

Huntington Smith and the Academic Review Committee

Version 1.0.11: November 18, 2008

© 2008 John F. McGowan, All Rights Reserved

Prolog: The Opening Action Sequence

It is the beginning of the fall semester at Miskatonic University in Arkham, Massachusetts. It is 1957. Elvis is King. Marilyn Monroe is hot. James Dean is already dead. Eisenhower is President. The Cold War is about to get a lot colder.

Huntington Smith, Professor of Archaeology at Miskatonic, is taking his usual walk through the picturesque neighborhood around Miskatonic. He mumbles to himself as he ambles past the Victorian homes and beautiful oak trees. Huntington is tall, slightly stooped, with white hair, wrinkles, and a scar on his chin. He wears a threadbare 1930's suit that is distinctly out of style and doesn't seem to care.

"Oh My God!" A young woman's voice cries out.

Huntington Smith looks up at a beautiful, if slightly worn three-story Victorian house. A young woman and a few passers by are standing in the yard looking up. A small child, two or three years old, is trapped on a ledge outside of a window. The child has apparently crawled out of the window onto the ledge and is now frozen, petrified, two and half stories up.

"Mommy!" cries the child.

"Oh My God!" repeats the woman.

"How did he get out on that ledge?" asks a passerby.

Huntington pulls off his jacket and rushes past the small group of onlookers. To everyone's amazement, he easily scales the oak tree, one story, two stories, three...until he is parallel to the terrified child. By this time, the child is losing his balance on the ledge. Huntington draws the whip attached to his belt and in a single fluid motion lashes the whip around an overhanging branch. He swings through the air like Johnny Weissmuller as Tarzan, catching the falling child and swinging through an open window on the second floor.

There is a long stunned pause. The front door of the house opens. Huntington emerges holding the child in one arm. He limps down the front steps as the young woman rushes forward.

"Thank you!" shouts the woman, taking her child from the Professor.

"You really shouldn't leave your child unattended, Ma'am," says the Professor.

The woman and the stunned onlookers watch as Professor Smith limps off, picks up his jacket, and resumes mumbling to himself, something about "it was easier in the old days".

Part 1: The Mortal Insult

Huntington Smith is trying to adjust his bow tie while his lifelong friend Winston is buzzing around him.

"You really should get a modern suit," says Winston. "It isn't the thirties anymore. People are talking."

Huntington scowls.

"Why do I have to attend this party again?"

"Look, this is the get acquainted party for the new Chairman of the Department. You have to attend. The Faculty Club is a great place. You should eat there occasionally."

Huntington scowls again and unties his bow tie in frustration.

"I can never get this thing on right."

"Nobody wears bow ties anymore."

"So who is this new Chairman?"

"Mortimer Thatcher. He is a real whiz-kid."

"A whiz-kid?"

"Yeah, he is thirty-three. He was a post-doc for Amos Tumlinson at *Harvard*. He has been handpicked by the Board of Trustees to lead the

Department into the new era of modern professional archaeology."

"Amos Tumlinson is a nitwit."

Winston looks very concerned.

"No, no, no. Don't say that. Amos Tumlinson is one of the most revered archaeologists in the field. He is friends with Ike, for Heaven's sake."

"He is still a nitwit."

"Look, just come to the party, says some nice inconsequential things, and, whatever you do, do not talk about Atlantis, the Nazis, the Ark of the Covenant, the Holy Grail, any of that stuff."

"Why not?"

"Look, this is the new modern, scientific, professional archaeology. All of that lost civilizations stuff is being replaced by modern scientific concepts."

Huntington scowls and tries to tie his bow tie again.

"Well, what can I talk about? How would my new translation of the *Necronomicon* from the original Arabic go over?"

Winston looks aghast. "No! Absolutely not! The *Necronomicon* is controversial."

"Why? The Miskatonic Museum has ten copies."

"Yes, well that is why Mortimer was hired. Miskatonic has this reputation for being a haven for crackpots, kooks, and nutcases. The Board wants him to clean house and bring Miskatonic into the twentieth century. The scientific consensus among leading archaeologists is that the *Necronomicon* is a crude hoax like those crystal skulls."

"A crude hoax? We have ten copies, including a codex in Arabic that has been dated to the ninth century."

"The scientific consensus is that the dating was in error and the *Necronomicon* is a crude hoax, inspired by the vapid pulp fiction of

H.P. Lovecraft."

"Who?"

"He was a student at Miskatonic for one semester back in the teens."

"Never heard of him. Anyway, what can I talk about?"

"Well, your pathbreaking article on the syntax of third century Hebrew is no longer controversial. It is now being accepted as a work of genius."

Huntington looks puzzled.

"I wrote an article on third century Hebrew syntax?"

"Here, let me do that," says Winston, adjusting Huntington's bow tie. "Yes, don't you recall, to find the Ark of the Covenant, you had to translate those ancient Kabbalistic manuscripts in third century Hebrew."

"Oh, yeah, now I remember."

"And the generally accepted view of third century Hebrew syntax was wrong. After you got back, you wrote an article correcting the experts."

"*Now*, I remember."

"You were vilified as a crank until Rabbi Kuttenberg died two years ago. Now, you are recognized as a genius. You are lucky that all of his students hated him, so as soon as he died they immediately embraced your ideas just to spite the old guy."

"So that is safe to talk about?"

"Yes."

"It is totally boring."

"Just don't mention that you figured it out in order to find the Ark of the Covenant."

Huntington sighs.

"Alright."

Huntington and Winston hurry from Huntington's two-story Victorian house near the edge of campus across the Quad to the sprawling stone Faculty Club. On the way they pass the decaying abandoned Wilbur Whateley Memorial Church at the opposite end of the Quad from the Faculty Club. A large sign on the front door of the church reads:

CLOSED FOR REPAIRS
KEEP OUT

Huntington glances at the church. "They should tear that down."

Winston shakes his head vehemently. "No, no, no. That would offend the Whateley family. They've given Miskatonic millions."

Huntington scowls at the ivy and mold covered strange black stone church. "They should have torn it down after that human sacrifice in '47."

Winston looks around nervously to see if anyone is listening. "No, no, no. That was not a human sacrifice. It was a tragic unsolved murder of an unidentified drifter. The irresponsible yellow press made up all of that human sacrifice nonsense."

"Well, they should tear it down. After that Dunwich incident, I am amazed the University would take a dime from the Whateleys. How do some dirt farmers from Dunwich suddenly have millions of dollars?"

"It has been closed since '47. Look, Huntington, if universities asked too many questions about where their donors got their money, there wouldn't be any universities. Rumor has it the Whateleys were bootleggers during Prohibition."

Huntington looks skeptically at Winston. "I've heard other rumors. Old Henry Armitage told me some things about Wilbur Whateley over a pint at Pickman's."

"Whatever you do, don't mention them at the welcome party."

The welcome party is already underway with nattily attired waiters distributing drinks and tiny sandwiches when Huntington and Winston arrive. Mortimer Thatcher is front and center, young and sleek in an

immaculate black suit and a perfect haircut. He is surrounded by several trustees and senior faculty members. Winston introduces Huntington.

"Mort," says Winston. "This is Professor Huntington Smith, the noted expert on third century Hebrew syntax. Huntington, this is Mort."

Mort and Huntington shake hands. Mort stares up at Huntington through his wire frame glasses.

"Very pleased to meet you," says Mort. "It is always a pleasure to meet a new colleague. Have you met Edward Bartlesby, the new Chairman of the Board of Trustees?"

Mort gestures to a slightly overweight man in an expensive black suit. Bartlesby has graying blond hair and steely blue eyes. His posture is ramrod straight.

"No, Professor Smith and I have not met," says Bartlesby coolly.

Huntington shakes hands with Bartlesby. "Good to meet you. What happened to the previous Chairman...what is his name? Charles Morgan?"

"He was killed in a tragic car accident over the summer," explains Bartlesby shaking his head sadly.

"That's too bad," agrees Huntington. "He seemed like a good man."

"He was." Bartlesby pauses for a moment. "Are you familiar with Mort's new book *Pottery Shards of the American Southwest*?" asks Bartlesby, watching Huntington intently.

"No, not really," answers Huntington.

Winston looks concerned.

"It was just published by Harvard University Press," says Mort proudly. "It summarizes my life's work on pottery shards."

"Why are you studying pottery shards?" asks Huntington.

Winston begins shifting nervously from foot to foot.

"The fabrication of pottery was central to the primitive cultures of the vanishing Southwest American Indians. I have conducted the most extensive study of pottery shards using modern advanced statistical methods."

"What is that good for?" asks Huntington.

"It gives us a deep insight into the primitive culture of the vanishing Southwestern American Indians," explains Mort.

Winston inserts himself between the two men. "That is absolutely fascinating, isn't it Huntington?"

Huntington does not look fascinated. "Well, I suppose so."

"I am sure Huntington would love to read your book," interjects Bartlesby smoothly. "Do you have a copy?"

Mort smiles. "Right here. I have an entire set of advance copies."

Mort pulls a bright shiny new copy of *Pottery Shards of the American Southwest* from a shelf at the Faculty Club and hands it to Huntington. *Pottery Shards of the American Southwest* is over eight hundred pages and roughly the size and shape of a phone book. The back cover has a large black and white photograph of Mort, smiling and looking somewhat younger and thinner.

"Thanks," says Huntington.

"It is your very own copy!" says Mort, opening the cover and inscribing *To Huntington, From Mort*.

"What are the prospects for that grant from the National Science Foundation?" asks Bartlesby.

"Excellent, excellent," says Mort, promptly ignoring Huntington and Winston. "The NSF is really interested in supporting further research into Navajo pottery shards here at Miskatonic. The statistical comparison between the sixteenth and seventeenth century shards is particularly exciting. I plan to use the new Miskatonic computer to..."

Winston ushers Huntington over to a plush leather couch. They sit down. Winston begins chatting with another faculty member while Huntington leafs through *Pottery Shards of the American Southwest*.

After a few minutes, he begins scowling and making notes on a napkin with his fountain pen: *Wrong. Inconsistent. See data table on page 458...*

About a half hour later, Mort and his entourage of trustees and senior faculty members wander by, still chatting about grant proposals and a campaign to raise money to renovate and expand the Archaeology building. Mort notices Huntington and his pile of napkins covered with notes.

"Hello, Huntington," says Mort.

Huntington, still scribbling on napkins strewn about one of the Faculty Club's hard wood coffee tables, looks up and nods. "Hello, Mort."

"How do you like Mort's book, Huntington?" asks Bartlesby with a winning salesman smile.

Mort smiles triumphantly.

Huntington stands up. "Er, um, well,...did you do goodness of fit tests to verify your model of the size distribution of pottery shards?"

Mort looks around nervously. "Goodness of fit statistics?"

"Yes, I can't seem to find them anywhere in your book."

Huntington holds up the eight hundred page *Pottery Shards of the American Southwest*.

"I don't understand."

"Well, you use the statistical models to infer the average size of the pottery shards produced in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and subsequent centuries."

"Yes, that is central to my thesis."

"Well, the proper statistical procedure requires that you perform goodness of fit tests to verify that the model actually works."

Mort looks around nervously at Bartlesby, the other trustees and senior faculty members who are watching him. Winston stops conversing with the faculty member and begins gesturing to

Huntington who ignores him.

"Excuse me, I am one of the pioneers of applying advanced statistical methods to the field of archaeology, replacing the crude stamp collecting of traditional archaeologists. I understand that you are only an expert in third century Hebrew syntax."

The trustees and senior faculty members turn their gaze to Huntington.

"Amongst other things," says Huntington. "Your procedure is essentially equivalent to taking an average of the pottery shard sizes. The problem is that an average is vulnerable to outliers. If you have some unusually large or small shards, this can skew the result. You can only use a procedure like this if your goodness of fit statistics show that your model is rigorously correct. Otherwise, the prudent thing to do is take the median. The average of the shard sizes on page 458 is 8.3 centimeters...why didn't you use inches?"

"Inches are old and outdated."

"OK. Well, anyway, the median of the shard sizes on page 458 is only 4.1 centimeters. You have many outliers in your data."

Winston gestures more wildly to Huntington.

"My thesis that the primitive Southwestern American Indians made no progress in pottery making between the fourteenth and eighteenth centuries requires that the pottery shard average size exceed six centimeters," says Mort stiffly.

"Well, yes, I realize that," says Huntington. "That is why I am so concerned about your procedure. As far as I can tell, unless you have goodness of fit statistics, the prudent procedure is to use the median or at least trim the outliers from the data."

"I studied statistics at Harvard," says Mort. "What do *you* know about it?"

Huntington is shaking his head. "I made the same mistake when I was writing my book originally titled *Atlantis: Finally Found* back in '36. I was trying to use sophisticated statistical methods to prove that Atlantis was actually Cuba, based on distributions of rock types."

"Hunh?"

Winston gestures even more wildly to Huntington.

"Yes. These sophisticated methods look very impressive but they are full of pitfalls and often don't work. I had to rewrite the entire book with a new title: *Atlantis: Unsolved Mystery*. Look, I hate to tell you this, but this is all wrong. You will need to put out a new edition as soon as possible."

Huntington hands *Pottery Shards of the American Southwest* back to Mort along with several napkins illustrating the errors in the book.

"I'm sure it is not that bad," says Winston, rushing between the two men.

"It is that bad," says Huntington. "Look, why didn't you just ask the Indians if they made any progress in pottery making between the fourteenth century and the eighteenth century?"

Mort glares at Huntington. "We are talking about primitive pre-literate peoples."

"Are you sure they didn't have writing? The early American settlers found all sorts of stone tablets and other artifacts with writing."

"Those were crude fakes. The primitive Indians didn't have writing."

"The Mayans had writing. The Spanish burned most of it."

"Ahem, the primitive *North American* Indians didn't have writing."

"Well, OK, if you say so. But, they probably have some oral tradition, at least among the pottery makers."

"That is *anecdotal* data. We have to use modern, scientific methods. These primitive peoples have all sorts of ridiculous traditions that couldn't possibly be true. For example, the Zuni have this ridiculous idea that they came to Earth from another world through an inter-dimensional portal!"

"That is the Hopi, their bitter enemies," corrects Huntington. "The Zuni think they traveled thousands of miles from a mysterious island that sounds a bit like Japan during a global cataclysm."

"Excuse me," huffs Mort. "Are you an expert on the vanishing Southwest American Indians?"

"No, not really. I only spent six months in Arizona hunting for the Ark of the Covenant. A total waste of my time. I don't think the Indians are the lost ten tribes of Israel." Huntington shakes his head sadly. "Look, if I were you, I would ask the Indians about their history. Anyway, I have to say this has been a great party. I really like those little sandwiches. I'll be seeing you. Good luck, kid."

Huntington ambles off with Winston buzzing around him. The trustees and senior faculty are left staring suspiciously at Mort.

"Is he right?" asks Bartlesby.

"He obviously actually believes in *Atlantis* and the *Ark of the Covenant*," answers Mort.

"Oh. Shocking!"

Meanwhile, Winston is buzzing frantically around Huntington as he ambles across the Quad back to his house.

"This is terrible," says Winston.

"Why?" asks Huntington.

"You just found a fatal flaw in his life's work!" shouts Winston.

"Those statistical methods are overrated," says Huntington. "I told you Amos Tumlinson is a nitwit. Amos was trying to apply those same incorrect procedures to archaeology twenty years ago. Mort just copied his mentor's mistakes."

"That is how you get recognized as a brilliant whiz-kid in academia!" sputters Winston. "You just found a fatal flaw in his life's work *in front of the Board of Trustees!*"

"He just has to rewrite his book," says Huntington.

"He's the Chairman of the Department! He has to attend hundreds of boring dinner parties, committee meetings, and social events. He doesn't have time to rewrite his book. His whole academic reputation

is that book and you discredited it in front of the Board of Trustees.”

“I don’t see the problem. Just take some time off from the silly meetings and rewrite the book. I rewrote my book when I was wrong.”

“You’ve made an enemy for life!”

“Whatever for? It is not like the fate of the world depends on pottery shards. He’s a big boy. He’ll just rewrite the book. He really ought to talk to the Indians.”

Note: On October 4, 1957 the Soviet Union launches Sputnik, mankind’s first satellite, into Earth orbit.

Part 2: October 5, 1957

Mortimer Thatcher is sitting with Edward Bartlesby, the Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Miskatonic University, in a private room at the Faculty Club. Mort is dressed in his signature immaculate black suit and wearing his usual wire rimmed glasses.

“I’m sure that you are wondering why I called you here on such short notice, Mort,” says Ed.

“Yes, Ed, though I have an idea,” answers Mort.

“This Sputnik thing is going to be a gold-mine for my company...and for Miskatonic. They are already talking about a crash program to expand American education and research to fight the commies.”

“I have read that,” says Mort cautiously.

“I am working to get some big grants for my company...and Miskatonic, of course. It is good to have an academic partner these days, especially with Sputnik.”

“Of course,” says Mort.

“I have the inside track with Dr. Von Braun,” explains Bartlesby. “The smart money is that his rocket team will be the first to match the Russkies and get an American satellite in orbit.”

“Von Braun?” asks Mort quizzically, looking just a little bit concerned.

"Isn't he that Nazi war criminal?"

Bartlesby snorts. "Communist propaganda. Werner and his team were just apolitical professionals doing their jobs. He didn't actually believe all that Nazi master race nonsense."

"Oh," says Mort, showing evident relief. "That makes it all OK. Just so long as he didn't believe in what he was doing. I was worried there for a moment."

"But there is a problem."

"A problem?"

"Miskatonic has this reputation for weird things." Ed clears his throat. "You know what I mean. Whenever Miskatonic comes up, serious academics at Harvard, Princeton, Yale, MIT, and other top tier universities always start asking questions. Our biggest liability is the Archaeology Department. Look, I brought you in to clean house, quietly get rid of these adventurers, amateurs, and kooks. We need to speed up the process if we are going to win these Sputnik grants and contracts."

"What do you suggest that I do?" asks Mort. "I mean most of the dead wood has tenure. It will take years to harass them into early retirement."

"Look," snorts Ed. "These are the big leagues, Mort. We don't have years. Everyone – Harvard, Princeton, Yale, MIT, Stanford – is vying for all the new money. We are talking *billions!* We need to make an example. Make it clear that Miskatonic is wiping the slate clean and repudiating these nineteenth century anachronisms. No more amateurs. No more lost civilizations. No more extraterrestrial mummies from the Antarctic. No more human sacrifices. No more students turning into tentacled monsters. None of that stuff!"

Mort thinks for a moment. "You know, I have the perfect example. Do you remember Huntington Smith?"

"Vaguely." Bartlesby pauses for a few seconds. "Isn't he that guy who was looking for the Ark of the Covenant?"

"Exactly! But, he has tenure. I will need the full support of the Board."

"You've got it."

Part 3: Huntington and the Students

Huntington drones on to his class. "A true scholar should know a minimum of four dead languages: Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Sanskrit. More is however preferable. True scholarship requires reading the classics in the original tongue, if possible from an original manuscript to avoid errors introduced by mediocre translators and copyists."

Huntington scans his thoroughly bored class. It is *Introduction to Basic Archaeology*. Most of the students, including two thirds of the Miskatonic University football team and several young physicists, are taking the class to meet a general degree requirement. They couldn't care less about archaeology and Huntington knows it. At least three football players and one physicist are asleep. Huntington picks up a book from his desk and unceremoniously drops it on the floor. This startles the class and wakes up the three football players and the physicist.

"Let's imagine that you are being pursued by Nazi agents through the mysterious ruins underneath the Temple Mount," snaps Huntington. "You come to a wall with the following directions. You have only seconds to translate the cryptic ancient writing. What does it say?"

Huntington turns and writes a Hebrew phrase on the blackboard. All of the students stare blankly except for one young woman in a rebellious black leather biker's outfit. She smiles and then cracks up laughing. Huntington scans the blank expressions. Finally he focuses on the young woman.

"Alright, Miss Lombardi, what does it say?"

"You <chuckle> lazy young <laugh> idiots."

Huntington erases the phrase and writes one in Latin. He turns and scans the students.

"Anyone? Mr. Morse?"

"Uh, I can't read Latin, Professor Smith," mumbles one of the football players, a burly young man with short brown hair and blue eyes.

"The Nazis shoot you. Mr. Simon?"

"Look, Professor, nobody needs Latin anymore. This is the atomic age."

"The Nazis shoot you."

Mr. Simon, a skinny young man with wire frame glasses and intense brown eyes, frowns.

"Anyone else. Ms. Lombardi?"

"It says turn right, then left, then right again, and run like Hell." Ms. Lombardi breaks up laughing again.

"Correct." Says Huntington. "The Nazis don't shoot you. Here is another."

Huntington erases the Latin phrase and writes on in classical Greek.

"Anyone. Mr. Morse?"

"Look, Professor, I can barely read English."

"So I gathered. Newsflash. You won't be able to play football all your life. You may actually have to read something. The Nazis shoot you."

Mr. Morse glares at Professor Smith.

"Mr. Simon?"

"Well, I know what the Greek symbols are. That one is alpha. That one is lambda."

"Newsflash. Physics isn't everything. The Nazis shoot you."

Mr. Simon glares at Professor Smith.

"Ms. Lombardi?"

"It says there is a trap door at the base of the wall. Lift up the flagstones."

"Correct. The Nazis don't shoot you."

Huntington studies the class. Then he erases the Greek phrase and scribbles a series of strange symbols on the blackboard.

"This is what was actually written on the wall. Anyone?"

Huntington turns and surveys his class.

"Is it Sanskrit?" ventures Mr. Simon.

"No, Einstein," sneers Ms. Lombardi. "That isn't Sanskrit!"

"Correct," says Huntington. "Anyone?"

"Old Icelandic?" ventures Mr. Morse.

"No," says Huntington, looking slightly surprised that Mr. Morse has heard of Old Icelandic. "Anyone?"

Ms. Lombardi curls her lip. "I think it is a trick. That isn't any known language."

"Correct. Newsflash. Dead languages aren't everything either."

The class laughs nervously.

"But what did you do?" asks Ms. Lombardi, looking admiringly at Huntington.

"I ran like Hell."

Part 4: The Campaign for Academic Integrity

Huntington Smith is sitting with Winston and his attorney, Wedgeford Adams, in his office.

"What in the world is an academic review committee?" asks Huntington, tossing a letter typed on Miskatonic stationery at Wedgeford.

Wedgeford looks over the letter.

"They are going through your work with a fine tooth comb," says Winston. "They have been talking with the people at the Miskatonic

Museum about all the artifacts that you have given them."

Wedgeford shakes his head. "This is straight from the Board of Trustees. Because you have tenure, they can't just fire you. The Academic Review Committee has been set up to establish minimum standards for academic integrity at Miskatonic."

"Academic integrity?" snaps Huntington.

"They are going to conduct a review of each faculty member, even those with tenure, to see that their work meets minimum standards of academic integrity," explains Wedgeford.

"Which are what?" asks Huntington.

"Well, that is not clear. They will probably make them up as they go along."

"So you won't meet them," adds Winston. "I warned you about this."

"Why don't they just accuse me of being a Communist?" asks Huntington. "That seems to be all the rage these days."

"Well, they were going to try that," says Winston. "But, well, those editorials that you wrote in the *Miskatonic Daily* back in the thirties make it kind of difficult."

"What editorials?"

"Stalin is a Bad Guy (1931). Stalin is Even Worse than I Thought (1932). Soviet Communism: A Dismal Failure (1933). The Nazi-Soviet Pact: I Told You So (1939). Et cetera, et cetera."

"Oh, yeah. I was picketed by the Communists for those."

"Yeah. Look, Huntington, you are vulnerable. You only have five peer reviewed publications."

"What about my books?"

"They are all *popular* books. You need peer-reviewed academic books from respected academic presses like Harvard."

"You mean like *Pottery Shards of the American Southwest*?"

"Exactly! Mort has over two-hundred peer-reviewed publications."

"They are all wrong."

"That's not the point."

"Well, what about the artifacts that I found?"

"Well, that is part of the case against you."

"Hunh?"

"They say they are all hoaxes and frauds. Can you prove that Mayan crystal skull is authentic?"

"Prove?"

"Look, you have to document a major discovery according to professional standards. Take pictures. Get signed affidavits, multiple witnesses. Detailed documentation of every step along the way. That is the way modern professional archaeologists do it."

"The Mayan death cult was trying to catch, kill, and eat me. I didn't have time to take pictures."

"Yes, exactly. That is the problem with all of your artifacts."

"The Spear of Destiny is indestructible."

"Can you prove it in a reproducible scientific way."

"I can try to break it."

"Yes, but it has to be done in a reproducible *scientific* way. You can't just pick it up and try to break it. That proves nothing. You need a respectable scientific laboratory to conduct modern scientific tests to prove that it is indestructible."

"Well, can't we just get a modern scientific laboratory?"

"Well, the University will only accept results from Bartlesby Labs and you are too controversial for them."

"Hunh?"

"I called."

"You didn't tell them about the Spear of Destiny," interrupts Huntington.

"No, of course not. I asked them about testing some of your artifacts on public display at the Museum. They refuse to associate with your pseudo-scientific claims."

"Hunh? Isn't Bartlesby..."

"Yes, it is the Chairman of the Board of Trustees' company."

Huntington scowls. "Well, what should I do?"

"Let's focus on the pathbreaking study of third century Hebrew syntax," says Wedgeford. "That is peer reviewed and you just won an award for it."

"I did?"

"Yep. The New York Hebrew Scholars Award for Important Work in Hebrew Scholarship 1957. We'll present all of your other work as a personal hobby outside of your serious academic work."

"I found the Ark of the Covenant."

"That is not peer-reviewed."

"I found the Holy Grail."

"That is not peer-reviewed."

"I found the Spear of Destiny. No, don't say a word. That is not peer-reviewed."

"Exactly."

"But the only peer-reviewed work that I have done is boring and nearly useless. I would say useless except the Hebrew thing helped me find the Ark."

"Yes," says Winston. "Exactly! Important work is controversial. Controversial work almost never survives peer review."

"Think mediocrity," agrees Wedgewood. "How can we make you look and sound mediocre?"

Meanwhile, Mort is grilling the curator of the Biblical Artifacts Collection at Miskatonic University. The curator is a nervous young man with horn-rimmed glasses and a slide rule in his breast pocket. Mort is accompanied by a quiet little man in a tight black suit who is taking copious notes for the records of the Academic Review Committee. They are inside a thick steel vault in the secret sub-basement of the Miskatonic University Museum.

"And what is this?" snaps Mort, gesturing contemptuously to a slender wood and steel spear under two inches of glass.

"That's the Spear of Destiny," answers the curator nervously.

"What is that?"

"According to legend that is the spear that the Roman centurion Longinus plunged into the side of Christ on the cross...killing him. It is supposed to have absorbed the blood and the power of Christ."

Mort grimaces. "Who told you that?"

"Professor Smith. He told me to guard the spear with my life. Apparently its' mystic power can be used to conquer the world."

"And you believe that?"

"Well, er, um, Professor Smith is usually right."

"Did Professor Smith provide detailed documentary evidence supporting this ridiculous claim?"

"Uh, no. He said he rescued the spear from Hitler in 1944."

"Hitler?" scoffs Mort, rolling his eyes.

"Yeah, he said he stole the spear from Hitler who had apparently retrieved it from Charlemagne's secret burial chamber in the Alps."

"You have got to be kidding!"

The curator shifts nervously from side to side. "Well, like I said, Professor Smith is usually right."

"That's enough!" snaps Mort. "I want this vault cleared of this junk immediately!"

"I'm not sure that is a good idea..."

Mort cuts him off. "I have authorization from the Board of Trustees. All of these pseudo-scientific 'artifacts' are being thrown out to make way for serious scientific materials."

Security guards enter and escort the protesting curator out of the building. In short order, the Spear of Destiny, three Mayan crystal skulls, all ten copies of the *Necronomicon*, and hundreds of other odd artifacts are unceremoniously tossed in the trash cans in back of the Miskatonic Museum. Hundreds of cases filled with moldering pottery shards from the American southwest are rolled in to the vacated storage rooms and vaults. Signs are mounted on the doors: *The Mortimer Thatcher Pottery Shards of the American Southwest Collection*.

Part 5: Dinner at Pickman's

Huntington is reading a book and nibbling on some french fries at Pickman's Diner on the edge of campus, not too far from his house. Pickman's is full of Miskatonic students. No other faculty member would be caught dead in Pickman's. A ghoulish painting by the late Boston painter Richard Upton Pickman, a famous Miskatonic University alumnus, hangs on the wall. A pretty blonde brown-eyed innocent-looking waitress on roller skates stops at Huntington's booth.

"Need anything else, Professor?" asks the waitress.

Huntington looks up. "No, Sandy. I have enough."

Sandy glances at the painting on the wall. "You know, I've been working here for two years and that painting still gives me the creeps."

Huntington glances at the painting. "I've seen worse."

"It is so realistic, almost as if he did it from life."

Huntington glances at the painting again. "He did."

Sandy looks skeptically at Huntington. "OK, Professor, whatever you say."

Sandy skates off. Huntington resumes reading his book.

A few minutes later, Mr. Morse, Mr. Simon, and most of the other students from *Introduction to Basic Archaeology* enter Pickman's. They are gossiping and then notice Huntington. They wander over.

"Professor Smith," says Mr. Morse. "You eat here?"

Huntington looks up at the students. "Hello, Mr. Morse. Yes, I live nearby."

"You could eat at the Faculty Club," says Mr. Simon.

"I don't like the food."

"Can we join you?"

"Sure."

The students sit down around Huntington.

"Did the Nazis *really* pursue you through the ruins under the Temple Mount?" asks Mr. Simon. "Are there *really* ruins under the Temple Mount?"

"Yes and yes," says Huntington. "Where is Ms. Lombardi?"

"Ah, she is on a date with her biker boyfriend," snorts Mr. Morse, winking knowingly and sounding just a tad jealous.

"Biker?" asks Huntington.

"Yeah, she hangs out with this biker gang from town."

"Arkham has a biker gang?" asks Huntington skeptically.

"Biker gangs are everywhere," says Mr. Simon.

Huntington scowls. "Well, I suppose. She sounds rather rebellious."

"She knows every line from *Rebel Without a Cause*."

"An overrated movie," scoffs Huntington.

"You *really* fought the Nazis under the Temple Mount?" asks Mr. Simon.

"I didn't fight them. I ran away from them. There is a difference."

"And there are ruins underneath the Temple Mount," scoffs Mr. Simon.

Huntington closes his book with a loud snap. "Read your history kid. In the 1800's Freemasons in the British army including Charles Warren, later Sir Charles Warren, excavated underneath the Temple Mount, discovering mysterious stone ruins made of giant stone blocks, somewhat like the Egyptian Pyramids. They were stopped from fully excavating the ruins by native protests."

"Really?"

"Really."

"And the Nazis were doing *what* in the ruins?" asks Mr. Simon.

"Looking for the Ark of the Covenant, as was I."

"The Ark of the Covenant?"

"Yes. The mystical Ark built at God's command by the ancient Hebrews during Exodus."

"Yeah, I know what it is. And why were the Nazis after the Ark?"

"Hitler wanted it."

"Hitler? I thought he was an atheist."

"Wartime propaganda."

"Oh, so Hitler was a Christian?"

"Sort of. Kind of a screwed up one if you ask me."

"Oh. And why did Hitler want the Ark of the Covenant?"

"To use its' mystic power to rule the world."

"That seems kind of nutty."

"Well, he was a nice guy in Vienna before the war. You should have known him then." A far off look appears in Huntington's eyes.

Mr. Simon's eyes widen. "You knew Hitler?"

"When I was your age, I spent a couple of years wandering around the world. In 1913, I ended up in Vienna, Austria and I met Adolf while he was a starving artist before the Great War – sorry, World War I."

Mr. Simon nods skeptically. "And he was a *nice* guy."

Huntington takes a sip from his milkshake. "Yep. He wanted to design beautiful buildings – boy his drawings were just stunning – and transform Austria and Germany into a unified utopian society."

"*Really?* It didn't work out that way."

"The road to Hell is paved with good intentions, kid."

Part 6: Yog-Sothoth and Other Problems

Late that evening, Mort emerges triumphantly from the Miskatonic Museum with several security guards trailing behind him. He is about to walk back to his sprawling Victorian house on the edge of campus when he stops.

"Maybe we should double check on those fraudulent artifacts to make sure they have been disposed of properly," says Mort.

Mort and the security guards circle around to the back of the museum where they discover two parked black cars and several men in long black trench coats rummaging through the trash.

"I have vound another *Necronomicon*," shouts one of the men in a German accent, holding up a large battered leather bound book with a peeling gold leaf title.

"Never mind," says a tall thin man in a long black trench coat next to one of the cars. "We already have the Arabic original. Find the spear."

The man tosses the leather-bound *Necronomicon* back in the trash.

"What in the world are you doing?" shouts Mort. "That is Miskatonic University property."

The tall thin man next to the car looks coldly at Mort. The Miskatonic security guards begin to advance. "Kill 'zem."

All of the men straighten up in unison and pull machine guns out from under their long black coats.

"Oh My God!" shouts Mort, turning and running.

The security guards are mowed down in seconds. Mort manages to escape around the corner of the museum building.

"Should vee go after him?" asks one of the machine gun toting men.

"No," snaps the tall thin man. "I see the spear. Right there, next to that pool of blood. Bring it here."

One of the men bends down and retrieves the Spear of Destiny. The men turn as a unit and rush back to the two cars, quickly enter, and the cars drive off at a breakneck speed.

Having just returned from Pickman's, Huntington is fumbling with the key to his two-story Victorian house when Mort, panting and sweating, runs up to him. Huntington is startled and nearly drops the key.

"What in the world have you done?" shouts Mort.

"What?"

"I was nearly just killed by some nuts after that Spear of Destiny of yours!" accuses Mort.

Huntington takes a short step back. "The Spear of Destiny is under lock and key in the Miskatonic Museum vault. No one is supposed to know about it."

"We threw it out, you crank!" shouts Mort. "These nuts were rummaging through the trash for it. What in the world have you been doing?"

"Me? You dunderhead! The Spear of Destiny is the most dangerous biblical artifact in the world. Hitler nearly used it to conquer the world!"

"Hitler?" sputters Mort, suddenly pausing. "Er, um, those nuts had German accents..."

"The Nazis," says Huntington. "Not again!"

"Again?"

"I have had so many problems with those guys," says Huntington, shaking his head vehemently. "Did they get the Spear of Destiny?"

"I don't know!" shouts Mort. "I barely escaped with my life. They machine gunned the entire security staff. Do you know how much work it will take to hire replacements? I'm already swamped with the Department budget."

Huntington looks skeptically at Mort. "They didn't get the original Arabic copy of the *Necronomicon*, did they?"

"We threw out all of that junk. What have you been doing? Are you involved with the Nazis? I won't have that in my Department." Mort glares accusingly at Huntington.

"Look we had better go inside," says Huntington, finally opening the door to his house.

Huntington and Mort hurry inside. Huntington locks the door behind them. He goes to a closet near the door and unlocks it. He takes out a wide floppy hat, a holster, and a Smith and Wesson revolver.

"That is a gun!" sputters Mort.

Huntington straps on the holster and the gun. Then he pulls a double-barreled shotgun out of the closet.

"Here," says Huntington, handing the shotgun to Mort. "You do know how to use a shotgun?"

"This is a gun!" shouts Mort, shoving the gun back into Huntington's hands. "I do not use guns!"

Huntington looks at him skeptically. "You call yourself an archaeologist?"

Mort draws himself up to his full height, still shorter than Huntington. "I am a modern, professional archaeologist. What have you done? I am going to add this to my report to the Academic Review Committee. Even tenure won't protect you after this. We need to call the Arkham police to handle this!"

Huntington glances at a clock on the wall. It reads twenty-five minutes to midnight. "There probably isn't time. If the Nazis have the *Necronomicon*, they will almost certainly try to perform the human sacrifice described in the book to control the mystic power of the Spear of Destiny."

"Human sacrifice?"

"Yeah, they'll need to find a virgin, cut her heart out, and offer it to the Great Old One Yog-Sothoth at the stroke of midnight, with the appropriate incantations and bizarre rituals of course."

"A virgin?" says Mort incredulously.

"Yeah, for some reason, these extra-dimensional monsters always want a beautiful virgin between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four. They seem to prefer virgins who scream a lot."

"That is ridiculous!" sputters Mort. "How would they find a virgin on such short notice?"

"The *Necronomicon* has a black magic spell for finding suitable virgins," explains Huntington. "It is a complete turnkey handbook for black magicians."

Mort stalks past Huntington and picks up the telephone. "This is ridiculous! I am going to call the police. I do not believe for one moment that Nazis are going to sacrifice a virgin to Yog-Sothoth-Put!"

"Yog-Sothoth."

Huntington straps the shotgun across his back and retrieves a bag of ammunition from the closet, which appears to contain a large collection of firearms, explosives, and other weapons. Huntington straps on a grenade belt as the students arrive at his door. They pound on the door. Huntington turns, checks through the spyhole, and opens the door.

"Look, kids, I have an emergency.."

"Professor Smith!" shouts Mr. Morse. "They've taken Lombardi!"

"Who?"

"Nazis!"

"Nazis?"

"Yeah, just like in the movies! They forced their way into the women's dorm and grabbed her, shouting and screaming in German and badly accented English. She had just got back from her date with the biker. She clocked two of them before they overpowered her."

Mort puts his hand to his sweat-covered forehead. "A student. You've involved a student?"

Huntington glares at Mort. "I didn't involve a student, you nitwit. The Nazis have kidnapped her as the virgin sacrifice to the Great Old One Yog-Sothoth. They are going to cut her heart out at the stroke of midnight."

The clock shows twenty minutes to midnight.

"A virgin?" says Mr. Morse incredulously. "Lombardi?"

"People aren't always what they seem kid," says Huntington. "Here, can you handle a shotgun?"

"Sure, I'm in ROTC."

"Great. Do you know where they took her?"

"I'm not sure. They took off toward the old abandoned Whateley Memorial Church on the north side of campus."

Huntington nods. "The Whateley Church. Yes, the perfect location for a human sacrifice. It has been used twice before."

"Twice!" shouts Mort as Huntington hands out shotguns and bags of shotgun shells to the students. "What kind of university is this?"

"A really weird one!" shouts Huntington. "Follow me! And remember, these are Nazis. Don't ask questions. Just shoot them!"

"Shoot them?" gasps Mort.

Huntington and the students begin running across the Quad toward the infamous Wilbur Whateley Memorial Church, site of two previous human sacrifices. After a few moments, Mort trails after them.

When Huntington and the students arrive, the decaying Whateley Church has been transformed, with a huge banner with a swastika draped across the front. Nazis in full dress uniforms stand guard at the front doors of the church. Huntington stops, pulls out his shotgun, and opens fire, hitting the Nazi guards at one hundred paces. He calmly reloads as the surviving guards shoot back. The students open fire, missing. Huntington fires again, finishing off the surviving guards.

"OK," says Huntington. "Let's go."

Huntington and the students rush the front doors. More Nazis rush out. Huntington pulls his revolver and fires. Bang! One dead Nazi. Bang! Two dead Nazis. Bang! Three dead Nazis. Bang! Four dead Nazis. The fifth Nazi has to push the four bodies out of his way as he struggles through the front door of the church. Bang! Five dead Nazis. The sixth Nazi has to push the five Nazi corpses aside. Bang! Six dead Nazis. Huntington reloads his revolver as he charges the church. The students struggle to keep up behind him. Mort trails after them at a distance.

A huge completely bald muscular half-naked Nazi in a bizarre, not to mention kinky black leather outfit emerges from the church as Huntington reaches the flight of stone steps. The Nazi is wielding what appears to be an authentic thirteenth century German broadsword engraved with swastikas. He flourishes the broadsword.

"Smith!" shouts the Nazi. "I vill never permit you to..."

The students stop and discharge their shotguns into the giant Nazi who staggers backward against the church door and then falls apart into several bloody pieces.

"Good shot kids," says Huntington, vaulting to the top of the steps.

Cautiously, Huntington peers through the door. Remarkably, there are no more Nazi guards. Inside he can see thousands of candles. A giant banner with a giant swastika has been draped above the altar. Lombardi is chained spread-eagled to the floor in her skin tight black leather biker outfit. An old man who bears a striking resemblance to Hitler is standing at a decaying ornately carved lectern, reading out loud from the *Necronomicon* which rests open on top of the lectern. The tall thin man in a black trench coat stands on the other side of Lombardi. Edward Bartlesby, the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, is standing directly behind Lombardi facing the front of the church. Bartlesby is wearing a black Nazi SS uniform. Huntington motions the students to join him quietly.

"What's up, Professor Smith?" asks Mr. Morse.

"It's Hitler," says Huntington.

"Hitler! Isn't he dead?"

Huntington shakes his head. "No. He faked his death."

"That's the Chairman of the Board of Trustees!" gasps Mort, looking over Huntington's shoulder.

"A Nazi secret agent," whispers Huntington. "There is always one in these situations."

"You are supposed to scream," hisses the tall thin man to Lombardi. "It vorks better if you scream a lot!"

"Go to Hell!" shouts Lombardi, glaring up at the tall thin man.

"Listen young lady," says Bartlesby sternly. "You are supposed to scream in terror."

The tall thin man pulls a long curved knife and advances toward Lombardi.

"Ia Ia Yog-Sothoth..." intones Hitler.

"That's it," says Huntington. "He is starting the incantation. Kill them!"

Huntington bursts into the church with the students behind him. Mort follows nervously behind them. Huntington discharges both barrels of his shotgun, easily hitting the tall thin man in the chest at two hundred feet. The shotgun blast hurls the tall thin man backward onto the floor. The students cheer.

"Ia Ia Yog-Sothoth..." Hitler continues to chant.

Bartlesby draws his shiny black Luger automatic pistol from its holster and shoots repeatedly at Huntington while shouting: "Professor Smith, as Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Miskatonic University, I order you..."

Huntington drops to the floor, reloads his shotgun and shoots Bartlesby. The shotgun blast throws Bartlesby backward. Bartlesby's head comes off and flies across the altar against the back wall of the church.

"You shot the Chairman!" shouts Mort from behind the cheering students.

"Yep," says Huntington.

Huntington charges down the aisle between the moldering pews. He realizes that the interior walls of the church are decorated with lifelike paintings of strange tentacled monsters. This is not your garden-variety abandoned church.

"Ia Ia Yog-Sothoth..." Hitler drones on.

The tall thin man stands up. His long black trench coat is riddled with holes, but there is no blood. His jaw has been blown off. He raises the curved knife and lurches toward Lombardi who struggles silently against the chains.

"You are supposed to scream," hisses the tall thin man despite the lack of a jaw. "It vorks better if you scream a lot!"

Huntington reloads his shotgun as he charges the altar, firing a second

blast at the tall thin man who jerks backward onto the floor. The tall thin man's torso disintegrates as he hits the floor. An arm still holding the curved knife begins to wiggle snakelike toward Lombardi.

Huntington reaches Lombardi, kicks the arm away, draws his revolver, and with perfect aim shoots open each of the four manacles holding her in place.

"Professor Smith!" shouts Lombardi.

Huntington helps her to her feet. Hitler finishes the incantation.

"That is it!" shouts Hitler. "That is the last time that you are going to thwart my plans, Professor Smith."

Huntington turns to face Hitler. "Adolf, you idiot!"

Hitler steps out from behind the lectern. He is holding the Spear of Destiny, which is beginning to glow with a strange white light. Huntington pushes Lombardi behind him as the students arrive behind them. The strange white light engulfs Hitler. Mr. Morse fires his shotgun at Hitler with no effect.

"You won't stop me this time, Huntington!" shouts Hitler. "I now have the secret mystic power of the Spear of Destiny!"

Mr. Morse reloads and fires again. The other students fire with no effect.

"You can't control the Spear of Destiny!" shouts Huntington. "It is beyond human understanding or control!"

"Nonsense!" Hitler is glowing brighter and brighter. "Give me the virgin! I have to cut out her heart and offer it to Yog-Sothoth."

"What the Hell is Yog-Thoth-Put!" shouts Mort who has finally caught up with Huntington and the students.

"That!" shouts Huntington, pointing up toward the vaulted ceiling of the Whateley Church. Hitler, the students, and Mort look up. The ceiling seems to have transformed into a strange sky filled with violet stars and even stranger forms. Tentacles are writhing around the edges of the "sky", reaching down toward Huntington and the students.

"Oh My God!" shouts Mort. "What is it?"

"Yog-Sothoth knows the gate!" explains Huntington. "Yog-Sothoth is the gate! Yog-Sothoth is the key and guardian of the gate."

"Hunh!"

"It's a paradox, nitwit!"

The students start shooting up at the approaching tentacles.

"Give me the virgin!" shouts Hitler, now glowing brightly. "I need to cut her heart out and offer it to Yog-Sothoth."

"You said that!" shouts Huntington, backing away from the glowing former dictator.

Hitler brandishes the Spear of Destiny at Huntington. A tentacle picks up Mr. Morse who drops his shotgun.

"Help me!" shouts Mr. Morse, straining impotently to break free of the tentacle with all his strength.

Lombardi picks up the shotgun and blasts the tentacle, severing it. Mr. Morse drops onto the altar and frantically pulls the severed tentacle off his torso, tossing it to the far end of the church. Lombardi points at some strange glowing writing on the church wall behind the altar.

"Professor Smith!" shouts Lombardi, jerking her head at the cryptic writing on the wall and frantically reloading the shotgun. "What does that say?"

"Run like Hell!" shouts Huntington.

Huntington, the students, and Mort run like Hell back toward the church entrance as Hitler, now glowing even more brightly, pursues them.

"What did it say, Professor?" asks Lombardi as they flee.

"Run like Hell," answers Huntington.

"No, what did it say?"

"It said 'run like Hell' in Old Atlantean!"

"Oh!"

A mass of writhing black tentacles descend, blocking the church doors.

"Stand back!" shouts Huntington as he pulls a grenade from his belt, hurling it into the tentacles.

There is a muffled explosion. Pieces of tentacles splatter the interior of the church. More tentacles descend blocking the escape.

"You cannot escape me, Smith!" shouts Hitler.

Huntington, the students, and Mort turn to face Hitler. They are trapped. Huntington again pushes Lombardi behind him.

"Let me at him!" shouts Lombardi, pulling a switchblade and trying to force her way past Huntington. "Nobody, but nobody, treats me like that and lives!"

The tentacles descend toward Huntington, the students, and Mort.

"I am going to put this in my report to the Academic Review Committee!" shouts Mort.

"I have won this time, Smith!" shouts Hitler, glaring at Huntington and brandishing the Spear of Destiny triumphantly. "I have the Power of God in my hands! The entire world will fall at my feet!"

Hitler and the Spear glow even brighter. Huntington, the students, and Mort shield their eyes. The tentacles begin to recoil as if feeling a great heat.

"Cover your eyes!" shouts Huntington. "Don't look!"

"I am aagghhg...!" shouts Hitler, his voice rising into a high pitched scream.

"Adolf, you idiot!" shouts Huntington as the brilliant light fills the Whateley Church.

When the light finally fades, Huntington, the students, and Mort slowly open their eyes and stand up. They look around. The Wilbur Whateley Memorial Church is gone, replaced by a flat expanse of fused green glass.

"Oh My God!" stammers Mort. "Oh My God! What have you done? This is all your fault!"

Huntington looks around. "I warned him he couldn't control the Spear of Destiny." Huntington shakes his head. "He never listened to me. He could have been a great painter and architect. Those paintings he showed me in Vienna were pure genius. What does he do instead? Try to conquer the world."

Huntington turns, nods briefly to the students and Mort, and limps off across the Quad toward his house shaking his head sadly and mumbling something about "this was easier in the old days."

"I am definitely putting this in my report to the Academic Review Committee!" shouts Mort, shaking his fist at Huntington.

Epilog

Huntington, Winston, and the attorney Wedgeford Adams file glumly into the meeting room of the Academic Review Committee in the Administration building at Miskatonic University. Huntington is wearing his recently mended and patched 1930's suit and his bow tie. He is limping slightly. Mort is already seated at a table on the other side of the room. Next to him is his five hundred page report: *Report on Unprofessional Conduct by Professor Huntington Smith*. Mort has a smug expression. Then, the six members of the Academic Review Committee file into the room and sit down at the table at the front. The Chairman of the Academic Review Committee avoids looking at Smith and nods briefly to Mort. The clock on the wall reads 1:45. The hearing is scheduled to start at 2:00pm.

Mr. Morse and the entire Miskatonic University football team enter and take seats, holding up a huge banner: FOOTBALL SQUAD SUPPORTS SMITH.

The Chairman of the Academic Review Committee begins to look nervous.

Lombardi and several tough looking young men and women in black

leather jackets enter and sit down. Lombardi smiles at Huntington. He nods and smiles back. Lombardi holds up a sign: SMITH SAVED MY LIFE.

The Chairman of the Academic Review Committee loosens his tie.

Three rabbis, each with an entourage of intense young men with New York City accents, enter the room. They break into three groups, looking suspiciously at each other group. Each group holds up a sign:

JEWS FOR SMITH

SMITH IS BRILLIANT HEBREW SCHOLAR

DOWN WITH NAZIS

A bead of sweat appears on the Chairman's forehead. He adjusts his tie again. He glances at Mort. More students, faculty, staff, and townspeople crowd into the room.

A student reporter from the *Miskatonic Daily* enters and walks up to Professor Smith. He has short blond hair and looks like he is about fourteen. "Hello Professor Smith, I'm Tommy Templeton from the *Miskatonic Daily*. I'm covering the hearing."

Huntington looks skeptically at the young reporter. "Nice to meet you kid."

"Here, you are already today's headline," says Tommy, handing the day's edition of the *Miskatonic Daily* to Huntington.

DUNWICH HORROR II
MISKATONIC PROF SAVES WORLD

"Can I get an interview after this?" asks Tommy. "We've been going through Henry Armitage's papers at the Miskatonic Library and we've found a lot of incredible stuff about Wilbur Whateley and the Whateleys. We're doing a series."

Huntington glances at Mort. Beads of sweat are starting to appear on Mort's forehead. He looks around nervously.

Shortly after that a tall lanky man in a cheap suit and a hat enters the room and also introduces himself to Huntington. "Professor Smith.

Joe Bishop, *Arkham Advertiser*. Can I get an interview after this is over?"

"What for?" asks Huntington.

"I'm doing a three part series on Heinz Bachman," explains Joe.

"Who?"

"Edward Bartlesby, the missing Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Miskatonic," explains Joe. "It turns out Army intelligence has records on him from the fall of Berlin. He was commandant of the Wasserstein concentration camp that provided slave labor for the German V-2 rocket program. He is wanted for starving thousands of prisoners to death. Apparently he was brought here under some secret program called Paperclip."

"Oh, really," says Huntington glancing at the Academic Review Committee and at Mort who looks nervously at the Chairman. "Sure, I can do an interview. You'll have to wait. The *Miskatonic Daily* asked first." A bead of sweat runs down Mort's forehead into his right eye. He blinks and wipes away the bead of sweat.

"No problem."

Mort frantically writes something on his writing pad. Then, he rushes up to the Chairman, hands him the note, and they whisper for several minutes. Mort finally returns to his seat. It is 2:05. Everyone is waiting. The room is silent except for the soft sound of the reporters taking notes. There is a long pause as the Chairman appears to read the note from Mort.

The Chairman looks up at the packed room.

"Ahem," says the Chairman of the Academic Review Committee. "Regarding Professor Huntington Smith, Professor of Archaeology and Unusual Studies at Miskatonic University, we find that Professor Smith's brilliant seminal work on third century Hebrew syntax is a credit to the University, evidencing the very best of modern, professional scientific methods. Some... ahem, malcontents... have expressed concerns over Professor Smith's unusual ...ahem...*hobbies*. We however find that Professor Smith's open-minded interest in novel areas reflects the long tradition of free and open inquiry that has always been one of the hallmarks of Miskatonic University. Some...ahem, naysayers.. have questioned the expenditure of valuable University resources to preserve and protect Professor Smith's unusual collection of ...ahem...artifacts. While there can be no doubt that these...ahem...artifacts are nineteenth century forgeries, there can also be no doubt that these are among the most sophisticated and beautiful forgeries, artworks in their own right, and should be preserved and protected as outstanding, indeed unique examples of nineteenth century archaeological forgery. Indeed, these ...ahem...artifacts are so unique and beautiful, that we recommend that they be kept under the tightest security. The recent theft attempt by misguided cultists demonstrates clearly the need to protect and preserve these fine examples of nineteenth century craftsmanship."

###