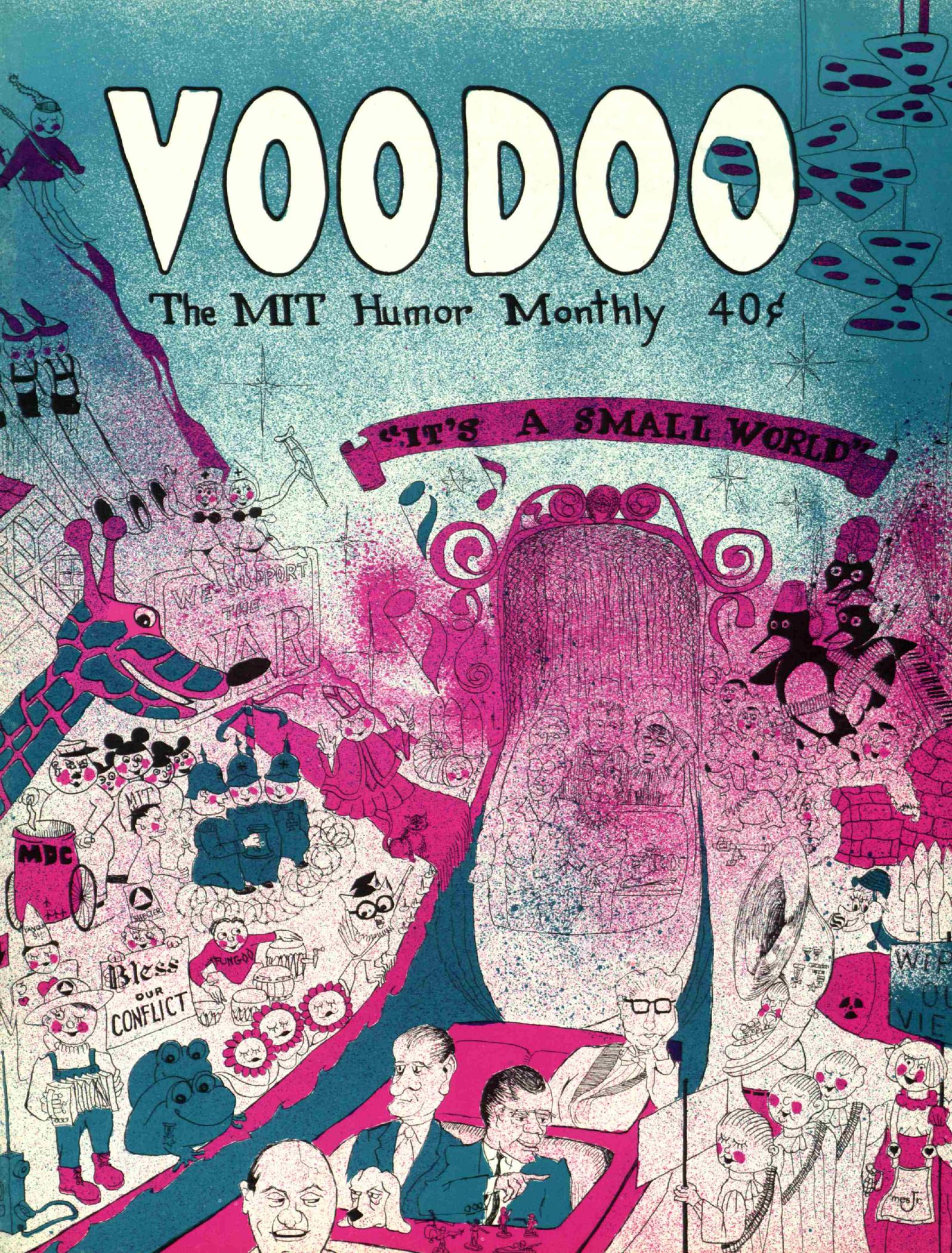


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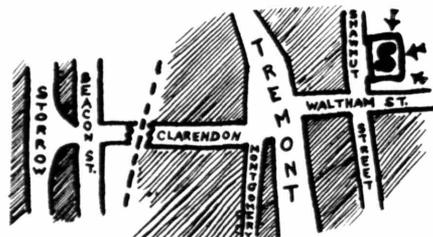
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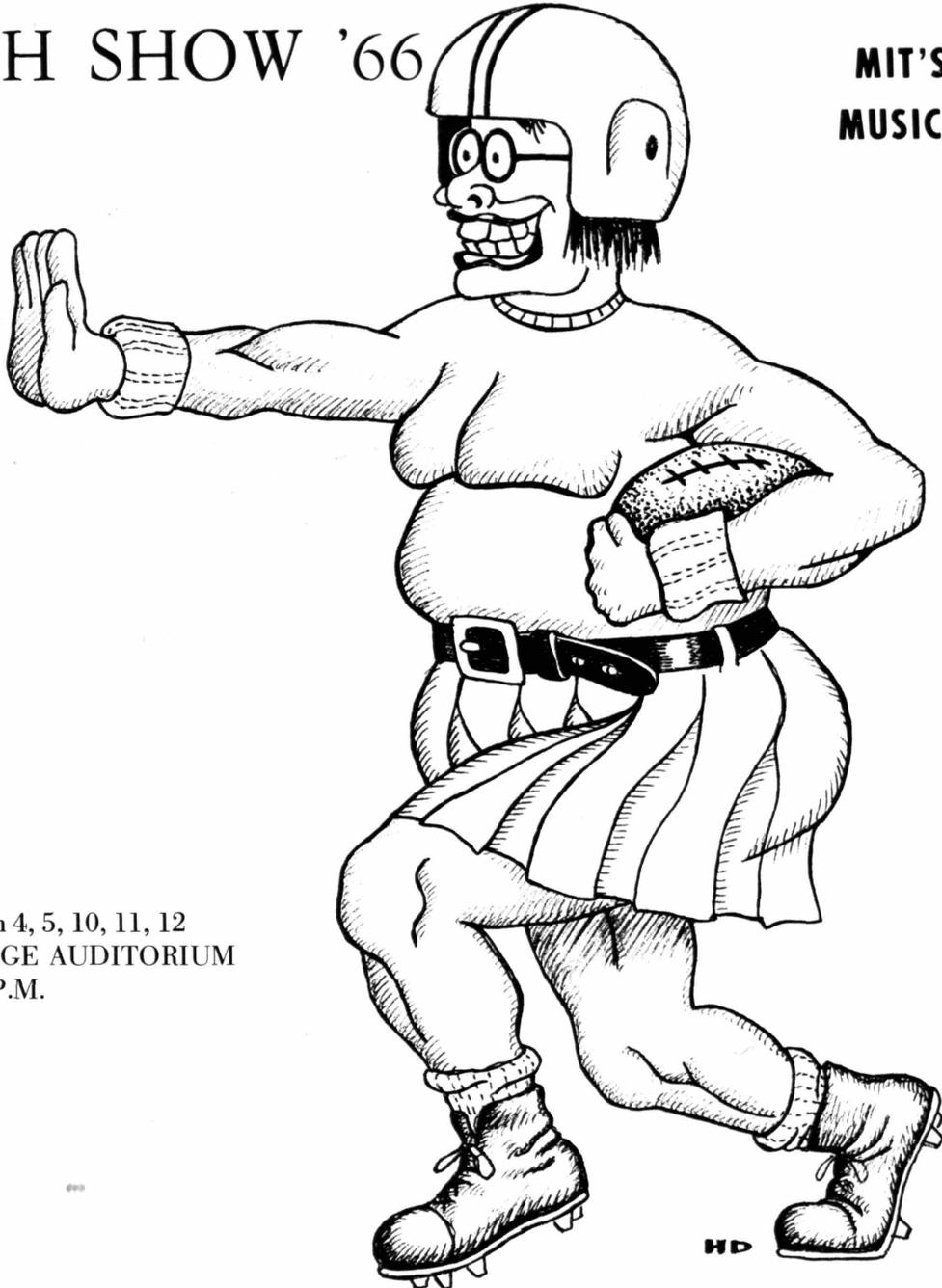
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VOL. 49

VOODOO

NO. 5

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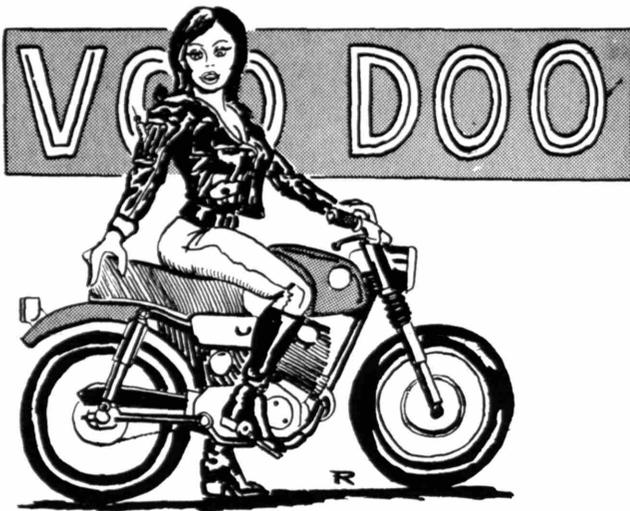
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To whom it may concern: VooDoo, which is the name of the publication of which this postal information is an integral and inseparable part, as is evidenced by the name boldly emblazoned across the front cover, is spontaneously created from the basic constituents of the universe every month, (November through June, and also once per year in August only. This issue, to lapse from the general to the specific, was copyrighted February 25, 1966, by the VooDoo Managing Board, hereafter referred to as the VooDoo Managing Board, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, hereafter referred to as The Nether Realms (i.e. HELL). Our offices are located at the M.I.T. Student Center, Cambridge, Mass., and must be approached with extreme caution. We enter subscriptions as second-class mail (We hold it self-evident that all mail is not created equal) at Cambridge, Mass. 02139. Those readers sufficiently demented to desire an eight-issue subscription are required to remit a sum of \$3 or \$69, the latter being the case in Pago Pago and its territories. Any similarity between a character portrayed herein and any actual person living, dead, or in any intermediate stage is obviously intentional and is clearly sufficient grounds for a lawsuit. All opinions expressed in this magazine are those of god himself and do not necessarily reflect the viewpoints of mere mortals.



For all of you who missed it, *VooDoo* would like to relay the following Valuable Fact of the Week, gleaned from the "Law" section of the January 21 edition of *Time* magazine: For what it's worth, it seems that the age of consent in Delaware is *seven* — that's right, *seven*, not seventeen.



Ever wonder if that computer-matching of dates really is effective? So did the guy who runs the thing — so one day he and the girl he was going steady with decided to give it a try. They were pretty serious about each other, so they each fed in their vital facts. Sure enough, they were matched up. Fine. But the guy had to take a trip to promote his computer service, and the girl started to get lonely. So . . . she phoned one of the other guys she was matched with. Now the guy can point to another marriage from the casebook of his services. That guy, incidentally, that guy was *VooDoo's* Business Manager last year.

Maybe somebody sent the real *New York Times* a copy of our last issue, *Noo Yawk Times*. Probably it was us. Well, anyway, loyal readers will recall that two major articles were, "It's Just Terrible In Red China These Days" and, "Are Eric The Red, Dorothy Kilgallen . . . etc. Alive in Argentina?" Well, in the *Sunday Times* mag which appeared shortly after our issue, an article concerning difficulties in present-day India appeared, and right at the outset was this sentence: "It's just terrible in New Delhi these days." Then, in last Sunday's book review section, the very first review on the front page, on Auchincloss' "Embezzler" contained as its first sentence: "Henry James is not alive in Argentina." *Somebody* at the *Times* reads *VooDoo*. We kid you not.

Okay. Picture this. It really happened. Mrs. Jones drops by to visit one *VooDoo* staffer's mom. The staffer remembers that he has old photographs of Mrs. Jones' daughter, who's now about 22 and pretty. These were taken about 8 years ago. The staffer starts showing her the

For a while, we contemplated making this a gross issue.

But then we thought of the innocent eyes that might chance to see it; the virtuous character that might be offended by it; the paternal administrator who might reluctantly condemn it; the honorable high court that might indignantly outlaw it; the civilized nation that might vindictively go to war over it.

These weightly considerations simply could not be ignored! We realized the moral fibre of the entire universe hung in the balance. We could not falter!

Accordingly, after grave consideration, we decided the subject matter in this issue should be above repute. This issue will come to be known as the vanguard of morally enlightened humor magazines! God save the Queen! In keeping with this decision, we asked our mothers to submit the jokes for this issue.

photos, one at a time. Mrs. Jones holds them at arm's length. Says she's far-sighted and forgot her glasses. She comments on each one, i.e., "Ethel really looked cute then." "Ethel was well-endowed even in those days." Then the staffer shows her a picture of a llama, close-up, staring right out through the bars of its cage at the Bronx Zoo. Without batting an eyelash, Mrs. Jones says, "Ethel looks much better now since she had her teeth straightened." Exit one *VooDoo* staffer, biting lip, hoping for divine intervention to prevent embarrassing convulsive laughter.



While we're on the subject of last month's issue, were YOU one of the few people in the universe who didn't walk up to a *VooDoo* staffer and ask, "Hey, who was that girl in the Madeinform bra ad?" "Did you guys pose that picture?" Yes, we did, and she really posed, and if you still don't believe it, the same pert young lady appears as Doll of the Month in this issue. So skip the next *VooDooing* and ogle at the pictures.

At least someone reads *VooDoo* diligently. One Course VI-2 sophomore was so impressed with our last issue (*Noo Yawk Times*) that he felt the need to put his feelings on paper and send them to Dean Wadleigh. We reprinted parts of his letter below so that the rest of our readers might be given a better awareness of what it is that they are reading.

"I am writing you concerning *VooDoo* Magazine, published by members of the MIT community. Since coming to the Institute last year I have become increasingly alarmed by its contents and by the permissive attitude of the administration in allowing *VooDoo's* editors such unrestrained expression of their base values.

"... *VooDoo* has ignored with fantastic candor the responsibility incumbent upon itself to set editorial standards and policies consistent with the moral and ethical values upon which our society is based.

"MIT has set herself to the betterment of mankind. Those of you in responsible positions have been heard repeatedly to say that the Institute considers the task of producing responsible men and women . . . of equal importance to the task of educating technically competent scientists and engineers. *VooDoo* is incompatible with this concept. *VooDoo* is an affront to the integrity of every self-respecting member of the MIT community . . . I would like to draw your attention to some of the more objectionable pieces, excerpted from the January issue . . . (censored) . . . This kind of writing is in extremely poor taste, and is most offensive to the refinement of any cultured person . . ."

Mr. Stanley _____ (his last name is too obscene to print) goes on in great length in asking that we "up our standards". Our reply to Stanley is "Up yours."



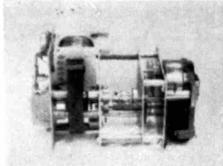
Of course you've heard of M.I.T. ! I came here expecting a paradise and what happens? All one can find here are secretaries — blech! Crumby, inky-fingered females — all with the same idea. WHO NEEDS IT?? Where are the brilliant M.I.T. males? These men have hidden themselves from the charms and eager eyes of conniving females who've come here for *feast* and have

found *nothing* but *famine*!! Sometimes while walking by a lab I denote male voices — bah — hallucinations! They are hiding in their test-tubes, preserving themselves in formaldehyde, talking to computers and winding themselves up in the spirals of their notebooks. What am I to do? A poor, flustered, inky-fingered secretary — I'll wait for the test-tubes to break, the formaldehyde to spill, the computers to stop computing, and the spirals to unspiral, but in the meantime, I'm going to try to wash off *this ink*!!

Submitted by:
The girl in 26-328

SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

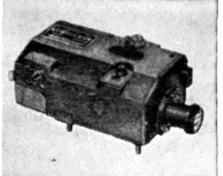




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Stouffer's INTER-STORE CORRESPONDENCE



TO: STORE Fred Grotheer

FROM: STORE Donald Sarstedt

ATTENTION OF:

DATE: August 13, 1965

REFERENCE: Beaver Patties

As a dues-paying member of the National Wildlife Society, I am writing to question the practice of putting "beaver patties" on the menu for the Student Center.

The beaver is one the most industrious and likable of animals, content to merely build dams and float about in mountain lakes. Webster defines him as "an ambitious rodent". He does not invade farmers' chicken coops, nor does he trespass into suburban flower gardens.

In conclusion, he is too noble a beast to be bumped off and ground up to provide a snack for some guitar-playing slide-rule type, whose feet are probably dirty. An "ersatz beaver patty", using the hamburger upon which the foundation of American civilization is based, would be the answer is this situation, in our judgement.

TO: Don Sarstedt

PROM: Fred Grotheer

Aug. 17, 1965

REFERENCE: Communication 8/13/65.

Your point is well taken, BUT--- I point as reference to the "Golden Bough" and other scientific works in the fields of religion, pseudo-religion, mysticism, and magic.

It is an ancient point of reference that the eating of the strength of one's enemy or friend endows the eater with that strength. (i.e.- Captain Cook, the Mau Mau, Voodoo, etc.). Therefore, acknowledging all the virtues of the beast it is but right and fitting that he be eaten, that the, as you call them, "guitar playing, slide rule types" may be endowed with the strength of this noble animal.

Appeal denied.

BARF!!
What a gross
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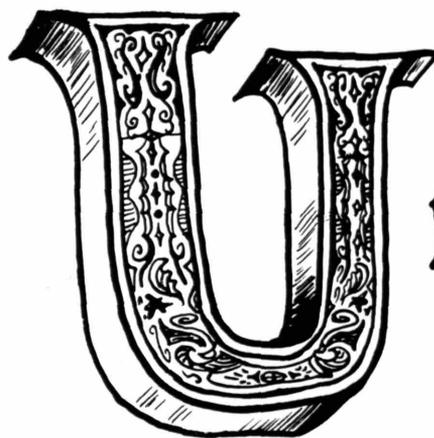
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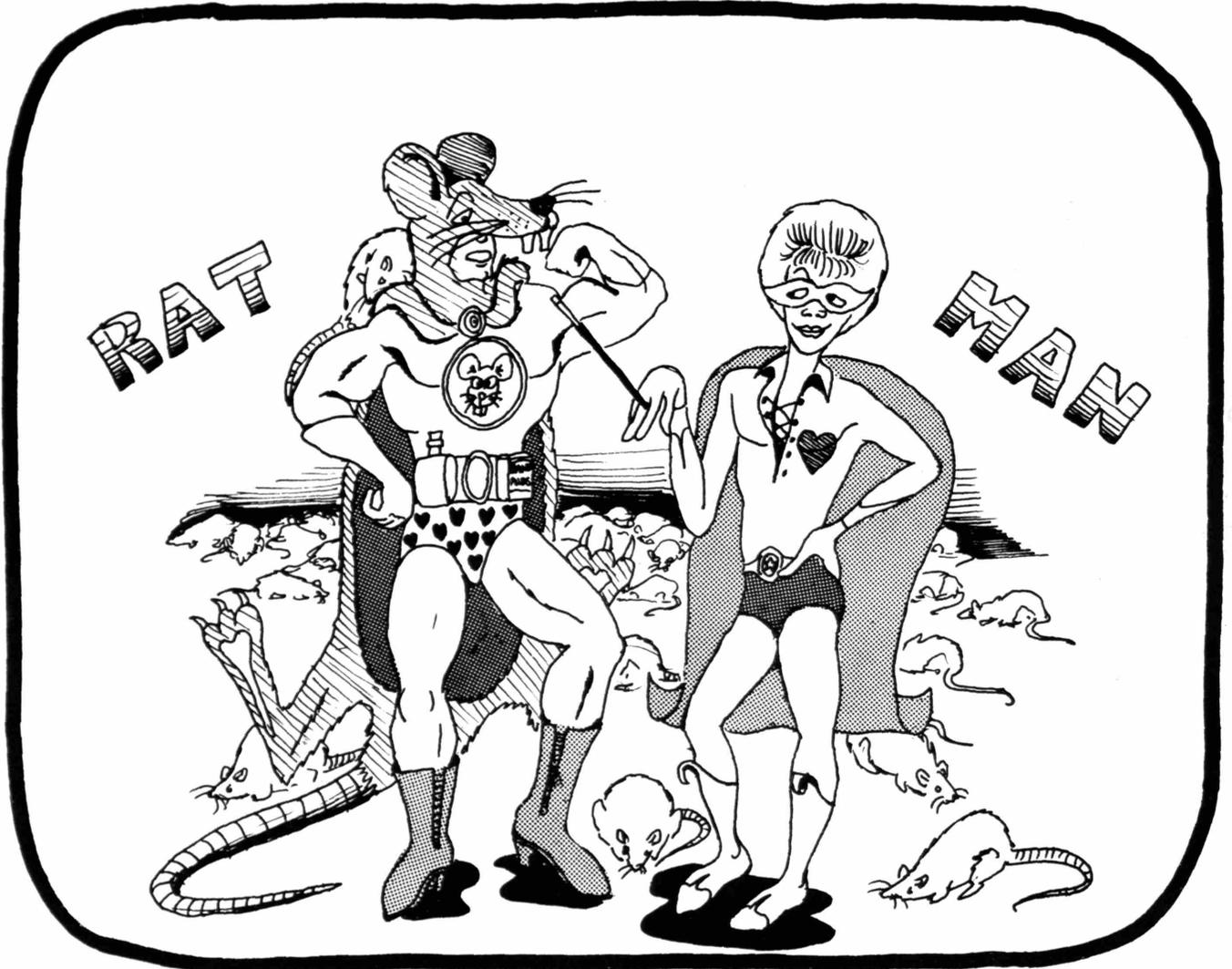


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It is dark. As you and your date sit hypnotically glued in front of the TV set (your fun-loving roommate put Epoxy on your chair) a growing realization dawns on you – the TV set isn't turned on (although you are, you horny devil, you). You leap from your chair (thereby cleverly ripping the seat out of your trousers) and rush to the set, hands eagerly twitching in anticipation of the thrill to come. Softly, sensuously, you caress the knobs (of the TV set, you dirty-minded rascal) and flick the switch. Suddenly, a wild insistent beat fills the air, and the screen surges to life with pictures of slam-bang action. As your tortured brain recovers from the insistent pounding of the manic rhythm of the theme music, you realize that it's that time of week again – time for



another filthy story by D. F. Nolan and Bob Pindyck
photography by Mike Meyers

SYNOPSIS: As you well remember, at the end of yesterday's exciting episode Ratman and Wobin had been drugged into a state of utter insensibility by the evil Doctor Goldthundervitch, secret agent for the Communist Party, SMERSH, UNESCO, and the Salvation Army. They had been chained to a conveyor belt, and were about to be devoured by the evil Doctor's horrendous egg salad machine, which is part of his plot to flood the world with rancid egg salad and thus cause a great depression by undermining people's faith in the egg

salad industry, which is the mainstay of such giant industrial production centers as Brisbane, Utah, South Bhramanesia, and Central Square. Today, however, they have somehow miraculously managed to return to the Rat Nest, Ratman's secret super-scientific citadel, hidden beneath the gigantic NORAD complex inside Mount Cheyenne. At the moment, the dynamic duo are discussing Ratman's recently acquired case of crabs. Gosharootie, what excitement!

WOBIN: Holy Thunderturtles Ratman! What are you going to do with all those crabs. I've never seen so many crabs!

RATMAN (removing a large crab from his pocket): That's it Wobin! That's how we'll solve the mystery!

WOBIN: Huh? What mystery! I don't understand!

RATMAN: Which word didn't you understand, Wobin?

WOBIN: The crabs. The crabs Ratman. What are we going to do with the crabs? All those crabs. What are we going to do with all those crabs? I mean, so many crabs. What are we . . .

RATMAN: Shaddup, stupid. We're going to use them to catch the Cat, and his Phalanx of Foul Felines, America's most formidable foes.

WOBIN: But why Ratman? What's wrong with the Cat? Tell me Ratman, tell me!

RATMAN: If you weren't so stupid, my lovely lavender lad, you'd realize that the Cat is from South America.

WOBIN: So how are we gonna catch the Cat, Ratman? How are we gonna use all of those crabs to catch the Cat? Huh, Ratman?

RATMAN (hauling off and slugging Wobin): How many times do I gotta tell you to shaddup, Wobin. Huh, Wobin? I mean how many times Wobin? I mean how many times do I have to tell you to shaddup, Wobin, huh?



WOBIN (timidly): But Ratman . . .

RATMAN: Shaddup Wobin. Now listen, here's what we're gonna do. We're gonna put miniature radio transmitters in each of the crabs, and then let them all loose in Gotcha City. Then, when the Cat, being a fancier of seafood, catches one, we'll be able to trace him to his lair.

WOBIN: Leaping liverwurst, Ratman! What a great idea! Only one thing, though — how will we know *which* crab the Cat has captured?

RATMAN: Shaddup, Wobin! How many times do I gotta tell you to shaddup? You want another "Biff" in the mouth, huh?

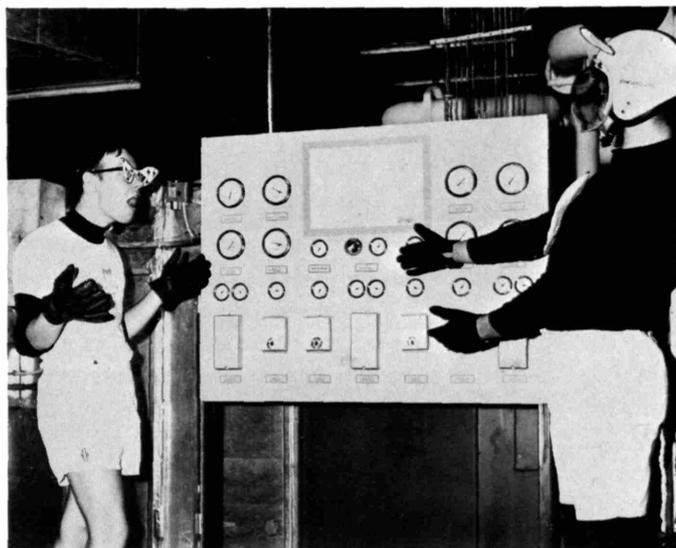
WOBIN: No, not particularly, Ratman. But how are we going to tell . . .

"BIFF!"

RATMAN: We'll use my super-selective logarithmic differential analyzer.

WOBIN: Sufferin' Succotash, Ratman! Why didn't I think of that?

RATMAN: Because you're stupid, that's why. Now, if you'll just help me stuff these crabs . . .



Meanwhile, Ratman's villainous foe, The Cat, is sitting in the sensuous splendor of his plush palatial pad, contemplating his career of crime and planning perfidiously. Currently in progress is a petrifying plot to steal the brand-new \$14,000,000 Gotcha City Baseball Stadium, and use it as a warehouse for stolen European art treasures. For, as The Cat explained to one of his aides, "It's the only air-conditioned building in the world large enough to hold all the paintings I've stolen." At the moment, The Cat is having a conference with his constant companion, Miss Puddy Tat.

THE CAT: Well, my fine feline friend — tonight we make our move, and by tomorrow, the Gotcha City Stadium will be ours. We'll have a ball — get it, baby? A ball? As in baseball? Get it, huh? Pretty clever, hun, baby?

PUDDY TAT: Gee, Mister Cat — you're so cool. Cool Cat — get it? Pretty clever, huh?

THE CAT: Shaddup, Puddy Tat. You looking for a "Biff" in the whiskers, huh? Or maybe a "Pow" or a "Wham" maybe? *I'm* the only one allowed to make

puns around here. After all, *I'm* the world's greatest cat-burglar, not you.

PUDDY TAT: That's why they call you The Cat, right?

THE CAT: No; they call me The Cat 'cause I'm from South America, and you know how Ratman feels about South America.

PUDDY TAT (backing off warily): Yeah. So tonight we're going to send the ten billion pigeons with grappling hooks over to steal the Gotcha City Stadium, and fly it away to our hideout in South America, huh? Didja remember to have the pigeons painted black, so they won't be seen flying at night?

THE CAT: Of course I did. Whaddaya think I am, an idiot or something? It'll work perfectly; nobody will see the pigeons, because they'll be flying in disguise. Get it, baby — *disguise — da skies?* Hoo boy am I clever! I'm so clever I sometimes even frighten *me!*

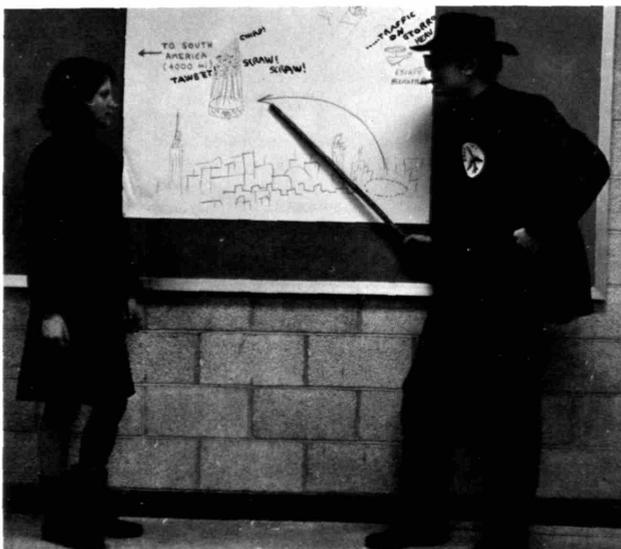
PUDDY TAT: You certainly are, Mister Cat. Just the other day, I was saying to one of my friends, "That Cat Man — he's astute." Get it, Cat — HOLY WATERMELONS, MISTER CAT! Look outside the window! There's a whole bunch of CRABS running around out there. I've never seen so many crabs! What are we going to do about all those crabs? You want I should catch them for you? I know how you feel about crabs.

THE CAT: Nah. They've got radio units hidden under their shells, sending back signals to Ratman's super-selective logarithmic differential analyzer, hidden in the Rat's Nest under the NORAD complex inside Mount Cheyenne. If we catch them, he'll follow the signals and find us!

PUDDY TAT: Gosh, Mister Cat — how do you know that?

THE CAT: I'm clever, that's how; I know how Ratman operates. Besides, I peeked at the script for this week's episode. Why don't you take those crabs down to City Hall and leave them in the Mayor's office? That'll fool Ratman for sure!

* * * * *



That night, The Cat's trained pigeons lift the Gotcha City Stadium, and disappear into the night, flying off in da skies, headed for South America. All that is left behind is a pigeon-dropping-spattered fragment of the sign which formerly hung over the entrance, now forlornly proclaiming the single word "Gotcha." Ratman and Wobin are sitting in the Rat's Nest, when the phone rings.

WOBIN: Ratman! Ratman! The phone's ringing. Why don'tcha answer it! Huh, Ratman? Why don'tcha answer the phone, Ratman, huh?

RATMAN: Answer it yourself, Wobin. You know how I feel about phones.

WOBIN: All right, Ratman. Anything you say, Ratman. *Wobin answers the phone.* It's for you, Ratman! It's the MAYOR! He's screaming something about *crabs!* You don't suppose . . .

RATMAN: Shaddup, Wobin, and gimme the phone . . . Hello, Mayor Lindley. Whaddaya mean, you've got my crabs? How do you know they're mine? Because of the radio transmitters under their shells which say "Property of Ratman," huh? I see. Well, Wobin and I will be right over. Say, Mayor, how did you know my phone number? The city has a listing of all the phone booths in the area, huh? I see. Well, 'bye now. . . . Wobin, we've simply got to get our own phone. It's very inconvenient having the phone man come in every month to collect the dimes; we keep running out of change all the time, and this business of having the city know our number is just the end. Face it, Wobin, a pay phone just isn't very high-class!

The final scene takes place in the office of Gotcha City's suave sophisticated urbane young Mayor, John Lindley.

MAYOR LINDLEY: Ratman, what the hell are all these crabs doing in my office? I've never seen so many crabs! All these crabs — in *my* office! Haven't you got anything better to do than put crabs in my office? Here we had the new \$14,000,000 Gotcha City Baseball Stadium stolen last night, and the city has been blanket-ed with something that seems to be pigeon droppings, and all you do is give me crabs! Some "Masked Protector of Justice" *you* are. What's the meaning of this!

RATMAN: Well . . . we had hoped that The Cat would catch the crabs. I mean, I thought as long as I had crabs, we could use them on the pussy. No, I mean — oh, never mind.

MAYOR LINDLEY: Well, whatever you meant, I don't care. Just take your crabs and get out! There's a summons for you at the front desk.

RATMAN: What for?

MAYOR LINDLEY: Peddling crabs without a license.

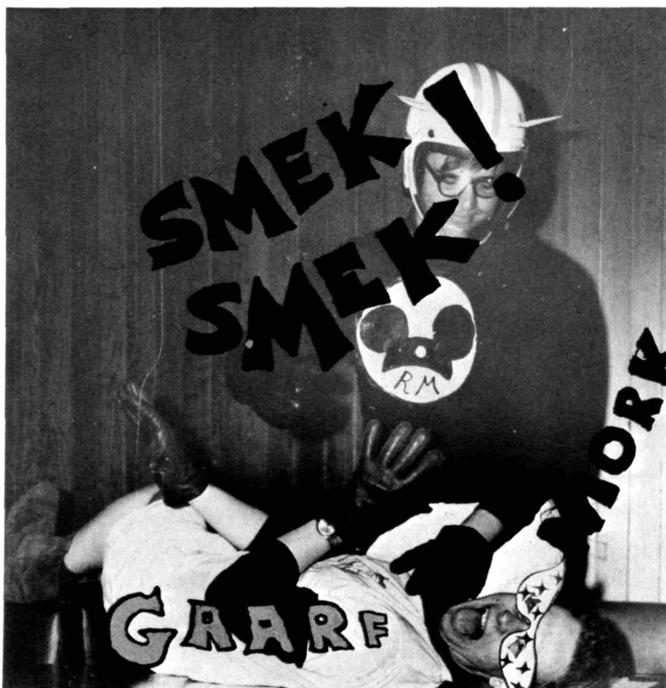


Now *get out!* I have to declare an emergency, and order all city streetcleaners to report for work immediately. We can't have this pigeon crap all over the sidewalks forever. *(Phone rings)*. Hello? General Stone from the NORAD complex? You spotted ten billion *what* on your radar screen last night? Carrying what looked like the Stadium? Very funny! Who is this really, anyhow? *(Slams down phone)*. Boy, the nut calls you get in this place.

RATMAN (now outside the Mayor's office, and looking depressed about the \$100 fine he has received for peddling crabs without a license): Well, Wobin, I guess we better go home and change into our streetcleaners' outfits. You heard what the Mayor said. Besides — we have to earn our living, same as anybody else. This Ratman stuff is great for weekends, but no go on Monday.

WOBIN: Right, Ratman! Maybe we'll get paid overtime, huh? Just one thing, Ratman; I figured out our mistake in trying to use the crabs to catch The Cat. RATMAN: Oh, yeah? What was it?

WOBIN: We should have used lobsters — after all, nobody in his right mind is going to want to catch crabs. "BIFF!"



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SING OUT!, 165 W. 46 St., N.Y., N.Y. Dept. V

A Tech coed looked up from her books and asked her roommate, "Say, what do you know about the French syntax?"

"Gee, I didn't know they had to pay for their fun."



The newlyweds were honeymooning at the seashore. As they walked arm in arm along the beach the young groom looked poetically out to sea and cried:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!"

His bride gazed at the water for a moment and then in a hushed tone gasped, "Oh, Bob, it's doing it."



Judge: Young man, you've been accused of stealing a lady's petticoat.

Young Man: But judge, it was my first slip.



What brings tears to the eyes of a Student Politician's mother?

Her son being fitted for his first jockstrap.

Maria's Tea Room
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How many student politicians does it take to pull off a kidnaping?

Five. One to catch the victim and four to write the ransom note.



"And now, gentlemen," said the "Liberal" Congressman addressing his colleagues from the floor of the House, "I want to tax your memory."

"My God!" muttered an even more "Liberal" crony, "Why didn't I think of that?"



Mary lay moaning in labor. "Oh, Lord, why me? Why me? You know how I hate children." The clouds part, the sky trembles, and the heavens resound, "You turn me on!"



The English language is a funny thing. Tell her that time stands still when you look into eyes, and she'll adore you. But just try telling her that her face would stop a clock!

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A man wandered into a bar, and proceeded to order a drink. While consuming his liquid refreshment, he looked around the room, and noticed a woman in her late twenties seated at a booth in the rear, and with her, a large white duck. After a few minutes, he found himself unable to resist any longer and walked over to the booth and spoke. "Excuse me," he said, "but I just can't help but wondering — what are you doing with that pig?" The young woman looked at him coldly, and replied, "Pig? Are you blind or something? This isn't a pig — it's a duck." Our hero then returned her icy look tenfold, and replied in his most lofty manner, "I was *talking* to the duck."



What is a Student Politician marriage proposal?
"You're going to have a what?"



Why do nuns travel in pairs?
One nun goes with the other nun to make sure the one nun doesn't get none!



They thought the nurse had drowned, but they found her under the dock.



How can you tell if a Student Politician has class?
The words in his tattoo are spelled correctly.



The young couple were out swimming, and while floating serenely in the water, the girl remarked that all that would be necessary to complete her happiness would be a cigarette. Upon hearing this, the boy reached into the pocket of his bathing suit and produced a prophylactic, in which he had cleverly cached two cigarettes and a light. The girl, immensely impressed with his ingenuity, went to the drugstore the next day with the idea in mind of purchasing some of the ersatz cigarette cases. When asked by the druggist "What size?" she replied without thinking, "Oh, large enough for a Camel."



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In brief, this is Elaine Sylvester. You might recognize her. She appeared in the last issue with no blouse on, you know. That's probably why you recognize her.

You might wonder why she did that. Well, Elaine has a lot of cour-



**VOODOO'S DOLL
OF THE MONTH**



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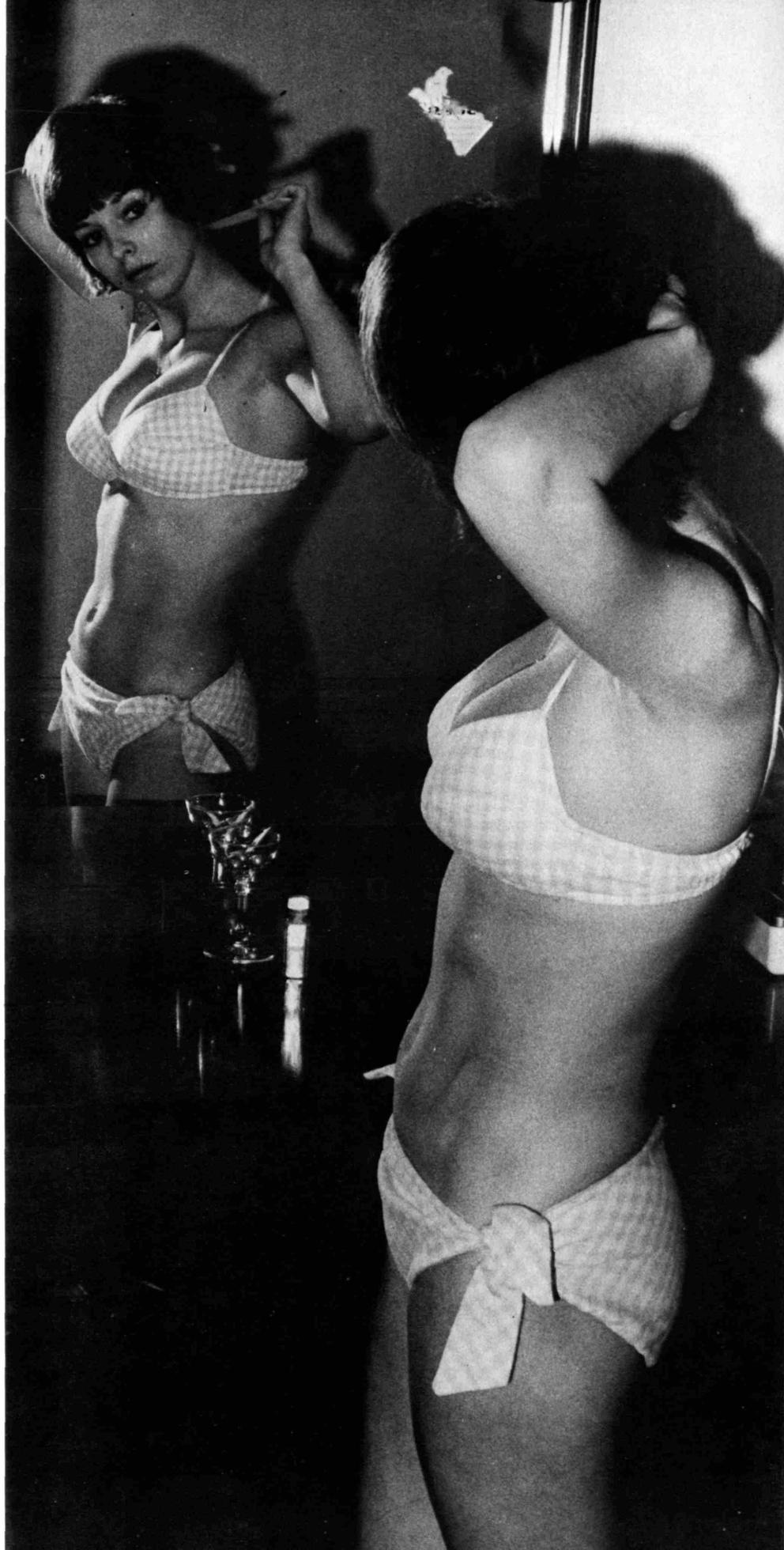


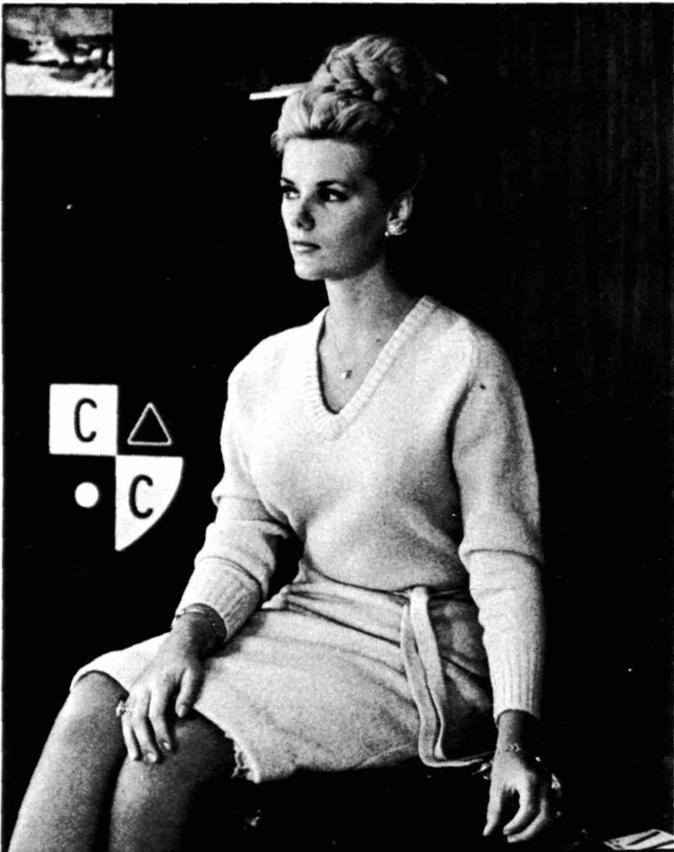
age. We think there is a lot of hope for America's future with bold women like Elaine living here. Besides that, she used to be a professional brassiere model.

When asked how she liked working as a brassiere model, Elaine didn't say anything because we never asked her.

Now to get down to brass tacks. Elaine went to school, is between 0 and 100 years old, may or may not have pets (some of which may or may not be her favorite pets), is very interested in some of her interests, drinks beer, and is about to be indoctrinated into that pink fuzzy-warm state of Bunnyism at the soon-to-open Boston Playboy Club. This is logical, for Elaine was born to be seen.

And when we see Elaine, that old cliché, "too many chiefs and not enough Indians," seems to take on new meaning. We are still trying to figure out just what the hell that new meaning is, though. Maybe its something about a Maidenform bra?





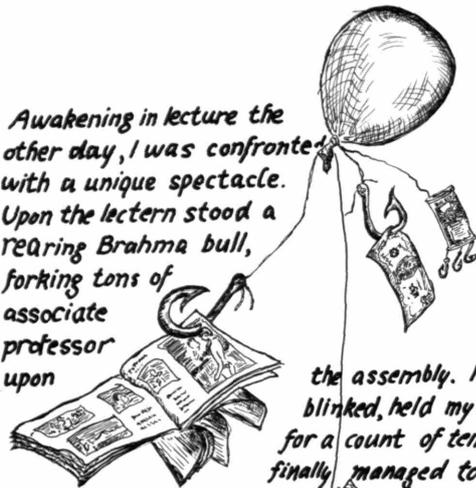
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Awakening in lecture the other day, I was confronted with a unique spectacle. Upon the lectern stood a rearing Brahma bull, forking tons of associate professor upon



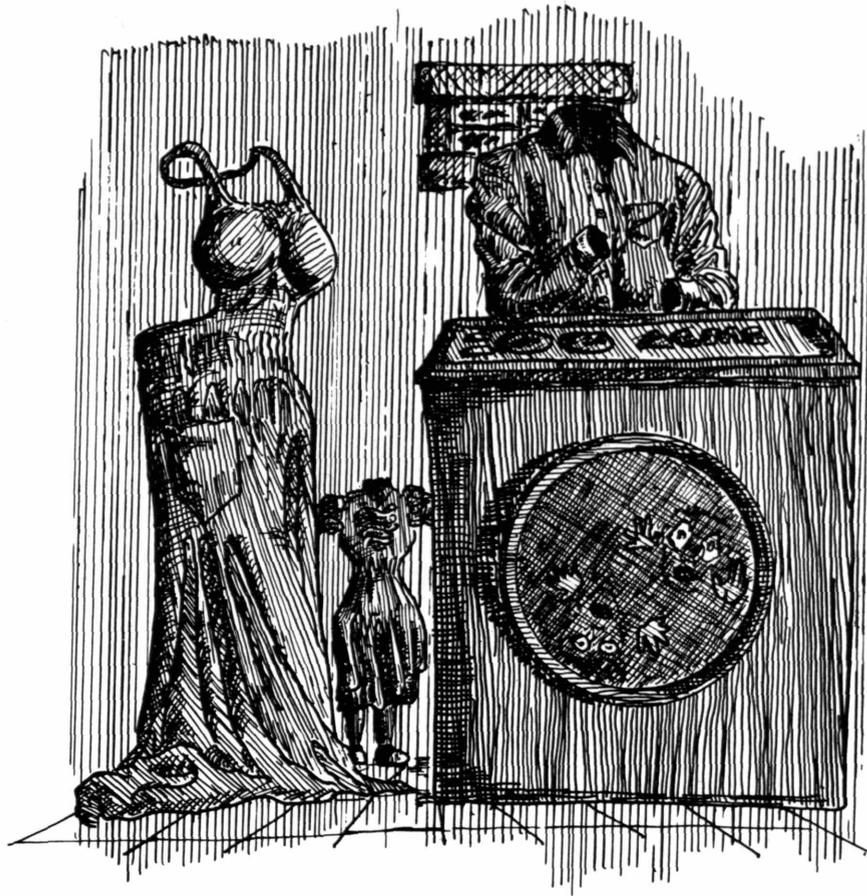
the assembly. I gasped, blinked, held my breath for a count of ten, and finally managed to restore

normalcy. But began to ask myself.... what would it be like to have most two person actions with the roles reversed? Variations on "Man bites dog." Literally a whole new world opens up. A world of beagles pulling presidential ears, of horses betting on the people races, of little old ladies on Beacon Hill keeping college students awake late at night. But here, on the next few pages are a few glimpses of eht gnizama dlrow fo



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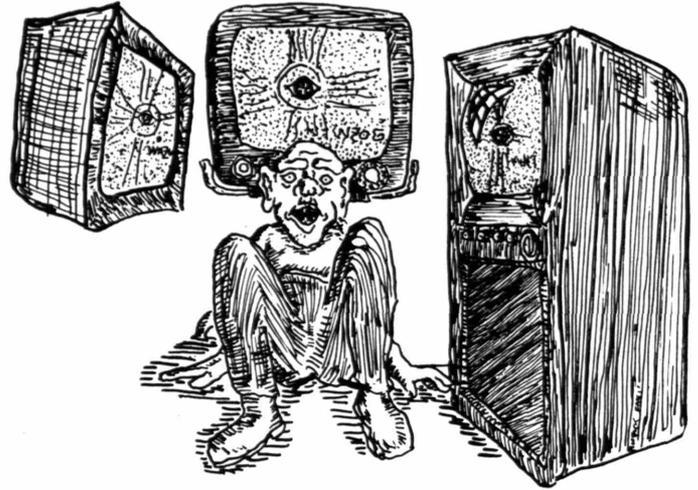
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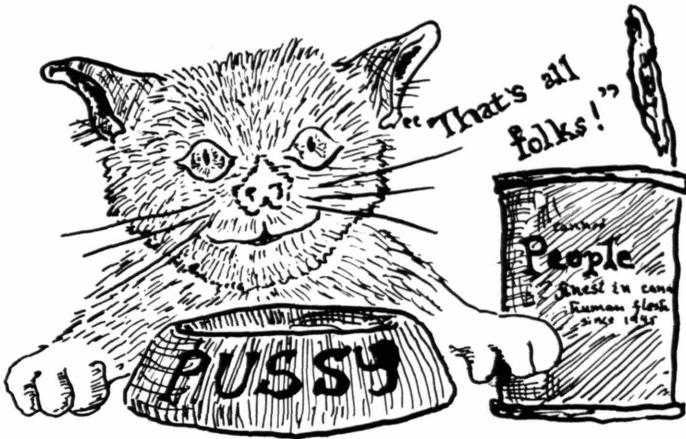
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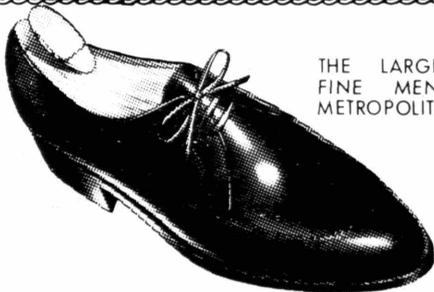
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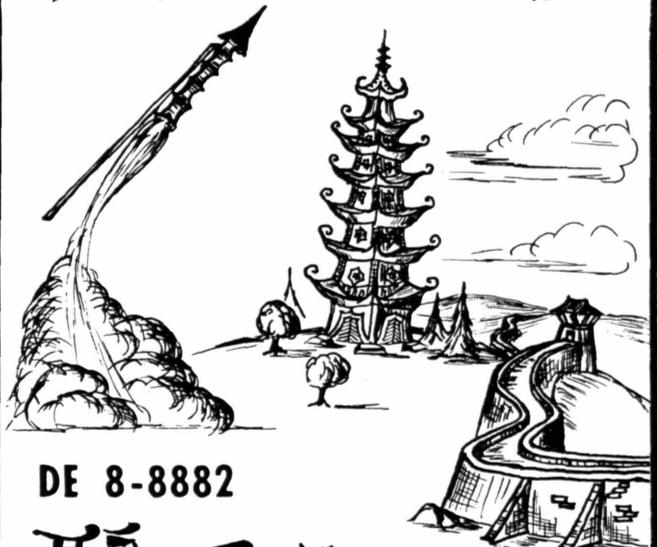
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And some of them are grand.



A drunk was doing his best to spear an olive with a toothpick at a bar. Time after time the olive eluded him. Finally a man nearby became annoyed, took the toothpick and said, "This is the way to do it," and speared the olive on the first try.

"Sure, sure," replied the drunk, "after I got him so tired he couldn't get away."



What is the most difficult decision a Student Politician must make when he is invited to a formal party?

Whether to wear his red sox or green sox.



He took his little dreamboat out in the fog and mist.



He chased his girlfriend up a tree and caught her between the limbs.



The farmer couldn't keep his hands off his wife, so he fired them both.



What do you call 28 Student Politicians in a swimming pool?

The Bay of Pigs.



"I'm going to have a little one."
Said the gal, gay and frisky;
But the boy friend up and fainted
Before he knew that she meant whiskey.

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FEBRUARY 7, 1966.

Congressman Suggests Scaring Foe Into Defeat

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6 (AP)—Bombs will not defeat the North Vietnamese a Republican congressman said today, but showering them with bad-luck symbols, dyeing their rice green and otherwise tormenting them psychologically might do it.

Representative Craig Hosmer of California thinks plastic models of dogs, women and the ace of spades, all symbols of misfortune to the Vietnamese, should be dropped in large quantities.

Such tactics might "create enough misery, anxiety, wretchedness and distress in the minds of the North Vietnamese people to induce an intense general annoyance with the war," he said.

Mr. Hosmer outlined his plan in a speech prepared for delivery in the House tomorrow but offered for publication tonight.

He said United States strategists should take into consideration the ignorance and superstition of the North Vietnamese in efforts to dissuade them from carrying on the war.

Spades until the 9th, but by that time we knew we had 'em licked, and it was really just a mopping-up operation.

I don't know why nobody thought of it before, but we'd had the Ultimate Weapon all along, and just didn't realize it. It really saddens me when I think of all the American boys whose lives were lost back before Representative Hosmer came up with his great idea. All those months spent dropping bombs and toting guns — and all along, the answer was so simple. I mean, now that you stop to think about it, it's really surprising that nobody thought of it sooner.

I guess you have to be somebody pretty clever to come up with an idea like Hosmer's — that's probably why they built that big Hosmer Memorial Plastic Dog in front of the Capitol building. You know — the one with the Ace of Spades in his paw. I do kind of wish they'd made it a Scotty, though; I never was very partial to Dachshunds.

It seems funny, now, looking back on it. When Hosmer first suggested that we drop the dogs on Vietnam, there was a lot of controversy. There were a few skeptics who thought it would be a waste of time, of course, and argued that superstitious or not, the Viet Cong wouldn't be frightened off by plastic dogs and playing-cards, no matter *how* powerful a hex symbol a plastic dog (or Ace of Spades) may be to a Vietnamese. The skeptics said that asking Our Boys to fly over enemy territory carrying plastic dogs would be sheer suicide, but that pilots would refuse, and that the U.S. would look foolish trying such a stunt.

But they were an insignificant minority. The *real* argument was between the "Drop the Dogs" boys (commonly called "warhounds") and the pacifists. After all, most Americans were sharp enough to know the power of psychological warfare, and realized what horrors would result from the use of such a weapon. I mean, have you ever seen a Vietnamese who's just been exposed to a plastic dog at close range? It's not a

pretty sight. And as for one who's seen an *Ace of Spades* I don't even like to think about it.

Peaceniks from all over descended on Washington (remember the "March March on Washington"?) to beg President Johnson not to use the dogs — but Dean Rusk and Robert Welch and William Buckley and all the other "right-wing extremists" talked him into it. Walt Disney was contracted to turn out a billion dogs, ranging in size from 105 millimeters on up, and the Disney Studios were placed under guard as a top-secret installation, while the government negotiated with playing-card manufacturers for a billion Aces of Spades. The Bicycle Company finally won out, as you no doubt remember, after they offered to sell Aces without the other 51 cards; they managed to turn out a billion of the special double-sided Aces in less than a month, once they got going.

So on April 6th, the historic strike was made, and all the Viet Cong just curled up and died, and the war was over. Of course, we dropped the Aces on the 9th, just to be sure, but Ho Chi Minh was already inquiring as to surrender terms (he was subsequently overthrown by Viet Cong General Kitchee, in the famous Kitchee Coup, but that's another story).

The peaceniks still weren't satisfied, and claimed that we should have made an offshore "test drop" first, to show the Viets our strength, but it was merely an academic discussion, at that point. And every April 6th, the weirdos and beardos still picket the White House with their "Delete the Dog" signs and hand out leaflets with flaming denunciations of the "warhounds," saying "Hiroshima, Hanoi, What Next?" but nobody pays much attention.

And just recently, I read in *U. S. News* that some psychologist somewhere discovered that Russians are just *terrified* of flamingos. I wonder if there's any significance to that conference last week between the President and Walt Disney

THE DAY THEY DROPPED ... THE DOGS

I remember it well — it was a Wednesday — Wednesday April 6th, 1966. That was the day they dropped the plastic dogs on North Vietnam. They didn't drop the Ace of

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Appetizers

Fresh Fruit Cup .60	Hearts of Artichokes .45	Walrus Tusks 1.75
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Our Very Own Home-Grown Scrumptious Frankfurters, served with a Heaping Helping of our Very Own Home-Cooked Beans, served on a Plate.....	99
Tantalizing Turkey Tetrachloride, Smoothly Smothered in Sickening Surpluses of Our Very Own Serendipitous Sauce, served on a Huge Platter with a Piece of Crisp Lettuce and a Slice of Tomato and a Potato Chip So That It Covers The Whole Platter.....	99
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Piece of Mule, Lovingly Roasted in Our Own Goddam Oven, Delicately Cooked and Seasoned To the Taste of Your Choice, served with Carborundum Chips, and Dogwood Bark Delightfully Seasoned With Essence of Pomegranate.....	1.25
.....On Toast.....	1.35
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Potato, Mashed by Our Very Own Sphincters	.25
Potato, Young Idaho, Flown Here in Our Very Own Plane	.30
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Potato, Polish	.02
Broccoli ough rottin	.45
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Flower, Stupid Collie	.20
Peas In Our Very Own Pods Packed by Our Pea-Pickin Pod Packers	.10
Wild Rice	.10
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Beverages

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Precious Body Fluids	.10	Ipress File	.10
Glass of Stagnant Water	.10		
Surprise Tumbler of Charles River Water	.10		
Hot Skim Aardvark Milk	.10	Geritol	.10
Lestoil Float	.10	Hemlock Frappe	.10
Vinegar & Greaseball	.10		

Desserts

Hair Cake	.45	Nut Loaf	.45
Prairie Muffins	.45	Olives & Whipped Cream	.45
Moose Mousse	.45	Chocolate Aunts	.45
Dingleberries	.25	Vanilla Uncles	.45
Dingleberries with		Strawberry Nephews	.45
Pistachio Ice Cream	.45	Cherry Nieces	.45
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- Canadian Club Sandwich . . . Your favorite bread soaked in whiskey

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| | Wild Ryece | Budweiser Dumplings | Daiquiri Broccoli | |

Desserts

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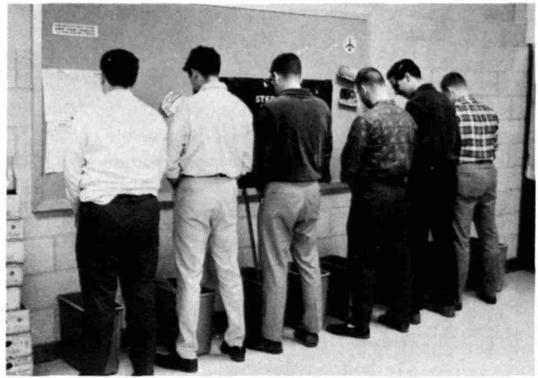
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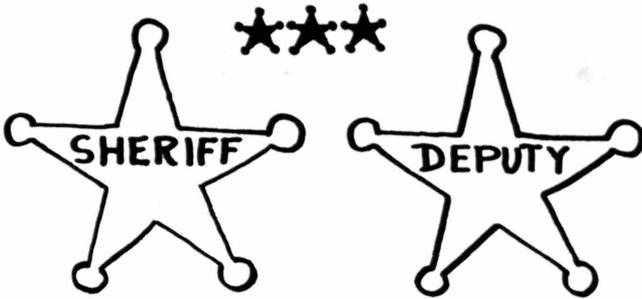
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9 times a year: Oct., thru May and once in August		
4. LOCATION OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION (Street, city, county, state, zip code)		
M.I.T. Student Center, 84 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139		
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6. NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND MANAGING EDITOR		
PUBLISHER (Name and address)		
Voo Doo Managing Board, M.I.T. Student Center, 84 Mass. Ave., Cambridge, Mass. 02139		
EDITOR (Name and address)		
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posse galore



Then there's the one about the lady sheriff who had eighty-five men in her posse.



And the one about the lady sheriff who mistakenly led her men through a forest of poison oak — two weeks later her posse broke out in a rash.



And the one about the lady sheriff who was attacked by huge sea monsters and had her posse wiped out by giant crabs.



And the one about the lady sheriff who worked part-time as a barber — once a month she shaved her whole posse.



And the one about the lady sheriff who caught thirty men with her posse.



And the lady sheriff whose deputies got trapped in a mine cave-in and she finally killed herself in despair because her posse was sealed up for good.



And we could tell you that even Wyatt Earp had a fairly big posse, but that would be un-American, wouldn't it?



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and

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Together!

By
Keith
Patterson

SUPERTOOL IS DESPERATE AFTER THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS SUPER SLIDE RULE....

SOB! A BIG 16.977J QUIZ TOMORROW! I'LL FLUNK COLD!

I MUST HELP SUPERTOOL! HE'S TOO STUPID TO HELP HIMSELF!

BUT THERE IS A POWER (MIT '87) FAR AWAY ON PLANET SLEPP 46 LOOKING AFTER OUR QUANTUM HERO

ZOWIE! ALMOST GOT ME IN MY PRECIOUS!

MIT 50

ZOT!

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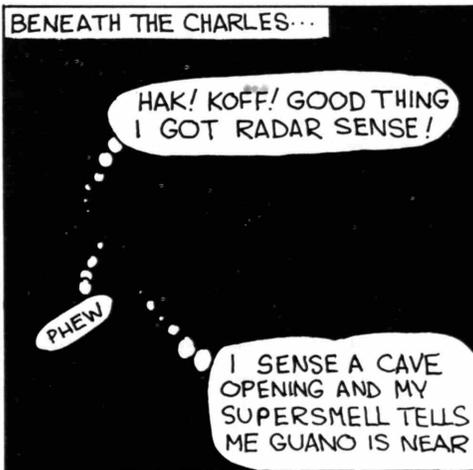
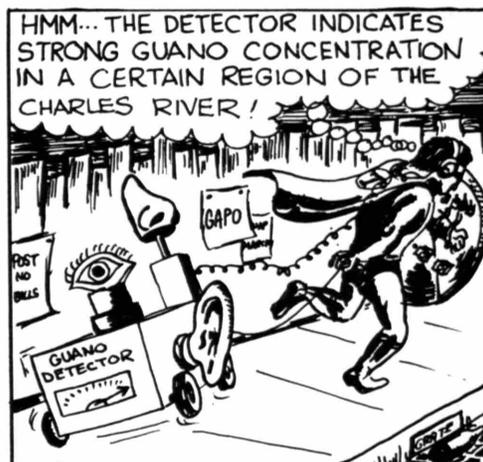
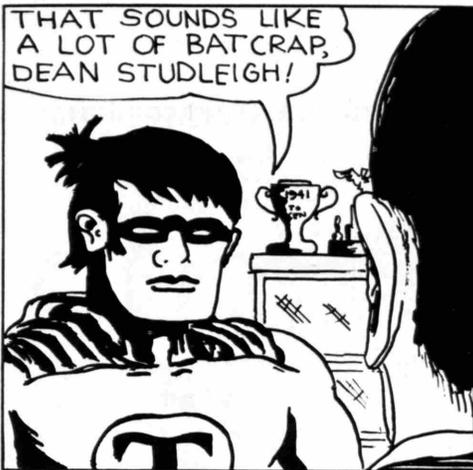
AN HOUR LATER...

LOOK, ISAAC!! A BAT SIGNAL

HE'S DISAPPEARED! AN HOUR LATE! WE CAN'T FIND PASQUALE ANYWHERE!

NEXT DAY...

I CALLED YOU HERE, S.T., BECAUSE WE BELIEVE THE DISAPPEARANCE TIED IN WITH THAT BAT SIGNAL!





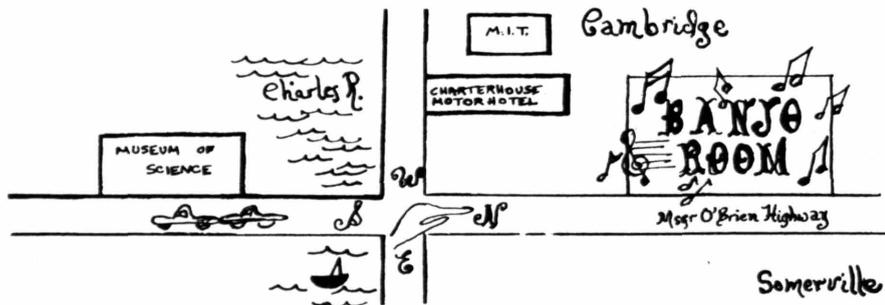
INSTITUTE SAVED!
 BATCRAP UNMASKED
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BUT WHO, GENTLE
 READER, WHO IS
 Faggot?

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*"If I gave my heart to you
Then I'd have none
And you'd have two . . ."*



What's black and white and you can see through?
A nun in a *Baggie*.



A lady we know hired a new chauffer. A few days after hiring him, she entered his room unexpectedly. "Take off my blouse," she ordered. He began to protest, but at her insistence, he did so. "Take off my skirt and my slip." "But ma'am . . ." "No back talk. Take them off. Now my bra and my pants." "Really, ma'am, this is . . ." "Quiet! I told you before to stop wearing my clothes."



Then there's the one about the negro girl who was waiting anxiously for the colored troop train to come in. Finally it arrived, but, low and behold, a white captain stepped off. "Wah Captain," she said, "Yo is white!" "Yes mam," he replied, "but I've got colored Privates." "WHY CAPTAIN!" she exclaimed, blushing, "ain't yo de fancy one!"



What is the last to leave a Student Government dance?
The Riot Squad.



What do you call a guy who doesn't leave a tip in a Chinese restaurant?
A plick.



"Your new dress looks lovely on you."
"Well natch! I was just made for this dress."
"Why didn't you hold out for a mink coat?"

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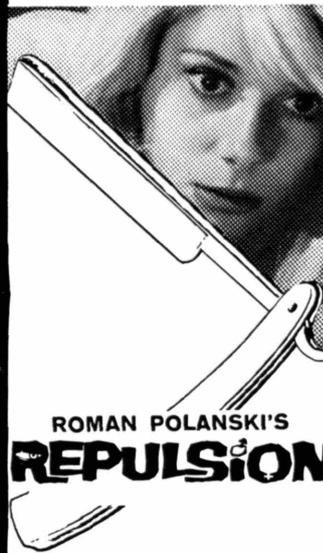
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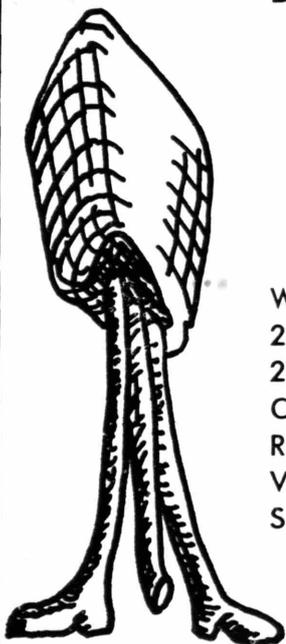
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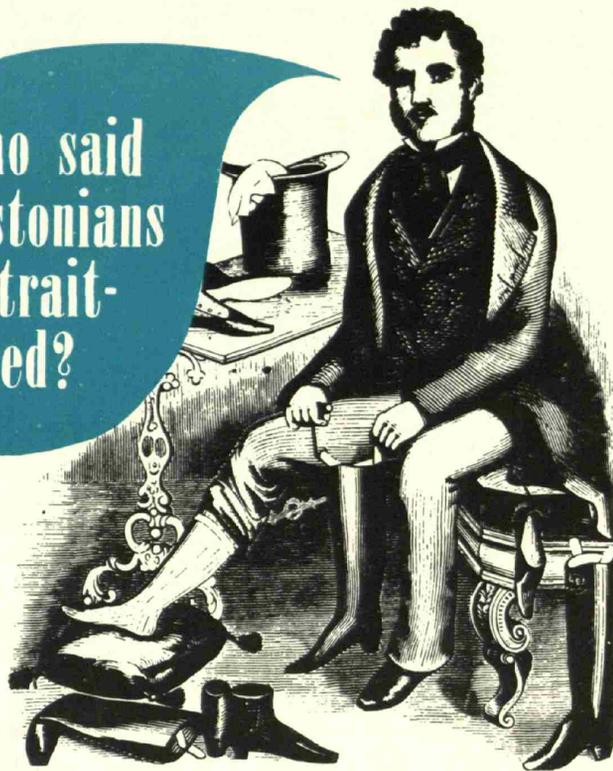
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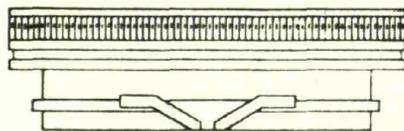
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