

**Voo
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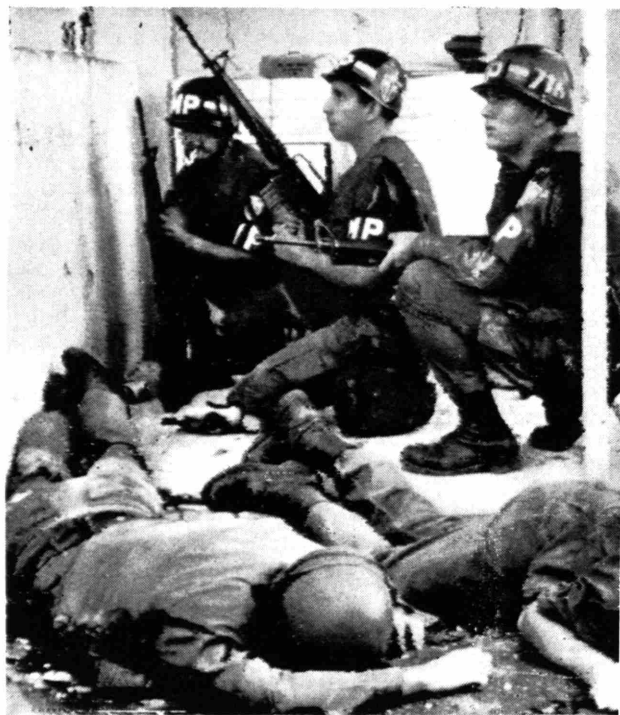
f40¢
feb.





**NOT
GETTING
ENOUGH
ENJOYMENT
OUT OF
LIFE?**

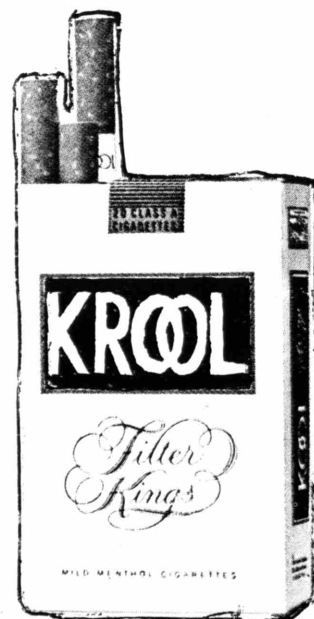
Mabe it's those "dead" tasting cigarettes you smoke!



"Joe! Look . . . Shorty's dead!"
 "So's this cigarette. It's making me sick!"
 "Here. Try one of my Krools."



"Hey, this Krool tastes great! I feel better already."



SMOKE KROOL AND LIVE!

WALKER'S CARRIES A COMPLETE LINE OF LEVI'S

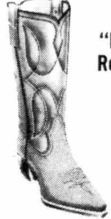
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WALKER'S HAS THE LARGEST SELECTION EAST OF THE ROCKIES

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Natural
Rawhide
24⁹⁵
Pair



Natural
"Ruff-Out"
Retan Foot
22⁷⁵
Pair



Angus Black
12" Dip Top
Dress Boots
24⁹⁵
Pair



Natural Long Wear
Ruffout
Wellington
14⁹⁵
Pair



13" Frye
Jet Boots
Black Only
22⁹⁵
Pair



Frye Cherry Brown
Smooth-Out
Cowhide
18⁹⁵
Pair



Natural Ruffout
Brushie Boots
Crepe Sole
12⁹⁵
Pair
PILE LINED
15.95



Brown
Crocodile
Grained
24⁹⁵
Pair



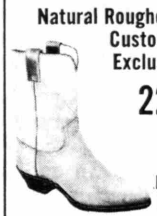
Custom
Black Angus
Underlays
19⁹⁵
Pair



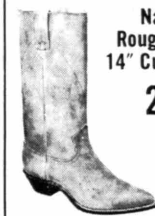
Original Frye
Jet Boots
Black, Brown
19⁹⁵
Pair



Natural Roughout!
Custom &
Exclusive
22⁷⁵
Pair
Also
Black
Brown



Natural
Roughout!
14" Custom
29⁹⁵
Pair
Also
Black
Brown



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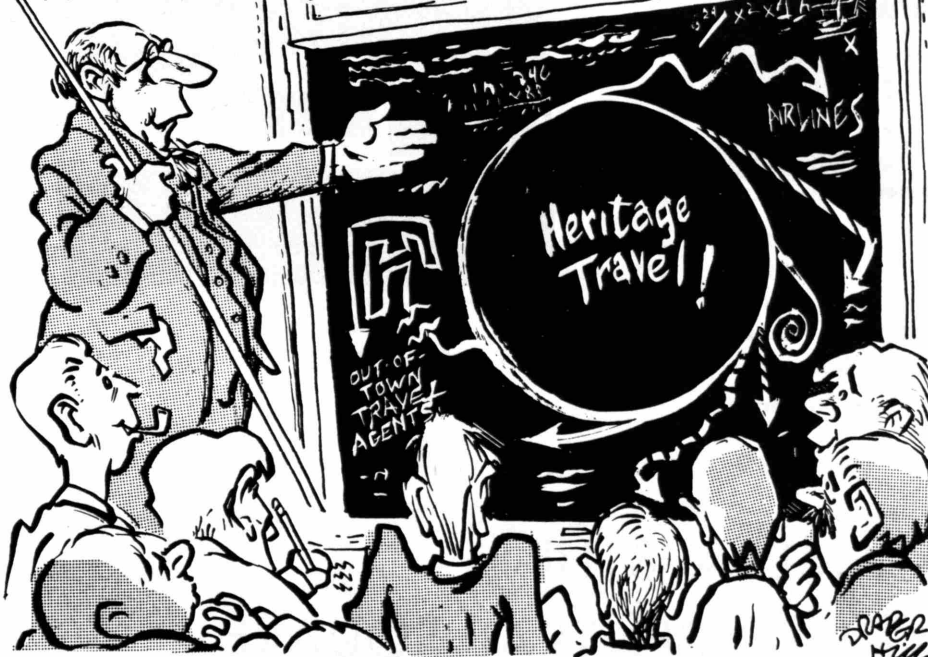
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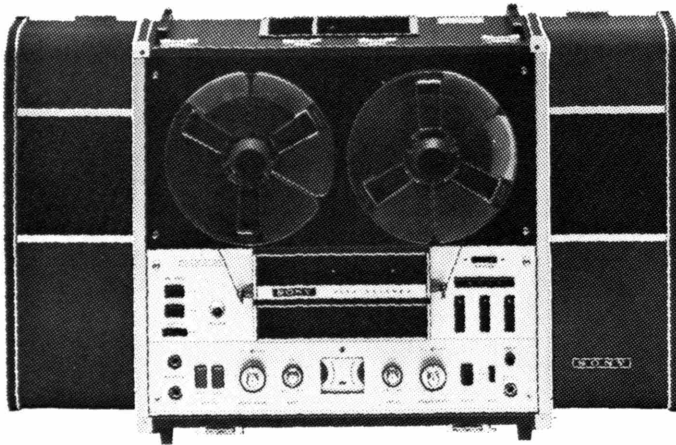
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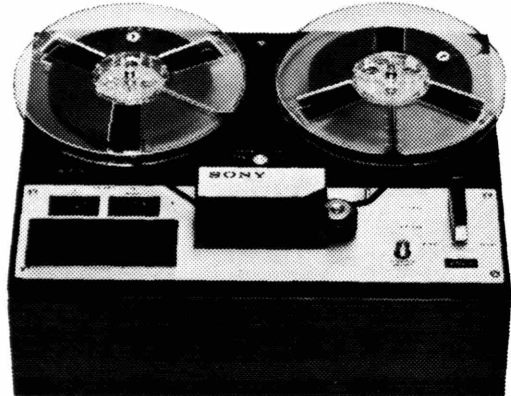
(2-COL. HEADERS)

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SONY **SUPERSCOPE** *The Tapeway to Stereo*
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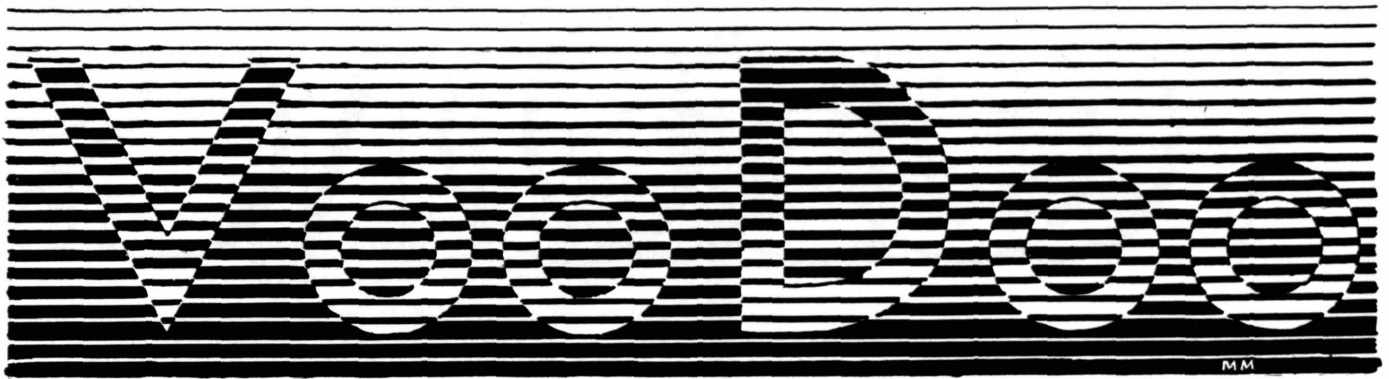
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As you can see. O
POSTMASTER
this mag was done mostly by our art staff

Voo Doo is published 9 times a year—Oct.—May and in August by the Voo Doo Managing Board, 84 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139; entered as Second Class Mail at the Boston Post Office, sold for thirty-five cents on campus and elsewhere for forty cents, year subscription three dollars. Volume 51, Number 5. God Bless America.

Voodoo

When our sister publication, The Tech, ran her Reamer issue, she reached out for an absurd headline to shock the student body. As the several people who bought that issue may recall, the headline was, "Student Deferments Cut as Viet War Escalates."

The effects of the new draft ruling have been far reaching indeed. For example, The Tech Coop reports a 200% increase in the purchase of lace underwear, second only to Harvard Coop in sales of this commodity to men and Harvard men. We also understand that the MIT Club of Canada has recently quadrupled its membership.

Let us be thankful in these troubled times that our President, like Lincoln, has the tenacity to continue with what he knows is right in the face of overwhelming opposition.

Remember the story of the poor guy who was trying to fly home for Christmas? Well, when he finally got back on campus after Christmas last, he was kind enough to let us know that not only did he get fogged in *twice*, but the airline *did* actually schedule him on a flight that didn't exist. Those who actually read the article will remember that the first agent had scheduled him one way, while the second straightened it out, but later they told him the first one was right, but then they called him up the night before he had to leave. . . .

When our Tech in Twilight issues arrived last month a bubbly middle aged woman arrived soon after, pulled a copy from under her coat that a staffer had given her and asked for some more. Seems she works at the libraries and through the chuckles told us that she was a secret spy for a prep school and was sending the issues to prevent the little kiddies. We didn't believe her but gave her the issues anyway. After all how many dirty old librarians do you meet.

For some reason the board of Voo Doo has recently blossomed with several moustaches (an attempt to hide our identity, perhaps?). So, of course we have gotten a hell of a lot of gas about them:

"God, not you, too!" was an almost universal comment, second only to "Yecch!"

A few of us had some trouble with our girl friends. "I don't think it's cute, I think it scratches."

The most crushing blow, however, fell upon our Managing Editor. In the early stages of growth, one of the guys in his dorm asked, "What's that, a third eyebrow?"

In our last issue, our *Tech in Twilight* Parody, we accidentally invented a new word with unfathomable possibilities. The printer, while setting an article on a budding young artist, inadvertently made "mobility" into "mobilith". We envision a mobilith as a new art form, a sort of "Monolithic Mobile". Wait till Calder hears about *this*!

A Course XII major has told us that he will name the first mineral he discovers after Arthur Pendleton Bagby, U.S. Senator and Ambassador to Russia in 1848: bagbite.

Our last issue, a parody of "Boston After Dark", was free. We got some strange reactions to this. One person insisted on paying us a penny for his copy. Several other people wouldn't accept copies at all. And a few others took them, but later tried to give them back!

One of our agents in the dorms informs us that a sheet he obtained from the dormitory linen service was defaced in a most interesting manner. In the center was a large "X", labeled: "On this spot, on the night of April 24, 1965, Mary A * * * lost her virginity."

We think that the Public Relations offices owes us a pat on the back. During the past year, several other humor mags have swiped some of our jokes verbatim. This has spread the names of "Ken W." and 'Jay H.' all over.



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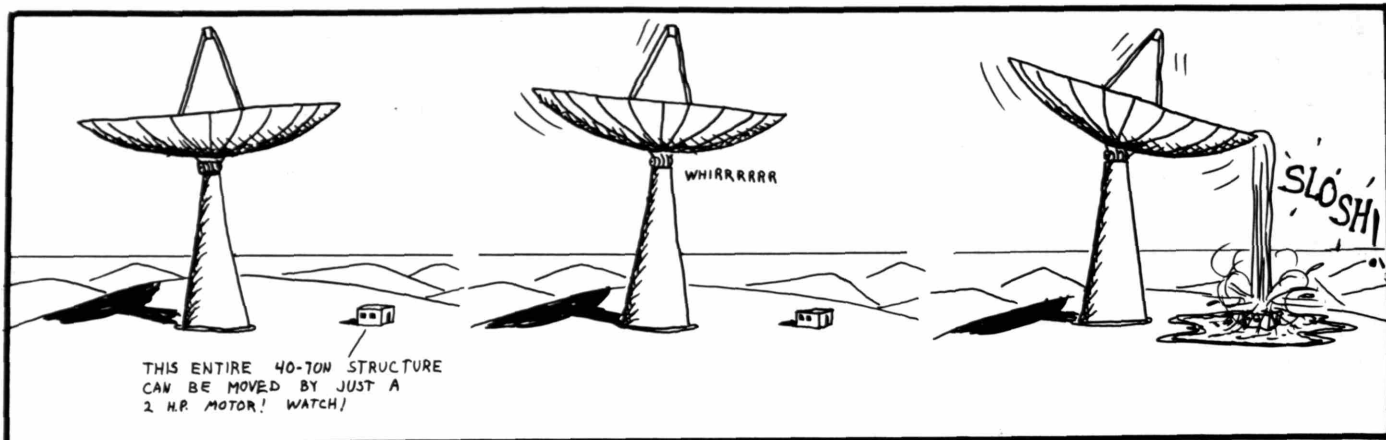


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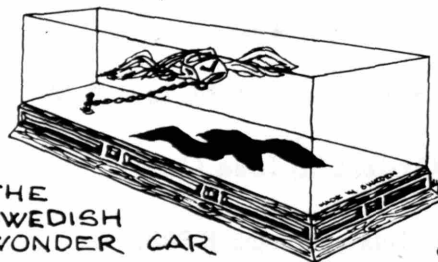
SKI EQUIPMENT

LANGE — HEAD — ROSSIGNOL — MOLITOR

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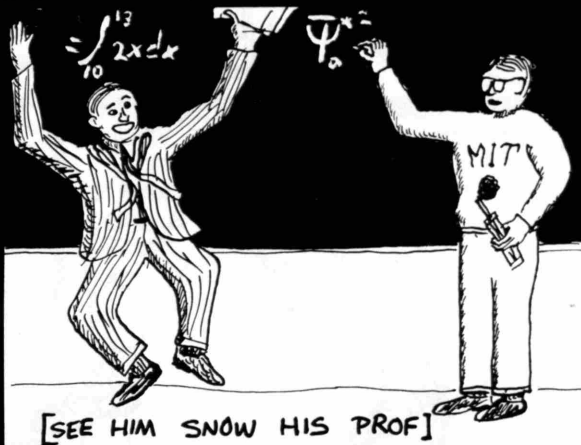
THE
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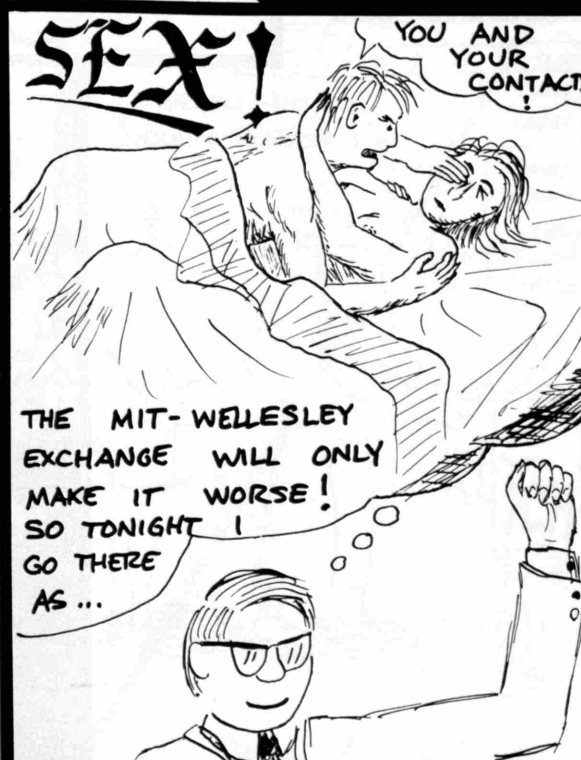
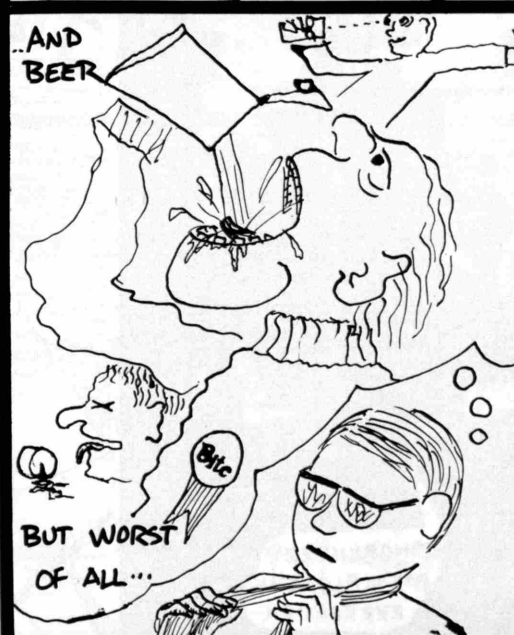
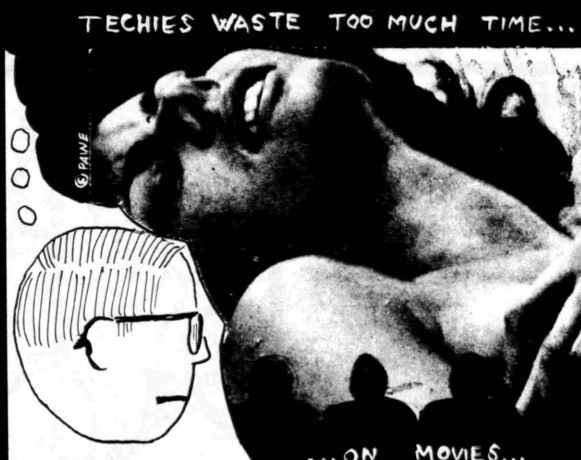
329-1100

It recently came to our attention that a survey had been taken at Wellesley to determine the Wellesley Girl's reaction to (a) Techmen and (b) Harvies. We managed to obtain a completed copy of the poll (due to the courtesy of some anonymous but light-fingered tool), and the results were very interesting. The subject rated the Harvies she had been out with tops in all categories — and rated the few Techies she knew at the bottom of all categories (except in scientific knowledge, of course). So, unknown wench, this story is dedicated to you!

VooDoo ^{AN} PRESENTS HYPOTHESIS TO EXPLAIN THE FORE-GOING PHENOMENON.



HE ALSO WORRIES ABOUT THE DRAFT & BUT DON'T WE ALL?



THE INCREDIBLE NURD!



ALIAS MARVIN FUNGE!

BY REPELLING AS MANY WELLESLIANS AS POSSIBLE, I CAN STOP THIS DASTARDLY EXCHANGE PROGRAM!

MY VICTIM TONIGHT IS ONE MICHELLE HUNT, KNOWN AS "MIKE"



march 16
HUG
A
COED
TODAY!

KING KONG
MEETS LBJ

WHERE ARE WE GOING FOR DINNER, MARY?



HAVE ANOTHER SANDWICH?

ER- NO THANKS



LATER...

MAH FELLAH AMURRICANS-

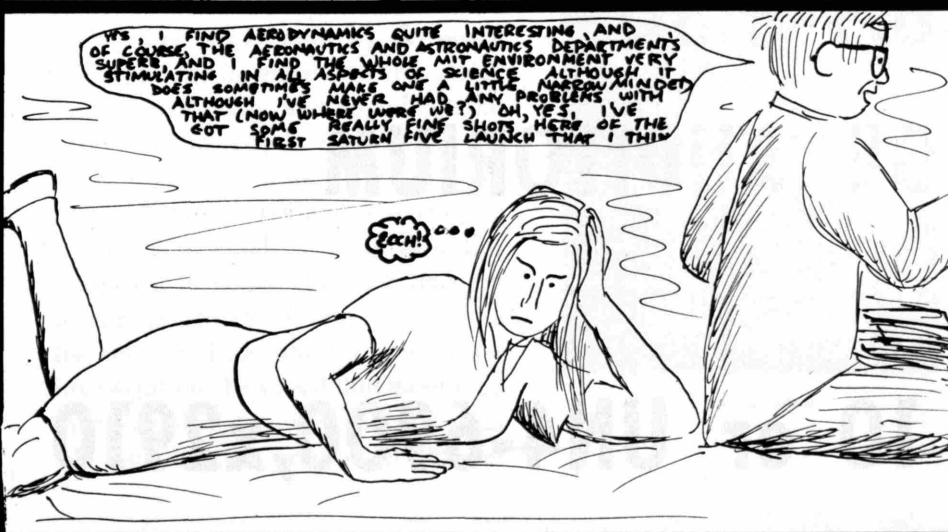
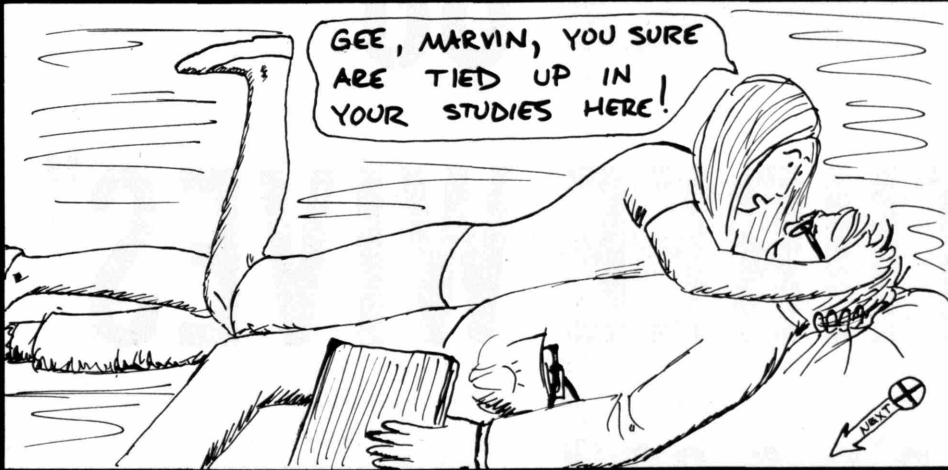
LOOK! THAT MAN'S BEING MUGGED!



UH, OH... UM, CAN I BORROW A BUCK?



SHSNORKKZZZ
BAZXX BLØAGHK
ZZZ FRRTZK..





**ED SULLIVAN
SAYS
DON'T MISS
TECH
SHEW
'68**

"I WED THREE WIVES"

MARCH 1,2,7,8,9-8:30

KRESGE AUDITORIUM

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THE ORIGINS OF GAMBLING

from CHAPMAN'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD by Alan Chapman

Gambling, the world's only socially-accepted way of taking things from people without compensation, most certainly had its origin in prehistoric times. It is possible that the first actual gambling game was a caveman invention called "Heads I Win, Tails You Lose." Often a caveman, upon spying another caveman walking a domesticated dinosaur, would exclaim, "Rama lama ding dong", which, of course means, "Head I win, tails you lose". The other caveman would then invariably shudder with fright, for this pronouncement indicated that he had been selected as the "doop", or sucker. The first caveman would then pick up a huge boulder and throw it into the air. The outcome of the game depended on where the boulder landed. If it fell on the doop's head, it usually killed him and the first caveman won. The normal practice was for him to claim the dinosaur as his reward. If, on the other hand, the boulder fell on the dinosaur's tail, the doop lost, since the enraged reptile would always take his revenge by devouring the nearest human, which naturally was the doop.

One day a caveman by the name of Ralph Ogg invented the wheel. Holding it horizontally and spinning it, he proceeded to knock out one of his teeth. Ogg, who was not too clever, repeated the process and lost another tooth. A bystander, Spike Roo Let, happened to notice that each time the disengaged tooth fell into a groove on the surface of the wheel. Upon further investigation, he found that there were thirty-six such grooves and that teeth fell into different grooves at different



Spike Roo Let



Ginn Rummee

times. He promoted betting on where the tooth would land and thus invented Roo Let, which resulted in many toothless gamblers. Soon thereafter the wheel was adapted to fit on a cart. This way, if a gambler won some money, he could let it ride.

Card playing as we know it got off to a very slow start. Yet another caveman, Ginn Rummee, put together the first deck, consisting of fifty-two stone slabs. Not only was this deck thirteen feet high but it was also impossible to shuffle. It was not until the Chinese invented paper that the first practical deck could be made. The Chinese then invented blidge. Soon, when it was discovered that nobody knew how to play blidge, they invented poker.

Throughout the ages men have played bets on the results of animal races. The first animal ever exploited for this purpose was the brontosaurus. The brontosaurus was loath to run, so to facilitate things, the racers were always male brontosauri and a female brontosaurus in heat was placed at the finish line. In addition to making the race possible, this arrangement also provided entertainment after the race to cheer up the losers. These races spawned much trouble. Sometimes desperate gamblers would castrate certain brontosauri in order to fix the race. Also, since there were always many losing bettors in one race, they would often get together and express their disappointment by tearing apart the stadium. These were the world's first race riots.

So, you ask, is this the real honest truth about the origins of gambling? You bet it is!

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Long ago, during the venerable days of the Ching Fu Dynasty in China, a terrible plague swept the land. In an effort to stem the wave of death, the Emperor decreed that no one should get closer than one arms length to anyone else. Needless to say, this was not very popular with the peasants, but in an effort to rid themselves of the plague, they steadfastly put up with it.

Finally, one of the emperor's ministers, the honorable Wu-Ree, started an immense program of cleanliness and quarantine. The plague soon ended, and the law was repealed.

The peasants breathed a sigh of relief and said "Wu-Ree takes the ban out of being close!"



The hen house was all a-flutter with the news of the handsome new rooster who had just been brought to the next coop. One of the more adventurous hens was determined to be the dashing fowl's number one girl friend. So, one night she made her way to the adjoining coop, where a big party was in the process of being thrown.

She returned the next morning in a terrible state.

"What happened honey?" asked a Rhode Island Red as the unfortunate hen made her way to her roost.

"Well," she addressed the expectant crowd, "I never did get to meet Mr. Rooster. Some damn capon cornered me and kept me up the whole night talking about his operation."

Then there's the one about the king (in a kingdom somewhere a long time ago) who was sorely troubled by a savage monster. He therefore sent his bravest knight out for help from the neighboring principality. Unfortunately, said knight was grabbed by an enourmous yellow hand (the monster) reaching from the depths of a dark wood ere he was even out of sight.

The king thereupon sent out ye second bravest knight, only to see him suffer the same fate.

Finally a somewhat skinny page (who was suspected by many to be a fag) stepped forward and volunteered his services. The king sent him, expecting him to get grabbed just like the others, but, when the page went past the woods and the yellow hand rached out to grab him, he easily slipped through, and returned shortly thereafter with aid. The monster was routed and the king saved.

Morale: Let your pages do the walking through the yellow fingers.



Q. What kind of apartment can you get in a negro neighborhood for \$3 a week?

A. A 4-room watermellon.

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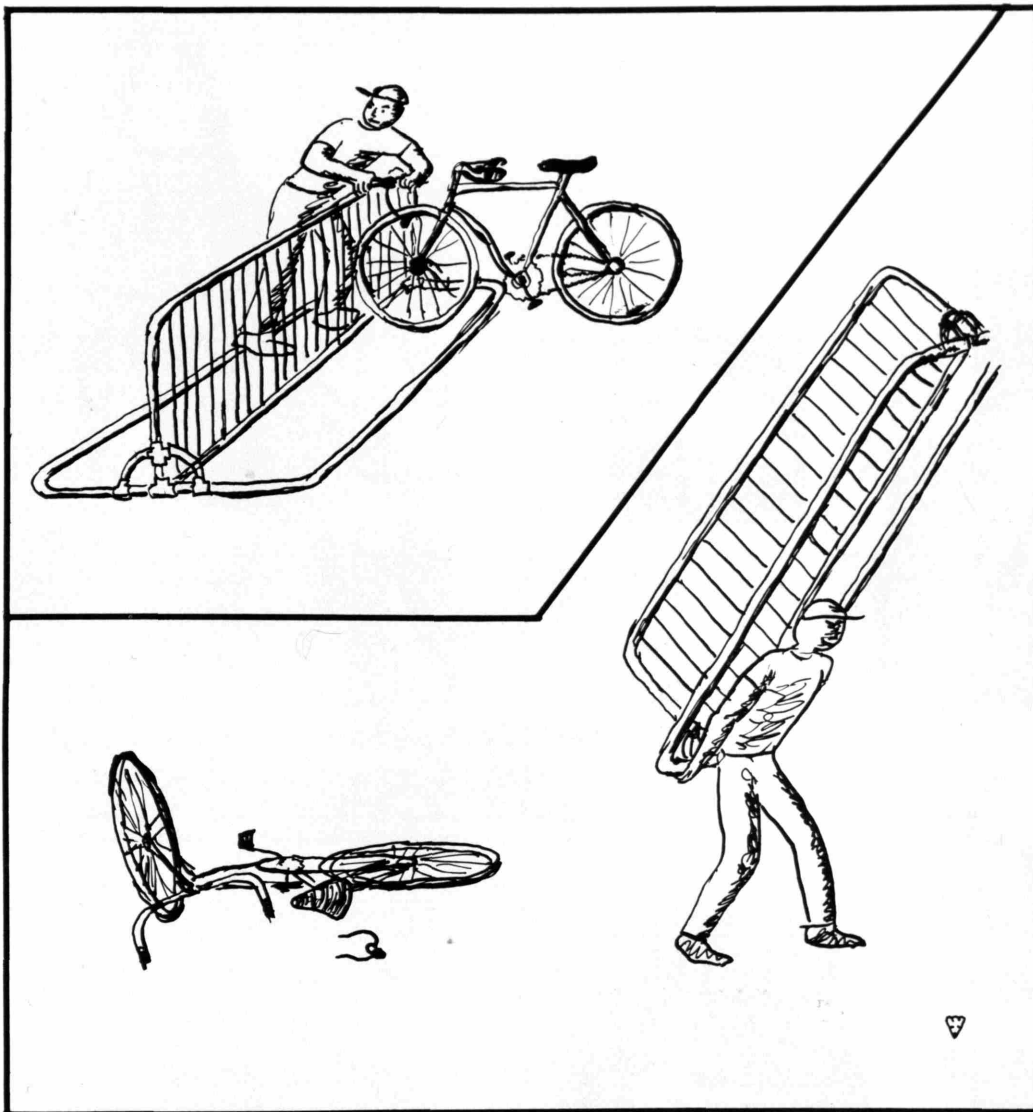
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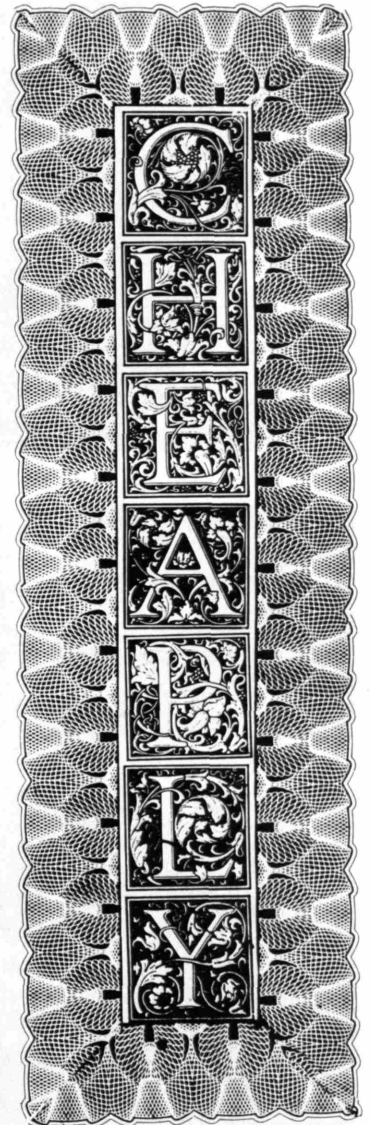
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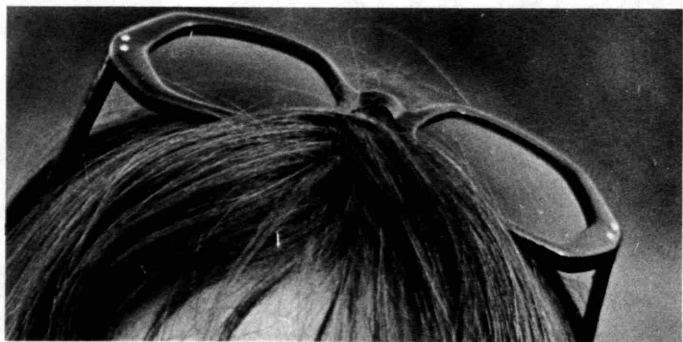
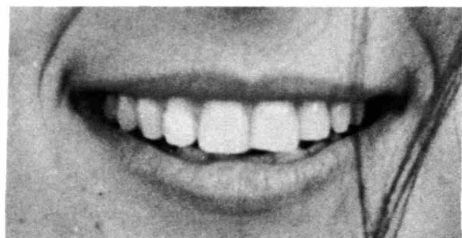


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VOO DOO'S VOLUPTUOUS VANESSA

Photos by Art Kalotkin

She is an artist's model and attends night classes at Harvard. The daughter of an up and coming writer, Vanessa has often been seen campaigning for Norman Thomas for President. When asked if she had any thoughts about her future, Vanessa replied with a smile, "Yes."



BAGNET

A MARK LXIX PRODUCTION

by Rich Rosen

This is a city? Boston, Massachusetts. Millions of people work here every day. They drive cars. They park their cars. Sometimes, they break the law. When they do, I catch 'em. I'm a cop. My name's Tuesday, Sgt. Ruby Tuesday. This is my partner, Det. Grand Canyon. He's a cop, too.

11:54 A.M.: Canyon and I are on the homicide detail. Our boss is Capt. Hook. Grand's eating his lunch. I'm sitting at my desk, counting my toenails. After I count 9 for the third straight time, Capt. Hook calls me over.

"Tuesday, there are a couple of illegally parked cars over on the 400 block of Marlborough St. The boys over there need a hand. Why don't you and Canyon drop by and help out?"

I grabbed Grand's peanut butter and jelly sandwich out of his hand and we jumped into our specially equipped Henry J and raced to the scene of the crime.

3:41 P.M.: Canyon and I arrive and are greeted by the patrolman on duty, Clyde Frebush. "Is this the scene of the crime?", Grand asks Frebush.

"Yeah, I guess so," replies the officer.

"Well, where are the bad guys?"

"Easy, Grand, not so fast", I counsel

my partner.

"Aw, c'mon Ruby, I just want a chance to shoot a crook and make sergeant."

"Look, after we solve this case I'll take you up to Harvard Square and you can shoot some hippies. Meanwhile, we've got a job to do, to make the streets safe at night, to protect decent innocent people, to keep the free world strong. Okay, Frebush, what's the problem?"

"There's a red flag over the meter and I can't read whether or not the car's parked overtime."

"We'll have a look at it."

Canyon took out his magnifying glass and the two of us went over to have a look at the offending meter. After a few minutes, Grand noticed something. "There's a word on the red flag, Ruby."

"There certainly is, Grand. And do you know what that word is? It says *violation*. This is a section 6.01, vehicle illegally parked overtime."

"We'll have to bring this back for the boys in the lab."

"Why do you say that, Grand?"

"Because that's what all the real detectives say when they find evidence."

"Oh, shut up."

I recorded the license number, make and model of the culprit's car, and Grand and I want back to headquarters.

9:39 P.M.: After getting lost in an endless maze of one-way street, Canyon and I returned to headquarters. I reported back to Capt. Hook.

"Well, Tuesday, did you apprehend the scoundrels?"

"No, sir, but I did get the license number of a car on a section 6.01."

"What's that?"

"Vehicle illegally parked overtime, sir."

"Okay, run an APB and BTB and see if anything turns up."

7:08 A.M.: Grand was asleep in his chair, and I was reading *True Detective* when the report came through. The offending car belonged to a Miss Greta Rinaldo, of San Diego, Calif. A quick check found her to be staying at the Dive, a plush hotel in Central Square, Cambridge. I woke up Canyon and, armed to the teeth, we set out to bring the dangerous criminal back to justice.

"Come on, Grand."

"Uhh, where are we going?"

"To bring a dangerous criminal back to justice."

8:47 A.M.: Canyon and I arrived at the Dive. We inquired as to Miss Rinaldo's room, and were informed that she was staying in Room 501. We journeyed up to the fifth floor, stopping at each story because Grand insisted on pressing all the button. But, what can you do with these small town boys.

Anyway, we got out at the fifth floor, and crept along the floor silently to Room 501. Suddenly, we were stopped by a chambermaid who asked what we were doing, crawling along the hotel floor at 8:51 in the morning. Flashing my Gulf Oil credit card by mistake, I replied, "Police officers, ma'am."

"Listen, mister, don't try to pull that stuff on me. Get outa here before I call the cops!"

"Well, Ruby, it looks like we better leave", said Grand, as he ran back to the elevator.

"No, stupid, we *are* the cops," After an hour's worth of explaining in English, Italian, Spanish and Polish to the various people involved, we were allowed to make our covert entry into Miss Rinaldo's room.

10:04 A.M.: Guns drawn, Grand and I barged into the room, yelling "Hands up, this is the police." What we found was a rather startled little old librarian-type lady, adjusting her spectacles.

"Ma'am," I started, "we're police officers. Now, all I want is the facts."

"Yeah," snarled Grand, "just the facts or nothing at all. No, wait that's nothing but the facts, no . . . Well, what'd you do with Greta Rinaldo?"

"You forgot to inform me of my constitutional rights," replied Miss Rinaldo sweetly.

"Sorry, you have constitutional rights."

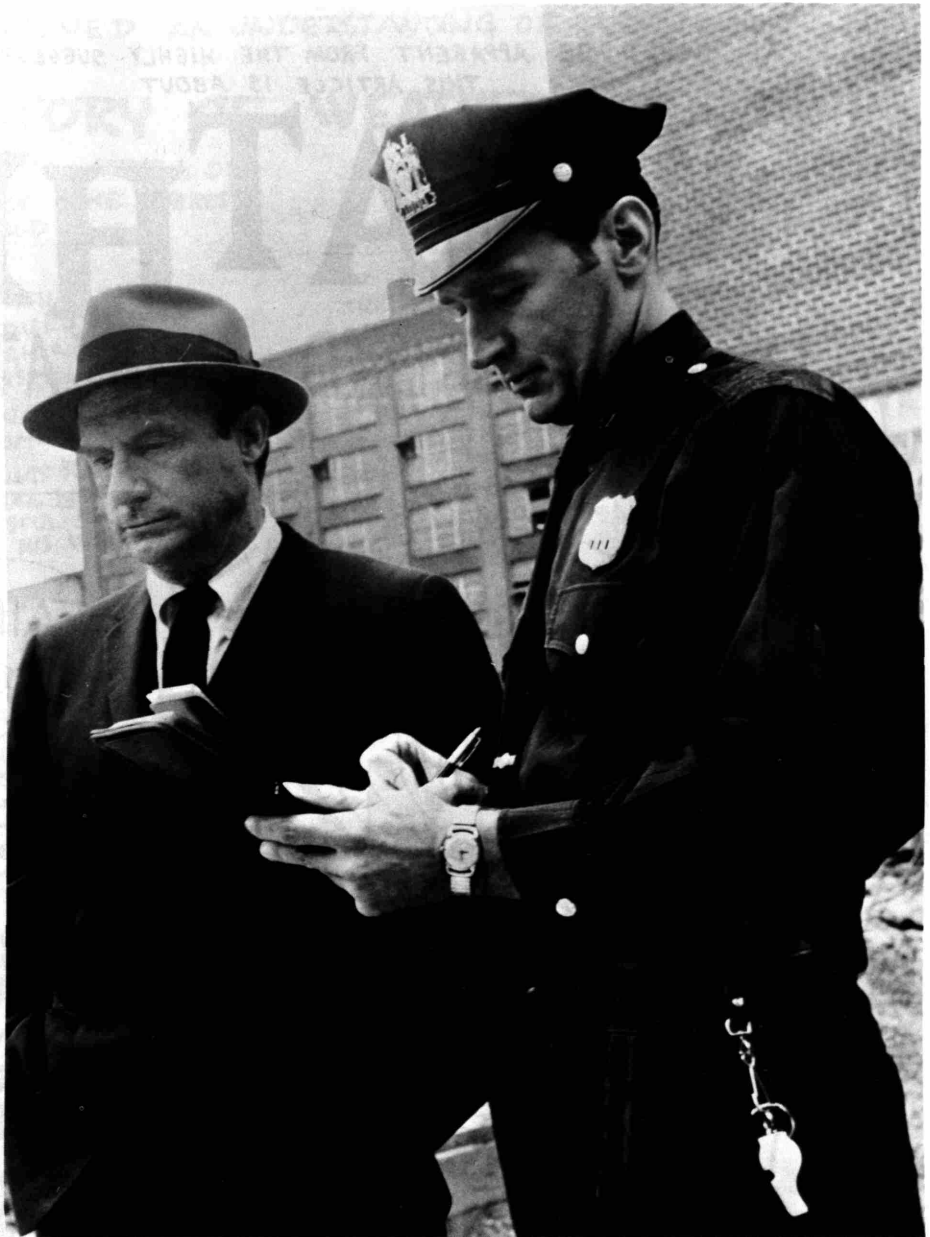
"Now what'd you do with Greta Rinaldo?"

"I am Greta Rinaldo."

"You are?" asked Grand incredulously. Meanwhile, keeping a cool head, I slapped handcuffs on her. "You'll have to come with us to headquarters." As she opened her mouth with a surprised look on her face, Grand said "Now, don't try to resist arrest", and she fainted dead away.

10:38 A.M.: We revived Miss Rinaldo at headquarters, and brought her in for interrogation after booking on a section 6.01.

"Okay, why were you parked over-



time? Don't try to lie to us, we know where your car was, and we saw that the meter was on violation."

"Was that all? I'll pay the fine. I'm sorry."

"Don't confess now. I'm much too busy with paperwork to go to the Supreme Court."

After several hours of questioning, Miss Rinaldo finally prevailed upon us to release her to Capt. Hook to pay her fine. And so, justice was done.

* * * * *

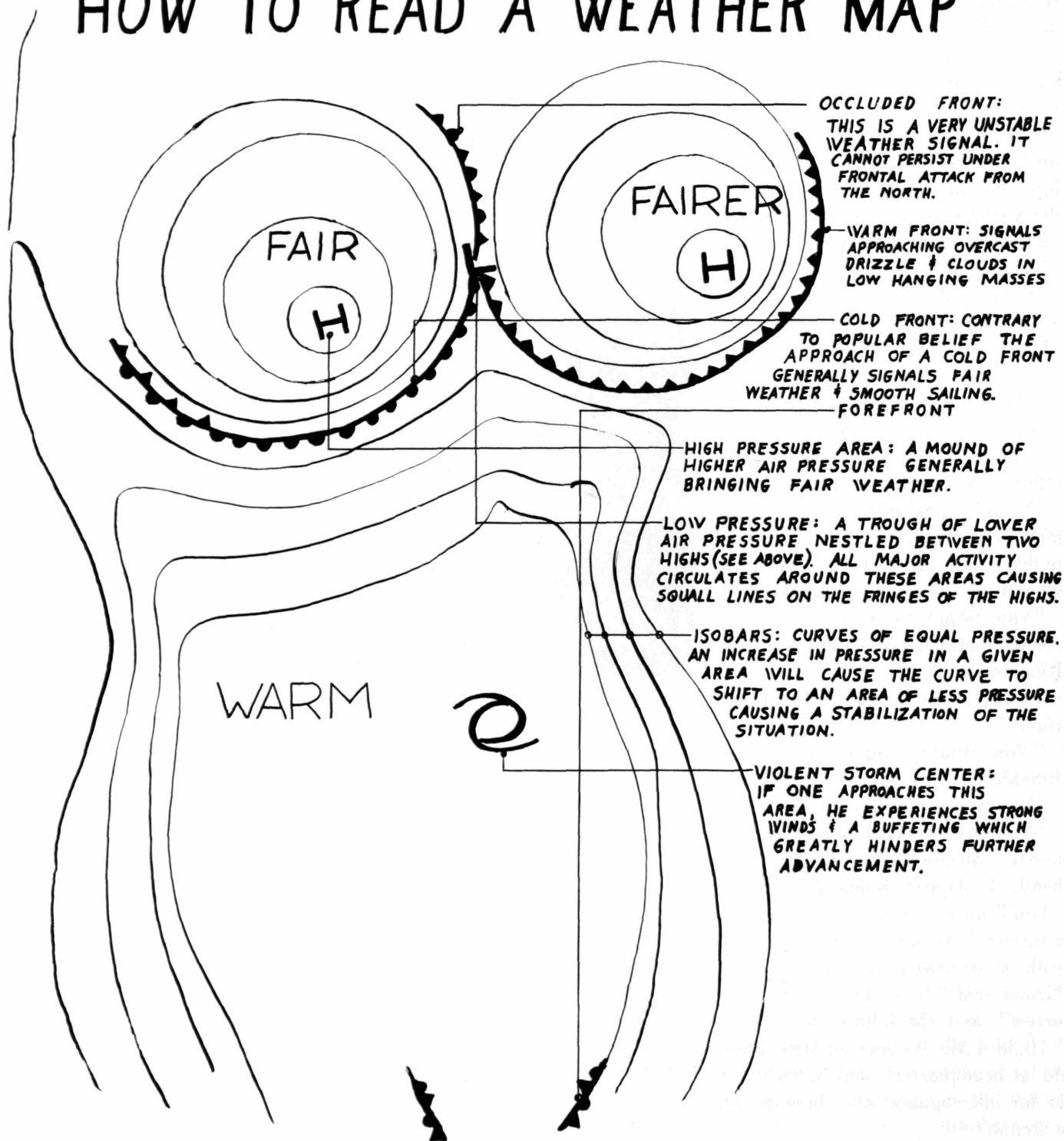
EPILOG: Miss Rinaldo was convicted of a Section 6.01 and fined \$2.

She was also warned never again to park overtime on the 400 block of Marlborough St. in Boston. Since she was about to take part in the Indianapolis 500, this became rather unlikely. For our great investigative efforts, I was promoted to lieutenant, and Canyon was demoted to recruit on the mounted patrol. And so, case closed, I returned home to my spinster mother (Huh?), ending another day in the life of a cop. And the millions of people went back to their jobs in the city, knowing that I'm there to protect them.

AS SHOULD BE APPARENT FROM THE HIGHLY SUGGESTIVE DRAWING BELOW
THIS ARTICLE IS ABOUT

WEATHER

HOW TO READ A WEATHER MAP



NOW THAT YOU HAVE ACHIEVED AN UNDERSTANDING OF THE WEATHER MAP
WE NOW GIVE YOU

A SHORT HISTORY OF WEATHERFORECASTING

FINDING OUT WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN, OR
WHAT IS HAPPENING HAS BEEN OF SOME INTEREST
TO MAN. THE EARLIEST METHOD WAS
THE WET FINGER



ANYONE WITH A WET
FINGER COULD ALWAYS
TELL WHICH WAY THE
WIND WAS BLOWING.
A WET FINGER ALSO
MEANT SOMETHING...
...LIKE IT WAS RAINING
A WEATHERMAN WAS
VERY SUCCESSFUL IF HE
COULD GET HIS WHOLE
HAND WET

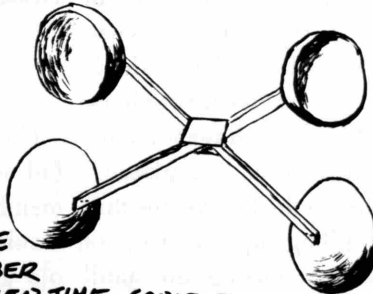
ANOTHER FAVORITE METHOD WAS
THE SORE TOE. REQUIRING SOMEWHAT
GREATER AGILITY,
IT WAS A GREAT
AID IN FORECASTING
RAINY PERIODS.
THE FORECASTER
WHO COULD GET
HIS SORE TOE
WET WAS CONSIDERED A MASTER.



IN THE YEAR 987 A.D.

IN CANTON, CHINA, HO CHEE NEE, FOUNDER OF
THE W.C.T.U., INVENTED THE ANEMOMETER.

IT CONSISTED OF FOUR
SMALL CUPS MOUNTED
ON THE ENDS OF TWO ARMS
SET PERPENDICULAR TO
EACH OTHER &
INTERSECTING IN THE
MIDDLE. THE WIND
PUSHING AGAINST THE
CUPS CAUSED THE DEVICE
TO ROTATE & THE NUMBER
OF REVOLUTIONS IN A GIVEN TIME COULD BE CALIBRATED
TO GIVE A MEASURE OF THE VELOCITY OF THE WIND.
THE DEVICE IN THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION, HOWEVER, IS
NOT AN ANEMOMETER; IT IS A BRASSIERE FOR
SIAMESE TWINS. THIS PARTICULAR BRA WAS OWNED BY A
PARTICULARLY INTERESTING SET OF TWINS. WHEN THEY
WERE BORN, THE DOCTOR IN CHARGE DISCOVERED THAT
ONE WAS EXACTLY TWO YEARS OLDER THAN THE OTHER.



THE INVENTION OF THE
WEATHER BALLOON ENABLED THE
FORECASTER TO FIND OUT ABOUT
THE WEATHER AT HIGH ALTITUDES



ESPECIALLY IF HE HAPPENS TO BE SMALL



WITH ALL THE SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT
AVAILABLE TODAY, THERE IS ONE
THING CERTAIN... THE CHANCE OF
PROBABILITY IS STILL 60%.
JUST LIKE A CAVEMAN, IF YOU GO OUT
WITHOUT TAKING YOUR RAINCOAT,
YOU'RE GONNA GET WET!



THAT'S "GARBAGE" TO ALL YOU DORMIES

A P B A T E

Ideas, like garbage, have a way of generating themselves. Perhaps as a result of the recent strike in New York City, the Voo Doo office received a package from that area recently containing the overflow of someone's uncollected garbage, an overcooked chicken dinner. Attached to the package was a small note advising: "This is a chain package; put your garbage at the bottom of all the other garbage and send copies to five of your friends. Do not break the chain or you will get your own garbage back. When the strike is settled, if the chain is complete, you will receive through the mail one ton of fresh garbage for your very own, to do with as you please."

We later came to the knowledge that garbage was piling up in front of apartment houses, causing no small embarrassment to the inhabitants therein. Those people who could not afford to eat in the same style as their neighbors had to suffer the ignominy of having low class garbage piling up outside their doors, with the concurrent problem that the garbage attracted a very low class of rats. In order to protect these poor unfortunates the Garbage of the Month Club was formed. Through this public service, garbage from amongst the finest of New York's restaurants is made available to subscribers. You can quickly throw together such taste tempting garbage as the following award winning menu.

Cocktails Wine, Whiskey, Beer,
Drano, & Sludge
Punch from the Tea-
pot Trader Vic's
Appetizer Guano from the
Stork Club

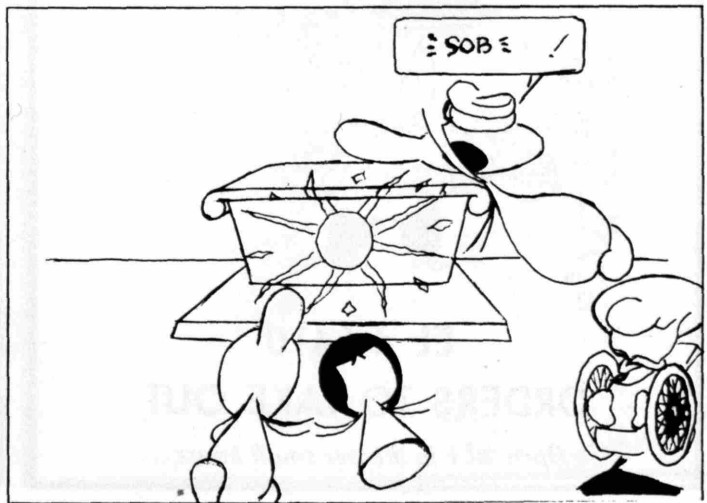
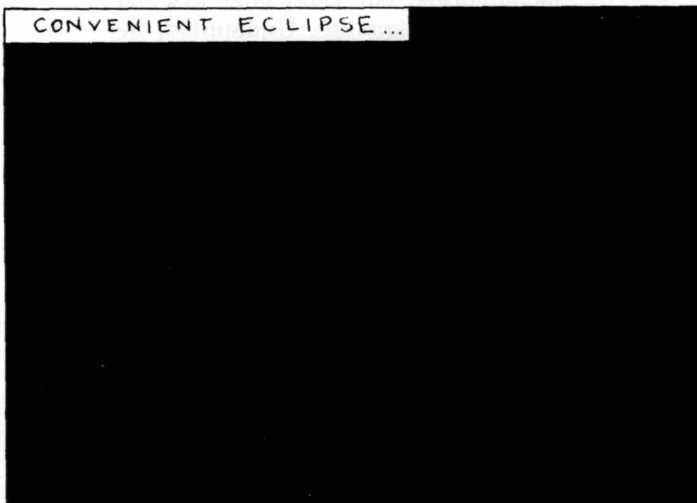
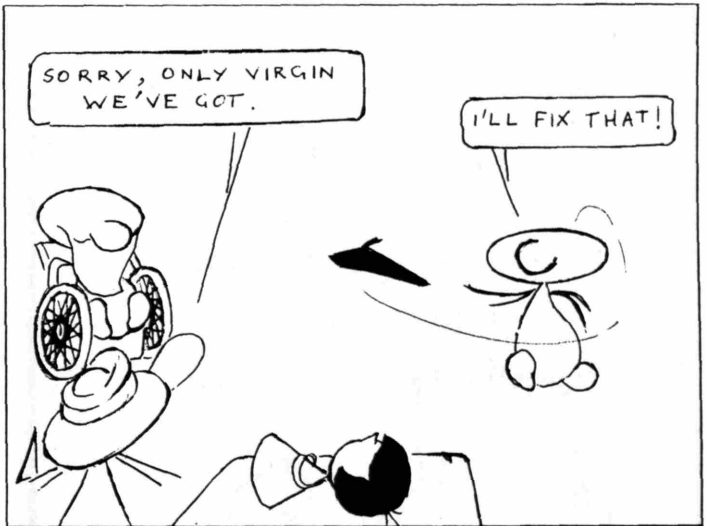
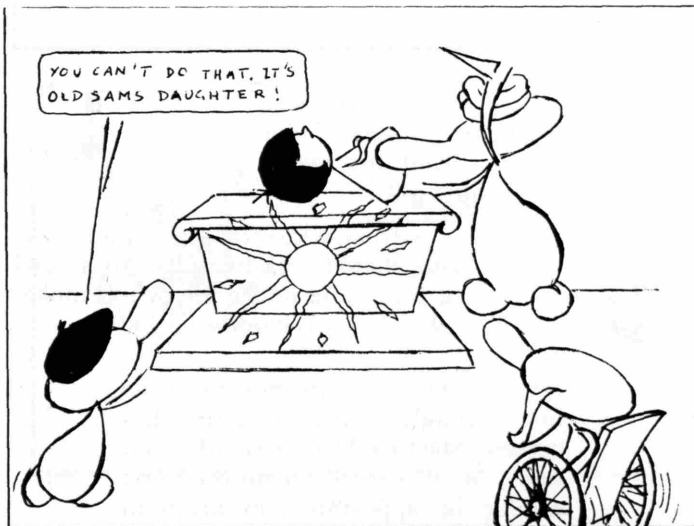
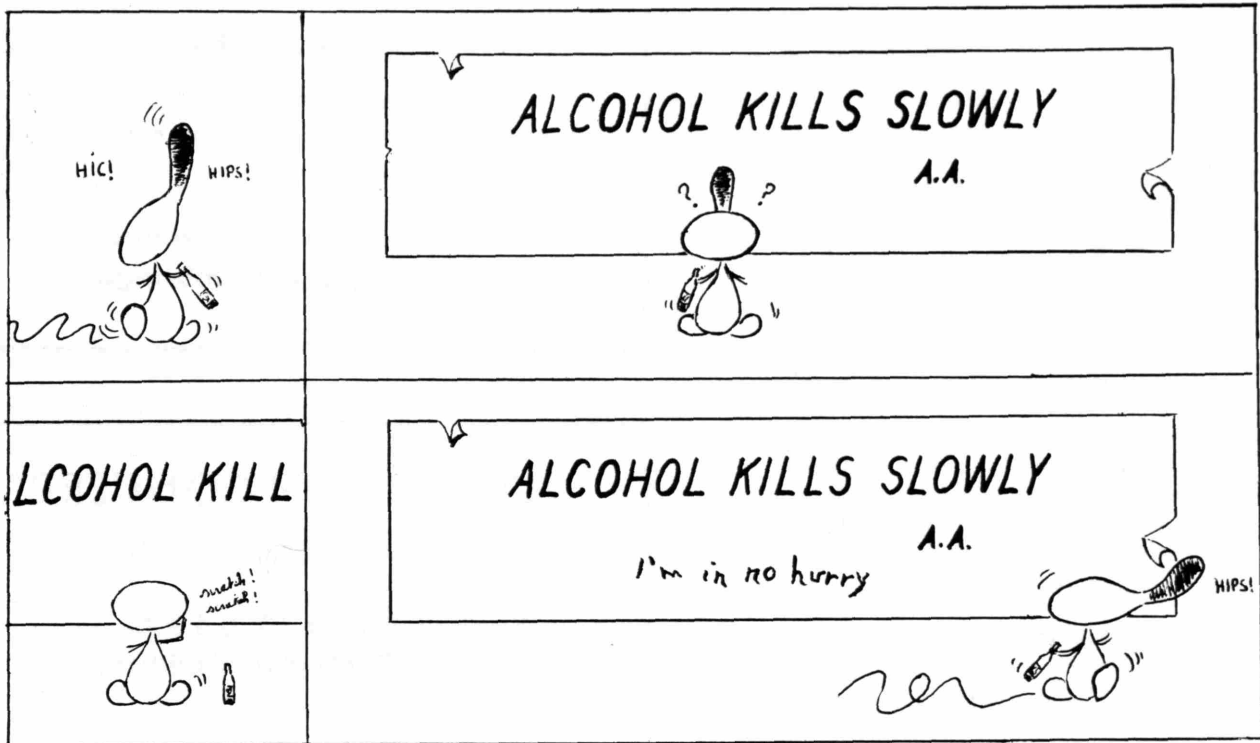
Dinner Rolls Hard Crust Buns
from the Stage Deli-
catessen
Salad Walnut Shell & Ap-
ple Core Delight from
the Waldorf Astoria
Entree Lobster Shell Thermi-
dor from the Brown
Derby with Aspara-
gus Stems Holland-
aise from Horn &
Hardart
Dessert Cookies Like Mother
Used to Toss from
Mother's.

For the Jet Set, Garbage Imports Ltd. was formed. If you were a wealthy member of the "In Crowd", you too would tire from looking at the same old garbage day after day. Such delicacies as Acapulco Rust from Tijuana, Holy Water from the Vatican sewers, Thirty Pound lots of used tea bags (slightly devaluated) from Picadilly, or Radioactive Waste from Greenland, are available to qualified buyers.

Concerned as we always are with the public welfare, we of Voo Doo have arrived at a superior solution to the problem. SEND US YOUR GARBAGE! Honest to Petey! Just make sure you leave off your return address. Also, for your ease and convenience, we suggest that you neglect to affix postage stamps to the packages, and we will cheerfully refuse to pay the postage due when our friendly neighborhood postman comes calling. Just one word of caution though, don't attend any dead letter office auctions in the near future.

by Rosenblit & Tag

HooHah! Here we are once again with the VooDoo guest page. This time we have the artistic efforts of one Guy Pommares, who is a real Frenchman, no less. We hope it hasn't lost too much in translation.



A man in the furniture business was telling his friend about his trip to Paris. "So I meet this little French broad," he says, "and we go out to dinner. Well, she can't talk English, and I can't talk French. After dinner, she takes a pencil and draws a picture of a bed on the tablecloth. You know, to this day I dunno how she figured out I was in the furniture business."



A whale and a sardine frequented a certain bar together, once nightly for over three years. One night the sardine came in alone. Now, the bartender was an understanding man, so after a respectable pause, he ventured to ask the fish, "Where's the whale," thinking, of course, that they were close friends after three years of drinking together. But, to his surprise, the sardine indignantly replied, "Am I my blubber's kipper?"

"What do you do for a living?" asked the judge.

"I'm night orderly at the hospital," lied the prisoner.

"Thirty days for pan-handling," said the judge.



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A worker in a violin repair shop claims he restrings an average of fourteen violins a day. "And that, gentlemen," he adds, "takes guts!"



Anyone who thinks he is indispensable should stick his finger in a bowl of water and notice the hole it makes when he pulls it out.

George Onassis Tate was one of the first capitalists this country has known. Starting from a small grubstake, he discovered an unusual ore, similar in appearance to uranium hexafluoride, but what later assayed out to be magnetite. Undaunted, he took this ferrous ore and began manufacturing compass needles. The Tate's compass was to become known far and wide for its integrity and accuracy.

Unfortunately, the compass cases were also of ferrous content. Within five years, every Tate's compass was worthless. Few frontiersmen and ship captains were unaffected. Soon a proverb was coined to personify the dismay and disgust of all who were in any way associated with this man; it lives in all we do. "He who has a Tate's is lost."

An artistic Indian erected a new wigwam and decorated it with costly manufactured baubles, purchased via a mail order catalogue. His neighbors, miffed because the new wigwam was getting too much attention, disparaged his efforts. Sneered they, "Cheap Siouxveneer!"



A lunatic was leaning out of the window, watching the gardener.
Lunatic: "What are you doing there?"
Gardener: "I'm putting manure on the strawberries."
Lunatic: "I usually put sugar on them, but of course, I'm crazy."

"It says in the paper," a wife reported to her husband, "that a man on the next block throttled his mother-in-law this morning."

"Hm-m-m," mused the husband. "Sounds like a practical choker."



what a dull town this is."
Jim: "I'd thought there was supposed to be some pretty wild night life here."
Jack: "Oh, there was, but she died last week."



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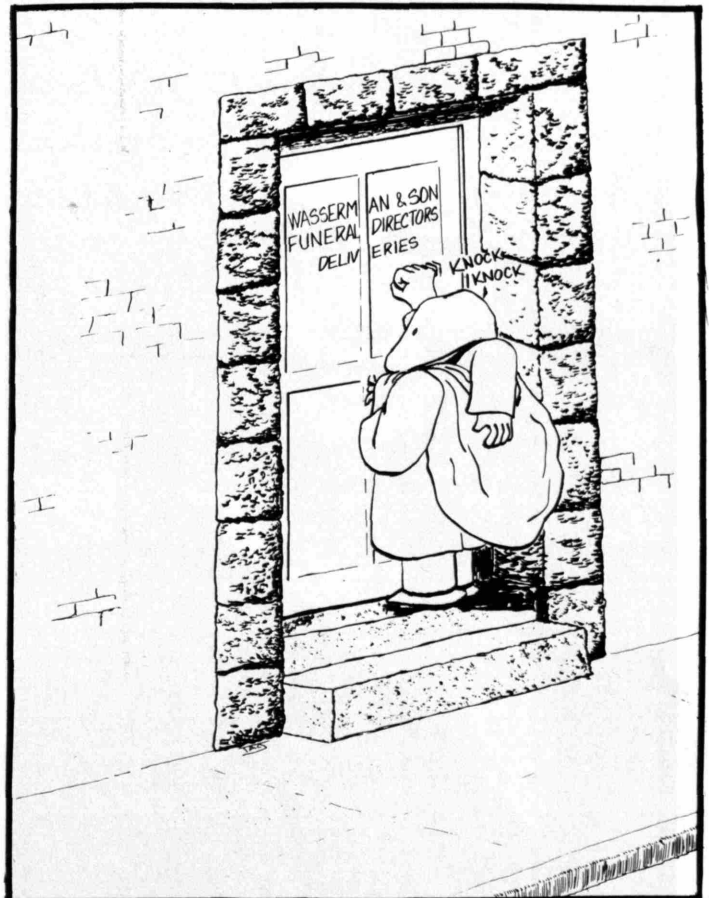
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THE BIG 10

As a special public service (and mainly to fill up the considerable space in this month's issue) Voo Doo presents the F.B.I. Most Wanted Criminals of February, 1968.

Sophia "The Bod Bod" Loren. Female, Wopish, age 30 but looks younger. Warning: She is heavily armed with two large caliber weapons which are extremely dangerous to the human male. WANTED: For corruption of majors (and minors).



WALTER CRANKCASE. Male, Caucasian, age 55. Gray hair, green eyes, 5' 11", 170 lbs. WANTED for espionage, and having access to top secret information. Walt, a former top echelon FBI man, went sour several years ago when he learned that the marriage of his two best friends was breaking up. The husband, one David Brinkley, tried to console Walt, but Crankcase felt responsible for the split, as he had seduced David's spouse, the former Miss C. Huntley. Walt then used his FBI phone-tapping techniques (see picture) to listen in on top secret phone conversations on the White House hot lines. He heard Patrick Nugent innocently discussing peace negotiations with Ho Chi Minh, only to be remonstrated by his uncle Lyndon. Crankcase also claims to have heard Dean Rusk discussing the containment theory and the yellow peril with Alexi Kosygin. At any rate, these activities are deemed extremely dangerous to national security, especially since Crankcase is now believe to be selling the secrets to "Students for a Democrat Society."

RONNIE "PRETTY BOY" REAMEM. Male, very Caucasian, age: only his Draft Board knows for sure. Hair: black (lately), eyes: beady, 6'2", 180 lbs. **WANTED:** for owning and running a whorehouse by the name of UCLA (Undercover Clandestine Lewd Activities). Also accused of trying to take over the government of his home state, and seeking to run for President of the United States, perhaps his greatest crime against society. Ronnie is a conservative dresser, can usually be found frequenting health food bars, and kissing babies. Distinguishing characteristics: dimples. Ronnie is shown here with the beautiful young woman who he spoiled. He is not armed, but can be very dangerous, as he has a tendency to pop up unexpectedly on late night television and nauseate the viewer into submission.



"ONE EYED MOE" DAYAN. Male, Semitic, age 40-45, but he doesn't look a day over 30. Balding, but on him it looks nice, brown eye, 5'11", 150 lb. Alias: The Scourge of the Sinai; also, "My Little Moishele." **WANTED:** for high War Crimes, smuggling Van Heusen shirts across the Arab-Israeli border, and talking fresh to his mother.

Reward: \$1000, but for you \$998. payable in Israeli Bonds.

ABE "SCARFACE" LINCOLNETTI. Male, Caucasian, age about 160. Black hair, brown eyes, 6'1", 170 lbs. **WANTED** for vandalism and giving aid and comfort to runaway slaves. "Scarface" has been seen in several counties of southern Illinois splitting Union Pacific railroad rails. He is extremely dishonest, and is also wanted by the Post Office for writing obscenities on the backs of envelopes. The treasury department is after him also for printing counterfeit five dollar bills with his picture on them. A card carrying member of the country's most dangerous criminal organization he has remarked, "A Cosa dividend within itself can not stand." This man is considered extremely dangerous as he has recently accosted one John Wilkes Booth, who immediately swore revenge. Abe is suspected of Communist leanings as he has unequivocally supported "government of the people by the people and for the people."



Maharishi Mahesh 'buster' Yogi
Wanted for Transcendental Meditation
Defrauding the public
Impersonating a guru

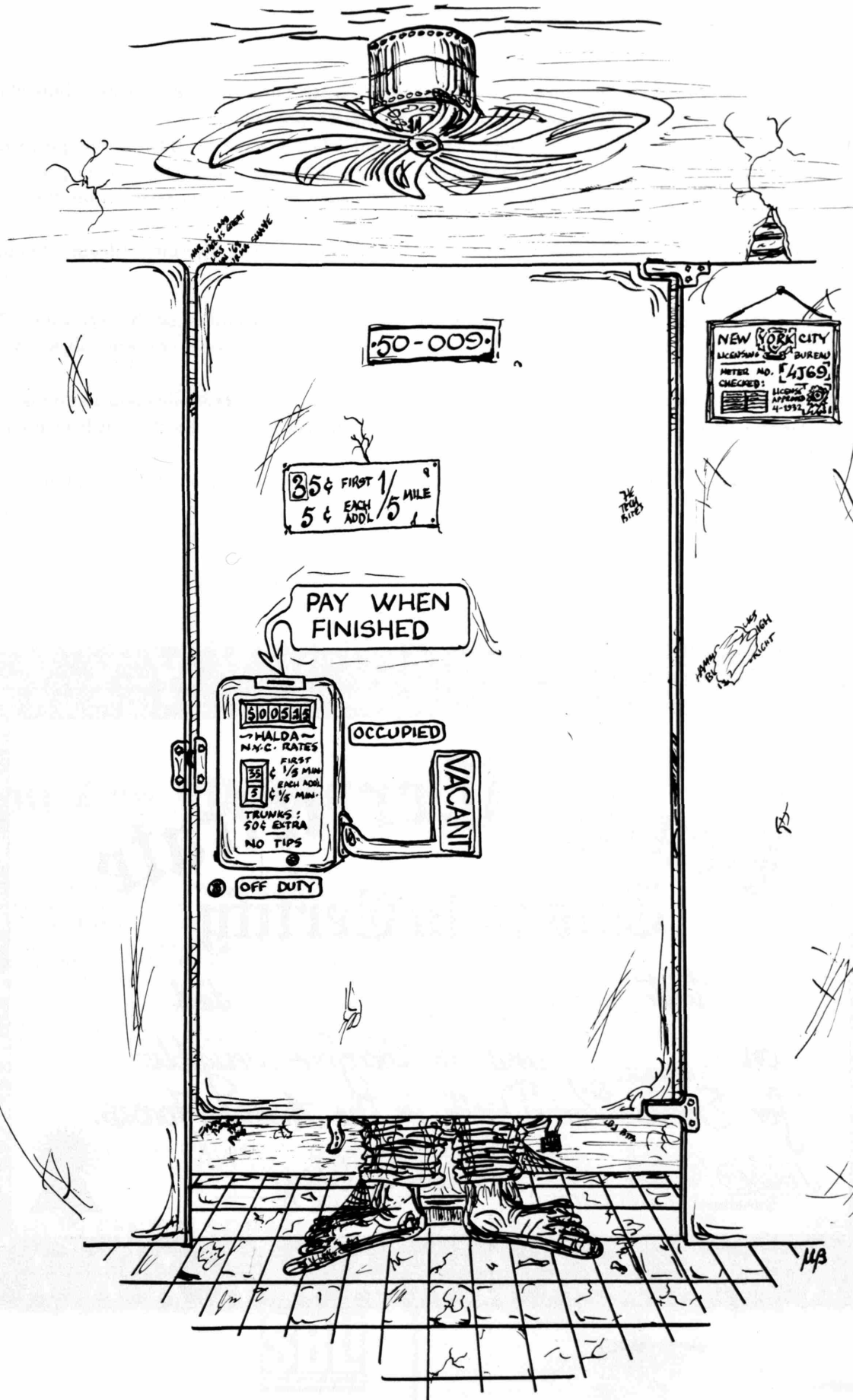
Male; other; age: indeterminate; hair: long; eyes: shifty.
83 lbs.

A tricky little devil, 'buster' is a pitchman who has worked carnies and circus shows all over the world. Often seen posing as a religious man he claims he can bring inner peace, sex, wealth, happiness, sex, at oneness with the world and sex for only \$35 plus twenty minutes a day. He claims the money is used for palacre of meditation, like his meditation yacht where he often can be found utilizing the warming rays of the sun and the tranquility of the caribbean atmosphere.

Buster is especially dangerous because of his appealing catch phrases such as: "effervescence is the essence of doke," and "trancendence is a unique and enlightening experience." He has been recently sighted in this area in the company of four bearded military band men and a short-haired misty eyed young lady, formerly on TV.



"CHICKEN" CACCITORE. Male, Caucasian, age: old enough to know better. Hair: greasy, eyes: brown, 6'10", 180 lbs. WANTED for bigamy and rape. A very clever criminal, "Chicken", travels from city to city in various disguises such as circus strongmen and butlers (see picture). Though his usual ploys involve mashing and other forms of female assault, he has also been known to engage in shoplifting when desperate for kicks. He is currently wanted by the Boston Police for lifting five floors of Philene's Department store right off the foundation. "Chicken", a very unsavory character (get it?), should be apprehended with utmost care since he has been reported to have said, "I've been in the stew so many times before that I'd have to be cut out of my noodle to let those cops coop me up again." He has been known to use such aliases as: Eggs Benedict, Oysters Rockefeller, Noodles Romanoff, and Weiner Schnitzer a la Holstein.



Well kids, it's getting pretty close to graduation. In fact every day it gets a little closer. And you and I know what our Uncle had in mind for us as a graduation present.


There has been much talk about how one might circumvent Uncle's plans by such subtle ploys as cutting off ones trigger finger or aiding the US's foreign relations by initiating a person-to-person program with a deserving country such as Sweden. Seeing this, VOO DOO has decided to perform yet another in its long string of public services.

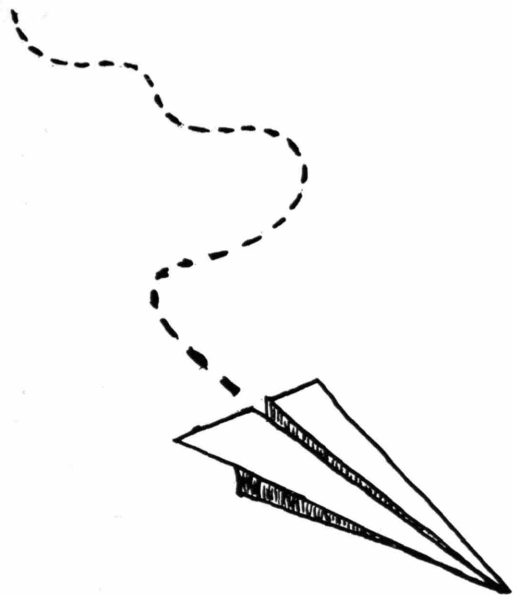
Below you will find a legal piece of paper which entitles the bearer to a 4-Q deferment (death). Simply follow these simple steps:

1. When you have discovered you are dead, fill in the appropriate information on the certificate. (Note: Do not fill out the certificate unless you are sure you are dead. Otherwise you are subject to stiff legal penalties.)
2. Keep the certificate with you at all times. Otherwise you are subject to reclassification as living.
3. When asked to take a physical, show your certificate to the nice doctor with the couch in his office and explain you situation.

Additional copies of this certificate may be obtained at the nominal cost of 35c, or 40c off campus.

Death Certificate
This is to Certify
that _____ *died*
NAME OF YOU
on _____ *and is therefore ineligible*
DEATH DATE
for Service & Death in the Armed Forces.
Donald D. Quack MD _____
EXAMINING PHYSICIAN
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tops in
speed*

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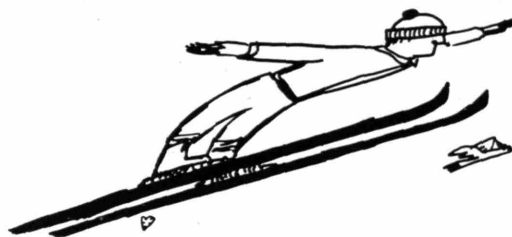
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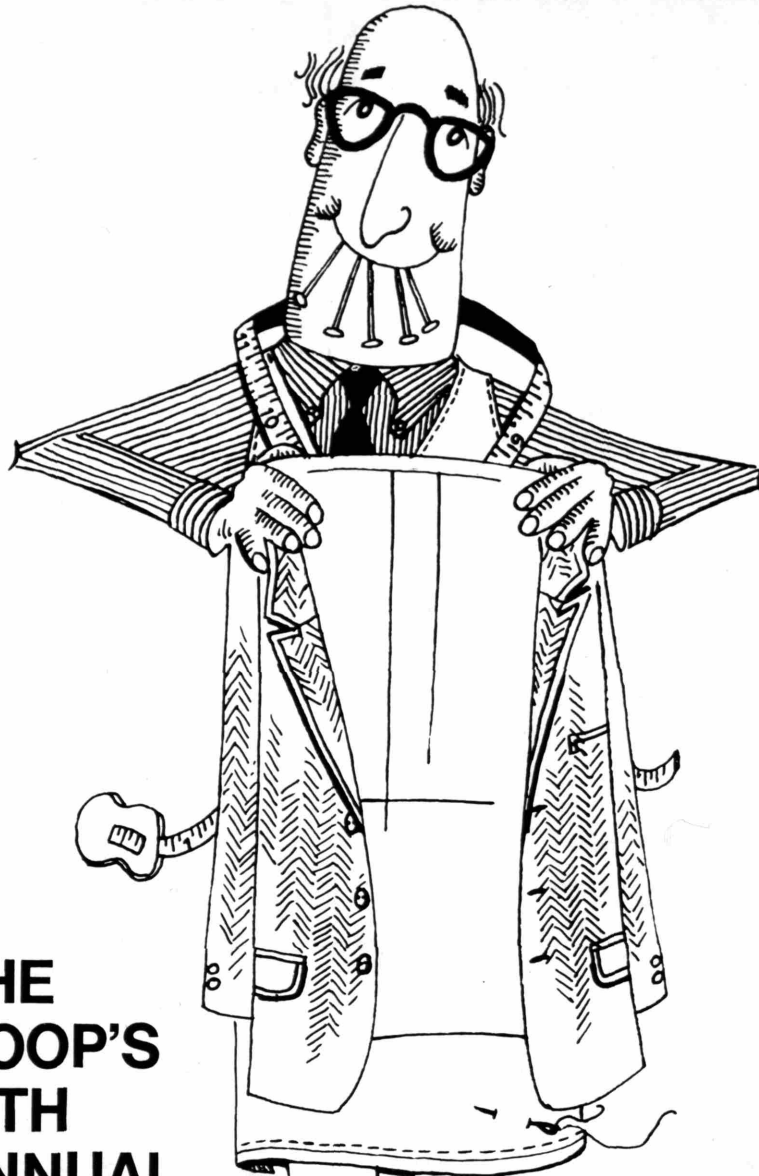
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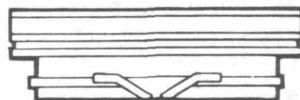
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