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WooDoo





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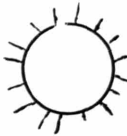

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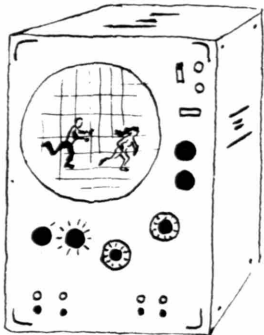
Voo Doo Presents a New Month to Fit Our Publication Schedule

R	F	S	?	M	T	W	
T a u r u s Ends	MAY 21st Bull Begins - VooDoo goes on sale last time this term.	22nd Phos is father - pussy galore.	23rd What gross up, must come down	24th M.I.T. appoints Prof. Phillips head of new department	25th Tech coeds go sunbathing; motorists turned to stone.	26th Fail - Safe Go home now.	
27th Ascension Day Hopes rise - plenty of time to tool.	28th Last day of (reading) period.	29th First day of exams - heavy snow predicted.	30th Memorial Day - for all those who got buried yesterday.	31st Go out and take a Walker.	JUNE 1st Final day of June.	2nd I Hate The F izix P hynyl	
3rd Jefferson Davis' birthday - freshmen secede from 'Tute.	4th Final finals.	5th For next 3 months everything will be just Dante.	6th 6/6/sick	7th Great court holds first session of year.	8th Diarrhea ruled unconstitutional.	9th VI/IX	
10th Last P of calendar.	11th Cambridge Post Office burned.	WIND TUNNEL					 Moon wanes Sun snows
JUNE IS BUSTING					 Moon waxes Sun polishes	Mooning.	
OUT ALL OVER							

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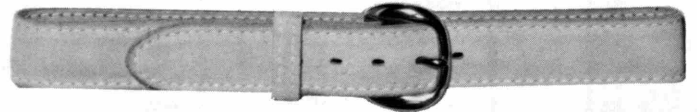
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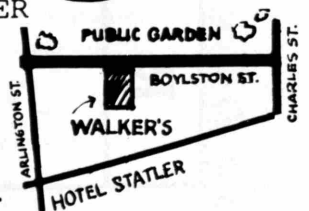
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Voo Doo Volume 48

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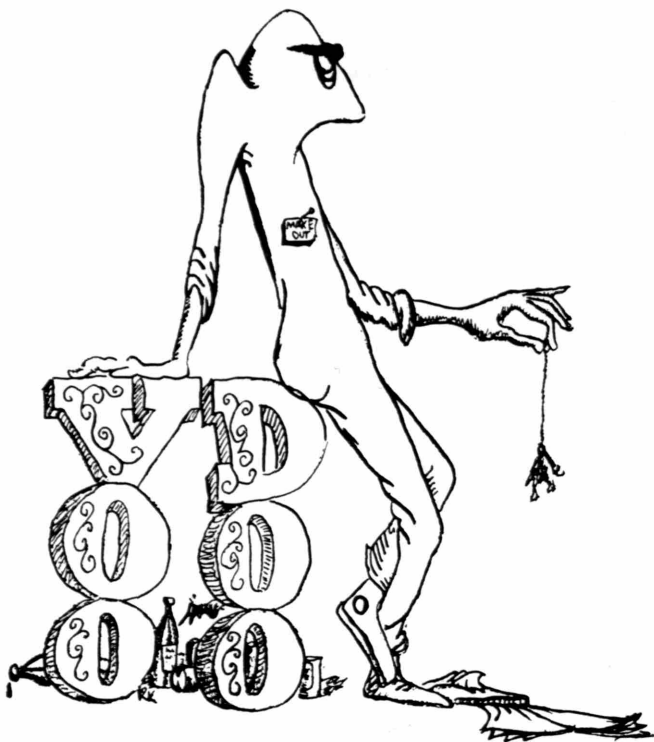
The Cal Pelican recently got a letter from Ray Templeton of their local Post Office informing them that their "masthead" was too long and that the only things necessary were the following. "1) Name of the publication; 2) Date of issue; 3) Statement of frequency; 4) Issue number; 5) Subscription price; 6) Name of known office of publication and Zip Code number including street and number and city. Also include address where Form 3579 is to be mailed for undeliverable copies." Well, they said a few extra things in the following issue, to put it mildly. You couldn't expect them to just stand still and take it. But they finished up with a "cop-out", and put together a legitimate masthead. Now if we were to do the same thing we'd say VooDoo was published this Friday, May 21, 1965. We'd also say that this ever-loving magazine comes out nine times per year, and that our form 3526 said October through May and once in August was the frequency, and this is number eight. Of course, our subscription price is \$2.80 for most people, \$69.00 if you live in Pago Pago. That's the truth. We didn't have to put that on form 3526, by the way, which ought to mean something. Of course our office of publication is going to change sometime soon, but according to our 3526 it's still 303 Walker Memorial, 142 Memorial Drive, Cambridge 39, Massachusetts 02139. That would be the place to return undeliverable copies, even though our mail is sent to the M.I.T. sorters. But of course we have second thoughts about saying all that. The reason is that we just got a form in the mail ourselves with a letter telling us that our last issue had an insert in it (called the Wretched American if you're interested) and that just ain't done if you want the cheap-as-hell second class rates. So we got stuck for third class rates, costing us something like \$31.80. That's a lot of beer money, you know. So we think we ought to be able to say the following. The Rag was published numerous times, and we save money by not saying which particular issue this is. We can use it again without paying extra money to the printer. The Rag comes out monthly during the school year and once during the summer. That ought to get you thinking about what happens the rest of the time. And what causes it to reappear when school starts. The issue number can be figured by various means too hairy to mention here. Suffice it to say that we often don't bother to number our Rag, which ought to follow from what we said a few sentences ago. The price varies according for the usage and size, but this is college sized and often goes for 35c. That's just 25c plus handling in case you care. The name of the known office is not available, but we do have an unknown one at room 7-133, 77 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139. But we can't print that because it's unknown. You understand. You can keep the undelivered copies yourself, that way you can deliver the ones to the advertisers that you normally keep. Now wasn't that much better than a finky required masthead? Those of us on the Rag will leave it to you to decide which one the Post Office ought to consider. We're waiting for their letter telling us which one they believed and how much we owe this time. We expect this to keep the letters coming for a long time. The copyright office sends us at least one each month because we often forget things like saying this issue was copyrighted in 1965 by us. They even write for subscriptions when they change departments so they can see that we mentioned their old office name. Nostalgia, we suppose. But it's nice to get letters from them since we haven't seen too many from our college magazine poll.

With finals just around the corner, and with many of you likely to be cornered on your finals, we thought we'd help take your mind off things with this delightful June issue of VooDoo.

Just look!

There's Part Two of *Blunderball*. There's a chance to participate in *Operation Snatch*—in case you missed it the first time. The incomparable *Supertool* is on the scene, and a new *Ralph & Ethel* adventure awaits your perusal. And there's lots more, lots more.

So hop aboard the grungy *VooDoo* train (Choo Choo!), digest the stuff in this issue (Chew Chew!), and then worry about finals. But not until then.



Some of the signs around the Institute these past few weeks have been noteworthy. At the Student Center, for example, there was a large sign warning that there was absolutely no parking, "Driveway in use 24 hours a day!" Ten feet behind the opening in the fence was a 15-foot pile of dirt. On Memorial Drive, meanwhile, (or, "meanwhile, back at the drive") the MDC was planning Cambridge's decadel street-cleaning. On the very same signpost were signs saying, in effect, "NO Parking; Fire Zone; Cars will be Towed" and "Please remove cars temporarily for street-cleaning."



A friend of ours recently informed us of a particularly naive girl who was out for a Sunday drive with her date and another couple. The other fellow, cut off by a young sport in a Mustang, expressed the fact that he was 'P.O.'d at the driver. Our naive young friend queried

the meaning of the term. "Why, 'particularly offended', of course," replied the quick-witted driver.



A few weeks ago, the first "scouts" from the flocks of ducks heading north for the summer reached the 'tute; two mallards were observed waddling about the Great Court. Our editor was seen chasing one of these tender birds from East to West across this expanse of lawn crying "Orange sauce and sage dressing, better than the ninety-niner at the Grad House!"

The kindly Editor, in looking over this VooDooing, replied that, because these "animals" were making "quack, quack" sounds, he thought that they were escaped inmates from the infirmary. Obviously, he must not have been quite sober; *everybody* knows that animals that say "Quack, quack" are Harvard Medical students.

Here's some useful information for any seniors who may be reading this issue. Guess what? In case you've forgotten, today is thesis deadline!! You say your thesis isn't ready yet? Well listen—here's an idea that a happy hacker used last year: the day that his thesis was due, he had your problem. Did he panic? Not he. He merely collected about 100 pages of old term papers, quizzes, etc., bound them together, and handed them in as his thesis. Then, over the weekend, he managed to get his real thesis finished. On Monday, he calmly walked into the department secretary (we won't mention the department, in order to protect the innocent) and said that he had made some typing errors, and could he have his thesis back in order to correct them? Sure enough, he got the 100 pages of garbage back, and then handed in his *real* thesis. Clever, huh?



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ABOUT THIS MONTH'S COVER

Now at last we of *VooDoo*
can warn the Tech community
of a most insidious Instituted
plot. The Humanities Depart-
ment is changing its require-
ments, so as to include:

21.05 ± 0.01T BTB (IHTFP)
(rates cheaper after 9:00)

*---An insight into the vital
role of the super creature in
modern society as both an
expression of the bestial
urge and a fun thing to read
during reading period. Ori-
ginal readings including *Su-
perman, Captain Marvel,
Mighty Mouse, and other
existentialist superheroes.**



Well, anyway, we got an ad-
vance scoop on who's going to
be covered in the course, and
we've pictured some of them on
our cover. As outlined in at-
tached sketch, they are: (1) Su-
per Surfer (2) Meatman (3)
Spasticman (4) Superleper (5)
Ralph and (6) Ethel (7) our
own dear little Supertool (8)
Captain Adman (9) The Wasp.



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Traffic Cop, bawling out a female driver: "Don't you know what I mean when I hold up my hand?"

She: "I ought to — I've been a school teacher for twenty-five years."



What's the difference between a slow belle and a fast belle?

A slow belle goes ding-dong and a fast one just ding. After the first one, she's finished peeling.



As Fritz pushed their mother over a cliff, he said: "Look, Hans. No Ma."



The day after final exams, a disheveled student walked into a psychoanalyst's office, tore open a cigarette and stuffed the tobacco up his nose.

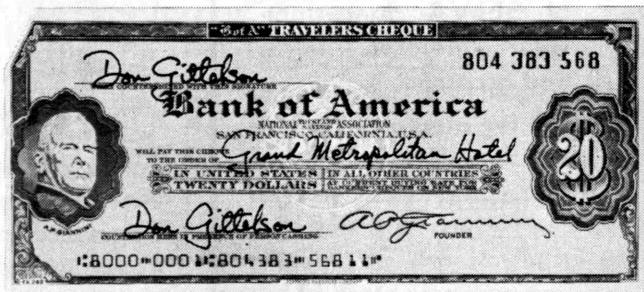
"I see that you need help," remarked our freudian.

"Yeah," agreed the student. "Do you have a light?"



The shilling is local currency in England.

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Operation Snatch Quantitative Personality Erektion Test

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

The 54 multiple chaste questions on this questionnaire are to be questioned twice, approximately, or answered, as the case may or may not be, after all it depends, on the question and answer sheet or maybe under the sheets. The object is to provide, to object, or obtain information either about you or not, by selecting answers or awarding a number of points or on the proper scale best describing those of whom your personality is described. Just select the unwritten numbers in columns which do or do not apply to either you or not. If in some instances none of the terms seem to apply, terms which apply are to be selected by you to describe that which applies.

Remember, you greedy, date-hungry, college wiseguy, if you want to get a real swingin, topnotch date out of this whole thing, Lie! Cheat! Rate yourself among the Magnificent!

If you think Operation Snatch is not worth the \$3.00 which we exorbitantly charge, you're probably right.

Information received for Operation Snatch, will not be kept confidential at all. No sir. We're gonna tell everybody all about you. So Lie! Cheat!

Harvies need not apply.

Check one: Married Single None of these

SECTION ONE: 4Q. MULTIPLE CHASTE

Instructions: Decide upon the word or phrase which best describes a pregnant ape (first answering) and then go back and decide which word or phrase best describes your mother (second answering). If the correlation is better than 50 per cent, you're in trouble.

- | | | | |
|---|-----|---|-----|
| 1. the kind of date I prefer: | | 6. approximate intelligence quotient: | |
| male | (1) | I.Q. between 68 and 70 | (1) |
| female | (2) | I.Q. between 70 and 68 | (2) |
| neither | (3) | 69 | (3) |
| pitted | (4) | don't understand the question | (4) |
| 2. I like to dance: | | 7. I value most: | |
| vertically | (1) | money | (1) |
| horizontally | (2) | money | (2) |
| nudely | (3) | money | (3) |
| muchly | (4) | sex | (4) |
| 3. I prefer living in: | | 8. of the following men my favorite is: | |
| my apartment | (1) | Liberace (he's so cute) | (1) |
| your apartment | (2) | Lassie | (2) |
| sin, filth, squalor | (3) | Jolly Green Giant | (3) |
| South America | (4) | Chuck Deber (he's so cute) | (4) |
| 4. hair preference: | | 9. I would like most to drive: | |
| head | (1) | car | (1) |
| underarm | (2) | plane | (2) |
| pubic | (3) | train (it's so cute) | (3) |
| combed | (4) | people insane | (4) |
| 5. greatest influence on my life has been my: | | 10. kiss on first: | |
| large nose | (1) | date | (1) |
| queer brother | (2) | base | (2) |
| horniness | (3) | anniversary | (3) |
| long, bushy tail | (4) | you don't succeed try try again | (4) |

- | | | | |
|----------------------------|-----|--|-----|
| 11. my favorite season is: | | 15. I usually come: | |
| paprika | (1) | early | (1) |
| momrika | (2) | late | (2) |
| The Four Seasons | (3) | with my date | (3) |
| Dick Summer | (4) | | |
| 12. race: | | 16. In choosing a date, I first consider first: | |
| 100 meter | (1) | personality | (1) |
| riots | (2) | promiscuity | (2) |
| now, relay later | (3) | Chuck Deber (he's so cute) | (3) |
| 13. I: | | 17. usually I go steady | (1) |
| smoke | (1) | sometimes I stop for a half-hour | (2) |
| burn | (2) | usually I play the field | (3) |
| use lubrication | (3) | usually I play with myself | (4) |
| 14. I drink: | | 18. usually I think of: | |
| Therefore I am | (1) | sex | (1) |
| Sterno | (2) | transforms of advanced relativistic Super-LaGrangian | |
| Salk vaccine | (3) | non-linear hyperbolic Machiavellian dingleberries | (2) |
| | | South America | (3) |

SECTION TWO: 3Q. MULTIPLE CHOICE

Instructions: Same as SECTION ONE (bet you wonder why we're making it a separate section)(bet we wonder, too.).

- | | | | |
|--|-----|---|-----|
| 19. I would rather have: | | 22. My idea of an ideal date is: | |
| fun | (1) | May 1 | (1) |
| it | (2) | Dec. 31 | (2) |
| lots of it | (3) | Feb. 30 | (3) |
| 20. I believe that: | | 23. After sex I: | |
| Mary was a virgin | (1) | smoke | (1) |
| There is a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow | (2) | don't smoke | (2) |
| Boys are the same as girls | (3) | never looked | (3) |
| 21. I like to throw: | | 24. If I wake up in the morning and it looks nice out, I: | |
| Molotov cocktails | (1) | go for a walk | (1) |
| mothers from trains | (2) | stay indoors and study | (2) |
| up | (3) | leave it out | (3) |

Instructions: On the following questions, pick a number between three and seven, multiply by your age, add two, divide by your score on the Purity Test, and take the mean. Circle this number, and then start over on the next question.

SECTION THREE: SEMANTIC INTEGRALS

- | | | | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|----------------------------------|
| 25. boisterous | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | girlsterous |
| 26. read avidly | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | read the same page over and over |
| 27. independent of family | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | my dad sends me money |
| 28. little or no athletic ability | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | spastic |
| 29. do not like children especially | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | like children dead |
| 30. work with mind | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | work with hands |
| 31. deliberate | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | deliver early |
| 32. little sexual experience | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | big sexual experience |
| 8 33. strong religious convictions | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | raving, screaming atheist |

34. submissive	1	2	3	4	5	supermissive
35. sophisticated	1	2	3	4	5	Techman
36. exceptionally attractive	1	2	3	4	5	exceptionally repulsive
37. exceptionally repulsive	1	2	3	4	5	break mirrors, stop clocks
38. contented	1	2	3	4	5	horny as all hell
39. quick tempered	1	2	3	4	5	quick Henry, the Flit!
40. don't think of marriage	1	2	3	4	5	have five wives
41. think VooDoo is great	1	2	3	4	5	think VooDoo is great
42. well groomed	1	2	3	4	5	live in South America

SECTION FOUR: DETRIMENTALS

Instructions: Answer in the same manner, but not in the same way, as section 1. Then write the numbers that you hear in the third column. Watch out for the fifth column. Caution: No nibbling, quibbling, or guzzling. At the tone, the time will be.....

- | | | | | | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|--|--|--|--|--|
| 43. my favorite fruit is: | | | | | | |
| banana juice | (1) | | | | | 49. I am: |
| hot nuts | (2) | | | | | normal |
| supercool Harvies | (3) | | | | | tangent |
| Chuck Deber (he has such a peel) | (4) | | | | | perpindyckular |
| | | | | | | not, nor have I ever been |
| | | | | | | (1) |
| | | | | | | (2) |
| | | | | | | (3) |
| | | | | | | (4) |
| 44. Mother, I: | | | | | | 50. in a relationship of this kind, I consider foremost: |
| 'd rather do it myself | (1) | | | | | discourse |
| 'd rather do it to myself | (2) | | | | | datcourse |
| Father, J | (3) | | | | | of course! |
| | | | | | | (1) |
| | | | | | | (2) |
| | | | | | | (3) |
| 45. my favorite four-letter word is: | | | | | | 51. why is your horse: |
| four | (1) | | | | | red |
| five | (5) | | | | | throat |
| Ecbaipfak | (3) | | | | | oversexed |
| beer | (4) | | | | | constipated |
| | | | | | | (1) |
| | | | | | | (2) |
| | | | | | | (3) |
| | | | | | | (4) |
| 46. I like girls who have big: | | | | | | 52. height: |
| ideas | (1) | | | | | 3'1" - 3'2" |
| sisters | (2) | | | | | 3'2" - 3'3" |
| dowries | (3) | | | | | 3'3" - 7'6" |
| none of these | (4) | | | | | 7'6" - 7'7" |
| | | | | | | (1) |
| | | | | | | (2) |
| | | | | | | (3) |
| | | | | | | (4) |
| 47. my mother was: | | | | | | 53. weight: |
| Liz Taylor | (2) | | | | | 1 lb. and below |
| Chuck Deber (he's so cute) | (0) | | | | | and see |
| sweet as candy | (3) | | | | | till the sun shines, Nellie |
| a pregnant ape | (4) | | | | | wnine, wten, . . . |
| | | | | | | (1) |
| | | | | | | (2) |
| | | | | | | (3) |
| | | | | | | (4) |
| 48. I have been in: | | | | | | 54. how important is physical attractiveness? |
| love | (1) | | | | | extremely slightly important |
| dutch | (2) | | | | | moderately relatively unimportant |
| ---- | (3) | | | | | slightly unextremely moderately unimportant |
| | | | | | | think Operation Snatch is extremely unimportant |
| | | | | | | (1) |
| | | | | | | (2) |
| | | | | | | (3) |
| | | | | | | (4) |



Dinner At Ethel's

By Charles
Deber



FROM THE CAT HOUSE

Ralph straightened his tie, and took a deep breath. This was it. There was no backing out now. He knew what had to be done. He rang Ethel's doorbell.

I suppose this happens to every guy who goes out with a girl for a while, surmised Ralph. You get invited to her home for dinner, to formally meet her parents, and you've got to be on your best behavior and everything. Worse yet, thought Ralph, the guys at school are always ribbing me about my atrocious table manners; I hope I don't mess this up.

Actually, Ethel knew quite well that Ralph was an incredible slob when it came to eating, and trying not to offend him too much, she had attempted to brief him on a few fundamental rules of etiquette the previous night.

* * *

"What the hell do I need a napkin on my lap for?" expostulated Ralph ferociously, spreading a napkin out on his lap, having it blow off onto the floor, reaching awkwardly under the table for it, glancing cursorily at Ethel's hairy but well-shaped legs, picking up the napkin, and again spreading it out on his lap.

"But Ralphie, my darling, it keeps you from soiling your trousers with stray morsels of your dinner."

"Nonsense," retorted Ralph, "the only thing you

ever get dirty is your shirt, like with tomato sauce or something, so if you use any napkin at all, you should wear it like a bib."

Ethel chose to ignore the logic in Ralph's napkin reasoning, and went on with the "lesson". Specifically, on to the beverage segment.

"I quote directly from Omy Whatabuilt's Rules of Etiquette, Chapter 3, The Drinking of Liquids Correctly," stated Ethel, pedantically.

"Oh, balderdash!" exclaimed Ralph, who had a propensity for using little-known exclamations which implied displeasure, "I'm a lush. I know exactly how to drink!"

Unperturbed, Ethel carefully outlined drinking etiquette as follows:

"Hot beverages are to be sipped carefully at first from one trial spoonful, and this procedure is to be repeated until such time as the hot beverage no longer scorches the tongue, i.e., it is cool enough to drink; at no time should the potential drinker blow upon the surface of the hot liquid in a decidedly uncouth attempt to lower the temperature of the liquid.

"Furthermore, the following two regulations are always in force: No beverage may be sipped until (a) the mouth has been emptied of the previous mouthful of food, i.e., said mouthful has been swallowed, and (b) the mouth has been wiped clean with the napkin from the lap, and said napkin has been returned to said lap."

Ralph's jaw dropped in disbelief. As he bent down to pick it up, he looked again under the table at Ethel's legs. Sure enough! They were still there.

Ralph gave Ethel a long, hard stare. "Do you expect me to believe that?" he lamented. "I shall take a stand on this issue. I am in favor of utilitarian eating. Food and drink are to be taken into the mouth as quickly and as efficiently as possible. Switching hands with knives and forks? Unnecessary. Napkins on lap? Ridiculous. Wiping mouth before drinking? Absurd. And not only that, I'm hungry!"

What can you do with a boyfriend who refuses to learn how to eat, Ethel wondered to herself. Well, anyway, the lesson was over.

But then Ralph sneezed. The poor, tormented fellow had a cold. Simultaneously a horrible thought popped into Ethel's head. What if Ralph had to blow his nose at the dinner table? She thumbed quickly through the etiquette book, found the chapter on *Nose-Blowing and Other Atrocities*, and quickly read aloud:

"If the nose must be blown at the dinner table, the handkerchief is to be inconspicuously removed from the pocket and brought up to the face and into contact with the nose. Each nostril is to be emptied into said handkerchief quickly and quietly, and the handkerchief is then returned to the pocket. Nothing is said during this entire process, and this includes such expressions as "Excuse me," "My damn nose is running again," and "You know what? I just got snot in the pot."

Ralph sneezed again and wiped his face on his shirtsleeve. Ethel cringed in terror. Tomorrow was the big night. She leaned forward. She stared for a few long seconds at Ralph's food-covered, red-eyed, but nevertheless handsome face. And then, she knew she could no longer resist a gnawing temptation. She bit him.

* * *

Ethel answered the door. She looked good. Ralph had to admit that. He gave her a quick kiss there in the dimly-lit foyer, winked at her as if to say, "Later," and proceeded, one step behind her, into the living room to greet her parents. Ralph had met them before, but that scene at the police station could certainly not be considered the most pleasant of circumstances.

"Good evening, Ethel's mother. Good evening, Ethel's father," said Ralph, sort of bowing or something. Funniest thing, but he just couldn't remember her last name. "Pleased to eat you, er, that is, pleased to eat with you," also said Ralph. Probably the best thing to do is to keep my mouth shut,

he thought, but he forgot that idea quickly when they sat down to eat.

What a dinner! Everything he liked! Ethel must have told her mother exactly what I like, Ralph surmised.

"Well, dig in," said Ethel's father, as her mother returned to the kitchen to get another plateful of stuff. Well, Ralph dug in. And in. And IN.

He grabbed a plump piece of palatable pumpernickel with his left hand, and a mushy mound of moldy margarine with his right hand, and with his index finger, deftly smeared the latter over the surface of the former. Tom Jones would have loved every second of it. Ethel winced. Ethel's father cleared his throat. Ethel's mother scratched her ear.

Ralph finished off the bread in two king-sized mouthfuls, and started on the soup. Tomato soup with chocolate ants in it. His favorite. He leaned over the steaming bowl, took a big spoonful, slurped it into his mouth, then dropped the spoon, spit the soup out all over the place, and yelled, "Wow! This is hot as hell." Ethel's poor dear heart skipped a beat. Ethel's father stared at the ceiling while looking straight ahead. A tear dropped from Ethel's mother's eye onto her salad.

Ralph literally flung his own salad down his throat, reached all the way across the table, grabbed a gravy-covered hunk of meat from the pile, and stuffed it into his mouth, washing it down with a few sips of soda which dripped down his chin, and onto his shirt. Ethel and her hapless parents stared at him — aghast — in utter wide-eyed disbelief. Ralph belched.

And then he sneezed. He reached for his handkerchief, but realized he had forgotten it. Hastily, he reached across to where Ethel's father was sitting, and with a swift, sweeping movement of his right arm, neatly ripped the pocket off her father's shirt, said, "My damn nose is running again," blew his nose into her father's shirt pocket, tried to put the pocket into his own pocket, accidentally dropped it under the table, bent down to pick it up, glanced beady-eyed-ly at Ethel's legs, and it was only then that he noticed. They weren't there.

The only legs under the table were his. His three partners in this feast were gone. Oh well, more food for me, he figured, and grabbed another hunk of meat.

Ethel and her father had all they could do to restrain her mother, as the full moon shone down on them, up there on the roof. "Don't jump, mother," cried Ethel.

"And to think! I cooked everything he liked," said Ethel's mother.

(THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND SPECIALS)

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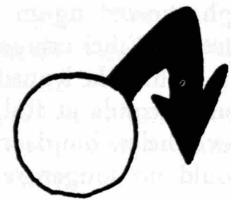
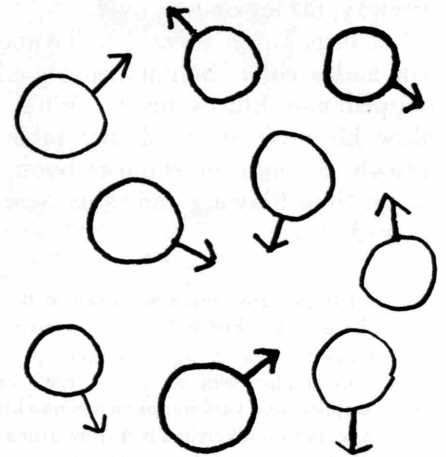
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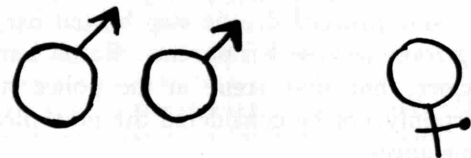
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You'll never guess
where she's got a mole!

jb.

VOO DOO GOES TO A BEACH PARTY



Talk about fun. Well, VooDoo went to a swinging beach party, and found a group of playboys there, having a little harmless fun. Our photographer caught a few fellows holding up a blanket full of fun. Blanket by Afghanistan Blanket Co., \$2.50. Deodorant by Ice Blue Phew, \$0.39. Hair styles by Mr. Kenneth. T-Shirt by B.T.B.



It looks like that blanket-full of fun is a voluptuous Bunny of the Beach, adorned in Sawed-off Levis by Lee. Wrinkled Blouse from The Night Before (\$5.00, slightly higher where not prohibited by law), and Large Bandaid by Scab, Inc. \$0.09. Beard by Radwin, one month. Muscles by Nomeans.



Well, things seem to be getting out of hand, as our scintillating sextet of sexy Samsons slyly slips something sensuous into the slimy sand. Gorilla suit by Orang-Utang Originals, \$15. I.H.T.F.P. T-shirt by The House of Baker. Hairy legs by Mother Nature. Corn plasters by Callous.



Gosh, look what happened! Just dig that, will ya? Behold, our bumbling bums brazenly buried our Beach Bunny's beautiful body beneath bountiful blobs of beach. Sand dunes by Sons of the Beach, \$1.50 (dunes slightly higher West of the Sahara). Excavation by Dee Guimust. Death by Suffocation. Plot by Ralph & Ethel. Navel by Ripcord.

Photography by Art Kalotkin

BACK AGAIN!

SUPERTOOL

stems
the **YELLOW**
HORDE



BY KEITH PATTERSON

Last Time...
 SUPERTOOL WAS
 STRANDED IN THE
 YEAR 3965!!
 NOW READ
 ON

BETTER ASK THIS CRIPPLED NEWSBOY FOR HELP!



SORRY, NEWSBOY, I DON'T KNOW MY OWN STRENGTH!



JUST CALL ME BILLY BATSON, PUSHY!

BOSTON LOOKS THE SAME IN 3965 AS IN 1965! SAY!! BILLY BATSON! YOU'RE NOT...

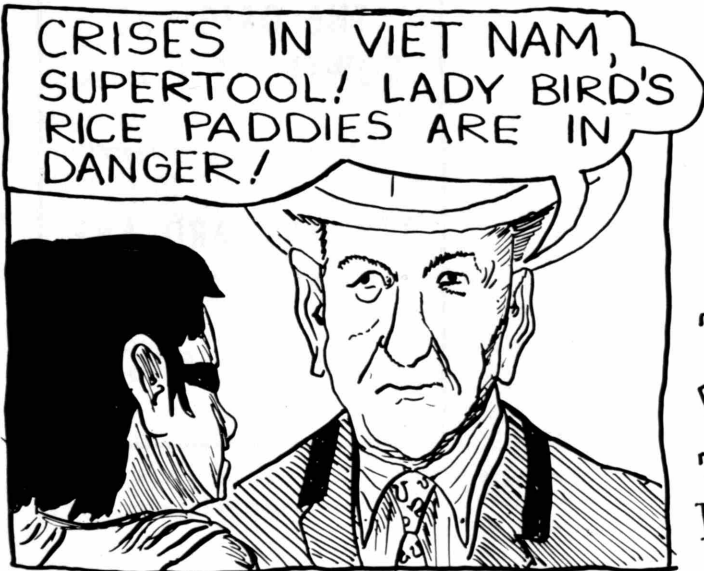
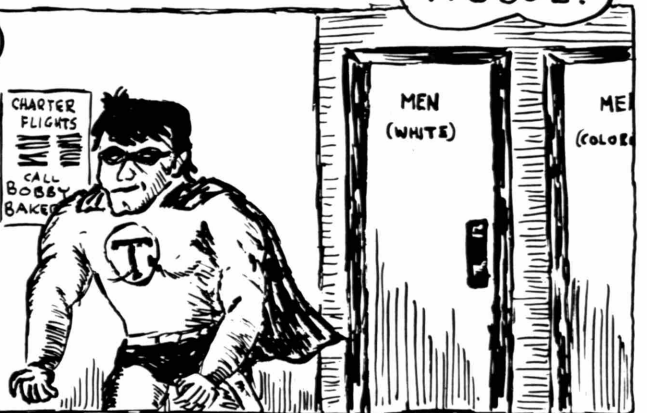
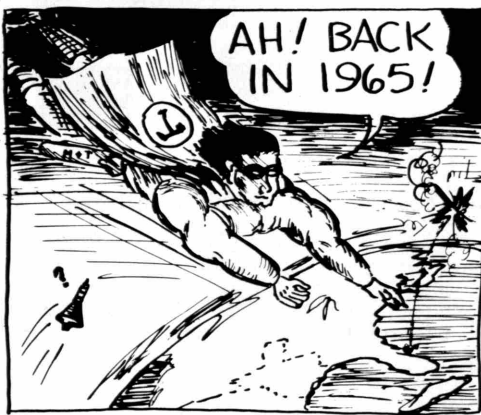
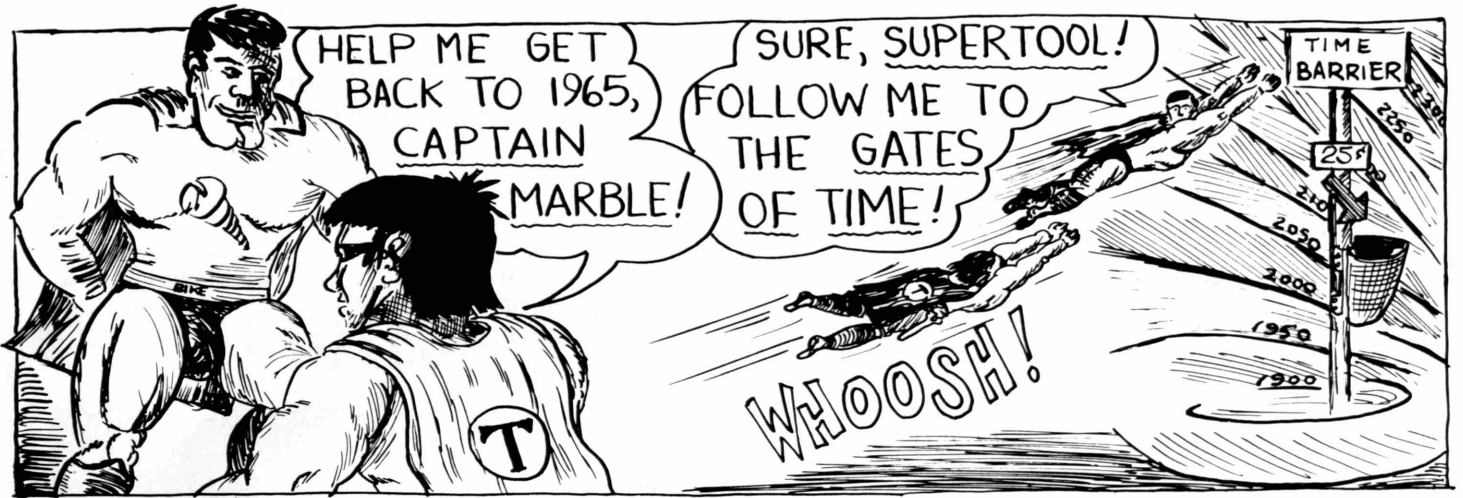


THAT'S RIGHT! BILLY BATSON, ALIAS ...



CAPTAIN MARBLE!
... I JUST SAY THE SECRET WORD ...

SAMPSON.... HAIR OF
HANNIBAL.... LUCK OF
ACHILLES.... HEEL OF
BABOON.... WITS OF
IGUANA.... NIGHT OF THE
TECHNOLOGY.... INST. OF
ENOVIDS.... STRENGTH OF
 ! ... ?



NEXT FALL, GOD WILLING, SUPERTOOL, WHO IS, AFTER ALL, A PERENNIAL UNDERGRAD, TAKES ON THE VIET CONG, AND THE SINISTER, INSGRUTABLE, CHINA-MAN





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I know a guy with one leg named Smith.
Oh yeah, what's the name of his other leg?



What do you get if you cross a psychiatrist with a sailboat?

A Freudian sloop.



Why do the Chinese reproduce at such a high rate?
What else would you do while waiting the hour
between meals?



Little Lucy had just returned from a children's
party and had been called into the dining room to
be exhibited to her mother's guests.

"Tell the nice ladies what Mama's little darling
did at the party," urged the proud mother.

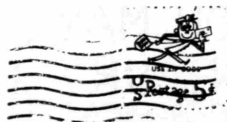
"I barfed," said little Lucy.

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POSTMARK of the MONTH:
Who says PHILATELY is a
waste?



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LOS ANGELES—Betty Schofield, 34, Burbank, Calif., was awarded \$5,000 because a veterinarian returned someone else's cat to her instead of her own.

She sued the veterinarian after she said the cat chased her around the house and bit her twice.

(United Press International)



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To comment on the KJV (King James Version, that is) requires the talent of a writer who has considerably more insight than the usual grungy, illiterate VooDoo writer generally has. Such a writer is Dr. Dickinson Burrows (Ph.D., Chemistry), who has succeeded in putting an age-old subject into a new perspective, in a caustic conversation he calls:*

☀ FOOTNOTES TO THE

**K
J
V**

“Christian Fellowship, Charon speaking.....Ah, Peter, glad you called: I’ve a job for you. You know, Peter, we’re real pleased the way you’ve been handling Sunday Seminar Yes, I know, Peter, it’s the Lord’s work, that’s a fine attitude. Anyway, I was thinking I could help you over a few rough spots—used to run Sunday Seminar myself until they kicked me upstairs. Heh heh. Got a few ideas I’d like to throw on the altar and see if anyone worships. Hear you’ve been leading hymns and psalms at the meetings. How’s it going? Mmm. That can be discouraging, but you know, Peter, the Doxology is pretty rough going for Techmen. They can’t sing at all sober and only very badly drunk. When I was running seminar I gave up singing for the discotheque. The Harvard crowd usually goes for the Bach cantatas and I’d spin a few Palestrina madrigals for the B.U.’s (Jesus, they drive me nuts!). The Techs don’t go the longhair route, so I’d play a couple of those new jazz hymns, you know, ‘It’s Cool on the Cross’ and ‘Dig the Lamb of God’ and like that. Don’t want to lose these boys to Norman J. O’Conner.

“And by the way, Pete, we like the way you’ve been redecorating the meeting room. I notice though you have just this one picture, ‘Jesus Feeding the Multitudes’ and I was wondering No, no, Peter, I don’t want you to take it down. It’s just that you might want to appeal to wider tastes. The Harvies eat up those Roualt crucifixions, you know the ones that look like the paint smeared. And for the B.U. crowd I’d try to get one of those way-out Edvard Munch prints. The sicker the better. As for M.I.T. —well, I guess ‘Jesus Feeding the Multitudes’ Yes I know. Your predecessor was an unusual, perhaps unorthodox man, but I wouldn’t put too much stock in those silly tales about midnight absolution rites. Still, I think you were right to take down those travel posters and Playboy centerfolds.

“What I wanted to ask you, Peter, was if you could take over my devotional reading period tonight. No sweat, they all have assignments. The Harvies get Corinthians. There’s a Bergman revival at the Brattle and they all gobble that ‘Now we see through a glass darkly’ bit. The B.U.’s go ape over Kierkegaard—hope you have a strong stomach Have trouble getting them to talk? Peter, I just hope you can shut them up. Except for the Techies, of course. I gave them each a chapter from ‘Best Loved Bible Stories’. Should be able to handle it.

“The reason I have to bug out is I’m going over to the hospital to see how Clement is Oh, you hadn’t heard? Well, last night a bunch of us joined up with the local non-violent protest chapter to picket the state house over something or other to do with Alabama. We were marching around as orderly as you please when some local crums showed up to heckle. There was some pushing and yelling and I heard somebody screaming horrible obscenities and foul-mouthed bigotries. Then Clement hit this cop with a beer can and the big mick like to bust his head in.

“But really Pete, I wish you’d become more ‘involved’. Too many think of us as the uncommitted generation; more of us need to ‘stand up and be counted’, to march the streets of America and stand for justice Yes I know, Peter, I haven’t asked you to join us in Alabama because Selma is your home town, but there’s plenty to stand for—and against—here in Cambridge and I would think You have been protesting?And picketing? Peter, that’s excellent! This is the kind of commitment we need to put Christian Fellowship in the forefront of the crusade for justice and decency. God bless you, Peter! Try not to get hurt, but don’t worry about being arrested. Just remember what Thoreau said about civil disobedience. By the way, what’s the name of the group you’re picketing with? Parents and Taxpayers. I see. Uh, Peter. . . .”

The little boy was telling his mother of his recent trip to the zoo. "There were tigers and tigresses, monkeys and monkeses, elephants and elephantesses and bears."

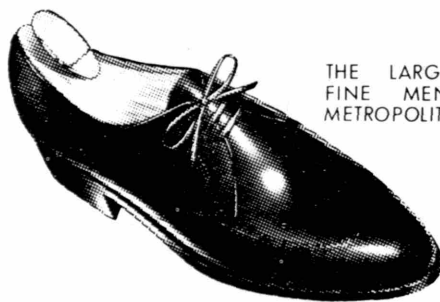


The nervous young man couldn't keep his eyes or his mind off the ample bosoms of the richly-endowed ticket girl in the railway station. Finally he blurted, "Just give me a picket to Titsburgh!"



A man came into a bar with his pet gorilla in hand. While he went to the men's room he left the ape sitting at the bar. A drunk walked up to him, slapped him on the back and said, "Hi ya fella." The ape then picked him up and threw him against the wall. The drunk, slightly irritated, but still willing to make friends came back with, "Come on now friend." The ape answered by picking him up and dumping him in the street. "Hmm," he said as he brushed the dirt off. "Give a Negro a fur coat and he thinks he's King Kong."

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Then there was the girl who was so skinny, that everytime she swallowed an olive, six guys would leave town.



A drunk was suddenly awakened by noises from within. Angered, he staggered to the door and knocked till a party member answered.

Member: What do you want?

Drunk: What the hell is all the noise about?

Member: We're holding the Elk's Ball.

Drunk: Well for crying out loud, let it go!



A rabbi and a priest were riding a train together. "Rabbi," the priest asked, "have you ever, even once, eaten ham?"

"Well, I must admit I did just once."

"Pretty good, huh?"

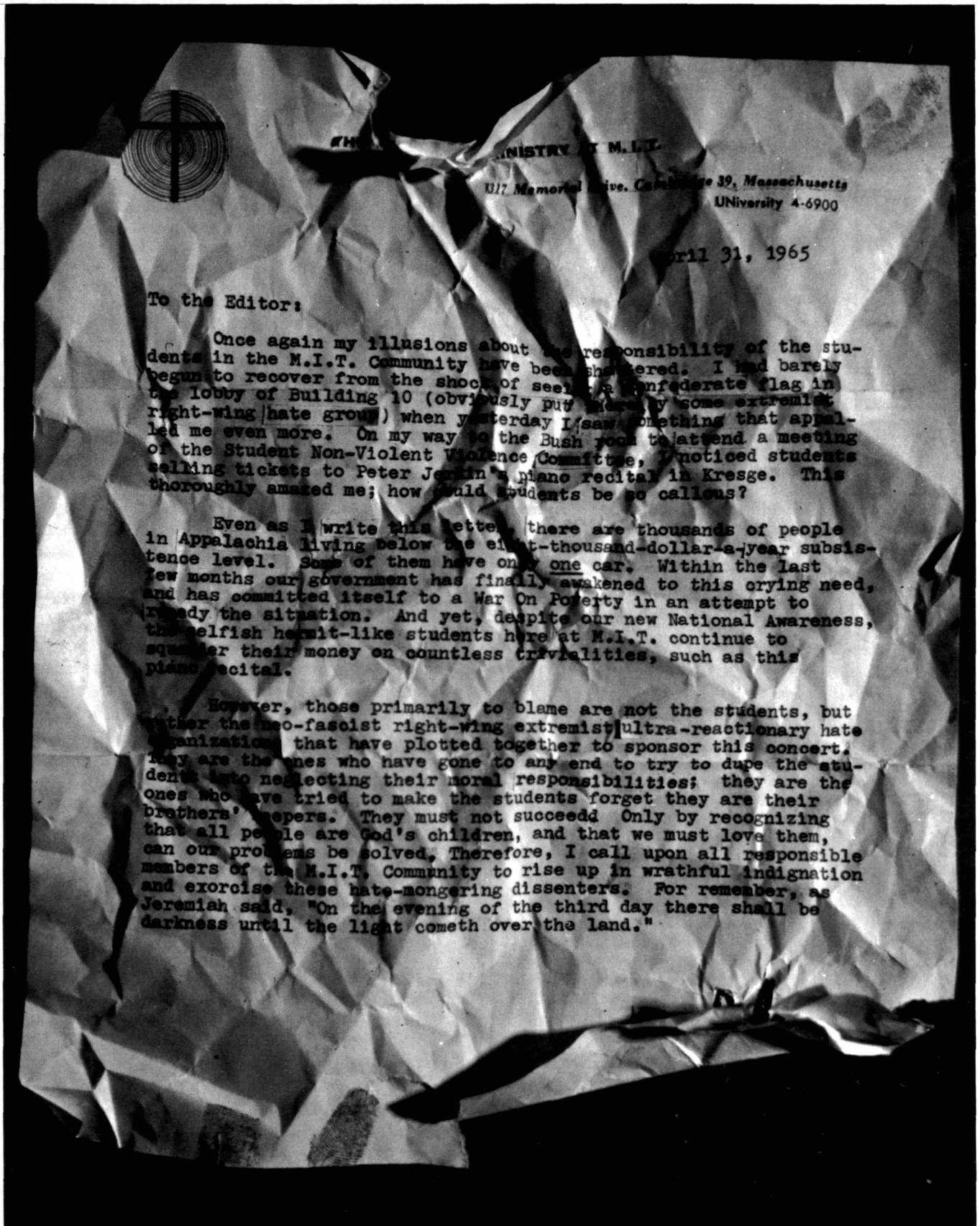
"Father," the rabbi said, "have you ever had a woman, even once?"

"Well, I must admit I did, just once."

"Hell of a lot better than ham, huh?"

The other day, while searching through the wastebaskets for material (how do you think we put this Rag together?) we found the rough draft of a letter apparently intended for the Tech. It was signed by Reverend something-or-other, (it was so badly crumpled that we couldn't make out the name), and after a little work, we managed to piece together the scribbled message.

by D. F. Nolan and Bob Pindyck



MINISTRY AT M.I.T.
317 Memorial Drive, Cambridge 39, Massachusetts
UNiversity 4-6900

April 31, 1965

To the Editor:

Once again my illusions about the responsibility of the students in the M.I.T. Community have been shattered. I had barely begun to recover from the shock of seeing a Confederate flag in the lobby of Building 10 (obviously put there by some extremist right-wing hate group) when yesterday I saw something that appalled me even more. On my way to the Bush room to attend a meeting of the Student Non-Violent Violence Committee, I noticed students selling tickets to Peter Jerkin's piano recital in Kresge. This thoroughly amazed me; how could students be so callous?

Even as I write this letter, there are thousands of people in Appalachia living below the eight-thousand-dollar-a-year subsistence level. Some of them have only one car. Within the last few months our government has finally awakened to this crying need, and has committed itself to a War On Poverty in an attempt to remedy the situation. And yet, despite our new National Awareness, the selfish hermit-like students here at M.I.T. continue to squander their money on countless trivialities, such as this piano recital.

However, those primarily to blame are not the students, but rather the neo-fascist right-wing extremist ultra-reactionary hate organizations that have plotted together to sponsor this concert. They are the ones who have gone to any end to try to dupe the students into neglecting their moral responsibilities; they are the ones who have tried to make the students forget they are their brothers' keepers. They must not succeed! Only by recognizing that all people are God's children, and that we must love them, can our problems be solved. Therefore, I call upon all responsible members of the M.I.T. Community to rise up in wrathful indignation and exorcise these hate-mongering dissenters. For remember, as Jeremiah said, "On the evening of the third day there shall be darkness until the light cometh over the land."

BLUNDERBALL

CONCLUSION OF THE JAMES BLAND THRILLER

BY
TROIKA



SYNOPSIS

Our story begins as JAMES BLAND, better known to high-level Institute executives as secret agent 006.9, is called away from a dinner engagement by a summons from W., head of the M.I.T. secret service. During this confrontation, BLAND is presented with a new BOLO, recently developed by I-Labs, and informed of the facts of his newest mission. He is to approach and enter into a card game with RODERICK GUSTATOR, a card shark in Baker House who has the suspicious habit of never losing.

BLAND checks into Baker House as Mike Hammer of the Massachusetts TOOL OR DIE Corporation. It is not long before he is approached by GUSTATOR himself, and that night pits his unique card skills against GUSTATOR'S coldly logical odds.

Returning to his suite, BLAND realizes he has learned two facts: (1) GUSTATOR is honest in his card playing; (2) the location of the Baker House basement Lounge.

His reflections are interrupted by the arrival of TRIX SHARR, a statuesque TECH COED. She begs his protection, and BLAND, thinking quickly, escorts her to the faculty club. TRIX reveals that she has been ROD'S girl-friend for some time and is very bitter about his casual treatment of her. BLAND and TRIX decide to relocate to building 16, where, in a lab to which TRIX has access, a scene of raw turgid SEX unfolds. (Ah Ha! Missed that part, did you, you beady-eyed little rascal?)

Afterwards, BLAND is told by TRIX that there is a terrible plot against the Institute in which ROD is involved. SLURP, the Special League for Undermining Respect for Policy is smuggling FOOD into the M.I.T. dormitories and is threatening to overthrow the carefully constructed monopoly of Stuffers. Furthermore, SLURP is connected with BLAND'S old enemies, SCROTUM, the Special Committee Resolved to Overthrow Tech's Unbending Martinets.

In a flash of insight, BLAND realizes that ROD is indeed the head of SCROTUM, but before he can pursue this line of thought, SCROTUM agents start the machinery of the giant centrifuge in which BLAND and TRIX have been hiding (while having a little ring-a-ding-ding).

Neatly stopping the machinery by fouling it with TRIX'S bra, BLAND and TRIX proceed to the roof of Building 2, where they are again set upon by SCROTUM agents. Here TRIX is tripped and thrown off the roof, landing in a RHODODENDRON bush, and BLAND, barely escaping, is believed dead by his assailants.

Later, BLAND visits TRIX in the infirmary and finds the location of a meeting to be held that night by SLURP. Going to Walker, he learns from LORRIE BITCHOFF that only 237 out of 2185 students have shown up for Commons. BLAND resolves anew that SLURP'S plot must be stopped and sets off for the meeting.

CHAPTER IX

Bland hurried over to the Aeronautics Lab and announced himself as Luthor Burbank, representing Locke Ober's Restaurant. The SCROTUM agent looked impressed and admitted him.

Bland found himself in a large poorly illuminated windowless room. He was facing a long narrow table at which several people had already taken their seats and were engaged in animated conversation. On his left was a giant wind tunnel, fully seven feet in diameter, extending through the far wall of the room. Bland noticed that a testing platform of the wind tunnel supported what looked like a large narrow milk carton. Closer examination of the milk carton revealed a striking similarity to the Green Building.

Bland seated himself just as a lithe man at the head of the table rose to speak.

"Well, I guess we're all here now. I'm Jack Strapp, support liaison for SCROTUM, and this is my secretary, Lucy Ball. If we could have everybody introduce themselves, I think we might be able to get the meeting under way."

Bland was struck by the thought that if anyone was going to introduce himself, he had better hold up signs, for the volume of conversation in the room was almost deafening. Suddenly Bland felt a hot breath on his ear and turned to see a strikingly beautiful woman leering at him.

"SLURP?" she said questioningly.

"No, I'm from Locke Ober's," Bland answered.

The girl chuckled indulgently. "My name is Rosie Tuchis. I'm here representing Elsie's."

By this time, the girl's fingers were stroking the back of Bland's neck and she was planting kisses on his face. Bland was startled.

He braked his racing thoughts and took stock of his situation. He had met this type before. She was a flirt. But how could he disentangle himself so he could pay attention to the meeting?

Suddenly his problem was solved as the girl's hand sliding down his back touched one of the twelve karate pressure points. Bland reacted instinctively. He slammed her head against the table and kneed her in the groin, throwing her across the room.

Bland faced back toward the other members of the meeting as if nothing had happened. Fortunately, everyone's attention was on a large heavy-set man who had just risen and was introducing himself.

"My name is Ivan Dreckoff, agent for the Krasni Smertsi," he bellowed. "For those oppressed proletarians fortunate enough to have found this haven of idyllic splendor, it is perhaps better known as the Red Death."

Bland noticed that Rosie had picked herself up from the floor and was gingerly making her way toward Ivan Dreckoff. A slight Oriental looking man rose to address the group.

"Honorable representatives, this humble servant begs your indulgence."

"Oh! How inscrutable!" breathed Rosie.

"Exalted ones, deign to notice this lowly person, Sou Chu of that unworthy establishment, Ye Hung Gooley."

Bland heard Jack Strapp whisper to Lucy Ball, "Boy, if it's that bad, I'm never going to eat there."

Now the other representatives were introducing themselves. Bland catalogued them in his mind as they made their appearance. An

enthusiastic man from Ken's introduced himself simply as Goldbugger. The representative from the Reactor Diner, Bessemer Culo, peppered his introduction by brushing ineffectually at the table and exclaiming, "Dirt! Oh I hate dirt! I can't stand dirt. Ech!" The only representative from Tech was Treyf Chazarai, from the Kosher Kitchens. He had a glassy-eyed stare and kept clutching spasmodically at a set of organic chemistry notes. The last member of the syndicate was Lord Howard Hurtz from the English Room who spoke English of such a high caliber that Ivan Dreckoff was convinced he was speaking a foreign language.

By this time, Rosie had approached Bessemer Culo and was engaged in a spirited exchange with him. Suddenly Bessemer grew pale.

"I tell you I can't. I don't know what it is—all those years working right next to the M.I.T. reactor. . ."

Jack Strapp, by this time, had given up trying to gain their attention by normal means and was pounding on the table with the model of the Green Building. "Gentlemen, let's not lose sight of the purpose of this meeting!"

Rosie was now pulling on Sou Chu's moustache.

"Come on. Tell me. Is it true what they say about Chinese women?"

"MAY I have your attention," shouted Strapp. "SLURP has called you together to plan a method of sabotaging Stuffers. We want to destroy their monopoly on food catering at Tech. Are there any suggestions on how we can do this?"

Treyf Chazarai, unable to think of any suggestions, turned to Sou Chu and slapped him on the back.

"Say, where is that restaurant of yours, the Ye Hung Goy? I've got to visit it sometime."

Rosie Tuchis leaped up and addressed herself to Jack Strapp. "I have an idea on how to give Stuffers a bad name with the administration. If we sabotaged the Stuffers food by adulterating it with large quantities of aphrodisiac, even the Institute wouldn't be able to hush up the scandal."

Jack Strapp got a rather glazed look in his eyes as he thought over the suggestion. Lucy Ball, however, was quick to veto it.

"We don't want to make Walker a popular place for Tech men to bring their dates, do we? We'll have to have something better than that."

Sou Chu, meanwhile, had several times tried to address the meeting but had been unable to get past saying, "This dishonorable one. . ." At this point he was being harried by Lord Howard Hurtz, who kept repeating, "Say it, old chap, lots of luck on your election. Enunciate it!"

Rosie, who was sulking because of the defeat of her proposal, was walking toward Jack Strapp to try to convince him that her suggestion had merit. Lucy Ball seemed to be squaring off to run interference.

Bland sat back in his chair. "Not unlike an M.I.T. Corporation meeting, by George."

Suddenly the air was shattered by a series of tremendous thuds. Ivan Dreckoff was pounding his shoe on the table and cursing in Russian. As the room grew quiet, Dreckoff pointed to Sou Chu, "My colleague has a suggestion."

"This unworthy one suggests we steal Walker Memorial."

"Why that's it! Perfect!"

"A stroke of genius!"

"Wait," said Strapp. "We steal only the first floor of Walker. It's smaller and easier to hide."

"Ah, yes!" the group breathed in unison.

Bland was stunned by the sudden turn of events. Steal Morss Hall! What a diabolically clever plot. And with all the planning genius of SCROTUM behind it, it just might work. He had to get word to W. about this. Only the massed might of the Security Force could make Bland's mind easy that Walker was safe.

"Well, let's get something to eat now that it's settled. We can plan the details later. I'm starved."

(continued overleaf)

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The meeting was breaking up! a chance to slip away. But wait! If he could lure them to Walker now he might be able to take them into custody.

"I hear the broccoli souffle is marvelous tonight," Bland said in his most refined tone, "it's my favorite dish."

Dreckoff lunged at him with a stiletto. "A spy!"

Bland ducked the savage thrust, leaving Dreckoff's stiletto vibrating with point anchored in the back of the chair.

How did they find out? Bland thought. He raced for the door, but Culo was there first. Bland flipped Culo over his back, throwing him on the table. A light shove threw Goldbugger to the far end of the lab. Bland moved toward the door again, pushing Strapp to the floor. Dreckoff got to the door before Bland and ripped off the doorknob, pulverizing it to dust in his fist. Bland was not about to argue with him!

Bland's mind raced. The door was cut off. No windows. Wait! Perhaps he could escape through the wind tunnel. Ventilation ducts had saved him on many other assignments. Opening the hatch, he quickly jumped in. As he made his way down the tunnel, Bland heard Sou Chu's quiet voice making a suggestion to the group. Suddenly he heard a click followed by a creaking sound as the wind tunnel fan was turned on.

The powerful motors whined as the fan gained momentum. The gauge read 40 mph. .60 mph. .100 mph. .170 mph. Bland's grip on the handle of the hatch weakened and at 250 mph he was blown through the open end of the wind tunnel into the waiting arms of Ivan Dreckoff. Dreckoff bounced Bland's head on the floor once and slung the limp body over his shoulders.

CHAPTER X

Dreckoff effortlessly carried Bland outside Building 35 and dropped his body onto the lawn like a sack of flour. "Where do we take this spy?" he growled.

"I had no idea he was a spy!" exclaimed Rosie in wide-eyed amazement.

"Let's throw him into the Charles River," suggested Culo; "No, that's too terrible a death for anyone."

They debated the question for a moment and arrived at a unanimous decision.

Bland regained consciousness to find himself in a dark capsule with high cylindrical walls. He attempted to climb to the top, where a diffuse grey light told of a possible exit. It was difficult to keep from slipping down the tube, and being such a tight fit, there was no way he could use his arms or legs for leverage. Exhausted, he fell to the bottom of the tube.

While waiting for his second wind, he heard the creak of a nearby door, footsteps on a hard floor unmuffled by carpeting, the squeal of steel hinges unaccustomed to frequent use.

So that's where I am, thought Bland, piecing together the shreds of evidence.

He strained every fiber of his body to force himself to speak, but his voice was drowned in a torrent of vibration and overpowering sound.

"Hmm, that lower 'F' sounds funny," said the organist pressing the pedal, which sent a gale of wind through the pipe which held Bland.

Bland's head ached and throbbed. The powerful chords of the piece being played pounded in his ears and battered at his brain like waves in the surf. Bland suddenly realized that the music was familiar; some damn fool was playing "Arise Ye Sons of M.I.T." As the music rose to its thundering climax, Bland slipped into merciful oblivion.

When he awoke, the organist had piped down and was gone. Bland rested to regain his strength. He made an effort to scale the organ pipe but slid to the bottom before he could get a grip on the lip of the tube. Several attempts later found him in a hot sweat at the bottom of the pipe.

He was caught by a sudden inspiration. He wriggled out of his trousers and tied the end of one of the legs. Emptying the contents of his pockets, he placed this concentrated weight in the bottom of his tied trouser leg, and tied another knot above this mass. He tied his shirt and jacket in series to the other leg to form a long rope weighted at one end. With a jerky underhanded toss, Bland threw the weighted end of the cloth rope to the top of the pipe. The weighted leg sailed across the lip and the rope of clothes anchored itself by the crotch of Bland's trousers. If it would only hold! Bland tested it with a slow tug. It held! He slowly pulled himself up the cloth umbilical. Halfway up the tube, he heard the stretched cloth begin to tear.

No time for caution now, thought Bland. He rapidly climbed to the top of the pipe, but at the last moment, the seam of the crotch gave way, sending him plummeting down the tube. Bland flailed the air with his hand and managed to catch the belt on his trousers. With a mighty heave, he jerked himself upward. The buckle caught on the rim of the tube, and Bland vaulted to the safety of the organ loft floor.

Bland lowered the ladder from the loft to the Chapel floor. He ran to the door, but found it locked. Looking about for an escape route, Bland's eye was caught by the glint from a brass structure behind the block of marble which served as an altar. The small brass plates on the vertical rods made a perfect golden staircase to the skylight in the roof. Bland stepped upon the marble block and began to climb the glittering stairway. At the roof of the Chapel, he wrapped his legs around one of the poles and pried the steel grating from the glass window.

"I'm surprised Chazarai didn't think of electrifying it," Bland muttered.

Bland took off a shoe and sent it sailing through the skylight. His other shoe widened the hole considerably as Bland wielded it, skillfully, knocking sharp, jagged pieces of glass from the rim of the window. Bland crawled through the opening and stood on the Chapel roof in the crisp midnight air. He saw the reflection of the moon in the Chapel moat and heard the shouts of the students tending the Graduate House snack bar: "More pepper in the broth!" Bland dove into the moat and waded to safety.

He lay his bruised, cut, and battered body on the lawn under the trees, but realizing that he was clad merely in his underwear, he forced himself to his feet and returned to his suite in Baker House. He used the rear staircase to avoid detection. Once at the door of his room however, he realized that all his keys were in the bottom of his trouser leg which was still in the locked Chapel.

"Hey buddy," Bland called to a passing inmate, "I locked myself out of my room when I went to the head; how do I get back in?"


The young man looked at Bland's bruised body and said, "You must have had quite a time with yourself in there!" He entered his room and motioned for Bland to follow. He took a master key from his dresser and used it to get Bland into his room. "Keep it under your hat." Bland knew he'd have to. How could he explain his predicament to W?

CHAPTER XI

"I suspected Hammer, or should I say Bland, of being a spy all the while," said Gustator. "He's administration agent 006.9. Too bad I couldn't be at the meeting. Trix had a bad fall, and I had to visit her at the Infirmary."

One of the SLURP agents winced. So that's who the girl on the roof was. The events of the previous night would have dealt both SCROTUM and SLURP a major setback in their fight for students' rights if it weren't for Gustator's brilliant idea of syndicating SLURP with the restaurants in the area.

The combined forces of SCROTUM, SLURP and the Syndicated Restauranters were assembled that night on the banks of the Charles by the Institute Boat House. Culo and Chazarai scrounged 16



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pillars 18' high by 3½' in diameter. Rosie Tuchis and Goldbugger had brought several pieces of sheet steel 25' square rolled into tubes, and thick steel rods 5' long. Dreckoff surprised everyone by his "appropriation" of four heavy duty jacks which could raise a weight of 36 tons to a height of 20 feet. SCROTUM agents supplied the manpower to transport the equipment to the base of operations in the Boat House. SLURP brought 1000' of 2" thick steel cable and 10 barrels filled with helium gas.

"My special agents are due here with the laser any moment now," said Gustator. "And the mechanized forces are on call."

Even as he spoke, a truck rumbled down Memorial Drive and unloaded a large crate containing the laser on a castered dolly in front of the Boat House.

"All right. We're ready now," Gustator said. "Synchronize your watches. Agent M-14, select a six-man squad to lay that sheet steel on the second story floor, and anchor it to the walls. We don't want the ceiling to cave in on us while we remove the cafeteria section."

When the floors and walls of the second story were firmly secured with the steel rods and sheeting, Gustator signaled for the laser crew to cut through the ceiling and floor of the cafeteria. The power was turned on full. A high-pitched whine rang out — a loud humming followed by the flickering, pulsating red light — and then a scarlet finger stabbed out into the black night. Searing heat caused the stone to boil where the vermilion beam touched the wall.

"Get those jacks into position at the corners of the building," shouted Gustator. "Be ready to raise the second story the moment the laser breaks through the other side. W-59, call the tractor crew and have them start bringing in the heavy equipment to move the cafeteria."

The agent obeyed and activated his walkie-talkie. The heavy machinery would be there in five minutes.

By this time the laser had severed Morss Hall from the basement and was almost through the ceiling.

"Tie the steel cable around the walls of the cafeteria," directed Gustator.

The laser broke through the facade of Walker Memorial with a spray of molten rock.

"Jack up the second story," shouted Gustator as the motorized equipment arrived. "Tie the cables to the rear of the tractors. Turn off the laser."

Gustator's orders were relayed to the work crews. The jacks raised the second story 20 feet above the basement ceiling; the SCROTUM team operated like a well-oiled machine. While the city slept, the tractors slid the cafeteria from its place in the building, guiding it onto a castered platform and onto the back of a lift truck. As Morss Hall was slowly eased out of its perch on Walker's foundations, the massive SCROTUM work crews brought in the cylindrical pillars which were to support the top stories of the building. The tractors finally extricated the cafeteria from its sandwiched position in the building. The floor of the second story began to sag.

"Quickly, get those pillars erected," shouted Gustator.

"Lower the jacks so the top stories rest on the pillars," ordered the leader of the corner work crews.

As the upper stories were being lowered, the night watchman, roused from his sleep by the roaring motors of the tractors, approached the scene of the disaster. "What the hell is going on here?" he demanded.

"We're holding A-Ball in the open this year, sir," Gustator replied.

Satisfied, the watchman returned to his cozy nook and quickly fell asleep.

The tractors dragged the castered platform down to the river with Morss Hall swaying delicately.

"Get those helium tanks on the platform," cried Gustator. "Make sure it's buoyed up evenly before putting the cafeteria into the river."

The large helium-filled drums were lashed to the sides of the platform and secured to the walls of the cafeteria. The cables were released and Morss Hall was allowed to roll majestically into the river. The structure bobbed up and down in the river for a few moments, but the high density of the Charles River plus the added buoyancy from the helium-filled barrels stabilized the dining hall at about floor level.

"Beautifully done, gentlemen," said Gustator. "Now float it down the river and hide it according to plan."

The cables were fastened to the platform, and the tractors pulled the barge-like structure down-river.

"It's getting pretty close to dawn," Gustator said to his lieutenants. "We'd better be off. Let's get some shut-eye so we can make it to classes tomorrow. Don't give the enemy any suspicion of who sabotaged Stuffer's!"

CHAPTER XII

The next morning, Bland found himself in W.'s office. W.'s ash-tray was overflowing with cigarette butts and pipe ashes. On his desk was a pile of torn clothing and a wallet, some coins, and a keychain. Aside from the other incidentals that a man normally carries with him was a battery operated walkie-talkie and an inoperative rocket-assisted bolo with an inertial guidance system in each ball, one of the new models developed by I-Labs.

"Do you recognize any of this expensive equipment, 006.9?" W.'s tone was one of controlled rage.

"Is that why you thought I was dead, sir?" asked Bland.

"That and one other reason," W. said quietly.

"Sir?"

"Morss Hall is missing!" W. roared. "How could SCROTUM succeed unless my chief operative had been put out of the way by violent ambush?"

W. paced the floor fretfully. "Now the religious advisers say you desecrated the Chapel, and I'll have them on my head too. How could anyone bungle a case so completely? Did you at least find out who is responsible?"

"Well, sir, there was a syndicated meeting last night of representatives from various eating establishments in the immediate area. I'll submit a full report on that meeting to Miss Nickelgrabber."

"Was the head of SCROTUM there?" interrupted W.

"That's difficult to say, sir. I still suspect this Gustator chap. The representative of SCROTUM at the meeting, however, was Jack Strapp. His secretary, Lucy Ball, was with him. Does the Registrar's Office have a file on them?"

"I'll have them check," said W. He picked up the phone and asked for long distance. "Hello, Registrar's office, send a report on Jack Strapp and Lucy Ball to me immediately."

"Now, 006.9, did anyone say anything at this meeting which would indicate what they plan to do with the cafeteria?"

"Not a clue, sir."

"I want that cafeteria found and restored to its proper place, 006.9. I don't care how you do it."

The door opened, and Miss Nickelgrabber entered with a sheaf of papers in her hand. "The files on Strapp and Ball, sir," she said, winked at Bland, and returned to her desk. Someday I must grab her, thought Bland.

W. took the papers and leafed through them. He sighed deeply and placed the files on his desk. "Nothing we can do about them; they graduated in '63."

"Perhaps you could have their diplomas revoked, sir," said Bland.

"Impossible, 006.9, but don't think I haven't tried to think of a way to do it!"

The intercom buzzed; W. flipped the switch, "Yes."

"A gentleman is here to see you, sir," said Miss Nickelgrabber. "He says he's the night watchman, and he has information which might help."



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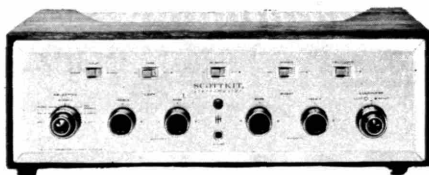
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"Send him in." W. turned toward Bland, "Maybe now we'll get somewhere."

A heavy set man with hairy arms and chest entered W.'s inner office.

"First of all," said W., "what's your name?"

"Pinky Lee," the man replied. "And I saw them steal the cafeteria. I even spoke to one of them!"

W. was astounded at the gross stupidity of the watchman. "Do you think you could recognize them, or at least the one you spoke with if you saw him again?"

"Well, I don't know, it was very dark, but I could try."

W. took a photograph of Gustator from the middle drawer of his desk. He handed it to the watchman. "Is this the man you spoke with?"

"Oh, no," exclaimed Lee, "he was much thinner than this!"

"Let me see that picture," said Bland.

The photograph bore Gustator's name, but showed a very fat bald-headed individual with no facial scar.

"This isn't Gustator!" exclaimed Bland. "SCROTUM agents are everywhere."

"All of the photographs of Gustator that the Registrar's Office has are identical to this one," W. remarked. "The switch must have been made long ago. All right, Lee, you can go, and incidentally, you're fired."

"I think you need a vacation, 006.9," said W. after the watchman left. "I'll have 005.0 replace you. A week at that health lodge in the Berkshires drinking dandelion tea should do wonders for you."

"Please, sir, keep me on the case," Bland said. "I have to even this score with SCROTUM."

"Very well, 006.9. But you had better succeed this time."

CHAPTER XIII

Days passed and no sign of the missing dining Hall could be found. "A granite structure just doesn't disappear without a trace," W. had said. It took hours to convince W. that the restaurant atop the Prudential Company's new building was not the missing cafeteria. So much digging had been done that a centuries-buried Indian village was discovered in Quincy. The river had been dredged three times with no sign of the stolen dining hall or its parts. Aerial surveillance had uncovered nothing. Spurred on by the promise of a \$5,000 reward, many of the city's citizens searched for the vanished first floor of Walker. Collectively, they discovered half a million dollars in pirate treasure, but no one uncovered even a clue as to the whereabouts of Morss Hall.

It was in this spirit of desperation and despair that James Bland returned to his apartment at 100 Memorial Drive. It was 2 P.M. and he was exhausted from the long morning's search. He threw himself upon his bed when something on the periphery of his vision caught his attention. He turned his head. Sitting on his desk was Trix Sharr.

"How did you get in here?" Bland demanded.

"Oh, it was easy, after I convinced the Dean's Office that I could help you."

"Can you?"

"No," replied Trix, "But I can have one hell of a time trying."

"How come they let you out of the Infirmary?" inquired Bland.

"I had to get out of that place," came the reply, "The food was killing me."

"But that's the same food served in all our dining halls."

"Yes, isn't it though?"

Bland could see that this girl needed to cultivate a taste for fine cuisine. But first he had to find out about Gustator.

"How come you came to see me, not Gustator? And how did you, Gustator's girlfriend, convince the Dean's Office that you could help me?"

"To answer your first question," said Trix, "I broke up with Rod. I was getting tired of his indifferent treatment of me. I need a real he-man, not a weakling. And as for your second question, I told the Dean that as Rod's ex-girlfriend I knew where the missing cafeteria is, and I would tell only you."

"And you don't know," declared Bland.

"No, but we'll have great fun looking."

"Just to get the reward money," Bland stated cynically.

"Half of five grand buys a lot of Typhoid Marys," observed Trix. "How about it, big boy? It'll be fun, and you need the rest and relaxation anyway."

Trix allowed her coat to fall to the floor revealing her slim figure dressed in tight slacks and sweater. She leaned over him and loosened his tie and unfastened his collar button. Her hands slid over his shoulders and in back of his head. She pressed her lips upon his. "Come on," she said, "let's go sailing. Just the two of us in that little boat with no one to disturb us."

On the possibility that Trix did indeed know something that she wasn't about to tell, at least not in public, Bland agreed to go. "Fine, but you realize that I won't permit you to curtail my search for the cafeteria."

Once on the water, Trix and Bland huddled in the bottom of the boat. As they lay pressed together in the bottom of the dinghy, lost in the oblivion of erotic ecstasy, the little boat weaved an erratic course across the river basin. Suddenly they were jarred out of their dream-like state by a loud crunching sound and the violent pitching of the boat. Bland looked up. The boat had struck an island in the basin just off the esplanade near the Longfellow Bridge. The little dinghy split apart pitching Trix into the water. Bland jumped to the relative safety of the island and extended the broken boom from the boat to Trix. She clutched the wooden pole, and Bland dragged her up to the beach.

"We're marooned!" wailed Trix.

"Oh, someone is sure to come by soon," said Bland. If he didn't report to W. the next morning, 005.0 would be assigned to search for the cafeteria. Bland thought, I can't let that happen. I can't fail again. "You lie on the beach and get dry while I search for some firewood."

Bland turned and walked away from the beach. The island appeared to be heavily wooded; certainly there would be some fallen branches with which he could build a signal fire.

He pushed aside the first layer of branches and walked into the woods. He ducked under a large limb and to his astonishment found on the other side a heavy green door. Piqued with curiosity, he turned the handle. The door swung open, revealing the long-sought-for dining room, complete with tables and chairs, kitchen and kettles, and even the lobby with the old picture of President Morss. Glee fully he ran into the service area of the cafeteria. The place reeked from stagnant mulligatawny soup. The mosquitoes has laid their eggs in the container of soup and the whole cafeteria was insect-infested. Bland quickly grabbed a handful of stale dinner rolls, thinking that they would make a fine signal fire, and also keep them from going hungry.

He returned to the beach where he explained everything to Trix. Lighting the fire by rubbing two rolls together, he sat down beside her. "Now what was that you were saying about tough men?"

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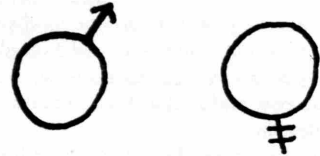
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Doctor, I think
I'm a nymph.



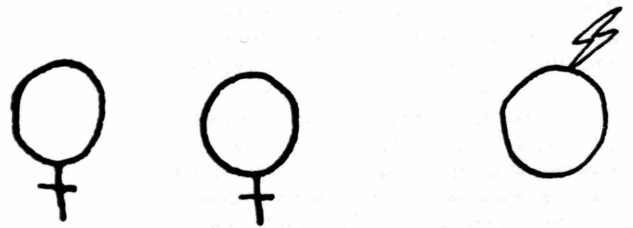
So now you've seen a harvie.



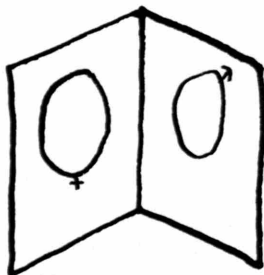
Man! Wait till
she's a few years
older.



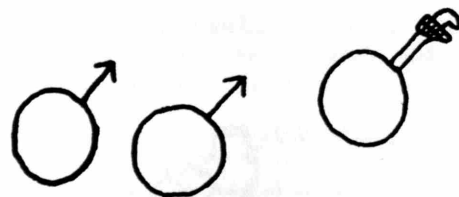
I hear she's a virgin.



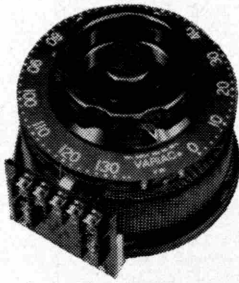
Talk about a fast mover.



Those are pictures
of the kids.



That's that tool
I was telling you about.



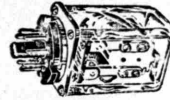
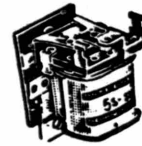
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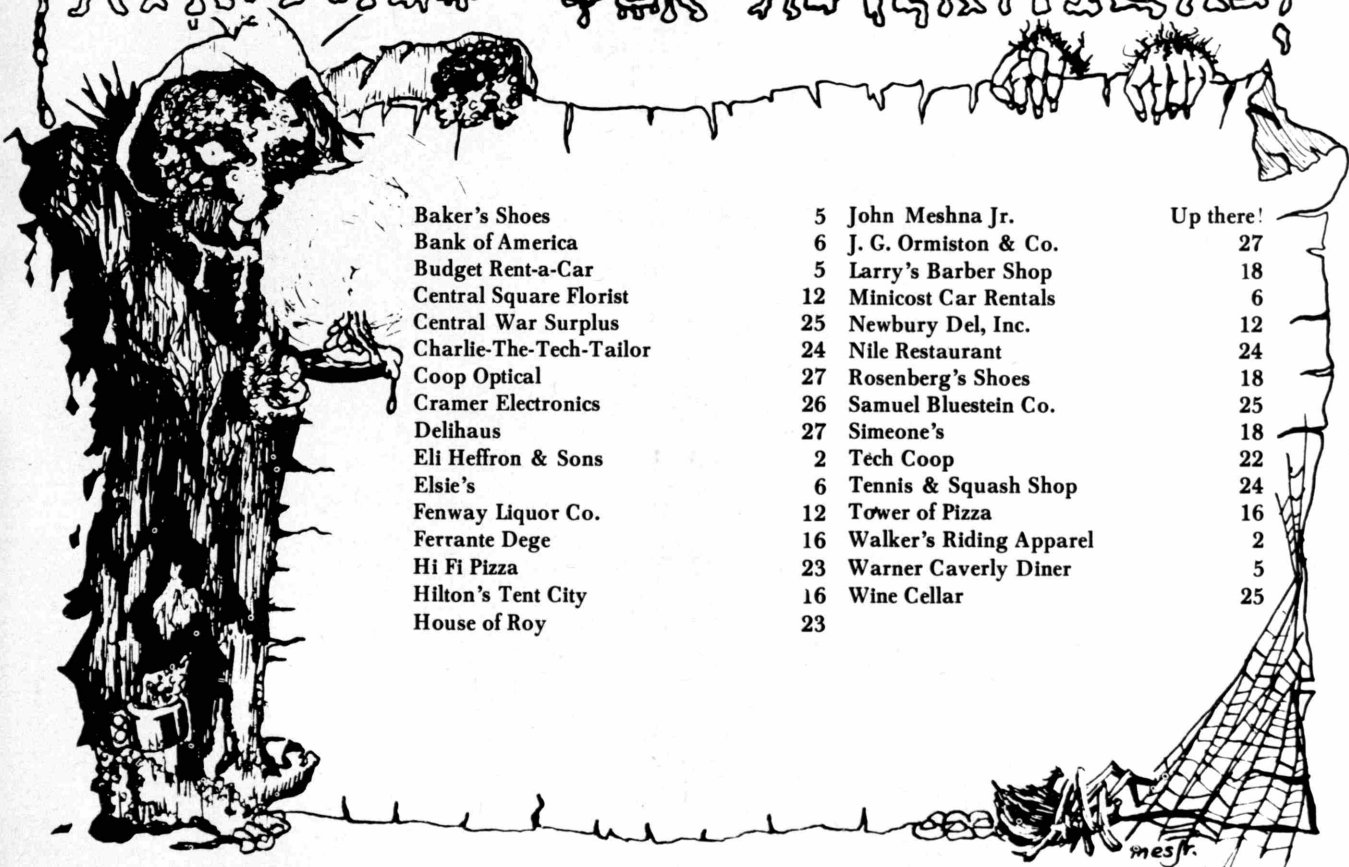
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- 16 Wine Cellar
- 23

- Up there!
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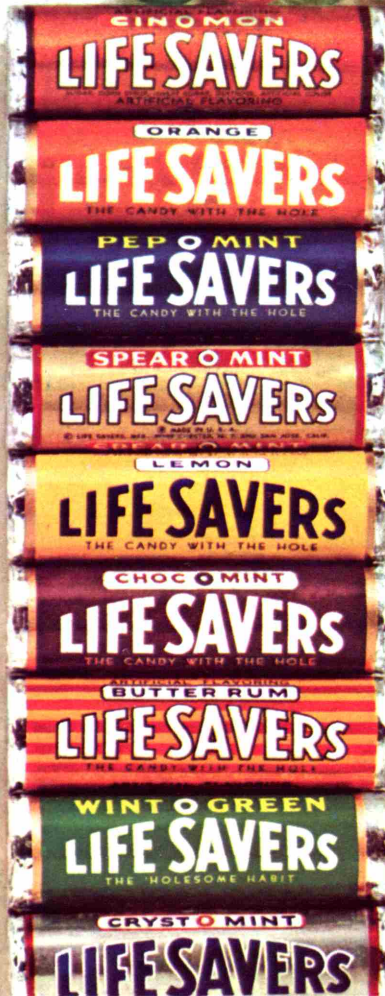
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