business"
"The Rain In Maine Falls Mainly as Snow"
"Too Damn Cold"
"All Through the Night it Accumulated"
"Snow, Snow a Thousand Times Snow"
"The Days of Slime on Noses"
"Cold Finger"
"Blowin' In The Wind"
"Hail Hail The Gang's All Here"

It isn't what my girl knows that bothers me; it's how she learned it.

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Party Planning
And on my left, folks, is Charles Deber, the new proprietor of the Cathouse, and Editor of this illustrious rag. Yep, you’re finally rid of my random rambles!

Actually, Charlie is no newcomer to the realm of Cathouses — he once did a sterling guest spot under my predecessor, John Reed. And as any fool who reads the bylines on our articles (and maybe also the body of the articles) knows, Charlie has been a regular contributor of what might best be called commentary garbage ("Cheap Date", "Meet to Meat", "Beer"). He also writes satire, like "Fanny Hell", "Lord of the Thighs", "Kiss me, Smedley".

Well, cheers. — Levine

THE WEATHER: IT'S JUST NOT FAIR

We all know that man has now harnessed the atom for peacetime uses. Furthermore, in some cases, man has even harnessed woman for piecetime uses. But there is one great force that has yet to be harnessed: the weather. Even in this era of explosive progress, the grumpy old weather still harnesses man.

So many of our day-to-day activities are directly influenced by the weather, that one begins to cringe when the man on the radio screams out, “AND NOW THE FORECAST...” And continuously it seems that certain weather patterns are perfectly timed to interfere with whatever you want to do. If you’re going ice-skating outdoors, it’s either raining or too warm. If you’re going to the beach, it’s either raining or too cool. If you’re going to watch the only eclipse of the sun in 50 years, it’s cloudy. If you’re going to go sailing, there’s no wind. If you’re going to play football, there’s a 50-mile an hour wind that blows every forward pass back behind the quarterback. If you’re going to take a plane trip, it’s foggy. If you’re going to drive to Montreal, there’s 50 feet of snow covering the highway.

You can’t win. You can’t even break even. The weather strikes again and again. In the summer: you work Monday to Friday, it’s gorgeous outside every day; Friday night the clouds roll in; by Saturday, it’s pouring rain, and you’re stuck indoors again. One might guess that nearly 60 percent of outdoor plans must be altered or cancelled because of New England weather. On a summer day in Boston, it can snow out of a clear sky.

A meteorologist will tell you that the study of weather is a scientific one; yet quite often the forecasts bear little resemblance to what happens to be going on outside your window. “Mostly fair today and tonight, with a high in the low middle forties,” says the friendly forecaster, who would be surprised to learn that it was raining at the time, with the temperature near 60. It often takes hours of precipitation before the weathermen will admit that it is indeed raining — if they had not predicted it. “Heavy snow warnings” is usually revised to sound something like, “Total accumulation about one inch with considerable drifting.”

Also in Boston, they have something called “fair weather clouds,” which seems kind of paradoxical, perhaps analogous to “dehydrated water.”

Here’s a true life experience worth recounting, which occurred on a balmy Saturday last summer. My buddy and I joyfully bopped down to the beach near Coney Island that day, thankful that it was sunny for a change, and that the forecast was for, “fair and hot, high in the 90’s,” one of those “it’s a lovely day for the beach” forecasts that the disc jockeys seem to repeat and repeat, regardless of what the actual weather is, or what the actual forecast is. Well, anyway, there were about a million people down at the beach by noon, at least 500,000 of them girls, which of course vastly improved the scenery (not that sand and sea aren’t scenic). Then, about 1:00 P.M., just as somebody’s transistor radio had told the world that the temperature around that part of it was 93, the sky began to darken, and darken, and darken, you know, like it gets right before a thunderstorm. A wave of curiosity passed over the beach: was it going to rain? No mention of even possible thundershowers had been made in the forecast. Next a wave of hesitancy swept the beach: should we pack up and leave? It’s only 1:00. And then, a shrill girl’s voice blurted out the clincher: “I think
I felt a drop.” Chaos! Mayhem! Did you ever see a half-million girls in bikinis run past you in 2 minutes? That’s about what happened, and most of the fellows soon hastily rolled up their blankets and also sought refuge under the boardwalk, or on the subway.

But not my buddy and I. No sir. This was one occasion when Old Man Weather was going to lose, and lose big. We settled into our beach chairs, draped a blanket over us, and sat there, smugly, waiting, waiting. The rain got harder and harder; the wind blew faster and faster; lightning zigzagged from sky to ground, striking the water just a few hundred yards away; thunder shattered the sandy silence. And we sat there, smugly. Beach umbrellas, with their lethal spear-like poles, went flying past us, along with sand and other remnants of lunches, spurred on by the 40-mile-an-hour gale wind. And we sat there, our transistor radio in a plastic bag, still playing, with the cheerful disc jockey repeatedly insisting that it was “fair and hot, high in the 90’s.” It was just about then that the hailstorm began; chunks of ice, the size of large marbles, tumbled profusely from the angry heavens, many striking us upon the head. Hailstones hurt! It’s like getting hit off the head with a hundred small rocks, in rapid succession. And we sat there; it was raining ice, and the radio said, “fair and hot.”

As suddenly as it had begun, the storm was over, within an hour. The beach, now deserted except for two idiots, was a moist mess. The sun came out, a few other hearty souls wandered out from various hiding places, and by 2:30, it looked as though nothing had happened, except that a million people were now trampling their way home in mid-afternoon on the sweaty subways. The weather had struck again, and won again.

You may well ask, what can be done about the situation? Go ahead, ask. Thanks. Well, very little, I say. Sure, guys can tell you when hurricanes are a-comin’, but the hurricanes come and wreak havoc. Man simply has found no way to prevent hurricanes, much less storms of minor importance. If it doesn’t rain in a particular area, there’s a drought, and forest fires, and a “conserve water emergency” announced by the mayor. If it rains too much, the Ecbai pfak River soon overflows its trusty banks, there’s a flood, two-thirds of downtown Paxtonville is washed away. If it doesn’t snow, nobody can go skiing, or raid the girl’s dorm with snowballs. If it snows too much, nobody can get anywhere, businesses and schools are closed, emergencies occur and ambulances can’t get through, cars skid off roads into trees. If it gets too hot, you’re irritable, uncomfortable, you spend money on soft drinks and air conditioners. If it gets too cold, you’re freezing, you spend money on hot drinks and heaters.

Admit it: the weather has got mankind on the run. When we control the weather, we will have earned a real pat on the back from Mother Nature. Until that fateful day, baseball games will get rained out, typhoons will ravage Japan, snow-removal machine-makers will go bankrupt, Sunday picnics will instead be Sunday at the flicks.

I believe it was that famous poet, Robert Frostbite, who once wrote this little bit of verse:

The sky is blue; what do we do?
We watch, and crowds of clouds roll in,
Cirrus, cumulus, stratus, nimbus;
What a drag! Weather, you bite the bag!

— Deber
VooDoo

Doll of the Month

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RALEIGHE OF BOSTON
Miss Kar'n Hill, April's aesthetic offering, is covered with culture - Dairy Maid for Dannon Yogurt at the Prudential Center Home Show. Our devastating Dedham demi-goddess of nineteen years has been a Spanish dancer; her hobbies include bowling, swimming and skiing. She's dying to try her new skis, and for all you chair-lift charmers this may be just the break you've been waiting for.
As the farm equipment dealer said, "We stand behind everything we sell except our manure spreaders."

This is an era of compromise. At a party one evening one of the guests said to a girl, "Will you come to my studio with me tonight?"
Indignantly she replied, "How dare you. You don't even know my name; but you seem too anxious, I'll give you a sporting chance."
She clenched her fist and said, "If you can tell me what I have in my hand, I'll go to your studio with you tonight. Now, what have I got in my hand?"
He replied, "An elephant."
"That's close enough," came her reply.

A pilot and his co-pilot were flying along. The pilot turned the controls over to the co-pilot and began to exercise with a set of dumbbells. Just then the stewardess entered with the co-pilot's lunch which consisted of some soup and a sandwich. Suddenly the plane hit an air pocket and the pilot dropped one of the small dumbbells into the co-pilot's soup. Hey flier, the co-pilot shouted, there's a weight in my soup.
How Weather is Made

by Dan Asimov

We have all seen weather at one time or other, although it is scarce in certain parts of the Australian rain forest. It is a fascinating business to follow its formation and complex interactions with the weather of adjoining regions — and this is precisely what we shall do.

We will trace the steps of Frank Cloud, ace meteorologist for the Lipit Tea Co. of Cambridge, Mass.

At 9:00 A.M. Cloud wakes up, winds his barometer, gulps his morning coffee and scoots off to work in his pajamas. Upon arrival at the tea plant he immediately checks the weather map, winds his thermometer, and gulps his mid-morning coffee.

With typical attention to detail, Cloud notices a warm front in Liberia, a high front in Death Valley, a low front on Rhoda Rain, his secretary, and a disapproving grunt from Job Snow, his boss.

Getting down to business, Cloud gulps his noon-time coffee, recharges his anemometer, and removes his pajamas.

Taking time out from his work, Cloud poses for a company ad. "I'd sooner Lipit," he says.

Returning to his chores, Cloud takes readings from his anemometer, thermometer, and barometer, thus obtaining the average snow in the Virgin Islands over the period 1870-1968. Having done this, Cloud takes a break in order to take his mid-afternoon coffee. At this time, in line with his boss's advice, Cloud puts on some clothes.

He writes in his meteorologist's log: "If a typhoon is like a cyclone, is the typhoon cycloid, or is the cyclone typhoid?" Just then the teletype blares out: "Calling all cars! Calling all cars! Geyser sighted and heading northwest along Mass. Ave. (which generally runs southeast when it's running)." Cloud hops into his weather-mobile and heads to the trouble spot. Always prepared for random crises, Cloud whips out his anti-geyseristic, irregrangible, uncopyrightable (which uses over 57 percent of the alphabet without repetition) supercalifragilator. The geyser extinguished, Cloud returns to the office and receives a citation from the Commissioner of Weather.

Gulping his late-afternoon coffee, Cloud waters his Venus fly-trap while oiling his bicycle bell, despite the popular notion "Oil and water don't mix." But Cloud is an iconoclast, never aghast at a blast at the past.

At 5:00 Cloud's workday is over, so with flagging spirit and tired body he draws himself together and runs home as fast as his chubby legs can carry him.

The meteorology business is tedious doing, for Cloud gets little chance to put knowledge to work there. He is disgusted and frustrated by the end of the day. But happiness is ahead, for he has a date tonight with his girlfriend, Sylvia Weather.

The Nile Restaurant Reopens!

Featuring Tantalizing Authentic Dishes of the Near East

Lah'm Mishwi (Lamb on Skewers)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
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<tr>
<td>Plain — Broiled Choice Cubed Lamb</td>
<td>2 Skewers 2.25</td>
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<tr>
<td>with Tomato &amp; Onions</td>
<td>2 Skewers 2.65</td>
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<td>with Mushrooms</td>
<td>2 Skewers 2.75</td>
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<tr>
<td>with Tomato, Onions &amp; Peppers</td>
<td>2 Skewers 3.00</td>
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<td>with Tomato, Onions, Mushrooms &amp; Peppers</td>
<td>2 Skewers 3.30</td>
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Steak Mishwi — (Choice of Sirloin or Tenderloin Cubed)

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<th>Description</th>
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<tr>
<td>with Tomatoes, Onion &amp; Peppers</td>
<td>2 Skewers 4.75</td>
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Jumbo Shrimp on Skewers

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Syrian Mishwi

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Above orders include Syrian Bread, Butter and Choice of Rice Syrian Style, French Fried or Baked Potatoes.

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Serial at 6:45
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Proof of membership in the MIT community will be required for admission Friday and Saturday nights. Absolutely no Harvies will be admitted.

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THE VOODOO MUNICIPAL LEAGUE announces its ALL-AMERICA CITY AWARD

Photography: Doug Glen. Article: Keith Patterson, John Muller.

Right: Charlestown has preserved the historic site where the British launched the charge on Bunker Hill.
Above: The John Hancock Building. We Declare these truths to be self-evident.

Right: Boston plans a massive harbor redevelopment. Water water everywhere and not a drop to drink.

Above: Boston, the hub of the New World ... And the streets shall be paved with gold.

Left: City Square, Charlestown. ... And the meek shall inherit the earth.

Below: Boston ... And the times they are a changin'.
Above: Urban renewal sends mortar hurtling to the stars — Cry the Beloved Country.

Below: Boston voters invest in tomorrow. . .And there will be a chicken in every pot.

Above: ...And it rained for forty days and forty nights.

Right: The New Frontier.
Above: Boston's dynamic Government Center —— As ye sow so shall ye reap.

All-American City Award

Presented to Boston on recognition of progress achieved through intelligent citizen action.

Eileen Doce
PRESIDENT, DAR

Harry Eckhardt
INNOCENT BYSTANDER

VOO DOO
MUNICIPAL LEAGUE
“What kind of a guy is your roommate?”
“Well, last night he stubbed his toe on a chair and said, ‘Oh, the perversity of inanimate objects.’”

Two students were arguing at a football game. A third walked up and asked why they were arguing.
“See that girl with the black-looking legs up there?” one asked. “This guy says it’s stockings. I say it’s hair.”
“Tell you what,” the third one said, “I’ll go up and check at half-time.”
As the third quarter started, he returned, visibly shaken.
“What was it,” the two boys asked, “stockings or hair?”
“Neither,” said the third. “It was flies.”

Teacher: Who knows what we celebrate on Arbor Day?
Johnny: I do, teacher. My sister just had an abortion.
Next Time You Go to Miami, Fly Northeast

Miami! I perked up as Pete whispered the word in my ear. It was about the third day of Intersession, and I had been sleeping fairly regularly for most of that time. Although I never would have thought so earlier, sleeping through vacations does become slightly tinged with boredom after the novelty wears off. I had just begun to regret not going to New Orleans with some of the guys, but Pete’s word drove that thought from my mind. Apparently Pete’s girlfriend had come to Boston for exam week, and now he had to get her back to school again; he had talked Doug, a freshman with a Mercedes-Benz, into driving them. He wanted me for the company (he said) and to split gas money (I knew).

About six p.m. on Sunday night, the four of us, plus Jack and Al, two other fraternity brothers who had been enticed into the trip, piled into the car, and we headed for the turnpike (via Elsie’s, of course). “When do you expect us to get to Florida, Doug?” I asked. “Florida?!” the five replied. “We’re going to the U. of Miami of Ohio.” By the time I had gotten over my initial disappointment, I was informed that it was my turn to pay the next toll.

Fortunately, when the universal steering joint broke we were only ten miles north of Hartford. That way, by the time we had flagged down a car, hitched to a gas station, and obtained a tow, we were right at the outer end of a suburban Hartford bus line. During the hour-long ride into town, we ate our leftover roast beef specials and discussed our next move.

Well, Donna HAD to get back to school, so we decided that if we could get to Pete’s house, near Bridgeport, we could get his mother’s car for the rest of the trip. An interesting sidelight then was revealed. If Pete’s parents knew Donna had been in Boston, and if Donna’s parents knew the same, severe domestic strife would ensue. “Obviously,” spoke Al, the brains of the group, “we’ll tell your parents you need the car because we have to go to Penn State to help our chapter in their rush week.” “Of course,” we replied. We all knew that Al was the brains of the group.

While we awaited the New Haven local, Pete phoned home to talk his mother into the idea, and Doug decided to stay behind to protect his car from the mercenary mechanic at the garage. Bidding him a fond farewell, we clambered aboard the New Haven’s crack Express for New York. Climbing over the sleeping Yalies, we found seats, and settled down for four bumpy hours of modern American travel.

As we pulled into South Norwalk, our destination, at 3 a.m., Pete suddenly feared that his mother might be waiting to meet us. If she saw Donna, of course, all would be lost. Accordingly, we jumped off the opposite side of the train, dodged an approaching freight, and scurried to the security of the baggage office.

On an early Monday morning the S. Norwalk station, unusually tranquil, save for a few itinerants asleep in the doorways, is a hell of a place to be. We entered a lighted taxi office, which was deserted, and decided to await the cabbie. Half an hour later, I started to use his phone to call all of the ‘24-hour’ taxis in the phone book. I soon discovered that every cab outfit in Fairfield County was working on, presumably, a 36-hour day. The others relaxed, Al humming along with the Bach concerto which was the only thing we could get on Jack’s transistor, and I was momentarily elated as I got a busy signal at one of the taxi offices. My joy subsided, however, when Pete pointed out that I had dialed the office we were in. Right after I finally got through to a distant taxi, and was told they were on their way, Frank, the night cabbie in whose office we were waiting, came back, and spent the whole time we waited for our cab telling us how we were taking our lives into our hands riding with the dangerous and unscrupulous person we had called.

We dropped Donna and Al off at a diner near Pete’s house while the rest of us went for the car. After a minor skirmish with his father, who, being the irrational rascal he is, could not see why we had to go to Penn State at 4 a.m.

The next few hours were uneventful. We crossed the Martha Washington Bridge, missed the Jersey Pike, drove through downtown Newark (“I always wanted to see Newark during morning rush-hour,” said Pete cheerfully, “and besides, this trip wouldn’t

...
be any fun if we had a road map.

Eating up the miles across Pennsylvania, we relaxed to enjoy the countryside. A particularly interesting sidelight was our lunch spot at one of those places uniquely American - a roadhouse. HoJos, I think it was called.

"I'm glad we're going through West Virginia," said Al, "I've never been there before. Now I can add it to the list of states I've visited. Say, why don't we go through Kentucky so I can say I've been there, too?" "Shut up, Al" we said.

Despite the blizzard, we were soon in Wheeling, at which time Al and I decided to form a 'Fair Play for Wheeling' Committee. I think Al and I were getting punchy from lack of sleep.

The blizzard lasted across Ohio, and slowed us down considerably. Night had fallen again before we took the wrong road at Dayton, and became hopelessly lost. "Stop here for a road map," I said. "Damn," said Pete, "it's no fun with a road map. I'll find that place if it kills me. We're only 28 hours out of Boston. Besides, I always wanted to see downtown Dayton in the middle of the night." Al laughed. "Shut up, Al," we said.

Eventually, we found Oxford, Ohio. Donna checked in, at Western College, the girls' school she attended, and the rest of us went over to the residence hall they maintain for boys who come to visit the girls there. (Take note, Wellesley, Simmons, Chandler). The next day, we started back, after getting Donna's roommate to buy us plenty of liquor with her phony I.D. Bidding Oxford, Ohio, a fond farewell, we settled down for the long trip. "Let's go back through Missouri," said Al. "I can add that as another state." "Shut up, Al," we said.

The trip back was fairly uneventful. We enjoyed the American landscape, and thought of our forefathers, who sat at home and eked out a living in the factories, and who would never have been crazy enough to set out on such an expedition, even if they had had expressways and HoJos in the last century.

We stopped in Wheeling again, because Al wanted to see if they had flush toilets in the Appalachian poverty region. He observed that they indeed had flush toilets, and spent most of Western Pennsylvania marvelling at the "Great Society" which was before us. Jack and I, both card-carrying YRs, caught up on our sleep.

"Observe," said Al, as we drove over a mountain in Pennsylvania, "trucks travel uphill slower and down faster. I wonder, is it weight, wheel size or both? What if we had an empty truck? Now from freshman physics..." "Shut up, Al" we said.

We spent the rest of the trip creating "new" verses to the songs we heard on the radio. I can't wait for Spring Vacation - the open road, grass roots America - oh, what the hell! I think I'll stay here and sleep.
THE OLD BOARD WELCOMES

NEW MANAGING BOARD

left to right,
Mike Levine,
*General Manager*
Kim Thurston,
*Business Manager*
Charles Deber,  
*Editor*
Bob Pindyck,  
*Managing Editor*

OLD BOARD

BOB PILON  
KIM THURSTON  
BOB PINDYCK  
BILL DEL HAGEN

ROBBY TAYLOR  
MIKE LEVINE  
KEITH PATTERTON  
BOB CALVERT  
JOHN MARSHALL
THE NEW ABOARD

NEW SENIOR BOARD

left to right,
John Marshall,
Publicity Coordinator
Maury Scherer,
Art Consultant

Norm Rubin,
Senior Editor
Keith Patterson,
Features Editor

NEW JUNIOR BOARD

LEVENSON  SIMON RODE BORSHER SEDLIN  NOLAN
MOORE  KULECK CALVERT  ELLIS WARE
STUMPP HIRSCHFELD

(Incidentally, this is what happened five seconds later.)

PHOTOS BY ART KALOTKIN
AND NOW EGYPT'S FAVORITE QUIZ SHOW, "YOU BET YOUR ASS!!"

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AND NOW EGYPT'S FAVORITE QUIZ SHOW, "YOU BET YOUR ASS!!"
Boy to roomie: This girl you'll be taking is a person of many and varied aspects.
Roomie: That's all right. I've got freckles myself.

One partner said to another, "I took our new stenographer out last night for a gay party. I hate to say this, but she makes better love than my wife does. Why don't you take the stenographer out tonight?"
The partner did, and next morning he was asked, "How was she?"
"Fine — but not better than your wife."

A schoolteacher lived for nothing but the respect of her pupils. She would never get into compromising situations. She wouldn't go out with any man.
She was finally talked into a moonlight ride in a slicker's automobile. Out in the romantic night he took her in her arms and gave her a ten-minute soul kiss.
When he released her she started to cry. "How can I face my pupils tomorrow, knowing I have sinned twice?"
He said, "What do you mean twice?"
"You are going to do it again, aren't you?"

Did you hear ... they've just legalized abortions in China. Only trouble is that one hour later you feel pregnant again.

Judge, I wasn't within a mile of the place where this woman said I raped her. Anyway, I didn't rape her, she asked me to. And besides, that ain't her.

Weather forecast: "Blankets of snow, rain in sheets, bed weather."

A wealthy American spinster wanted to marry a man who had never slept with another woman. The resourceful detective agency she hired finally found him down in Australia. So after the proper negotiations, it was arranged. On the night of their wedding the spinster came from toilette into the bedroom to discover her new husband had piled all the furniture, including the bed, into the living room and the bedroom was bare to the rug. "WHY?" she asked. "Well," said her new spouse, "I never slept with a woman before, but if it's going to be anything like those kangaroos, we'll need all the space we can get!"
Little boy watching milkman’s horse: “Mister, I’ll bet you ain’t gonna get home with your wagon.”
Milkman: “Why?”
Little boy: “’Cause your horse just lost all his gasoline!”

Two strange men on a corner were watching two women approaching them. One fellow said to the other, “Here comes my wife and my mistress.”
“Funny. I was going to say the same thing.”

Dr. Richard Gordon tells, in his book called *Doctor at Large*, of the day a gawky, teen-age girl came to his office, complaining that she coughed so steadily at night she couldn’t sleep. Dr. Gordon asked her to strip, then put the stethoscope on her chest. “Now, then,” he commanded, “big breaths!” The girl nodded proudly, and agreed, “Yeth, thir: and I’m only thirteen!”
DO YOU GO FOR THE BACK ISSUES?

The further back you go, the better it gets, right? Left? Inbetween? But seriously (and that's an awful large but), the old issues of VooDoo were really funny - they make you laugh (you may have forgotten how after this issue). Fortunately, we managed to save a few for a rainy day (this is the weather issue) and they are available for a slight pecuniary compensation. Remember, girls really go for the guy who has the back issues of VooDoo, and you can have them for only 35 cents apiece.

April 63, Suffolk Downs
December 63, Black Christmas
January 64, Raw Guts
February 64, Book Cover
March 64, Motherhood
April 64, Red Issue
September 64, Summer Composite

Send your coins to: Back Dept.
VooDoo
Walker Memorial, M.I.T.
Cambridge, Mass., 02139

VOO DOO ANNOUNCES:
the contest of the century!!!
You've heard of the massive hunts for Martin Bormann, well now VooDoo has decided to launch a massive search of its own.

VooDoo's
Find Melvin Fooch
contest

How many times have you thought that that grungy tool you passed in the hall just has to be Melvin Fooch, secret identity of that Champion of the Grade Graphs, SUPERTOOL?

Aren't you positive that that smelly, obnoxious grunge down the hall is really Melvin Fooch, and that he uses his Super-Brain to score 100's on the quizzes that you can barely pass?

Now, in the interest of justice and truth, VooDoo is setting out to unmask the masked Hero.

Send the name and term address of the person who you think is secretly Supertool, or Melvin Fooch, to:

FIND MELVIN FOOCH
VOODOO
WALKER MEMORIAL
MIT

Our expert investigators will follow up your leads, hopefully unmasking the real Melvin Fooch, and giving him the recognition he deserves - mainly a trip to the showers!

NOTE to hardened VooDoo readers:
This is a real contest! It really is!! Honest!
4 kinds of icy, spicy mints

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...still only 5¢