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Pietro, the chef at a local pizza house, had labored all week to prepare Zucchini Fellini, a rare Italian specialty. But things were not going his way. The restaurant cat got into the bowl and ate three big gulps before the harried chef could pull him out. Half an hour later, Julio, the other chef, ran into the restaurant crying, "Our poor cat is lying dead in the street!" "Mamma Mia!" cried Pietro, "The Zucchini she is spoiled!" And with that, he ran into the kitchen and dumped three vats of Zucchini Fellini into the garbage can.

At that moment, a man came running into the shop. "Is that your cat outside?" he asked Pietro. The unhappy chef nodded. "Don't worry," the man said, "I got the number of the truck."

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The countess rose. She lifted her silver goblet and proposed a toast.

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On his twenty-first birthday, the Harvard student said to his mother, "I think it's about time that you told me if I'm a man or a woman?"

"Feel your face," she said.

"Oh, my gosh, Mother," he exclaimed as he followed her instructions, "Don't tell me I'm a peach!"



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The inexperienced young backwoods teacher scratched his head when a school kid asked him for a definition of the word "alabaster."

Finally he admitted, "I'm not downright sure, but it might be an illegitimate Mohammedan."



What do you do with a dog with  
no legs?  
Take him for a drag.

What do they charge you with  
when you're caught in bed with  
an underage hen?  
Chicken statutory.



He: "I'm groping for words."  
She: "I think you're looking in  
the wrong place."

He didn't know if he liked bathing  
beauties or not, until he bathed  
one.



"Darling, the maid has burned  
the eggs. Would you be satisfied  
with a couple of kisses for break-  
fast?"

"Sure, send her in."



A well-known orthopedic surgeon  
was being conducted on a tour  
through a hospital ward. His  
host showed him a patient and  
said, "This child limps because  
his right leg is shorter than his  
left leg. What would you do in  
his case?"

"I'd probably limp, too," said  
the doctor.

I'D WALK  
A MILE  
FOR A....



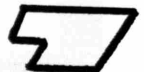
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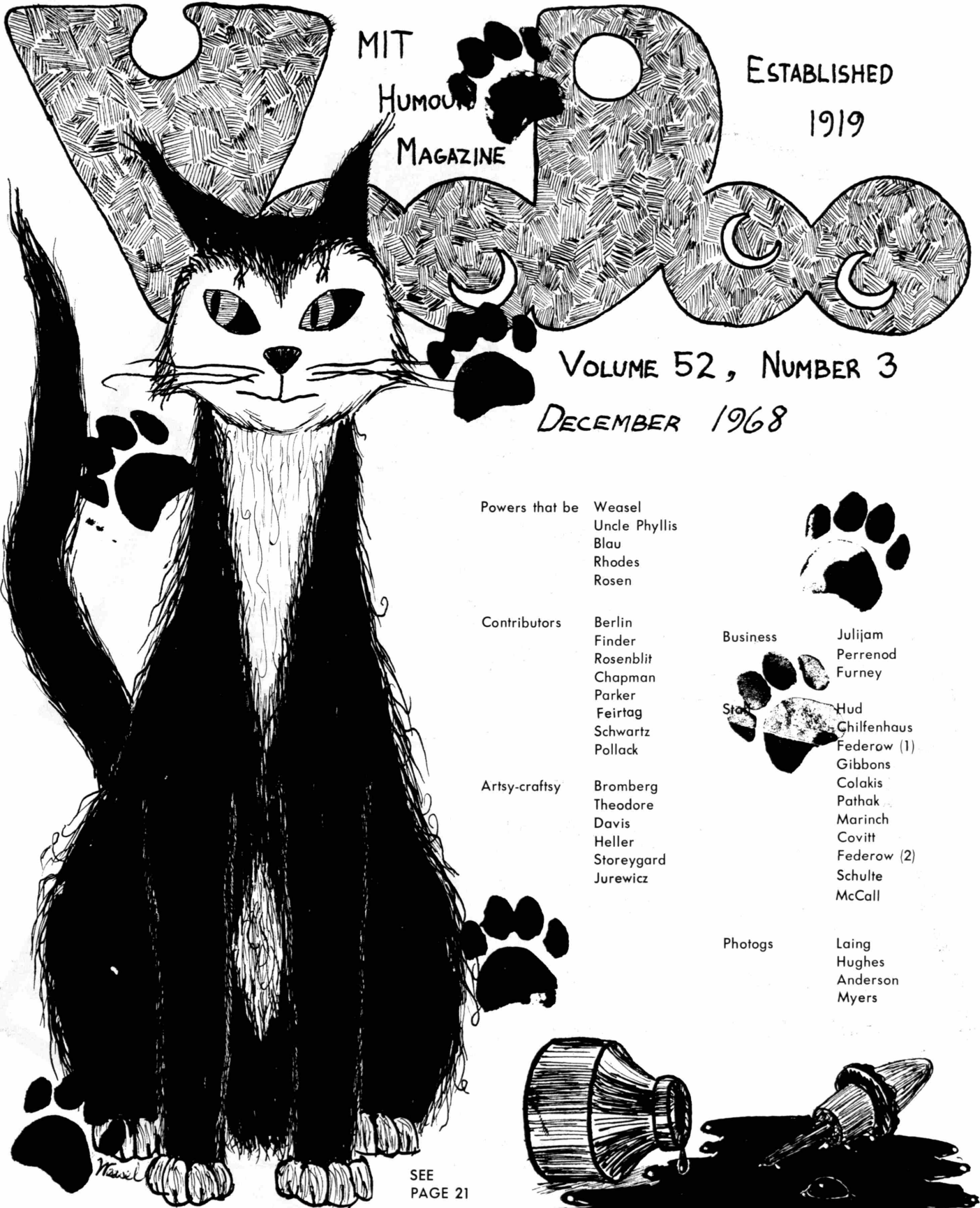
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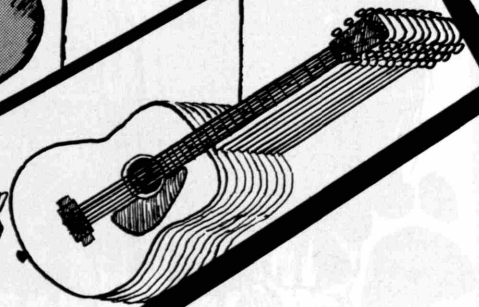
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AVOILE



\* 1999  
more  
just  
like  
it!

*Jurawicz*

## THE TWELVE DAYS OF SANCTUARY

by John P. Jurewicz, esq.

- On the first day of sanctuary my true love gave to me  
an AWOL up in a tree.
- On the second day of sanctuary my true love gave to me  
two thousand doves  
and an AWOL up in a tree.
- On the third day of sanctuary my true love gave to me  
three G-men,  
two thousand doves  
and an AWOL up in a tree.
- On the fourth day of sanctuary my true love gave to me  
four f\*cking nurds,  
three G-men,  
two thousand doves  
and an AWOL up in a tree.
- On the fifth day of sanctuary my true love gave to me  
five wary deans,  
four f\*cking nurds,  
three G-men,  
two thousand doves  
and an AWOL up in a tree.
- On the sixth day of sanctuary my true love gave to me  
six heads a-laying . . . \*
- On the seventh day of sanctuary my true love gave to me  
seven cops a-grinning . . .
- On the eighth day of sanctuary my true love gave to me  
RICHARD MILHOUS NIXON . . . \*\*
- On the ninth day of sanctuary my true love gave to me  
nine committees griping . . .
- On the tenth day of sanctuary my true love gave to me  
ten guitars strumming . . .
- On the eleventh day of sanctuary my true love gave to me  
eleven actors prancing . . .
- On the twelfth day of sanctuary my true love gave to me  
twelve feds a-creeping,  
eleven actors prancing,  
ten guitars strumming,  
nine committees griping,  
RICHARD MILHOUS NIXON  
seven cops a-grinning,  
six heads a-laying,  
five wary deans,  
four f\*cking nurds,  
three G-men,  
two thousand doves  
and an AWOL up in a tree.

\* Go ahead, you know how it goes. I'm tired of typing.

\*\* No, it's not supposed to mean eight years, we hope.



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

has served us very well, and I should be loath to change it at this time.

This is not to imply, however, that there have not been occasions when, after publication of some particularly offensive piece, some action has not been called for and taken. Again, however, we have preferred that such action come via the student activities and governmental organization structure rather than by administrative fist.

By carbon of this letter, I am sending photocopies of your letter to those students who should be interested in the points you make.

Dear Editor,

How come you guys never print any letters to the editor? What are you anyway? Chicken or something? Afraid to confront the issues? I bet you don't print this.

Sincerely,

an Irate Reader.



Eastgate, Apt. 10f  
60 Wadsworth St.  
Cambridge, Mass.  
02142  
July 17, 1968

Dr. Kenneth R. Wadleigh  
Dean of Student Affairs  
Mass. Institute of Technology  
Cambridge, Mass. 02139

Dear Dean Wadleigh:

I wish to express my objection to the last issue of Voo Doo.

As a Christian, I feel that the magazine was blasphemous and demonstrated a sad ignorance of the historical, philosophical, ethical and spiritual significance of the policy of "self-policing", if you will, Scriptures.

I hope that for the sake of common decency some action will be taken for such manuscripts to be reviewed by mature, responsible people before publication and sale to the public.

Thank you for your consideration of this objection.

Sincerely,

Robert E. Hayes  
Graduate Student

Mr. Robert E. Hayes  
Eastgate, Apartment 10f  
60 Wadsworth Street  
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02142

Dear Mr. Hayes:

I apologize for my long delay in responding to your letter of June 27 in which you express your great displeasure with the last issue of Voo Doo.

The fact is that M.I.T. has long held to a policy of not requiring students to submit manuscripts to a staff member or staff board for review prior to publication in a student publication. On balance, I believe this

Sincerely,

Kenneth R. Wadleigh  
Dean of Student Affairs

KRW:ams

cc: Mr. Wesley Moore, Editor, Voo Doo  
Mr. Michael Ginzberg,  
Chairman, AEB



Apt. 8-N  
University Towers  
536 S. Forest  
Ann Arbor, Michigan  
48105

October 9, 1968

Editor  
M.I.T. VooDoo  
Student Publications Bldg.  
Mass. Institute of Technology  
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

Re the recent reprint of your article "In The Beginning" on the pages of Michigan's Melodrama Magazine, *The Gargoyle* (Oct. '68);

Through what manner of reasoning and upon whose responsibility were copyright prerogatives extended? You do yourself and your publication discredit, sir.

Such public exposure as is provided in the Michigan publication *Gargoyle* can do little but bastardize the satire of "Beginning" and prostitute the talent of one of the great Genetic allegorists of our time. Or any time, for that matter.

Furthermore, any willfull display of levity or subtle jocular innovation in *Gargoyle* must of its very nature excite hostility among the ranks of subscribers who cling desperately to doctrinaire logos. "Beginning" will serve only to provoke the mischief (houseboys, bedouins, hebro-phrenics, saucy tarts etc.) in their vehement demands upon the *Gargoyle* staff for reorientation of editorial purpose.

What odious portentions!

Is "Beginning" a beginning? A deus ex machina? The dead man in Yossarian's tent?

Please refer my address to your circulation department as I wish to subscribe and work out my hostilities. Please enter my name as eager potential contributor (gratis) and lampoonist extraordinaire.

Yours truly,

Carl Steuernagel



Wesley,

My love for you is more than the wind that howls,  
the dogs that growl,  
the worms that crawl.

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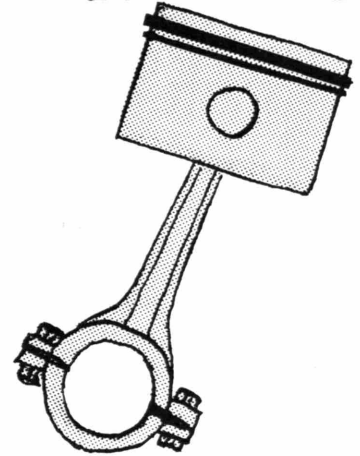
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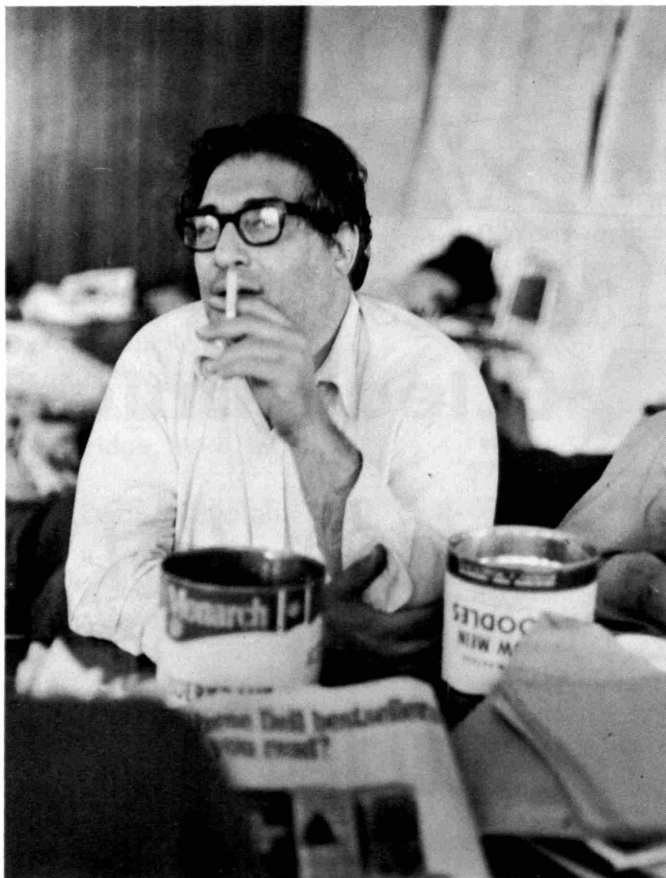
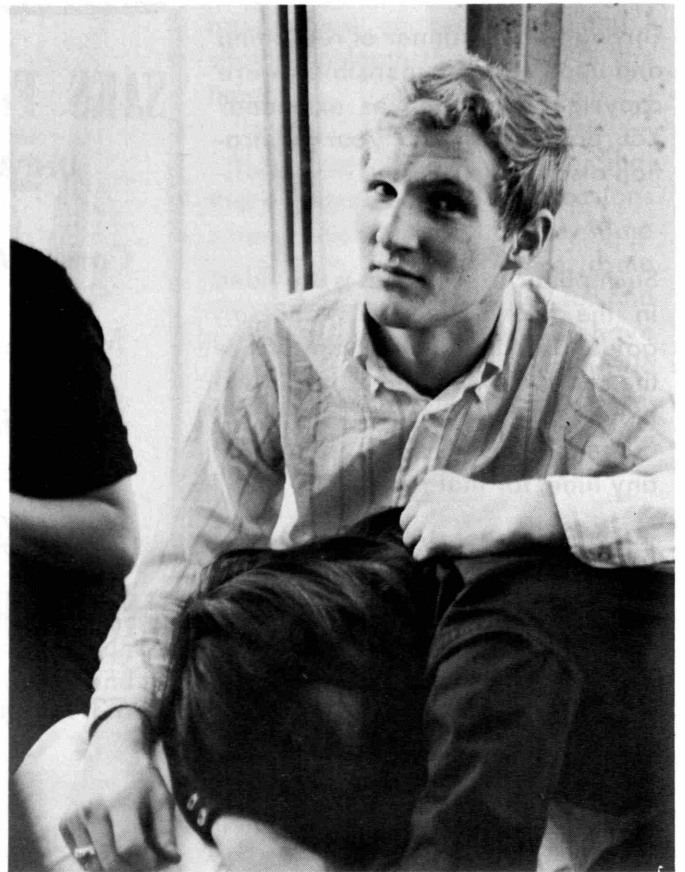
# SANCTUARY

OR, WHAT IF THEY HELD A PROTEST  
AND NOBODY CAME?

BY 

I was pondering weak and weary over some ancient volume of long-forgotten lore, when suddenly there came a rapping at the window of my garret pad. As I opened the sash, the tattered body of a carrier dove flopped, panting, on my window sill. It had obviously travelled a long way, as its feathers were frayed and missing in large patches. I poured some brandy down its gullet and it recovered slightly. It unstrapped the belts around the diplomatic pouch it had strapped to its leg and handed me a folded note. The few scrawled words brought me from my seat. What portentous news! Sanctuary had striven to the very heartland of this fruitful land of ours. MacMillan Teaching Institute in Prairie Village, Kansas, was harbouring yet another fugitive from the armed forces. I immediately made arrangements to fly to Prairie Village to see the vent myself.

I was fortunate enough to arrive before the fugitive, Felis Yossarian, was busted, and I had a chance to see



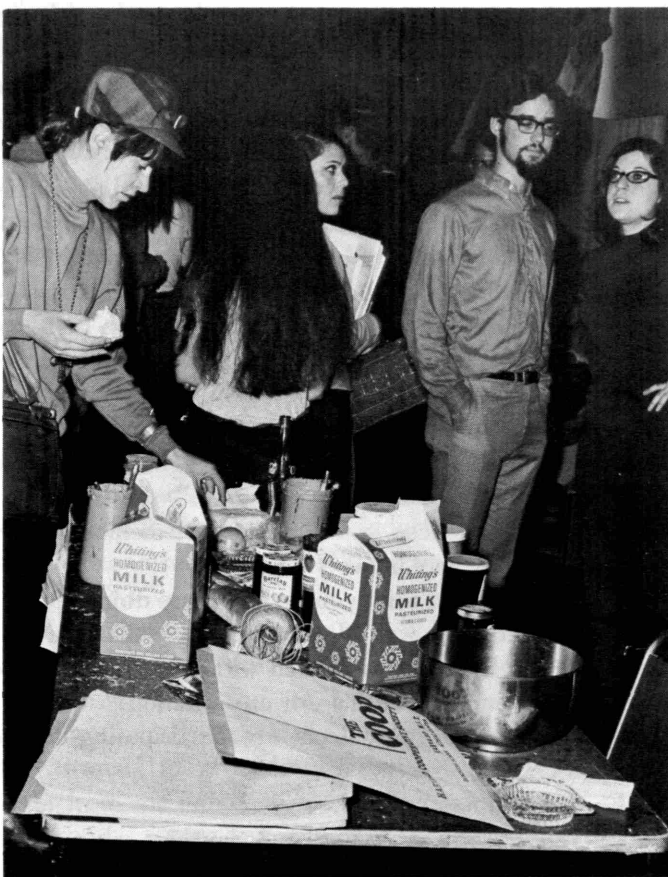
him personally. His Sanctuary was the visiting team locker room in the field house of MTI campus, that being the only room large enough to hold more than twenty people in a ten mile radius of Prairie Village. Prairie Villagers are a simple, friendly lot, but they are inherently suspicious of any group larger than fifteen people wishing to meet indoors, since it is a known fact (in Prairie Village) that no Communist cell has less than fifteen members. The local Klan Klavern has twenty-three members, but it is tolerated, since it only meets outdoors. When I got to the field house, there were some fifty or sixty people sprawled out on benches and lockers in the locker room. The floor was strewn with empty soup cans, discarded cigarette packs, and other assorted litter. I asked around until I located the head of the MTI resistance. I smiled cordially and was greeted with a suspicious sidelong glance. "You a cop?" he asked.

I informed him that I had merely come to carry the story of their struggle to the American people, in order to inform them of the immediacy of their cause. "You a reporter?" he returned.

I told him my goal in life was to make permanent the record of current history. "Name's Smith. S-M-I-T-H. Make sure you spell it right in your permanent record."

Then he informed me of Yossarian's whole history. He had been born a simple farm boy and orphaned at an early age after his father had gone berserk and had killed both his wife and a painter who was doing their





portraits, with a pitchfork, before turning the lethal weapon on himself. After that time he had spent much time shifting in and out of one orphanage after another, looking for a place to do his thing, until the Marines had invited him to do it in their camp. Having nothing better to do for a while, he went along to be inducted. He was standing in a long line at the induction center, wondering what was going to happen next, when the sound of the barber's razor crossed his ears, on its way to somebody's unsuspecting scalp. He was seized by an overwhelming terror when he realized what the corps meant to do to him, and in a flash, his life passed before him, and he realized the moral implications of all that was about to transpire, and he decided he wanted no part of it. He climbed over the nearest wall he could find (it had a big red A on it), and found himself free and running. So he came to MTI to publicize his plight. "How is sanctuary going?" I asked Smith.

"Quite well; we've had Felis here for five months without any attempt being made to remove him from here."

"Five months! Isn't that an unusually long time for a thing such as this to go on? I should think it would be quite a strain on the people participating."

"Some of us have been here for the whole time, but the continued support of our cause from the outside makes the effort worthwhile. It does have its trials, however. I'm getting awfully sick of that homemade bean soup that the athletic director's wife keeps sending in.

Three meals a day, nothing but black bean soup for the last five months. Can you imagine what that's doing to my intestines?"

"How has support been from the students?"

"Terrible. The students around this school are apathetic, and the trouble is, nobody cares about apathy any more."

\* \* \*

I wanted to get the opinion of the crusading young student editor of the campus newspaper on the matter, but he was unavailable for comment.

\* \* \*

I only got to meet with Yossarian for a few minutes in one of the unused shower rooms. He was a blond-haired, somewhat frail-looking boy with a curiously troubled look on his face. He was extremely thin and pale, and I asked him how he was. He smiled feebly my way but didn't seem to hear me at first. When he did, he responded by asking, "What's it like outside?"

I was set back a bit by this response. "It's very nice outside," I replied. "There's just a nip of fall in the air, but the sun is quite warm."

"Have the leaves turned yet?" he asked wistfully.

"Most of them, although they didn't start until quite late this year."

"I'd like to see them. I haven't been outside since July."

"Why don't you go out for a walk?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that. They might get me."

"I didn't see any of them outside when I came in here."

"They're hiding. You can't see them, but they're there all right. I know. They've been making me have nightmares." He eyed me suspiciously. "Say, who are you, anyway? Why are you trying to get me to go outside?"

"You said you hadn't been outside since July. You need fresh air. You're looking a little peaked; how have you been eating?"

"Not very well. The students can only bring me food that they steal from the dining hall."

"Well," I said, my heart going out to this unfortunate, "here's five dollars. Send someone out to buy you a real meal."

"Oh no, I can't do it. It wouldn't be the same. I'm a fugitive, you know. They say if they brought food for me, it would be like I was a guest of the school. It just wouldn't be the same." His voice trailed off in a sigh.

"Been sleeping all right?" I asked.

"Not really. They brought an air mattress in here for me, but I have to put it on the floor, and it's terribly drafty there. That damned shower over there drips. And whenever I'm just dropping off, of of them out there in the other room starts jamming on his guitar. There's one guy who only knows one song, I swear, and he only opens up just before sunrise. He's played that song over two thousand times since I've been here. I've been keeping track with chalk on the wall. I'd go out and ask him



to stop, but they say it's too dangerous for me to even go into the other room, because we might have been infiltrated. So I just stay here in the shower." His voice trailed off again, and he didn't seem to hear me any more.

\* \* \*

We contacted the president of the school and asked his opinion of the affair. "The Institute whole-heartedly supports the events which are now transpiring in our field house. We concur with the students' statements on the matter. Our best wishes and thoughts are with Felis, as I am sure the hearts and wishes of every man in this fruitful land of ours. That's entirely off the record, of course."

"Of course. As a matter of fact, though, I had never heard of Yossarian until a few days ago."

"Yes, that's because you are the first member of the press to come by here in two years."

"And you support what your students are doing?"

"Let me put it this way. I am glad to see that our students are finally getting involved with the issues that are crucial to the survival of this—or any—nation."

"About how many students are participating in the sanctuary?"

"Four, last time I counted."

"But there were at least fifty down there when I was there."

"Yes, I know. Most of them are professional actors,



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hired by those nice resistance people. Yossarian told us if we couldn't muster up at least fifty people to be in sanctuary with him, he would go up to Harvard."

"Then you are not going to punish the students who have participated in the Sanctuary."

"That's right. We feel it is their right to express their opinions on any matter they choose. Of course we will have to expell them all for cutting classes for five months. Rules are rules in the education game, and much as I support what they are doing, I obviously can't make an exception."

\* \* \*

We decided to find out why it was that the sanctuary had lasted so long, and we got in touch with the head of the United States Marine Corps in Topeka. "We came to inquire about a certain AWOL inductee named Yossarian, who is in sanctuary up at MTI."

"WHO???"

"Yossarian, Felis Yossarian."

"Never heard of him. Is that all you want?"

"Well . . . yes. You see, he was going to be inducted into the Corps but decided he didn't want to go because they wanted to give him a haircut. So he went AWOL right from the induction line and went up to MTI to get sanctuary. I don't know why he picked MTI, but it looks like he got the best offer from them. Anyway he's been waiting five months for you guys to go up there

and get him, but nobody's come. I want to know why you haven't done anything about him yet. Are you sure there's no record of him?"

"Just a minute. I'll look." The captain got up from his desk and left the room for a few minutes. When he returned, he had a folder in his hand. "I've found your man Yossarian. It seems he did give us a bit of trouble, but after he was gone, we discovered in his pre-induction physical record that the second joint of his left ring-finger is fused, so we obviously couldn't take him, anyway. We sent a couple of agents up to deliver him his release papers a few weeks after he showed up at MTI. They were met at the door by several hundred of those student activist types screaming and yelling, "Hell, no. We won't go," and the smell of unwashed bodies was so strong they couldn't get past a few feet inside the door. So they gave up and came back here. We haven't gotten around to going back to tell him yet."

At this point the captain pushed a button on his desk and the interview ended when a large brown mastiff sprang into the room and carried me out by the leg. I hurried back to MTI to deliver the good news to Yossarian. He was asleep when I got there. The troubled look that had been on his face when I had seen him before was gone, as if he already knew the good news I was about to deliver, but when I touched his shoulder, he crumbled into a fine ash.

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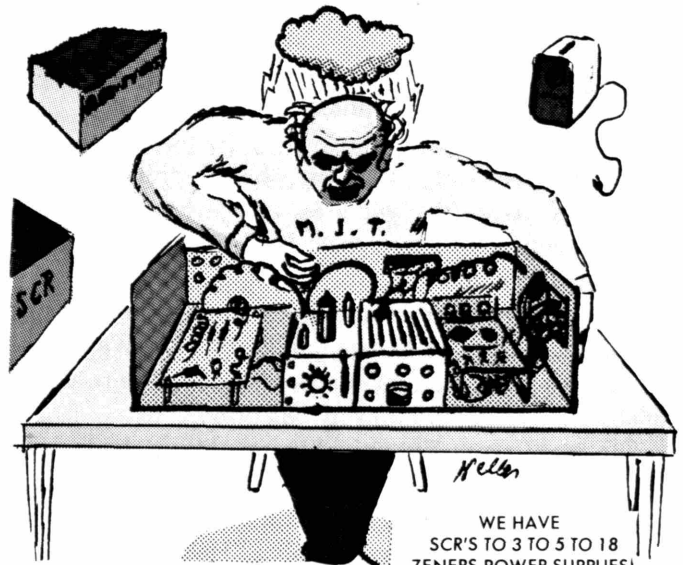
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# THE ADVENTURE OF THE NAVAL FOETUS

BY MICHAEL FEIRTAG

In looking over my notebook of the cases in which I was able to observe at first hand the methods of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I find the Adventure of the Blue Garfunkel, concerning an obscene folk-singer and his fate, the horrifying tragedy of the Giant Rat of Sumatra, for which the world is not yet prepared, and the following detailed notes, which illustrate the amazing analytical methods which Holmes could bring to bear on even the most trivial appearing problem.

It was in the winter of 18 --. A blustering snowstorm blustered at the window of our digs at 221-B Baker Street. Occasionally, a water-balloon thrown by one of the constipated Baker Street irregulars would hit the gasogene. Across the street, Colonial Sebastian Moran was soberly aiming his rifle.

Holmes lay stretched out on the divan, his lanky arm bared to the shoulder, a needle hanging limply from the forearm. Scattered about him were travel advertisements for some waterfall or other. In his pallid hand was a copy of the local Hearst tabloid.

Suddenly, Holmes' eyes assumed the expression of tense excitement which I knew so well. He sat up abruptly and cast away the tabloid with the look of a man who has made up his mind. "Watson, old man," he said, pulling out the hypodermic, "will the world of evil never cease to amaze and excite me?"

"Amen," said I.

Holmes scowled, his eyes ablaze with excitement. "Come, Watson, the game is afoot!" he said, handing me a revolver. "There may be difficulties," he replied to my unasked question.

The ungodly hour of midnight found Holmes and myself in the bushes of Kensington Gardens. "We had best cease all activity," said Holmes presently, "we're shaking the bush. Mustn't scare away our prey."

The night wore interminably on, like a bad pair of trousers. My eyes were now accustomed to the velvety blackness which surrounded us on all sides.

"Hush!" said Holmes suddenly. "He's coming."

In a few minutes I could hear footsteps. Holmes' more acute hearing had picked it up much sooner than mine.

An expressionless man of rather obese appearance, wearing a bowler hat and emotionlessly consuming what

appeared to be a chunk of pulverized beef between two slices of pastry, was approaching our bush. He stopped immediately in front of our hiding place, facing in our direction! We were right underneath him!

I glanced at Holmes. I could see his eyes glittering in the darkness. He looked meaningfully at me and pulled his service revolver from under his cloak.

There was a snap, and the sound of a waterfall.

Holmes sat across from me in his bathrobe, fresh from the shower. "Holmes," I finally asked, "how did you know which bush he would use?"

"Never mind, my dear Watson. It was an elementary process. We will try again tonight, if the man in the bowler hat does."

The ungodly hour of midnight found us again in the bushes of Kensington Gardens. We had deemed it prudent to move down one bush.

The man in the bowler hat appeared shortly. He looked exactly as on the ill-fated preceding evening, and was consuming his usual concoction of beef between two pastry slices. He paced slowly before the bush of the night before, and gave all indications of waiting for somebody.

His companion was not long in coming. He was a sailor, clad in the white and blue bell-bottomed uniform of that calling. His arms were curiously misshapen, possessed of enormous forearms but rather palsied biceps. His elbows were extraordinarily knobby. His posture resembled nothing so much as an integral sign. His head was tilted upward, and a corn-cob pipe protruded from an angry scowl.

The sailor blew a cloud of smoke from the pipe, producing a highpitched whistle, and began to sing under his breath in a strange croak. The man with the bowler hat said nothing, looking on impassively. Finally, he opened his mouth.

"I will gladly pay you Tuesday," he said, "for a hamburger today." The sailor muttered something under his breath and money exchanged hands. The sailor and the fat man parted company in silence, the former scowling, the later expressionless as usual.

"Holmes," I said, rising from the bush, "what can be the meaning of this?" There was no answer. Holmes

was sunk deep in thought, and well I knew that he must not be disturbed.

I rose the next morning to find Holmes, in his dressing gown, curled up on the divan. A thick cloud of tobacco smoke filled the room.

"Well, Watson," said Holmes, "have you seen any light in the darkness?"

My confession of utter ignorance was interrupted by an exclamation from Holmes: "Hullo! Look, Watson! Down there! 'I'll wager that that woman is coming to see me.'" He pointed at one of the most extraordinary women I have ever seen. She was unnaturally tall and emaciated, her head in the air, her nose, which was shaped somewhat like a small pink grape, pointing defiantly up. Her hair was brushed back to a severe bun. She wore a baggy dress which descended in polluted cascades to her shapeless ankles. Sure enough, she turned in at our door, and we heard steps coming up the stairs. Momentarily, she was shown in.

"Good morning," said Holmes. "I perceive you have been in Afghanistan."

The woman's mouth dropped open and her features took on a look of amazement.

"It was nothing," said Holmes modestly. "A mere trifle."

Finally, the power of speech returned to her. "Where the hell is Afghanistan?" she asked.

"It was nothing," repeated Holmes, but his voice was more decisive and threatening this time. "This is my colleague, Dr. Watson," said Holmes, by way of introduction. I leered pleasantly." Let us get down to cases," said Holmes.

"You may call me Madame X," said the woman.

"Your name is well-known to me, Miss Oyl," said Holmes.

The woman gasped. "How did you know?"

"Your picture has been in the newspapers," said Holmes, pointing to the Hearst tabloid, which lay on the floor next to the hypodermic.

"Very well," said Miss Oyl. "A few years ago, a child was born to me. His name is Sweepea, and he is adorable. I would like you to find out who his father is."

"Excuse me," said Holmes.

"It would be better for Sweepea to know who his father is," said Miss Oyl primly.

"I believe you are hiding something from us," said Holmes. "You must know who the father is."

"I swear to you I don't," swore Miss Oyl.

"Very well, I will take the case," said Holmes in a thoughtful voice. "Good day, Miss Oyl."

"Quick, Watson, go downstairs and call a cab! She must be followed!" shouted Holmes, just after the door closed on Miss Oyl. Within seconds, we were in a cab, speeding in pursuit of Miss Oyl's conveyance at a safe distance. We were across the river in no time and in a

rather strange section of the city. Miss Oyl's cab finally pulled up beside a white bungalow with a picket fence. We stopped a distance down the road and got out.

Choosing a bush at the gateway to the house, we prepared to wait. With the exception of a few harrowing moments when dogs approached, the wait was uneventful. Night fell, and gradually, the sound of a passing vehicle grew more infrequent. I was almost on the verge of sleep when Holmes nudged me.



Coming up the walk was an enormous, unshaven lout, dressed roughly in black, humming "Barnacle Bill the Sailor". In his hand was a rather seedy looking bunch of flowers. He rang the bell at the front door and was admitted, presumably by Miss Oyl. We settled down to wait.

Within a half an hour, we were again aroused, this time by the very same sailor whom we had observed in Kensington Gardens giving money to the fat, expressionless man with the bowler hat! I turned to Holmes in amazement. There was a glow in his eyes, but he urgently motioned for silence. We could hear an argument between two male voices coming from within.

Suddenly, one of the voices rose several octaves. There was silence for a few minutes, when the front door abruptly burst open, throwing an oblong of yellow light across the front lawn to the picket fence. In its light, we could



see the sailor of Kensington Gardens, a fat woman in an ill-fitting flower-print dress, and a baby. The woman was veiled. The three proceeded at a rapid rate to the curb, hailed a cab, and drove off.

I was about to jump in and give pursuit when I felt a restraining hand. "But Holmes," I stammered.

"Wait," said he.

In ten minutes, he rose, strode to the front door, and knocked. There was no answer. Holmes, looking a trifle perturbed, redoubled his effort, with no success. "Miss Oyl!" he said in a loud voice. There was no answer.

"Watson, I fear foul play," said Holmes. "Give me a shoulder here." On the third attempt, the door gave way, and we stumbled into the Oyl living room. We were met by a scene of indescribable horror.

In the center of the room lay Miss Oyl, dressed in a man's clothing, her head at a 110 degree angle with her neck, which was broken. She was quite dead.

Surrounding the body was a sea of green, leafy vegetables, making the whole tableau look rather like a blue-plate special. It was horrible beyond description.

Holmes set to work. Completing his painstaking examination of the premises, he remained sunk in thought for an hour.

"Watson," he finally said, "I have almost got it. There is just one thing wrong, one thing that doesn't fit . . . That's it! One thing that doesn't fit! Watson, quick man, examine the body!"

I set to the task with relish. For a few minutes, I felt about. "Well, Holmes," I finally said, "she has only three fingers on each hand."

"That is usual in cartoons," said Holmes. "Continue."

I gave a startled exclamation. "Why Holmes," I said,

"she . . . it's . . . sexless!"

Holmes looked triumphant. "I have the solution!" he said.

"Watson, send this telegram to Inspector Lestrade at once: um . . . HAVE DISCOVERED A BOD. COME AND I WILL GIVE YOU MURDERER. HOLMES. Oh, and give him the address."

"But Holmes," I protested. "What is going on here?"

"Later, Watson. There is business to be done."

Lestrade was at our side in half an hour. For the third time that evening, we entered the bushes. Shortly after three o'clock, Holmes raised his head and signalled for us to be ready. We pulled out our revolvers.

Coming up the pathway were the three who had left earlier: the sailor, the large woman, and the baby. The first two were quarreling. Holmes gave a signal, and as one man we jumped up and fired.

The baby was propelled half-way down the block by the impact of three bullets. The other two, realizing their indelicate position, surrendered at once.

"Allow me to present to you," said Holmes to the dumbstruck Lestrade and myself, "the infamous sexual pervert Popeye and the sexual pervert and murderer, Bluto!" He pointed first at the sailor, and then at the large woman. "The baby, unfortunately, was the adorable Sweepea."

"Just as I thought," exclaimed Holmes. We were in our apartment at 221-B Baker Street. Holmes held a flask containing a specimen of the leafy, green vegetable. "The vegetable is a variety of spinach with enormous aphrodisiac properties!"

"Holmes, I think you owe us an explanation," said Lestrade. I nodded in agreement.

"Very well," said Holmes. "Olive Oyl had told us that she was Sweepea's mother. In view of Dr. Watson's



examination of the late Miss Oyl, we know that this is not the case. Yet we had assumed that she was the mother, and that either Popeye or Bluto, being the only two male friends she had, was the father. In fact, we know that Popeye is the father, since Sweepee is always calling Popeye 'Uncle Popeye' in the comics."

"What does that prove?" asked Lestrade.

"Oh, come now. You read the comics. You're sophisticated. If Sweepee doesn't have a father, and calls Popeye 'Uncle' . . . you're a man of the world, Lestrade."

"But Holmes," said I, exasperated, "then who on earth is his mother?"

"Bluto," said Holmes.

"BLUTO?!" Lestrade and I exclaimed.

"Powerful aphrodisiac, that spinach," said Holmes. "When you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbably, must be the truth."

"Holmes!" said I.

"Just look at the loutish lips, the—how shall I put it—voluminous abdomen, the enlarged pectorals . . . Besides, he was wearing a dress when he left the scene of the crime."

"Then what was Olive Oyl doing with the child?" I said.

"That is obvious," said Holmes. "It was the only way to avert suspicion. Obviously, Popeye and Bluto couldn't raise Sweepee themselves; the neighbors would talk. So they let Olive Oyl take care of it. They must have known Olive Oyl's secret, and they must have known that she wanted a child but couldn't have one. And each, secretly, wanted to marry Olive Oyl, so she could be the mother and Popeye or Bluto would be the father, and everything would look normal."

"You mean each wanted to marry Olive and cuckold the other?" asked Lestrade.

"Yes," said Holmes. "Popeye and Bluto must have come to hate each other, since each wanted to hide his perversion by stealing Olive Oyl and Sweepee from the other. So the two of them would fight for Olive Oyl—"

"I always wondered what they saw in her," said Lestrade, eyeing the Hearst tabloid on the floor.

"Meanwhile, Olive Oyl was considering their proposals, so she came to me to find out who was the real father. Of course, as it turned out, it didn't matter. Popeye was the father, and Bluto was the mother, or vice versa. It was really hermaphroditic."

"But," continued Holmes, "we have to think of Olive Oyl. Popeye and Bluto both thought that she wanted to be the mother, since this was the only way she could be a mother. But Olive Oyl had problems that neither Popeye nor Bluto could know. Watson, fetch me the Freud."

"It hasn't been written yet," said I. "It's only 18--."

"It doesn't matter, Watson, since Popeye hasn't been invented yet either."

"Oh," said I, and fetched the Freud.

"Yes," said Holmes, flipping pages. "Here it is. Olive Oyl had a case of penis-envy, even though she rather resembled one. I believe she convinced herself that she was Sweepee's father!"

"That is incredible," said I.

"Consider," said Holmes, "that, to look at her, it is rather difficult to decide which sex she belongs to. We know now that it is neither. She was free to assume whatever she wanted to. And we know that on the night she was killed, she was wearing a man's clothing!"

"That's right," muttered Lestrade in a wondering tone.

"You have yet to describe the murder," said I.

"Yes, of course. Olive Oyl had decided to double-cross both Popeye and Bluto—*she* was going to be the father!"

"At this point, she put on the male clothes. Shortly, Bluto arrived as usual, with flowers to try to win Olive Oyl. We can imagine his horror at discovering that Oyl was going to double-cross him, and that years of effort were going to waste. In a fit of passion, he killed her, or she killed him, or it killed it. Whichever you prefer."

"Soon, Popeye arrived, with the intention of wooing Olive Oyl. He found Bluto and the corpse. No doubt they realized immediately that this method of hiding their perversions was gone, and that they had better find another one. Besides, Sweepee needed a mother. A few minutes of argument and a liberal dose of spinach convinced Bluto to be the mother."

"That's right," I said. "We heard his voice go up."

Holmes nodded. "They left in a hurry, and forgot to gather up the spinach. I knew they would have to return to remove the evidence. I think that's about all."

"Not quite," I said. "You are leaving out the mysterious fat man with the bowler in Kensington Gardens."

"The man's name is Wimpy." Holmes smiled. "Popeye was paying him money, even though he knew he would never be paid back on Tuesday."

"Blackmail!" I exclaimed.

"Capital, Watson. Wimpy knew something. We can safely assume that Wimpy the Blackguard knew about Popeye's perversions. I would guess that Popeye is a divorcee, and that Wimpy is his ex-husband, or wife."

"Are you quite sure of that?" I asked.

"Not quite sure," shrugged Holmes, "but the evidence is suggestive. Wimpy is a trifle strange himself, always eating the meat on a bun. Does that suggest anything, Watson?"

"Necrophilia?"

Holmes smiled, and reached for the hypodermic.



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A scenario.

(Scene: the MIT Student Aid Office. Time: Two weeks before Christmas. EBENEZER, SCROOTCH, mean, lean, tight-fisted Director of Financial Aid; is talking to his underling, decrepit, underpaid BOB CROTCHIT '67.)

SCROOTCH: Crotchit, go over those Parents' Confidential Statements again and see if you can find any more exemptions to disallow.

CROTCHIT: But, sir, I've already gone over them 3n - 1 times. Besides, there simply isn't any way we can lower our assistance to these students any more. I mean, expecting them to get by on 400 dollars a year is a little unreasonable.

SCROOTCH: Those were my personal expenses when I was an undergratuante.

CROTCHIT: Yes, but prices were lower when McKinley

was President.

SCROOTCH: That will do, Crotchit.

CROTCHIT: Yes, sir. Oh-by the way, I was wondering if you'd let me have Christmas day off?

SCROOTCH: Sorry, Crotchit, but you know we lose money every second that computer isn't being used.

CROTCHIT: But Sir, I was hoping to spend it with Tiny Tim.

SCROOTCH: Your perversions are not my affair, Crotchit!

CROTCHIT: Well then sir, how about a raise? Indeed the money so I can help Tiny Tim get the operation he needs so badly.

SCROOTCH: What operation?

CROTCHIT: A hysterectomy.

SCROOTCH: Sorry, Crotchit; out of the question. We need all the money we can get for research. How will science advance if we don't spend every penny we can on research?

CROTCHIT: Yes, sir - Uh, could I borrow a quarter for the food machine?

(Fadeout as SCROOTCH lectures CROTCHIT on thrift.)

(Scene: SCROOTCH's bedroom at midnight. Suddenly, strange noises are heard, and an apparition enters the room. It is covered with red tape and drags behind it a burden of paperwork and computer punchcards. It is SCROOTCH's deceased predecessor, JACOB MARBLEY.)

MARBLEY: Repent, Scrootch, before it is too late and you are as I am.

SCROOTCH: Why, Jacob, what has happened to you?

MARBLEY: I have gone to my reward. For all the years of pinching money out of struggling MIT students, I have been consigned to Hell forever. I am doomed to eternally prowl the halls of building 10, never missing a freshman calculus lecture. I am forced to read THE TECH daily, and I can never escape a HoJo speech. But that is not the worst! To the end of time I must eat commons meals!

(This last terrifies SCROOTCH.)

SCROOTCH: Oh, please, Jacob, tell me what I must do to avoid this fate!

MARBLEY: Before the night is out, you shall be visited by three spirits. Heed them well, or tool in Hell. Goodbye, Scrootch.

SCROOTCH: Don't go, Jacob!

MARBLEY: Sorry, Scrootch, gotta catch 18.01.

(MARBLEY DEPARTETH)

(Scene: the same, only later. Another flurry of strange sounds is heard, and a second apparition appears. It looks like Santa Claus, but his nose is that of Rudolph the Reindeer. He is carrying a bottle of Seagram's.

SPIRIT: (tossing bottle to Scrootch) Hi, Scrootch, this is the spirit of Christmas past.

SCROOTCH: Don't you mean *you're* the spirit of Christmas Past?

SPIRIT: Nope.

SCROOTCH: But aren't you supposed to show me the good old-fashioned Christmas - the way it was? With a tree and everybody warm inside and peace on earth, goodwill. . . .

SPIRIT: I said spirit of Christmas *Past*, not Christmas Ancient.

SCROOTCH: I suppose you're right. Well, gimme the tour, the way Dickens wrote it.

SPIRIT: Sorry, Scrootch; you're getting it the way Schwartz wrote it.

(Author's note: that line is garbage, but the way my weekends have been I need the plug. Any women readers crave a warped VD writer?)

(The Spirit conducts Scrootch out of the room. Suddenly, through some miraculous device, probably a space-time warp through nth-dimension hyperspace courtesy of the Physics Dept. - we knew they could do it! - they are standing in the Office of Student Aid of many years bygone.)

SPIRIT: Well, Scrootch, tell me what you see.

SCROOTCH: There's a party going on. There's Tightfist, my old boss. That S.O.B. Boy is he drunk. And there's Carolyn. Boy, was she a piece.

(Author's note: are you beginning to catch the significance of the title?)

Come to think of it. . . . Hey, that's me when I was young. Boy, I was a hell of a guy.

SPIRIT: Do you remember, Scrootch? This is the Christmas party where old Tightfist got stoned and while he was half blind you juggled the Student Aid figures so that the students got full scholarships . . .

SCROOTCH: Yeah, and then I got Carolyn in the back room with the lights out . . .

SPIRIT: And had to marry her six months later . . .

SCROOTCH: Goodyear and U.S. Royal weren't what they are today . . .

SPIRIT: Never mind! What happened to you since then? Look at yourself as you were . . .

SCROOTCH: Horny . . .

(They have returned to the room. As the Spirit departs we hear Scrootch mumbling:)

SCROOTCH: That Carolyn sure was a fine little piece . . .

SPIRIT: SHUT UP! You were on scholarship as an undergrad! Have you forgotten all the things you did to earn money? How you tutored freshman? How you shined glass for the Chemistry department? How you directed traffic on Mass. Ave? Have you forgotten?

SCROOTCH: Damn right I have.

SPIRIT: Well REMEMBER! And give Crotchit a break!

(Scene: the same, later still. More noise heard, and another apparition enters. This one is covered with FLASHING NEON LIGHTS, millions of strands of plastic tinsel, and 1,337,621.6 assorted pricetags. It is the Spirit of Christmas Presents.)

SPIRIT: Get up, Ebenezer Scrootch! Here it is six days until Christmas and you haven't done your shopping yet! That's un-American. Get up and Buy! Buy! Buy!

SCROOTCH: Wait a minute! Aren't you supposed to take me over to Crotchit's and show me what a miserable Christmas he's having?

SPIRIT: That's Dickens' script. This is Schwartz's. I'm from your local businessmen's association and I'm here to take you over to Woolworthless and show you what a miserable time *they're* having. Here it is six days to Christmas and they still haven't sold out their stock of 39c men's ties.

SCROOTCH: What is Crotchit doing, anyway?

SPIRIT: Forget Crotchit. Could I interest you in a chromium-plate navel warmer, only \$2.99?

SCROOTCH: Are you really the Spirit of Christmas Present?

SPIRIT: Do I look like Buddhist New Year? How about a lichee-nut toaster, only \$27.50?

SCROOTCH: I'm really not in the market.

SPIRIT: Well, okay. See you next year, baby.

SCROOTCH: When?

SPIRIT: Around Labor Day. Never too early to do your Christmas shopping.

SCROOTCH: Goodbye, then.

SPIRIT: See ya. (He departs, but is heard faintly in the distance:) How about some monogrammed athletic supporters, only. . . .

(Scene: same again; even later yet. Noise again, and in walks (you guessed it!) another apparition. It is grim, menacing. It looks like a finals proctor.)

SPIRIT: Get up, Ebenezer Scrootch. I am the Spirit of Christmas Future.



SCROOTCH: All right, but if this is going to be an all-nighter, get me some No-Doz.

SPIRIT: Come with me. I am to show you your fate.

(Once again, with the aid of MIT's space warp (patent pending) Scrootch is transported across time and space to the planet Krypton - now wait a minute! . . . to a graveyard. The Spirit conducts him to a headstone.) It says, "Ebenezer Scrootch", what else?)

SPIRIT: Look, Scrootch, and know your fate.

SCROOTCH: Is it really my headstone?

SPIRIT: It is.

SCROOTCH: Well, I hope it's marble and not granite.

SPIRIT: Scrootch, you have not much time. Repent, lest ye become as Jacob Marbley. Take pity on the poor of MIT.

SCROOTCH: But what can I do?

SPIRIT: That ye shalt know when the sun shall have risen on the day of our Lord whence cometh our help, our salvation, yea. . . .

(And as the spirit fades away babbling inanities; Scrootch awakens in his own bedroom. It is morning. He goes to the window and opens it and shouts to a boy below.)

SCROOTCH: Hey, you boy!

BOY: Whaddya want, pops?

SCROOTCH: What day is it?

BOY: Hell, man, it's Christmas!

SCROOTCH: Could you use a little money?

BOY: Sure as hell could, gramps. What I gotta do?

SCROOTCH: Take this check and go down to Massachusetts General, pick up the best gynecologist you can find. Take him over to Bob Crotchit's house and tell Bob it's for Tiny Tim's operation.

BOY: You mean his abortion?

SCROOTCH: Abortion? Two weeks ago it was a hysterectomy.

BOY: Where you been, pops?

(Boy runs off)

(SCROOTCH then goes to the MIT Student Aid Office, where he changes the computer program so that students *actually get all the scholarship they're entitled to!*

He then writes out his resignation, noting he has only two weeks to live; then he sends a letter to HUGH HEFNER.)

(Scene: Scrootch's doorstep. A mail truck stops; a mailman gets out and deposits a very large and heavy package on the stoop. Scrootch opens the door and takes it in. A sound of ripping wrappings is heard, then we hear:)

SCROOTCH: So that's your name? Well, Merry Christmas, Carolyn.

(And as the door closes:)

SCROOTCH: You sre a fine little piece, Carolyn. . . .

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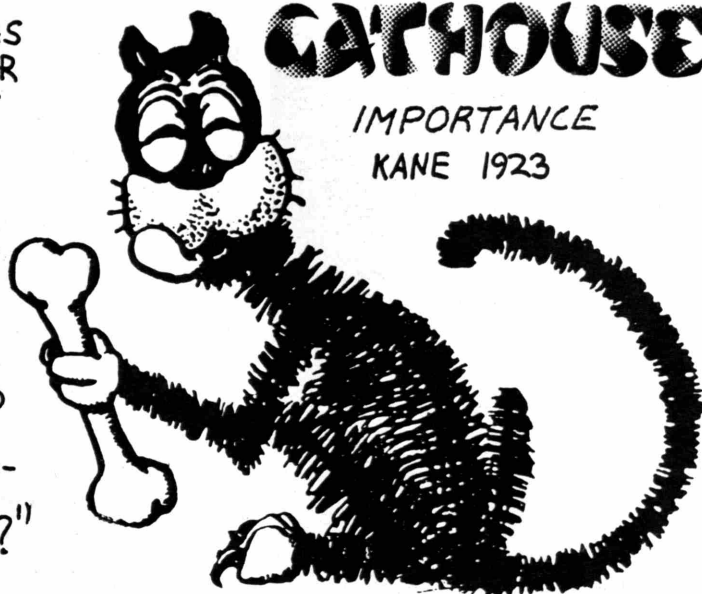
WHILE I WAS  
POSING FOR  
THE STAFF  
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MONTH,  
SOME RAN-  
DOM WANDER-  
ED IN AND  
ASKED, "WHO  
THE HELL  
ARE YOU? AND  
WHAT IS THIS  
HANG-UP VOO-  
DOO HAS  
ABOUT CATS?"

# GATHOUSE

IMPORTANCE  
KANE 1923



OFFICIAL PORTRAIT



DAY  
1926



RICHARDS  
1931

(HE DID  
THE JOKE  
CUTS, TOO)



GAMUNDI-1944 (?)



MINER  
1931



ELMER  
1920



UNKNOWN  
1949

HANG UP, INDEED!  
I'M PHOSPHOROUS (MY  
FRIENDS CALL ME  
PHOS), OFFICIAL  
MASCOT AND  
LEGENDARY FOUNDER  
OF THIS MAGAZINE.  
SO THERE.





"There was a time when MIT students could handle this sort of thing. Can you imagine a bunch of Feds glued together with Kodak 940?"

— Jerry Lettvin

The Feds came to get Charlie at five in the morning, just like they always do. They figure everybody is snoozing on the floor of the sanctuary, and they can grab their victim before people really know what has hit them.

We got the first inkling that something was up when all the fake-hippie agents started looking at their watches nervously and looking at each other in what they thought was a casual manner. We were watching them, because, well, it really didn't take much to know to expect *something*. I mean, after all, why *else* would all of them be awake at five in the morning?

Seeing this, we alerted the security patrols to wake up (it *was* five in the morning, and they're only human, at least some of them). Sure enough, in about five minutes, the advance men started seeing lots of big black cars coming down the street, a fact which was duly noted and passed on to us. We started things rolling.

Some of us went around and quietly began waking up the assembled brethren. The PA system was turned on, and a few last minute instructions and words of encouragement given out. The floor was rapidly cleared of blankets and bedrolls and so forth, and a few rapid cups of coffee gulped. It was really rancid, but nobody seemed to notice, or else didn't have the heart to complain. The poor girl running the kitchen had already had three breakdowns the previous day.

The Feds and cops all arrived out front, in back, and down the street, and were piling out of their big black cars. They immediately ran into our First Line of Defense: about two million photographers; from all the local papers, a few wire services, the school rag, the yearbook, the Institute Archives, the Alumni magazine, and the Committee on Educational Policy, to say nothing of scads of random shutter bugs. Tech is full of fools with cameras.

The feds, of course, wanted a nice quiet bust, with as little publicity as possible, which we weren't about to let them have. There must be some synapse deep inside all cops which makes them all see red when they see a camera. Seeing all of that gaggle of cameramen, with everything from Brownies to 16mm movie cameras, clicking and flashing and blinking and whirring, must have made them see indandescent flaming fluorescent pink and orange. They immediately tried to stop them, which just made more for the photographers to shoot. Lots of groovy action pictures. Then they tried to clobber them. Wow. What a shot. Smile please. Then they chased them, but they couldn't catch them, unless the photo jocks were dumb enough to stop to change film. And so forth and so on, all the way across the plaza, and onto the athletic fields.

Their numbers reduced, the Feds and cops advanced upon the Stud Center, harassed by an occasional flash and click. There, they ran into the Second Line of Defense: the steps.

A few years ago, when everybody began to get shook up about the riots in the ghettos across this great land of ours, and they figured they had better stop them before they got *out* of the ghettos, some companies made themselves a nice roll of dough while supporting law and order by thinking up kinds of neat things to sell to the fuzz. Almost as neat as "Mace" was the stuff that Madison Avenue christened "Riotrol" in their neat Madison Avenue way. The guys that invented it didn't call it that, of course. They called it "instant banana peel". You sprinkle it on the street, wet it down with fire hoses, and all the blacks fall down, bust their ass, and go home. Neat.



It didn't take long for the Chem majors to get the formula for this stuff, and even less time for them to synthesis it in their labs. The steps leading up to the Stud Center entrance had already been covered with the powder (in hopes that it wouldn't rain soon), so all we had to do was haul out a couple of buckets of water and slop them around. By the time the Feds got there, an ant couldn't walk up those steps.

The fuzz didn't know this, so they tried to go up them. They didn't make it. About the second step, they fell down, and busted their ass. But, instead of going home, they tried again, and fell down again. Then they tried to crawl up the steps. This didn't work either, so they tried to pull them-

selves up the hand rail, but the stuff they got on their hands while trying to crawl stopped that.

By this time all the inhabitants of the sanctuary were at the front door, in spite of all the security squad could do to persuade them that it wasn't a very good idea. Then the security jocks saw what was going on on the steps, and they stopped to watch too. It was a fine show! After a while, every one but the Feds got into the proper spirit of the occasion, and started laughing and yelling and singing and cheering the Fuzz on in their efforts to storm the place. Occasionally someone on the front of the crowd would get bumped out onto the steps and go bouncing down them, rebounding off the Feds at the bottom. Then someone got the idea that it looked like fun, and did it without being pushed. It almost became a Happening, but the security people decide that it wasn't a good thing, and formed a line across the front of the crowd at the top of the steps.

Having busted their ass many times, the Feds stopped trying to go up the steps. With no monkeys to watch, the security patrol was able to get the crowd away from the doors, which was a good thing, because the minions of the law were getting mad, and this happy bunch of people wasn't helping their peace of mind any.

After a while the fuzz decided that there might be another way up onto the first floor where the sanctuary was. Sure enough, they shortly discovered the basement entrance and the elevators (the stairway door was jammed closed, in blatant violation of the fire ordinances). A whole bunch of them jammed themselves into one of the elevators, and as the door started to close, this nurdy little tool came charging up, and squeezed into the mass. The door slammed shut, and the elevator started up . . . and stopped between the floors. It stayed there for the next two hours, too. We kind of felt sorry for the Feds (the tool, of course, studied his 6.08 in the meantime). Oh, well, this is war, after all.

They were probably more than just a little upset at this point, as a matter of fact, because they started to get out their tear gas equipment. As soon as we saw this, we blew our whistles and everyone that had a gas mask put it on, and we prepared for the onslaught. We also released our Secret Weapon: the Campus Patrol.

One of our Good Men in Blue walked up to the head of the Feds and started talking to him very heatedly. This didn't seem to have much effect, as the Feds kept putting on their masks, and dragging all manner of things out of the vans that had arrived during step incident. Then a little man with a brief case arrived out of nowhere and started adding his comments to those of the Campus Patrolman, along with several pieces of paper out of his brief case. Whatever the Institute lawyer said must have worked, because the Fuzz now started packing all their equipment up. Not quite all, however, for some of it managed to disappear during the short time it was out. Very strange. Nobody could ever say where it had gone, or how. At least they *didn't* say.



The sun was well into the sky when we were alerted by the sound of sirens. We debated whether it was just more fuzz, or the National Guard. Much to our surprise, the majority of the Cambridge Fire Department pulled up in front of the place and started unreeling hoses. Evidently someone in Washington knew that the way to get rid of the banana peel stuff was to wash it away. After a bit of confusion over just what steps needed washing and why, the steps were hosed off without too much difficulty. There was some excitement when one of the hoses got uncoupled, but that was all.

When we saw what was happening, we braced ourselves for onslaught, and hastily prepared our Third Line of Defense. The Feds stopped milling around, formed into a flying wedge, and charged up the steps. They were massively disappointed to receive absolutely no resistance. They swept through the doors, down the corridor, and into hall where the sanctuary was. Then we turned on our Third Line of Defense.

I must hand it to the Mech Engineering jocks who built that foam generator. It was one fine piece of machinery. When we filled up the tank and started it up, it spewed out foam so fast that the hall was filled up in nothing flat. The fuzz didn't figure what was going on until long after it was too late to do anything about it. The place was one glorious glob of foam, to a depth of about ten feet, so they tell me (when you're *under* anything



over six feet of it, you can't tell how the hell deep it is).

This sort of put a damper on the activities of the Feds, but it really turned on the rest of us. It was a groovy thing! The foam blanked out everything into a amorphous white universe, and absorbed the sound from everything over three feet away, too. The floor was kind of slippery, so everyone was down on the floor, crawling around and laughing, except the Feds, who were groping around going out their minds trying to find Charlie so they could bust him. Pretty soon they got all turned around (it was impossible to retain any sense of direction unless you ran into something familiar, and the Feds were completely unfamiliar with the entire place). After about fifteen minutes of fun and games (it broke up the card games pretty much, but a group grope started spontaneously in one of the corners), one of the more clever cops called in the firemen with their hoses to wash the stuff away.

The streams knocked big holes in the clouds of foam, but didn't do much else, besides soak a few people already dampened by the foam. Of course, when the manager of the Stud Center saw what the firemen were doing to his hall, he just about exploded, right there. A bit of fast talking to the Head Fed, with a little help from the Institute lawyer, turned off the water before the woodwork was more than superficially damaged. (The only other damage done was to a broken window. We felt pretty bad about that. So did the Fed who went through it.).

We were still horsing around in the foam, having a grand time of it, when the Fuzz and Feds came through the stuff linked arm in arm and just sort of swept us all out. When we saw each other, covered from head to toe with sticky foam, we all burst out laughing. The Feds, thinking it was all directed at them, nearly bashed a few heads in, but showed remarkable restraint in holding themselves to merely man-handling us.

They got all of us lined up with out too much more trouble, in spite of the fact that we were no longer resisting, and proceeded to look for Charlie. They carefully inspected all of us three times, and swept through the foam twice more, before they realized they had run up against our Fourth Line of Defense. And it was another two hours before they finally admitted that Charlie just wasn't there.

It's been quite some time since the Great Bust. All the wire services have finished laughing about it, and the campus has a sunk back into its normal apathy. The foam machine appears occasionally at fraternity parties to fill up the basement, and we have a new respect for the Campus Patrol. And they still haven't found Charlie.

In the interests of security, I haven't heard from or seen Charlie in quite some time. They tell me, however, that he's having a good time. Certainly a better one than the Feds who are looking for him.




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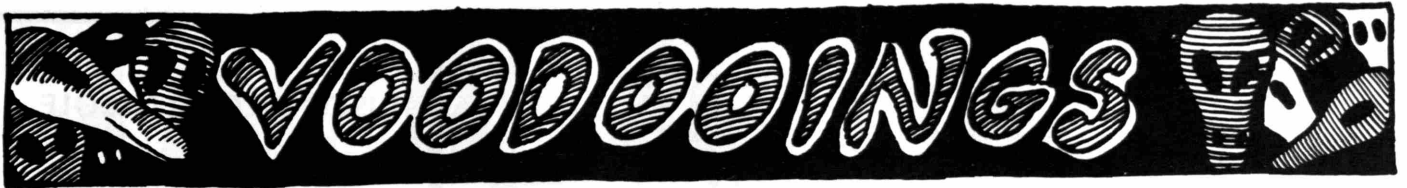
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For the benefit of those readers who can't figure out what we have spent the better part of this issue talking about, for the past few weeks MIT has been harboring an AWOL soldier in what is commonly known as Sanctuary. It gives the activists around town a chance to confront the establishment and the Feds around town to bust a few heads. Freud called it sublimation.



The MIT Student Center Sanctuary was really rather paranoid after about a week of waiting for the bust. On the night of one of VooDoo's meetings, a resistor came in and quietly told us that a bust was about to happen because there was a paddy wagon out in front. We all crowded to the window; and sure enough, there was a big boxy van out front. Then we noticed that it had a window on the side . . . it was a pizza truck!!



### Use of Voodoo

QUEBEC (AP)—Voodoo virtually eliminates the need for reliance on tobacco, alcohol and drugs among Haitians, an international drug conference was told Tuesday.

A Haitian delegate, Dr. Emerson Douyon, told a meeting in suburban Beauport that voodoo rites and trances satisfy the psychological needs of individuals who might otherwise turn to drugs and alcohol.

"Use of drugs and voodoo trances represent two culturally different means of arriving at the same end—escape from self and reality through transcendence," Douyon said.

### Bra-Design Contest In Engineering Schools Set by Garment Maker

NEW YORK—A contest to apply complex engineering principles of stress and load to improve brassiere design was announced by Lovable Co.

The national competition, open to engineering school students, is billed as the first of its kind in the country. It carries prizes of \$500, \$350 and \$150, with matching grants to the winners' schools. Entries, which close Oct. 31, become the property of Lovable, a women's undergarment maker with sales of \$60 million a year.

"Considering the complex structure of the garment, we feel that the application of engineering concepts may well make a significant contribution to improvements in design," said Arthur Garson, chairman of Lovable.

Mr. Garson said schools that have agreed to distribute application forms include Harvard University, Columbia University School of Engineering, City College of New York, Purdue University, and Carnegie Institute of Technology.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Mr. Garson said, declined to distribute the forms, explaining such a contest "isn't for us."

A press release says entrants, will be required to submit "supportive engineering design calculations, which may range from slide-rule computations to elaborate studies employing digital computer methods.

While use of live models as design aids isn't covered by contest rules, Mr. Garson said, "Presumably, the application of scientific prin-

ciples will have to be checked out on live models after the plans are drawn."

Mr. Garson says "The properties of the bust are unusual and unlike those of most engineering materials." As a result, he says, designing a strapless bra or one for an unusually large bust size "is a great engineering feat in itself."

Instructions accompanying the contest's application forms state that although engineering innovation is desired, designs must conform to elemental requirements of "function, styling, comfort, and safety."

"The factors of safety," the directions explain, "are based upon uncertainties in the stress distribution, uncertainties in material properties, as well as the static or moving nature of the load."

—WALL STREET JOURNAL



About a year ago, a dirty old man by the name of Bill Adler published a compendium of dredgings from college humour magazines called "Best Campus Humor of the Swinging Sixties." VooDoo was represented by three bits, by the way. Strangely enough, they also included a bit from the Gargoyle (of the University of Michigan) entitled "From The Diary of a Sorority Girl." We had read this with a few chuckles, when, lo and behold, one of the staffers recalled a Dorothy Parker story entitled "Diary of a New York Lady". A little research revealed that there was an amazing similarity. As a matter of fact, the only differences were "sorority" for "society", fraternity and sorority names for people names, and so on. Not doing your homework, Billy boy!

One of our frosh coed staffers walked into the office last night and informed the contents thereof that she had just taken the Burton House Purity Test and received a lower score than "anybody on the whole floor." One of our evil-minded males asked what she had been doing on the floor.

Without batting an eyelash, she replied, "Flunking the Burton House Purity Test, of course."



What is printed on the bottom of Coke bottles at Harvard? Open other end.



Then there was the man who went into the Chinese laundry and got his bill back in a fortune cookie. Or maybe it was a Chinese restaurant.



The irate husband had been secretly following his wife around for weeks, in hope of discovering the other party in the affair he suspected. Certain that he at last had found her suitor, he broke in on them in a very compromising situation. "Aha!" he exclaimed, "Now I know everything!"

"Not so fast, wise guy," she retorted. "Do you know the average weight of the American bald eagle?"

"No, but hum a few bars and I'll fake it."

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# The ARSONIST



At 10:15 p.m., eastern daylight time, an alarm was sounded.

At 10:55 p.m., eastern daylight time, it was answered by the Boston Fire Department, who discovered that the Sumner Tunnel was on fire. At 3:46 a.m., eastern daylight time, the fire was put out. Damage was estimated at 3.7 million dollars, and the tunnel was ruled to be beyond repair. This, added to the recent burning of Paul Revere's House, Filene's Basement, Fenway Stadium, the main dome of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the Brighams at the corner of Boylston and Tremont Streets, led the Boston Police to suspect the work of an arsonist. Deputy Commander Peter Brent Brigham was assigned to the case.



Massachusetts drivers make U-turns across concrete median strips. Mass drivers play an extended game of chicken. (The loser is the one who looks.) Mass. drivers speed at 80 miles an hour on wet roads at twilight. Massachusetts license plates all begin with a double 0—they are licensed to kill.

Ralph stopped his car at the intersection to a rotary.

"Rotary? What's a rotary?"

There, Ralph made a mistake. 6 thoroughfares emptied into the rotary. Yield signs? What's a yield sign?

Taxis whizzed past. Green Volkswagens careened madly about the turn. A Pink Corvair cut dizzily across the path of several Blue Fords and a red Ferrari. A Yellow Chevy with Connecticut plates stalled in confusion, while three Mustangs nicked the chrome and a motorcycle picked off the outside mirror.

Three hours later, Ralph stopped banging upon the steering wheel and screaming hysterically. From that time on, he hated Boston.

Almost collapsing, he staggered into a blue and white shop marked Big-hams.

"Gimme a milkshake", he croaked.

Two hours later, a watery brown concoction was placed in front of him.

"Whazzat?"

"Ya ordered a milkshake, sir."

"But that's not a milkshake. Where's the ice cream?"

"Ya want ice cream, ya order a frappe."

"Frappe? Oh, give me an ice cream cone."

"Ya'll have to go to the front of the store."

Ralph limped to the front of the store. Collapsing on the counter, nearly overturning 5 B.U. girls and one 6 year old boy, he gasped.

"Chocolate, please."

"Jimmies?"

"Huh?"

"Jimmies on your cone, sir?" The man gestured at a pile of chocolate monstrosities.

"Oh, sprinkles!"

"Yah, ya want Jimmies?"

On his way back to the car, still in the middle of the rotary, Ralph noticed several signs advertising "Pastromi", and a poster decked with a fat woman calling herself Louise Day Hick.

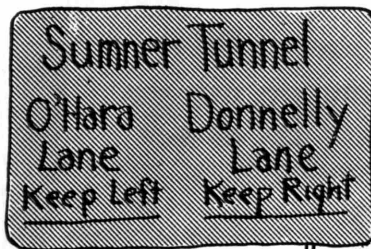
"Argh," yelled Ralph, as he dodged five Massholes, and re-entered his car. The left fender was bent beyond recognition, and there was a shatter of red glass where his rear headlight had been.

Ralph had just spent his first day in Boston.

Deputy Commander Brigham had pulled in 17 Negros from Roxbury who were loitering around the A & P, and a glasse-eyed youth who was peddling the Avatar, but none seemed promising. Diligently, he continued his investigation of the crime. Police admitted, however, that a solution did not seem imminent.

Ralph, rubbing his hands in glee, put away his matches, and pulled out a large eraser.

"The next step", he cackled, "Is erasing the Freedom Trail."



Ralph hated Boston.

I don't know quite when the realization came to him. He came to Boston with an open mind, prepared to accept that things might not be the same as they were in Great Neck. But he did not begin auspiciously. And everything that happened merely confirmed his initial impression.

Ralph DROVE into Massachusetts.

Now Massachusetts is noted for many things. It is noticed for beautiful frame houses, and church steeples, and beds that Washington slept in. But is also boasts the worst drivers in the United States of America. Bar none.





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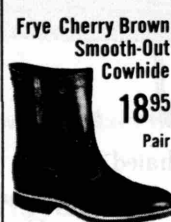
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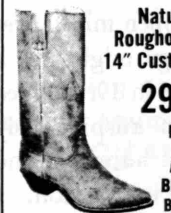
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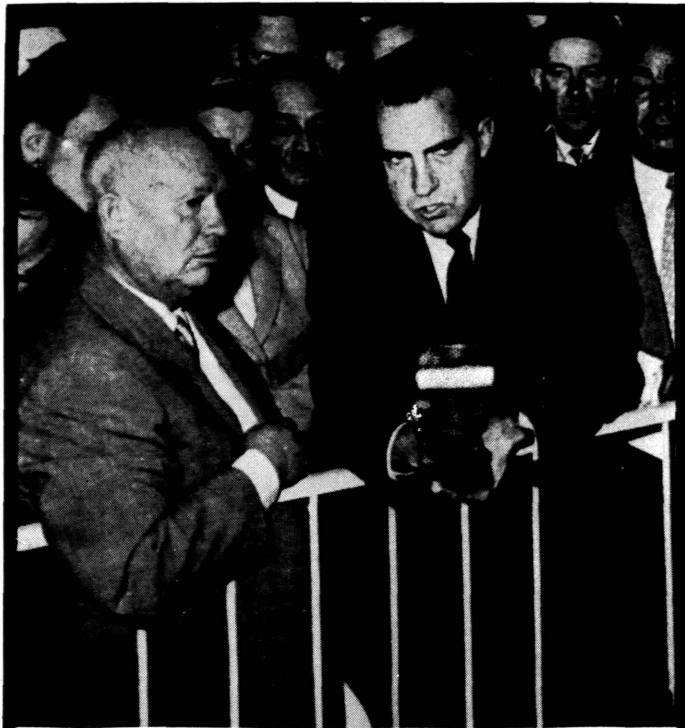
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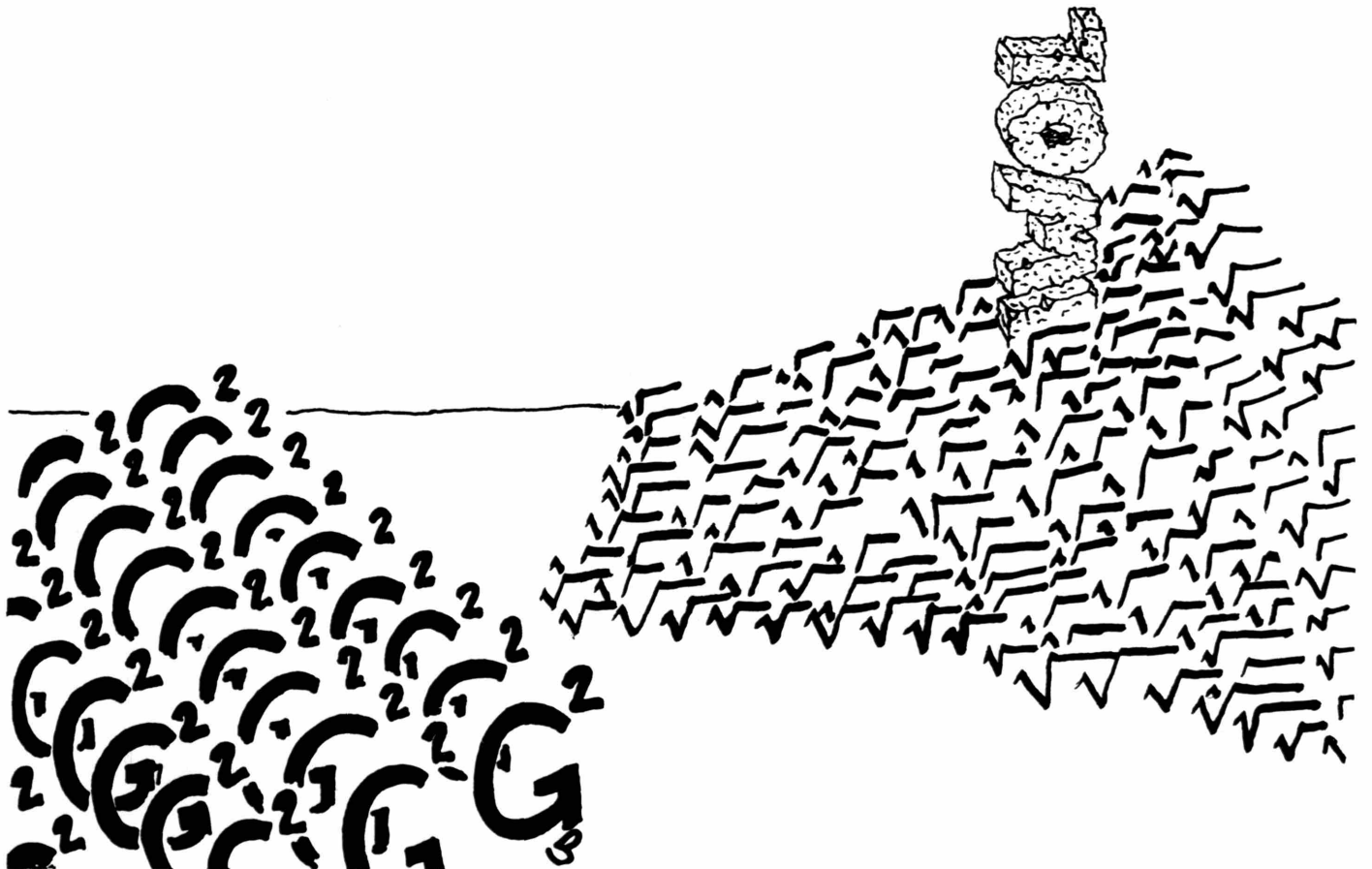
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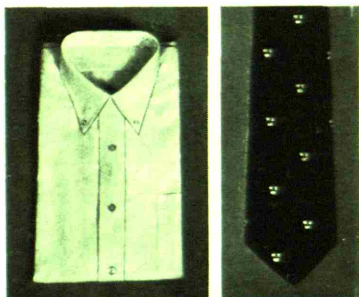




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