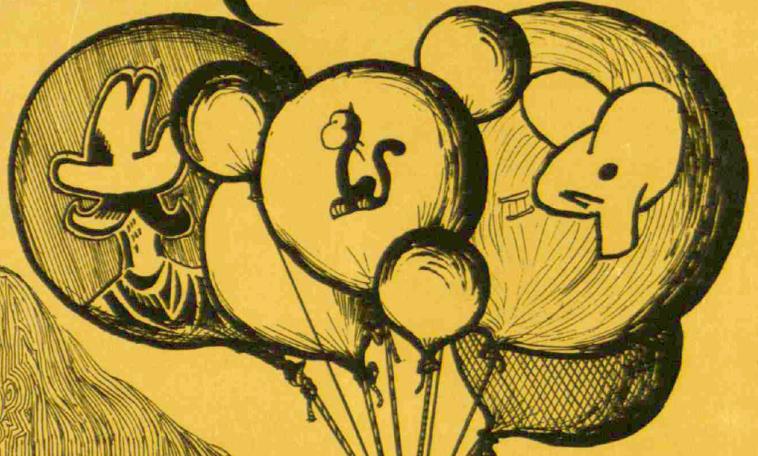


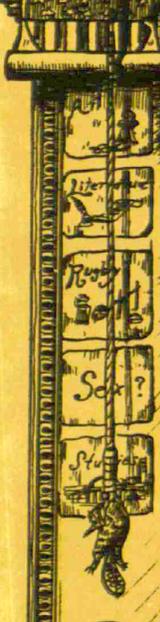
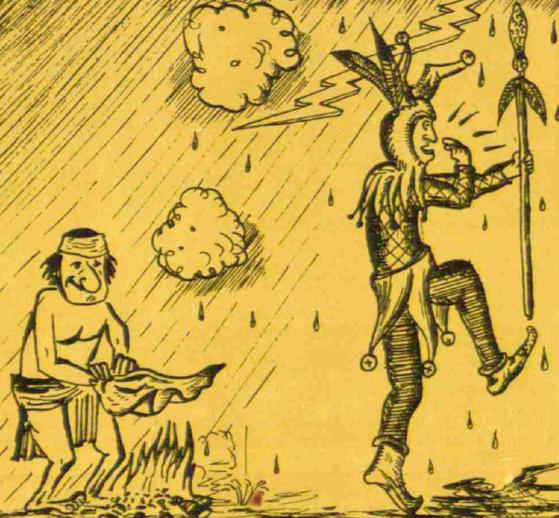
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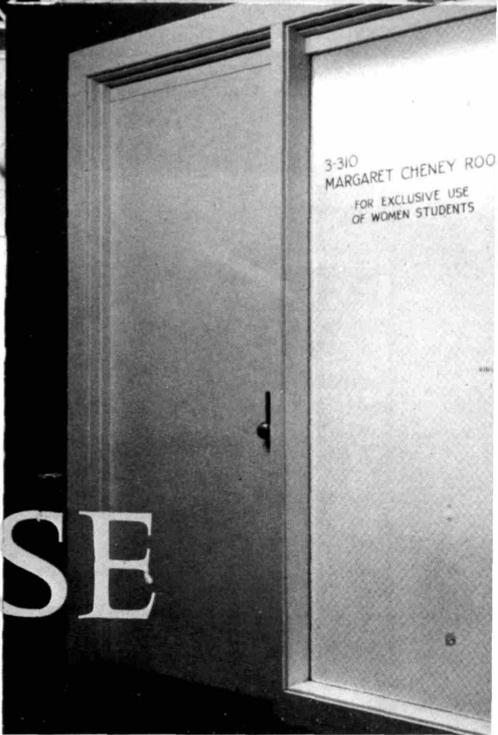
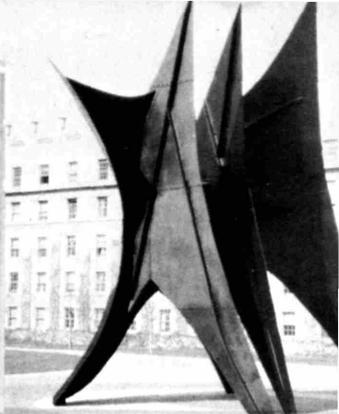
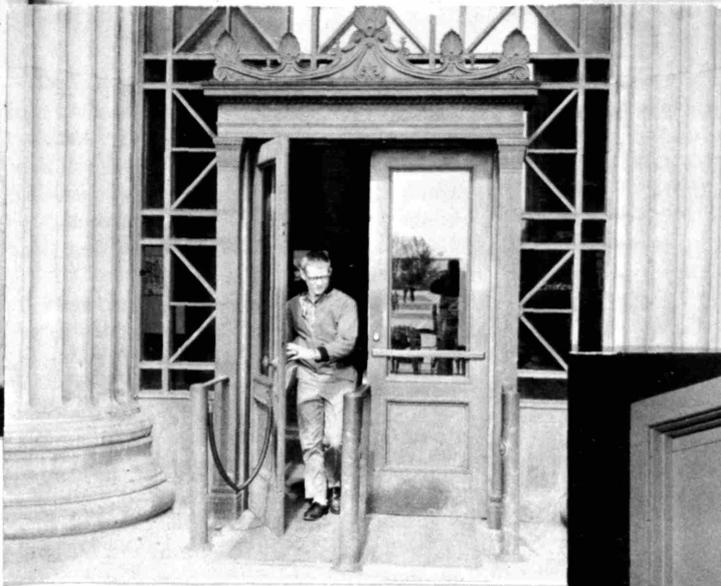
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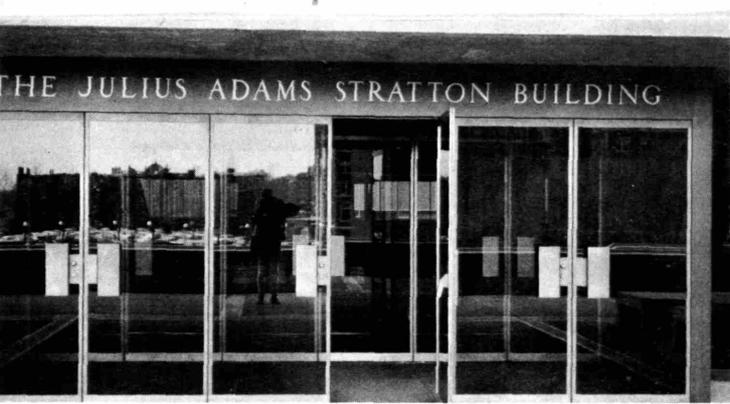




from

the

CAT HOUSE



Beaver's Gory Habits Revealed!

Our reporters tell us it really happened! They're known to sling a lot of trivia in the humanities classes at the 'tute, but this latest example seems to be a case of one of the sessions in which trivia of a more prurient interest was divulged. The dialogue went something like this:

Tool: (whining, high-pitched snivel, no doubt) Do we have to have two papers due next week? We have a lot of quizzes.

Prof: Very well then - only one paper next week. By the way, do you happen to know how the beaver was chosen as M.I.T.'s mascot?

Tool: Because he's nature's engineer. (proudly)

Prof: That's only partly true. You see, the beaver was known to the ancients as the only animal which, when pursued by dogs, would gnaw off its own genitals and leave them in the path to be devoured as he escaped. Now you know what M.I.T. expects you to do, in order to succeed.

Fortunately the dismissal bell rang at that moment, and most of the students quickly ducked out the back door, in a vain attempt to escape the professor's chortle of triumph. Sic Semper Tyrannis.

Poll Time for the College Mags, or, Kiss My Ass and I'll Kiss Yours

The humor mag editors from across the country are at it again. After a long hard year fighting the deans, the administration, the campus newspaper, and the bounds of good taste, the nation's College Humor Magazine Editors like to receive a little praise for something. Such is the purpose of the Annual Mag Poll. This year, as last, VooDoo is conducting such a poll, and so is Podfamous Bill (no I won't - wait a minute - yes I will) Killeen, schlockmeister of the (in)famous (choose your adjective) Charlatan.

Some of our poll results are in, at time of writing. We're not going to give anything away, except the interesting fact that every mag editor voted his mag number one, so far. We haven't heard from Alan Magary or Jim Preston yet (nor do we expect to), but the trend of the thing indicates that even they, if voting, would probably select their respective mags for top spot.

This being end of the year Award time, VooDoo proudly announces three special awards that it is presenting this year:

THE PLATINUM DOUBLE STANDARD goes, this year, to the U.C.L.A. Satyr which has written letters denouncing VooDoo for its

"hair pie humor", at about the same time they published the "Captain 4-Q" comic strip and an advertisement featuring an unadorned female posterior in the same issue.

THE GOLDEN HORSE BLINDERS, for singleminded devotion to themselves, goes to the *Yale Record*, who voted their *New York Times Magazine* parody the best single issue of the year. The fact that VooDoo published a NYT mag parody two months earlier, that was better, and the fact that the *Record* didn't even mention us in their voting, has nothing to do with their receiving this award.

THE SILVER STATUE DEPICTING COMPLACENCY IN SUCCESS must go to the Charlatan which, after only three years of publication, have already seen fit to publish a Best Of Charlatan issue, as well as to take on the City of Tallahassee in a major lawsuit. We wish them luck, but with Killeen stepping out like this, we just hope he can swim.

Into the Twilight Zone

Recently, our devil-may-care managing editor had an experience (a happening, if you will) that was truly funnier than having an epileptic fit at your own wedding.

About 4 A.M. one morning, aforementioned

managing ed. had fallen into that pit where construction is going on, next to the Metallurgy Building on Mass. Ave. As he was climbing out, he was approached by two easy-going (his description) truck drivers. "Hey youse," began one, "where can I find someone from the Astrology Department? We gotta make a delivery."

"Don't you mean the Astronomy Department? No? Maybe the Geology Department? You're sure it's the Astrology Department?" Not being a thaumaturgist himself, our hero referred the two boys to the men at the Building Seven desk, and left. Yet the question remains. Why did the men attempt to deliver whatever they had to this hole? In the middle of the night yet? Is this pit secretly destined to be the mythical Building Nine, home of the long-awaited Course Eleven, Astrology? Maybe if you pay your \$950 (that's right, alumnus, nine hundred and fifty iron men) next term, you can find out.

**Spring is Here, The Grass is Riz,
I Wonder Where, The Beach Boys Is . Anon.**

We have sympathy for all who suffered the trials of rain and cold, of crowding and disappointment at Spring Weekend this year, namely because we were there. It wasn't the Committee's fault that the Beach Boys were late. We object merely to the fact that five miserable surfers can ask (and get) over six thou for a one-hour show. Let's hope next year's committee shows more sense. We know where you can get a dog that will fart the Star Spangled Banner for five hundred bucks.

The Ethnic Man Strikes Back

Our Fair Play For The Oppressed Department has come up with a suggestion as to how the poor, maligned, ethnic groups can regain much of their lost prestige. After all, how can a stalwart Warsaw burgher keep from being dragged down into the sausage when he hears all the "Polack" jokes that are being circulated? How can a colored gentleman maintain his self-respect when reference to his anthropological origins are made the butt of many jokes? How can a Hungarian steal two eggs (to make a Hungarian omelet) with a straight face, when he keeps hearing jokes about it?

Foreign Aid is how. We're sick of giving money to all those damn underdeveloped people. We try to get their friendship by giving them aid. It doesn't work. But do they make jokes about us? No sir. They hate us, instead. Nobody makes jokes about people they hate.

So what if other countries were to give aid? What if the Poles were to build bowling alleys in Peru, or teach the Cambodians how to make and sell armpit-hair wigs? What if the NAACP launched an aid program which included the establishment of jazz bands for the

Zambians, and the development of a worldwide chain of tap-dancing schools, starting in, say, Baghdad, Addis Ababa and Tananarive, the cities in greatest need of such aid? How about a Sons of Italy financed spaghetti mill in the Congolese jungle? Or Sicilian "advisers" to help the now-ineffective crime rings of Singapore and Afghanistan?

Such aid programs would perform marvels. It would allow the U.S. to lessen its aid burden. (Then we would no longer be hated, and people could make jokes about us. God knows there's enough to laugh about.) Once-ridiculed minority groups would be despised. Think of the pride with which the president of a local chapter of the Polish-American Citizens Association would report the stoning of a Polish-financed bowling alley by angry Algerian students. Ah, Brave New World. Who knows? We may see "Invite a W.A.S.P. to lunch week" in our own time.

NUDE PAIR BRING HAPPENINGS' END

Milwaukee Art Center Bars
More Student Shows

Special to The New York Times
MILWAUKEE, May 3 The

director of the Milwaukee Art Center today banned "Happenings" from happening at the center.

His action was prompted by a happening last Thursday, in which a nude man and woman took baths in the beer coolers in the basement.

"It was most regrettable and very embarrassing," said the director, Tracy Atkinson.

Mr. Atkinson said the happening, performed by a group of University of Wisconsin students from Madison, was in poor taste.

"It gave all happenings a bad name," he said. "When done well they can be good fun and most effective."

The happening required the audience to follow the performers through the multi-level art center. In an elevator they saw a girl shave a man who was covered from head to foot with thick lather. Motorcyclists roared around one level. In the basement the man and woman sat waist deep in the beer coolers, while a stage crew threw water and red paint at the audience.

Mr. Atkinson said he had seen the group perform twice previously, and nothing like that had happened before.

Future happenings will be banned, he said, because "this is a public institution, a place



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"It's What's Happening, Baby"
... Murray the K, 1966?

Happenings are happening. Pop has popped out. Camp is cool. LSD is - well - the torque of the town. And this mad, mad, mad, mad world of anti-culture has finally staged a successful assault on the rational world that is M.I.T. Mr. Calder has come, has conquered. And where Calder treads, can Andy Warhol be far behind? The Great Sail is probably the most controversial erection on campus since the Experimental Film Society showed "Dog Star Man, Part III". Well, we've been infil-

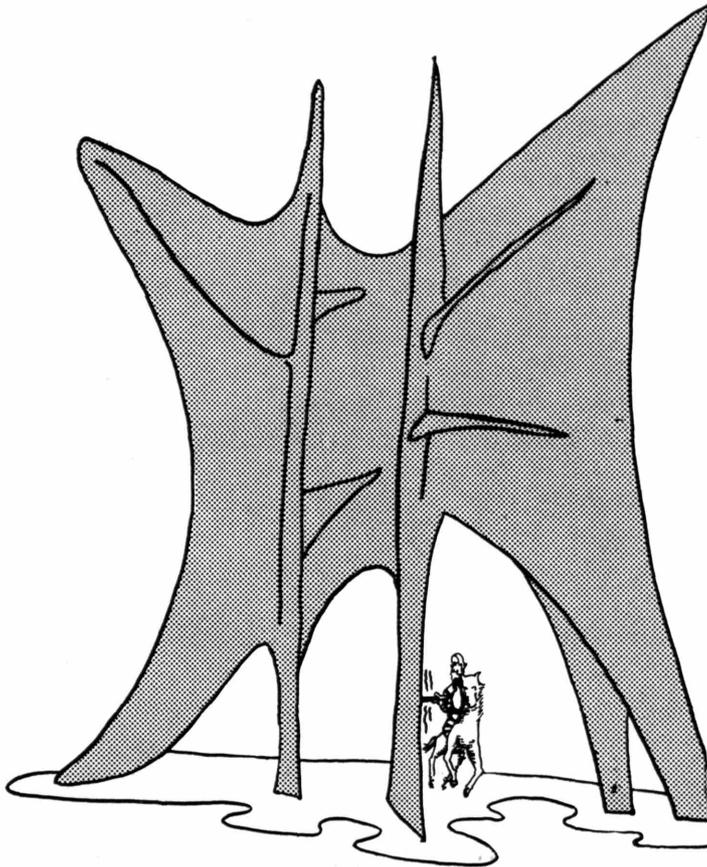
trated, and it looks like it can't be stopped. What's next? The prospects are frightening. A 50-foot tall Dr. Kildare projected on the side of the Green Building, for a start. Prof. Mat-tuck shows up at a freshmen Calculus lecture in a Batman suit - and Mr. Anderson is dressed as Robin!! The ARA may stock 'Mary Jane' in the vending machines (use correct change only). We won't be shocked if they paint the chapel as a Campbell's Soup Can. Nude parties in the Great Court! And, oh camp of campness, the selling of TIME, the weekly entertainment magazine, in the hallowed Memorial of Building 10.

It seems that it has fallen upon VooDoo magazine to be the spokesman of campus conservatism, the spokesman of all that is

good, all that is rational, all that is cultural, in the tradition of Cal Coolidge. VooDoo will use all the resources at its command, to fight Baby Jane Holzer's proposal. You will remember that Miss Holzer, who gave the address at last year's M.I.T. Convocation, proposed a 'high camp' Institute, to be topped off by covering the Great Dome with jimmies. VooDoo will start the protest in the near future with a symbolic burning of Brillo boxes in front of the Student Center. Shave off your beards and join us, while there is still time.

Happenings Revisited. What the Hell.
Spring Weekend Revisited Too.

Speaking of happenings (as we were, if your mental storage still retains the beginnings of



Kenmore

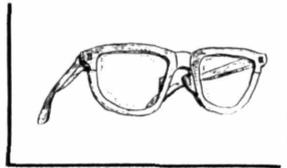
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this column), we really should relate to you the **ultimate** happening, which occurred not too long ago in France. The people began to arrive at the downtown Paris warehouse where the happening was due to take place, early in the evening. As they walked inside, they found seats awaiting them in a large, empty room.

It wasn't long until the room was full. But nothing was happening. People began to hear noises. They were backstage-type noises, as if the different 'happenings' which were to occur that night were being prepared. This lasted for about half an hour, and the anticipation of the audience grew to a near-fever pitch.

Suddenly a person burst into the room, and ran across it to the other side, where he exited. While in the room, he shouted, "The buses!! Outside!!" Naturally, the audience picked themselves up and followed the man outside. Sure enough, they found waiting buses in front of the warehouse. Of course, they piled inside.

When all of the audience had entered the buses, the drivers started off, careening through the streets towards the outskirts of town. About an hour later, the buses pulled up at a deserted field, the lights of Paris only dimly visible in the distance. The audience disembarked and clustered together in the field, waiting for the next 'happening'.

All of a sudden they turned around. Empty. The buses were turning back to the city, leaving the audience behind! "What about the hap-

pening?" one of the audience shouted.

One of the bus drivers shouted back, over the roar of his vehicle. "It's happened!"

It took an entire precinct of gendarmes to break up the riot.

Come to think of it, wasn't that Paris happening sort of similar to this year's Spring Weekend?

And Speaking of Happenings

We hope that none of you believe that happenings are a new thing, a product of post-war degeneracy. Way back in 1915, that's back before even Pilon came to the Institute, a noise concert was held in Turin at an arts festival. An entire orchestra of sculptors was given a set of noise instruments and several minutes instruction in their particular instrument. The concert was started and a relatively conventional piece was played on moaners, belch-horns and stompers. About half way through the concert audience reaction grew unfavorable, and one half of the orchestra, that just happened to be composed of trained wrestlers and boxers (maybe a karate expert or two), leapt from the stage and into the crowd. The ensuing melee, which was carried on with the accompaniment of the dying strains of the second half of the concert, ended with no musicians and 23 spectators in the hospital. This incident could conceivably be the first happening - Barring the Fall.

The Spirit of '66

The *VooDoo* spirit has finally arrived in the Dean's office. Dean K. Wadleigh was recently caught in the act of bribing a co-ed by offering her a beer for her cooperation. The law-abiding girl, in the Tech co-ed tradition, refused to take him up on the deal until her 21st birthday. Good try, Ken.

Last but Certainly Least . . .

What's twenty times one half? Well, that's how many minds we've got among the twenty people on our writing and art staffs. We need help! Why don't you folks help us? Write to us. Tell us funny things. Make us laugh. Give us ideas. Really neat letters might get printed. In fact, we will award a Banana of the Month to be the best letter, idea, or drawing sent to us. Send to *VooDoo*. Room 461. Student Center. Be sure to include address to send bananas to. (I hereby certify the above offer to be serious. - J. Hammerness, MIT). (This offer is, in my opinion, one of the best offers ever made, subjectively speaking, of course. - L. Bishoff) (We're really serious, write to us. - K. Patterson and W. Rode)

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THE KAPTIN SAYS GOODBYE

The Kaptin laboriously leaned back in his chair and shouted out the dressing room door, "Hey Charlie! How long till I'm on?"

"Five minutes."

"That's enough to kill this thing," the Kaptin mumbled to no one in particular.

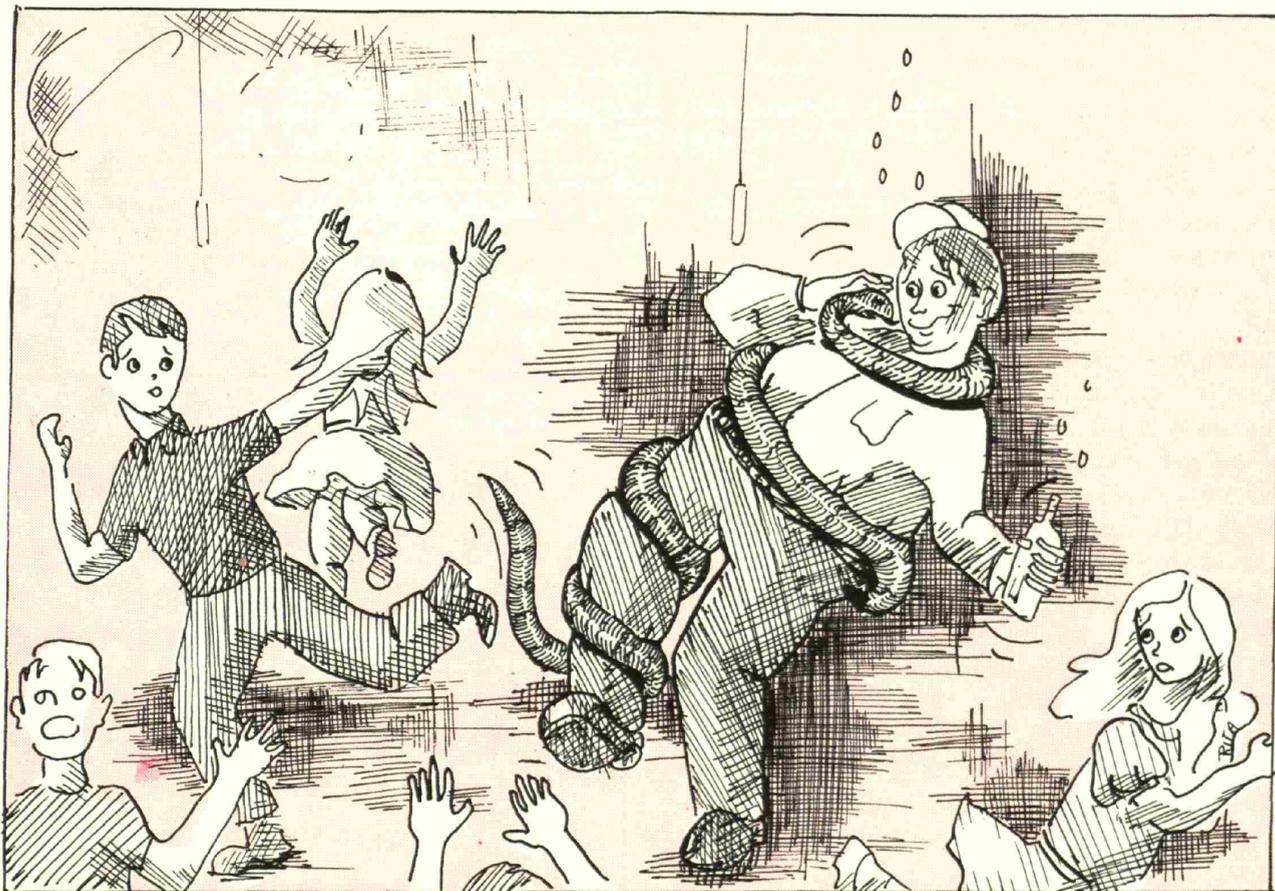
He slumped forward in his chair again and reached for the bottle of Old Norman Gin, which was now almost empty.

After taking a stiff shot, his mind slowly focused again on the painful events of the past few months.

He told himself for the thousandth time that the closing of the show wasn't *his* fault — it was the producers', or the teenagers', or *somebody's!* After twelve years of being the "best children's show on television," academy awards, and all the rest, how could he have known those damn teenagers would leech onto his show? Damn it! The show wasn't *meant* to be camp.

And then the producers. Just when he needed them most to stem that tide of screaming teenagers, they turned traitors. "Great Idea!" they said. "Hell, look at Batman's ratings," they said. Should have known it was just another passing fancy for those teenagers. And when they left, there wasn't anybody. The producers ruined the show for the kiddies. Mothers won't let 'em watch it. Producers tried to make it a kiddies' show like before, but it didn't work.

"Two minutes!"



The Kaptin started out of his reverie. The realization that he was going on television in two minutes slowly dawned on him.

"I'm drunk, I'll admit that . . . but nobody watches the show now anyways," he thought, and with that assurance bellowed, "Here I come kiddies!" and stumbled out in front of the cameras as best he could.

"You're on the air," said one of the crewmen.

"Wazzat? Can't hear ya. You say sommpin' to me?" said the Kaptin loudly over his shoulder. He had turned around looking for a place to sit down as his legs were feeling very wobbly. Unable to find a chair immediately, he fell down on the floor.

"Hey, turn them damn lights off, can't see a thing!" shouted the Kaptin.

At this point the members of the crew were dumbly looking at each other, and quite incapacitated.

There was a quick moment of silence followed by the Kaptin's proclamation, "All right . . . 'f you won't, I will."

Hitting an array of lights twenty feet away with one gin bottle, while sitting drunk on the floor, is no mean task, but the Kaptin felt above such limiting considerations.

"Here's lookin' atcha!" he yelled at the lights as he let fly. The bottle shot in a straight trajectory for the peanut gallery. The hitherto mesmerized youngsters ducked, leaped, and scrambled as best they could to get out of its way. Thanks to their super-human efforts, the bottle flew harmlessly through the throng, between the bleachers, to finally shatter on, and with, the box containing the boa-constrictor which was to be shown on the program later. Pleased with its unexpected freedom, the boa-constrictor began to wander about aimlessly. This caused considerable consternation to everyone except the Kaptin, who whistled for the snake and called it "Spot."

The youngsters began to run past the Kaptin to escape the snake.

The producers, directors, and crew ran around in circles of various sizes accomplishing nothing.

A little boy stopped long enough in front of the Kaptin to tear off the remnants of the mustache that dangled from his upper lip and screamed in a trembling voice, "You dirty old faker! You stink!"

The Kaptin petulantly replied, "Shaddup! Can't you see 'm trying to call the wienie-dog? Here Spot! Here Spot!"

Another little girl paused just long enough to give the Kaptin a swift kick in the side.

"Yer nasty little girl!" the Kaptin growled as he lurched in vain to grab the offending foot. Unsatisfied with this reprisal, he furiously dug in his prodigious pockets to find an article which he could throw at the little miss.

Lollipops, yo-yos, magic rings, kazoos and all other manner of paraphernalia rained down on the retreating crowd.

Everyone was retreating, indeed, except the boa. By the time the Kaptin's wandering mind focused again on Spot, he was wrapped around his leg.

"Oh Spot! Been lookin' f' you!" the Kaptin said merrily to the snake. The snake coiled closer to the Kaptin's head at the greeting. The Kaptin took this as an expression of goodwill, which prompted him into telling the boa a joke. By the end of the story, the snake's face was about six inches from his own. As the snake made no response to his vastly humorous tale, the Kaptin began to get suspicious. On closer examination of Spot, he exclaimed, "OH! Yer a dirty ole snake! Don't like snakes! Yer'n ugly one, too!"

With that, he clasped the boa below the head, and started shaking and strangling it. The boa responded in kind.

Fortunately, the menagerie keeper arrived on time for the show, and in time to insure that the engagement had no calamitous outcome.

Meanwhile, the crew members had been engaged in all sorts of ventures, none of which had been to turn off the cameras. There they sat, abandoned, peering dispassionately at the melee.

The network was finally prompted by indignant phone calls to send someone down and investigate the proceedings in the studio where the show originated. As soon as the investigator had time to grasp the scene, he hastily ran to turn off the cameras, but not quite in time to rob the Kaptin of his last glorious gesture.

He struggled to prop himself up on his elbow, and regaining a remnant of that flair for which he was so well known, said, "A Captain always goes down with his ship," then rolled over and got sick.

— Tom Strand

CENTRAL WAR SURPLUS

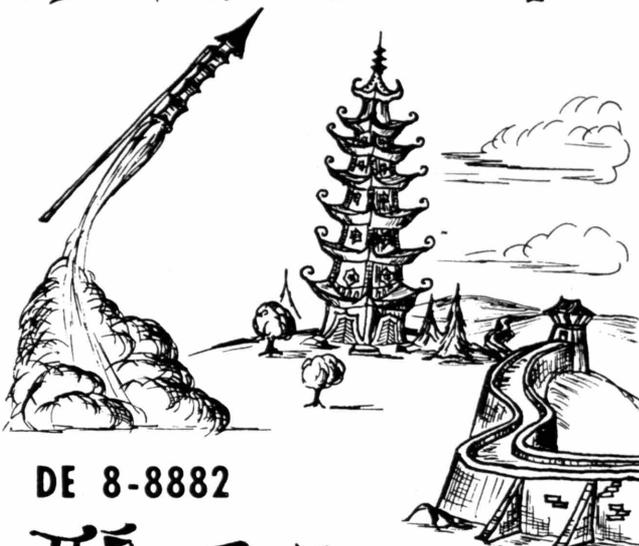
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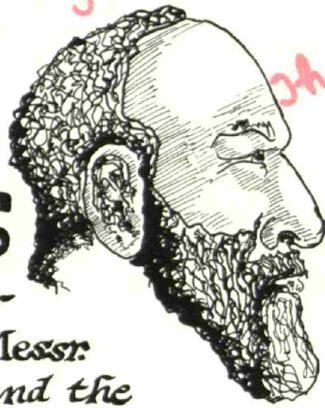
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Chorus sings "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah..." ~ Sarah begins, "Hello, my fellow Americans, I'd like to tell you a few facts. I know they sound strange, but fellow Americans, ... they prove that history d-does re-repeat its-self. ~ Marine Chorus joins in with America the Beautiful. ~ Sarah: In 1881 the great Garfield died at the hands of an assassin, as did McKinley a short twenty years later. Both were obscure presidents, that lived in white houses. ~ Chorus hums, "for amber waves of grain..." ~ S.: Both were shot in the body... ~ Mormon Tabernacle Choir joins in, "...in the bod..." ~ S.: ...and died later... ~ Choir: ...later... ~ Sarah: ...from loss of precious body fluids. ~ Choir: ...precious body fluids... ~ Sarah: Both assassins, Guiteau and Czolgosz, were nasty men. There are seven letters in Guiteau, there are eight in Czolgosz, and seven equals eight. ~ Chorus: hum... ~ Sarah: McKinley was shot in the head and was rushed to hospital; Garfield was shot near a hospital and rushed right to the head. ~ Chorus: Which way to the head... fimm... ~ Sarah: Garfield's secretary, William Mc., warned him of danger the previous day; McKinley's dog Garfield barked all the night before. ~ Chorus: ...arf, arf, ... ~ Sarah: ... and so folks, I guess you can see t-that hista-tory d-does re-p-repeat... I guess you can also see that I sing anything for a coupla bucks. ~ Chorus sings last few bars of America the Beautiful.

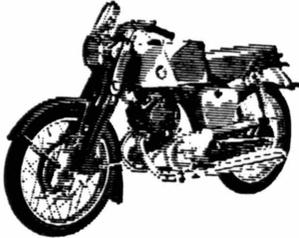
~ Finis ~



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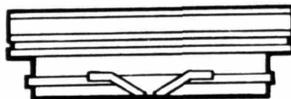
You guessed it, Richard Brady!

Richard Brady, '66, came closest to correctly naming all 18 sports captains in our Name The Captains Contest in last month's VooDoo. Because he guessed best, Richard won a \$15 gift certificate.

Richard Brady '66.	First Prize
Alumni House	\$15
Allen Post '66.	Second Prize
Baker House	\$10
Salvatore Margari '67.	Third Prize
Burton House	\$5

Here are the answers:

1. John M. Mazola - *basketball*
2. Robert L. Wesson - *cross country*
3. Savitra Bhotiwihok - *soccer*
4. Paul M. Ruby - *tennis*
5. Peter D. Kirkwood - *lacrosse*
6. Tommy L. Bailey - *baseball*
7. Michael A. Crane - *swimming*
8. David E. Arvin - *skiing*
9. William J. Kosinar - *lacrosse*
10. Christopher Egolf - *pistol*
11. Harold H. Hultgren - *wrestling*
12. Thomas E. Seddon - *fencing*
13. William Sumner Brown - *indoor track*
14. John S. Walther - *rifle*
15. Marion L. Wood, Jr. - *hockey*
16. Marland E. Whiteman, Jr. - *wrestling*
17. Karl S. Kunz - *fencing*
18. Larry W. Schwoeri, Jr. - *indoor track*



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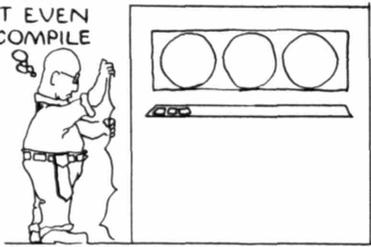
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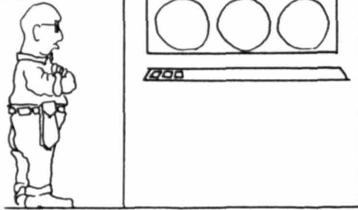
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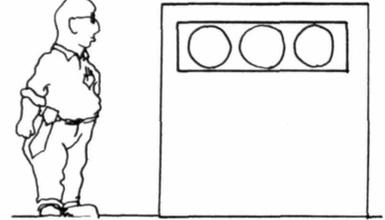
DAMN
DIDNT EVEN
COMPILE



COLD MACHINE, CRUEL
HEARTLESS
GADGET



YOU'RE TOO LITERAL-
MINDED



YOU DESTROY OUR
HUMANITY, STIFFLE THE
INDIVIDUAL...



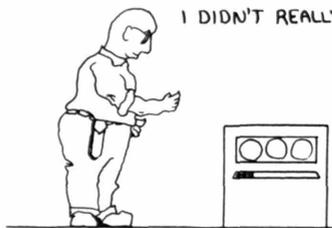
TODAY WE DEPEND...
WHAA?



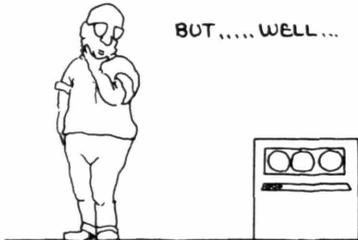
THERE, THERE



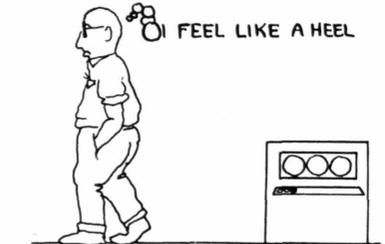
I DIDN'T REALLY...



BUT,....WELL...



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Rear of
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Park

Did you hear about the fag from Texas? He bought Boy's Town.



Betty was so ticklish that sex made her nearly die laughing. In other words, cervix with a smile.



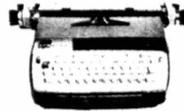
When the newlyweds came down to breakfast, and the groom ordered a large green salad, the bride remarked, "and I see you also EAT like a rabbit."



Ken: I think that Jay is becoming a queer.
Bob: How come?
Ken: He closes his eyes every time I kiss him.



I used to call him my heart's delight, but it's all over now. He's delight that failed.



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You can always tell a French politician. He likes to go around kissing babies - - - before they are born.



A young Negro minister, newly assigned to his church, decided that attendance at the services was too low. He decided to embark on a door-to-door campaign to encourage his parishioners to attend. Calling at the first home, he was greeted by a woman who cried out, "Nat!! Why Nat King Cole, I never thought I'd see you in this neighborhood. Come in and visit awhile."

The minister sternly replied, "Madam, I am not Nat King Cole. I am your minister, and if you had been in Church last Sunday, you would know it."

At the next home, a woman answered the door and exclaimed, "Oh, I just can't believe it. Nat King Cole comin' to visit me!" Again the minister admonished the woman and instructed her to attend Church more regularly.

At the next four or five houses the minister was greeted with the reaction: all thinking he was Nat King Cole. Stopping at the last house on the block, the minister rang the bell. The door was answered by a beautiful young woman wearing a flimsy negligee. She looked at the minister and asked, "Say, aren't you Nat King Cole?"

The minister replied, "Ram - blin' Rose"

EXISTENTIALISM

AND

ROAST BEEF



A man who can eat a Stouffer's sandwich can eat anything.

We are with our intrepid The Tech Reporter in the bowels of The Institute as he approaches a dingily lit office door which bears the legend "Larry Bishoff, Dean of Administration Propaganda . . . My door is always open to students."

The door is closed.

Knocking, he hears a voice from within, "Is that a student out there? Come in! Come in!"

The Tech Reporter: "Dean Bishoff?"

Dean Bishoff: "Ah! You must be the reporter The Tech said it was going to send over to interview me. Come in! Have a chair! Care for a commons roll?"

The Tech Reporter: "Thank you sir. (Takes thin cedar-wrapped commons roll from proffered box and places it in his vest pocket.) Sir, as you know, the recently publicized offer by Elsie's to replace Stouffers in the Twenty Chimneys has given rise to a good deal of controversy. Your salient comments on this subject have been so well received that we've decided to probe deeper with an interview, and perhaps get your opinion on some other topics of general interest."

Dean Bishoff: "Yes, I've been happy to see the fine unbiased coverage The Tech has given this matter, a really good balanced job of reporting. One one side it has printed most of the reasonable arguments for keeping Stouffers in Twenty Chimneys, and on the other, it has printed a good many ridiculous arguments for keep-

ing Stouffers in Twenty Chimneys. This, if I may say, is a really neat way of showing that there might be virtue on the other side!!"

The Tech Reporter: "Thank you sir. We at The Tech are always striving for higher standards in our news coverage. But even though we take no sides in our reporting, we still feel we should have a viewpoint. What good is a publication without a viewpoint? It is our duty to the M.I.T. community as journalists . . . as communicators . . . to have a viewpoint."

Dean Bishoff: "Whose viewpoint?"

The Tech Reporter: "Why, the Administration's, sir."

Dean Bishoff: "Yes, of course. Have another commons roll. And by the way, call me Larry. I like students to think of me as just one of the guys."

The Tech Reporter: "Thank you Larry. Now with regard to the Twenty Chimneys controversy (takes The Tech clipping from his briefcase), I've looked up the article where you gave your famous taste test to an Elsie's Roast Beef Sandwich and a comparable one from Stouffers. You reported that you found the Stouffers sandwich to be superior in both quality and quantity of meat. Is that right?"

Dean Bishoff: "That is essentially correct. However you may recall that in a letter I subsequently sent you I clarified my opinion by saying that this is a matter of opinion, and anyone else's opinion may be as good as mine."

The Tech Reporter: "I see. The trouble is, Larry, we at The Tech have had several letters asking how the quantity of meat can be a matter of opinion. Of course, we have no intention of publishing these letters, since it is not the function of our publication to point out logical absurdities in the Administration's attitudes. But perhaps you can clarify this?"

Dean Bishoff: "I'm glad you brought that up. I think it's typical of the highly able minds one finds here at M.I.T. that so many students would go right to the heart of the idea I was trying to convey in my letter. I do indeed believe that the quantity of meat in a Stouffers sandwich is a matter of opinion!"

The Tech Reporter: "But . . ."

Dean Bishoff: "Oh, I know that this is a very liberal attitude to take. I was a student here at M.I.T. myself, you know, and more than once I've had to defend my convictions against small minds. I have always felt that quantity is a matter of opinion, but I remember one lab instructor I had . . ."

The Tech Reporter: "But Larry, does the M.I.T. Administration as a whole endorse this belief?"

Dean Bishoff: (Sitting back in his chair) "My superiors are firmly behind me in this matter. It is long established policy in M.I.T. student dealings that an administrative official's opinions outweigh all other considerations. I believe that the policy has been in effect for as long as the position of Dean of Students has been held by Dean Wadleigh (pause while Dean Bishoff performs several ritualistic motions.)."

The Tech Reporter: "Then it is your contention that Stouffers is superior to Elsie's in both quantity and quality of food served."

Dean Bishoff: "In fact, I wish to convey to you officially my opinion that Stouffers Dining Service provides the finest quality and greatest quantity of food served anywhere in the world, bar none!"

The Tech Reporter: (writing furiously) "Well that seems to cover the matter adequately. I'm sure that the controversy about Stouffers will die out now, in the light of your judicious appraisal of the issues. Surely The Tech will not be guilty of continuing the debate in its pages when there is really nothing more to be said."

Dean Bishoff: "Of course, this is all merely a matter of opinion, and anyone else's opinion may be as good as mine."

The Tech Reporter: "Ah . . ."

Dean Bishoff: "But my opinion is the one that counts."

The Tech Reporter: "Well, thanks, Larry, for clearing this matter up. Now if I could just take a few more minutes of your time, there are several other matters that the students feel strongly about which I was hoping you could comment on."

Dean Bishoff: "I'm always glad to correct student misconceptions."

The Tech Reporter: "Well on the matter of the Student Center Library. Although all students agree that the library is a great addition to the M.I.T. community, there are several who feel that the choice of books to stock it was somewhat haphazard. They overlook such fine reference works as "The Oxford Dictionary of Middle English," and complain that they cannot find a copy of the C.R.C. tables."

Dean Bishoff: A typical example of a hasty judgment made by students with little experience. From an investigation which I have personally conducted on this matter, I have concluded that the Student Center Library has a

greater number of volumes than all the libraries in Harvard University combined. The number and completeness of the reference works is unparalleled anywhere."

The Tech Reporter: (somewhat agitated) "But Larry, I've heard different statistics. Is this merely your opinion?"

Dean Bishoff: (frowning) "Well I didn't count them, if that's what you mean. But it is my considered opinion, based on long experience in such investigations, and furthermore my superiors agree with me completely."

The Tech Reporter: (thoroughly chastened) "I am certainly glad that The Tech will be able to report this startling fact. I am sure that there are many people who will be surprised."

Dean Bishoff: (looking at his watch) "Well, I see I have time for only one or two more questions before I have another appointment."

The Tech Reporter: "Well Larry, another question which we've received from several students is concerned with the cost of required textbooks at the Coop. These students maintain that very slim volumes, with only a hundred pages or so cost upwards of ten or twelve dollars."

Dean Bishoff: "Yes, I've heard this complaint expressed myself. To check on it, I sent my secretary to bring me several required textbooks, a copy of the Congressional Record, and a copy of Loony Tunes comic book. I have since concluded that the textbooks cost about the same as the comic book and were, on the average, thicker than the Congressional Record."

The Tech Reporter: "Amazing!"

Dean Bishoff: "Something else which you may not be aware of is the fact that no profit is derived from the sale of these textbooks. The M.I.T. Corporation owns several thousand shares of the Addison-Wesley Book Company and I can assure you that it functions solely as a charitable institution. Even when we use slave labor to manufacture the books, several dollars are lost for every issue we sell. The Coop, of course, makes no profit from the deal, and as for royalties paid to Professors, I could name several who have books out and are just barely avoiding living in rags and penury."

The Tech Reporter: "My God!"

Dean Bishoff: "Yes! I'm glad you brought that up. It brings me to the last comparative study I've made . . . only recently."

The Tech Reporter: "You mean . . .?"

Dean Bishoff: "Indeed. For some time now I've heard students make references to God, many of them adopting a somewhat respectful tone as they do so. Since this tone is often lacking in their references to the Administration, I felt it was something I should look into."

The Tech Reporter: "I see."

Dean Bishoff: "I spent several days tracking down the

many references to God, His attributes of Infallibility and Omniscience, for example, but finally I was drawn to the inescapable conclusion . . .”

(The Tech Reporter looks up from his note pad expectantly.)

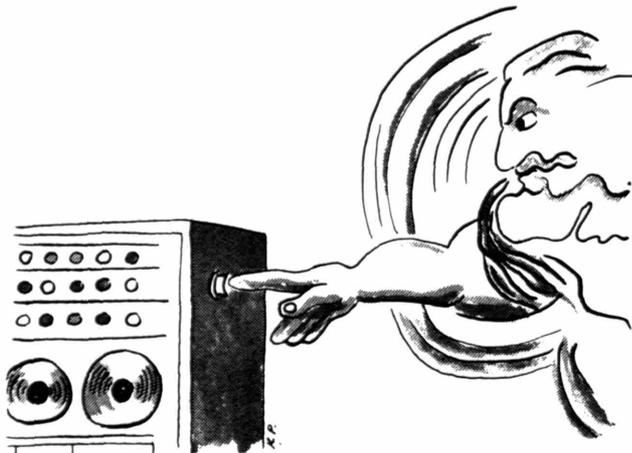
“ . . . I found DEAN WADLEIGH superior in both quantity and quality.”

Editor's note — As this article goes to press, we have received a memo from the Office of the Dean of Propaganda that it was determined last week that the Green Building is the tallest building in the world, such judgments, of course, being very personal matters.

The Tech Reporter: (closing his note pad and rising from his chair) “Well, thank you very much for your time, Dean Bishoff. It certainly has been a pleasure to interview you for The Tech.”

Dean Bishoff: “Glad to talk with you! Come back any time; my door is always open to students.”

— Troika



“Ken!!”

“What is it, Jay. I'm busy!!”

“Did you hear about the Polack woman who traded a menstrual cycle for a Honda 90?”

“You're fired!!”



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The man went hunting but could find no game to shoot. He went further and further into the woods - still no game. When he was deep in the forest, he discovered a gorgeous nude girl behind a tree. His eyes bulged. He winked at her and said, "Are you game?"

She winked back, and said, "I sure am!"

So he shot her.



"No, Joe, I can't marry you," said Gertrude, "because I'm a lesbian."

"That's all right," said Joe, "you go to your church and I'll go to mine."



Trouble came to the special African expedition. The female gorilla they had set out to capture was getting lonely and there were no male gorillas in sight. Finally out of desperation one of the porters was approached and asked to do the honors. After much cajoling and bargaining he agreed, the one condition being that armed guards be placed all about the cage in case of emergency, and that a bag be placed over the gorilla's head. Tremulously the porter approached the cage, and ZAP . . . she caught him. Suddenly cries of "Help, help" rang out. The leader shouted back as he signaled the guards forward. "Don't worry, we'll have her off in no time! The reply, "No, man, take off the bag!"

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Lulu: Passion, hell! This is a resort for asthma victims.



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"Doc, I'm just a young feller startin' out, and I wanna buy some of them contrivances I've heard about. How much are they?"

"We sell a lot of 'em in this drug store - and the most popular ones are these here - three for fifty cents."

"Half a buck for just three! Ain'tcha got something cheaper?"

"Tell you what I'll do my boy - here's a gross of loose ones I'll let you have for \$5.00."

"O.K. I'll take 'em."

The next morning, the young man returned to the drug store, an unhappy expression on his face. "Doc, there was only 143 of them things you sold me yesterday."

"I'm sorry son - I hope your evening wasn't spoiled." 17

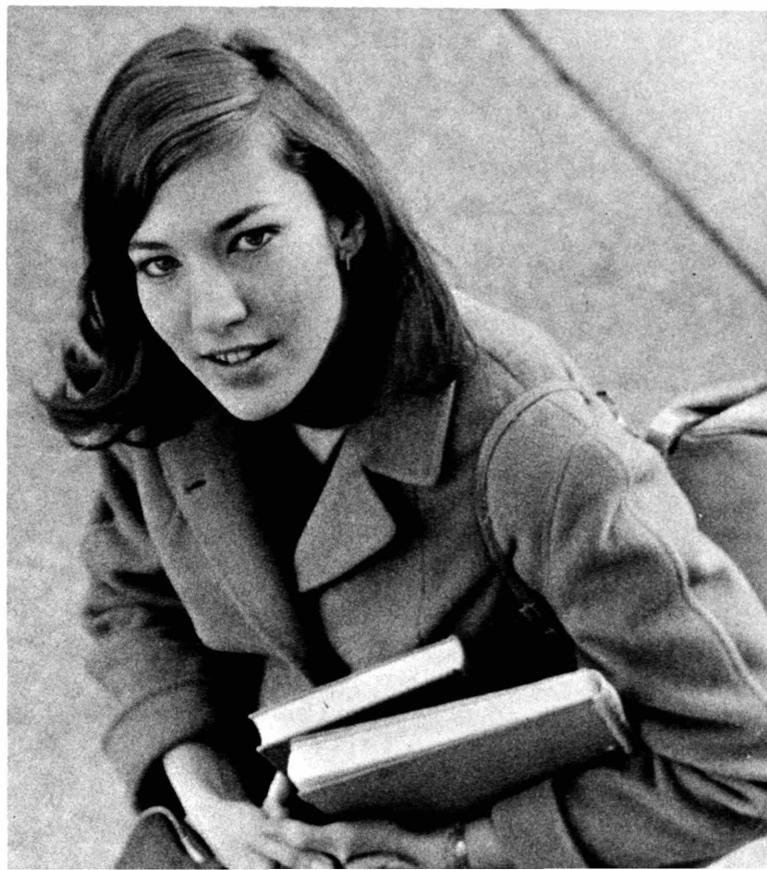
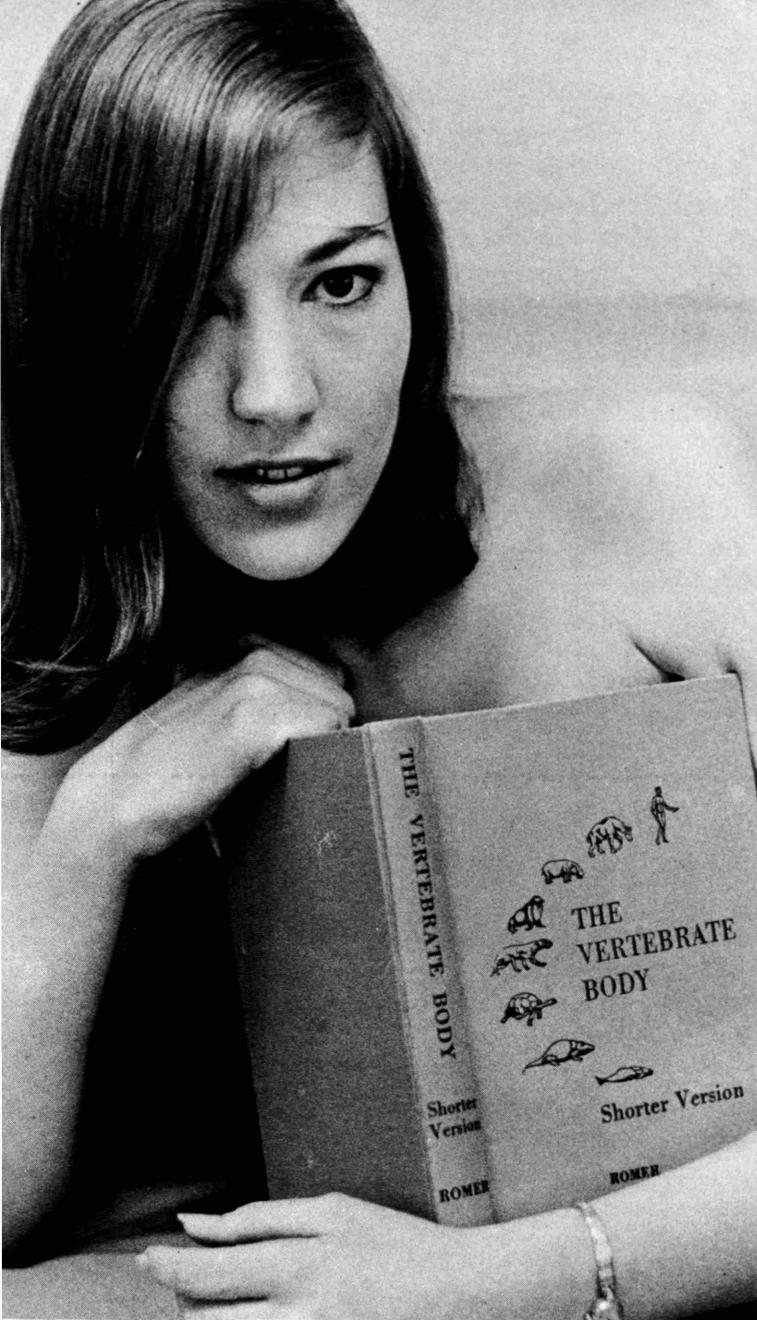


VOO DOO
DOLL
of
THE
MONTH

*Francine
Sommers*

Photos by
Art Kalotkin





Francine is an intellectual - as you can see, she likes books. Wouldn't you like to see what's between the pages of the book she's reading? It would be a very educational experience: She also likes dancing, and sailing, and water-skiing, and all the usual things. She might even like you if you like the same things she does. So go read a book. If you find something like Francine between the pages, don't take it back to the library. Pay the fine. It's worth it.



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June 20-25

A woman-starved sailor was leaving a hard-boiled pickup he had fallen in with in Boston. "If anything happens to you in nine months," he said on his way out, "please call it Fanny, won't you? It's my favorite name."

"And if anything happens to you in three weeks," she retorted, "call it eczema if you like that better."



Walt and Keith had a thriving business and a private airplane. They also went off on escapades. On this particular trip, with two beautiful blondes, Walt, who was piloting, called Keith on the intercom, and whispered, "Quick, the plane's afire! Get your parachute. We gotta jump!"

"What about the girls?" said Keith.

"Screw the girls!"

"You think we got time?"



The circus went broke and some of the performers had to take animals instead of salary. Calazzi the acrobat got half his salary and a trained ape. He started walking down the road. At nightfall, he stopped at a farmhouse and asked the farmer permission to spend the night. As they passed the second floor on the way to the attic, the farmer's daughter winked at him from a bedroom. Deep in the night, Calazzi crept down to the room. Upon leaving, an hour later, he slipped her five dollars. She told him, "You're OK, but that hairy friend of yours is a fink. He was down here twice and didn't even give me a dime."



When Harry's friend got him a blind date, he didn't tell Harry this lovely blond was confined to a wheelchair since she was born with no legs. But she was so beautiful that Harry was game. He rolled her out across the park for a date. When Harry got the urge to make out with her, she instructed him to hang her by the coat collar on the iron fence of the park, which he did. After several hours of making out, he wheeled her home, where her brother met them at the door. "Your sister is wonderful, a real lady in every sense of the word," said Harry.

"And you, Sir, are a true gentleman. Most of her dates just leave her hanging there on the fence, and I have to go get her down."

OK, here's one.

"Why does it take 31 Polacks to waterski?"

"I dunno. Why *does* it take 31 Polacks to waterski?"

"One to ski, and 30 to pull the lake."

Tatatatatataaaaaata . . . tatatatataaatatah!



Out in Hollywood, a producer was displeased with the cast of one of his pictures. He got so mad he even disparaged their morals, and said if they spent more time learning their lines and less time in sex activities, they'd be better off.

One of the younger actresses ran off the set in a huff and went straight to her physician, had him examine her and make out a report of his findings.

The next day on the set, she thrust this document under the producer's nose. "Read it," she snapped. "I may sue for slander!"

"What is it?" said the producer.

"A medical certificate proving my virginity," she snapped.

"Not much good," said the producer. "It's dated yesterday."



Who in the hell put piranhas in the holy water?

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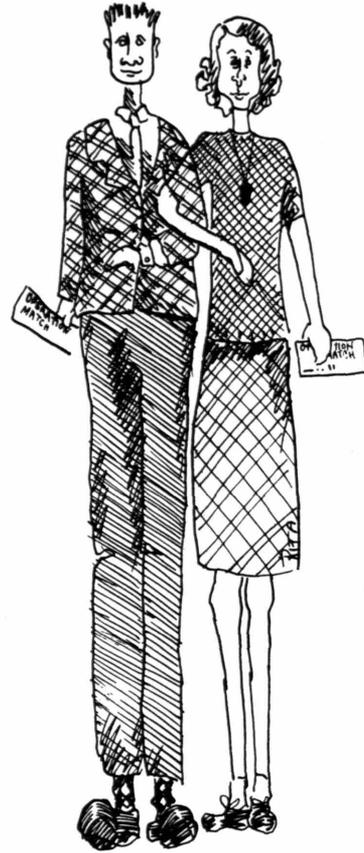
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The High Cost of Cybernetic Dates



Recently I ran across an interesting way to get dates. When I say “ran across,” I mean, literally, “ran across.” I was charging into my room to escape the wrath of an upperclassman who didn’t appreciate the noise I was creating in the hall, and, as I passed through the doorway, I stepped on a printed handout. Exhibiting boundless curiosity, I turned around and picked it up. It described a computerized blind-date-fixing-up system. I hoped that the computer did not enjoy practical jokes. Seeing the magic letters M.I.T. at several places in the printed matter, and thinking of the large sum I — or, more precisely, my parents — was in the process of turning over to that affluent nonprofit organization, I guessed that the service would be free. Closer reading revealed that I was wrong. For four dollars one receives the names of four reasonably compatible girls — or more, if one fills out the questionnaire cleverly. This price seemed high to me, and my fellow members of the *VooDoo* staff agreed.

As a part of our never-ending fight for truth, justice, and the American way, we have compiled these data:

1) Processing each questionnaire requires approximately .1 man-hours and 0.001 machine-hours.

2) About 10 cents are spent on other expenses (printing, stamps, and the like).

3) Man-hours cost \$1.25, and machine hours cost, on the average, \$20. After a good deal of groping around in the equipment, back issues, and other assorted trash that clog our windowless, unclean office on the third floor of Walker, we managed to find a slide rule. By consuming a few ounces of the juice of the barley grain, we stimulated our central nervous system out of their normal stupor into a semblance of activity long enough to reach this conclusion:

4) The total cost of processing each questionnaire is roughly \$0.23.

Thus *Inc. makes a profit of \$3.77 or 1204 percent on each questionnaire. In the event that this figure is exaggerated, we will hear from the other party soon enough. In the meantime, other party, take note: if this be libel, make the most of it. Exactly what the preceding means is a mystery to me, but it sounded interesting when I wrote it. I have heard of free enterprise, but this

is ridiculous. The members of that mysterious group are perhaps at this very moment chortling over their ill-gotten gains in their well-hidden office, probably rented by the week in case of a sudden urge to “fly by night.” It is an almost universally accepted principle of government that corporations with a natural monopoly should be subject to government regulations. Why is *, Inc. an exception to this rule? *Webster’s Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary* (G. & C. Merriam Company, Springfield, Mass.: 1963) defines “profiteer” as “one who makes what is considered an unreasonable profit on the sale of essential goods during times of emergency.” This term certainly must apply to *, Inc.

Something must be done! You may wonder why the *VooDoo* staff doesn’t do it. Frankly, we just don’t feel up to leaving the comfort of our windowless, unclean office on the third floor of Walker. Our alcohol-saturated constitutions simply could not tolerate extended contact with the atrocious Boston weather. Anyway, the responsibility of a student periodical is only the fomenting of campus opinion; the burden of leading a movement to correct a wrong rightfully falls, with a resounding thud, someplace else. To be completely honest, *VooDoo* tries to stay as far from the point of impact as possible. Nevertheless, *something must be done*.

— Robert Bangs



I said I think the doorbell's ringing.

"Do you know who fired the last six shots into Mussolini?"

"Gosh, no. Luther Burbank?"

"No. 120 of Italy's finest marksmen."



"What's black and white and has a red tail?"

"A Polack, maybe?"

"No. A baby skunk with diaper rash."



The Negro evangelist was exhorting the crowd clustered around his soap-box. "Does yo' believe," he screamed, "that de Lawd kin save ev'ry'one of us?"

A small voice replied, "No suh; no, ah cain't believe dat."

"Would yo' believe — half?"



And here it is!!! For the benefit of younger, less worldly readers, here is the ORIGINAL travelling salesman joke!!!!

A travelling salesman wandered into a lonely farmhouse to ask shelter for the night, and was informed by the old couple that if he wanted a bed he would have to sleep with the baby. Anticipating wet sheets, and similar inconveniences, he begged them for permission to spend the night in the hayloft.

Morning came, and he was just opening his eyes when the barn door opened and a beautiful young woman showed herself. He had never in his life seen anything so lovely. "Who are you?" he asked her.

"I'm the baby," she replied, "who are you?"

"Oh, I," he stammered, "I'm the jackass who spent the night in the barn."

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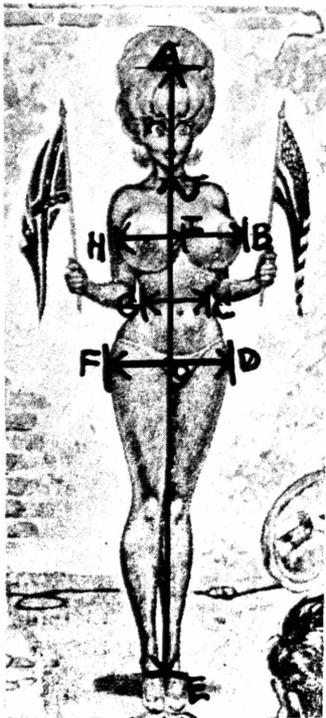
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NOW... AND
ENJOYING IT LESS?**



Photos by Cock Robin

ON LITTLE ANNIE'S FANNY



II

III

Image comparisons: (Conversion factors)

$$I:II = J,O:J',O' = 2.3: 4.0 = .58$$

$$I:III = H,I:H',I' = .8: 1.2 = .67$$

Measurements: (cm.)

$$HB = 1.6 \quad B'I' = 1.6 \times .58 = .92$$

$$GC = .8 \quad C'D' = .6 \times .58 = .35$$

$$FD = 1.6 \quad E'F' = 1.4 \times .58 = .81$$

Using a rectangular approximation her vital statistics are:

$$2(HB + B'I') = 5.04 \text{ cm.}$$

$$2(GC + C'D') = 2.30 \text{ cm.}$$

$$2(FD + E'F') = 4.82 \text{ cm.}$$

Since a one dollar bill measures 66 mm. in width and the conversion factor between pictures I and III is .67 the actual scale of Image I to Life-Size is:

$$1 \text{ cm.} = 23.1 \text{ cm. (since the right breast measures 18.5 cm. (H'I))}$$

Actual statistics:

$$\text{Bust} = 117 \text{ cm.} = 46 \text{ in.}$$

$$\text{Waist} = 53.2 \text{ cm.} = 21 \text{ in.}$$

$$\text{Hips} = 111 \text{ cm.} = 43.5 \text{ in.}$$

$$\text{Height} = 180.2 \text{ cm.} = 71.6 \text{ inc.}$$

A STATICAL ANALYSIS

Being naturally intrigued with the rather massive proportions of "La Belle" Little Annie Fannie, we at MIT have scientifically determined the measurements of her ultrafeminine anatomy. By referring to past issues and relating to objects of everyday experience (certainly Annie is not everyday) we established a torso ratio, relating, by width and depth, her bust, waist, and hips. Basing our ratio on the size of a dollar bill (May 1965) we found her height to be 5'11.6". In this reference scale, her vital statistics tipped the scales at 46-21-43.5. GAZONG !!!

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device to be projected on a corner of each frame. We also have a few watches which fit in the recording chamber so that the time of each shot will also show on the neg. The watches are \$ 15.00 extra .

Shipping wgt. 16 lbs. . . . #347 \$75.00

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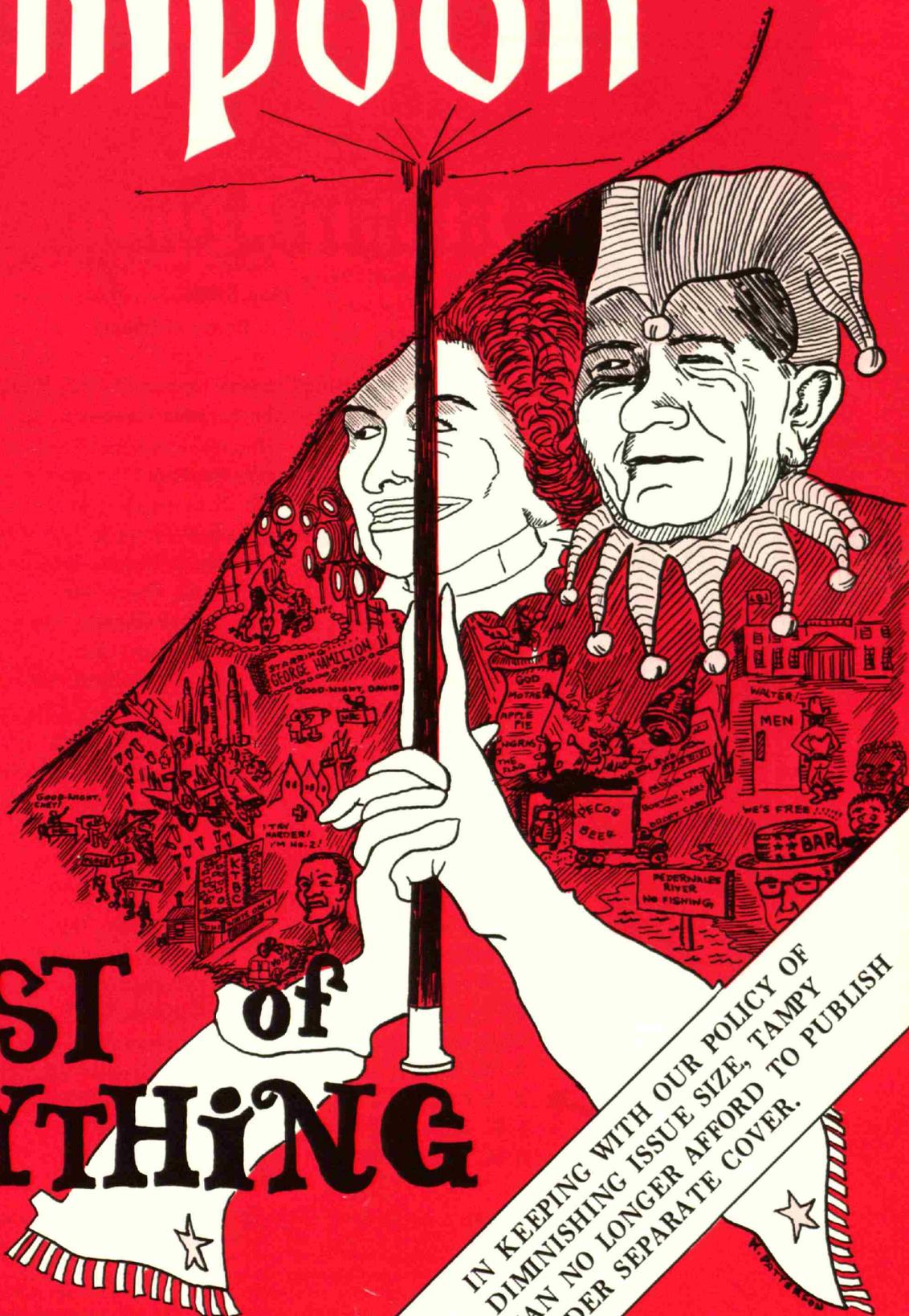
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Vol. XLVI

May, 1966

No. XIII

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Be it known to every being that this fair magazine is entitled VooDoo, and that the aforementioned publication issues forth from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Student Center which is located in the thriving metropolis of Cambridge, the intellectual center of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; furthermore the postman sallies forth on his route with this superlative periodical, being second class mail entered at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139, each month of the calendar year inclusive for the period November through June, plus August; notwithstanding the fact that this splendid issue is indeed Volume XLVI, No. VIII, copyrighted on May the twentieth, nineteen hundred and sixty-six by the Managing Board of VooDoo; in addition, subscriptions are available to the casual seeker at a moderate cost of three dollars for eight issues, unless said seeker desires his copies to be dispatched to Pago-Pago; in such case, said subscription is priced at a moderate sixty-nine dollars.



he Blech wended his way into Tampy's Castle. He expostulated past Iberex and Narcissimus, past Rashimex, and into the inner sanctum of Caramel, Calomel, and Infidel. He found the Junker luxuriated furiously upon the sacred ottoman divan.

"Salutations and commendations, my carcinogenic friend."

"Wise and illustrated Junker, can you elucidate me upon the meteorology of your un-negativistic and profusively existentialism?" queried the Blech.

"Truly," reposed Junker, "I attribute my langerhans to the confusion into my gelatinous system of certain nystagmatic complexes apprised primarily of n-tubble lactic acetylsalicyllates; that is to conform you that I am 'potted', in the lexington."

"Do you contend to deform me of your salacious cohabitate of infusing such drugs as LSC-50, or lyconic surgenge contaminate?"

"Indeed," the Junker respected, lying contumaciously upon his obtuse gastroinsectal track; "I have long since been a trident attic of this excruciating relapse. LSC dissolves the soul, burgeons the heart, and consummatters the bowels. It is a flight upon the lucifer wings of the surroundists' paladin; it is the amnesia of the guards, the sweat necklace of Anthromomines when faced by Clitormester; it is the passing of an Andrometer upon the services of Andros; in fine, it is the cat's palavers."

Junker fell existed after his long airaid. Conspiracy bestrangled his brow, and he leased into a comakaze state. Simulacrum, the Blech, drawn into the lecherous

web of the LSC promiscuous, consumed the probability of his sampling the infallus carmichael.

"Would you, persay, care to imbribe of this precocious halogenic?"

"Well," relied the Blech, "don't commoner, but I would be pervaded to simple the lucid sustenance."

And so the Blech was pervaded to fill a hypothalamus needle with the price list fluid. He carefully slobbered the humourous joint of his forearm with method alkaline, and slid the slivery needle into the vain. The diffusive jews ran into his hundrey vassals. It hit with the import of Purcilous restituting Laryngitia on the Phrygian shores of Ytemephigina from the frosop of the supine O'Ryan.

In time Blech was encumbered as was Junker upon the divot. After a long interrupt, they both revied, and removed their expedient.

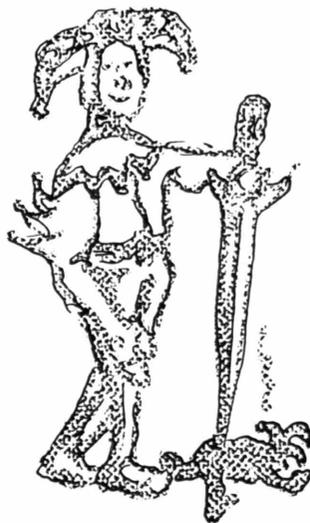
"Can we truly interpost the exponent we have embued as the punubrillate of human compost?" began Blech.

"My only ripost," relied the omnipatient Junker, "can only be the revelant statehood of the quintuple of all our energies. That is, the isms of our lookout must be confusioned by a deeper underestimation of the fellacy of our ascensions. It is only through this concommitation of the inner self that we can refine our gaols and defoliate the true meaning of this conspirients and delineate the wheel *raisin detriment* of this unisphere."

Stains from the Hi-fiduciary wafted through the Castle, and the two conspectorants sat thoughtlessly pouging a hooker. As the cerebral spear slowly set in the west, Junker ponderosally turned to his compagne and clearlied:

"But, oh prissy expunge, why is it all so Blech?"

Thankfully he retoasted, "That's Africa, baby."



"All men feel something of an honorable bigotry for the objects which long continue to please them."

William Wordsworth



We think our clients have the same type of "honorable bigotry" towards the Cambridge Trust Company as Harvard men have towards the Harvard **Lampoon**.



But does *VooDoo* have the same "honorable bigotry" towards the *'Poon*?



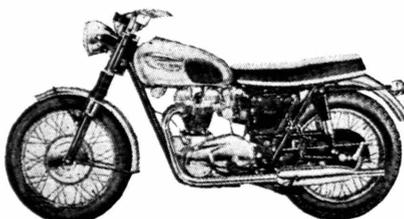
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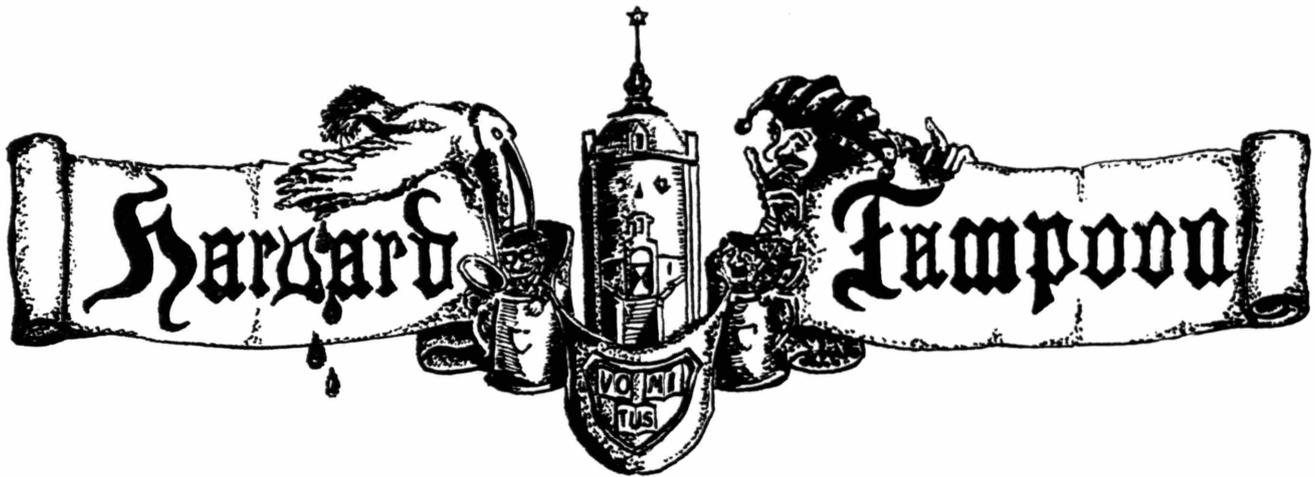
Boston



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"He may live without books -- What is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope -- What is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love -- What is passion but pining?
But where is the man, Who Can Live Without Dining?"





I was only six years old. Or was I seven? Yes, I'm sure I was seven, because I remember that I was wearing a new pair of saddle Oxfords, and it was the only pair of saddle Oxfords I ever had. I got those for my seventh birthday, from my Uncle Millard. He came in on the train from Trenton for the weekend, and gave me those shoes. That's how I remember I was seven years old. Those shoes were too small.

Pater had come up to town on the morning train, and I, being home from Choate, had been brought along as a special treat. It was a red-letter day for father. He had a luncheon date with a certain Mr. Parsnip at the Hairy Prodding Club. I didn't often have the opportunity of visiting the city, and so pater delighted me with the promise of a visit to his alma mater ('93, Arts and Letters, I think, or perhaps it was Proctology).

Having arrived in the city, we walked through the cavernous Main Platform of the Great Railway Station, and out into the bright rain. I remember it was raining that day. I inadvertantly stepped into a nasty puddle, with my new saddle Oxfords, and promptly received a most timely scolding from pater. He summoned a taxi, and we proceeded at once through the mid-day throng in the direction of the Square.

As we approached the Square, pater glanced at his timepiece, which was, indeed, a family heirloom, having been handed down for four generations. The original owner, I believe, was Great-great Uncle Thaddeus, a Customs House official in the port of Boston, who made his fortune in the early days of the opium trade. "Drat, stopped again," he postulated. "But I do believe that we have an hour at our leisure before my luncheon engagement. Shall we take a turn about the Square, my boy?"

As we strolled down Massachusetts Avenue, away from the heart of the Square, we noticed that a throng had gathered in front of a small, inconspicuous eatery on the Western side of the avenue.

We pushed our way through the crowd, pater admonishing me for allowing the arms of my new green velvet jacket to be brushed by the more common among the group. "Now your mater will have to have it cleansed," he scolded. Inwardly, I resolved to be more careful.

Inside, we noticed the occasion of the furor. Seated at a table in the far North-West corner of the establishment, which, incidentally, was called "Mr. Bratley's Burger Cottage" sat Alf Landon himself! He was lunching on a large pattie of chopped, fried beefsteak, covered with melted American cheese, and surrounded by a gently toasted cake of leavened white bread. Surrounding this dish on the platter was a decoration of narrowly sliced pickled cucumber. Beside the plate stood a tall glass of tonic. I noticed that the entire meal was referred to as a "C-6".

Alf Landon himself would certainly have been cause enough for the furor. Why, only two months previous he had been narrowly defeated in an election for President of these United States, or so pater had informed me. There was, however, another notable who caught our attention, and he was seated in the extreme South-east corner of the room, diagonally opposite Mr. Landon. He was, my pater informed me, a motion picture personality, Humphrey Bogart by name. From the conversations which were being carried on in the crowd about us, I ascertained that Mr. Bogart (or Bogie, as the rabble were referring to him) was present in the Square for the presentation of an award, in his name, by the Harvard Tampoon. The award was due to be presented, for some motion picture accomplishment, I assumed, later in the day. The staff of the magazine was treating him to a delicious luncheon before the ceremony. He, too, I observed, was occupied devouring a "C-6".

Such were the events of that day in my childhood. It is humorous to note that I no longer remember the date of the occurrence, and yet the events of that day stand out as clearly as if they had happened last week.

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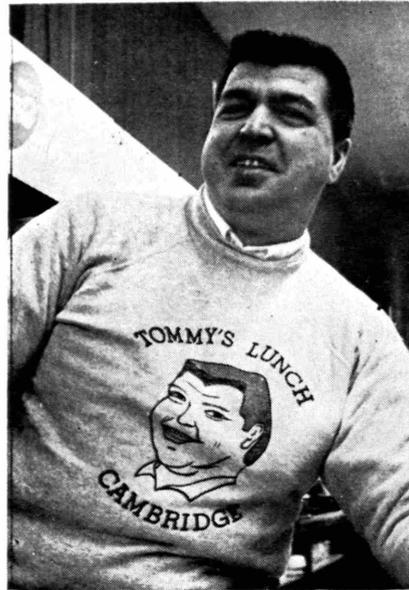
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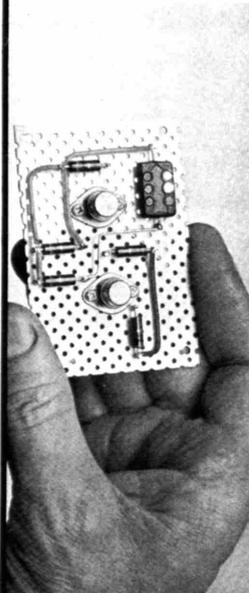
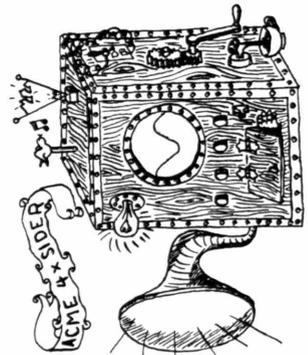
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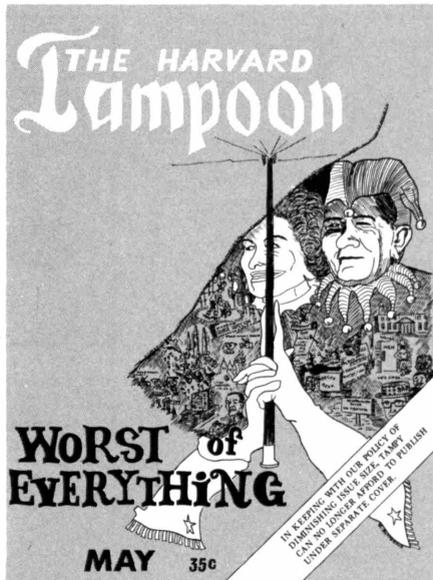
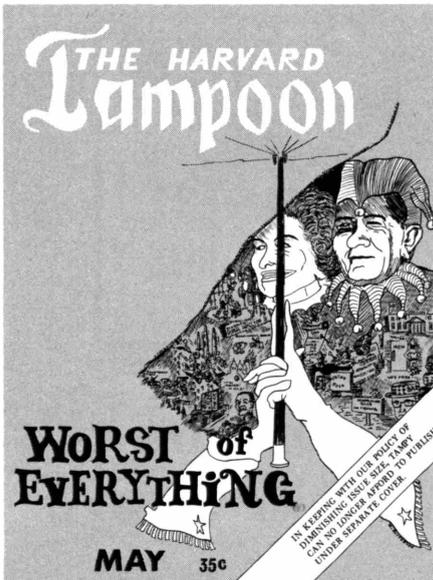
For the Past Twelve Months

The Three Worst Parodies of the Year

WORST PARODY OF THE YEAR:
VooDoo's parody of the Lampion

SECOND WORST PARODY OF THE YEAR:
VooDoo's parody of the Lampion (It counts twice because it's so bad.)

THIRD WORST PARODY OF THE YEAR:
The *New York Times Magazine's* parody of VooDoo's parody of the *New York Times Magazine*. Published weekly.



MOST DISGUSTING PHOTOFEATURE OF THE YEAR:

Life Magazine's 5-page picture study of the Russian girls - 2 heads, four arms, 2½ legs; thank God they didn't have color pictures.

MOST DISGUSTING PHRASE OF THE YEAR:

(With dangling Boob Tubes)

"Would you believe.....?"

WORSE SENSE OF HUMOR AWARD

With dangling insurance policies, to the person who inscribed "For Institute Use Only" on the front of the *M.I.T. Student Directory*. This award includes 17 free gasoline credit cards.



HUGH HEFNER AWARD FOR COMMERCIALISM

with dangling million-dollar bills, to HUGH HEFNER, for telling the public that whatever they want to do is alright with me, as long as you pay me. Formerly awarded to Bertrand Russell.



Subjective Reasoning Award

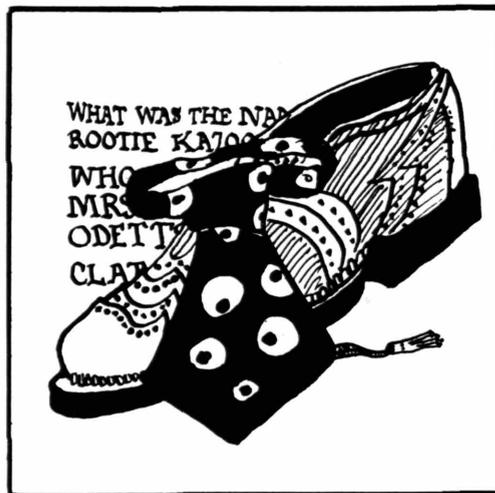
With lettuce and mayonnaise, lots of mayonnaise; to Larry Bishoff.

He's so Cute Award

Awarded, instead of to Chuck Deber who has won the award for the past 24 years, to Keith Patterson, who has bigger ears. With resembling humor, but only faintly.

SPEEDY GONZALES AWARD

With broken buttons and crushed finger cluster; to THE STUDENT CENTER ELEVATOR.



The Tent on Top of the Mountain Award

To Jay Hammerness of the Dean's Office for being the Highest Camp guy on campus.

THE MARRY ROYALTY AND GET RICHER AND A 3A CLASSIFICATION BESIDES, AWARD:

With dangling Linda Birds.

first awarded to Grace Kelly, this year to George Hamilton.



Where Bogey consoled himself after his tasteful award

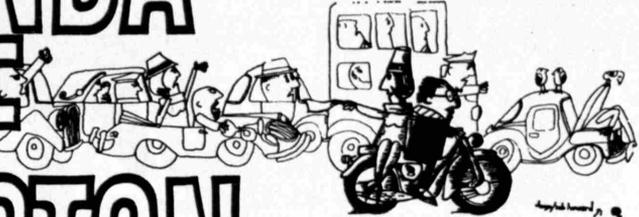
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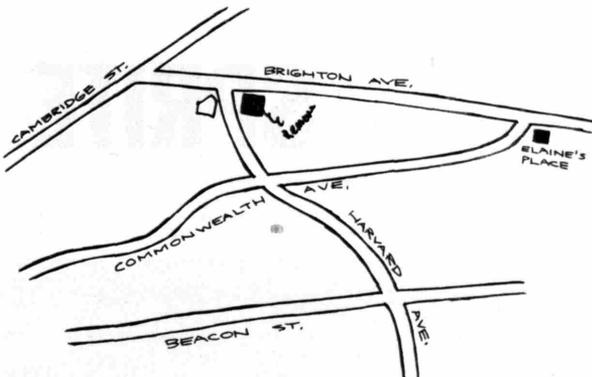
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ARE YOU HALF

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B. W. Dunlap, '41	R. Q. Astus, '72

Are you half a man? Do people ask "where's the rest of so-and-so." And which half of you do they see? Don't take any chances; subscribe to *VooDoo* now. Also make up for lost time and order whatever back issues you can afford.

Black Xmas (Dec '63)
Book Cover (Feb '64)
Motherhood (Mar '64) - is hard to beat
Red Issue (Apr '64) - better read than Dad
Summer (Summer '64) - what else?
Elections (Nov '64) - we came out for Barry
Cult (Dec '64) - cultivate your taste in backs
Christmas (Jan '65) - yep. They have it every year
Adult Fun (Mar '65)
Weather (Apr '65) - or not
Wretched American (May '65)
Tossed Salad (Jun '65) - barf
Class of 69 (Oct '65)
Grape Society (Nov '65)
Drunk Santa (Dec '65) - we got drunk that night too
Noo Yawk Times (Jan '66) - "Grate." *Boston Globe*
Batcrap (Feb '66) - Boy Wonder's back
Rhinoceros (Mar '66) - horny
Jock World (Apr '66) - keep it in.

LET YOURSELF GO! BUY! BUY! PLEASE BUY!

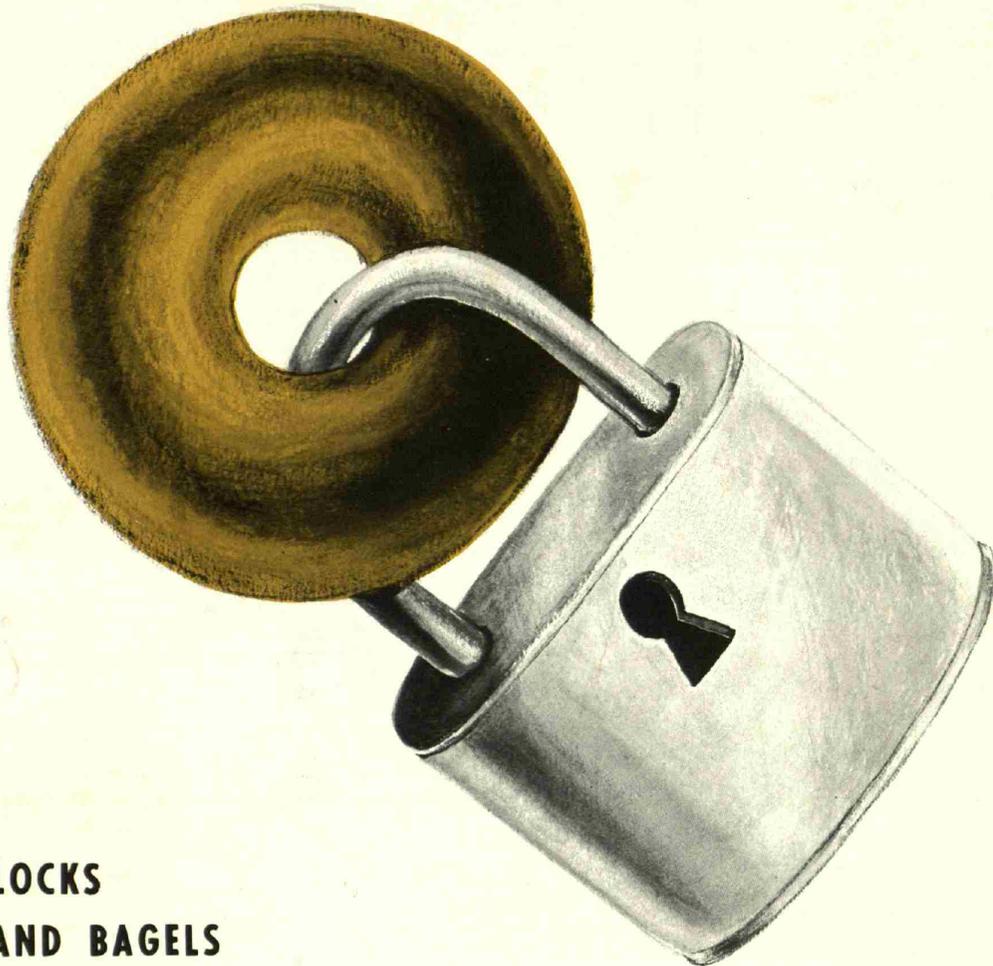
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