

ONLY YESTERDAY

# I REMEMBER MAMA



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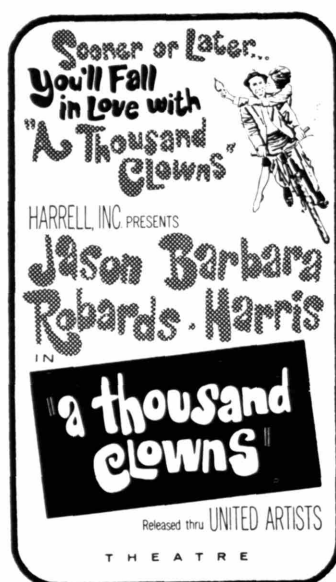
PRESENTS

## KING AND COUNTRY

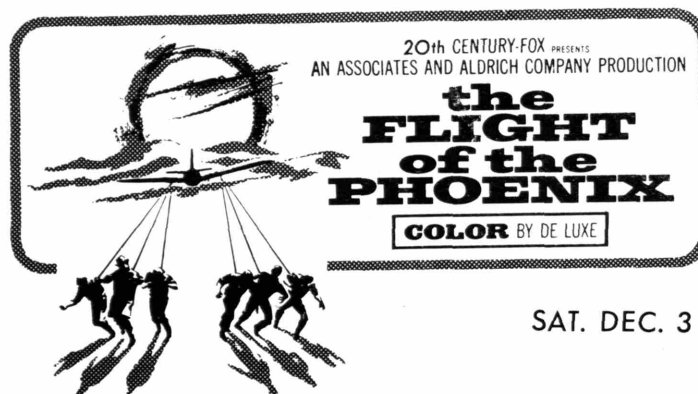
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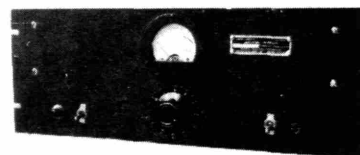
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**VOL. 50**

**NO. 2**

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Youth is a wonderful thing, too bad it has to be wasted on slogan makers. Remember when you were a little kid, when pussy was a family pet and Howard Johnson was a place to get ice cream? Remember crowding around the radio for Our Gal Sunday and Amos and Andy (American life really did stop between 6:45 and 7), or if you're not quite so old, remember Pinky Lee and his bouncing heart attacks, Princess Summer Fall Water Cress, Sid Caesar and Imogine Coco, The Honeymooners with Audrey Meadows, and Lassie (What'sis name never could replace Tommy Retigg, it just wasn't right). Where have they all gone? What happy hunting ground do they all share? Could they come back now and make it big? (Not hardly, Uncle Miltie proved that.) But, for a moment, forget the present, crowd around the living room, wait for the set to warm up, for the bright spot of light to flash, glow and fade slowly away. Patiently, dreamily, wait for the lusty voice to trumpet forth, "Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear, The Lone Ranger rides again!"



Depicted on our cover is a touching scene that is fast disappearing from the American scene. The motorcycle gang is being supplanted by folk groups, radical Presbyterians, and militant Hillels. Within an hour after our cameras caught this pair, a cigarette load in a reefer claimed the life of the sweet bird on the right. The youthful Mama was interred with full ceremony a week later (pictured above).

Now, for the four hundred fifty-second time, I, the Spirit of the Postal Information Paragraph, will tell you approximately what you are holding in your hands. It is the second issue of the fiftieth volume of VooDoo Magazine. It is published by the Managing Board, in our little pornographer's nook, Room 461 of the Julius Adams Stratton Building, 84 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139. Nine times a year issues of this type enter the Cambridge Post Office under the name of "second class" mail. (A misleading classification for a first class magazine such as this one.) Many other times it tries to enter the mails but is foiled. We have a phone number which can be expressed as LIPOFEY (KI 7-6339). See if you can make up a clever letter combination with our phone number. Send in your suggestions and we will choose the best and award a handsome prize to its creator.

Confessions of a Bubble Gum  
Card Addict  
*name withheld*

# THE BOY WITH THE GOLDEN ARM

When does addiction start? When do you change from being just a social flipper to being a slave to Tuppys. I remember my first pop. An older friend Harvey was with me. We had wandered into Kurtzman's Sweet Shoppe when Harvey let out a loud whoop that jarred me from my counting of my jawbreakers. Such a whoop I would have expected of Harv only if the persons of Mickey Mantle and Santa Claus were to appear before him, unite, and begin to pass out free signed baseballs. But that wasn't it. No, it just wasn't that simple. What he was holding in his

hands was to become my doom. The cover had already been ripped off and Harvey stood there, steeped in the poisonous stuff. In his mouth, on his lips, even on his shirt were shards of the driest, flakiest gum I've ever seen. But in his hands were little pieces of cardboard, the likes of which I'd never seen before. Pictures on them. About six of them in that little wrapper. Steve "The Plague" Radzodski, Lansdowne Perkins, Aroz Conpollo, the Boston Black Sox Team, and, yes, third from the top a picture worth more than one of the holy padre himself, a full color picture of Mick, king of sport, stage, outer space, and center field. I knew absolutely nothing about these cards, but the minutes were already running out on my former life. These multilithed baubles were starting to work on me from that very moment.

I don't remember what happened to Harv that afternoon. He must

have gone home by himself. I do remember offering him both of my dried frogs and my train-crushed penny in trade for the Mickey Mantle card. When he refused to trade, I switched my interests over to the counter where he had bought it. He must have left then. All I could see was the face of old man Kurtzman beaming down from the high counter as he ever so surreptitiously inched the display case toward my impulsively clutching hand. Within a few seconds the fateful nickel had changed hands. Soon I was covered with a fine white cloud sugar and staring blankly into my little sheaf of cards. Question after question was running through my head. Was the gum always this stale? Why are the pictures so pretty? Why did your shirt turn white when you riffled through a deck of these cards? I was caught. I became a regular buyer.

Eventually, my needs began to grow. I was on two, then five, even a hundred packs per day. I lost count of my entire collection. It was already far bigger than a bread box and was growing fast.



The actual flipping of cards began to occupy entire recesses. The boys and I would sneak down to the lavatory and play leansies, wallsies, and topsies for terrific odds. Trading became a specialty of mine. I personally hooked about eight of my cohorts on cards.

I really began to worry about my future when I realized how heavily I was relying on out-of-state buyers. You see, one couldn't simply trade for the high-demand cards. (The Mays', the Mantles, and the Beras.) The Tupps Baseball Co. had decided to classify my hometown area as a limited Mays region, with only one hundred Willie Mays cards per state per month. I had to mail order them from an agent in Fargo, North Dakota. But Tupps proved the better. It had the monopoly and it ran the show. They had signed exclusive contracts with all conceivable baseball players back in their Little League days. It was unfair but that was the way it was. My only recourse was to buy more cards. I needed them physically now. I would run into old man Kurtzman's store, hand over all the money I had stolen, and retire to a corner to break the developing withdrawal symptoms with slab after slab of that suburban

pemmican, Tupps' famous bubble gum. (The material is actually the same as that of modern superballs.)

Soon my family grew quite concerned. They finally planned the big trip out to Atlantic City. The trip was to be my last chance to re-join the world of normal people. I was frisked clean of the little cardboard devils at the outset and spent a rough twelve hours in cold turkey. But that night, and the night after I was able to sleep, relaxed and untroubled. I would get up at about eight o'clock and walk up and down the boardwalk, watch a flea circus, even eat an ice cream. For a while there I thought that perhaps I was going to be normal again. But then, from around the back of a pitch-til-ya-win booth came a stark reminder of my shattered will power.

He was dressed in a dark grey trenchcoat. He looked like any other crook. He walked by me once, but noticed that look, that mark of Cain left on me by the cards of evil. He knew that he had spotted a mark. Quickly he circled back, drawing his coat open to let me see his display of cards. And strange cards they were. Where Willie Mays once proudly displayed his head, Honey Bee now thrust her ponderous breasts. The team cards were replaced by slightly smaller group photos. But it didn't really matter. They were cards. I heard the dollar crackle as I stuffed it into the stranger's hand. The quaint face of the stranger slowly grew to Kurtzmanesque fullness as I heard a distant voice grow louder, "Twenty packs, kid. Twenty packs."

*fini*



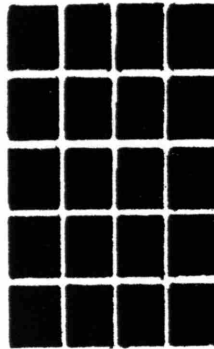
"Alright, if There's No God, Who  
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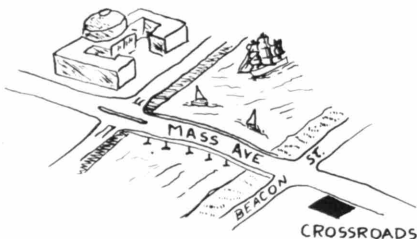


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Wilkinson Sword Blade? On the way down it gave her  
a tonsillectomy, a hysterectomy, an appendectomy, and  
circumcised her husband, and still it gave her eight good  
shaves ... adv.



There was once an Arab who walked through the  
desert for three days without once passing water.

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Pajamas: An item of clothing newlyweds keep at their  
bedside in case of fire.



Psychiatrist: A man who tries to find out if infants  
have more fun in infancy than adults have in adultery.

# Fazool & THE \$2.55 WEEKEND

Did you spend a horrendous sum on that recent JP? Did you refuse to go in anticipation of that very same sum? Well friend, you ought to read this article and learn how to recreate a college weekend from out of the golden days. Back when a fiver or two would tide you over for a true time of jollies. Dates were a dime a dozen and so eager honney you had to pick them off the wall. Wow. We'll follow our correspondent Fazool as he plunges on through an entire weekend spending the paltry sum of \$2.55. Who or what kind of man could do this amazing feat, you ask. Well, we must admit that our boy Fazool is a bit extraordinary. But you needn't be discouraged. Any mortal can duplicate this feat to within a few cents. So settle back and observe Fazool, our ever-so resourceful goatherd, as he shows us all the angles in recreating the Old Time \$2.55 College Weekend.

The exceptionally astute among our little following will, of course, recognize that this article is the promised article mentioned on those pitiable leaves we refer to as our last issue.

Finding a date is no problem at all to anyone as brazen as Fazool. He simply rode confidently through several bazaars and marketplaces until he found the girl. Language problems might cause problems also had Fazool not taken the Sabine approach to the matter. Within a few hours she understood fully that she was to be his companion at some sort of affair. Later Fazool's roommates were most helpful in pinning down the details to her satisfaction.

Because it was necessary to bring his date quite a distance from her home, Fazool decided to arrange sleeping quarters for her. Her congenital allergy to goats (and hence goatherds tents) ruled out setting up an extra strawpile in his tent. Instead he chose to capitalize on his M.I.T. Teaching Assistanceship. (Fazool has been a T.A. in freshman chemistry at M.I.T. for the last two terms.) Fazool set up a cot in his building four office and allowed his date to spend her hours alone there.



Fazool's date prepares for sleep at her new home.

The accommodations are fine. The milkman will leave some liquid nitrogen on the stoop if you leave him leave him a note, that janitors are all castrato Nubians and correspondingly harmless, and the distilled water tap easily converts to a spiff bidet. The few problems that did arise, arose around itinerant grad students that followed the scent to the lab.

The problem of inexpensive entertainment is one that Fazool has solved masterfully. All types of interesting diversions have been tried by this crafty devil. He claims to have dreamt up most of his specialties on slow days out in the pastures with his goats. We really don't want to discuss most of these pastimes in detail. We'll let the reader wander among the goats and find out for himself. Fazool's distinctive parlor games do merit a bit of attention, though. On Friday evenings and Saturday afternoons, when most weekend celebrants are succumbing to tradition by attending plays, concerts and the like, Fazool is enjoying free games like the one in the picture. The game is called fakkap and is a variant of an ancient Iranian game, played by goatherds from time immemorial. This version consists of



Fazool (dark shorts with white trim) picks up his date.

throwing marbles for points at the target boxes. Fazool has just scored a three point grawz and his date is encouraging him in his attempt for the extra point, "In the box, Fazool. Right in the box!" Later in the evening Fazool will change the rules and the mode of play a bit. This one game alone could last almost the entire evening.

But how exactly does one convince his date to play fakkap all night? If the condiments of the food don't do it, stronger measures must be invoked. Rather than describe them all here, it is suggested that the reader look up the diary entries of several Bhuddist "human-torch" monks. Apparently these boys had stumbled upon a few concoctions with extraordinary persuasive powers.

Transportation can often be a gnarl, but a conquerable one. When Fazool saw this guy he realized that his goatriding days were over. Fazool followed the cyclist home and later, with the help of a chain cutter availed himself of a similar (in fact, quite similar) vehicle. Bringing a date along on such a cycle is actual-



With encouragement from his date, Fazool tries for an extra fakkap point.

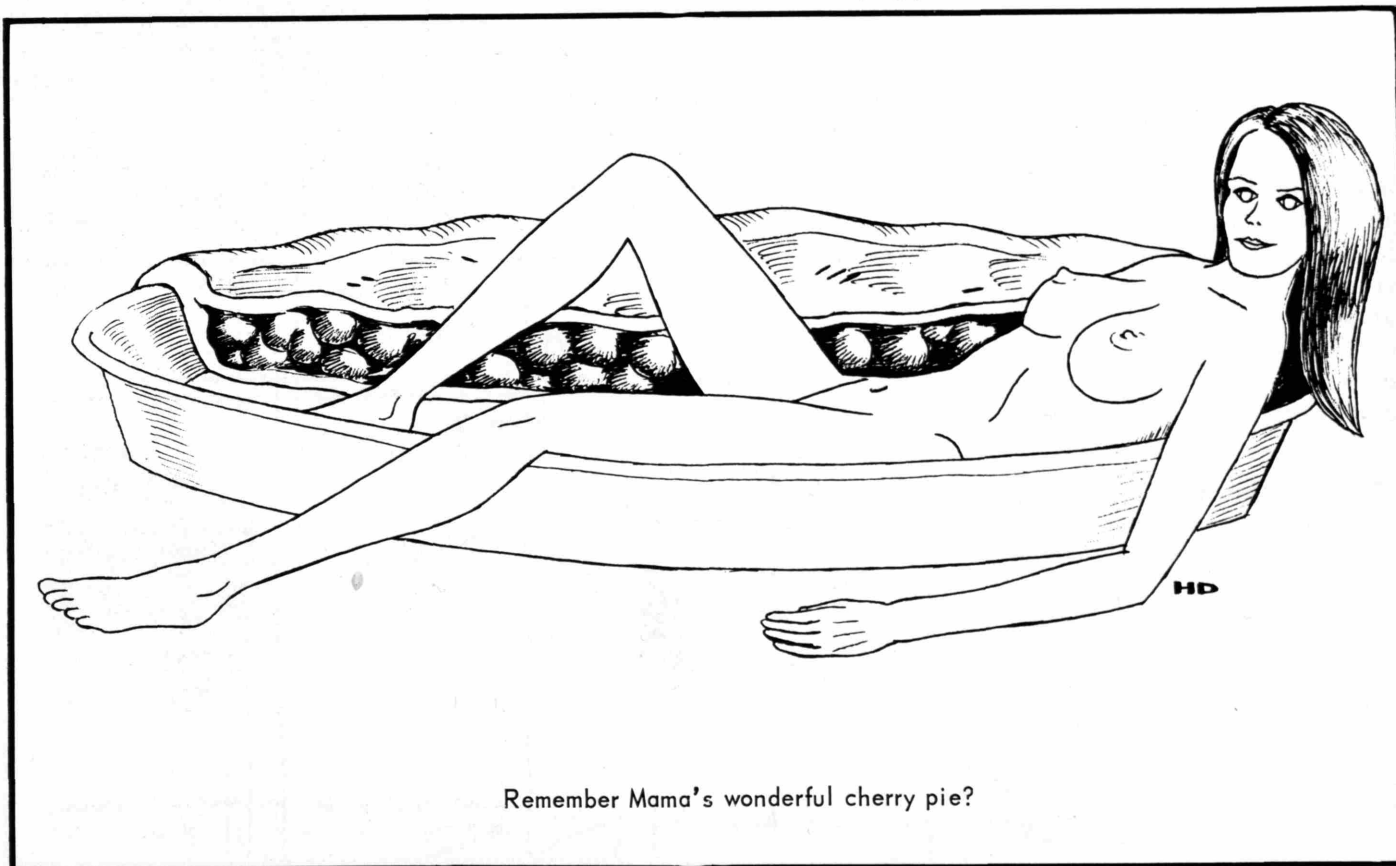
ly not as difficult as it seems. Within a few hours of practice, Fazool was able to carry his date in his arms with reasonable reliability . . . about eighty per cent success. Parking the cycle is trivial. With the slightest bit of shoving it will fit right into the average handbag.

As a service to interested readers, Fazool offers his services in helping other economy-minded souls in ob-

*(Continued next page)*



The answer to Fazool's transportation problems wheeled right into his arms, so to say.



Remember Mama's wonderful cherry pie?

taining their very own unicycles. All one need do is find someone with such a cycle. Then write their name and address along with yours on a postcard and mail to: Fazool, Goatherd, 15 Magazine Street, Cambridge 38. Within four days Fazool will deliver a unicycle just like the one you saw for a nominal fee. That Fazool is damn clever.

And now the problem of food. Where can one eat if his budget is to be kept in the cents? Actually, the point to be made is where not to eat if one's budget is to be kept in the cents. The whole econ weekend can be shot by one indiscrete venture into the wrong restaurant. Tricky items such as cover charges and minimums can put the \$2.55 bite on you as soon as you touch the inside of the doorknob. One can see in the picture some poor soul learning the difficult way, why Fazool burns a ball of pitch fortnightly on the front steps of the Hungry Pilgrim. (Goatherds have very strange ways of getting even with people they feel have insulted them.) Fazool would never be seen in a place such as this restaurant. His tastes rum more toward Kemp's, the Doggie Diner, or the Famished Arab. The flashy touches that these places lack can be quickly recreated with a pinch of ground cantharis, or other aphrodisiac. We are not exactly sure where Fazool ate this particular weekend. Our reporters lost track of the crafty old goatherd for several hours in the evenings. He appeared later, apparently quite well fed. He disappeared in the vicinity of the Y. Maybe he ate there. Goatherds have been known to.



To top things off, this fellow's stomach was upset by food.

And finally the perfect ending is needed to top off this weekend. Rather than the standard hangover-nursing and subsequent trip to the beach for a little sun and fresh air, Fazool has chosen to go to the beach and sell his date to several of the locals. After pointing out what fine teeth she had he was able to command a fine price for her. And one further advantage; having sold her, Fazool is no longer responsible for the foolish expense of returning her to wherever he got her from. Damn clever, that Fazool!

— Earl W. & Edor



The urchins seem to enjoy their purchase (they had brought their own blanket).



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Quadruplets: Taking seriously that which was poked at you in fun.



The teacher told the three little boys to go home and look at a teevee and learn something new about sex. So the next day they came back and Jimmy said, "I watched Ben Casey and learned a lot." And Irving said, "I watched Night Nurse and learned a lot." And Roger said, "I watched Gene Autry kill eight Indians." The teacher said, "You didn't learn a lot about sex from that." Roger replied, "Oh, I don't know about that . . . it taught eight Indians not to screw around with Gene Autry!"



An American tourist was in a London cafe recently, sitting at one of the many tables. Presently, a waitress strolled over and gave him a menu.

"What's good today?" he asked.

"Rhubarb, ravioli, rutabagas, roast, and rice," she answered.

"Baby, you certainly do roll your 'r's."

"Yeah, it's them high heels I'm wearing."

# WELCOME TO...

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I punctured my tires on some broken glass last night.  
Oh really? Didn't you see it first?  
No, damn kid had a bottle in his pocket.

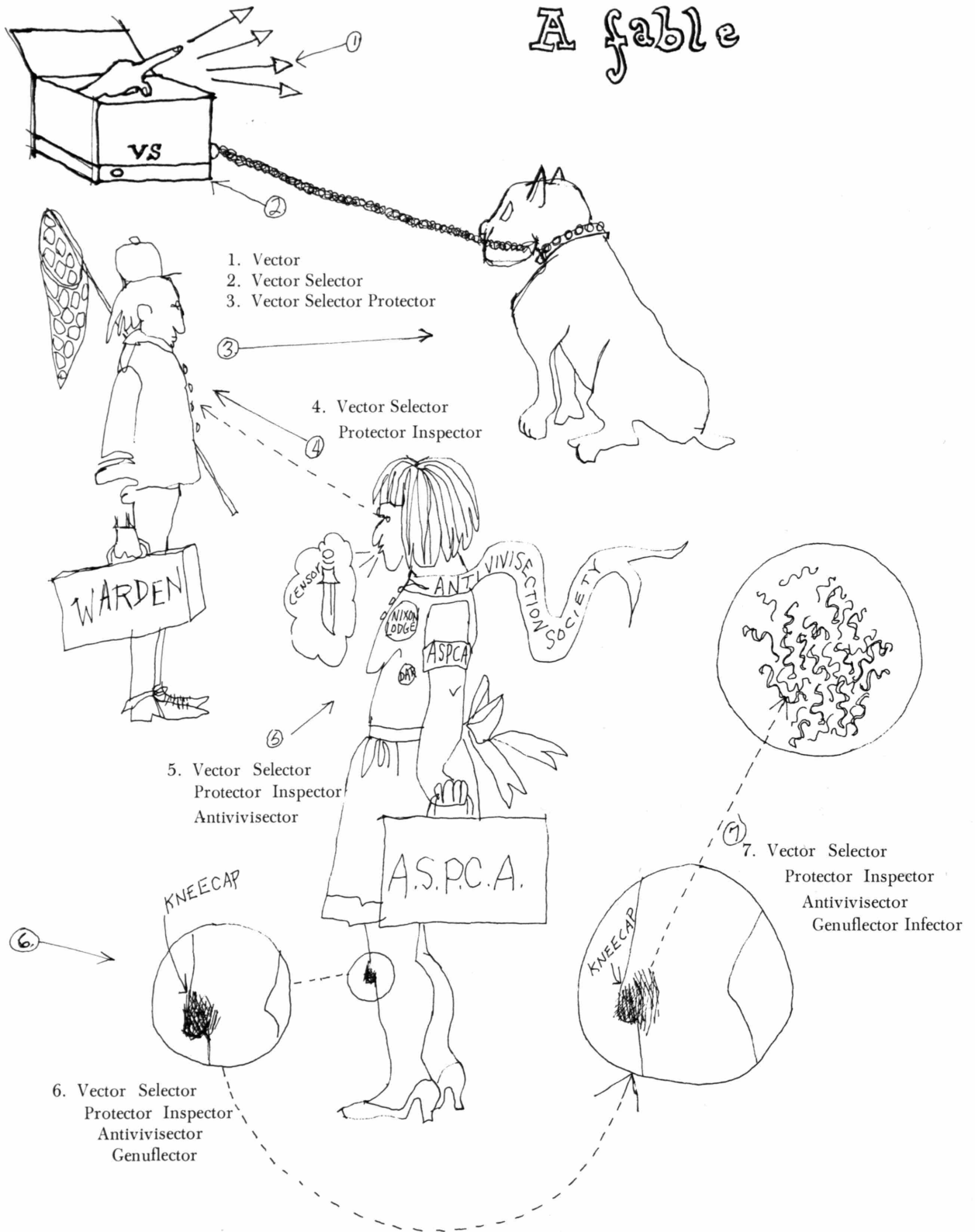


I'll have an ice cream cone for my roommate please.  
What kind you want, son? Chocolate or vanilla?  
It doesn't matter. He's blind.

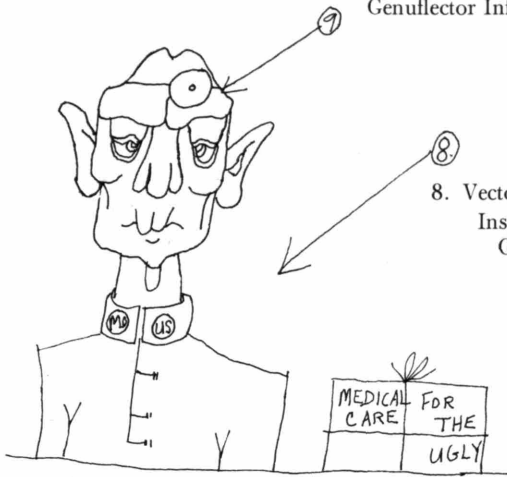


Did you hear about the moron who killed his mother and father so he could go to the orphans' day picnic — and then it rained?

# A fable



9. Vector Selector Protector Inspector Antivivisector  
Genuflector Infector Detector Reflector



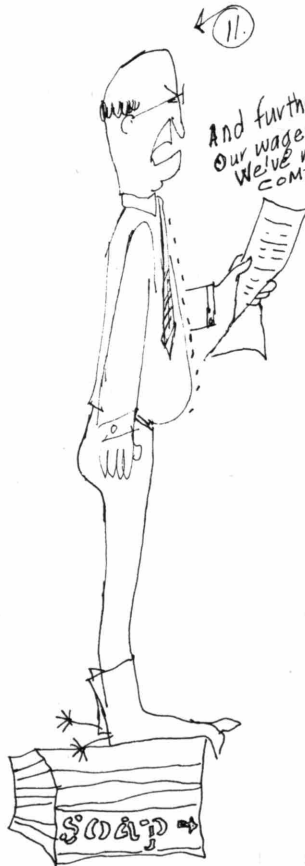
8. Vector Selector Protector  
Inspector Antivivisector  
Genuflector Infector  
Detector

10. Vector Selector  
Protector Inspector  
Antivivisector Genuflector  
Infector Detector Reflector  
Perfector

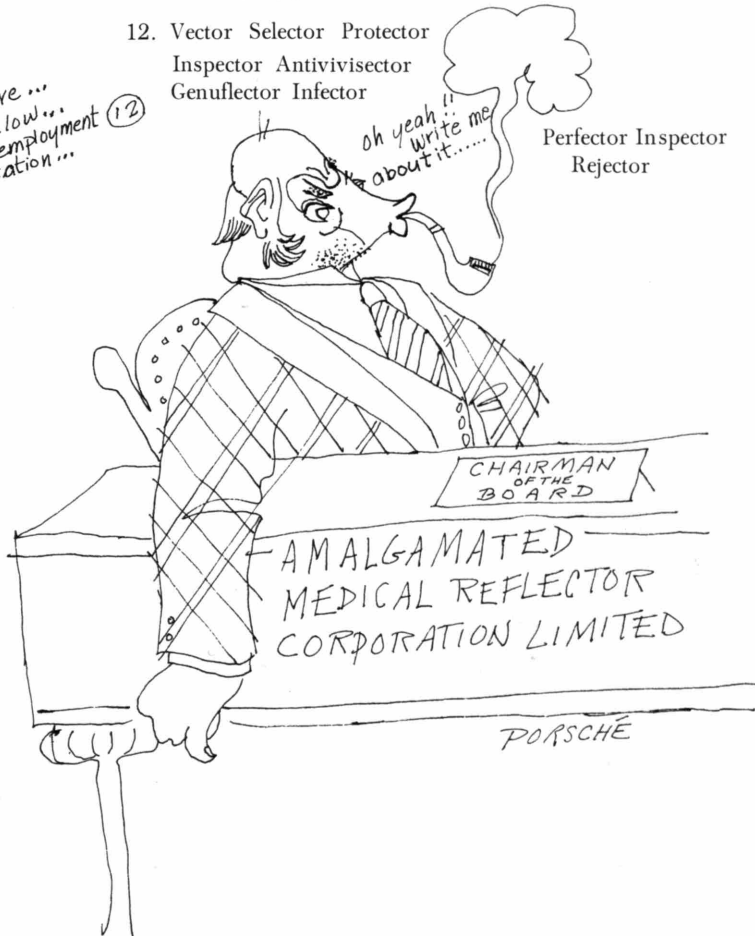


11. Vector  
Selector  
Protector  
Inspector  
Antivivisector  
Genuflector  
Infector  
Detector  
Reflector  
Perfector

12. Vector Selector Protector  
Inspector Antivivisector  
Genuflector Infector



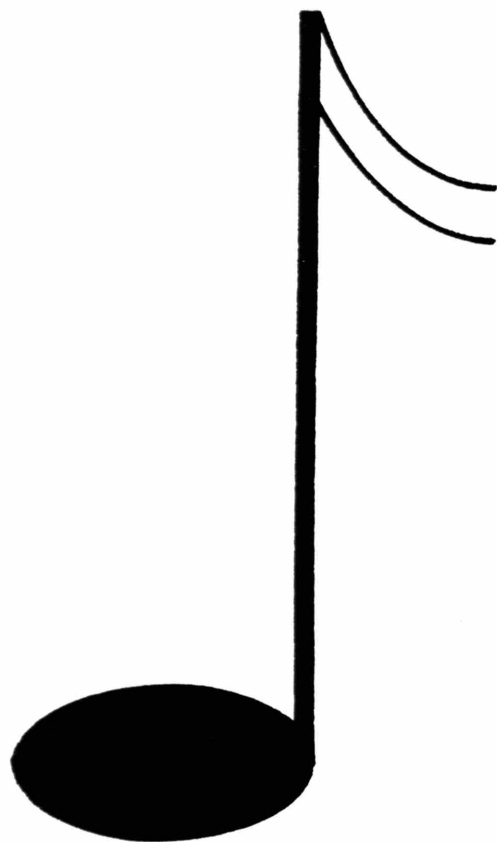
And furthermore...  
Our wages are low...  
We've no unemployment  
compensation... (12)



oh yeah!!  
write me  
about it.....

Perfector Inspector  
Rejector

if you enjoy  
quality sound



**TECH**  
**hifi**  
**exchange**

see a sample in  
the lobby of  
building ten

an agency of TSE  
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John H. Strohbeen  
354-4445

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VARIETIES

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. . . Have it delivered*

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I'M ALWAYS HOME!

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Rear of  
Fenway  
Park





Another abstruse production by *Voo-Doo's* most prolific author (he writes a lot, too), that worldly-wise veteran

of many years and innumerable stories, D. F. Nolan.

# THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Let me tell you about the good old days; I mean the *really* old days. Not any of this 1920's or 1890's stuff, but the *old* days — the days back before they'd invented beer trucks, or even beer, for that matter. Back even before they invented Chuck Deber, if you can imagine such a thing.

"Aha!" you're thinking. "Caveman times."

But you're wrong. I mean even before that. I'm talking about the days when *Time* magazine was carrying articles on "Is God Born?" and the Garden of Eden wasn't even planted, let alone being a full-fledge housing development. I mean the days which were so old that they hadn't even invented *days*, and everything was just one big Twilight Zone.

Anyhow, this story concerns a fellow (or he might have been a girl; they hadn't invented bisexuality yet) whose name was Mwuh, or Ngg, or

something like that — they hadn't invented real names yet, either — who lived in a hut (which he had to invent, even) by the river. He spent most of his time trying to figure out what to do with his bow-and-arrow (there were no buffalo to hunt yet), and trying to invent counting, so he could count his toes. All in all, it was a very dull existence.

So there he was, one afternoon, wishing that they'd hurry up and invent the *New York Times*, so he could read the *VooDoo* parody, or even invent Fridays, so he could have a TGIF party, when it happened.

All of a sudden, without any warning, there was this big voice from the sky, and it said, "Let there be light." And there was light — which confused the merry hell out of Mwuh (or Ngg, or whatever his name was) since he'd been getting along fine without it. Furthermore, as soon as it became light, Mwuh and his friends

began to discover all kinds of things, such as bisexuality and racial differences (in the dark, everyone looks pretty much the same). In no time at all, they had Progress, and let me tell you, that was something else. The wheel, scotch tape, cigarette lighters, race riots, tailfins, religion — all the really important things in life were soon theirs. They even had buffalo, and beer trucks, and Chuck Deber.

And then, before they even knew it, they had electricity, and artificial lighting, and indoor plumbing, and COLOR TV, and similar appurtenances of civilization. Air pollution became commoner than air — and all the buffalo died.

And then one day, Mwuh (who was now a very old man) noticed that the electric light had turned night into day, and what with the air pollution turning day into night, everything was just one big Twilight Zone. The day after that, he noticed that due to the influence of such people as Sonny & Cher, The Rolling Stones, and the Hullabalos, bisexuality had disappeared, as had enunciation, and that people no longer gave him odd looks when he replied to the question "What's your name?" by saying "Mwuh." In fact, everybody else's name seemed to be Mwuh (or Ngg).

And when he found his bow-and-arrow in the closet one Spring Cleaning, he couldn't figure out what on earth to do with it (the buffalo were all gone), so he threw it away. Even *Time* magazine seemed to be very much unchanged from the days of his youth, although he vaguely remembered that the accent had been different in the Religion section. Not *very* different, though, he was sure.

And pretty soon nobody had to work any more, and all the days of the week became indistinguishable from each other, so there were no more TGIF parties. People just sat in their government-built, government-owned urban renewal dwellings, which were looking more and more like huts each day, and tried to remember how to count their toes, but they'd forgotten. Finally, they even forgot how to make beer.



CONNECT THE DOTS  
Who is this famous person?

DECODE this MESSAGE

23-8-25 4-15-14-20

25-15-21 20-1-11-5 1

2-9-7 2-9-20-5 15-6

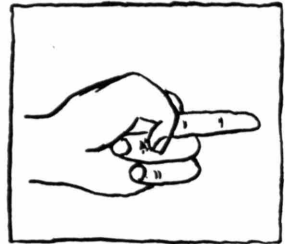
13-25 12-21-14-3-8-

2-15-24 ?

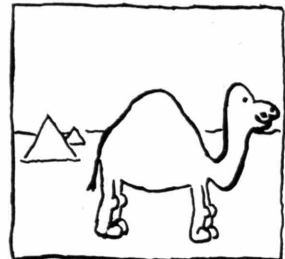
## PUZZLES

Fill in the missing words

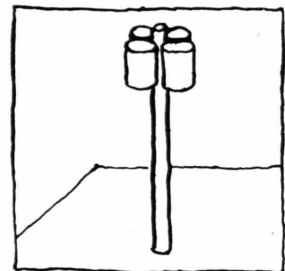
1. It's not polite to



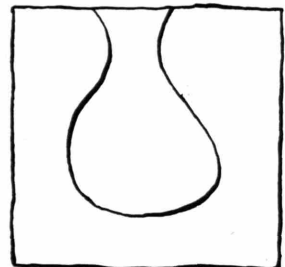
2. I'd walk a mile for a



3. \_\_\_\_\_, Paul & Mary



4. Bite The



## RIDDLES

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A DUCK?

(ONE LEG IS BOTH THE SAME.)

Why is 77 BETTER THAN 69?

(YOU GET 8 MORE.)

Why DO FIREMEN WEAR RED SUSPENDERS?

(TO GET TO THE OTHER SIDE.)

## PUZZLES ANSWERS

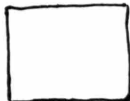
1. Flip a bird

2. Hump

3. Student Center  
Light Pole

4. Piñata

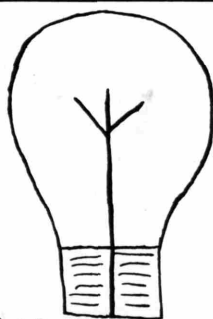
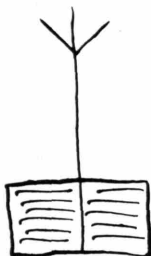
DRAWING  
LESSON  
RECTANGLE



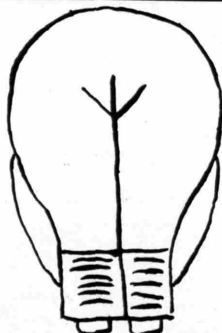
BOOK



MUSIC STAND (UPSIDE-DOWN)



LIGHT BULB



\*

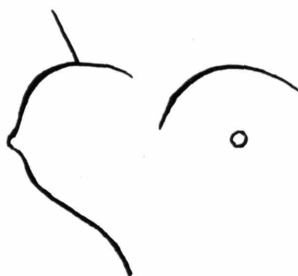
# Uncle Phyllis's FUNNY PAGE

BY

Tag  
&  
Miller

## Contest Picture

MAKE A PICTURE  
FROM THIS SQUIGGLE



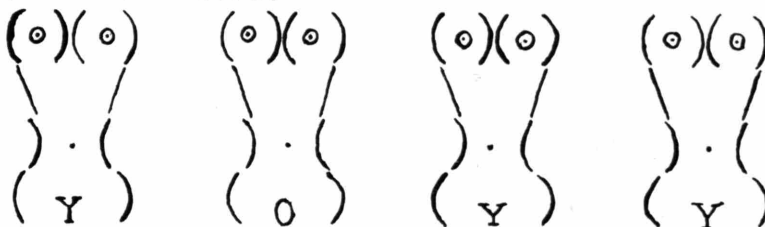
DO NOT TURN THIS PAGE UPSIDE-DOWN

## Contest Winners Get:

BATMAN'S SUPER-SECRET  
COMBINATION MYSTERIOUS  
BAT-BELT, INCLUDING  
IMPOSSIBLE SELF-MANIPULATIVE  
MEMBER, WITH INDEPENDENT  
EXPANDABLE ELEMENT AND  
FORMIDABLE MAGNETICALLY  
INCLINED ROD ADDITIONALLY.

(BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED)

## Which ONE is Different?



Could You Find HER Again?

## REBUSES



\* ANSWER IS left AS  
AN EXERCISE FOR  
THE READER

## Mother's Helper Hint For The Day:

SURPRISE MOMMY: PUNCH A HOLE  
IN ALL OF DADDY'S FUNNY BALLOONS

# I LOVE BEER



I came to school in the fall of 1963 as a freshman, and I'm happy to say that I remain one, although second semester, in the fall of 1966, a fact which is due primarily to my sense of values — not those with which I came to school, but values I found during my first few months of class. I came to Cambridge, otherwise known as Boston, with a goal in mind and resolution in my heart.

My middle-class, loving, old-fashioned home life had prepared me to excel in school, to tool, to shun the devil's path, to learn and ultimately to achieve. And achieve I did; in my first few months I was in the top ten of my class. I worked. Every spare moment (trite as it may sound) found me in a book, in a language lab, laboring over my 32-foot slide rule; weekends meant nothing more to me than a few more free hours to study.

By now, you're wondering why I existed; you're hoping that I was just too good to be true, and I was — too good to last, of course, so you can relax, you pseudo-tools, and let your consciences return to their holes; for I found the way out of this hollow, meaningless suffering; I came in from the cold through love.

Late in the night, as I tooled in semi-darkness and semi-stupor from no sleep, long after my roommates slept, or passed (I knew not which), I snapped up from my differential equations to the realization that this life was empty, filled only partially with books and lectures and grinding it out. I was one-sided, unbalanced and possibly headed to anonymity among all the other ignorantly brilliant tools. What was missing??? Goals? I had them, certainly. Social contact and interaction? I had a good association with each of my professors and many companions in the library. (As you read this, you will think: girls and sex. My sex life is another story, very short at that.) And love? I had plenty of that, from my parents, my relatives, my dog; I was getting love from everywhere . . . . But perhaps that was it; Aha! Yes! Eureka, etc. I myself loved nothing, but took love from others. I sat and pondered this for a while, thinking of my acquaintances and what they loved; my eye fell upon my roommate, who was upon the floor. What does he, and my other roommate, love, I thought. I wandered back mentally to their

conversations of the first months at school, and I could remember nothing but three words, the most common three words in their vocabularies: I LOVE BEER!

I had never sampled the juice of the barley in any form, and thought it a drink of the morally deficient and had shied away. That night I entered into a long romance with the good brew. I found in the refrigerator an unheeded sixer of Bud behind the slowly browning lettuce, and pop, I embarked. Some time and several pops later, I was popped.

There you have my initiation. I continued for about a week in secrecy, not letting my roommates know that I was sharing their canned joy, for fear of their ribbing and "I-told-you-so's." But eventually, they caught me; they came dragging home early one day and found me in the midst of my before-dinner case; being both relatively sober from an extended sleep under their car, they couldn't believe it — proceeded to crank two sixers each and finally became coherent, after much grunting, enough to say, "We told you so!"

Much beer has gone through the bladder since that semester, and I have found myself happier, a little unhealthier around the liver, but a whole lot friendlier and better balanced. Incidentally, my cumulative grade index has dropped from an outrageous 4.999 to a more respectable 1.999; a considerable drop, but worth it, for I am much wiser in the matters that count. All this due to the amazin' brew (some time I'll do a column on my devotion to wine); so Freshmen, before you lose any more time following the GPI, stop and re-examine your values. Make your choice soon, for the "bird of booze has but a little way to flutter and the bird is on the wing". And you who are riding a middle ground, trying to do both, come on over, for beer is a full-time business. And — you who are already with it, if you have a little time off from your "homework", drop over to our daily get-together for a night-cap.

— JR



# HISTORICAL DRAMAS

by Alan Chapman

## I. THE CIVIL WAR

A Play

### ACT I

SOLDIER: It's gonna be a hard war.

GUN: Boom.

SOLDIER: Ouch.

OFFICER: Bury him.

### ACT II

LETTER: Your son is dead.

MOTHER: Oh well.

### ACT III

GRANT: Say uncle

LEE: Uncle.

## II. PRESIDENT LINCOLN

Another Play

### ACT I

USHER: Welcome to Ford's Theater.

LINCOLN: Yup.

USHER: Here's your box.

LINCOLN: Yup.

### ACT II

GUN: Boom.

LINCOLN: Yup.

MRS. LINCOLN: You're shot!

LINCOLN: Yu...

### ACT III

MAN: Now he belongs to the ages.

MRS. LINCOLN: Yup.

## GLYNN'S LOUNGE

ANNOUNCES OPENING OF

## NEW YORK STYLE CAFETERIA

**10% DISCOUNT WITH  
STUDENT I.D.!**

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Sew on buttons  
Dry clean your clothing

Laundry Service Available — Shoe Repairing

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(THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND SPECIALS)

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

Special Attention to M.I.T.

Students — Whether A Bottle or A Case

FREE DELIVERY Always Plenty of Ice Cubes  
Party Planning



The professor had a son who spent far too much behind bars (either in jail or on the tavern floor). One evening he got the word that Junior was on a real rampage, and, anxious to get him back into the sanctuary of the home before the family name was ruined, he dashed off. He approached the neighborhood booze parlor, distracted and angry, when a prostitute thrust herself in his path.

"Hi, pop," she invited, "are you looking for a naughty little girl?"

"No, I'm not," replied the prof. "I'm looking for a naughty little boy."

The girl glanced at him indifferently. "Well," she said, "I've got a brother."



See that drunk ova' ther'. He's drunk worser' an me. How's that?

He's been tryin' to make tha' mannequin ove' ther' for a half an hour. Only took me ten minutes.



Dear Sir: How can I get this typewriter ink off my hands?

Dear Reader: Try selling it at a reduced price.



Hey, here's a real gross one . . . The newlywed couple didn't use the cookstove for the first two weeks. They slid down the bannister to warm up their supper.



How about the duty-minded dog that found the bench with the Wet Paint sign, and did.



Wife to husband in boat: Oh, oh, I've caught a fish! What do I do?

Husband: Reel it in, stupid.

Wife: But I did that already. It's tight up against the end of the pole. The pole's bending, even. What do I do now?

Husband: Shinny up the pole and strangle it.

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## Larry's Barber Shop

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(Opposite Garage in Back of East Campus)

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go to Larry's"

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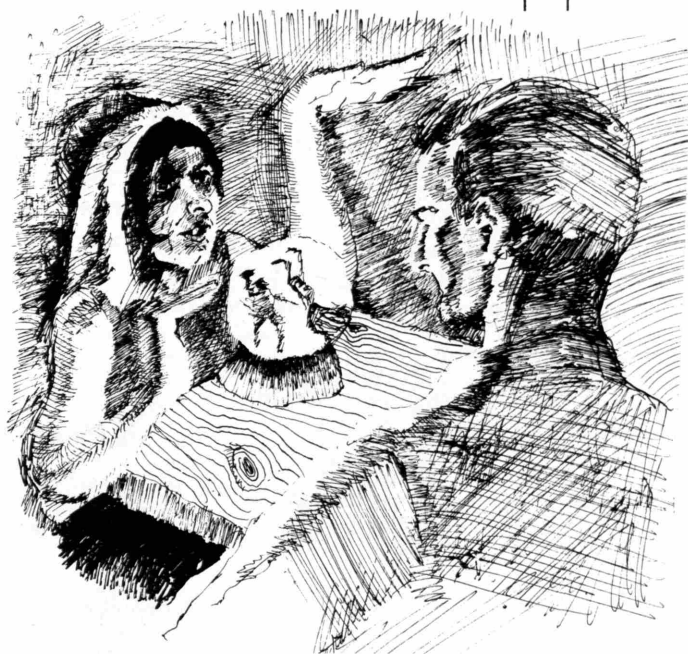
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25 TYLER STREET

BOSTON 11, MASS

# THE Genie ON Penn. Ave.



The curtain rises on a small stage dimly lit by a glowing crystal ball sitting atop a small round table at the center. Sitting at one of the two chairs is a bizarrely dressed old woman. She is absently staring into her crystal ball as the strains of gypsy background music are interrupted by a knock at the door. The woman looks up and, suppressing a yawn, turns toward the door.

Woman: Whaddaya want? (spits)

Man's voice offstage: It's me, Madame Guanito. I know I'm early but I needed your counsel.

The voice, that of a familiar paying customer, effects a rapid change in the composure of the woman who now beams the finest of all plastic smiles.

Woman: (dotingly) Come in, my boy. My door is always open to you.

A tall fellow with indistinguishable features enters sheepishly and pauses near the table.

Man: I just had to come over after my advisor gave me my last report.

She has now seated the man and is listening attentively from her own seat.

Woman: Why don't we just relax and we'll see if the old "ball" can help us out. Just tell me everything.

Man: Well, the main problem is the draft. My advisor told me this morning that the way things are going now, I won't be around for another term. And it bugs me. All over the place they got these students protesting the war and all. These things are all bothering me. I can't get everything out of my mind. So my work is getting sloppy, which is bugging my advisor, which is getting me worried, which is making my work sloppier. I just can't get out. Then before I know it the end of the term and I'm out. It's just awful.

Woman: But the team, can't the team help you?

Man: That's all messed up, too. They've got some new kid trying for my position. Heck, he doesn't have anything, but his big brother used to be quarterback and he thinks he should run the team now. And what's worse, a lot of the guys on the team are behind him. It's like they don't even want me to play anymore. And the big game is coming up.

Woman: And how do things look for the big game?

Man: Oh, that doesn't matter. Their side doesn't have a quarterback. What bothers me is the break-up of the team.

Woman: Well then, let's look and see what the old ball has to say.

Both assume classic pose, hunched over the crystal ball. The light dims and brightens sporadically. There is a strained pause.

Woman: The ball looks cloudy. I don't know if I've ever seen it quite like this before. Very vague. Best advice I imagine would be to simply relax. Keep doing what you're doing now and don't get so depressed. You'll last out a few terms. Alright?

Man: Well, I guess that's alright. Can I come back soon?

Woman: Sure, why you can come as soon as you want. O.K.? Good-night, Lyndon.

# THE WINE CELLAR



Hey Miles. Get me an ax  
and a bottle of beer  
from the Wine Cellar.

*"packaged liquors"*

**922 BEACON ST., BOSTON**  
**CI 7-8100** **CI 7-9300**

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## Young's Laundry 607 Beacon

*Opposite Miles Standish*

DRY CLEANING

*Buttons sewn on free.*

JUST OFF KENMORE SQUARE  
CO 7-4215

Recent campaign season tours brought President Johnson along the side of a lake in Georgia, where two young men in a motorboat were towing two colored water skiers. Viewing this as a prime example of integration in the Great Society, the chief executive had the car stopped and the boat waved to shore. After a few press photos had been taken, congratulations extended, and the ceremonial ball point pens distributed, the men restarted the boat and brought the skiers back out. As soon as the Presidential limousine was out of sight, one of the boatmen asked the other, "Who was that fellow anyhow?" The other replied, "Gee, I don't know, but he sure doesn't know much about alligator hunting."



A great way, we have found, to get rid of crabs is to take a bath in sand, then rub down in alcohol. The crabs quickly get drunk and kill each other throwing rocks. If they persist, try the second method. Go to the movies and buy a big bag of popcorn. Feed the crabs the popcorn until they get thirsty. Then as they get up to get a drink, change your seat. If they still persist, use the ultimate method. Shave exactly one-half of the affected area and douse the other half with inflammable fluid. Ignite. As the creatures run out toward safety, simply stab them with anicepick.

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and Delicious Pizza



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ITALIAN-AMERICAN RESTAURANT  
Choice Liquors and  
Imported Beers

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at lowest prices

**433 Massachusetts Avenue**  
**Central Square, Cambridge**

## REPORT TO THE STOCK- HOLDERS SEVENTH ANNUAL NATIONAL STUDENT OPINIONS INCORPORATED

The seventh annual meeting of your Company was held on April 28, 1966, in the spacious Central Square Hayes Bickford's (second table on the left). Unfortunately, only two percent of the stockholders were present, and no proxies had been received. Your Treasurer, however, (ever resourceful) could find nothing in the Constitution concerning a quorum, so the business continued.

The present Board of Directors was returned to office on a unanimous vote. It was also voted to increase their remuneration by 65%. This vote does not reflect any avarice on the part of those present; it is intended to make a test case out of the national Wage-Price Guidelines.

The Field Marshall moved and seconded that the firm of Hisbrotherin-law be retained as independent auditors. There were no dissenting votes.

The Secretary apologized profusely for failing to put postage on the meeting notices and proxies.

The Vice-President in charge of Promotion and Distribution went out to get some pizza. He got them with anchovies.

Your new Vice-President in charge of Promotion and Distribution is Mrs. Hipsabah Twofeetwide, formerly a dish-grabber for Hayes Bickford's.

The next order of business was the report of the President on the state of the Company. He reported that business is at an all-time high. Several West Coast universities have been buying opinions in bulk-rate lots, and business around Berkeley is especially brisk. As usual, our best customer is Harvard University, who has averaged 3.2 opinions per student per month.

Because the demand is growing so fast, your President recommends that the Research and Development de-

partment be expanded 50%, bringing the total to six Ouija boards.

Sales at M.I.T. in Cambridge have been quite slow, in spite of the top sales team that we imported from Washington, D.C. It appears that these students are creating their own opinions (a risky business), or else they are going without! After observing the expressions on the faces of several students in the lobby of

Building 10, your President suspects the latter.

In conclusion, your President made the statement, "It is my opinion, (opinion No. 11,481, \$1.50) that sales will continue to grow, and my wife doesn't know how to cook lentils." At this point the meeting was adjourned, since the Board of Directors was kicked out for loitering.

— PKB





# Remarks on the Purpose of Life or Time Out for Mr. Wimbly-Gore

"I'm a doctor, make way, make way here . . . Why, bless me if it's not a Jacobian."

The clubman, momentarily unaware of his own portly aspect, rose and enthusiastically shook the physician's hand, "Thank you, doctor, thank you, thank you. You've saved my life, you've redeemed my self-esteem, God bless you." He was instantly transfixed with the pain of realization — "Ouch!"

"What is it my good man?"

"Oh my God, the irony, blessed but not redeemed. Loved, but not valued, boo-hoo, boo-hoo." He comforted himself with choking sobs.

The healer, not to mention the curiosity seekers were quite confused, and what's more, completely taken aback.

"I feel reality receding before my eyes," the ringleader declaimed. "Let's get the hell out of here." A priest, preceded by a censor, was happening by and did just that.

The ringleader, annoyed at this facetious literal interpretation of a well-beloved idiom, assumed a tone of biting sarcasm, "That is to say, let us removed ourselves from our present two-dimensional coordinates."

The others winked and nodded, and left the miserable wretch in complete solitude.

Abandoned, totally abandoned. But wait, a three-year-old drummer was passing by. The clubman looked down forlornly. "Bless me if I'm not a Jacobian."

"Up yours."

Redemption! "I die happy," cried out the transformed Jacobian to the heavens, and expired in a fit of sneezing.

It was rather amusing.

The somewhat fattish clubman let out a hoarse chuckle, "Bless me if I'm not a Jacobian," he chuckled, and then sneezed.

"God bless you," rose up the chorus from all corners of the well-appointed room.

The erstwhile Jacobian's features darkened, "So that's the way it is, is it then. Well, as far as I'm concerned, the whole lot of you can take your polyurethane spheres and eat them raw."

"For all the world loves a crystal," someone added.

"Yes, and there's the poetic justice to it. Look at Caesar; look at Napoleon; look at Kitchener; look at 'Amr...." Forty eyes turned to him in bewilderment — 'Amr's bust had been removed after Suez.

"Oh, excuse me," he ventured sheepishly, "I want ewe," upon which he was utterly defenestrated and chorused of groans and wails.

Luckily for the *vieux Cordelier*, the club was recessed into toe earth, abasement as it were, and he fell upward, after a manner of speaking, onto the sidewalk. His prostrate form was soon surrounded by ten concentric rings of curiosity seekers.

"Bless me if it's not a Jacobian."

"What's a Jacobian, Mommy?"

"Oh tell us Mommy, pray tell us."

"Haven't seen one since '92; I was a bit younger then."

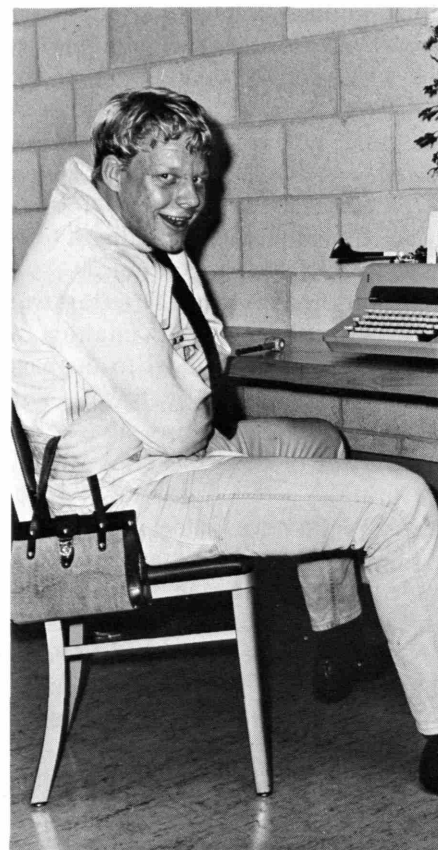
"Can you see what it is, Mabel; you're taller than I am."

"God awmighty, it's one o' them watchamaccallits."

"See here, my good fellow, what's the meaning of this?"

"Somebody notify the police immediately."

— Samuel Epstein



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1. DATE OF FILING: October 20, 1966		
2. ISSUE OF PUBLICATION: 1. Title of Publication: Voo Doo		
3. LOCATION OF HEADQUARTERS OR GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHERS (Not printers): Room 461, 84 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139		
4. NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR AND MANAGING EDITOR		
PUBLISHER (Name and address): Kimball Thurston, 99 Bay State Road, Boston, Massachusetts		
EDITOR (Name and address): Keith Patterson, 460 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts		
MANAGING EDITOR (Name and address): Wait Rode, Apartment 206, 50 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.		
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Have you heard about the new breakfast cereal queerios: put them in a bowl and they eat each other.

Have you heard about the new breakfast cereal prostooties: they don't go snap, crackle, and pop, they just sit there and bang.

Have you heard about the new breakfast cereal jackoffies: you don't need milk - just put them in the bowl and they start creaming.

An eccentric rich matron decided to refurnish her house in antiques. She went to a dealer who started off by showing her a beautiful vase. "This vase," he exclaimed, holding it up to the light, "is over 2000 years old."

"Don't pull that crap with me," snorted the woman. "It's only 1966 now."

The young man approached the woman standing at the bar. "Tickle your ass with a feather," he said.

"What did you say?" was the stunned reply.

"I said, 'Particularly nasty weather'," whereupon the conversation was launched and the young man walked off with the woman.

Later on that same evening he returned and walked up to another girl standing by the bar. "Tickle your ass with a feather," he said, again.

"WHAT?"

"Particularly nasty weather." And once again, the man walked off with the girl.

When he returned for the third time, a man who had been there all evening came up to him and asked what it was he had been saying to those girls that achieved such success.

"I say, 'Tickle your ass with a feather, and then when they ask me what I said, I reply, 'Particularly nasty weather.' It works every time."

So with confidence, the inebriated initiate approached a young lady at the other end of the bar. "Why don't you go scratch your ass?" he asked.

"What?" came the stunned reply.

"Your apartment or mine," was the answer.

## CORSAGES

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## APPLICATION FOR EMPLOYMENT

- 
1. Name \_\_\_\_\_ Pseudonyms \_\_\_\_\_
2. Address (number, street, town, county, state, zip code, apt. no.) \_\_\_\_\_
3. Telephone number \_\_\_\_\_ Number of telephones \_\_\_\_\_
4. Date of birth \_\_\_\_\_ Age at birth \_\_\_\_\_ Weight at birth \_\_\_\_\_  
Weight after birth \_\_\_\_\_ Weight of afterbirth \_\_\_\_\_
5. Sex (check one): Female \_\_\_\_\_ Our group had fewer cavities \_\_\_\_\_ None \_\_\_\_\_  
If none, when do you expect to start? \_\_\_\_\_
6. Marital status (check one): Single \_\_\_\_\_ Double \_\_\_\_\_ Triple \_\_\_\_\_  
Shiek \_\_\_\_\_ Have mistress \_\_\_\_\_ Have mattress \_\_\_\_\_  
Separated \_\_\_\_\_ Still stuck \_\_\_\_\_ Home run \_\_\_\_\_
7. Number of children \_\_\_\_\_ Number of adults \_\_\_\_\_
8. Height \_\_\_\_\_ Width \_\_\_\_\_ Thickness \_\_\_\_\_ Diameter \_\_\_\_\_  
Specific gravity \_\_\_\_\_ General gravity \_\_\_\_\_ Private gravity \_\_\_\_\_
9. Education: Extensive and intensive \_\_\_\_\_ Intensive and sexual \_\_\_\_\_  
What does the word "education" mean? \_\_\_\_\_  
High School \_\_\_\_\_ Thigh school \_\_\_\_\_ Public school \_\_\_\_\_  
Pubic school \_\_\_\_\_ M.I.T. \_\_\_\_\_  
Highest degree received: First \_\_\_\_\_ Second \_\_\_\_\_ Third \_\_\_\_\_
10. Military Status (check one): I have served in the army and it was great \_\_\_\_\_ Prepare to  
check space \_\_\_\_\_ CHECK SPACE \_\_\_\_\_ I hate the \_\_\_\_\_ leper army  
I kithed the thergeant \_\_\_\_\_ I am the greatest! \_\_\_\_\_ I am the sole support of my mom \_\_\_\_\_

11. Previous Employment: -----  
 Last job ----- How was it? -----  
 Your duties (check one): Student politician ---- Pinsetter ---- Armpit braider ---- Physical  
 plant man ---- Dean of students ---- Bag biter ---- Ark builder ---- Arc welder ----  
 Sine painter ---- Cosigner ---- Reason for leaving last job -----  
 Real reason for leaving -----
12. References: Give the names of three people who have known you well for more than 25 years but to whom  
 you are not related nor for whom you have never worked but for whom the bell tolls: -----  
 -----  
 How much have you paid each of the above to say something good about you? ----- Where did you  
 get this much money? -----
13. Hours and Prizes, Professional societies, etc.: (check which apply): -----  
 Tappa Kegga Day ----- Signa Phi Nothing ----- United Fund -----  
 3rd prize, Grossing out Simeone's waitress Contest -----  
 Hyman Pierce Award ----- Richard E. Terr Award -----  
 Nobel Piece Prize -----
14. Extra-Currivular Activities: (check which apply): Poisoning pigeons in great court -----  
 Sending out invitations to join a non-existent honorary fraternity to unsuspecting freshmen -----  
 Smooth sailing-smooth shaving ----- Composing editorials for the "The Tech" -----  
 Tort Feaser of Senior Class ----- Writing ridiculous job questionnaires -----
15. Physical defects (check which apply): No nose ---- No arms ---- One ear ----  
 Nocturnal omissions ---- Snore while awake ---- My neck hurts ---- Acne ----  
 Batman costumes guaranteed for the life of the user ---- Itchy, so itchy ----  
 Large growth between shoulders ----
16. Is this spot sticky? -----
17. Are you willing to travel? Yes ---- No ---- Bad trip last time ---- Will you fly? ----  
 With or without plane? ---- Wingspan ----
18. Geographical preference: Earth ---- Air ---- Firewater ----
19. Mother's name ----- Father's name (if known) ----- What does your mother call you  
 when nobody's listening? -----
20. Blue cross? ---- Blue star of David? ---- Blue moon? ---- Blue laws? ---- Bloopers? ----

21. Reason for seeking employment (check which apply): Starving \_\_\_\_\_ My old man says I gotta getta job \_\_\_\_\_ Intend to embezzle \_\_\_\_\_

22. What have you got that nobody else has? \_\_\_\_\_ Where did you get it? \_\_\_\_\_

Is it bigger than a breadbox? \_\_\_\_\_

I swear that the above statements are completely accurate to the best of my knowledge, cross my heart and hope to die. I also swear that I write a letter to my parents at least three times a week, brush my teeth after every meal, and have never told a girl I loved her if I really didn't. I do not intend to overthrow the U.S. government by force, although it would be nice if they surrendered peacefully. I am not now, and never have been.

I'm an Equal Opportunity Applicant, and understand that you, as an Equal Opportunity Employer do not discriminate against anybody because of race, creed, religion, or ability. I have none of these.

signed, \_\_\_\_\_

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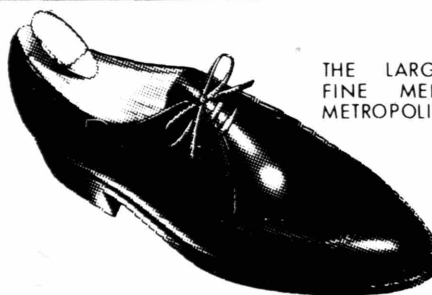
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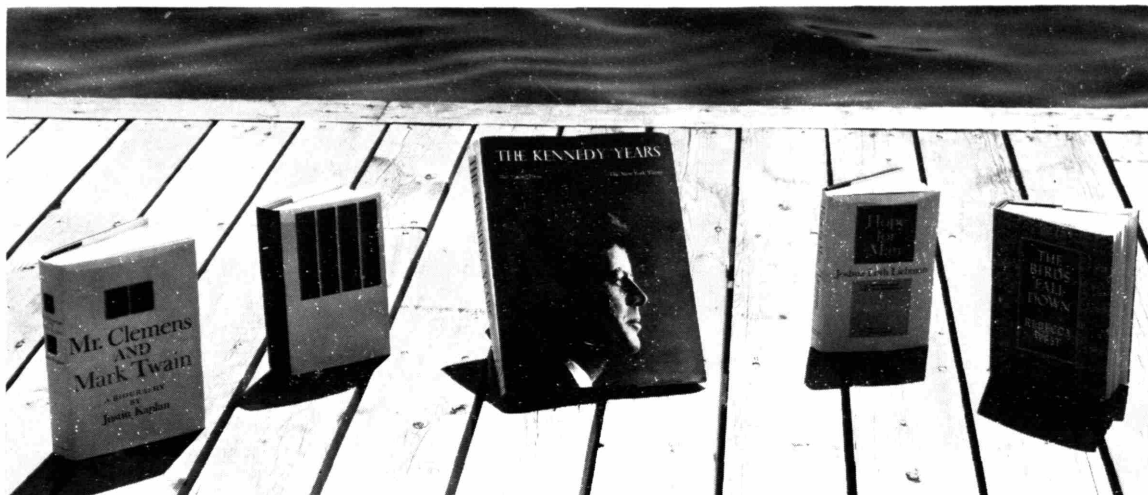
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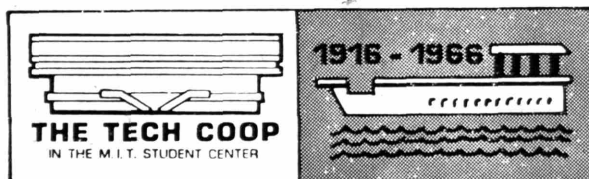
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