AND NOW... FROM OUT OF THE OLD ARAB'S INNERMOST POCKET COMES A DIGEST OF

UO Doo

1965 thru 1966
## FALL FILM PROGRAM

### FRIDAY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Movie</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 23</td>
<td>Darling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 30</td>
<td>Stop the World - I Want to Get Off</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 7</td>
<td>The Good Soldier Schweik</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 14</td>
<td>The Sleeping Car Murder</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oct. 21</td>
<td>Viva Maria!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 28</td>
<td>Morgan!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 4</td>
<td>The Shop on Main Street</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 11</td>
<td>That Man in Istanbul</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nov. 18</td>
<td>King and Country</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dec. 2</td>
<td>A Thousand Clowns</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 9</td>
<td>The Loved One</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jan. 6</td>
<td>The Umbrellas of Cherbourg</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 13</td>
<td>A Patch of Blue</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

### SATURDAY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Movie</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 24</td>
<td>Thunderball</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 1</td>
<td>Tenth Victim</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 8</td>
<td>Where the Spies Are</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 15</td>
<td>A Man Could Get Killed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 22</td>
<td>Hallelujah Trail</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 29</td>
<td>Our Man Flint</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 5</td>
<td>The Great Race</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 12</td>
<td>Harper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 19</td>
<td>The Chase</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 3</td>
<td>Flight of the Phoenix</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 10</td>
<td>The Group</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 7</td>
<td>The Silencers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 14</td>
<td>My Fair Lady</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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All shows in 26-100 at 7:00 and 9:30 except *in Kresge. LSC movies are open to all students, faculty, staff and employees of MIT. Identification as one of the above is required to purchase a ticket. Admission 50c.
THIS IS THE PLACE

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We charge for Merchandise — NOT You-Know-What.
Hello Freshman.

But now you ask, "How can I avoid this expense?" Simple, there are two permitted methods. The first is to obtain a three dollar subscription and save twenty cents (see footnote one). Isn't that a clever way to save money?

The second method is to join the staff. This time, you can get a FREE issue and save THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY CENTS annually. Neat, hey? There are also numerous other benefits that a creative, young freshman can derive from belonging to the Voo Doo staff. There are even benefits for dull, old freshmen. One can have a jolly old time with our staff, drink jolly old b**r from our b**r closet, even make jolly old money selling ads. All kinds of talents, types, and neuroses are needed on the Voo Doo staff. We have been known to use writers, artists, photographers, editors, studs and even savages. So do consider joining our staff. The crying need is for writers, artists, photographers, and ad salesmen. Even if you decide not to join (a few don't) you can still submit articles, cartoons, jokes, ideas, and little sisters to us; we like that.

A little about this particular issue. It is a quick cross-section of the recent school year’s issues. The material is reprinted directly from its original form (printed page, men’s room wall, etc.) and is a bit hazy on reproduction. Please bear with us for this issue; we usually do better. One feature we should mention. We often run a Voo Doo Doll of the Month (a girlie picture), but have tactfully refrained from including one in this issue. You see, we were afraid that your parents might see a copy of this and... well... ah...you know. So be sure to look for them in the future. Hoo hah!

Now be sure to look up Voo Doo soon upon your arrival in Cambridge. We’ve got a fine office in the Student Center and want to meet new faces. So bring your face. See us at the Freshman Midway and look for announcements of our Smoker. You too can become a Voo Doo man (or woman) and follow in the devious footsteps of greats like Boob Pindyck, Bob Pilon, and...yes...Chuck Deber.

— Rode, Imperial Poobah
See you at The Somerset!

That's the phrase nowadays, because The Somerset's back in the swing. Once again, it's the hotel for parties and proms and business get-togethers... for cocktails and luncheons and leisurely dinners.

It's the hotel for VIPs in Boston for the night... for the young set in Boston for the evening... for suburbanites in Boston for the weekend. How about you? See you at The Somerset?

THE SOMERSET HOTEL
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SEQUENCE CAMERA
This camera designed to photograph the face of a radar scope. Many uses in the lab in oscilloscope recording, and for a variety of purposes. We offer the complete camera body with lens & film magazine, wide angle lens 1 3/8 inch f/2.3 with stops to f/16. 24 volt operation, takes sequence shots on 100 feet of 35 mm film. Use it to monitor various devices or panels, time lapse photography, etc. Ident. of each frame possible by means of recording chamber permitting data card info and sequence numbering 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

This camera also available less lens and film holder. Perhaps you can adapt a lens to it, perhaps you would like a camera body for experimentation and adaptation to some particular use. Frames are advanced by claw-foot mechanism.

Shipping wgt. 15 lbs. . . #348 $25.00

SPARE MAGAZINE for above camera, holds 100 feet of 35 mm film #349 $25.00

19 ALLERTON ST. JOHNS MESHNA, Jr. LY 5-2275
LYNN, MASS. SURPLUS ELECTRONIC MATERIAL
We, of course, recognize and appreciate TCA's good intentions but feel we must clear up a few points glossed over in their Social Beaver by introducing our supplement:

ALPHA PHI OMEGA

Leadership, friendship, and service—these are the bywords of Alpha Phi Omegod. We get together for a gay old time every Thursday evening in our cute little green-and-yellow uniforms in the locker room at DuPont. Join us.

CHEST CLUB

The MIT Chest Club is back again, to shoulder another round of tournaments and forge ahead, if you can stomach them. Come well-armed.

CIVIL RIGHTS COMMITTEE

We play in the streets.

MASS, DEBATE, SOCIETY

Our close-knit circle of friends provides many opportunities for contact between members. Sometimes we hold joint meetings with Alpha Phi Omegod.

FILM SOCIETY

We show rare exotic foreign films, the kind men like.

SOCIAL BEAVER MISSED

PHOTOGRAPHY: A. H. Kelah

BLAH, BLAH

BLAH, BLAH
PARAPSY- Parapsychopistemology is a science, although the
CHOEPIS.- authorities around here won't admit it. It is devoted
tEMOLO- to explaining the unexplainable. In other words, it
GICAL is a crock. Interest in parapsychopistemology is
RESEARCH world-wide; there are nuts all over the place.

GROUP
Our aim is to improve our aim. Our drill-master,
PERISHING a German exile from Argentina, is very dedicated to
RIFLES the military way of life, and has taught us many
valuable things. Join us, and learn new expressions,
like "Achtung," and "Siegheil."

RACKET Dedicated to getting it up there, we are currently
RESEARCH working on improving our tools so as to achieve
SOCIETY 200 pounds of thrust.

SOCIALIST We advocate socialism, and service — your service
SERVICE to us. We plot to overthrow law and order, and
COMMITTEE fight with the Young Republicans, Young Demo-
crats, and Young Americans for Freedom. Sometimes we infiltrate the Civil Riots Committee and
pass out subversive literature in Building 10. Join us and become draft-exempt.

ANGERINE Our "unusual" literary magazine appeals to the
fruitier side of the MIT bunch, with pungent articles
bearing the seeds of culture to the barren soil of
MIT.

YEARBOOK MIT has a technique. So do all other colleges. Our
technique is different; it is called the "royal screw".

THE RECH This miserable rag is hardly worth reading, let alone
working on. Our motto is "Yesterday's news to-
morrow." Distributed weekly in your nearest
Springfield Oval dispenser.

Zoomer Squadron takes off.

VOO DOO Needless to say, Voo Doo is an incredibly funny
humor magazine, featuring the best of MIT's artists
and writers. And naturally, all the money we make
goes to "charity", so go back and buy five more
copies. And tip the salesman. Generously.

ZOOMER SQUADRON The Air Farce's equivalent of Perishing Rifles,
Zoomer Squadron was formed for the prevention of
disease only.

SIGMA ALPHA PI Sigma Alpha Pi, the freshman class honorary, se-
selects each year the 450-500 men who have been the
most outstanding on the left side of the freshman
class listing.

While there is no physical mark to testify to
election, performance of good deeds and a sober
countenance are a sure sign of a SAP. TS. Aunt
Bonnie Gerzog, President. Ecbapfak. There is no
more honor in MIT.
GIRLS' SCHOOLS
IN THE BOSTON AREA.

"Why Dave, what a lovely set of cans you have."

Uncle Davy and Uncle Bobby would now like to further edify you "frosh" by giving you the "hot poop" on some of the "girl' schools" around here. Oinkoinkoinkoinkoinkoink.

ROTCIlFFE COLLEGE Illegitimate offspring of Haahvaahrd, Rotcliffe, sometimes called the "Cliff" or the "Rot," abounds with pseudo-sophisticates, would-be folksingers, and girls with lots of culture (mostly bacterial). Rotcliffe's mixers, or "Jelly-Ups" as they are sometimes called, are definitely "in" for the MIT group.

BOSTON OMNIVERSITY B.O. is populated solely by jocks. The girls are, almost without exception, short, fat, large, and ugly.

And exceedingly stupid. The typical B.O. girl has often been compared to a rhinoceros - fast, but ugly, with prominent horns.

SLUMMONS COLLEGE The Slummons campus is abundant in mild-mannered, conservative, upper-middleclass virgins. The girls love mixers, love Techmen, love each other, and have clean white teeth. They love their mothers, are kind to small animals, and go to Church on Sundays.

WEALTHLEY COLLEGE Wealthie girls love to ride horses, play polo, dress well, attend the theatre, and marry Harvies. But don't be discouraged; since they are located out in Brisbane, Utah, a convenient nineteen-hour drive from MIT, they never see any men and hence are horny.

CAUNDLER COLLEGE This two-year sexatatorial school has, without a doubt, the ugliest, stupidest, most spoiled collection of girls in the known Universe. They are for the most part high-school dropouts whose wealthy parents have sent them to Boston to catch a husband. If you see one approaching, run for your life.

MT. FIDA COLLEGE No bunch of dogs here. Known for their interest in rowing, Mt. Fida girls have earned for their school the nickname of "oarhouse on the hill," and are reputed to be among the fastest at their chosen sport of crewing.

M.I.T. Contrary to popular opinion, there are girls at MIT. They can be distinguished from the boys by the fact that they shave.
We at MIT are very religious. God, are we religious. And religion has been given a more prominent place at MIT this year — namely the old activities’ offices in Walker. Besides fulfilling the fundamental role of spiritually developing the massless minds of the mindless mass of students at Tech, religion also functions as a stepping-stone to the socio-ethical, religio-moral, cheerio-cereal stratus of the psycho-cultural foundation of the school.

The home of religion at MIT is, naturally enough, the Chapel. The Chapel provides a place for quiet or silent meditation. But meditation must have an object; and an object must have a subject, which brings us to the subject of the Chapel moat, whose glistening water sparkles effervescently in the afternoon sunlight. Originally built to breed eels for the biology department, the moat took on a new meaning when the Chapel was built in the middle of it. It now serves as the symbol of the socio-ethical, religio-moral, radio-serial isolation separating man from the Universe. Amen.

Boston boasts more good food than it really has, and eating out can be as many different experiences as you like. The following list eats it.

Virgin Park (30 Noparking St.) At 11:30 on Saturday morning, perhaps the wisest move a Techman can make is to go back to bed, because Virgin Park will be crowded as hell. Specializing in long lines, ugly short-tempered waitresses, heavy water pitchers, Virgin Park brings a bouquet of greatness wafting over the Boston skyline, so go eat there.

Or Elsie’s (71 Mount Aspin St.) is the home of the renouned roast grief special (50 burps). A photograph of Elsie being hanged appeared at the New York World’s Fair. So if you’re in the mood for battling your way to the ridiculously small counter, go eat there.

Joke & Moron’s (Calvin Corner, Brooklyn) is an expensive sandwich shop catering to the upper crust Jewish bourgeoisie. If you can tell the difference between a bagel and a beagle, go eat there already yet. Their biggest sandwich extends itself in space-time to the limits of the Lagrangian hyperbolic Machiavellian universe. It’s a Prince of a sandwich. So if you need a refresser course in sandwiches, go eat there.

Slimone’s (21 Brooklineandfinker St.) specializes in mastroianni soup, pascetti with grease balls, and of course, that favorite Italian dish, cellabrezzimescaliziscalotpininussolini with butterscotch sauce. And remember that Italian-a cheese is-a good-a cheese. So go eat there.

Lobsmell Dining Hall (Student Center, Mass. Ave., Cambridge) is best known for its fine view of Mass. Ave., its soft chairs, and thick wooden tables. Some students have, from time to time, been observed eating there, but this is a privilege reserved only for the rich. Each additional sentence in this paragraph costs us 15 cents. Plus tax.

In 1630 Boston was a lot younger than it is now. It was surrounded by the sea, you see, and had many ships sailing hither and thither. Much of Boston in those days was under water, and by the same token, you can get a ride on the MTA. There were many Pilgrims, Indians, and Puritans scurrying o’er dewy hills ‘n’ dales. Scurry, Pilgrims, scurry.

Freedom Tale — Go ahead. Take a walk. A long walk. Stare at hordes of incredibly dull historic sites. Start at the Park St. station of the MTA, right where Paul Reverie started from. Just keep walking. Sooner or later your feet’ll get tired. Just like cars. They’re tired. The route you choose will be a route that chews. And it’s all free to the first 100 people who write in.

The Boston Common — was there there were cows before there were people. But modern Bostonians are full of bull. They used to let the cows loose from the Common and wherever they didn’t walk, people built houses. This accounts for Boston’s well-laid-out intersections of today. No mooosis is good news. So go eat there.
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Then there was the kid who was thrown out of the Cub Scouts for eating brownies.

Meyer rushed up to Jake in consternation. "I hear you are going to marry Becky Goldberg," he said. "Don't do it. Everybody in Yonkers has had her."
"Well," said his friend, "is Yonkers such a big city?"

It was a foggy morning, and the fishing smacks off Gloucester nosed their way out of the harbor. Suddenly a sailor in one hailed another: "Hello, John, I have news for ye."
"What is it?"
"Wife had a baby, a boy."
"What'd he weigh?" the other voice called.
"Four pounds," came the reply, through the fog.
"Hell, you hardly got your bait back!"

Last exit to Wellesley.

Courtesy of MIT Hack Comm.

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100 DIFFERENT VARIETIES

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• Macaroni
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"packaged liquors"

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BEER

ICE COLD BEER

GET YOURS AT . . .
Sally hastily put away her shapely Barbie doll and rushed outside while her mother splashed contentedly in the tub. She would have to hurry. Johnny was just pulling up to the corner on his new trike when she arrived, gasping for air.

"Hi, do-do," he sneered.

Sally made a face, but she really liked the way Johnny talked to her. Sally was a masochist.

"Hello, dopey-head!" she retorted with a haughty air of indifference. She turned as if to walk away, but stopped half-way around, offering her profile as one offers cheese to a mouse. The significance of the gesture wasn't lost on Johnny. He greedily drank in her voluptuous figure, pausing now at the breast, now at the firm, round bottom. He looked again for the breast.

"Look, I got a new trike," he boasted. His full-size Schwinn "Rocket Blast", with oversized Goodyear tires and battery-powered horn, stood majestically beneath his outstretched legs. Johnny was proud of his trike — mainly because most of the accessories, like the streamers from the hand grips and the reflectors on the pedals, were stolen.

He stood there on the hard gravel, basking in the reflected glory of his marvelous machine, and watching hungrily as Sally rose to the bait. Then, he began to make motorcycle noises, like — "bruuuum" and "ka-chug-ka-chug."

Sally was delirious. Fast trikes turned her on. She could stand by impassively no longer. "I wanna ride," she gasped.

Johnny could see he had her eating out of the palm of his hand. He had waited weeks for an opportunity like this. An insidious grin crept to his quivering lips. Johnny was horny.

He started to speak, but all that came to his throat was a choking sensation. He had had no idea that Sally could invoke such flaming desire. He painfully swallowed, then said in a too-high-pitched voice, "Okay, but just once."

Sally flung herself on the back of Johnny's trike, throwing her warm arms tightly around his neck. He lustily inhaled the feminine fragrance of strawberry Kool-Aid that permeated her scant attire, as her petite body and small firm breasts pressed against his back.

"They must be pretty damn small," mused Johnny, "because I can't feel them at all!"

She tightened her grip in anticipation of the thrilling ride to come. He could restrain himself no longer.

"Quit choking me!" he yelled as his elbow came careening around, smashing messily into Sally's face. This was an unexpected, although pleasant, surprise for Sally. The impact carried her three or four feet from the rear of the trike, and landed her on her face with a red splash, screaming ecstatically.

Johnny didn't know of Sally's masochistic tendencies and hence, unaware of the nature of her screams, thought it best to leave her to her own devices.

"Cry baby, cry!" he yelled over his shoulder as he accelerated away. His rear wheels broke traction, and he executed a perfect power slide, swinging in behind his father's gun-metal Grand Prix, as The Law arrived on the scene. She ran distraughtly to the prostrate form, cooing, "Is mommy's baby hurt!?" Sally didn't answer. She was unconscious.

The following day when Johnny saw Sally swathed in gauze, smelling strongly of Noxzema and cuddling her red-headed Barbie doll, he was disgusted. The provocative creature of his dreams existed no more. This revolting metamorphosis was beyond his comprehension. Confused, hurt, and angered, he spat out, "Poo-poo pants!"

Sally had not expected this. Rejection was too much to bear. Salty droplets began to soak her bandages. She was able to hold back her tears long enough only to hiss, "Dog doo!"

Crestfallen, Johnny powered his vehicle down to Miller's Drug Store, where he consoled himself by stealing a copy of Ladies Home Journal.
What is Charlesbanking?

First of all, what it's not. It's not a dance so you can't dance it. But it's just as exciting, because Charlesbanking is a convenient modern way to handle your money while at school. Charlesbanking offers thoughtful services like free parking, a drive-up window, and banking-by-mail.

And Charlesbank offers special things like checkbooks and check blanks imprinted with the smart-looking M.I.T. insignia. These are available only to members of the M.I.T. community and immediately identify you as a responsible M.I.T. student.

Charlesbanking happens just a few steps from M.I.T. in Kendall Square . . . it's not only the newest full service bank in Cambridge, but you'll find its location most convenient, and banking hours suit you to a "T."

Visit the new bank when you come to Tech, and choose the Charlesbanking service that is best for you.
ON LITTLE ANNIE’S FANNY

“A STATISTICAL ANALYSIS”
by Tom Robinson — Cox
and Gang

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!!!

Image comparisons: (Conversion factors)
1. II = I, O : J', O' = 2.3: 4.0 = .58
1. III = H, I : H', I' = .8: 1.2 = .67

Measurements: (cm.)
HB = 1.6 B'T' = 1.6x.58 = .92
GC = .8 C'D' = .6x.58 = .35
FD = 1.6 E'F' = 1.4x.58 = .81

Using a rectangular approximation her vital statistics are:
2(HB + B’T’) = 5.04 cm.
2(GC + C’D’) = 2.30 cm.
2(FD + E’F’) = 4.82 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 cm. = 23.1 cm. (since the right breast measures 18.5 cm. (H'I))

Actual statistics:
Bust = 117 cm. = 46 in.
Waist = 53.2 cm. = 21 in.
Hips = 111 cm. = 43.5 in.
Height = 180.2 cm. = 71.6 inc.
8th Girl Victim Of Terror Attacker

Top News Today

YOUTH admits attack on girl for which brother serves time. - Page 2

SO. VIET troops escape guerrilla trap, kill 168. - Page 2

DRAFT looms for childless married men. - Page 2

DRAIL looms for childless married men. - Page 5

GIRL tried to halt arrest of MLK. FBI man says. - Page 4

R. C. paper rape delay in tax draft. - Page 3

FLORIDA receives 73 more refugees in rush from Cuba. - Page 2

LBJ sits in sun for first time since surgery. - Page 2

ECUMENICAL Council endorses bond between Catholics, Jews. - Page 5

1000 plan anti-Viet demonstration on Boston Common Saturday. - Page 3

$1 MILLION, third of goal, realized at first UF report. - Page 4

DoDnERS won World Series on Koufax 3-hitter. - Back Page

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Repairs on Foreign Cars, Motorcycles, and Scooters.

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HONDA

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OPEN MON. THRU SAT. 9 to 9
I got back. Just this week. Ohhh, it was terrible. Don't ever go there unless you have to. I just got back from spending eighteen months in Red China as a wandering correspondent. I was lucky. I didn't get arrested. Boy, it's horrible there. I'm going to tell you about it. That's why I'm writing this article.

You can't believe what goes on in these totalitarian-type governed states. Gee, it's amazing. They control every phase of your wretched life. I mean, every phase, man. I'm not just whistling Dixie. Let me be vivid. Let me be lucid. Let me tell you what a typical day is like in the life of a peasant Chinese family in Red China.

It's terrible. Every moment you wake up. They don't even let you set your alarm clock and there's no such thing as a ringing bell. A huge siren goes off every morning at 6 a.m. It's so loud. No human could sleep through it. Whoever has a bed, washes it in the morning. Washed! Water is rationed in most communities, and each man is allotted one large PGA glass of water for his morning Commie coffee.

At 6:15 you report for inspection. You stand at attention in the doorway of the flimsy shack you call "home." There are fifteen minutes to get washed and dressed and all the other things you have to do in the morning. Washed! Water is rationed in most communities, and each man is allotted one large PGA glass of water for his morning Commie coffee.

As I travelled, I found it hard to breathe. I really did. Those men who did the inspecting. To become one of the men who counted breathes. Because you have to breathe in accordance with the rational average. If they catch you inhaling more than five times per minute above the permissible level, you are required to hold your breath for several more exacting measures. Anyone who is Chinese peasant green in the face.

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The children were watched over, carefully disciplined from the time they were old enough to say "Gimme more rice." When the child is three they are eating their breakfast cereal, and there's no liquor, beer, or even hard liquor there. You don't drink a drink for a year and a half. Those Communists really know how to hurt guys. Not only that, there are no yo-yos, no water guns, no Susan B. Anthony coin openers, no Beatles' records, no Halvah, no soap radio, no Davy Crockett coin caps, no U.S. Mint comic books, and no Superballs. They did have television, but the picture was so distorted because every vertical image appeared on the screen to be horizontal. I should have known that would happen. You know what they say about Chinese TV sets.

I could go on and on. There are no cars. You must walk anywhere you wish to go, unless you are a Party member, and then you are entitled to a pair of Roller Skates. There are no stoves or refrigerators, so fires must be built for cooking needs, and nothing can be kept cool. I mean, like nothin', man. There are no cigarette lighters. There is no licorice, beer, or even hard cider. Let me tell you, I went without a drink for a year and a half. Those Communists really know how to hurt guys. Not only that, there are no yo-yos, no water guns, no Susan B. Anthony coin openers, no Beatles' records, no Halvah, no soap radio, no Davy Crockett coin caps, no U.S. Mint comic books, and no Superballs. They did have television, but the picture was so distorted because every vertical image appeared on the screen to be horizontal. I should have known that would happen. You know what they say about Chinese TV sets.

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Choose ANY NINE of these best-sellers ALL for $1

If you join the Club, you’ll receive carloads of the latest best-sellers—voluminous illuminating volumes which have literary skyrocketed to the chump of the future—at a price only several times greater than they actually cost.

Please scroll me as a trial member of the Guilded Book Club and send me the nine books and/or sets of books whose numbers I have printed in the boxes at the right. Bill me only $1.00 plus a large handling charge. If not delighted, I understand my money will be immediately refunded, although I suspect you will delight with my money.

I understand that I do not need to accept a book every day—only as few as 43 a month, and I may resign any time within a year after I am in the Club. I will pay you for every book you send me as soon as it is off the press, even before the list is out, and you will consider every charge a final one. If you will send me the number I have indicated above, the room of my entire home is filled completely up to the ceiling with Guilded books. If I do not wish to receive a particular selection, I may take two ounces of sweat from any of the authors and mail this to you in a plain brown wrapper with a note saying, “Please do not send me today’s morning selection.” For each selection I accept, I understand you will bill me for an amount far in excess of the actual worth of the selection, and in many cases, as much as fifty times the actual price of the selection. If I act now, the Club will also send me an added bonus: fifty pictures of some of the prettiest birds of the Northern Hemisphere, many in brilliant color, and many with glue on the back, so that I may enjoy many pleasant hours playing with these bird pictures, pasting them here and there, and showing them to friends and relatives. I also understand, although this may sound expensive, since I don’t see it anywhere else on this page, that the Club will also send me a bookend to help hold up my books, absolutely free, if I buy a second genuine plastic bookend for only $6.00 plus a large handling charge.

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1. The Testament of Dr. Mabuse, by Fritz Lang (Counts as 12 books)
2. Naked Lunch
3. Waiting for Godot
4. All the King’s Men
5. Antoine and Colette (2 volumes)
6. Land of Desire
7. The War of the Worlds
8. The Bible
9. The Complete Works of Shakespeare
10. The Complete Works of D. H. Lawrence
11. The Complete Works of Langston Hughes
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These books are available in the American Monthly Guilded Book Club, can receive carloads of the latest best-sellers at a price only several times greater than they actually cost. If you act now, the Club will also send me a bookend to help hold up my books, absolutely free, if I buy a second genuine plastic bookend for only $6.00 plus a large handling charge.

DID you ever get that urge, that growing urge, to read a book, and then find yourself disappointed to learn, that through oversight or over-happiness, you just haven’t have in your library or own home any book that you fully intended to read anyway question mark. Well, fret no more, my lady. Because now, for the first time anywhere, YOU, who me, yes you, merely by joining the American Monthly Guilded Book Club, can receive carloads of the latest best-sellers—voluminous illuminating volumes which have literary skyrocketed to the chump of the future—at a price only several times greater than they actually cost.

Unprecedented is the only word for this offer, because “cheating the public” looks real bad, you know what I mean, real bad in print.

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In this way, your library GROWS AND GROWS until your entire home is filled with books—big ones, small ones, skinny ones, fat ones, red ones, blue ones, yellow ones, sticky ones, dirty ones, small ones, ALL KINDS OF BOOKS. Filled to the ceiling. Every room completely filled. And, simultaneously—OUR OFFICES BECOME FILLED TO THE CEILING WITH YOUR MONEY. But only if you act now.

American Monthly Guilded Book Club
Dept. OIC-1000

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Enjoy.

The Guilded Book Club is an equal opportunity decoy. Offer not good in Gardenville, N.Y., where the cops are on our tails. The Club reserves the right to ship books printed on pink or blue bathroom tissues as well as the usual white. Poor people need not apply.
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We Specialize in the Dramatic! Please Check Type

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>VIOLENT</th>
<th>NON-VIOLENT</th>
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<td>Walk-In</td>
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We carry extra lunch-counter stools, chain whips, pop bottles, stones and chemical toiletds.

NOTE: If intervention by Attorney General is desired please send down payment in advance.

Tailor-Made—Name Your Poison!

| Black vs. White | White vs. Black |
| Left vs. Right | Right vs. Left |
| Red vs. Blue   | Blue vs. Red   |

Labor vs. Management (No Training)
North vs. South
South vs. North (Special Centennial Rates)

Teachers vs. Students
Students vs. Teachers
(College Degree Types are extra cost for educational disturbances)


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

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

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

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

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

A 45 RPM Ontario for the jet set, featuring Messr. Garfield & McKinley and the intricacies of Fate.

Staff Sergeant Sarah Bedler
Cast: A Choir of Thousands
Fife and Drum Orchestra

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 does repeat itself." ~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 body..." ~S: ...and died later... ~Choir: later... ~Sarah: ...from loss of precious body fluids. ~Choir: precious body fluids... ~Sarah: Both assassins, Guiteau and Golgoz, were nasty men. There are seven letters in Guiteau, there are eight in Golgoz, 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... hmmm ~Sarah: Garfield's secretary, William M., 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 that history does 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~
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 . . . . ."

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

The traveling salesman walked along the streets of the town and was surprised to hear this young woman crying in the streets, shouting, "Schultz is dead, Schultz is dead!" Several minutes later another young woman sat sobbing the same thing on her porch. By the end of the evening the streets rang with the cries of young women crying, "Schultz is dead!" Curious the salesman made it a point to find out who Schultz was. Next morning found him at the town's only mortician. The undertaker smiled and led the salesman in to the back room. Doffing the deceased Schultz's pants, the undertaker demonstrated Schultz's claim to fame. The salesman thought that Schultz's pride would make an excellent souvenir and was eventually able to convince the undertaker to sell it to him, detached. When the salesman finally arrived home he produced the unusual item to show to his wife. To his surprise she fell back crying, "Oh no, Schultz is dead!"
FOR BIRDS ONLY

People are always complaining that they cannot identify birds they see. Now, isn’t that right? Well, in Boston birds are always complaining about identifying people. This would pose no problem in Artichoke, Mo., for example, because there are only two types of humans there (boys and girls).

But this is Boston. Accordingly, the editors respectfully submit this portfolio of indigenous Boston types for the birds.

This cute number is called a Chandler girl (no offense, Cheryl). If she can be weighed, she is distinguished by her weight (this is all in jest, Cheryl). If she can be looked at, she is distinguished by her looks (I’m only kidding, Cheryl). If all else fails, ask Cheryl.

This rare breed is known as a “Harvie”. He is well read: he reads Sartre, Updike, and Uncle Piggly Wiggly. He is well-dressed: he wears a tie, tinted contact lenses and Red Goose sandals. His diet is metaphysics and crap like that. He roosts in a pretty green pasture about two miles up Mass. Ave.

This number is a close relative of the cat family. She is a Wellesleyite. She is identified by the number of Rolls-Royces owned by her daddy. She claims ties with the funky family, but don’t you believe it. She lives on men and anything that can be crammed in a syringe.

This weirdo is called a “bikie”. He can be identified by the phosphorescent glow of his few teeth, which results from numerous collisions with phosphorescent bug abdomens while smiling. He is a direct descendent of Marlon Brando. His diet consists of exhaust fumes. He loves his bike and his mother (in that order).
Awakening in lecture the other day, I was confronted with a unique spectacle. Upon the lectern stood a rearing Brahman bull, forked tines of associate professor upon the assembly. I gasped, blinked, held my breath for a count of ten, and finally managed to restore normalcy. But began to ask myself... what would it be like to have most two person actions with the roles reversed? Variations on “Man bites dog.” Literally a whole new world opens up. A world of Beagles pulling presidential ears, of horses betting on the people races, of little old ladies on Beacon Hill keeping college students awake late at night. But here, on the next few pages are a few glimpses of the guayama diraw fo

SWITCHIES

"That's all folks!"
Visit the spot even the jet set forgot!

Tours the alimentary canal vacation

Race the A's and B's through the pyloric sphincter, Chase burps in the upper duodenum, Dine and drink in elegance in the Lower Esophagus Room of the cardiac stomach, Watch burps grow to maturity, Wrestle cramps behind the belly button, Thrill to the ecstatic Duodenum of the Seven Mucosities at the fabulous Ulcer Inn, Spend a night in the mysterious Appendix Room, Fish for trout in the descending Colon, Sail in the transintestinal regatta, Surf in the headwaters of the pharynx, Scare in awe at the White Cliffs of Malar, Swing on the mighty corda, See the damage done to the stomach by commons food, Yes, for adventure, excitement and sheer nutrition it's the alimentary canal. Sorry, single fare only, no round trip. See your travel agent or doctor today.

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On the Freedom Trail

Daily 4-12
Fri. 4-1
Sat. & Sun. 12-12
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Boston-North End
523-9521
You know what killed Captain Hook? He wiped with the wrong hand.

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.”

A Boston policeman waved a lady motorist over to the curb and complained, “Madam, why have you no red light on the rear of your car?” “Officer,” she answered angrily, “it is not that kind of a car.”

And then there was the ex-Nazi that became a hired gun in Tucson after a short respite in Argentina. He became famous for practicing his trade dressed in the latest three-piece suit. In fact, he was known as the fascist gun in the vest.
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DO 'EM ALL AT ONCE
AND GET 'EM OUT OF THE WAY

Let's just say you live to be 75 years old. OK. What do you do to pass the time away? Sleep? Well, eight hours a day, so that means you sleep for about 25 years. Eat? Well, three meals a day take a total of about an hour-and-a-half, that means you spend 39,375 hours, or 6,210 days just eating. These are items which consume much time, but what about the rest of the time?

In a rather futile attempt to answer this useless question, VOODOO presents a detailed, carefully itemized list of how the average MIT man spends his life. Many of these items are obviously distasteful, yet they must be done. Wouldn't it be a good idea if you could do each one, continuously, for the amount of time you would otherwise spend doing it throughout your life, intermittently? For example, if you went to the barber and just let him cut your hair continuously, without interruption for sleeping, or anything, for 27 days, you'd never have to get a haircut again. Or if you took a shower for 27 weeks continuously, you'd never have to do it again. With this in mind (if you've got the time), read some of these:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item Description</th>
<th>Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Getting haircuts</td>
<td>27 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tying shoelaces</td>
<td>38 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cutting fingernails</td>
<td>13.5 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clicking ball-point pens</td>
<td>19 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feeding your pet goldfish</td>
<td>9.5 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tucking in your shirt</td>
<td>19 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waiting for florescent lights to light up completely</td>
<td>10 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watching Huntley-Brinkley</td>
<td>1.1 years</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Licking stamps</td>
<td>1.4 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telling bus drivers that the smallest change you have is a $10 bill</td>
<td>0.7 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11. Trying to get peanut butter off the roof of your mouth</td>
<td>1.3 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12. Using Springfield Oval</td>
<td>38 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13. Telling the Coop cashier your Coop number</td>
<td>0.62 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14. Telling the Coop cashier your Coop number again</td>
<td>1.5 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15. Dialing the telephone and getting no answer</td>
<td>5.4 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16. Dialing the telephone and getting the busy signal</td>
<td>2.7 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17. Dialing the telephone and getting an answer: &quot;I'm busy.&quot;</td>
<td>13.5 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18. Folding out the &quot;Playboy&quot; centerfold</td>
<td>2.7 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19. Shaving</td>
<td>6.2 months</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20. Reloading empty staplers</td>
<td>2.6 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21. Tying your tie</td>
<td>13 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22. Retying your tie</td>
<td>27 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23. Taking a shower or bath</td>
<td>27 weeks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24. Taking a shower or bath (Tech coeds)</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25. Eating Halvah</td>
<td>2.7 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26. Waiting for red lights</td>
<td>38 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27. Waiting for red lights (Massachusetts)</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28. Zipping up flies</td>
<td>8.1 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29. Climbing stairs</td>
<td>95 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30. Waiting for elevator instead</td>
<td>190 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31. Sewing buttons on professionally laundered shirts</td>
<td>2.7 days</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
32. Cursing professional laundries 5.2 days
33. Opening zip-top cans 8.1 days
34. Trying to find the right key 19 days
35. Peeling bananas 0.7 days
36. Brushing teeth 38 days
37. Trying to get the cap on the toothpaste tube out of the drain in the sink 5.4 days
38. Cursing toothpaste tube caps 8.1 days
39. Kicking vending machines 3.2 days

40. Telling dirty jokes to your girlfriend 27 days

41. Explaining dirty jokes to your girlfriend 40.5 days
42. Apologizing for telling dirty jokes to your girlfriend 81 days
43. Unwrapping straws 5.4 days
44. Standing in line in front of theatres showing James Bond Movies 7 days
45. Winding your watch 5.8 days
46. Waiting for hot pizza to cool off 13.5 days
47. Watching blimps 1.23 days
48. Reading labels on English muffin packages 2.4 days
49. Resetting a clock whose hands move only one way 1.4 days

50. Kissing your mother 4.7 hours

51. Discussing whether or not God exists 5.2 days
52. Recovering from bolt of lightning 1.7 weeks
53. Laughing your head off 26 days
54. Gluing your head back on 5.4 days
55. Making your bed 13.5 days
56. Scaring pigeons 2.8 days
57. Looking for an extension cord 3 days
58. Writing checks 5.7 days
59. Cashing checks 29 days
60. Looking up Gorilla Suits under "Gorillas" in the Yellow Pages 15 minutes
61. Having a beer or two 81 days
62. Or three 7.3 months
63. Signing your name 22 days
64. Looking for your glasses 13.2 days
65. Picking your teeth 11.2 days
66. Playing solitaire 23 days
67. Complaining about the weather 47 days
68. Going to the dentist 3 days
69.
70. Putting pennies in dimes-only parking meters 7.2 days
71. Writing letters to relatives 6.3 hours
72. Listening to other people talking about football 29.2 days
73. Picking lint out of your navel 2.8 days

74. Drinking water 95 days
75. Wishing you were a gynecologist 12.7 days
76. Trombones led the big parade.
77. Weighing yourself 2.1 days
78. Playing Bridge 187 days
79. Altering signs that say Keep Off The Grass 0.6 days
80. Writing equations on paper napkins 163 days
81. Wondering why your girlfriend can’t go to the beach this weekend 28 days
82. Reading sex manuals 10.5 days
83. Writing sex manuals 2.7 hours
84. Buying birthday cards 7.0 days
85. Setting mousetraps 0.8 days
86. Trying to light a lighter that’s out of fluid 13.4 days
87. Wondering what the inside of a ladies’ room looks like 1.4 days
88. Trying to remember the rest of the words to a dirty song 34.3 days
89. Brushing toast crumbs off your lap 7.7 days
90. Outgrowing your need for milk 65 years
91. Defrosting refrigerators 3.2 days
92. Combing your hair 41.2 days

93. Wishing your room-mate was a girl 3.8 days

94. Looking in the mirror 62.7 days
95. Talking about girls 247 days
96. Picking your nose 34 days
97. Picking your friends 12.3 days
98. (We can’t print this) 3.7 seconds
99. Taking band-aids off of skin that has lots of hair on it 0.64 days
100. Reading the The Tech 0.000072 nanoseconds
101. Squeezing pimples 3.8 days
102. Wondering how that spot got on the ceiling 1.9 days
103. Writing stupid VooDoo articles 132 days

Charles Deber, Jerry Goe, John Marshall; calculations by Bonnie Gerzog
Congressman Suggests
Scaring Foe Into Defeat

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

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

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

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

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

I remember it well—it was a Wednesday—Wednesday April 6th, 1966. That was the day they dropped the plastic dogs on North Vietnam. They didn't drop the Ace of Spades until the 9th, but by that time we knew we had 'em licked, and it was really just a mopping-up operation.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The coupon on the right entitles sender (There's a sender born every minute!) to purchase ANY THREE of these treasures of yesteryear for the infinitesimal sum on ONE BUCK! The ink* alone cost more than twice that much! Single issues, 35¢ cheap.

*that was used to print THE NEW YORK TIMES for the year 1958.

IN VIET NAM

where there are more Americans than in New York City, the most popular magazine has twenty low-caliber rounds; VooDoo only has eight. Why? We don't know, but we must be doing something wrong; after all, we're not in Viet Nam.

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I do also wish to subscribe to VooDoo, for the outrageously low outrageous low price of $2.90 plus 10¢ postage and handling beer and graft

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Elections Nov '64 we came out for Barry
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Wretched American
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Tossed Salad Jun '65 - barf
Summer '65
Class of 69
Oct '65
Grape Society
Nov '65
Drunk Santa Dec '65 - we got drunk that night too
Noo Yawk Times Jan '66 "Graze." Boston Globe
Baker Feb '66
Boy Wonder's back
Rhinoceros Mar '66

horny
Jack World Apr '66 keep it in.
Tamoor May '66 Tampy comes out.
"Sarah, when your mother and I speak of a safe place for your money, we do not mean the lining of your miniskirt."

"Okay, Stan, so I'll write you a check to the phone company for $7.10 and you give me your ten and I'll give you three singles and you'll owe me a dime. Stanley, when are you going to get your own checking account?"

"Young lady, just because you no longer have your thirteen two-dollar bills, it does not follow that you paid me $26.00 last week. Are you sure you don't have a receipt?"

"I don't care who your father is. Jack's Delicatessen don't take New York checks."

"That's right, monsieur, $23.80. Did not mademoiselle enjoy her souffle Rothschild? No, monsieur, we do not accept pledge pins in payment."

How about trying a checking account with us? That way, your money is safe and always available when you need it, and your check is your receipt.

We'll print your name at the top of each check. Give you a choice of three check registers. And send you a complete statement every month.

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We firmly believe every Tech man should have at least one of these attractive models. Choose the short sleeved insignia sweatshirt shown at "A". Available in white with red trim at just $2.95. "B" is a machine washable lightweight insignia jacket perfect for warm weather sports and casual wear. $7.50 in grey with red trim. At "C" is a handsome raglan sleeve sweatshirt in deep maroon with white trim for $2.95. In the middle at "D" is a cotton knit tee shirt in white with the M.I.T. insignia at $1.35. "E" is the 1970 Class Jersey in white. Priced at $2.95, it features short sleeves with red and grey bands. All insignia shirts shown are available in sizes S-M-L-XL. If you want one, or more than one, simply complete the coupon indicating size.