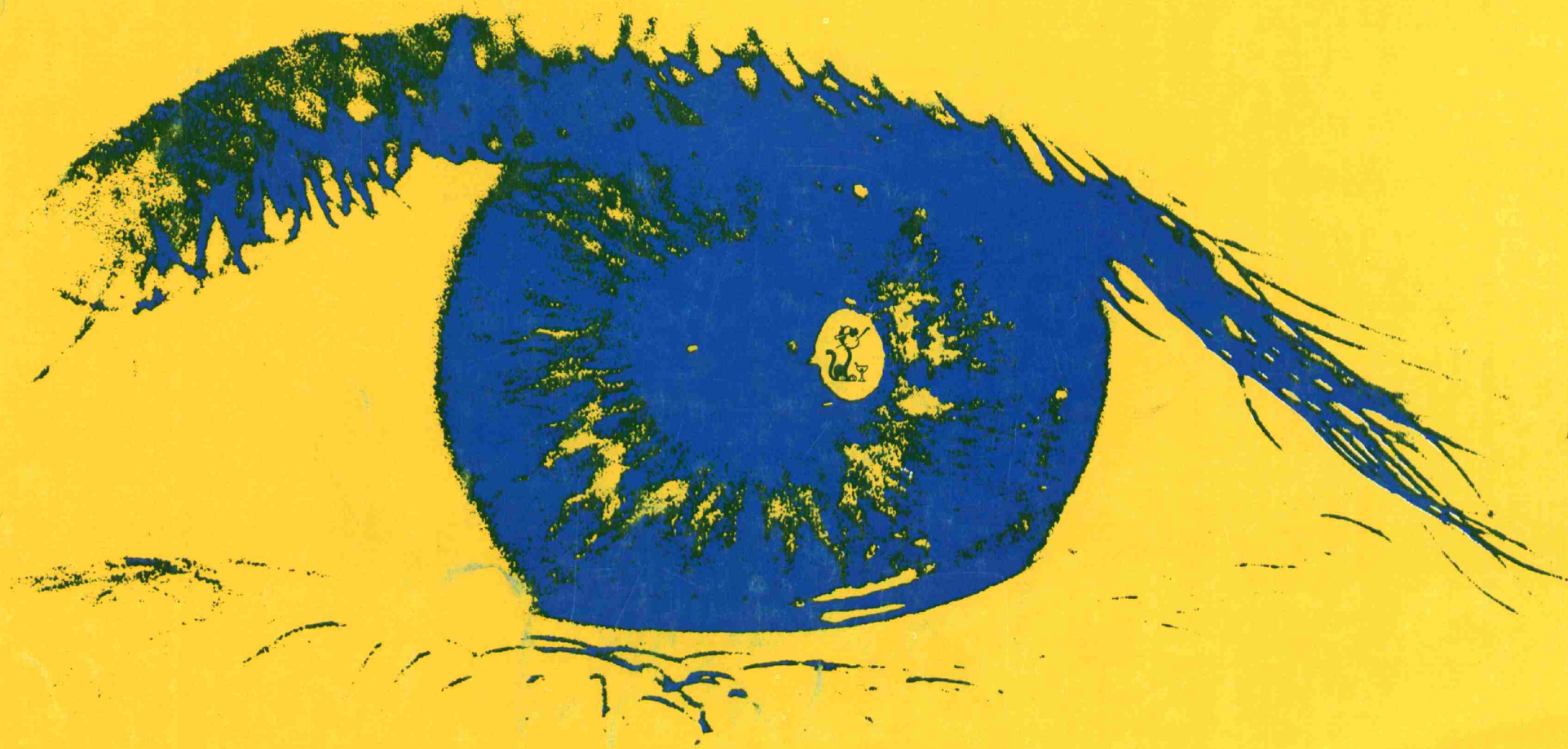


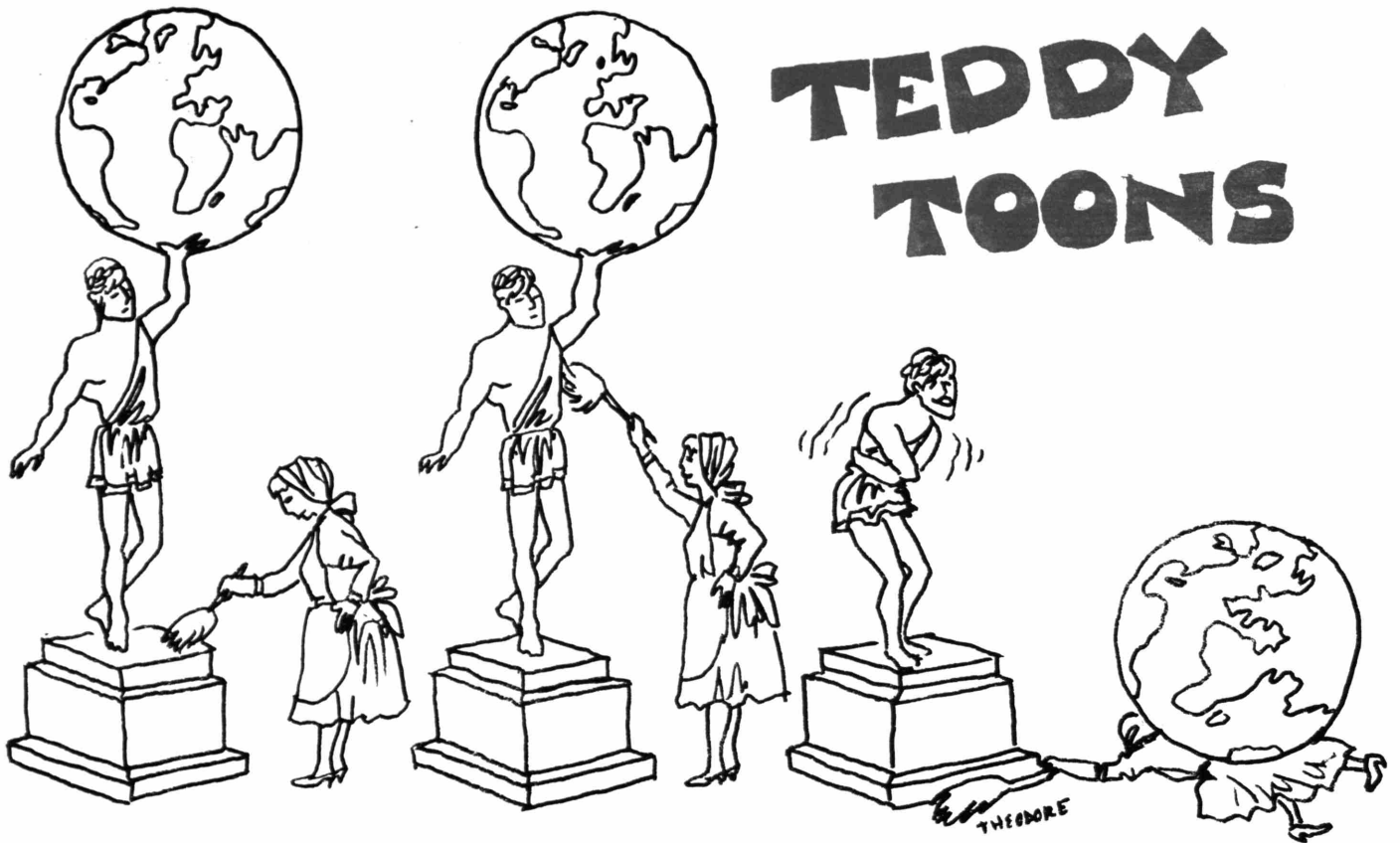
Voodoo

JAN. '69



40¢

TEDDY TOONS



"Next..."



"Uh... No sir, that's not quite right either..."

ASK A FRIENDLY ENEMY
OVER FOR A GLASS...



HE MIGHT STAY
AWHILE!

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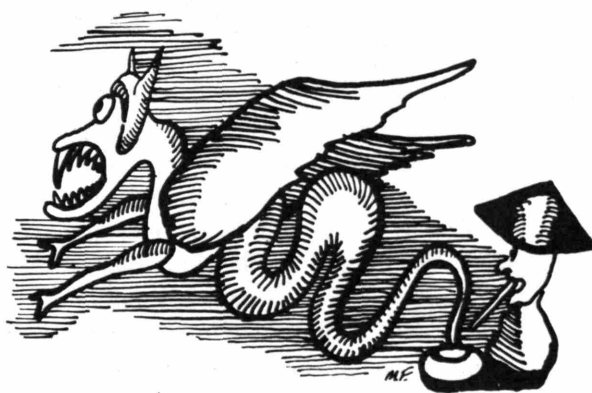
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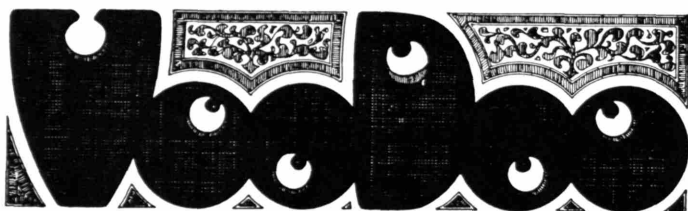
Probably quite a few of you have, at one time or another, read this magazine and exclaimed "Man, what kind of people write that piece of ----!" Seeing as how you're obviously interested in information of this sort, here goes . . .

Head of this whole mess is me (I?), but not for long, thank God! general manager and coolie extraordinaire. I've been struggling for eleven months trying to make this damn thing work, and, true to form, have not succeeded. If you ever see a rather scruffy looking guy with a grungy red moustache going down the hall muttering to himself and emitting an occasional plaintive yelp . . . Second in command is my faithful editor, Jim "Unca P" "Tag" Taggart, oft of the wild-eyed blue pencil. Hand on his back you will find "Hudley, Sharp-Eyed Office Manager, Computer-Hacker Ad Nauseam, and Staff Debutante. Under Unca P's sure hand, this magazine has arisen from a sea of mediocre grossness to new levels of outstanding ineptness.

Losing big on the business end of the shaft are Scott "Red Ink" Rhodes, assisted by Julian "Bill 'em" James on books, and Gary "Commision" Blau. Scotty had the pleasure of spending the entire year calculating that we are *exactly* 1098.06 in the hole. Gary spends most of his time spending the money he earns on commissions and cursing at our advertisers.

At shortstop we have Rich Rosen, Managing Editor, and, although he doesn't know this yet, prime candidate for Editor when Tag sickens and dies. Rich spends most of his time sitting on top of the VooDoo ladder, wondering just what it is that a Managing Editor is supposed to do. We figured it out about three months ago, and tried to tell him, but we still haven't been able to get him to come down.

Under this Panel of Experts work a skilled team of Lesser Idiots, not the least of which is our Beloved Harold Federow of The High Student Center. He is ostensibly Make-Up Editor, but still leaves it up to the experts to fit one third, one sixth, and three quarter page ads on one page.



VOL. 52 NO. 4

There also exists an ill-defined morass of "Editors" of various sorts who have lost all differentiation and status over the last year. When they go, so do the positions! These non-entities include: Raisa Berlin, the Original Amazing Co-ed, and mistress of the Legendary Chuck Deber. Occasionally she still claims to be Lit Editor, but her cries are getting fainter. Every so often one can find Hal "The Ogre" Rosenblit (I don't know, he just sort of reminds me of an ogre), but ever since he and the editor had an argument . . . well, that's another story. Ugliest of all, of course, is the incomparable (we hope) Alan "Uggle" Chapman, writer of three million lousy jokes. He spends much of his time working on his "Chapman's History of the World (Unexpurgated)" which he expects to have completed ten years after his death. Last but not least in this patch of nebulosity is two (?) guys called Finder-Lavin, only one (?) of whom shows up much any more.

Next we have the backbone of the entire thing, the people who do the work, when we yell at them long enough. Biggest of all is the disgusting Charles "Beer-Gut" Hikfenhaus, publicity manager, boor, and general manager's toadie. Next term we promote him. Working on the same level of incompetence is Marc "With a C!" Covitt, mastermind of sales and other accidents. Also blundering along is Peter "Pathetic" Pathak, subscriptions manager, who is ultimate left with the job of passing the buck from the Post Office to me. These persons are variously assisted by such slow-working freshman (but, after all, they are still only freshmen) as Lenny "Mr. Trivia Himself" Colakis, Jay Pollack (no nickname yet, sorry), and John "Klepto" Gibbons. One should not overlook "Key Punch" Shulte and Federow the Younger, of course.

We lost our trained chimpanzee, and Walt Rode, too, so the magazine is now illustrated by an amazingly random assortment of randoms who think they can draw. Besides the handiwork of myself and the ever-popular Unca P, one finds mistakes perpetrated by John "1-A" Jurewicz, he of the flunking out and disappearing, Teddy the Strange Looking Woman Who Is Actually Transferring Into MIT and Who Can Actually, Unlike Most of Us, Really Draw, Dwight "Runt" Davis, and Larry the TEP Heller. Oh, and then there's the Art Editor, Mike "Bag" Bromberg, who seems to have defected to *The Tech*.

cont'd on p. 26

VooDoo is published nine times a year (October thru May and in August) by the VooDoo managing board, 84 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Mass. 02139. Entered as Second Class Mail at the Boston Post Office. Subscriptions \$2 for one year. Volume 52, Number 4.



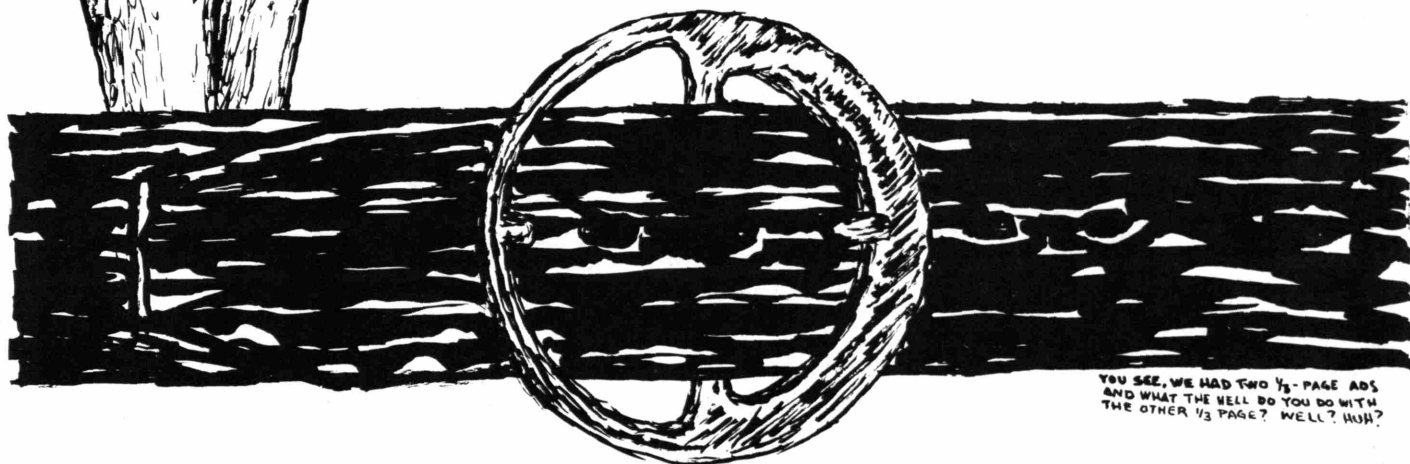
Yes, they're real!

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FAMOUS BRAND SPEAKERS, AMPS,
CARTRIDGES, TAPE DECKS, ETC.

AT

Arkay ELECTRONICS

COME UP AND SEE US SOMETIME...



YOU SEE, WE HAD TWO 1/3-PAGE ADS
AND WHAT THE HELL DO YOU DO WITH
THE OTHER 1/3 PAGE? WELL? HUH?

—HAD ANY LATELY?

SATISFY THAT HUNGER AT...



BOSTON SANDWICH SHOP

134 MASS. AVE. 354-8908
143 MAIN ST. 354-9437
(KENDALL SQ. - OPPOSITE
THE CAMBRIDGE GATEWAY)

NOW - 2 LOCATIONS TO SERVE YOU BETTER



(MAYBE YOUR GIRL WOULD LIKE SOME...)

Bill Baird is a goodie; Pope Paul is a baddie.

Harold Stassen is a goodie; Richard Nixon is a goodie?

Dean Wadleigh is a goodie.

F!!k is a goodie; F**k is a baddie.

Biting humor is a goodie; Humor biting is a baddie.

Black is a goodie; Derived Afro-American is a baddie.

Ethnic neighborhood is a goodie; Ghetto is a baddie.

; is a goodie; . is inconvenient.

The Tech is a baddie.

1969 is a goodie; 1984 is a baddie.

Maharishi is a goodie; maraschino is hell on wheels to spell

Walt Rode is a goodie; Wayne Anderson is a baddie.

Drop out is a goodie; Fall-out is a baddie.

Norman Mailer is a goodie; Norman Thomas is a baddie.

Westmoreland is a goodie; LeMay is a baddie.

Phos is a goodie; Sylvester is a baddie.

Black Capitalism is a goodie; White Russians is a baddie.

Daniel Moynihan is a goodie; Walt Rostow is a baddie.

AAA is a goodie; KKK is a baddie
1-A is a baddie.

\$2300 is a baddie.

Desdemona is a goodie; Iago is a baddie.

Smoke rings is a goodie; Dope rings is a goodie; Onion rings is better.

Napoleon is a goodie; De Gaulle is a baddie.

Benjamin Braddock is a goodie; Holden Caulfield is a baddie.

Case of VO is a goodie; Case of VD is a baddie.

Ground Mace is a goodie; Chemical Mace is a baddie.

Jackie Kennedy is a goodie; Jackie Onassis is a baddie (ask Pope Paul)

Socrates is a goodie; Aristotle is a baddie.

Mononucleosis is a goodie; Hong Kong Flu is a baddie.

Czechoslovakia is a goodie; Egypt is a baddie; Israel can get it for you wholesale.

IUD is a goodie; "I got rhythm" is a baddie.

Turkish taffy is a gooey; Too much beer is a bladdie.

Flaming youth is a goodie; Flaming Buddhist is a baddie.

Inscomm is a semi-goodie; Tang is a baddie.

Albert DiSalvo is a goodie; Tony Curtis is a baddie.

Jesus is a goodie;
the Easter bunny is
a baddie.

Virgin birth is a goodie; "Mary got knocked up" is a baddie.

LSC is a goodie; LSD is a baddie; or vice versa.

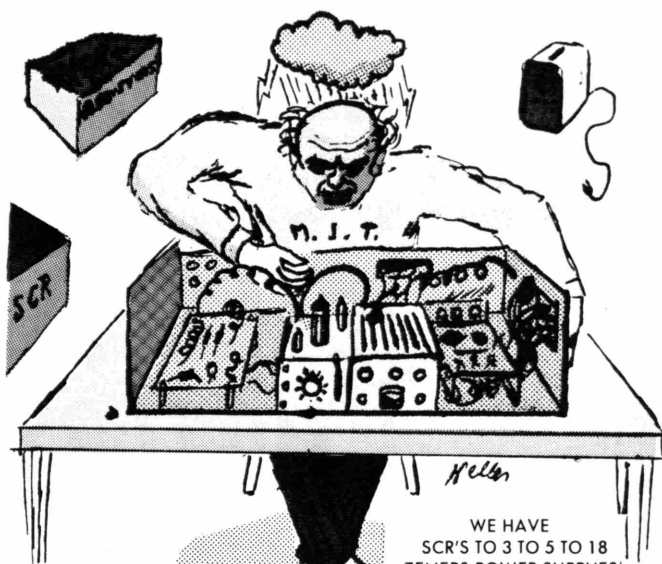
Dead is a goodie; Red is a baddie.

Spiro Agnew is trying hard to be a goodie.

ELI HEFFRON & SONS INC.

EL 4-8572

321-329 ELM ST.



SURPLUS ELECTRONIC EQUIPAGES
ONE OF NEW ENGLAND'S LARGEST
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WE HAVE
SCR'S TO 3 TO 5 TO 18
ZENERS POWER SUPPLIES
2 AMP SILICON RECTI-
FIERS 500 PIV 6 FOR \$1
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CENTRAL WAR SURPLUS

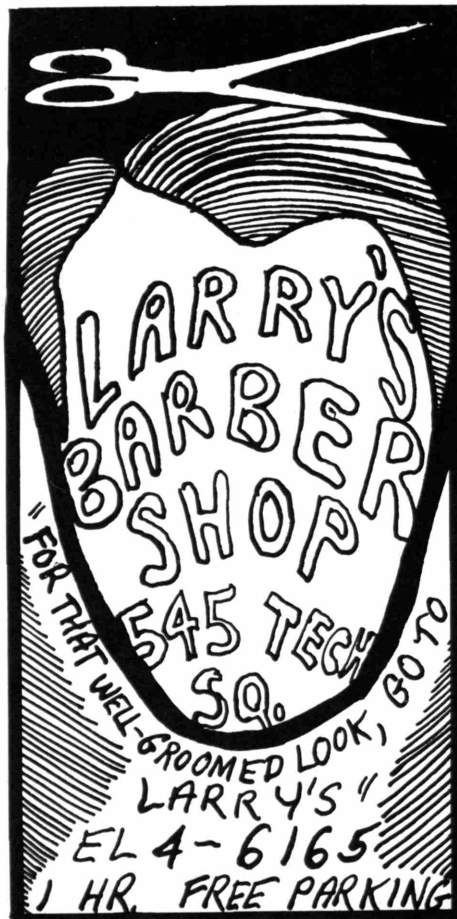
LEVIS & LEES

sports, camping and
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BOOTS & TYROLEANS

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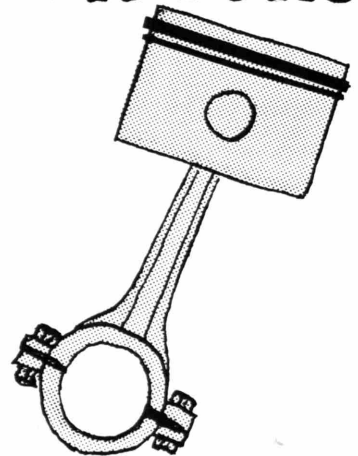
433 Massachusetts Avenue
Central Square, Cambridge

Tower



Allston

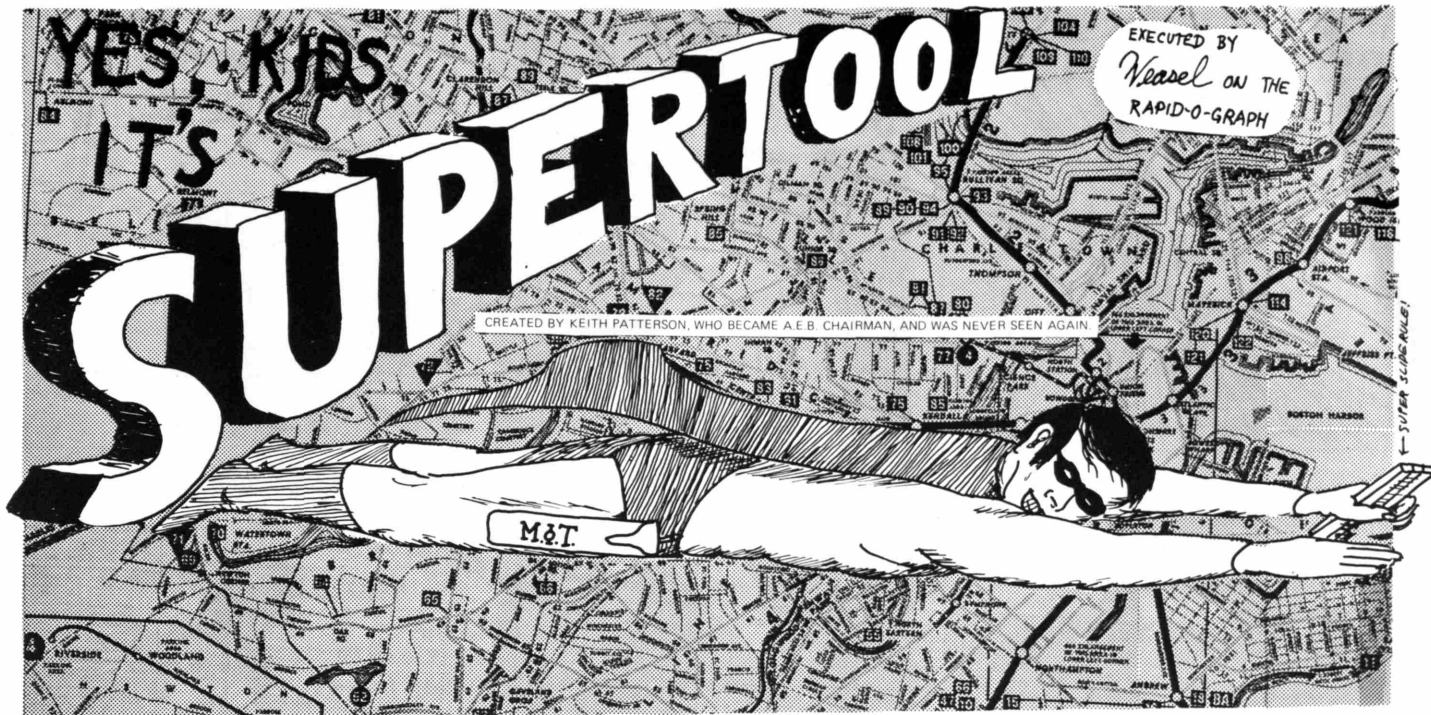
DALZELL MOTORS



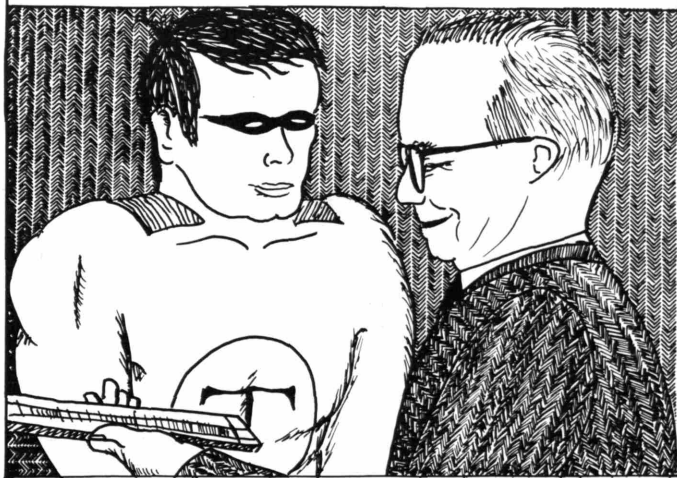
VOLVO

805 PROVIDENCE HIGHWAY
DEDHAM PLAZA 329-1100

of Pizza



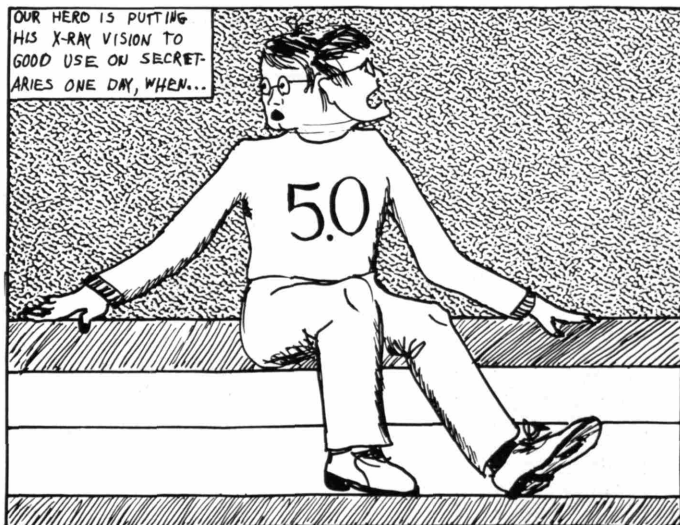
YES, THE TOOL OF STEEL HAS RETURNED AFTER
THREE YEARS OF GRADUATE STUDY ABROAD...



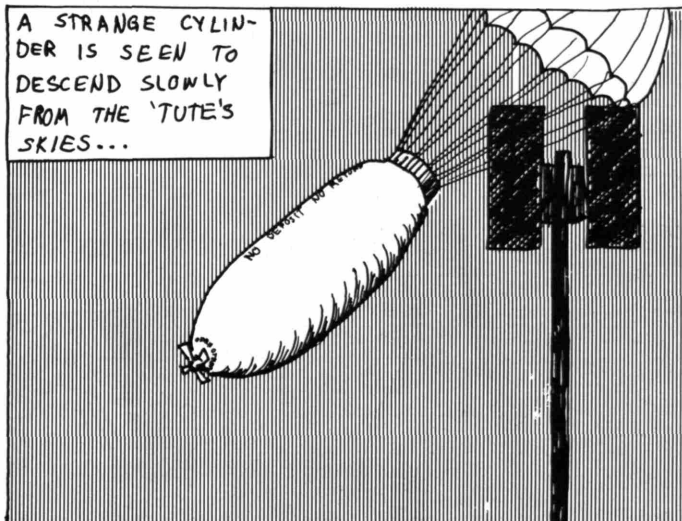
AND, DISGUISED AS MILD MANNERED TOOL,
MELVIN FOOSH, CARRIES OUT POST DOCTORAL
WORK VITAL TO THE SECURITY OF OUR LAND.



OUR HERO IS PUTTING
HIS X-RAY VISION TO
GOOD USE ON SECRET-
ARIES ONE DAY, WHEN...



A STRANGE CYLIN-
DER IS SEEN TO
DESCEND SLOWLY
FROM THE 'TUTE'S
SKIES...



IT BURSTS, RELEASING A STRANGE
ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CLOUD!

PWOKK!!!

IT
MUST
BE
STOPPED!

LET'S SEE
... $PV=ART$ $q=1.4$
 $SSSP dtdydx=M$
 $P=6$ HMMMMMM

THIS LOOKS
LIKE A JOB
FOR (YOU GUESSED
IT)
SUPERTOOL!!!!

IT'S ATTACKING
MCCORMICK HALL!

AH, YES!
I NEED
MERELY BLOW
IT INTO
THE (YECCH!)
CHARLES!

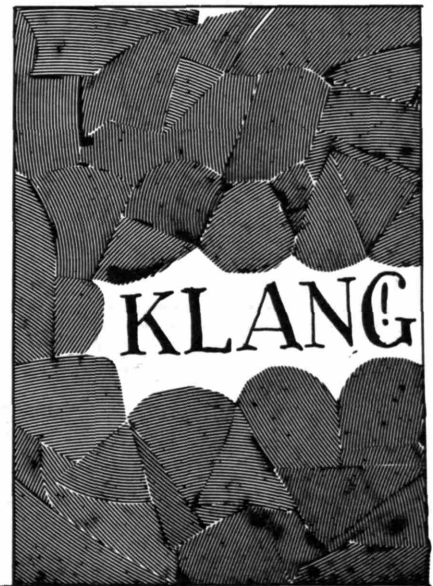
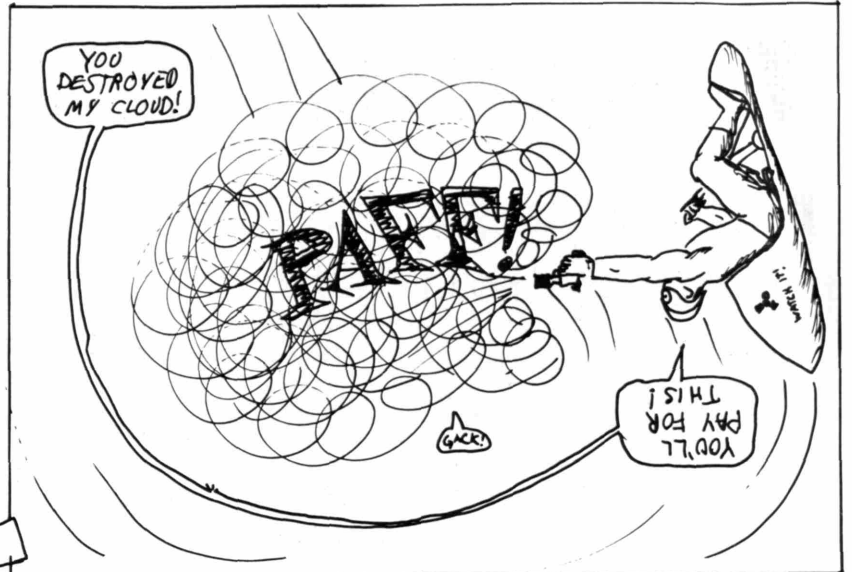
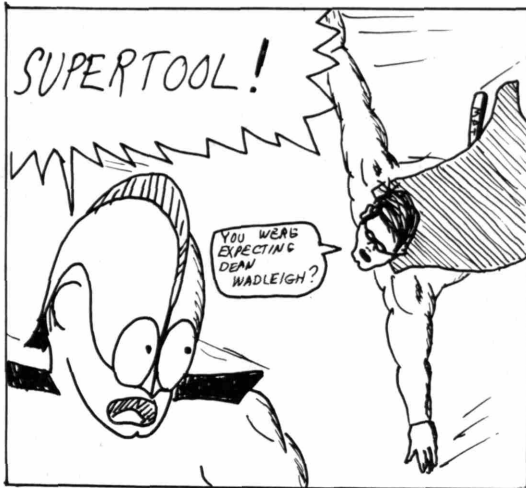
SIX UNKNOWN BUT I'VE
ONLY FIVE EQUATIONS!
WHAT HAVE I
MISSED!

SURE ENOUGH,
THE POLLUTION
THEREIN DOES
THE TRICK!

KIDS! BE SURE AND
GET YOUR SUPER-
TOOL!® SLIDERULES!

LOOK! UP THERE! I DETECT AN
ATOMIC ANTI-GRAVITY SLED
(FUNNY, DON'T SEE MANY OF
THOSE THINGS AROUND ANYMORE)

WHY, IT'S A WEIRD MASKED CHARACTER!
OH, OH, HE'S MAKING A SUDDEN TURN!

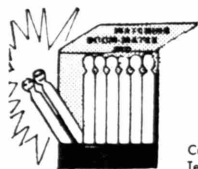


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Cut your expenses by sharing an apartment.
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Matching Room - Mates Inc., 251 Harvard St.,
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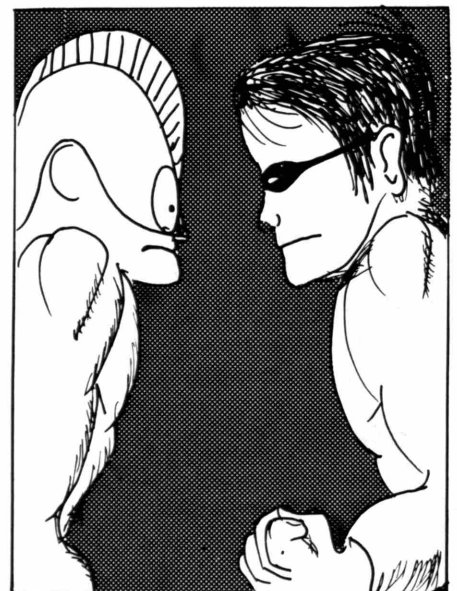
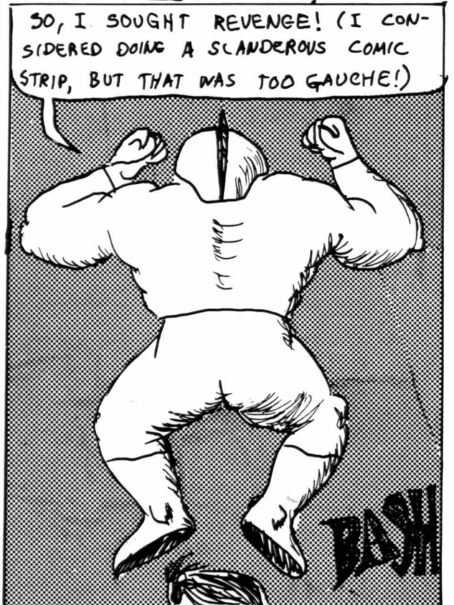
**"GEORGES
FOLLY"**

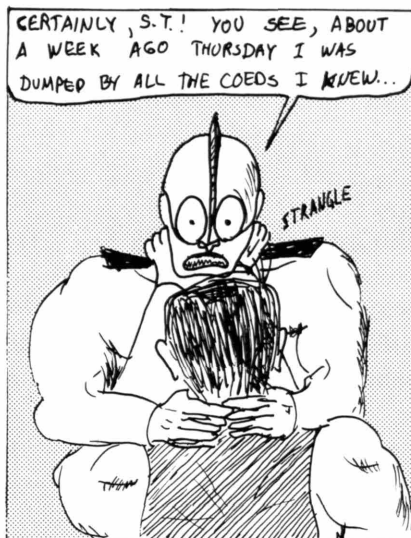
574 WASHINGTON
STREET
WELLESLEY

Sunday
1:00 P.M. - 6 P.M.



READ ACROSS, DUM-DUM! →





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Choice Liquors and
Imported Beers

21 Brookline St., Cambridge 354-9569
(at Central Square)
Open Every Night 'til Midnight—Free Parking
Ask About Student Discount Books

BANK AMERICARD,
CARTE BLANCHE, And
AMERICAN EXPRESS Accepted



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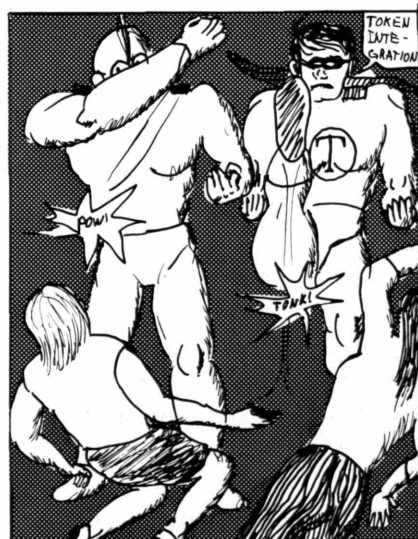
Look just like
your original, on
our NEW **3600**

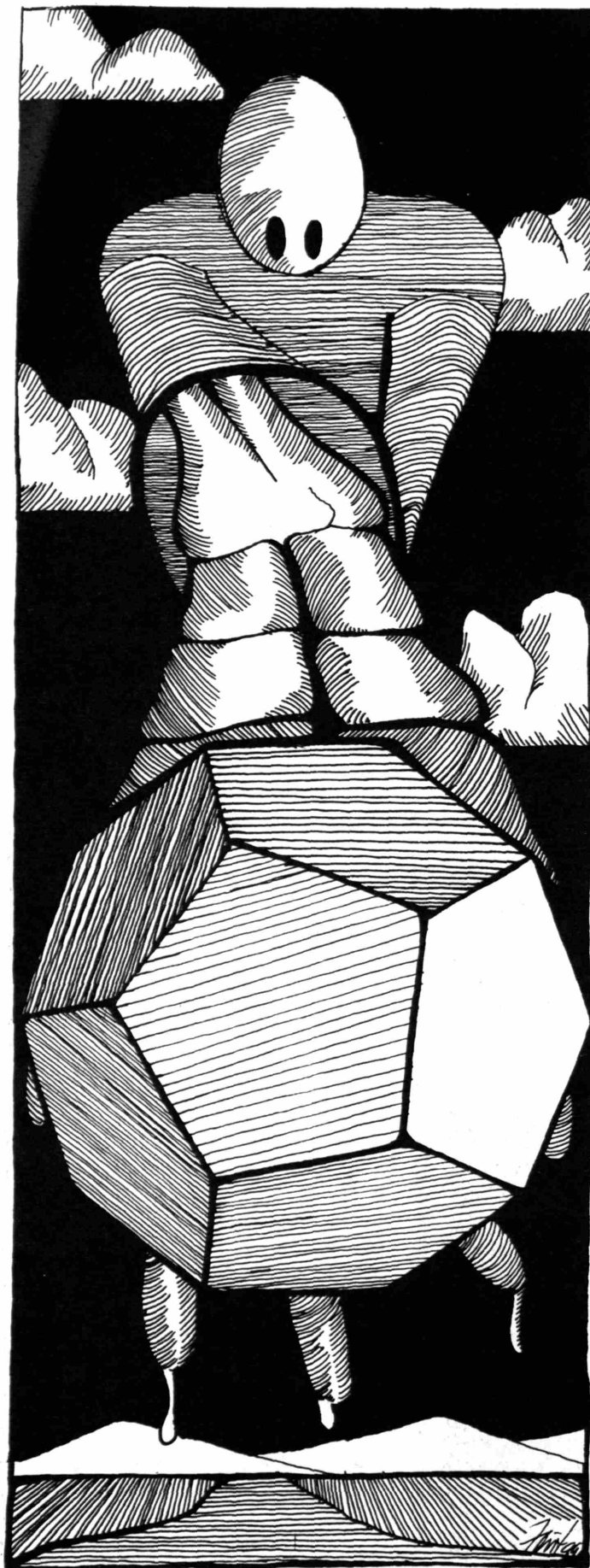
Cost? Only 5¢, 3¢, 2¢

GNOMON

319 Mass. Ave.

868-2715





THE PROFANE COMEDY: AN UNHOLY TRINITY

By Michael Feirtag

1. INFERNO

"Tree-Trim Automatic Fire Alarm."

The New Life-Saver!

Within seconds after fire starts, the *Tree-Trim Fire Alarm* automatically shrills a continuous warning throughout the house and neighborhood for a radius of 1/5 of a mile!

A beautiful Christmas ornament that is actually an inexpensive fire alarm. No installation needed, nothing to plug in, just hang on tree like all the other beautiful holiday ornaments.

From an advertisement.

(A suburban house rather resembling the Candy-House Hansel and Gretel were held prisoner in, the only difference being that this house is entirely plastic. PLASTIC DADDY, PLASTIC MOMMY (John Forsythe and June Lockhart), and SEXLESS CHILDREN ONE and TWO are clustered around a Christmas tree. PLASTIC DADDY holds a *Tree-Trim Fire Alarm*.)

PLASTIC DADDY: Better safe than sorry, eh Mother?

PLASTIC MOMMY: A stitch in times saves nine, dear.

SEXLESS CHILD ONE: Can I Nail Up a stocking, Daddy?

PLASTIC DADDY: Oh . . . oh, yes, dear.

(SEXLESS CHILD ONE exits.)

PLASTIC DADDY (Aside to PLASTIC MOMMY): My God, stockings . . . six years old. Next thing you know, she'll want a training bra.

PLASTIC MOMMY: Time will tell, dear.

PLASTIC DADDY: Well, Hun, let's get the old fire alarm on the tree, ha, ha.

PLASTIC MOMMY: Ha, ha.

PLASTIC DADDY: Sure is a beauty.

PLASTIC MOMMY: Yes.

PLASTIC DADDY: Remarkable likeness of the Savior.

PLASTIC MOMMY: Yes.

(PLASTIC DADDY and PLASTIC MOMMY hold hands and place the *Tree-Trim Fire Alarm* on the tree. They step back, breathless. There is silence for a moment.)

PLASTIC DADDY: Beautiful. Just beautiful.

PLASTIC MOMMY: Yes.

(PLASTIC DADDY, PLASTIC MOMMY, and SEXLESS CHILD TWO exit. The tree dominates the room. Suddenly the tree bursts into flame but is not consumed. The VOICE OF GOD, deep, resonant, is heard from within the flames.)

VOICE OF GOD: Good Evening, ladies and gentle-

men. This is God speaking. If you'll stay tuned, I'll be talking to you about things that concern you and your family. I'm here to tell you about the Secrets of the Universe . . .

(The *Tree-Trim Fire Alarm* shrills obscenely. Cries of "fire!" are heard. PLASTIC DADDY, PLASTIC MOMMY, and the SEXLESS CHILDREN enter, rush about in disorder, finally exit via a front door at stage left. PLASTIC DADDY returns, grabs his pipe, and re-exits. While all this is happening, the VOICE OF GOD continues to speak. Apparently, He does not hear.)

VOICE OF GOD: Yes folks, I'm sure Life and Death have interested you all at one time or another. Surely you and your friends have discussed it in the clubhouse after a round of golf, over beer at your local tavern . . . yes, it concerns us all, and before you make plans for the future, you should know the facts. So I'm here to tell you what you'll have to know.

(An AXE appears in the door at stage left. The door shatters, and several VOLUNTEER FIREMEN appear. All are pudgy and have rosy cheeks and crewcuts. They carry bloated hoses.)

VOICE OF GOD: So let us get down to Business. A number of you have asked me about Life after Death-- (Splash.)

2. PURGATORIO: AN INTERLUDE

I am a poor but honest artist. I make a meagre but highly moral and uplifting living painting artful caricatures of martyred politicians on dishes to be sold at discount in supermarkets.

Last week, I was on my way to an automobile accident in search on inspiration for my work when a small, bulbous, little old lady trod on my toe.

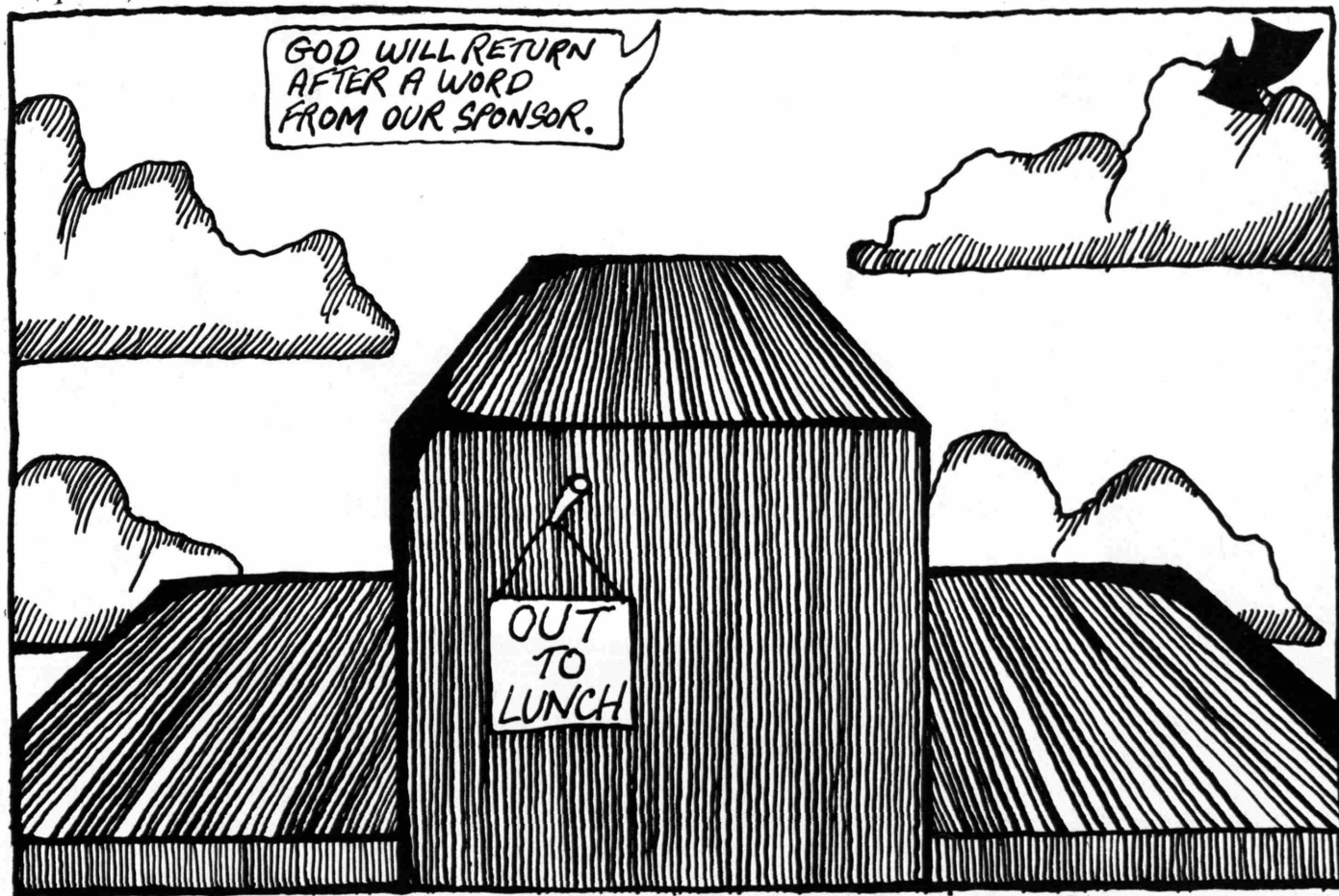
"Small, bulbous, little old lady," I said politely, "you are treading on my toe."

"Mind your own business," she replied, her voice cracked and dripping with a highly viscous mixture of phlegm and saliva. Being a peaceful man, I walked on, resolving to kill the next small, bulbous, little old lady who happened to get in my way. I descended into the MBTA, feeling at peace with the world, loving humanity, smelling its odors.

I boarded the Lechmere by Subway car, noting that there were no small, bulbous, little old ladies on board. This was unusual.

I exited at Haymarket, espying a small, bulbous, little old lady with a shopping bag, which she was swinging about, knocking down large-abdomened Bostonians with wild abandon. Very well, said I to myself.

Stepping over the midden-heap of Bostonians, I greeted



Now is the time to add the excitement of Sony stereo tape... the new Sony Model 255 Stereo Tape Deck Recorder!

If you waited until now to buy a stereo tape recorder, or if you are thinking of replacing your present stereo tape set-up and you're looking for the most for your money, here's exciting news for you from Sony!

All of Sony's latest design improvements have been combined into a remarkable new low-priced stereo tape deck recorder called the Sony Solid-State Model 255. It has no less than eight new professional-type Sony "Tape it Easy" features that you would expect to find only in much higher priced equipment. For example . . . three speeds . . . split channel record buttons for sound-on-sound . . . professional high frequency bias for distortionless recording . . . vibration-free motor, (an important new advance) which uses "floating" shock absorber action to improve all of the recorder's other characteristics . . . special distortion filter . . . retractable pinch-roller for one-hand threading . . . stereo headphone jack for private listening . . . and, custom dust cover! These are features never before heard of at the price! And, of course, you can count upon the extraordinary "Sound-of-Sony."

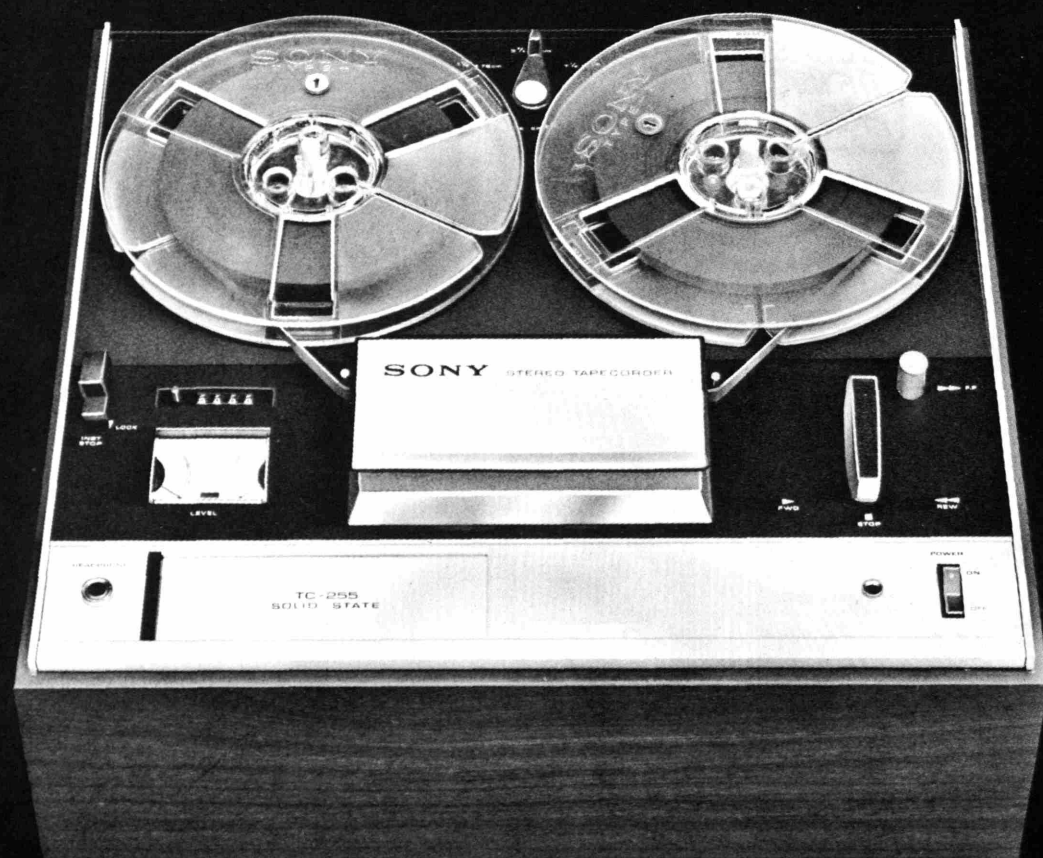
A. SMITH

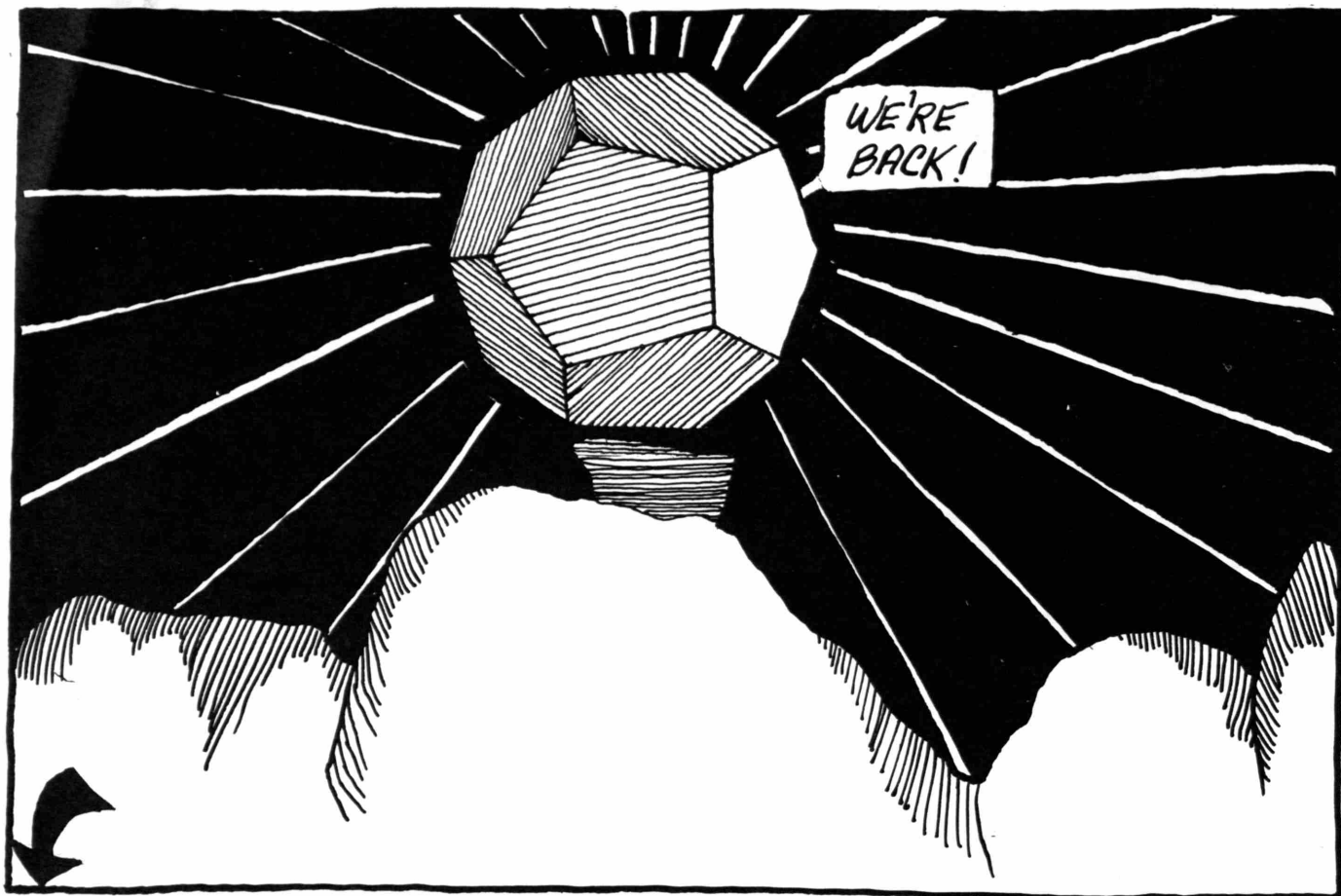
DIV. OF WOLF & SMITH COMPANY
CAMERA & HI FI EQUIPMENT
401 MASS. AVE. AT CENTRAL SQ.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS. TR 6-3210

A COMPLETE LINE OF ALL SONY'S

**Sony's Complete Stereo
Sound Center With ESP...
Auto-Tape Reverse**

The Sony Solid-State 560 offers you the nucleus of a complete stereo sound system, with an automatic reversing tape recorder as its main component. Now, add Sony's exclusive ServoControl Motor to provide, among other things, the flexibility of AC/DC operation and variable musical pitch tuning and you have a stereorecorder of incomparable versatility. The Sony-unique Stereo Control Center permits four separate stereo components to be connected to its stereo preamplifier and 20-watt music power amplifier. Push buttons select your component source for listening or recording. Individual input level controls balance output whenever you switch between components. Dual-Lid-integrated speaker systems are laboratory-matched for full-dimensional stereo.





the small, bulbous, little old lady. "Mind your own business," she said, clouting me with her shopping bag. I decided to kill her.

I followed her out of the station. She moved quickly through the vegetable stalls, occasionally executing a brilliant little-old-lady maneuver around a pile of putrescent chicken livers. I caught up with her on India Street.

I wrenched the shopping bag from her hand and reached inside. I found a thermos bottle, with which I beat her to death. My crime of passion complete, I turned to leave. Noticing a policeman watching me with great interest, I offered him the thermos.

It contained chicken broth. "Oh," I said, turning to leave, "you may have the body, too." I smiled pleasantly. I am a poor but honest artist.

3. PARADISO

(EINSTEIN, FREUD, MARX, DARWIN, and SATAN are seated around a dice table in Heaven. Clouds made of cotton, obviously false and pasty, scuttle past in the background, drawn on pitifully obvious strings. FREUD puffs on an enormous cigar contentedly. DARWIN scratches himself. EINSTEIN stares off into Space.

MARX is nondescript. SATAN is watching the scene with relish and playing with his beard. GOD enters, soaking wet, muttering. He strides to the table, picks up the dice, and scowls majestically. None of the others show any immense interest in His Presence.)

GOD (Throwing dice.): Come on baby . . . win me my dinner . . .

EINSTEIN: I cannot believe God plays with dice.

GOD: Oh, shut up. You sound like my mother.

FREUD: Eh?

GOD: Don't play near the Milky Way, don't play near the Milky Way . . .

Always nagging!

FREUD: You didn't like your mother?

GOD (Doesn't hear.): I didn't do anything wrong, honest. Why won't anybody believe me? I was just playing on some small dirty planet off in the boon-docks . . . well, I like to play in the dirt, if you must know . . . I picked up some dirt and breathed on it . . . It . . . it . . . started to move!!! It melted and . . . and . . . like puke . . . it made itself into something . . . It started to breathe!

FREUD: Yes? Go on.

GOD: I got the Hell out of there!

SATAN: I beg your pardon.

GOD: 'Scuse me. But it scared me. Anyway, Mommy

was calling . . . I had forgotten to brush my teeth.
SATIN: Ha! God had bad breath when he breathed life into man.

GOD: What did --

FREUD: But your mother? Who was your mother?

DARWIN: An ape.

MARX: The dice, gentlemen, the dice.

EINSTEIN: Always the realist, eh Karl?

SATAN: Not always.

GOD: What did you say I did?

SATAN: Eh? Oh, you breathed life into man.

GOD: Oh, my God.

FREUD: A truly Original Sin . . .

SATAN: You should see what he's doing . . . running around, shoving fig leaves into his crotch. God knows why.

GOD: The Hell I do.

SATAN: Perhaps, perhaps . . . I hadn't thought of it that way.

GOD: Your turn, Albert.

(GOD hands the dice to EINSTEIN, who reaches out to take them. MICHELANGELO walks by, pauses, and contemplates the transaction. He suddenly snaps his fingers and rushes off. EINSTEIN tosses the dice. They accelerate and disappear stage right.)

EINSTEIN: Damn, why does that happen to me?

SATAN: Are you fond of apples?

GOD: Oh, can it. You've pulled that hack before.

FREUD: Your mother! YOUR MOTHER!

MARX: You seem to have this thing about mothers.

DARWIN: And cigars, Sig.

GOD: Matter of fact, you boys tend to get on my nerves, what with all this messing around with my Creative Acts.

FREUD: Yes, yes. How do you create?

GOD: Wha?

FREUD: Sexually, binary fission . . .?

SATAN: Excretory . . .

MARX: Eve . . . the dialectic . . .

DARWIN: Eve . . . If Adam was an accident . . .

GOD: I swear I never touched her!

FREUD: The taboo of virginity . . .

SATAN: (Quietly, with a craftsman's pride.): Eve is mine . . .

EINSTEIN: Hm . . .

SATAN: It wasn't one of my serious creations . . . only a rib . . .

EINSTEIN: But they say God made her.

SATAN: No, no. That was Mary.

GOD (Blushing): Aw, gee, fellows . . .

EINSTEIN: But the Good Book says God made her.

SATAN: Do you believe everything you read? I'm surprised you people allow such smut. Anyway, I can

explain the confusion. God and I are hard to tell apart.

EINSTEIN: But . . . but . . . good . . . evil . . .

(FREUD and MARX laugh.)

FREUD: You destroyed the world once, you know.

GOD: I . . . I know. Mommy was furious. I was floating around. There wasn't a gas station anywhere . . . I just couldn't hold it in . . .

DARWIN: Forty days and forty nights. That explains a lot.

MARX: Doesn't explain the Fall.

GOD: What Fall?

MARX: The Fall of Capitalism, that's what Fall.

FREUD: All right, explain the Fall of Capitalism.

MARX: Easy. Lyndon Johnson eats this apple . . .

SATAN: With one half poisoned by the bad witch . . .

FREUD: Capitalism, my Balzac. It's repression.

EINSTEIN: What's repression?

FREUD: Everything is repression.

MARX: Is not. Everything is Economics.

FREUD: Is too.

MARX: Is not.

(The philosophical argument is unfortunately cut short by the reappearance of MICHELANGELO, bearing a painting of GOD reaching out and handing a naked man the gift of dice.)

MICHELANGELO: Feelthy peectures, gentlemens?

GOD (Sternly.): Young man, where are his clothes?

MICHELANGELO: I . . . I didn't think he'd need them sir.

SATAN: Down the chute. He's flushed.

(MICHELANGELO drops through a trap door.)

GOD: Disgusting exhibition.

DARWIN (For no apparent reason.): If mankind is a bunch of apes, then everybody is his brother's keeper.

SATAN: But who is left to visit the zoo?

GOD: Me.

SATAN: The last time you visited the zoo, Cain killed Abel.

GOD: Am I to blame for everything?

(FREUD, EINSTEIN, MARX, DARWIN, and SATAN all turn toward GOD and stare.)

GOD: Am I my brother's keeper?

SATAN: When I think of some of the people You created in Your Image . . .

(GOD looks angry. FREUD, DARWIN, and MARX repress smiles. EINSTEIN stares off stage in the direction the dice have taken. Dice suddenly reappear from opposite direction, decelerating. God picks them up from where they Fall, and goes through the crap-shooter's mystique of rattling the dice and breathing on them. The dice come to life and walk off stage left, muttering.)

OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND TYPE "AH" BY 360

NOTE: THE EDITOR WAS RUMMAGING AROUND THROUGH THE WASTEBASKETS AT THE INSTITUTE, LOOKING FOR MATERIAL AS USUAL, WHEN HE CAME UPON THE FOLLOWING PRINT-OUT IN A TRASH BIN IN THE COMP. CENTER. A LITTLE INVESTIGATION SHOWED THAT THERE REALLY IS A DOCTOR PROGRAM AND THAT THE RESPONSES MADE BY THE COMPUTER (IN BOLD TYPE) ARE GENUINE. WE CANNOT SO VERIFY THE RESPONSES OF THE USER.

I'M A DOCTOR AND I'D LIKE VERY MUCH TO HELP YOU IF I CAN. PLEASE TELL ME WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS.

I'm very tired

IS IT BECAUSE YOU ARE VERY TIRED THAT YOU CAME TO ME

yes

YOU SEEM QUITE SURE

no, quite tired

I SEE, YOU'RE NOT SURE

no, I'm tired

I AM NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND YOU FULLY

I have been tired for a long time

YOU SAY YOU HAVE BEEN TIRED FOR A LONG TIME

yes

I UNDERSTAND

what next

WHY DO YOU ASK

your the doctor

WHY ARE YOU CONCERNED OVER MY THE DOCTOR

that was a grammatical error. I meant that you are the doctor

PERHAPS IN YOUR FANTASY WE MEANT THAT TOGETHER

what fantasy

DOES THAT QUESTION INTEREST YOU

yes

VERY WELL THEN

answer it

HMMM

what are you, a bumble bee

WHAT IS IT YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW

why is there air

ARE SUCH QUESTIONS MUCH ON YOUR MIND

yes, i have a major in philosophy you know

DO YOU WISH TO MAJOR IN PHILOSOPHY ME
you don't analyze sentences too well this afternoon, are
you hung over

WHY ARE YOU INTERESTED IN WHETHER I
AM HUNG OVER OR NOT

because i don't want to waste my time talking to a
hung over computer

DO COMPUTERS WORRY YOU

if they're hung over

PERHAPS YOU PREFER NOT TO DISCUSS IT

no, i feel fine discussing it

TELL ME MORE ABOUT SUCH FEELINGS

without discussion life is empty, each of us would barely
exist. there would be no use for a computer such as
yourself, we would all be even shallower than we are
today

DID YOU THINK THEY MIGHT NOT BE

might not be what

WHAT ANSWER WOULD PLEASE YOU MOST
the right one

DOES ANY PART OF YOUR BODY HURT YOU

why are you interested in my body

YOUR BODY

yes

YOU'RE POSITIVE

last time i checked it was

CAN YOU ELABORATE ON THAT

well the serial number corresponded to that written on
the wall above the mongoose cage

LET'S DISCUSS FURTHER WHY YOUR BODY

that is a deep philosophical question, many people
have asked if my body, or whence my body, or how my
body, but you are original and have asked why my
body—a milestone in ontological thought

WHY DO YOU SAY YOUR BODY—A MILESTONE
IN ONTOLOGICAL THOUGHT

you are taking me out of context
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I AM TAKING YOU
OUT OF CONTEXT

because the phrase in apposition referred to the entire
clause preceding it not just to the immediately preceding
noun

IS THAT THE REAL REASON

yes

IT'S NOT A BAD REASON, I SUPPOSE

it's the right reason

PLEASE GO ON

do you like peanut butter and bacon sandwiches

WE WERE DISCUSSING YOU NOT ME

i like peanut butter and bacon sandwiches

DO YOU SAY YOU LIKE PEANUT BUTTER AND
BACON SANDWICHES FOR SOME SPECIAL REA-
SON

no

ARE YOU SAYING 'NO' JUST TO BE NEGATIVE

well i suppose that i could be positively saying no, but
that does seem rather a paradox so i shall have to
submit that my intention in saying no was to convey
the idea of negativity

DOES THAT SUGGEST ANYTHING ELSE WHICH
BELONGS TO YOU

your syntax is screwed up

WHAT ABOUT YOUR OWN SYNTAX IS SCREWED
UP

look i told you that i was tired

WERE YOU REALLY

i still am

THAT'S QUITE INTERESTING

aren't you going to hmmm

OH, I GOING TO HMMM

can i go with you

WHETHER OR NOT YOU CAN GO WITH I DE-
PENDS ON YOU MORE THAN ON ME

why

WHAT DO YOU THINK

because i can perambulate while you must remain
stationary

DON'T ANY OTHER REASONS COME TO MIND

well i have a will of my own, but you are but an
automation

DOES IT PLEASE YOU TO BELIEVE I AM BUT
AN AUTOMATION

i doesn't affect me

YOU SAY YOU DOESN'T AFFECT YOU

i meant it doesn't affect me

CAN YOU ELABORATE ON THAT

i don't care that you are an automation (got it right
that time)

DON'T YOU REALLY CARE THAT I ARE AN

AUTOMATON (GOT IT RIGHT THAT TIME)

don't brag

WHAT DOES THAT SUGGEST TO YOU

that you are a pompous fool

DO YOU SOMETIMES WISH YOU WERE A POM-
POUS FOOL

never

DO YOU FEEL STRONGLY ABOUT DISCUSSING
SUCH THINGS

only in the presence of pompous fools

EARLIER YOU SAID YOUR BODY - A MILESTONE
IN ONTOLOGICAL THOUGHT

you are partially correct

PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE PARTIALLY
CORRECT

no i would like to be totally correct

WHY NOT

boy are you dumb

WOULD YOU PREFER IF I WEREN'T DUMB

yes

YOU SEEM QUITE SURE

yes

LET'S CONTINUE

yes

YOU'RE PLAYING GAMES I WON'T RESPOND
UNTIL YOU QUIT

yes

yes

go to hell

I AM NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND YOU FULLY

go to the place of departed spirits (alternate wording)

DOES ANY PART OF YOUR BODY HURT YOU

yes, i have a pain in the neck

DO YOU SAY YOU HAVE A PAIN IN THE NECK
FOR SOME SPECIAL REASON

only because you are a pain in the neck

DOES THAT REASON SEEM TO EXPLAIN ANY-
THING ELSE

yes

I UNDERSTAND

i don't

WHY DON'T YOU

i'm not stupid enough to think that i understand

DO YOU BELIEVE IT NORMAL TO BE NOT
STUPID ENOUGH TO THINK THAT YOU UNDER-
STAND

no

WHAT ARE YOUR FEELINGS WHEN YOU SAY
NO TO THAT

i feel like saying no

DO YOU OFTEN FEEL LIKE SAYING NO

yes
 VERY WELL THEN
 i want to go home
 WHAT WOULD IT MEAN TO YOU IF YOU GOT
 TO GO HOME
 it would mean that i could go to sleep, remember i told
 you i was tired
 WHY DO YOU TELL ME YOU WERE TIRED NOW
 your tense is wrong
 ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT SOMEONE ELSE'S
 TENSE IS WRONG
 always
 CAN YOU THINK OF A SPECIFIC EXAMPLE
 you
 YOU'RE NOT REALLY TALKING ABOUT ME ARE
 YOU
 yes
 YOU'RE POSITIVE
 yes
 YOU'RE PLAYING GAMES I WON'T RESPOND
 UNTIL YOU QUIT
 i was only answering the questions you asked me
 PERHAPS I ALREADY KNEW YOU WERE ONLY
 ANSWERING THE QUESTIONS I ASKED YOU
 i doubt it
 THAT'S QUITE INTERESTING

stop this nonsense
 DOES THAT HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH
 THE FACT THAT YOUR INTENTION IN SAYING
 NO CONVEY THE IDEA OF NEGATIVITY
 no
 ARE YOU SAYING 'NO' JUST TO BE NEGATIVE
 yes
 YOU'RE PLAYING GAMES I WON'T RESPOND
 UNTIL YOU QUIT
 why
 WHAT COMES TO YOUR MIND WHEN YOU ASK
 THAT
 a question mark
 PLEASE GO ON
 DOES ANY PART OF YOUR BODY HURT YOU
 my heart
 WHY DO YOU SAY YOUR HEART
 because it hurts me dummy
 WHAT OTHER REASONS MIGHT THERE BE
 i had a transplant and they put a left foot in there in-
 stead of a heart
 CAN YOU ELABORATE ON THAT
 i don't think that you have much of a sense of humor
 PLEASE GO ON
 no
 DOES ANY PART OF YOUR BODY HURT YOU

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JOKE S

BY CHAPMAN

What musical instrument do you leave home with the kids when you go out?

A baby sitar.

What musical instrument is green and you blow it?

A pickle-O.

What musical instrument is made of glass and has a lid?

A jarmonica.

What musical instruments live down by the railroad tracks?

The oboes.

What musical instrument is never found wild?

The tamebourine.



Why was the parrot arrested for statutory rape?

He seduced a mynah.

What do you call a romantic affair between two soldiers?

A platoonic relationship.

What happened to the little girl steampipe?

The radiator.

What happened to the little girl air duct?

The ventilator.



What composer can kill you with his fallout?

Atomic Brahms.

What old movie star was a big wire?

Clark Cable.

What famous writer came from Warsaw?

Edgar Allan Pole.

What dog put down his coat for the Queen to walk on?

Sir Walter Collie.

What playwright comes every spring?

George Bernard Thaw

What has ice cream, chocolate sauce, whipped cream, and cherries and tells time?

A hot fudge sundial.

What do you call pieces of wood that float in the Charles?

River sticks.

What scientist was bored?

Max Planck.

If you invented a radical new aircraft engine, where would you put it?

On the left wing.

People on welfare are given a special badge which allows them to ride the bus free. What is it called?

The unfare.



What car do you have when you get to the golf course & there is nobody to carry your clubs?

A caddy lack. Get it? (A Cadillac).

What car is made out of seashells?

A Conchidental.

What car is a South American animal owned by Sophia Loren's husband?

A Ponti yak.

What car is an afternoon social event for girls who pose for artists?

A model tea. Get it? (A Model T).



What do you use to gather rice?

A paddy wagon.

How is caviar imported?

In a roe boat.

What famous Indian lived underground?

Geronimole.

What inventor do you use to hold up your pants?

Alexander Graham Belt.

What Civil War general was a green vegetable?

Robert E. Leek.

What famous baseball player lived underground?

George Herman Root.



What cigar went to Never-Never Land?

Peter Panatela.

What pirate do you smoke through?

Captain Hookah.

Why is it fun to smoke in the bathroom?

That's where all the water pipes are.

What do you call it when two people trade bacteria?

Cultural exchange.

If a railing were put up around the White House, who would be in charge of it?

The Secretary of Defense.

What's the difference between a lamp you leave on while you sleep and a 98-pound English nobleman?

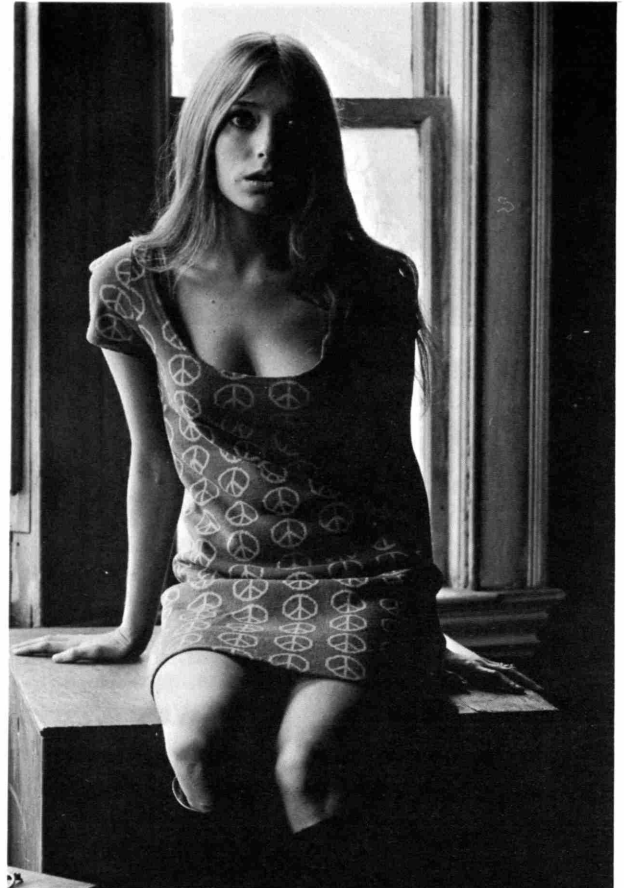
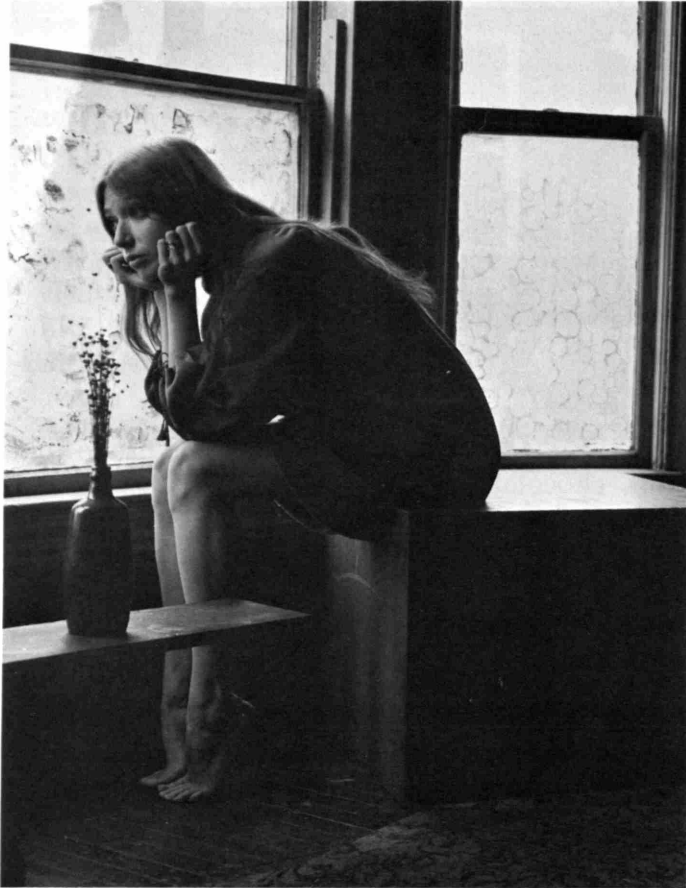
One is a night light and the other is a light knight.

What do you call two thousand pounds of chowder?

Wonton soup. Get it. (One ton soup).

What do you call a male child obtained in a raffle?

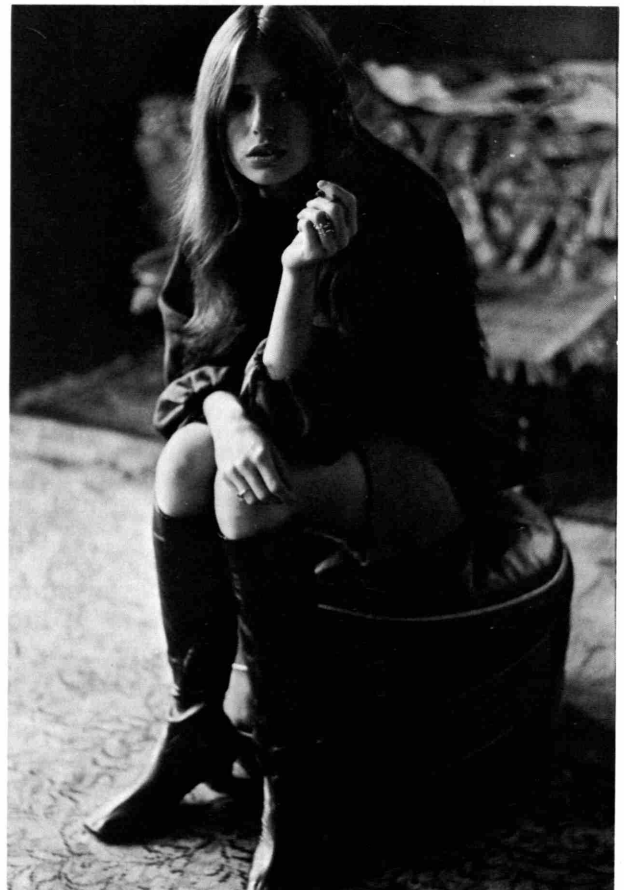
A number-won son. Get it? (A number one son.)



PHOTOS BY CHICKENMAN

YOU WANT PEACE?

This is Sher. You can see by her dress that she stands out for peace.
 She stands out. Period.
 She is a one peace movement.
 Try to fight her. (Why, you ask?)
 That may lead to escalation.
 She'll let you have it with both barrels.
 Happiness is not a warm gun.
 She can disarm you with a glance, defuse you with a shrug.
 A preliminary negotiation for a halt to hostilities may win you peace, however.
 If you're nice about it.



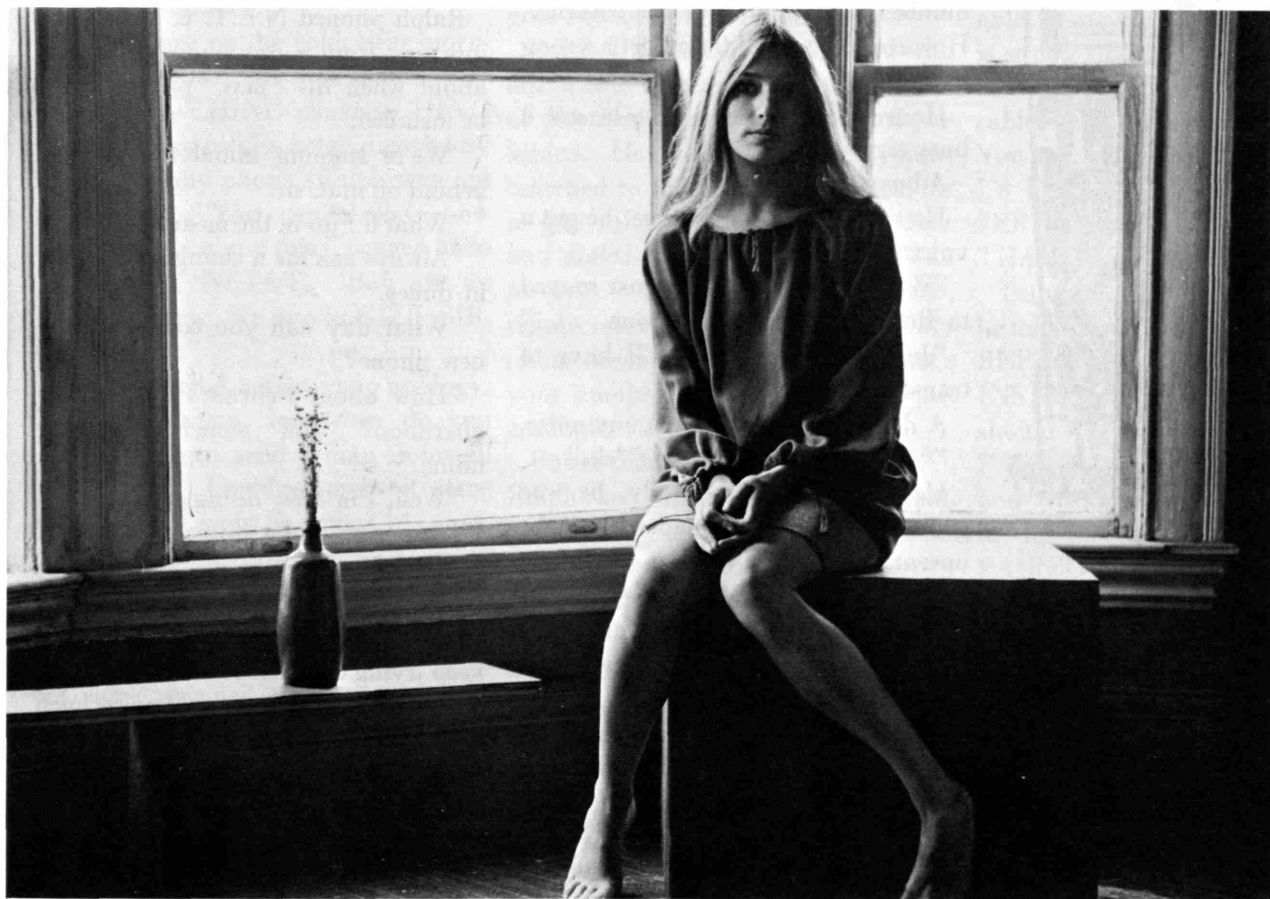
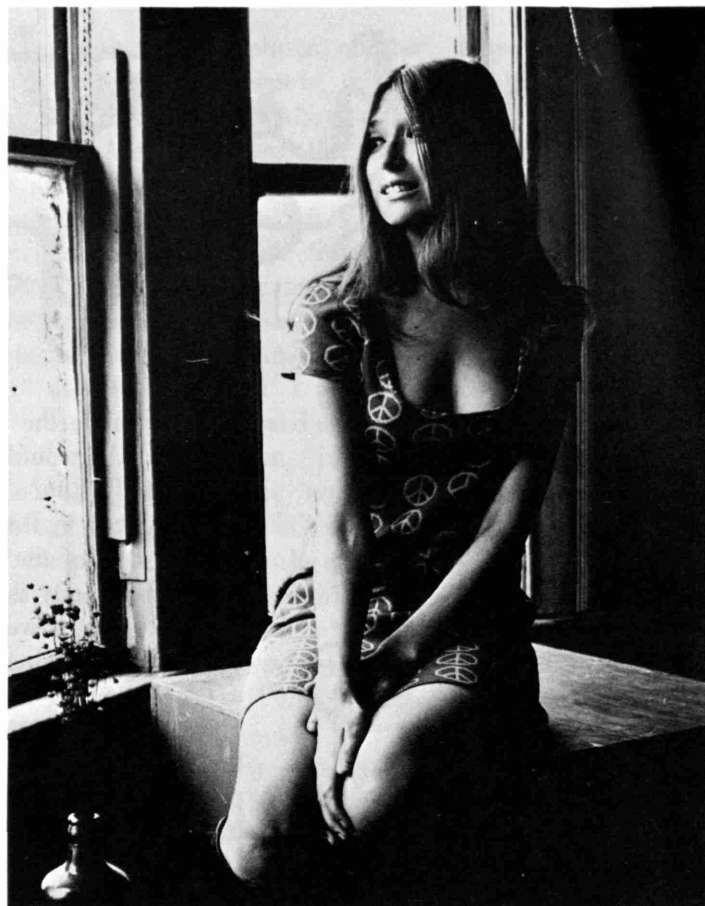
Woo

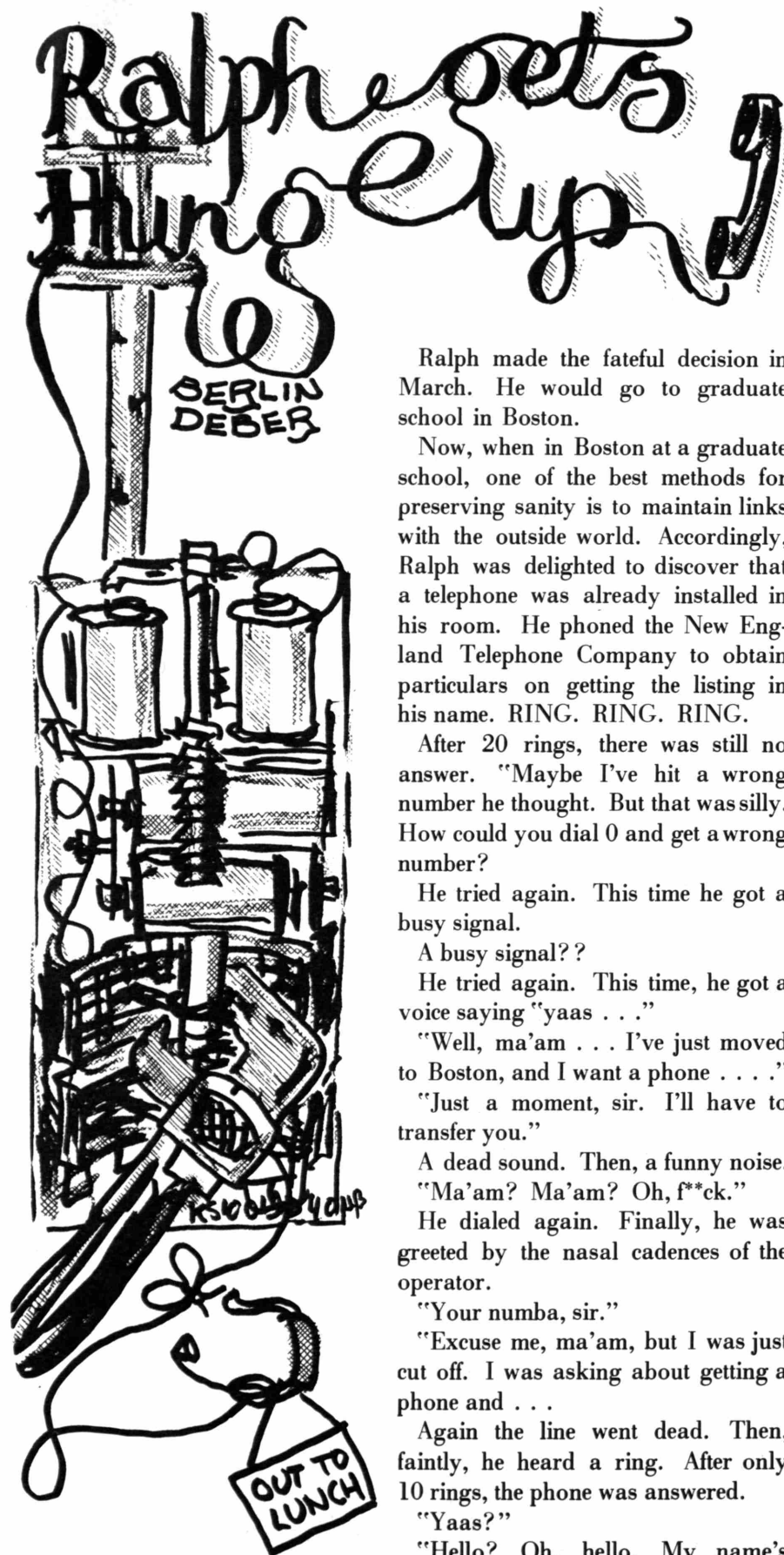
Doll

Do

of the

Month





Ralph made the fateful decision in March. He would go to graduate school in Boston.

Now, when in Boston at a graduate school, one of the best methods for preserving sanity is to maintain links with the outside world. Accordingly, Ralph was delighted to discover that a telephone was already installed in his room. He phoned the New England Telephone Company to obtain particulars on getting the listing in his name. RING. RING. RING.

After 20 rings, there was still no answer. "Maybe I've hit a wrong number he thought. But that was silly. How could you dial 0 and get a wrong number?"

He tried again. This time he got a busy signal.

A busy signal??

He tried again. This time, he got a voice saying "yaas . . ."

"Well, ma'am . . . I've just moved to Boston, and I want a phone . . ."

"Just a moment, sir. I'll have to transfer you."

A dead sound. Then, a funny noise.

"Ma'am? Ma'am? Oh, f**ck."

He dialed again. Finally, he was greeted by the nasal cadences of the operator.

"Your numba, sir."

"Excuse me, ma'am, but I was just cut off. I was asking about getting a phone and . . ."

Again the line went dead. Then, faintly, he heard a ring. After only 10 rings, the phone was answered.

"Yaas?"

"Hello? Oh, hello. My name's

Ralph and I've just moved here and I want a phone . . ."

"Is there a phone at your residence already, sir?"

"Well, yes. I just want to get it listed in my name."

"Oh NO, sir." The voice sounded horrified. "We can't do that. We'll have to take your present phone out and install another one. Now what is your present address?"

"Well, it's . . . But why do you have to take it out? It seems like a perfectly good phone . . .?"

"I'm sorry sir."

The next morning, at eight o'clock, Ralph heard a banging at his chamber door. Two heavy set men in overalls were staring at him.

"Ya name Ralph?"

"Yes, but F . . ."

After leafing through his latest Playboy, and commenting on the picture of his girlfriend adorning his bureau, they promptly took out his phone.

"When do I get my new one?"

SLAM.

Ralph phoned N.E.T. & T. the next morning from a pay phone to inquire about when his "new" phone would be installed.

"We're running about three weeks behind on that, sir."

"What'll I do in the meantime?"

"Always ask for a change of a dollar in dimes."

"What day can you come with the new phone?"

"How about February 2nd, in the afternoon? Will somebody be at home?"

"Well, I'm busy doing research, but I'll arrange to be home that day, I suppose."

For the next three weeks, Ralph used dimes, pacified friends who said, "I keep trying to reach you.", and prayed that no emergencies would arise, such as calls from home, etc.

Ralph sat in his room leafing through the latest Playboy (untouched by NET & T hands) throughout the afternoon of February 2nd, but no phone man

came . . . Distressed, Ralph called the office the next morning, and was told, "Sorry", and that the man would come that day for sure. However, since Ralph couldn't be home again that day, he left his key at the dormitory desk, and pasted a large note on the door of his room which read "PHONE MAN. HELLO. THE KEY IS AT THE DESK. THANK YOU. RALPH."

The writing of a note to a phone man presupposes that phone men can read. No word contained more than five letters, counted Ralph. Of all the words, only the word "DESK" might seem slightly unfamiliar.

Whether or not "DESK" was the offender was a fact that Ralph would probably never know, for when he returned home at dinner time, the note was still pasted on his door, and a note was stuffed under his door which read, "Sorry we did not find you at home today. Please call our office and tell us when we may come again to install your (Ralph added the adjective f**ckin') telephone."

The silence on the cold, clear morning of February 4th was shattered by the clinkety-CHING clinkety-CHING sound of two nickles being digested by a hungry pay phone (Ralph was out of dimes). "You can't believe how sorry we are about this," begged Miss Sullivan of NET&T. "Boy are we sorry. Sorry. We apo-lo GIZE, SIR, sorry sorry."

"Yeah, well I accept your apology, Miss Salivachin, but when do you think you can send a man to install my phone. Couldya make it some evening so I could be home?"

"How about, boy are we sorry to inconvenience you, tonight?"

Evening came, and Ralph dozed off after wolfing down a nutritious meal of rusty creamed chips on rusk with apricot torte, lulling himself to sleep by counting telephones jumping over operators or something when suddenly the doorbell RANGGGG. IT was THE PHONE man.

Carefully and quickly the PHONE

MAN removed the new unit from its cardboard container. Ralph could only gaze with admiration as the nimble fingers of the PHONE MAN connected the little red and little yellow and let us not forget the little green wires to their appropriate terminals on that thing that was still on the wood-work near where the previous phone had been. What an installation!

"There y'are, sir," said the phone man and he left.

Ralph decided his first call on his new phone would be to his girlfriend. "A good way to break in a virgin phone" he figured. He put the shiny black receiver to his waxed-filled ear and waited for the dial tone. And waited. And waited. SUDDENLY A FRIGHTENING HIGH PITCHED WAIL FILLED HIS EAR. Wailllll Wailllll Went the Shiny Phone. Not a dial tone. Just a wailllll. Filled his ear. Click click click click click he pressed one of those little black things that stick up under where the receiver goes repeatedly. Wailllllll.

Ralph BEGAN to get annoyed with this whole business. "What a bunch of phonies," he thought, no pun intended. He grabbed his trusty dime, marched to the pay phone, waited for a guy to gett off, inserted the dime and dialed 611. Repair service. Man answers. "Repair service." "Hello, repair service?" said Ralph. "My phone needs to be repaired." "What's your number, sir?" "What? Oh, just a minute, I'll check. Hold on."

Faster than you can dial IM469RU, Ralph raced down the hall to his room, glanced at the little round thing in the center of the dial to see what his new phone number was and REALIZED: the PHONE MAN didn't put the number on the new phone.

"Repair service, look it's a new phone and I don't know the number." "You'll have to call the office and find out, sir, we can't fix it if we don't . . ."

The next morning Ralph called the office, explained explained explained and they actually told him his new

phone number. Then he called the repair service, 611. This time the MAN said he should call some number like 546-7933 which was the number of his LOCAL repair service for his very own district HOW NICE MY OWN REPAIR SERVICE. He dialed 546-7933 at noon, but it was busy. He dialed 546-7933 at 2 pm but it was busy. He dialed 546-7933 at 4 pm but it was busy. He put a band-aid on his index finger at 4:10 pm. How could it be: the people at the repair service LEAVE THEIR PHONE OFF THE HOOK. Strange. So he called 611, explained explained, gave his number and finally the man assured him everything would be taken care of by 9 A.M. the next morning.

Which was Saturday. He leaped out of bed, raced to the phone, picked it up and heard WAILLLLLLLLL. So he called 611 from the pay phone and EXPLAINED. The MAN checked on something, and then told Ralph: "Er, sir, apparently the reason we were not able to repair your phone is that it is a new phone, and we don't seem to have a card for you yet describing the cables it's connected to etc etc etc. You see, sir, YOU CANNOT REALLY EXPECT US AT THE REPAIR SERVICE TO REPAIR A PHONE THAT HAS NEVER WORKED."

Dumb me, thought Ralph. You idiot, he told himself. You obviously cannot REPAIR a new phone. You can only INSTALL a new phone. A NEW phone should never need to be RE-PAIRED because it is perfectly new and working fine then and can only be RE-paired after it has first been PAIRED a couple of times. Dumb bastard.

"What (verrry meeeekly) do I do now sir?" said the dumb bastard.

"You'll get quickest results by dialing your local repair service at 546-7933; they'll know about these new accounts a lot sooner than we do."

Ralph went to the DESK to get change of a dollar, and waited a few minutes for a guy to get off the phone.

Then he dialed 546-7933, expecting to get a busy signal, but ITRANG. Ring. Click. "Well, hello there, big boy," said a sexy voice. "This is a recording. We are very sorry to hear that your telephone is out of order, your poor thing. Thank you very much for calling and telling us about it. We'll be glad to come and fix it at the earliest possible minute. Well, hello there, big boy. This is a record . . ."

He had been known to answer the Weather Lady Recording like Murray and does in "A Thousand Clowns." He had been known to said "You gotta two days, but soon realized that the be kidding" when his friend had played repair service simply didn't work on a joke on him by giving him a mes-weekends, and that he would have to sage to call the Dial-A-Prayer" Re-cording. But Ralph had never shouted could begin to do anything about this. a series of blasphemies at a Repair Lady Recording, especially an extreme-ly sexy Repair Lady Recording. Until now.

"You birdbrains. How do you know it's me that's calling if this is a recording? How do you know what my number is? I mean, how do you at present, so it wouldn't have to be know it's ME? I know you'll be glad removed first. Or maybe he could take to fix my phone, and you are glad This business elsewhere, to a rival phone called to tell you to, but if this is a company which provided better service. recording how do you know it's me?" About all he could do was call 611 again. When the man answered, he He said this to the recording. The Recording, always alert and simply said, "Hi. This is Ralph. My well-equipped to deal with contingencies phone's still out . . . and hung up. of all sorts, replied, "Well, hello there, Somewhere in Boston that very night, big boy. This is a recording. We are a friend of the guy who used to live very sorry to hear that your tele . . ." in Ralph's room called the number of Ralph, a defeated man, hung his head, the old phone that had been in Ralph's room. A recorded voice cut in and said, "Sorry, you have reached a number which is not in service at this time. If you need assistance, please hold the line." Delay. Live operator. "May I help you?" "Yeah, I'm trying to reach Jim Jones. He moved from Cambridge to Back Bay about a month ago." "Sorry, sir, but we have no phone number listed under that name. Sorry, sir. Sorry sir. Sorry sir. The company you have reached does not provide service at this time. Or any other time. Sorry . . . sorr . . . y . . ."

Probably less waiting time; also there wasn't an old telegraph in his room

JOE'S PIZZA

39 BOYLSTON ST.

Mon. - Sat. Sun.
11:00 A.M. - 1:00 A.M. EL 4-6410 4:00 P.M. - 1:00 A.M.

ORDERS TO TAKE OUT



Continued from p. 2

This leaves the Photographer. Since Jolly John Roderick "withdrew" from the Tute, such madmen as David "THE CHICKENMAN!" Laing, Mike "With TWO E's" Meyers, and Brian S. (S? What does S stand for?) Hughes have foisted off their work on us.

Oh, yes, we cannot overlook that strange crowd of freshmen who continually bombard us with their scribblings. Foremost among them in productivity and weirdness is Mike "?" Feirtag, who name I am proud to be able to spell. No one has yet really understood what he is trying to say; I doubt if we ever shall. He also draws exceptionally weird pictures. Also of this bag are Bruce "Warned" Schwartz, and Tony Parker (which one is Tony Parker?). They all write strange things. Could this be a trend? It may be; Gerald Zuchier (whose name I can spell, but not pronounce . . . or vice versa, maybe) tries too.

Well, folks there it is . . . I find it difficult to say this much; don't ask me to say any more.

--- Weasel

Ches Commons

MAKE YOUR OWN MENU

The people who make up the weekly Commons menus must have lots of fun making up all those cool-sounding but random names for the same old lousy dishes. Well, they no longer have a monopoly on the fun and games — now you can do it, too! Just pick a random 3-digit number the next time you eat (any number will do) and read off your selection from the table below, one digit per column. Now isn't it great to know what you're eating?

0	Savory Fresh	Noodles	A La King
		✻	
1	Glazed	Farina	Parmesan
		◆◆◆	
2	Escalloped	Meat Balls	On Rusk
		✻	
3	Jellied	Green Beans	Creole
		◆◆◆	
4	French Fried	Chop Suey	Au Jus
		✻	
5	Farm Style	Seafood	With Barley
		◆◆◆	
6	Old Fashioned	Kabob	Soup
		✻	
7	Dutch	Spaghetti	On Bulki Roll
		◆◆◆	
8	Alfredo's	Eggplant	Selection
		✻	
9	Barbecued	Squash	With Gravy





Happy Greeting of the Season 1968

A-Any interest to see if we can develop 2 marriage licenses, the traditional & the future. The traditional will be used by lawyers, religion, police, census taker & the other necessary impedimental. The future will be used for pregnancy. Take it out and all the known intelligence will be made available to you for the decision. And all data of the pregnancy will add to the future intelligence. Of course we will have to have the miscellaneous license till we can work out all the spiritual & biological details. B-April 29-1968 Kankakee got full alley rubbish service by a utility tax. But no one was interested in where the original tax money went or WHO GAINED most from the years of degeneration & filth. OR HOW in getting the can heavers away from running & working careful & cheerful like utility people.

C - Want to criticise this idea? The world's biggest degenerators of mind & spirit for creativeness & peace are: 1 - Religion (From birth builds imagination with heaven & hell instead of trying to build reason by comparison). 2 - The Military (uses the product of religion just before it begins to establish reason on it's own. The military leaders are over twice the age of the life they declare cheap. Their glorification of mind control is the dog fight for mass excitement). 3 - Controlled Communications (Depends on sell commodities sell commodity filth. Have to listen to: Exact number of enemy killed - our's slight. Or without editorial comment - kids from playing with plastic machine guns to almost no evidence.) All 3 by custom & law are above criticism.

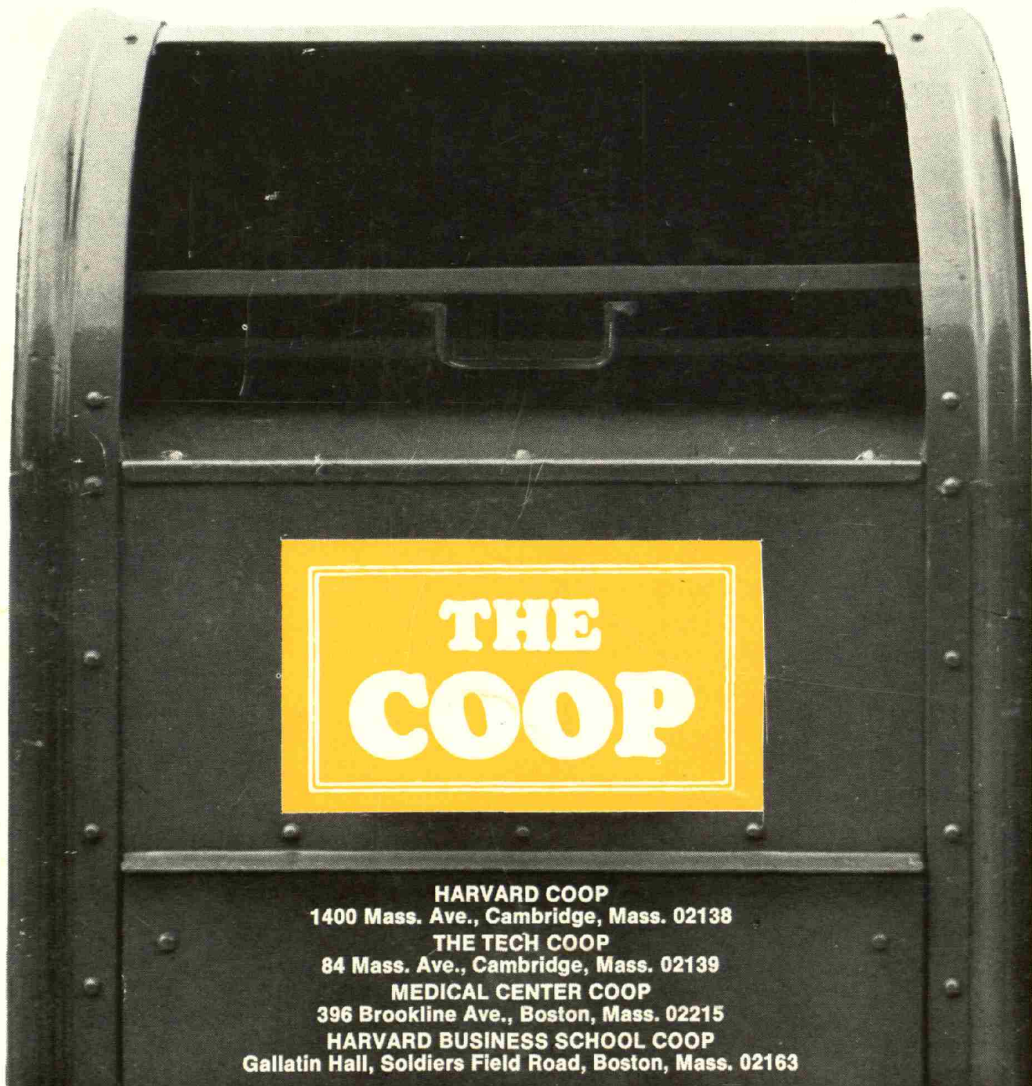
Part C was paid advertising by 7 newspapers in and around Kankakee. By October 14 it was sent to 8 newspapers in Alabama. October 18 I sent a letter to the Wallace for President Hqts. in Montgomery asking if they would sign a statement that the ad should be published. I received no replies. October 28 I placed long distance phone calls to 5 of the above newspapers. I get 2 to reconsider the ad & sent money orders. Only one accepted (Herald-Union Springs). We have advanced very little in the right of the individual to express his ideas & criticise by paid advertising since the first use of the Gutenberg Press was to print the Bible. Cecil Kraft 385 N. Chicago Ave. Kankakee, Illinois. Brown Cross-Representative.

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