

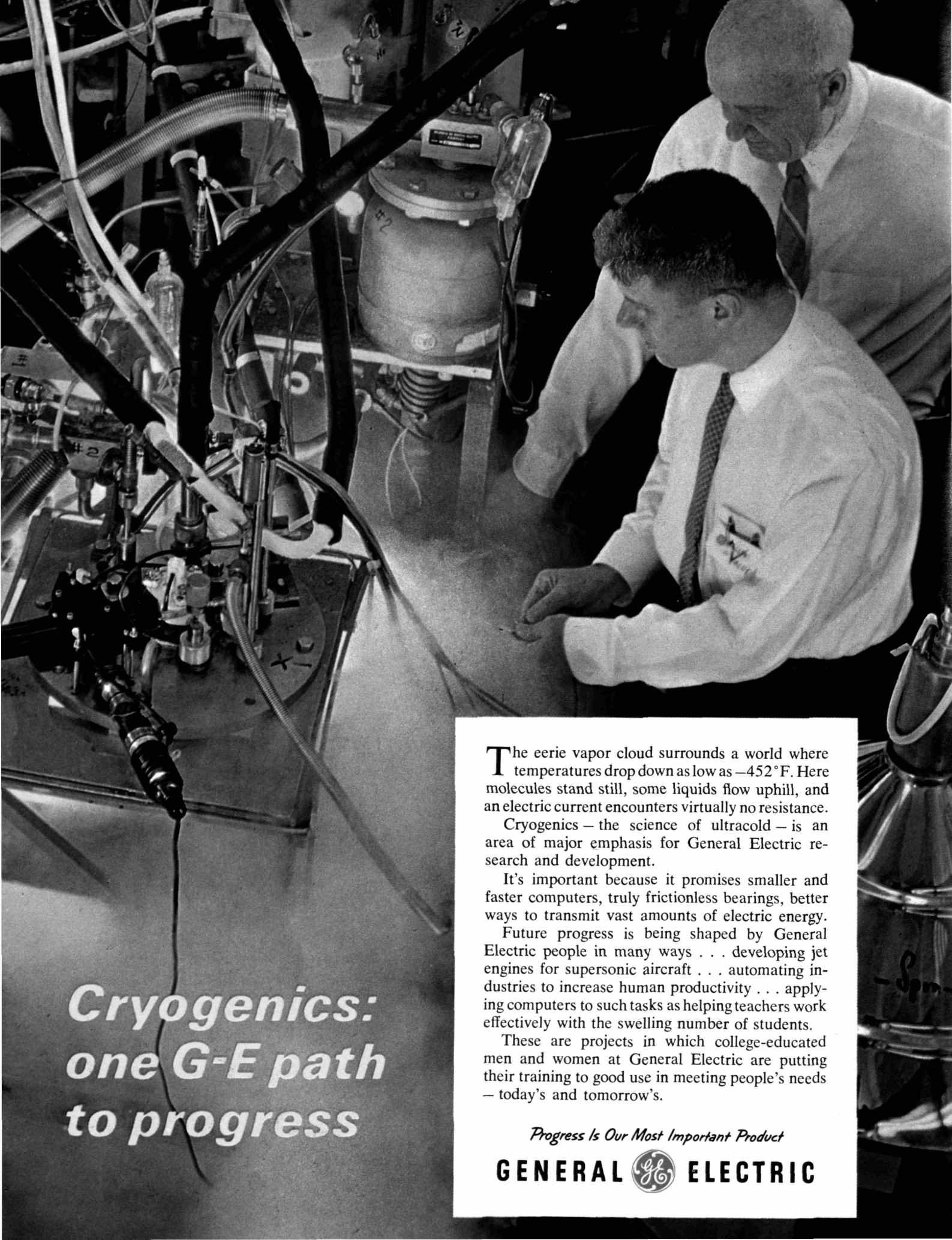
VOODOO

SENSATION ISSUE

MAY

35¢

in this issue
★ **BLUNDERBALL**
Part One of a new James Bland Thriller
★ **WRETCHED AMERICAN**
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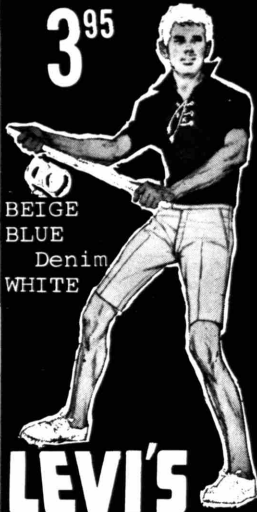
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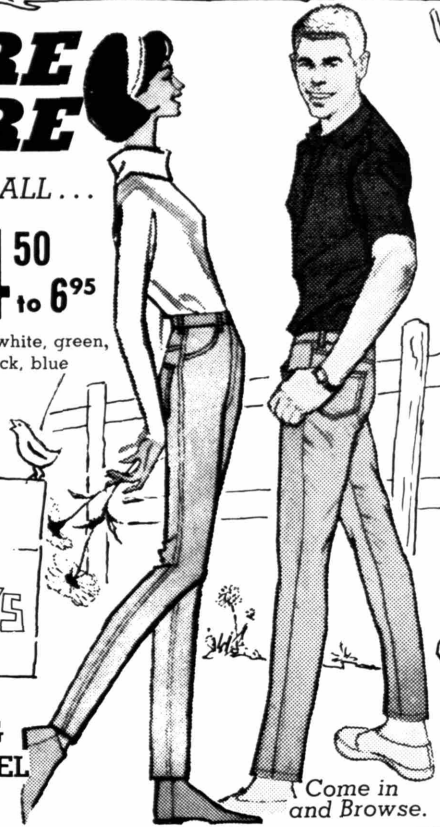
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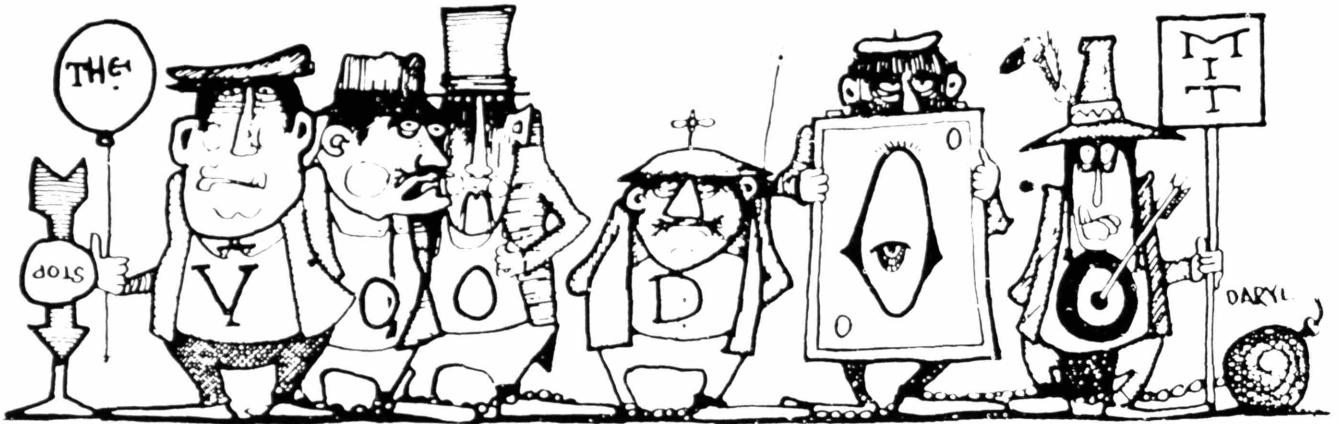
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Welcome, oh VooDoo reader, to the Land of the Sensational, where this month we present, in addition to our usual potpourri of ghastly grunge, not only the first installment of a two-part James Bland adventure – *Blunderball* – packed with laughs and lust, but also an hilarious parody of Boston’s leading newspaper, the *Wretched American*. Obviously, with that introduction, dear Reader, you feel a compelling urge to plunge into our May Issue. Well, PLUNGE, but first glance carefully at our mystifying front cover, wherein we have craftily hidden a duck, a tiger, and a Tech Coed. Can you find them?

Who says apathy is dead at MIT? Inscomm has been reorganized in superlative fashion (if you believe *the tech*), and no one balked at the idea that it had the right to appropriate any and all powers it pleased. The only thorn in the side (in spite of what you may have read elsewhere) was Activities Council, which was foolish enough to not want to hand its functions over from the activities to student politicians (by 17-3). This rejection was reviewed by Inscomm, and it all started over again. Forced to revise, the Council compromised by creating the Executive Board, to act as an arm of the Council, elected by the Council, from the Council, responsible to and reviewed by the Council. But somewhere between this idea and the printed by-laws the Executive Board lost its responsibility to the Council, its origin in the Council, and the Council gained a necessary 2/3 majority needed in all votes. And, believe it or not, only four Council Members even cared! Score three for student politicians; our congratulations to you, Rusty Epps.

Always glad to keep up on the news of other college magazines, the staff viewed with mixed feelings a recent change of philosophy on the part of the rather humorous *Yale Record*. Under the cryptic heading “editorial”, the Record expressed its feelings toward the alleged demise of college humor as a unique type of wit. Withdrawing from a field that it complains is not representative of “the new sophistication of the contemporary undergraduate,” the Record is going literary, and conventionally so, to help fill the purported “publishing vacuum” at Yale. As the editorial concludes,

“We will continue to print humor when it is really funny; but we intend to appeal to a wider, more sophisticated audience. We hope that this audience which is Yale University will respond with the enthusiasm and creativity that we know exists here.”

We feel humbly that God and country could stand a brief vacation down on Grammar’s farm first.

The other night, the commons menu included a jelly-like conglomeration called tomato somethingorother. A VooDoo staffer took the stuff up to the fourth floor and dropped it out the window onto the concrete below. (We’re trying to resist a horrible pun about abstract and concrete at this point.) When he went downstairs to retrieve the so-called delicacy, he found it unsplattered (try to find that word in the dictionary) and not harmed at all. We’re glad to see that Commons is so well equipped for national emergencies.

Who says giving blood is easy? During the recent Blood Drive, a board member brought a female friend for moral support. You can guess what happened; at about 1/2 pint the young lady fainted dead away, requiring all the medical resources of the bloodbank to be revived. So when the donor had recovered and was done waiting the prescribed time reading little health pamphlets, he had to retrieve his companion from a cot in another room. That’s what we call active support!

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When we started a contest to find Melvin Fooch, we really never expected to open up a new means of revenge, or even sibling rivalry. But that we did, as evidenced by the following letter (in a female hand):

"I sincerely, honestly and truly believe that the notorious Melvin Fooch is my brother, —. I mean, only a superior fink like him would hide every copy of *VooDoo* before I could get my grubby hands on it. And only a grunge like Fooch would refuse to fix up his beautiful, intelligent (and slightly conceited) sister with a fellow tool.

"But if my brother really is Melvin Fooch, don't be too hard on him. He might come home and pound me out for rattling on him."

We aren't going to mention any names, but the other day one of the efficient secretaries in the immediate vicinity called us up and wanted to know if we could do her a favor. Chivalry still isn't dead around here, so we said we would. The favor concerned our supply of essentials, kept in the beer closet. It seems she had forgotten to get a birthday present for someone sharing our tastes, and wanted to know if she could purchase a can to gift-wrap for the happy occasion.

VooDoo joins the entire M.I.T. community in congratulating Dr. Avery Ashdown, Professor of Chemistry Emeritus, for the honor bestowed upon him in the renaming of Graduate House as Ashdown House. "Doc" is quite a guy, as the 10,000 grad students who have known him will surely attest. Add another well-deserved honor to Dr. Ashdown's long list of achievements.



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BLUNDERBALL



**ANOTHER
JAMES
BLAND
THRILLER!**

A compilation of trivia from
TROIKA

Part 1 of a two-part serialization

Tooling his '34 Chrysler Airflow into a racing change and narrowly missing a pizza truck, James Bland sped behind Baker House down Amherst toward the imposing grey stone building housing W's office.

"Getting pretty tight back here," Bland commented wryly.

He downshifted from fourth to first and did a power slide onto Massachusetts Avenue, parking in front of the main entrance, a colossal building presenting a grotesque pseudo-Grecian facade to the world.

James Bland, better known to his colleagues as special agent 006.9, lovingly fingered his favorite weapon, a brass-plated bolo (with its three metal balls attached to taut twine), wondering what kind of assignment could bring him to W.'s office so late in the afternoon. It was four P.M., and Bland had been preparing to meet Mauler Pelshmeier, a Tech coed, for dinner and cocktails when the ominous phone call forced him to abandon his plans.

Secretaries are nice, Bland thought to himself as he entered W.'s office, but a sexy coed is more my style.

"You're ten minutes late; W. will be furious," said the secretary when Bland arrived. Miss Nickelgrabber was an Amazon of a woman who had a well-concealed soft spot in her heart for Bland. She had been indentured to the Institute as a young child and had known no life outside its walls. "You'd better go right in, 006.9."

Bland entered the inner office where he found W. sitting behind his desk chewing impatiently on the stem of a pipe.

"Sit down, 006.9," said W. without looking up. His brow was furrowed with wrinkles, and he appeared to be deep in thought, an activity in which Bland had never seen him actively engaged before.

"We've known for quite some time that Baker House has been a haven for gamblers and card-

sharps, but their winnings and losses have always balanced each other until these past several weeks, when Rodrick Gustator came along; this fellow never loses. I want you to check on him.”

“Do you suspect him of cheating, sir?” inquired Bland.

“It’s a possibility,” came the reply. “This may be a dangerous mission; we don’t know what kind of man we’re up against — which brings me to my next point. Open your jacket, 006.9.”

Bland complied with the request, revealing the bolo in his shoulder holster.

“How many times must I tell you that you can’t trust that lady’s weapon? You know it almost got you killed on your last mission.”

“I like this bolo,” answered Bland.

“Nevertheless,” directed W., “I. Labs had developed a rocket-assisted bolo with an inertial guidance system in each ball. It has a top speed of 2500 feet/sec. and a delivery like a gust of wind through the Green Building. Use it.”

“I like the action on my old bolo better, sir,” said Bland.

“Would you rather lose your double-0 number and go back to being a student, 006.9?”

Bland reluctantly strapped on the new weapon and buttoned his jacket. He placed his old bolo on W.’s desk. “Keep it, Bland. Bolos are non-returnable,” said W. Bland said, “Tell me more about this chap, Gustator. Does the Registrar’s Office have anything on him.”

“Nothing that we can prove.” W. look pained. “In ’62 we broke up a ring of textbook smugglers. We think he was the brains behind it, but we were only able to implicate the underlings.”

“I remember the case,” said Bland, “I had a couple of close calls in Taiwan on that one.”

“In addition,” W. continued, “he has some peculiar habits. For example — he seems to prefer Locke-Ober’s to commons.”

“Odd,” said Bland.

“He’s even said it’s cheaper! This is just the sort of thing we’d expect from a SCROTUM agent.”

SCROTUM, thought Bland. He felt a sudden twinge. The Special Committee Resolved to Overthrow Tech’s Unbending Martinets had given him several close shaves in the past.

“Do you think there’s a connection?”

“Probably not,” answered W. “This should be an easy assignment. Good luck, 006.9.”

Chapter II

Bland proceeded to Baker House where he checked into a suite as Mike Hammer of the Massachusetts Tool or Die Corp. He was quite conscious of eyes following his movements as he went to his suite.

Once behind the bolted door, Bland took a two-way radio disguised as a hotplate from his attache case and proceeded to contact W. according to plan. The door-chime interrupted him.

Bland hurriedly placed a frying pan on the radio and gave the room a quick check before answering the chimes.

Standing outside the door was a tall, lean, dark-haired man with a thin scar running vertically down the right side of his face.

“I heard that a new man had checked in, and I wanted to meet him. My name is Rod Gustator.”

“Nice of you to drop by,” said Bland stepping into the hall and closing the door behind him. He works fast, Bland thought. What could have tipped him off?

“Seems rather quiet around here,” said Bland, casually pulling a deck of cards from his pocket and idly shuffling them.

“Do you play poker, Mr. Hammer? Oh — forgive me, I got your name from the desk clerk. I do hope you don’t mind.”

“Not at all,” replied Bland, somewhat startled by Gustator’s directness. “I hear you’re quite good with cards. I like to play myself but don’t get much opportunity.”

“Several of the boys are coming over for a game tonight at 7:30 in the basement lounge. Why don’t you join us then?”

“Delighted,” Bland replied, “I’ll be there.”

Obviously it would be unwise to attempt contact with W. now, Bland mused. He concealed the radio behind a loose panel in the closet. He pulled out one of his hairs and placed it on the door-jamb with a spot of saliva. He left the empty attache case beside the door to the suite hoping it would serve as a decoy, and left the hotel.

It was only six P.M. so Bland decided to have a quick sandwich before his rendezvous with Gustator. Hopping into his supercharged Chrysler, he headed for the not-too-distant Pritchett Lounge, a favorite spot of his. Once there, he climbed up the dimly-lit staircase to an even more dimly-lit cafe. He approached the bar and asked for service.

When a white-jacketed young man finally arrived, Bland said, “I’d like a bacon, lettuce, and tomato sandwich. The bacon must be broiled — not fried or grilled — until it is crisp but not brittle. The lettuce must come from the crisp pale green leaves just under the dark green outer leaves, and the tomatoes must be firm but bright red with no trace of yellow or green. The toast must be heated at exactly 314 degrees F. until it is golden brown and flexible. No mayonnaise.

“O.K.,” said the attendant turning toward the service door, “Gimme a BLT.”

(Continued on page 18)

The first night at home after a long trip, the salesman was teaching his young son to count.

"What comes after 10?" he asked.

"The man next door," replied the lad.



He: "Ya' know something honey? I'm going to start calling you 'Jello' because you're so easy to make."

She: "That's all right, Dear. I'll call you 'Oatmeal' because you're done in three minutes."



Lord Duffingham returned from his grouse shooting somewhat earlier than usual and found Lady Duffingham in a rather compromising situation with his best friend, Sir Archibald Carpley. Lord Duffingham stood stiffly in the bedroom doorway and loudly berated his wife for her infidelity. With thunder in his voice, he reminded her that he had taken her from a miserable existence in the London slums, given her a fine home, provided her with servants, expensive clothes and jewels.

As Lady Duffingham was by this time crying inconsolably, his Lordship turned his wrath on his supposed friend: "And as for you, Carpley — you might at least stop while I'm talking!"




A spinster schoolteacher took her fifth-grade charges on a field trip to a county fair. There was a race track on the grounds and she asked them whether they would enjoy seeing the horses. The children enthusiastically exclaimed they would, but as soon as she got them inside the gate, they all requested to be taken to the lavatory. She accompanied the little girls, but sent the boys to the men's room alone. They trooped out almost immediately and announced that the facilities were too high for them to reach.

The situation was an awkward one, but after looking about to make sure she was unobserved, the teacher ushered the boys back in. She lined them up before the plumbing and moved methodically down the line. After lifting several, she came to one who was unusually heavy.

"Goodness," she exclaimed, "are you in the fifth?"

"Hell no, lady," came the startled reply. "I'm riding Blue Grass in the third."



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NOTA BENE

SOME SEATS LEFT!



BAD DAY AT BLACK TELEPHONE

Riddle: Why is a telephone like Springfield Oval?

Answer: They're both indispensable.

Sometimes I wonder how people ever got along without a telephone. It must have been difficult calling up a girl for a date, when neither of you had a phone. In fact, it's hard enough these days even when both of you *do* have one.

You call up a girl on Monday night about 7:00. A girl's voice answers. You say, "Hello, is Ethel there?" She says, "Not right now, but I expect her about 10:00." You say, "Thanks, I'll call back later." You call back at 10:15. Nobody answers. Instead you hear, "Brrrrp..... brrrrp.....brrrrp..... (did you ever try to spell the sound of a busy signal?)brrrrp." So you wait five minutes, dial again, and hear, "Brrrrp..... brrrrrrrp.....brrrrp."

Who the heck is she talking to? Or maybe it's one of her roommates on the phone? You wait 15 minutes, dial again, and hear, "Brrrrp brrrrp" You mutter to yourself the now commonplace profanity, "Oh, the perversity of inanimate objects." You wait 15 minutes, sitting around, reading your newspaper for the third time that day, you go to the phone again, but.....it's past 11:00 by now, what if Ethel is asleep? Too late to call.

You call back Tuesday night about 7:00. **ETHEL ANSWERS THE PHONE.** You say, "It's about time you answered the darn phone, you old bag." However, you say that to yourself. Out loud, you say, "Hello, Ethel, this is Ralph. How are you....." And thusly you continue for several intensely conversational love-minutes, interrupted only by another girl's voice — the operator's — "please deposit an additional 15 cents, sir" — until the Big Moment arrives, when you ask for the old date for Sat. nite. (It is keeping within the tone of the story for Ethel to be busy for the weekend, but since that fact has no real bearing on the rest of the story, let us leave the outcome to the imagination of the Reader.)

The following re-telling of a true-life occurrence is intended to serve as a fine tribute to the perseverance of one unnamed operator who toils for New England Tel. and Tel.

I made this long-distance call, see, to New York, after 9:00 P.M., had deposited my 60 cents for the first three minutes, and was cheerfully conveying the necessary information to the enthralled party on the other end, when suddenly, a third voice spoke to the two of us: "Your three minutes are up. Please signal when through."

"Well, goodnight Lyndon," I said, "and swing easy." Then, click. Hung up, took one fateful step out of the telephone booth, when a piercing screech rang out; well, I'm exaggerating, actually, the telephone rang. Uh oh. I pick it up, only to hear, "Stand by for overtime chah-ges." I figure I'll go along with this one, so I wait, the operator's calculating and calculating, finally she says, "That'll be 25 cents additional, sir."

That's what she said, folks. Twenty-five cents. So I say, "What for?"

"You talked more than three minutes, sir."

"How much more?"

Calculation. "Twelve seconds, sir. Each fraction of a minute counts as a whole minute, sir."

"Well, if that's the case, why didn't you cut in 12 seconds before the three minutes were up? Surely you didn't expect me to slam down the phone at the very instant that the three minutes ended, without a courteous goodbye to the other party?"

"Pahdon me, sir, but I don't make the rules. Please deposit"

"I refuse to pay." I don't know about you, but I don't have any stock at all in A.T.&T. Nor in their operators.

"Sir, I'll have to ask you to deposit....."

I was going to tell her I was just a poor college guy, etc., but I had to admire her persistence, so, although I was against it in principle, I decided to pay up. I reached for a quarter, but, alas, I really had absolutely no change. "Operator, o.k., I'll pay, but I have to go and get change, and...."

Click. She gave up. She didn't believe I had no change. Saved a quarter.

Some operators.....

JOQUES

Do you know Teresa Green?
No.
Well, they are.



Frosh: "Lemme have a 10-mfd. capacitor."
Salesman: "Will you pay for it now?"
Frosh: "Naw, charge it."

March '32



"Hello, Chase and Sanborn," said little brother to his big sister's flame.

"Why address me as 'Chase and Sanborn,' Tommy?"

"Oh, your date's on the can."

May '34



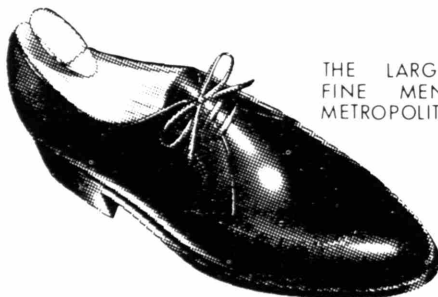
"Where's Joe?"

"He's over eating at Walker."

"Don't be silly. Who ever heard of anyone over-eating at Walker?"

April '35

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Crazy Charlie, the used-car dealer, was out to break all sales records with his "like new" models. A large sign in his window announced: A BLONDE FREE WITH EACH CAR.

A delighted young wolf plunked down his cash and, hot with anticipation, drove his newly won blonde out into the country. He parked, gave her a couple of preliminary kisses and whispered a suggestion in her ear.

She shook her head, smiled and said, "You got that when you bought this car."



A salesman canvassing the neighborhood rang the bell at a house and a little boy answered the door.

"Where is the lady of the house," asked the salesman.

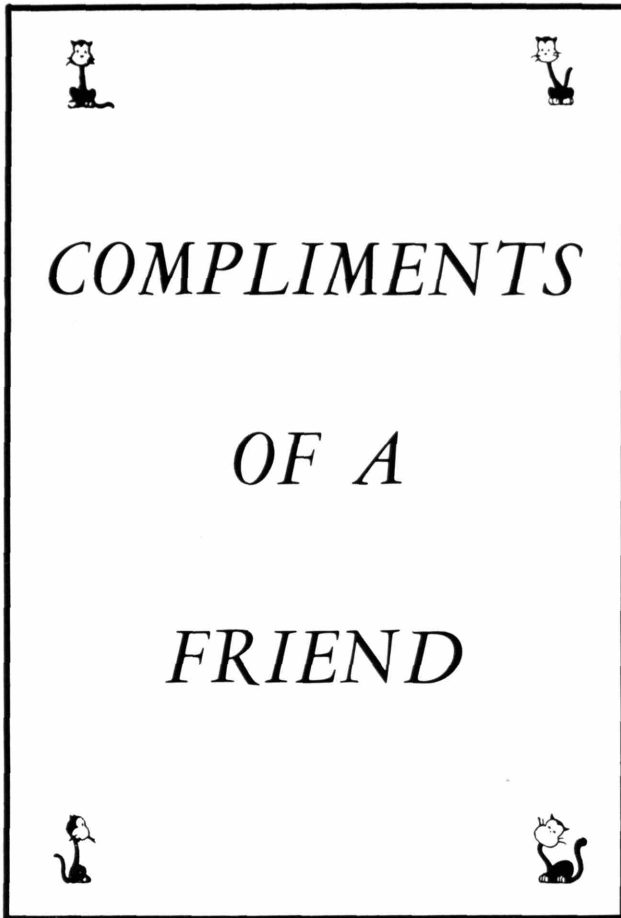
"She's not home. She's out working."

To get a better line on his prospective customer he asked, "What does she do?"

"She a prostitute."

This answer startled the man and he involuntarily exclaimed, "I'm an s.o.b."

"So am I," answered the boy, "but I don't go around ringing doorbells and telling people about it."



A doctor and his wife were out walking when a buxom blonde in tight-fitting sweater and skirt nodded hello from a nearby doorway.

"And who was that?" questioned the wife.

"Oh, just a young woman I know professionally," said the doctor, reddening visibly.

"I'm sure of that," said the wife, "but your profession or hers?"



While walking along a creek bank, a man came across a young fellow lying lazily under a tree with a fishing line in the water, on which the cork was bobbing frantically. "Hey, you've got a bite!"

"Yeah," drawled the fisherman. "Would you mind pulling it out?"

The walker did so, only to have the recumbent one ask, "Would you mind taking the fish off, rebaiting the hook, and tossing it back in the creek?"

This was done, and the man commented jokingly, "As lazy as you are, you ought to have some kids to do these things for you."

"Not a bad idea," yawned the fisherman. "Got any idea where I could find a pregnant woman?"



Fellow, in book store: "Do you keep stationery?"
Salesgirl: "Yes, up to a certain point, and then I just go wild!"



The hungover couple dawdled over a mid-afternoon breakfast, after a particularly wild all-night party held in their fashionable apartment.

"Dearest, this is rather embarrassing," said the husband, "but was it you I made love to in the library last night?"

His wife looked at him reflectively, and then asked, "About what time?"

A country agricultural agent picked up the phone with a cheery "Hello".

A woman's voice answered: "Say, I have a flock of chickens, and I want to know how long it will be before I can expect fertile eggs if I put a rooster in with my hens."

"Just a minute," said the agent, as he reached across the desk to get the book containing the information.

"Thank you," replied the lady, as she hung up.

(THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND SPECIALS)

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Voo Doo Doll of the Month

VooDoo's May Doll is 21-year-old Miss Thea Comins, a future model who is presently a student at Bennington. Her phather is a phamous artist who runs an art gallery. As phor Thea herself, well, her interests vary from horsing to skibackriding, and phurthermore, she likes cats and cinder-block phurniture. This summer she hopes to be on T.V., so you might Thea there.





Photos
by
J. B. Eulenberg

gort

Vain
as a
peacock!

Yep...that
Narcissus
is really
stuck on
himself!

All day long he
just stares at his
reflection in that
pool! I'm surprised Gort'd
even speak to him!

Narcissus...are you still
using that greasy kid
stuff on your hair?!



©1963 Michael Kelly

Get rid of that greasy kid-stuff look at

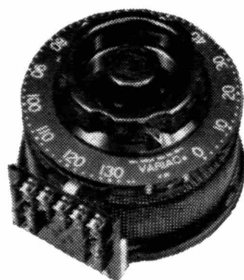
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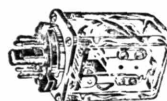
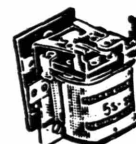
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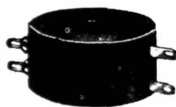


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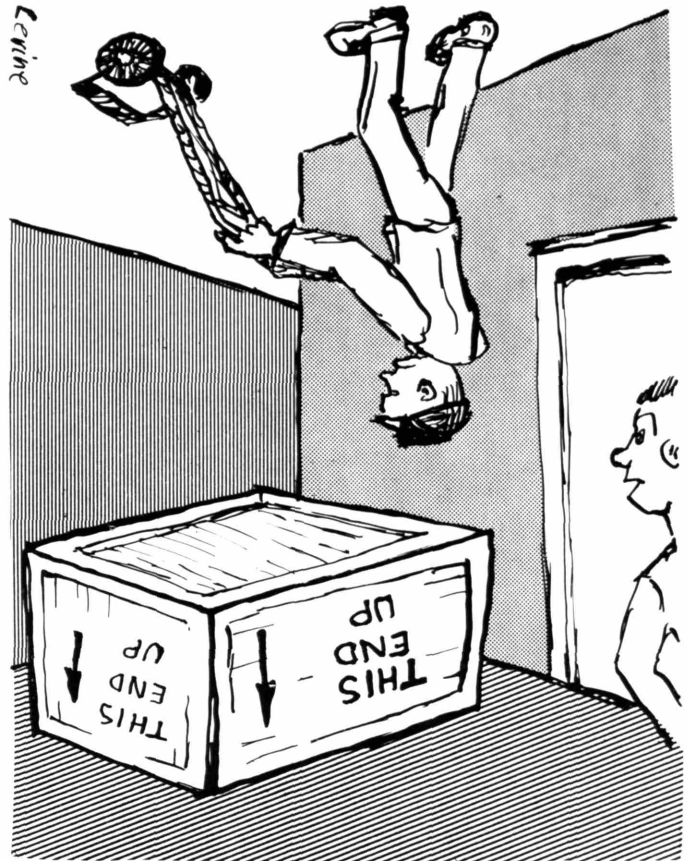


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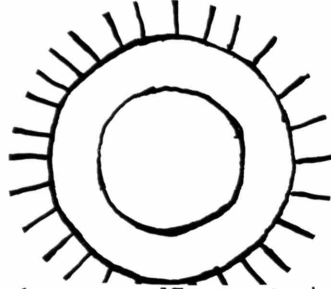
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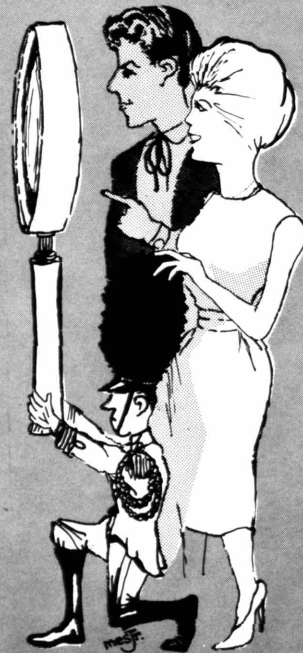
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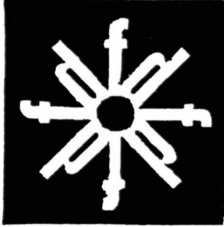
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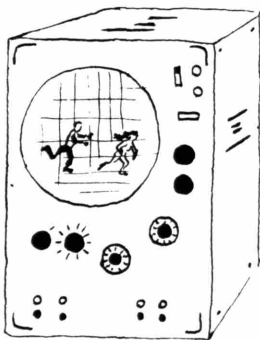
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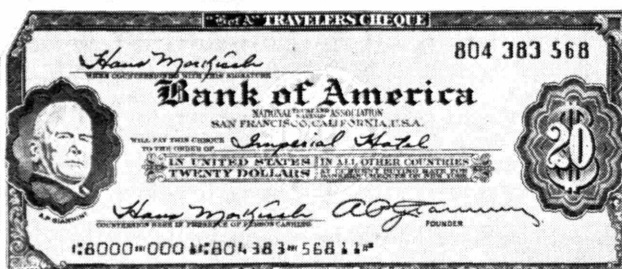
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(Continued from Page 7)

Chapter III

After his modest meal, Bland returned to the hotel and went to the lounge in the basement to join the card game. He found it already in progress and quietly slipped into a vacant space at the table. Bland played cautiously at first, watching the flow of cards. He knew that statisticians said that cards had no memory, but his years of experience had taught him a proper respect for the ebb and flow of luck. Gustator's pile of chips increased while Bland's dwindled.

Bland picked up the five cards dealt face down before him. Q-hearts, Q-clubs, 4-hearts, 8-diamonds, 10-hearts. Bland could sense the return of his luck. He stayed in that round of betting.

"I'll take two," said Bland keeping the three hearts.

Gustator took two cards, and all the players consulted their hands. Gustator bet a blue chip. Two men dropped.

Bland had drawn the queen of spades and queen of diamonds. "I'll see you and raise you two chips, Gustator."

All except Gustator folded. "Alright, Hammer, I have two pair."

Bland was a picture of confidence as he played the next six hands in his own daring fashion. His accumulation of chips, having been reduced to a red one and two blue ones however, made him somewhat suspicious. His well-trained eyes scanned the room. No cameras on the wall, no hidden microphones, no window behind Gustator, in short, no way in which Gustator could be receiving information from an absent party. The surface of the table was non-reflecting, and there were no mirrors in the room nor ash trays or cigarette cases on the table which could be used as mirrors.

So that's his game, thought Bland. He's honest! I'll just have to try harder. His luck can't hold out!

The game was five-card stud. Bland's hole card was a deuce and he had been dealt a three and a four.

I have a chance for a straight, thought Bland. The game was checked around to him and he

threw out a blue chip. Everyone folded but Gustator. On the next round Bland received a six.

Halfway there, thought Bland. All I have to do is get the five to fill the straight. He glanced at Gustator, who appeared bored. "I'm betting the limit," rapped Bland.

Gustator looked carefully at Bland's face cards. A quizzical expression flitted across his face. "What the hell, I'll see you."

The last card was dealt. Bland received a five!

"I'll bet just one red chip," said Bland playing the hand coolly. "No sense in scaring him off," he muttered to himself.

Gustator raised two blue chips. He smiled quietly at Bland.

"See you and raise you, Gustator."

Gustator made up the difference and spread his hand. A pair of kings and a pair of queens.

Bland spread his straight and pulled in his winnings—55 cents. He had scored a major victory. Gustator looked appalled, amazed, and disgusted—simultaneously.

Bland arranged the five cards dealt to him on the next hand. He held the king, queen, and ten of spades and two other tens. He sneered mentally at the statisticians exhilarated by the fever of victory. He saw the first bet and raised it the limit.

"How many cards, Hammer?"

Bland threw away his two extra tens. "Two cards, and make them pretty ones."

Bland drew the jack and ace of spades. Gustator's full house cost him eight blue chips.

"Let's raise the stakes to a quarter limit," suggested Gustator.

High stakes, thought Bland; W. would be furious if I lost. Bland had met this type before. Gustator probably thought nothing of playing for a quarter limit. But now luck was running with him despite the inane babblings of the statisticians.

"Alright," said Bland, "and let's have a side bet of 25 cents as well."

The other players dropped out, muttering, "These stakes are too high for me," and "I thought this was a friendly game." Now it was just Bland against Gustator.

"Since it's only you and I now, Hammer, shall we change the game to chemin de fer?"

"I don't know how to play chemin de fer," rasped Bland. "Suppose we play my game instead."

"Suits me," replied Gustator.

"The game is lickety-split. It's five card stud with sixes and nines wild. You have to pay the value of the pot if you want the card to be wild."

"Well, it's dealer's choice," said Gustator.

The game began with Gustator having a four showing. Bland had a four in the hole and a three showing.

"Check," said Gustator.

"I'll check too," said Bland. It was too early to make any dramatic play.

On the next round Gustator received a nine, and to Bland's amazement did not buy it as a wild card.

Bland received another four and bet the limit.

Gustator stayed in.

The next round Gustator received a three and Bland received a nine. I'm not going to make the same mistake that he did, thought Bland.

"I'm paying for the nine, Gustator," said Bland throwing a handful of chips into the pot. "Want to up the side bet to 50 cents?"

"I'll see your side bet and bet the limit on this round, Hammer."

A lamb going to the slaughter, mused Bland supremely confident of victory. He saw the bet.

The last round gave both men a deuce. Bland looked at his hand. Three fours!

"I'm betting the limit, Gustator," rapped Bland.

Gustator smiled benignly. "I'll see you and raise you the limit."

Bland said, "Of course, I'll see you and raise you again." He threw in his last chips.

Gustator looked at his pile of chips. If he saw the bet, he'd have exactly the value of the pot in chips. He couldn't raise

again.

"I'd like to buy a wild card," said Gustator. "Of course I'll see your bet."

Bland's jaw went slack. He can't do this. But wait, he can. The rules never stated that you must buy the wild cards when you receive them. Devilishly clever!

Both men spread their hands. Three fours, a three, a deuce, in each.

"Let's cut to see who wins the pot," said Bland pulling his shaved deck from his jacket pocket. "Let's use my deck; a fresh deck brings luck!"

"But the statisticians..." began Gustator.

"Pooh! What do they know," retorted Bland. "You cut first."

Gustator took the deck. He quickly cut it and faced the bottom card in the top half of the deck. It was a jack.

Bland lovingly fondled the crooked deck, feeling the edges for the ace of spades which was just slightly larger than the other cards. Ah, there it was! Bland faced the card cut, savoring triumph close at hand.

Gustator went for the pot.

Bland jumped up.

Gustator stood erect with a look of surprise and indignation on his face.

There on the table was the card Bland had cut. It was an eight.

Chapter IV

Bland sheepishly excused himself from the game, needlessly saying that he was broke. He quickly went to his suite to report to W. on the case. The attaché case had not been stolen, and dusting the catch indicated that it had not been opened due to the absence of fingerprints or smudges from gloves. The hair on the closet door was undisturbed. Bland opened the closet and looked behind the panel; the radio was gone!

"How could this be," said Bland. He examined the hair closely. "Not one of my hairs! Devilishly clever, that Gustator."

Just then there was a hurried rap on the door. Bland opened it to discover a tall, thin blonde, her face contorted with agonized fear. Coed-like, she was tasteful-

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ly dressed in a sweatshirt and a simple strand of pearls. Bland admitted her to his apartment.

"You were at that card game, weren't you? You met Rod! You have to help me. You have to save me!"

"We can't talk here," said Bland in a soothing tone, "I know a nice quiet place where we can go."

Bland took her to a popular night spot, the Faculty Club. He parked his car at Westgate, the only lot for which he had a parking sticker. They found a table in the corner and were soon approached by a waiter in a white and blue uniform. The girl ordered a Vodka and water. The waiter turned to Bland.

"I'll have a Typhoid Mary - two parts Charles River water to one part tomato juice with a twist of lemon peel."

He turned to the still-tense blonde, "Now suppose you tell me who you are."

"I'm Trix Sharr, Rod's girlfriend. I've been going with him for about three months now." She leaned toward Bland and murmured in agitated haste, "He's insane. You must help me."

"Why, what does he do that is so terrible?" Bland asked. "Does he paint you purple or something?"

"Worse than that," Trix replied. "It's mental torture! He won't tutor me in physics, he always wears a jacket and tie, he won't curse when he's with me." Her voice dropped. "Worst of all, he brings me home to McCormick before my curfew."

"The bastard!"

Bland's mind raced. This love-starved beauty was ripe for a little seduction, and he needed information. Perhaps he could get enough out of her to tie up the loose ends of the case. That shouldn't be too difficult.

The waiter arrived with the drinks. As Bland reached for the check he saw Mauler walking through the cordon on the arm of Prof. Ignatius Plurp. Prof. Plurp may have taught Bland all he knew about numbers like six but that wouldn't help him explain to Mauler why

he was with Trix after breaking their date. Trix looked up to see the cause of Bland's concern. She quickly concealed her face by opening her mouth very wide.

"Let's leave," said Bland hastily.

"I know a place where we can be alone," said Trix.

Bland quickly computed the bill, adding 5 per cent for old age tax, 2 per cent state tax, 2.5 per cent non-resident dorm tax and a 1 per cent tip. They hurriedly walked out of the club, carefully avoiding Mauler and her date.

"Where to?" asked Bland, revving the engine of his super-charged Chrysler.

"Building 16 and step on it," said Trix, getting into the back seat.

The engine purred in docile obedience, and the couple raced away to Trix's secluded hideaway.

The biology labs on the fifth floor were locked, but Trix had a master key which gave them entry. Bland flicked on the light to discover a large centrifugal drum in the center of the room. It was set into the floor about eight feet deep and had a spiral staircase around a central shaft for easy entry and exit.

"What's the drum for, Trix?" asked Bland.

"Oh, I'm running some experiments on the ability of monkeys to engage in sexual activities while under strong gravitational forces. The centrifugal force of the drum simulates higher gravity conditions similar to the ones which may be found on...."

Bland ceased to hear her voice. If this were a novel, he thought, what a plot! Suave, debonair spy seduces brainy lady scientist to get information. She forgets about her science and becomes a love slave to him, helping to conquer his enemies so that eventually they can be together. Only in misty, murky Cambridge could a love story as torrid as this be told.

Bland's daydreams were shattered by a short shrill scream.

Chapter V

Bland spun around to see Trix falling through the open hatch of the centrifugal drum. He sped down the spiral staircase and lifted her gently onto a padded table-like structure built into the wall of the drum.

"Are you hurt?" asked Bland.

"I think it's my ankle," answered Trix.

Bland carefully examined her ankle, nimbly caressing it with gentle squeezes and strokes. "I don't feel any broken bones," said Bland.

But Trix didn't answer. She pressed a button which turned off the lights and closed the hatch of the drum. Bland got the feeling that she had been through this before. He felt her long thin fingers sliding through his thick black hair. Her breath was hot upon his ear. Bland knew his duty to the Administration and was willing to sacrifice himself for the cause. Bland swallowed hard. His hands slid down Trix's neck and over her full white breasts. His dextrous fingers and educated lips delicately and skillfully caressed her. His mouth found hers, and they sank into the nebulous ecstasy of a deep erotic kiss.

Many minutes later, Trix's glistening white body lay limp beside Bland's tanned physique. Trix sighed and kissed Bland gently on the lips. She turned on the emergency light in the padded drum.

"You look like a guinea pig," Trix giggled.

Bland looked deflated.

"Oh, I mean the way you have that light stripe around the middle of your tanned body."

"I hope at least I'm an improvement over Gustator," quipped Bland.

"I wouldn't know," replied Trix.

"Tell me," Bland continued, "What does Gustator do with his copious free time at the Institute?"

"SLURP."

Bland looked shocked.

"No, silly," Trix continued, "I mean the Special League Undermining Respect for Policy. SLURP is the executive branch of SCROTUM. Right now, they're engaged in smuggling

good food into the dorms to feed the starving, undernourished students on Commons."

Bland turned ashen; his jaw fell slack. He had had no idea that students were not eating their meals at Walker.

"Certainly the students don't eat all their meals in the dorms," said Bland.

"Oh no! SLURP has organized all the restaurants in the area into a syndicate to handle the overflow. As a matter of fact, the syndicate is meeting tomorrow night in the aeronautics lab."

A sudden sense of horror gripped Bland. He could foresee a horde of students refusing to sign for Commons meals, prompted by the syndicate to resist all attempts on the part of the Institute to nourish them with Stuffer's fine cuisine. The Institute would suffer a staggering loss! But this enterprise requires a great investment of capital. Where is the money coming from? Gustator's poker winnings! That must be it! But, why would Gustator want to invest all his capital in SLURP? The answer came to Bland suddenly.

"Of course," Bland said aloud, "Rod is the head of SCROTUM!"

Chapter VI

Trix looked at Bland with a puzzled expression on her face, but before she was able to ask for an explanation, they heard footsteps in the lab outside the drum. With a mighty groan, the centrifugal drum began to turn.

"SCROTUM!" ejaculated Bland, "They must be behind this!"

The angular velocity increased rapidly, and Trix and Bland were pressed against the padded wall of the drum. Bland felt his blood pounding in his ears. Trix was trying to compute the torque of the system, but the gnawing fear that a burst blood vessel in the brain would cause her demise from massive cerebral hemorrhaging kept her from fully concentrating upon the problem.

With great effort, Bland turned his head toward Trix. "I'll try to get to the hatch to stop this thing."

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He slid down to the floor and straining every nerve, managed to get into a prone position. He began crawling toward the central shaft with its spiral staircase leading to the hatch. Beads of perspiration formed on his brow, and the veins and tendons in his arms and neck bulged under the strain. Just a few inches more.

Bland stretched out his arm, groping for the bottom rung of the spiral ladder. Painfully, he slid his fingers around the metal rod. It was hopeless. The centrifugal force was too great — he could not lift himself into an upright position.

Bland wiped the perspiration from his brow with his free hand. Something below caught his eye. There was an opening in the floor of the drum about an inch and a half wide circling the central shaft. He peered through the small hole, trying to force his eyes to focus properly. Under the floor of the drum were the gears that drove the shaft.

"Trix," Bland shouted, "give me your blouse."

"I can't reach it, Mike!" came the reply. "Will my bra do?"

"Yes, pass it down to me."
Trix stretched out on the floor and seized her bra. She reached out to Bland, who extended his free arm. It was no use. If he wanted her bra he'd have to let go of the rod.

Bland released his grip on the lower rung of the staircase and took the bra. He fought his way back to the shaft. Lowering the strap of the bra through the opening in the floor, Bland guided it into the gears.

The elastic stretched — then snapped. With a whirring sound, and a loud metallic grinding, the drum slowed down and stopped.

Bland slumped to the floor exhausted. I'd better see if Trix is alright, he thought.

Trix's body lay limp with fatigue. Bland revived her by gently slapping her cheeks. Trix regained consciousness.

"Shocking, simply shocking," said Bland. "Let's get out of here."

They quickly dressed, and Bland climbed up the staircase and opened the hatch. The lab

was still dark, but Bland could see light streaming into the room around the sides of the door.

Suddenly the light coming under the door was partially blocked. Someone was outside!

"Come on, Trix," nudged Bland urgently.

They scrambled out of the drum and dove through the window onto the roof of the main buildings. Just then the door to the lab burst open, and two men in trenchcoats dashed in, bolos twirling.

Chapter VII

Five more men in trenchcoats were standing on the roof, over the Building Two stairwell. One man checked the stairs through the skylight at frequent intervals. Another scanned the sky with an infrared snooperscope. A third paced the roof as if on sentry duty. The remaining two were engaged in a muffled conversation.

Bland strained his ears to catch their words.

"That helicopter should've been here with the goods by now," one said.

"Give it more time," the second contested, "Transportation of food does require special precautions, you know."

"SLURP agents," muttered Bland. He moved closer to the five men.

A flash of light and a whizzing sound told Bland that a bolo had just been released. He dove for cover, as the bolo wrapped itself about Trix's ankles. Trix tripped and fell from the roof, landing gently on a large rhododendron bush in the Great Court.

Bland whipped out his new bolo, twirled it to activate the inertial guidance system, and released it with a sudden fury. The sleek weapon flashed a short arc and wrapped itself about the necks of two of the SLURP agents. A third agent was struck in the head by a heavy ball and collapsed upon another trenchcoated figure.

"Four down, one to go," Bland remarked casually pushing back a forelock of hair.

Bland heard a sudden whirring. As he spun around, he was blinded by the glaring strobe on top of the Green Build-

ing. He felt a stabbing pain in his thigh where the bolo struck.

I'm hit, thought Bland.

He lost his footing and slipped off the roof. Panic-stricken, he clutched for support and caught the edge of the ledge one story below. Footsteps signified the approach of the fifth agent, but Bland was safely out of sight.

"Too bad about him," Bland heard the agent mumble. "We just wanted to ask him a few questions."

Chapter VIII

Bland stood for a moment in Building seven lobby. He had just visited Trix in the Homberg Infirmary, where the bloodletters had treated her in the classic tradition. She had told him that the syndicate was to meet at seven P.M. that night, but due to her weakened condition, her physician would not permit further interrogation.

Perhaps I should have stopped off to visit Dr. Bender while I was at the Medical Department, mused Bland. Dr. Pretzel Bender, a European refugee, was one of the new breed of psychiatrists, who looked for any kind of conflict to explain an inability to function as long as it was free from the taint of sexuality. The present food situation may be a case of mass hysteria similar to the tuition riots of '62. It was, after all, patently absurd that a normal student would refuse to eat his Commons meals.

Bland looked at his watch. Six-thirty. He had just enough time to meet his contact at Walker Memorial before the meeting was scheduled to begin. He turned around and walked down the main corridor.

At Walker Memorial, Bland made himself inconspicuous by slipping into the line of students waiting for service. Half an hour later he arrived at the large folding doors. A young man in a white smock with the word "coolie" printed on it dashed out and closed the doors.

"Just a moment, my good man!" exclaimed Bland, "I haven't been served yet, and I've been waiting for half an hour."

"Is your name on the late list?" the coolie asked, opening the door slightly.

"Why no," answered Bland,

"You see, I was here in time but...."

The white-jacketed youth closed and locked the doors.

"Damn!"

Bland entered Morse Hall dining room through the green side door. He looked about for the commons checker, who was his prearranged contact. Ah, there she was. A young and obviously pregnant woman dressed in a long black cloak with a sheathed dagger at her belt was peering stealthily from behind the heavy golden drapes, checking the names of students off a list on a yellow card as they filed by.

Bland crept up behind her and tapped her on the shoulder. She jumped forward and froze in fear.

"Lorrie, it's only me, 006.9."

"Oh, thank goodness," said Lorrie Bitchoff turning around. "I'm terribly jumpy. We just got word that G. is in the infirmary."

"G. in the infirmary!" G. was the operations director of Ashdown House.

"Was it SLURP agents?"

"No, she has acute indigestion, but SLURP agents are worrying me too."

"What's the count so far? How does the percentage look?" asked Bland.

"Only 237 of the 2185 students on the rolls have come today, but the doors are already closed."

"I know," said Bland bitterly.

"That's a percentage of..."

"10.823 per cent," said an engineering student (at a nearby table) brandishing a slide rule. He heard us, Bland thought. How clumsy of me. He made a signal and four Judcomm members sprang from behind the pillars and dragged the kicking youth out of the building. The other students in the dining room shuddered. They knew they'd never see their buddy again.

Bland turned to Lorrie. "I have to leave now; the syndicate meets at seven and I'm already ten minutes late. Thanks for the information."

"Good luck," said Lorrie. "We've got to stop SLURP before it's too late."

*To be concluded in
next month's issue.*

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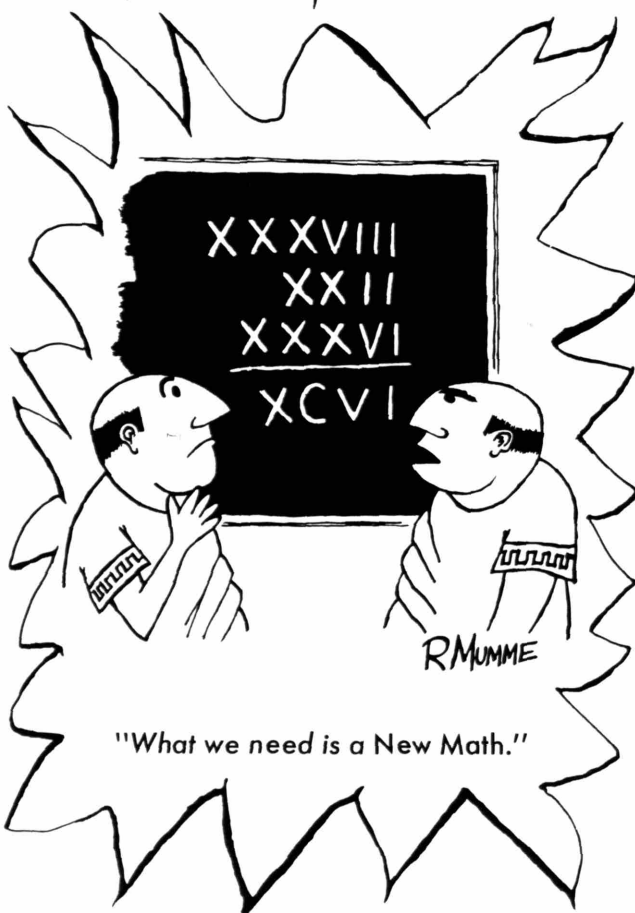
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