After a long and grueling period of espionage and counter-espionage activities in Phosphorania, the foreign service of The Tech has uncovered many amazing and heretofore unknown facts about the head of the Many Board of the M.I.T. comic (we blush with shame) magazine. Yes, Howhard V. (for venomous) Pulmotor, is not the young, naive, innocent that the staff of Voo Doo would have you believing believers believe. So, without further fiddle faddle we will relate the truth in this daring and unprecedented expose as it was cabled to us straight from our phosphorescent, or rather Phosphorian correspondent.

How was not born; he was whittled from a piece of petrified wood by Mr. Geppeto who has been on a week-long binge, and was just recovering from the effects. After the look at How it is obvious that pink elephants and green dragons must have had some influence on his creation. Sin started for him almost immediately seduced the marionette on the shelf beside him. How he was endowed with flesh, blood, and breath is a secret that still remains shrouded in secrecy, but it is rumored that a bottle of Moxie did the trick, which may also have started him on the road to alcoholism.

Lectery and pornography soon became bywords in the once-pious world. How relates with glee stories of drunken obeisance, induced by liberal doses of cocaine and opium mixture, which may also have come from the effects. After one covering from the effects. After one

THE LIDS OFF

The dog is in the manger, the cats in the bag, something smells in Denmark and all Hell’s breaking loose. All the inhibitions, the conventions that have bound us in the past, the regards for the niceties and the Dean’s Office have been swept into the cesspool of Phosphorani cult. The hidden spark of creative genius, at times almost stifled by the continual perusal of such gems has dulled the sense and abilities of our embryonic actionaries on The Institute Committee. Constant repetition with no more than the usual amount of opposition from the re-

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