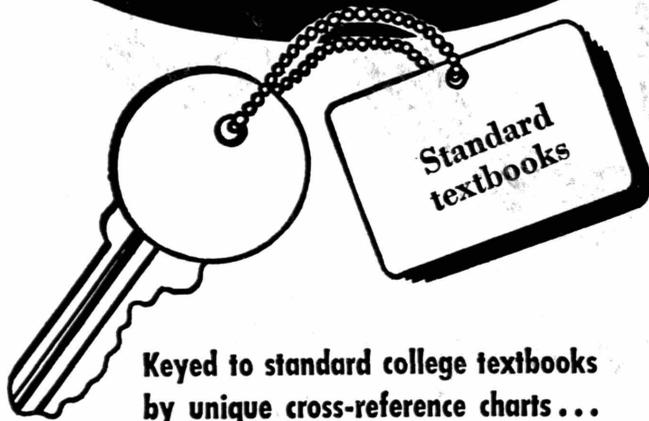


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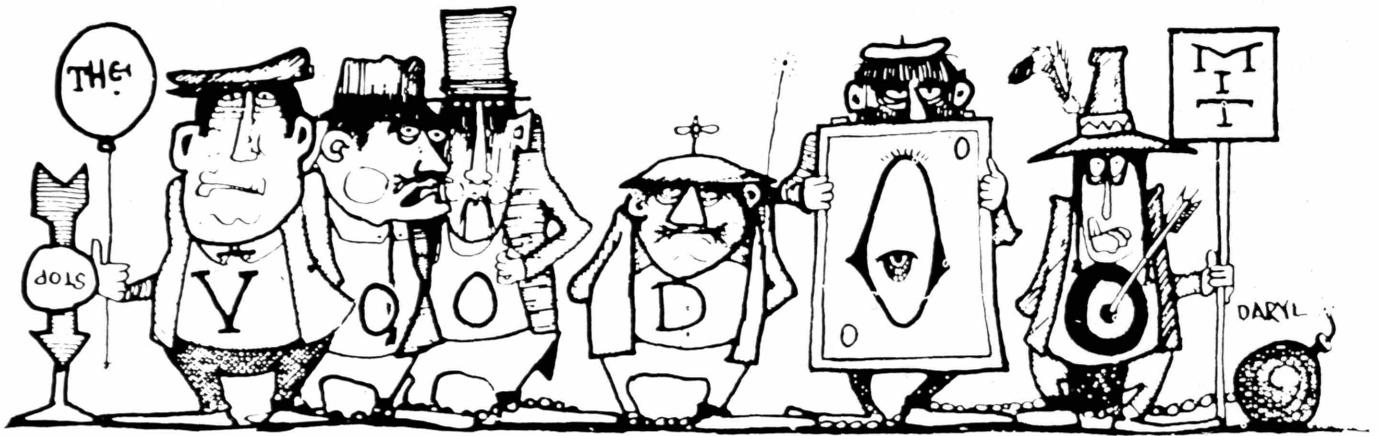
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We give up. For a while, it looked as if WTBS had avoided the regular radio rut into which most college stations fall as soon as they get delusions of listeners, but we weren't disappointed. Phos wandered in the other day with their new program schedule and it *reeked* of chicken fat: Some classical music (presumably to soothe the savage breast) (not enough for any *other* purposes), some folk music for the ethniks, lots of bad jazz, and *oodles* of shmaltz--really revolting stuff. *Mood* music, they call it. And "Night Owl"-- a show that's been running (from disgusted listeners) since at least 1950, and, one of our super-annuated informants says, hasn't improved in all that time. We're convinced that this show has three listeners (all deaf) who take turns calling in every week and requesting the same songs--week after week after week. The taste of the MIT community can't be *that* bad. WTBS sure has daring, imaginative leadership, boys -- and a lousy Trendex.

**A** few days ago we had the occasion to visit the Lechmere Square area, and naturally, parked our car in the parking lot of one of the nearby factories. Returning to claim our vehicle, we were surprised to hear cheerful march music blaring forth from one of the open factory windows while inside a dozen of the employees hammered energetically and in perfect rhythm upon what sounded like packing crates. Eager to learn the reason behind such high employee morale, we were careful to note the sign at the front of the building. It was the National Casket Co.

**T**he master of one of the campus fraternities made a slight Freudian slip when describing the drive back from the site of the beach party at Plum Island, Mass. the following night. He commented, "Be careful, fellers, it's going to be a long dark hairy drive!"

**F**rom our operative in a Labor Relations course comes proof that instructors are, indeed, human. The Right-Thinking instructor in question was compiling a list of employment considerations when one student offered forth "security." The instructor nonchalantly wrote "secretaries" on the board, and proceeded with his list. Sigmund was right ...

**A** friend of ours recently visited the control center for the Callahan Tunnel to observe all the impressive equipment in action and sent us the following report: "Was almost snowed by the array of four smog pen-recorders and five closed circuit TV receivers; but, closer inspection revealed that two of the recorders were out of order, and one of the TV sets was tuned to the Red-Sox game."

**I**nteresting to note that, at the time of the Technology Textbook Agents' expulsion, the Institute owned 12,180 shares of Addison-Wesley Common stock.

From an article in the *Baltimore Sun*, June 23, 1962, we reprint the following:

"Dr. Julius Adams Stratton, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, declined to give his commencement address at the Johns Hopkins University today - and his audience couldn't have been happier.

"For the rains came to Keyser Quadrangle on the Homewood Campus and Dr. Stratton, who had just been awarded a honorary doctor of laws degree, told all assembled it would be 'cruel' in return to make them sit for 20 minutes and listen to his speech.

"An audible sigh of relief came from the 2,500 persons who had ..."

One of our informants reports from Atlantic City, N. J., where he observed that singular species, the Ice Cream Vendor, tramping up and down the teeming sands in tennis shoes and dark glasses. It seems that each of them has his name, or nickname, painted on the white dry-ice box which is his stock-in-trade. One individualist, however, spurning custom, emblazoned his "ice-box" with "Son of the Beach."

This month's Award For Finding a Use For Copies of *the tech* goes to the Communications Biophysics Research group. Cognizant of the rag's unquestioned value, the Biophysics lab technicians scrounge as many copies of *the tech* as they can -- for wrapping up dead cats after experiments!

One of our far flung correspondents (who was flung further than usual this summer) reports as follows:

"This summer found me working in a small town (pop. 37, elev. 17,000, the sign on the east end of town said) in one of the relatively unsettled frontier states. After finally accustoming myself to the unusual environment, I began to notice an attractive young woman proceeding to work each morning. With evidence that she was also noticing me, I, after unusual effort, determined her name & address and paid a call to her home. The initial conversation made it evident that she had obtained some data concerning me; further, it could not have been better calculated to disarm the techman attempting to appear suave. The relevant portions are approximated below:

F.F.C.: 'Hi'

A.Y.W.: (purring) 'Hello, I understand you go to M.I.T. ... I hear it's quite the school!'

F.F.C.: 'Yup'

A.Y.W.: (still purring) 'The girl down the street goes to M.I.T. - would you like to meet her?'

F.F.C.: ' . . . . . '

### THE TECH DEFECTOR MOVES UP, JOINS VOO DOO

Joe Kirk, former Business Manager of *The Tech*, has been quoted as saying, "I can't take their crap anymore. Do you fellas have any openings on your staff?" and joins V.D.

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# An Evening With Dean Closet

**-By Solon**

"Good evening, good evening, do come in!" said Dean Closet merrily as we shook hands just inside the front door. His eyes twinkled as if with some hidden amusement as he led the way down the hallway and turned left into his well-stocked library. "What luck! thought I. "To be here this evening in the company of this man of letters, sportsman, hunter, and not least of all Dean of Residence of the New York Educational Trust!" Ever since my arrival at NYET many weeks ago several questions about student housing had been burning in my brain, waiting to be answered. As of yet, I had received no satisfactory answers to these questions, but now, here in the presence of the Dean, I felt sure I would learn what clever and farsighted rationale lay behind the apparent utter chaos I had been witnessing for the past five weeks.

Dean Closet motioned me to sit down across from him in a very comfortable armchair. My gaze wandered slowly about the comfortable room. I commented: "You certainly have a nice place here, sir."

Dean Closet chuckled dryly, as if I had made some joke. "Yes, yes, it comes with the job." He seemed eager to explain himself: "You see, it is the belief of the Trust that if a man is expected to work many hours a week at difficult and at times frustrating tasks, that

the least they can do is provide him with a pleasant place to return to each evening, a place where he can relax in quiet comfort and rest himself. It is for that reason that the Trust has seen fit to provide lodging for some its other important members. The Chairman of the Trust, for instance resides in a luxurious penthouse atop the large apartment building located at 1000 Souvenir Drive. The President, in keeping with his larger diurnal duties, resides at the modest mansion next door."

"You mean just one family occupies that whole complex of buildings?" I asked astonishedly.

The Dean chuckled dryly again. "Oh no! By no means no! Only the smaller building with the view of the river is occupied by the President. Behind that building is a large garden surrounded by a seven or eight foot wall. Behind that wall is housing that accommodates about 250 of our young men. It is the belief of the Trust that such close Faculty-Student proximity stimulates the type of discussion that can improve our institution."

The Dean continued: "Actually the President's family does not occupy the entire mansion. The large downstairs rooms are mostly for entertaining, while the family lives upstairs. And a certain amount of room must be set aside for the servants' quarters, of course."

"Of course" I said nervously. "But, Dean Closet, what I came to talk to you about tonight is the student housing situation here at NYET. Would you please tell me about the factors that led to the decision for what your office literature calls the "earlybird rush?"

The Dean waved his arm expansively: "Actually the decision was completely out of our hands. Although we have existed on our present site about fifty years, on-campus housing has never seemed important enough to warrant expenditure of funds to shelter more than about half the undergraduate body. For this reason it is essential that we encourage about 1/3 of the student body to take up residence in a fraternity during their first semester at NYET. To this end we have instituted the "early-bird" rush."

The Dean continued hurriedly as if some inner force were causing him to explain: "The freshmen rush fraternities before they have visited the dormitories or are familiar in any way with the school. All decisions are made within a four-day period so that neither the fraternity nor the freshman have a chance to learn too much about each other. 'Familiarity breeds contempt,' you know," chuckled the Dean dryly. Faced with almost utter lack of information about the fraternities, the dormitories, the school, or school work the freshman must make a decision that will affect his life intimately for the next four years. Only four days away alone from home, he must make one of the most important decisions he will ever make at NYET, based on no facts at all. In this way, even before he starts classes, he learns how things are done at NYET. In this atmosphere most young men grow older fast!"

Obviously pleased with this explanation, Dean Closet offered the following 'piece de resistance': "Besides which, our psychology department wouldn't have it any other way. A few years ago a plan was proposed which would delay the rush, but the psychology department fought it tooth and nail. It seems that even with careful admission procedures, every freshman class has some "unstable" elements in it. Since about half the rushees do not get bids from the house they would prefer, and since all of them are under a severe physical and mental strain, the "unstable" ones will probably "crack" during the week, or at the worst during the first few weeks of classes. This makes it possible for us to spot them early and sending them packing with words of sympathy. If a man lasts through his first year here, he generally gives us little more trouble."

The Dean paused for breath. I shuffled my feet and made bold to ask him about my own accommodations, Dungeon House. "Dean Closet, I must ask what steps are being taken to alleviate the harsh conditions in my own dormitory, Dungeon House. We have small, dimly lit rooms branching off even more dimly lit halls. We are not allowed to make even so much as a cup of tea in our rooms, and the whole house is serviced by two inadequate, slowly moving elevators. Every evening when I return home from classes I feel more that I am returning to a second-rate hotel than a living-group.

The Dean was suddenly busy reaching for a cigar. He methodically removed the wrapper, looked carefully at the hole in the end. For a few moments he appeared to be scrutinizing the very essence of the cigar, so carefully did he turn it under his downward gaze. At last he looked up, holding the unlit cigar in his hand. The twinkle in his eye had softened to a more pensive mien. He spoke to me in a warm, confidential tone: "Young man, you must realize that we, the officers and administrators of the Trust are greatly concerned with your problems. Every year there are several committees formed to study these problems, and committees will continue to be formed until these problems cease to exist. For example, in 1957 a special committee was formed under the direction of Prof. Dire. The report on student housing it issued, known henceforth as the Dire Report on Housing, dealt with the problems you have mentioned."

Greatly surprised, I enquired: "Just what were the findings of the committee, Dean Closet?"

The Dean frowned and said in an even tone: "The committee found the housing at NYET dreadfully inadequate, both in quantity and quality. Not only was there inadequate housing space available to house all those who wished to live on the campus, but what housing there was, was found woefully inadequate. Even the recently constructed Snaker House, mentioned in the President's introduction to the Dire Report, as the epitome of dormitory dwellings, was found to be inadequate on the grounds that its cramped, bare, brick-walled rooms and long winding corridors failed to provide a pleasant, communal place in which to work and live. It was recommended that the Snaker House type of construction be abandoned entirely in favor of the small living group design of the oldest dormitory on the campus. As for your own dormitory, Dungeon House, the commit-

Continued on page 19

The recent expose by our crusading Dean of Student Affairs of a flourishing traffic in pornographic songbooks prompted us to dispatch a reporter to bring in the full story of the nefarious

# PORNOGRAPHY RACKET AT MIT



Reputed to be largest pornograph on campus, this press printed songsheets, turns out thousands of pages/day, is cynically disguised as "Community Service Organization".

THE STORY BEHIND THE PICTURES

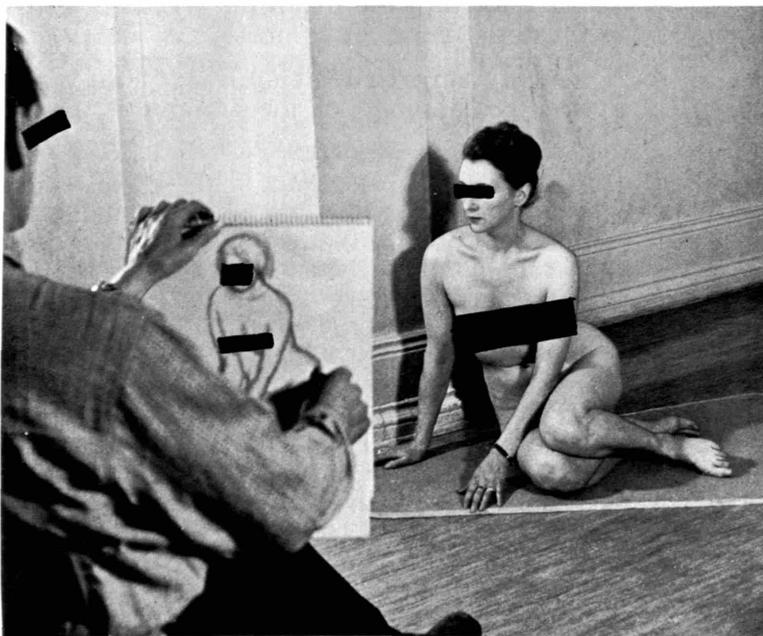
-by [redacted]

I started learning things the day I reached the MIT campus. I had heard of the infamous East Campus Songsheet-- who hadn't?-- but I thought it was an isolated case, the product of a few misguided students, a pimple on the fair face of Technology. As I learned more, however, the pimple grew to a tumor, the tumor to a cancer, and the cancer to a carcinogenic, creeping rot that threatened to engulf the whole bloated body.

I talked with an officer of the dormitory responsible for the publication of the thing. He was a nervous, shifty-eyed character who kept looking over his shoulder as if he thought someone was out to get him. I asked to see a copy; he drew himself up, coughed, and, in a wavering, chastised voice, informed me that, no, I couldn't see one because East Campus had, per instructions, turned in all the copies to the Dean's Office and, moreover, he'd had nothing to do with its publication. I received the same dual assurance from all the politicians I talked to (except the Athletic Chairman who simply scratched himself and mumbled something which sounded like, "Wanna play some-- duh-- pingpong?").

I was about to give it up as a bad deal when a clean-cut young man stepped out of some bushes and said "Pssst". (He appeared to be rather unaccustomed to such procedures.) He was wearing a suit, had a fish tattooed on the back of his left hand, and had such ruddy cheeks, and such blond hair, that the air around his head glowed softly. "You want to know what's really going on here?"

He led me down into some catacomb-like passages under East Campus. We came to a wide place where I beheld a group of about twenty of the most beautiful



"Life-drawing classes", sponsored by the Architecture Dept., thought to supply flood of obscene pictures.



Purveyors of filth, the lowest form of life. Shown here: Board meeting of recently exposed publishing concern. Note slack jaws.



Smutty 14.70 lectures are recorded, and later sold under the counter.



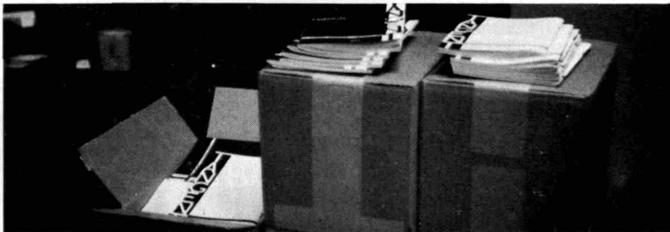
Principal cause of concern: Corruption of innocent freshmen. Here four, life of debauchery beginning to show in their faces, sing from proscribed Songsheet.



General moral decay of campus is evidenced by this scene.



Jolly pornographers hawk filthy wares in broad daylight.



Pornographic magazines await shipment to distributors.

boys I have ever seen. Their angelic faces and dewy eyes combined to give an overwhelming impression of Innocence. (There was no visible source of light-- the warm glow which filled the room appeared, strange as it seems, to be the light of their countenances.

The first few minutes of conversation showed me how misleading first impressions can be. Their organization was called the Fellowship of United something-or-other. These fellows were tough, efficient. They were, they informed me, the crack shock troops of a Crusade-- a Crusade dedicated to stamping out every last vestige of Sin and Evil. It was dedicated to the suppression of Vice in every pernicious Form. They started telling me the real truth about MIT-- the Gomorrah-on-The-Charles. They showed me a copy of the Songsheet they'd saved for evidence. With the practiced intuition of the veteran reporter, I knew I was On To Something. Taking notes as fast as I could, I asked them if they'd take me on a "tour". To make a long story short, they did-- with the results you see pictured here.

I began this assignment with some doubts about the sanity of my editor. Smut at MIT? Absurd. Garbage, yes; grunge, yes; squalor, yes; but Smut? I thought, what could be more wholesome, more clean, more patriotic (in this day and age) than studying Physics and Engineering and such! Before I finished, though, I realized I was on to the biggest story of my life! It's all here-- every sordid detail-- in these pictures. Look at them well, Mr. and Mrs. America! You're looking at MIT-- a University polarized around Smut!

THE FOLLOWING IS A LETTER WHICH SOME MISGUIDED SOUL SENT US .....

## FROM THE WEST COAST

“Recently I had the pleasure of meeting one of your Tech Tools, a gentleman I had the pleasure of helling through High School with here in Southern California. He spoke in glowing terms of MIT as we spent a quiet evening rolling drunks, and I must confess that I am motivated to contribute some prose in the interest of dissolving the old myth of Regional Differences, to weld College students into One Big Happy Fraternity (if I may use the word without laying myself open to legal action.)

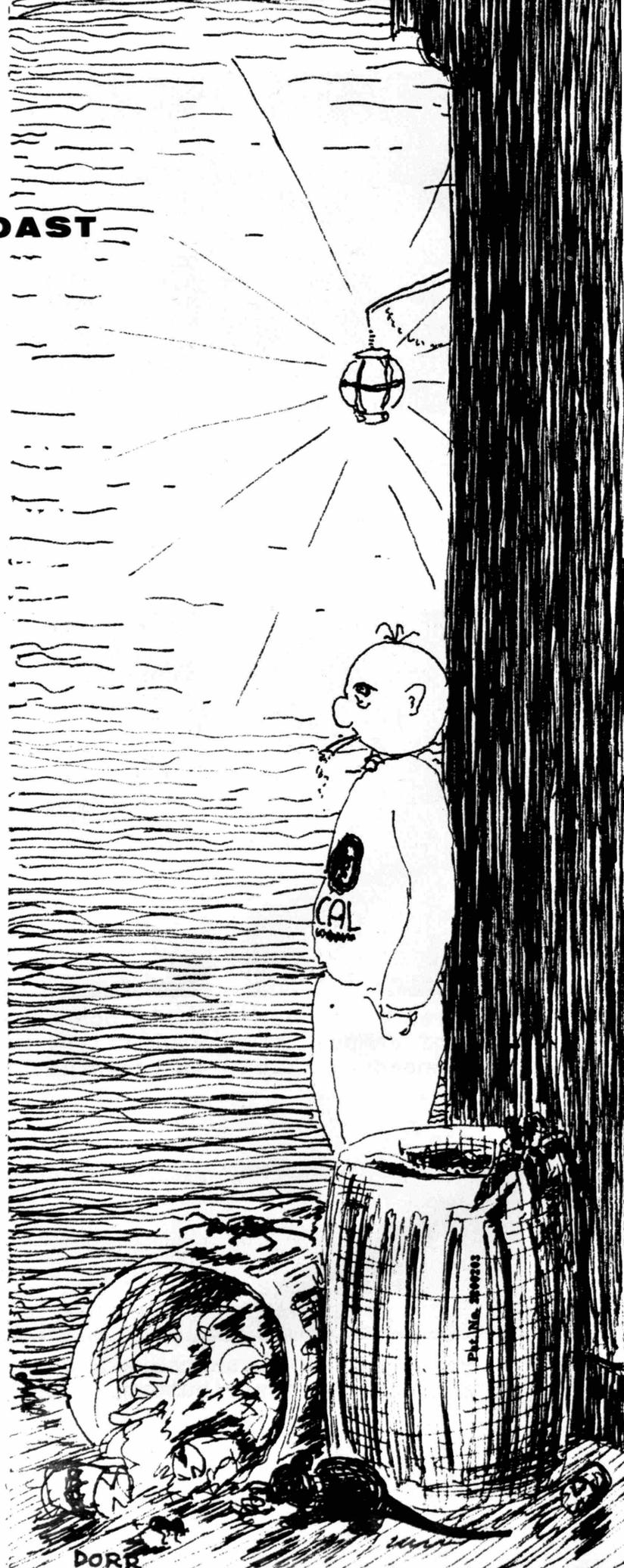
Here, and I speak principally of Southern California, our State-supported institution (which shall remain nameless in my interests exclusively; I want to graduate someday) is located in the advantageous position of gaining the most smog/cm<sup>3</sup> of all the major institutions of learning in the region. The Medical School is at present figuring life-expectancy tables based on the latest smoking-smog-lung cancer statistics for all Undergraduates; the recent semester’s turnover of students and the loss of gold to the institution has prompted this worthwhile project.

Our college’s philosophy is: *To Learn The Way Things Are*. Those who cannot Learn The Way Things Are become professors; those who can become crooks.

Our college has up-to-date schools of Alchemy, Metaphysics, Zoroastrianism, Witch-burning, etc., besides the regular curriculae of undergraduate institutions. It was at this university that the elements (Air, Earth, Fire, Water) were first discovered I am told. Other significant contributions to the world of Science and Technology include the Veeblefetter Canary Pancreas Extract for the Treatment of Athlete’s Foot in Aardvarks, a treatise on The Use of Nitroglycerin in the Treatment of Rectal Ulcers by the late Dr. F. R. Toolin, and a Formula For Computing the Doppler Shift in A Body of  $6.02 \times 10^{24}$  density Travelling Through Raspberry Jello, which has been hailed by Physicists around the world as the one research paper title that even the most long-winded professor could not pronounce in one breath.

Our Business College sponsors a program of on-the-job training for our country’s potential executives. Courses in such subjects as Featherbedding For Fun and Profit, Extortion and Blackmail Simplified, Female Office Personnel Exploitation and

Continued on page 19



# GAOLSMANSHIP



Being an account of a Long and Hazardous Journey through the Unchartered Wastes south of Washington, D.C., the Strange, Unusual, and Barbaric Practices of the Savages who dwell Therein, and the Ingenious Cruelties Inflicted upon Strangers by Same.

Heading north on U.S. 1, south of Richmond. A beautiful Sunday morning. We had soulful gospel music on the radio and in each little town we passed the locals were getting into their shiny Sunday best and their shinier '48 Packards to go to church. Our biggest concern was whether or not to put the convertible top down.

On the shoulder of the road sat a little green box, on a tripod -- mock-ominous, like something from a bad science fiction movie. "Bruce, buddy, we've just been either radarred or sterilized." (We were, of course, speeding.) A cruiser pulled out with the big fish-pole swish-swishing behind it. (I had slowed down.) "Pretend you don't notice him ..." We drove for what seemed hours, trying to appear nonchalant, unconcerned, and (primarily) innocent, while the police car hovered leisurely behind us like a damn barracuda at feeding time. I kept stealing

surreptitious peeks at him in the mirror and had almost convinced myself he wasn't really after us, when he gunned his car and moved up into my blind spot. I waited for him to pull on ahead. He didn't.

"What's he doing, Bruce?" I whispered.

"Lighting a cigarette."

I slowed down so the trooper would go on by. He slowed down. I sped up and caught a momentary glimpse of him in the mirror before he, too, sped up.

Finally, he pulled around us and motioned for me to pull over.

As he sauntered back to where Bruce and I were hiding in the little yellow Lark, Bruce muttered to me that when he was stopped in Virginia, it cost him \$17.50, but then he was only five miles per hour over the limit. I felt sick, but managed a smile and a cheerful "Good morning, sir." He curled his lip contemptuously and asked to see my license. (The East Virginia twang/drawl is impos-

sible to imitate. It makes "about" come out "about".) He stared at that document awhile, held it up to the light, stared at it some more. He commented on the fact that my occupation was listed as "Student" and I cautiously agreed. After a noncommittal scowl, he asked to see the registration papers. I scattered the contents of the glove compartment on the floor. Finally coming up with the Registration, I handed it to Officer Ryder. (His nameplate was above his right pocket just above his marksmanship medals.) (On his left pocket was the Great Seal of the Commonwealth with "Sic Semper Tyrannis" in gold.)

"Y'all went past ouah raydah few mahls back at an excessive rate of speed. Ah'm placin' y'all unduh arrest. Follah me an' don' trah no funny biznuss 'cause Ah've got youah lahsince." He placed his hand casually on his pistol and smiled for the first time since our encounter.

The Justice of the Peace's home was a few hundred yards away, cleverly disguised as a farmhouse. (It suddenly became clear why Ryan had followed us for as long as he did.) We parked behind the house next to the JP's pickup truck. Ryder doffed his cowboy hat when a nondescript middle-aged woman in a housecoat answered his knock.

"Mawnin', Miz Shelv't'n. Scott in?" She led us into the parlor and went to get her husband.

Almost immediately, Mr. Shelvington appeared, tucking in his shirt. (We were apparently the first catch of the morning.) While Ryder was relating the details of our misdemeanor, I examined the framed certificates on the wall and discovered that our JP was a Knight of the Mystic Shrine, a member of the American Legion, a veteran of World War I, and a Baptist Sunday School graduate.

Shelvington emerged triumphantly from under a pile of warrants, summonses, and other forensic documents. He transfixed us with a dolesome gaze, intended to convey the full majesty of the Law. He read a document instructing the High Sheriff of Burntwick County to "bring before the court of said county the body of the said prisoner", meaning me. I didn't like the sound of that all, but I liked it even less when he informed me that, not being a Citizen of the Commonwealth, I had to go to jail until my trial a week later, at which I would be convicted and fined (He consulted a sheet of paper--) \$32.75. Naturally, he said, I didn't want to do that,

so I'd have to post a \$32.75 bond with him and forfeit it.

Bruce and I didn't have over twenty dollars between us. I asked Shelvington if he'd take a check. He conferred with Ryder and decided, no, he couldn't. I asked if there were anyplace around that would cash one for me. Shelvington informed me with a note of pride that if I "was Jesus Christ hisself", I couldn't cash a check on Sunday in this county.

I told him I didn't have the money. He signed resignedly and told Ryder to take us to the Sheriff's Office. Ryder led us off, repeating his warning about "funny biznuss".

The county seat of Burntwick County is the unimposing town of Lawrenceton. In the center of town is the courthouse, a neo-colonial edifice of red brick and white pillars, trying awfully hard to look like Monticello. About two hundred yards away is the county jail, done in late Western Electric, a cubical, mausoleum-like structure, barred windows and barbed-wire-topped cyclone fence.

A negro trusty was washing a police car parked outside while exchanging advice with the prisoners housed on that side of the jail, all of whom were leaning as far out the windows as the bars would permit.

The center of attention shifted from the trusty as the cruiser and its Studebaker satellite drew up. A profound silence fell over the jovial assemblage as we got out of the cars. There was not a chuckle when Ryder sarcastically directed me to move the car out of the drive-way since "y'all gonna be hyah li'l longuh then Ah em." I was touched by the sympathy implicit in the quiet. (I later learned that prisoners were forbidden to talk out of the windows.)

The deputy sheriff didn't bother to remove his feet from the desk when Ryder brought us into the office. He asked what he had done and which of us he was to lock up, exchanged a few pleasantries with Ryder about the number of tourists on the road that day, bade him goodby and good hunting and turned to us.

"Ain't got no money?"

I requested permission to call a friend and get him to wire some. The deputy pointed wordlessly to a pay phone on the wall.

I found, to my surprise, that my cell was almost comfortable. It was a corner room and a gentle spring breeze was blowing lazily through the bars. I had a nice view of Main Street, which was indeed the "main street" of the town, and at that hour on Sunday morning, everyone was leaving church and walking, for some reason, down the street past the jail.

(Continued on page 25)

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MIT STUDENTS

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A Harvard boy was sitting in church, and when the plate came around he dropped in a \$20 bill. The minister, seeing the bill in the plate, announced to the congregation; "Brethren, we have a very generous person in our midst. If the kind soul who donated \$20 will arise, I will allow him to choose the next hymn."

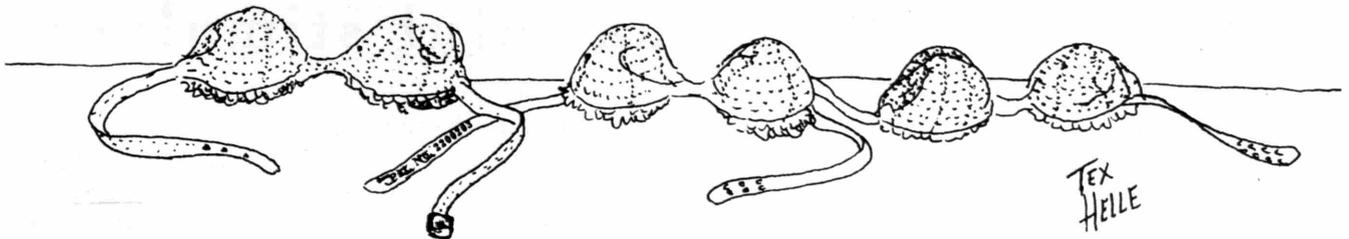
The "boy" arose and began pointing around the congregation; "I'll take him and him and him and . . . . ."



An elderly woman walked into the police station and told the desk sergeant, "Officer, I've been assaulted." The sergeant replied, "Lady, how old are you?" "Seventy-nine." "And when did this attack take place?" "Fifty-six years ago." The desk sergeant angrily replied, "What in hell are you reporting it now for?" Replied the old woman, "I don't want to report it, I just want to talk about it for a while."



Three women, with their tiny children, visited a psychiatrist. The psychiatrist, taking them on as a group, said to the first, "You eat too much. It even shows itself in the naming of your child, Candy." "You," he said to the second, "think of nothing but money. You even called your child Penny." The third one arose, highly indignant and said, "I'm leaving. Come on Peter."



"Will the real Maidenform please rise."

A couple of newlyweds were getting settled into stateroom, waiting for their honeymoon cruise to begin. Suddenly the bride remembered that she had forgotten her Dramamine, without which she would be deathly sick. Simultaneously, the bridegroom remembered a drugstore purchase which he had forgotten to make; so he gallantly offered to run down quickly to the nearest pharmacy.

Down the gangplank and up the street he ran for several blocks, until he found a drugstore. Out of breath, he charged into the establishment and hurriedly whispered his double order to the druggist.

Giving him a look full of fatherly advice, the druggist leaned over the counter and whispered to the young man, "Son, I don't want to pry into your personal affairs, but if it makes you sick, you shouldn't do it."



Holy Virgin, thou who hath conceived without sinning, teach me to sin without conceiving.



A Russian, on arriving in Hell, is asked by the Devil which section he wants to go to, Capitalist or Communist. "Obviously the Communist Hell," goes the answer. "I know the heating won't work."



A young German farmer near Munich  
 One day wore a bright scarlet tunic,  
 A bull took offense,  
 And now this poor gent's  
 An unfortunate Teutonic unich.



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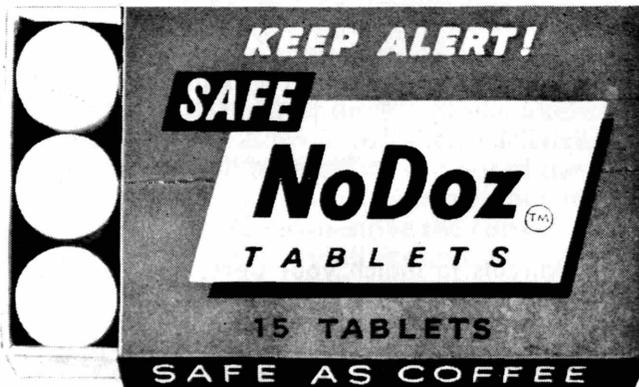
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# Voo Doo Doll of the month



One day last month, after drinking away the afternoon in Phos' office, we decided to see what "sights" the great town of Boston had to offer. Our travels took us to Park Square where we saw a cute blonde outside the bus station -- all by herself. After some mild deliberation, we decided to approach her and offer our Assistance.

Phos introduced himself and chatted with her. She said her name was Kim Williams, she had just arrived from Cranston, R.I. (her home), and that she would just *love* to take a quick tour of MIT, as she had never seen it before. (All suave Tech Tools offer young ladies tours of MIT -- it's such an impressive place!)

Join us as we guide Kim around the Showplace of Modern Technology.

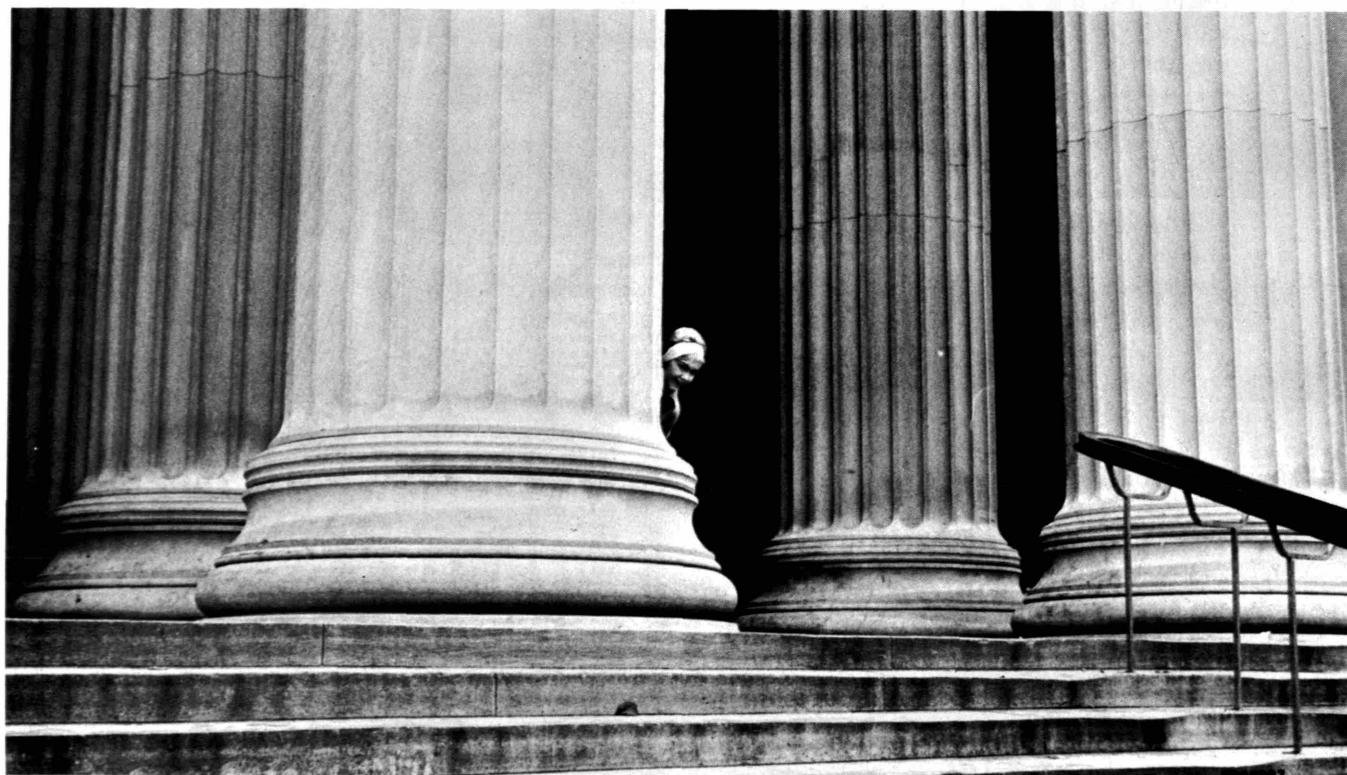
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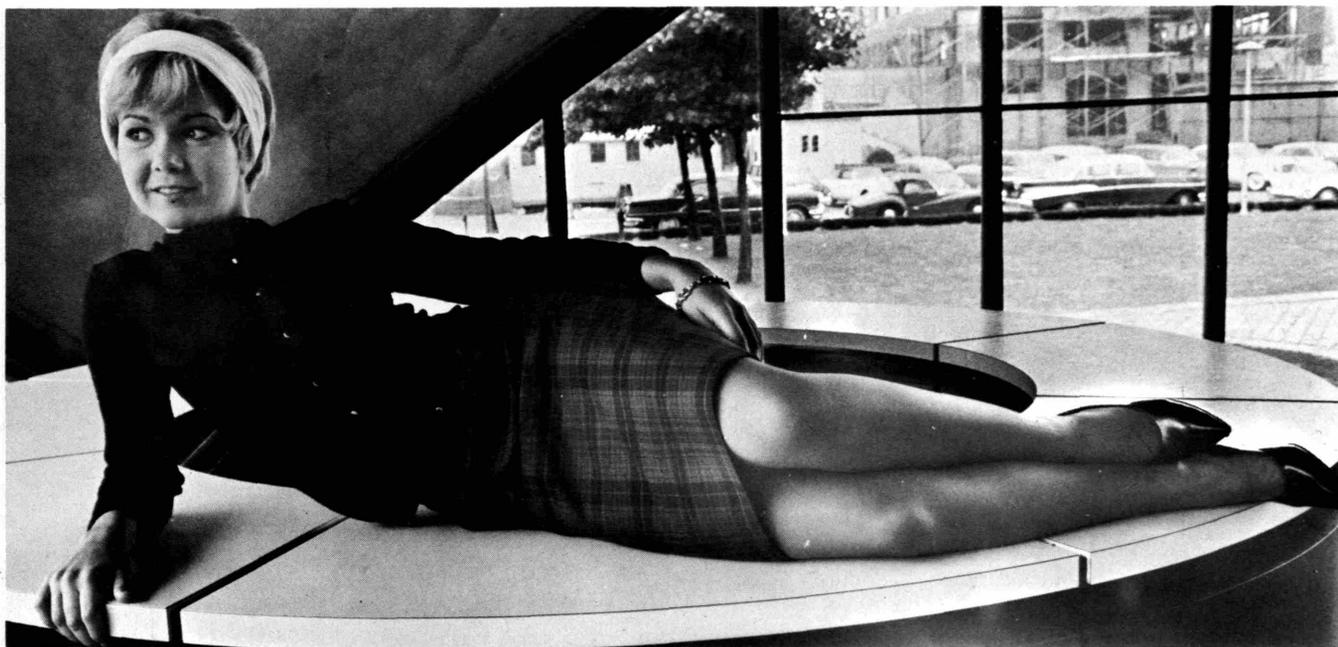
*Art J.*





Kim expressed an interest in boats, so Phos figured the Nautical Museum would really snow her. It did. The next stop on our 50¢ was to have been Kresge but on the way over, we lost her in the forest of columns in front of Bldg. 7. Since she's only 5'4" (96 pounds, 20" waist), we had a rough time finding her amid those massive concrete erections. After a few anxious moments, we were glad when she finally peeped out from behind one.





Resuming our tour, we headed for Kresge. After we figured she was sufficiently impressed, Phos leered and invited her up to the Voo Doo office. She declined, saying she had to go back to her apartment. She was not a freshman co-ed (as Phos in his beer-fogged mind had first thought), but a fashion model with the Hart Agency.







We went back to her place, where she Slipped Into Something More Comfortable (a black leotard, no less) which made Phos feel a little better. She put a Frank Sinatra disc on the Gramophone and whirled through a few Modern Dance steps, pausing only to inform us that: 1) She nourishes a Salingeresque hatred of phonies. (We all squirmed.) 2) She likes to walk alone in the rain. 3) She wants to do commercials on TV. 4) She eats at least four times a day. It shows in the right places, sez Phos.



Kim won't settle for just any old line . . . . .

Seduction, and How To Keep Books Especially for the Tax Adjustor have proved beneficial for our enthusiastic Administration students.

Recently, several brilliant young Bus.Ad. students have formed a corporation under the auspice of the Dean of Men which has proved to be a success in the insurance field. The name of this corporation is AI&A (Atheist, Iconoclast & Agnostic), which specializes in Hell-Fire Insurance. Their motto: Buy our insurance and you will never go to hell, because we do not believe in it! The profit margin is amazing.

Technology majors find a wealth of varied courses preparing them for the stresses and problems in our Mechanized society. Repairing the Boeing 707 With Spitballs and Cotter Pins, Slide-Rule Greasing and Adjustment, Structural Analysis of the 1954 Dodge Hubcap, Engineering Defects in the 15 oz. Beer Can, and Re-charging of Ford Tri-Motor Batteries are only a part of the vast curriculum open to two-year Tech students. Results of their professional background can easily be seen in the complex machinery functioning in our culture.

Our campus facilities are many and functional. We have coffee shops, Beer Gardens (open to Aryans only), Whiskey Johnny's Social Club (2 blocks down Broad St., look for red bulb over front porch), a converted Mexican Navy mess hall, and other centers of social and cultural activity.

Our group-minded student body has organized several useful organizations here on campus. We have Ban The Ban The Ban The Bomb club, a chapter of Alcoholics Unanimous (who the hell wants someone around telling you to lay off the booze?), a French Club (wow! Coed, naturally) and Jam The Late Show on Channel 2 club which sends out a pulse-wave which puts 1½ hours of pornography on instead of those lousy grade-B movies.

The religious aspect of college life is not neglected out here and several worthwhile organizations, sponsored in the interest of a deeper spiritual need of the student, exist on campus. There is for example, The Cult of Osiris, a Temple of Aphrodite, and even a class in Starting a Nut Cult for Twelve Dollars and two cents.

Southern California is a land of varied interests. Off-campus activities are diverse. Down at the beach, you may see some of our engineering students joyfully riding the combers on their Pinch-Plasma equipped surfboards. Or you may see students from our Medical College riding about town in stolen ambulances, or Bus Ad majors returning from Tiajuana with a fresh supply of pornographic movies for their thriving demand here on the Coast. Our students are individuals of many

interests.

Students here may either live on or off-campus. Most prefer to live off-campus because it is then unquestionably easier to take a mistress, or stagger home at five a.m. singing dirty ballads, or go down to the corner to pour beer in the mailbox.

I prefer to live off-campus. Four of us have a nice pad, complete with Enlistment poster for decoration and electric Canaries For Sale signs for illumination, an anvil in the center of the living room, a stack of beer cans nine feet high and thirteen feet in circumference at the base, a Victrola and ashtrays piled nine inches high with cigarette butts. It is a good life, and the independence is refreshing.

On campus facilities include two dormitories for men and two for women (sometimes, things get mixed up). Each room has facilities for two; usually, four share a room (if you know what I mean). There is one outhouse, complete with adjustable hole-board, for every 1004 students. One never need fear the lack of social activities in the dorms; somewhere, at any hour of the day or night, there is sure to be a crap game, or a drinking party, or a riot committee meeting.

Cultural activities play an important part in college life, and here on the Coast, we have excellent means of expression for those bent on a career in the theater, or the world of music. The Little Theatre group has put on such fine performances as Choice Scenes From 'Lady Chatterley's Lover, etc. One graduate of the Art College won an award offered by The Algerian Art & Culture Fund; it was titled, "A Hookworm View of the Runs."

Students here are civic-minded. Most of the Poli Sci's are quite active in off-campus groups, and although the Humanities Section must float a loan every Monday to bail out the entire student body, interest is unflagging. Some of the student-sponsored activities which attract enthusiastic proponents from the local yok-er, the local citizenry, are the Let's Scale Disneyland's Matterhorn Council, The American Council To Legalize Pederasty, The Organization of Profanity-Scribbling On Comfort Station Walls, and every Friday evening, The First Division of the New Confederate Marine Corps holds a rally in the Fishpond in front of the French Embassy.

Such extracurricular activities as these, playing an essential role in forming the character of our students, are generally popular for the group-oriented (see p. 234 of 432.9's Social. lecture), but the rugged individuals find outlets for their interests. One enterprising young man is presently engaged smuggling contraband chastity belts featuring twelve-digit combination locks and an ingenious system of booby traps, into this country from

(Continued on page 19)

When Tangent publishes it, they call it art.....

(Continued from page 5)

tee decided that there were forty too many men per floor and recommended that the population density be decreased accordingly. It was suggested that extensive remodeling work be done, and that Dungeon House should be divided into two smaller living groups, each with their own separate dining hall, but a common kitchen to cut expenses."

In the case of the dormitories on the Eastern part of the campus, the committee found them so totally lacking that they recommended that future plans include tearing down these buildings altogether and replacing them with more adequate housing.

"And what steps has the Trust administration taken to implement these suggestions?" I enquired hopefully.

The Trust has proceeded upon the premise that the way to cut bed density, or at least to make it less noticeable is to keep the young men downstairs in the lobby. To this end lobbies, game rooms, and basements of almost all the houses have undergone very thorough remodeling. In your own dormitory, Dungeon House, we have spent about \$75,000 paneling the passageways and lobby leading to the superintendent of housing's office. We have also spent 3/4 of a million dollars installing a huge dining room in Dungeon House so that the men can walk home in the afternoon for compulsory commons meals. Our motto has been: 'If we can't make their rooms liveable, we will keep them out of their rooms.' The continued bad lighting also makes faults in the housing less noticeable."

"I must also add," said the Dean proudly, "that we have embarked on a huge fence and wall construction program. While the exact reasons for all this wall building are to me at least a little vague, I am sure that it will all turn out for the best. Many great civilizations, including the Chinese have built huge wall fortifications. To this end, the Trust is presently considering a fence-wall building program of expanded dimensions, the net result of which would be a great wall entirely surrounding the Trust, with smaller walls cutting off each building of the Trust from every other building."

"But the Dire Report calls for the construction of dwellings for student housing, not walls," I objected.

"The trust never forgets its responsibility to the students", the Dean replied. "These are no ordinary walls; they were the last piece of architecture designed by our favorite architect, Vulgarian, the same genius that designed our crumbling and sinking auditor-

ium and the famous New York air terminal known as The Fairy. As Vulgarian well knew, a wall is no good without guard posts. He therefore designed into the walls hundreds of open-air cubbyholes, each large enough to house a man and his 5.01 non-returnables. Each cubbyhole even has an outlet for a reading lamp.

"No young man, shouted the now redfaced Dean as I ran towards the door, "The Trust never forgets its obligation to its students, ignores perhaps, but never forgets!"

---Solon



(Continued from page 18)

Mexico in his Twin Beechcraft.

Another young gentleman has been currently engaged in securing advertising contracts from prominent firms promising them space on the exteriors of Project Mercury capsules. Watch for a 'Four Roses' testimonial between Capella and the constellation Saggitarius three hours after our next launching.

Students are encouraged by the staff to create and carry out their own experiments in the field, so to speak. Some of the recent research projects, especially those put forth by the Engineering College, have drawn the attention of planning commissions, engineering firms and assorted law enforcement agencies. One group of space-minded students put a solar-powered distillery into orbit around the planet Mars. Results are encouraging; the Martians are too high to give a damn about our forthcoming invasion, scheduled for January first.

Another research team, under the auspice of Prof. Dillon R. Schmelx, Ph. D of Freeway Foulups, has studied the effects of posting 'road closed' signs on all off-ramps between San Bernardino and Sunset Boulevard. It was found that average speed/station wagon increased in direct proportion to the number of whiney brats aboard.

My report, I hope, has had the function of informing you, our compatriots of MIT, that we here on the Pacific Coast are average, fun-loving students, and that Whiskey Johnny will fix you up pretty good if you ever decide to visit our institution of learning. So goodbye for now, and peace be with you."

When East Campus publishes it, they call it pornography.....

Then there's the one about the man who divorced his wife because he thought all his friends had it in for him.



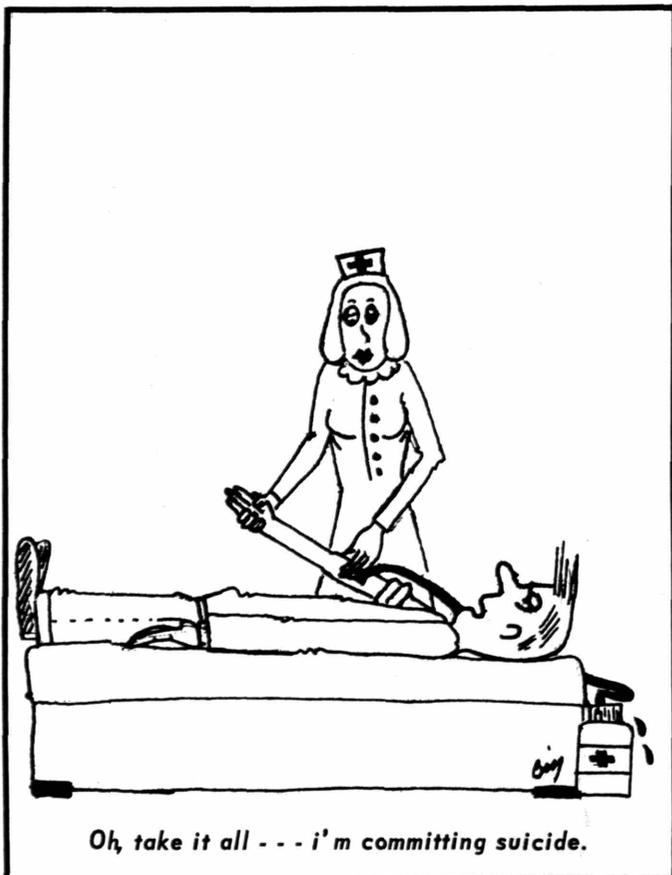
Dancing -- A naval engagement without the loss of seamen.



Sign in front of the crematorium: "We're Hot For Your Body."



A friend of ours got a telegram last night which certainly gave him a thrill. The message read: "Married Susan yesterday in Miama. Going to Tampa with her tonight."



Oh, take it all - - - i' m committing suicide.

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If, as the scientists say, sex is such a driving force, why is so much of it nowadays found parked?



There once was a fellow named Abbott  
Who made love to girls as a habit;  
But he ran for the door  
When one girl asked for more,  
And exclaimed "I'm a man,,not a rabbit."



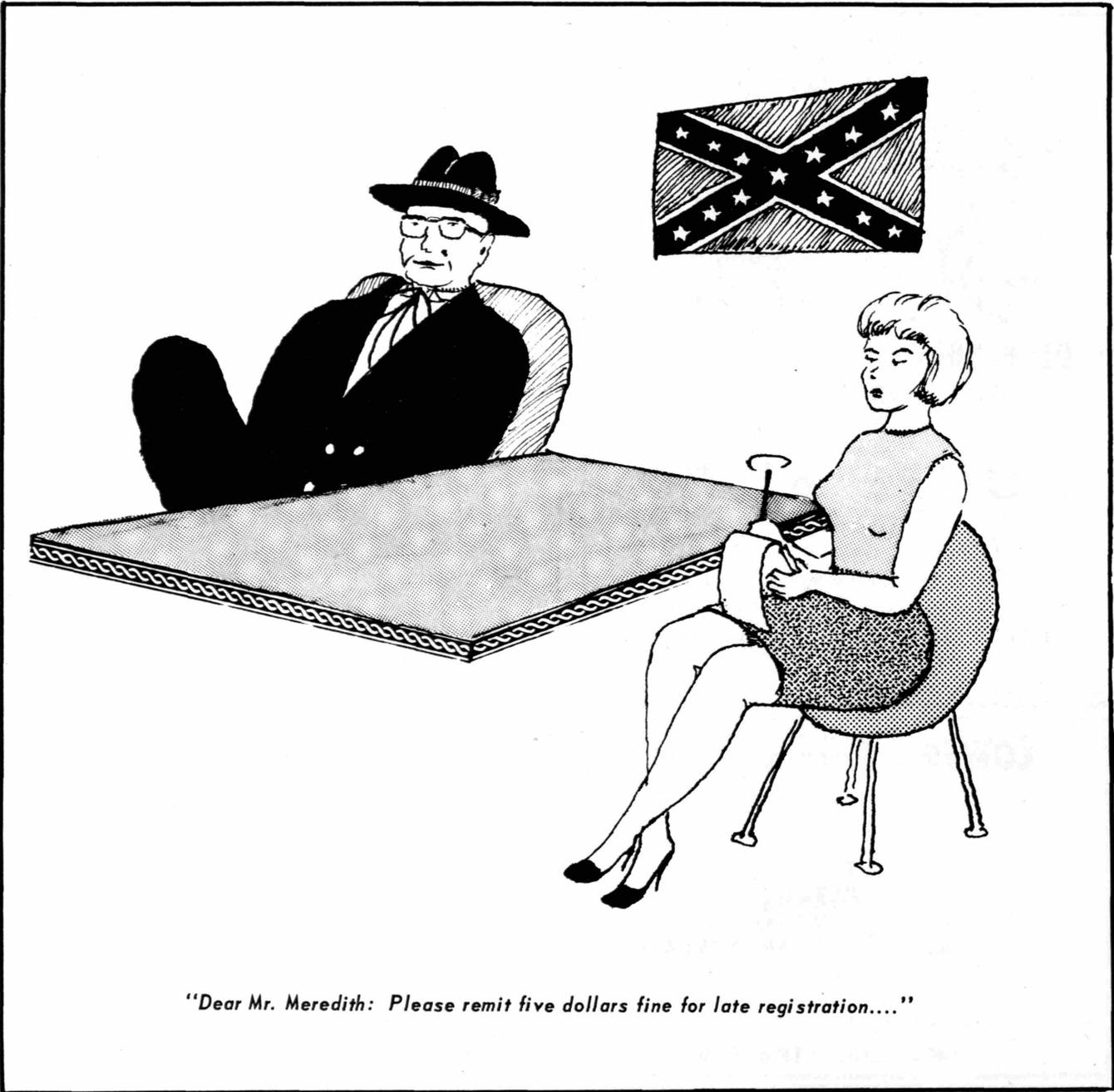
Gently massaging the trick knee of his curvaceous young patient,,the doctor inquired:

"What's a joint like this doing on a nice girl like you?"



In the Cuban revolution, one of Castro's trusted lieutenants, Camilio Cienfeugos was killed. Castro ordered all of the people of Cienfeugos' village to pay their respects to him in the customary way, which consists of placing a flower on the water. One fellow said that he would take care of the obligation for the whole village.

He went out onto the water in a rowboat with a large bunch of flowers, one for each person. He rowed out about 400 yards, placed a flower on the water, looked heavenward, and whispered, "For Camilio." Then he rowed out another 400 yards, placed a flower on the water, looked heavenward, and whispered, "For Camilio." He kept doing this and was about 2 miles out to sea; he placed a flower on the water, looked all around him, and started rowing like crazy, yelling, "For Miami, for Miami!"



*"Dear Mr. Meredith: Please remit five dollars fine for late registration...."*



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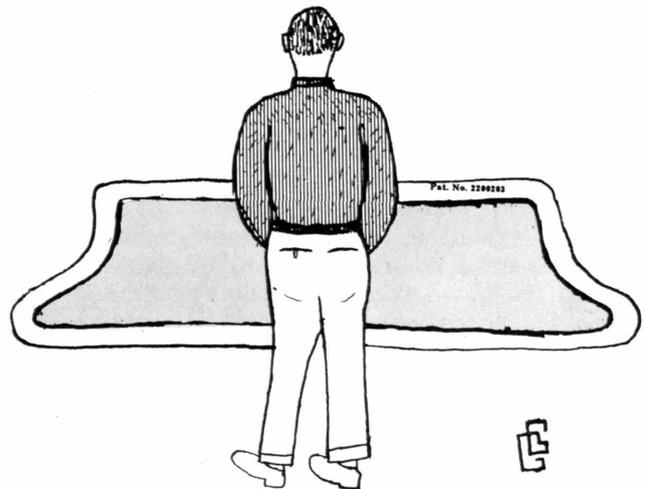
Massachusetts,,there she stands -  
The Land of the Bean and the Cod,  
Where the Kennedys only get caviar  
And the McCormacks only get scrod.



A jealous husband returned from a trip a day earlier than he expected to, and found his wife in a state of undress.

"There's a man in the house," he said searching every room. Finding no one, he gave up. "All right," he said, "maybe I'm wrong. Now I'm going to wash up."

When he went into the bathroom he saw that the shower curtain was closed. Immediately, he opened it and found a man standing in the tub. The man jerked the curtain closed again. "Please," he said, "I haven't finished voting yet!"



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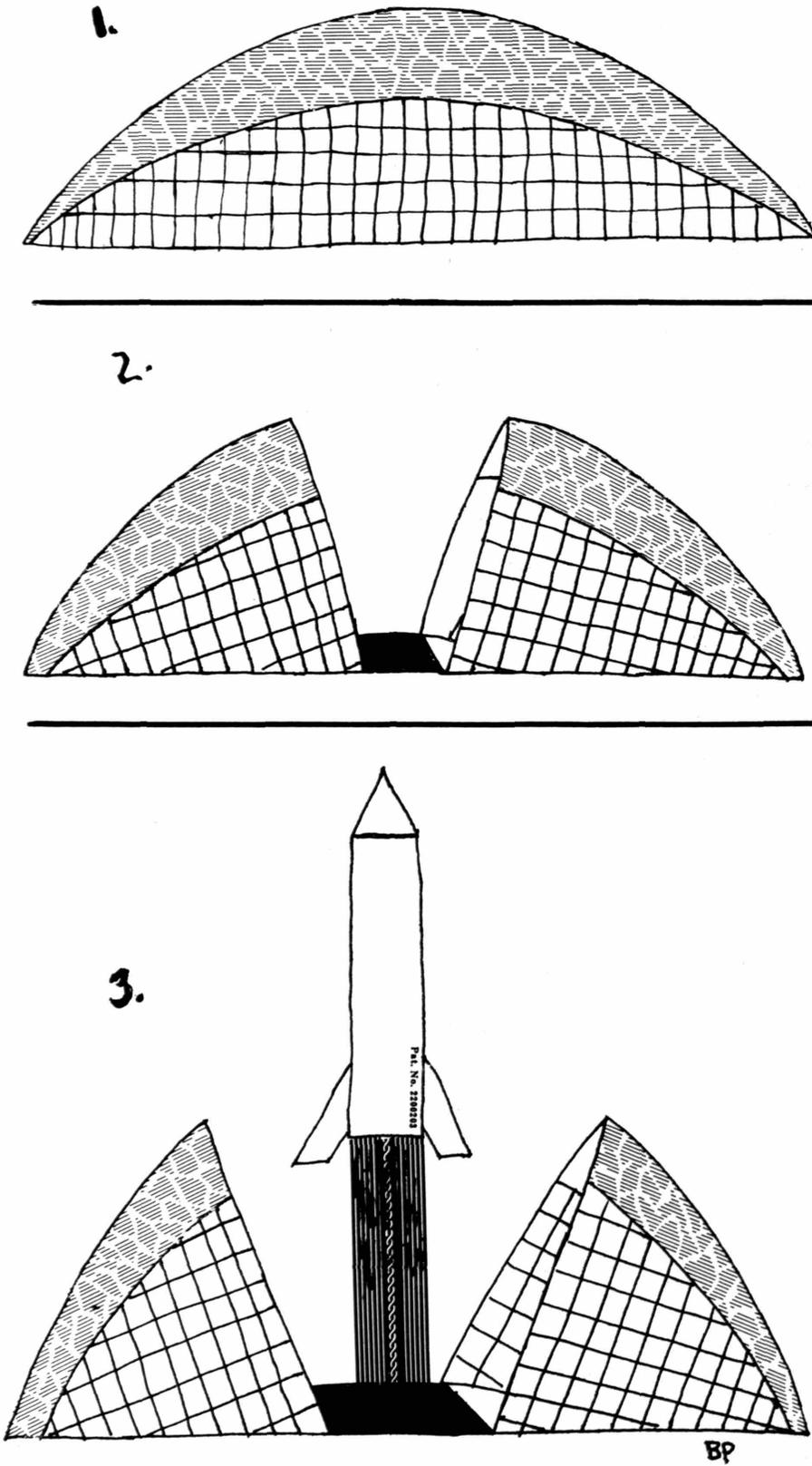
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The cell itself was clean, about eight feet by ten feet. It had two metal bunks (with no springs, but what do you want?) on the right wall and a toilet modestly recessed in the far corner. The walls were brick, covered with a heavy metal grill bolted to the mortar. The door faced into a hallway lined with similar cells. Across from us was a cell identical in every respect except that it contained four negroes who looked more than a little cramped.

My cell-mate was white, sullen, and very much hungover. He had been arrested the previous night on charges including driving under the influence, driving to endanger, speeding, driving without a license, and resisting arrest. He faced the prospect of a ninety day sentence. He was occupying the bottom bunk when the door clanged shut behind me. He rolled over and squinted at me with one bloodshot eye.

"Whud they git chew fer, buddy?"

I told him and asked the same question of him. He sailed into a five-minute tirade which probably would have gotten him another three or four years if the arresting officer had heard it.

I settled back on the top bunk -- This was really sort of restful. The jail was pretty quiet, except for Larry (my cell-mate)'s periodic attempts to spit the distance from his bed to the spittoon in the corner. By the time the Big Ben chimes in the courthouse rang twelve-thirty, I was beginning to feel quite romantic about the whole thing.

I was dozing, quite prepared to wait until three o'clock or so, when I was awakened by shouting and laughter from across the hall. I leaned over and asked Larry what was happening. He covered his head to keep out the noise and muttered, "Them dam' niggers got their whole f-n' families out there ..." I clambered down and went to the door. The four across the hall were leaning out the windows of their cell and waving at someone I couldn't see. I went to our window and looked out. There in the middle of the lawn were several girls, some with children, and a few old people who couldn't have been anything but parents. They had all apparently just been to church and were paying a call on their interned relatives. I watched for about five minutes before the deputy strolled out of the office and shouted at them in mock anger, "Cain't ch'all read?", pointing at a sign which presumably forbade trespassing. "No, Officer," replied one girl sweetly. The deputy grinned and told them to "run along, now, 'for th' sheriff gets hyere." The group threw some parting kis-

ses and strolled across the lawn and on down the street.

Those boys across the hall had a real way of life going. They were apparently in and out of the place all the time. They called the deputies and the trustees by their first names and the officials responded in kind. They had strung a clothes-line from one side of the cell to the other and at that time, at least ten pairs of underwear and innumerable socks hung, dripping, from it. One of them had a guitar which he brought out when their families had gone. I expected to hear some real ethnic prison-blues, the kind the Lomaxes were always recording, but instead they all started singing "Reelin' and Rockin'", pausing only to exclaim how much the guitarist sounded like Chuck Berry. I was disappointed, but he was good.

Three o'clock came and went. I was getting impatient, but I thought it couldn't be much longer. I asked one of the prisoners on the other side of the hall if he could see my car. He told me that Bruce had put the top down, taken off his shirt, and gone to sleep. For the next half-hour, I worried about whether the deputy knew where he was, since, when Western Union called the jail, Bruce was supposed to drive over and get my bond money.

As I said, I could see Main Street from my window. After about three-thirty, the cavalcade began. Kids! Dozens of them, in convertibles, driving up and down the street outside with the tops down and the radios way up. There was one carload that appealed to me particularly. It had two couples necking furiously in the back seat, while the driver, cool as could be, concentrated with a teenager's single-minded seriousness on driving that blue Galaxie back and forth from one end of the street to another. The driver's girl just leaned back against her door and watched the proceedings in the back seat, looking for all the world as if she were giving them tips on technique. And I'll bet she could have. The enclosed feeling was really beginning to get me down and this spectacle didn't help much. Those kids looked so free, and you could tell they didn't give a damn about anything (except for the driver, who was very intent on his driving). I started to wave at them through the bars, but had a vision of how silly I'd look staring out wistfully -- a tragic image I like, but never a pathetic one.

I watched the cars until they all deserted me. *La dolce vita*, boy, that was it.

I mentioned the cyclone fence with the barbed wire on top before, but I didn't really say much about it. Well, I could see

it from my window -- it separated me from the street. Earlier in the afternoon, I had wondered why it was there. I mean, anyone who could get by the bars on the windows wasn't going to let a little thing like barbed wire stop him. As the afternoon wore on and I got more paranoid about the whole thing, the fence became symbolic. The county had put it there just so, when I pressed my face against the bars, I still had to look through something to see freedom. That really bothered me. All around me in the cell I had to look either at the bars of the door or windows or at the grilled walls, so when I looked out the window, I shouldn't have to see penal symbols.

All this was while I was in the angry, there's-been-a-mistake stage which followed the ain't-this-exciting stage. Later came the *mea culpa*, humble feeling, which I still have trouble articulating.

About this time, I ran out of cigarettes. I had been smoking a lot, which isn't unusual, and hadn't realized how low my supply had gotten. After the session at the window, I was feeling sort of desperate, wondering if I was going to have to spend the night in the place, cursing Bruce who, my informant said, was still asleep, and beginning to suspect the friend I had appealed to for money of playing a cruel joke on me. I needed a smoke, but my pack was empty. Larry had bummed a couple from me during the afternoon, so he wasn't going to be much help. I started pacing the floor.

Everything happened at once. I realized how hungry I was. I hadn't eaten in nine hours. I asked Larry about the food in this jail and he said they told him two meals a day, 9:00 AM and 6:00 PM. I sat down to wait it out. Sure enough, the trusty appeared with two tin plates and two big spoons. The plates were piled high with baked bologna (If you've never tried it, don't.), hard rolls (no butter), steaming okra, and some left-over-from-Christmas fruitcake. "Dinnuh-time. Heah yoah food, felluhs." He sounded too cheery as he thrust the plates through the bars of the door. Larry had skipped breakfast entirely and was at least as hungry as I was. We dug in and our hunger made up for the quality of the food. One of the prisoners across the hall informed us that this was a good meal because it was Sunday dinner. I shuddered. After we had finished, the trusty appeared with a big kettle full of okra, upon which he beat with a serving spoon. "Mo' salad, felluhs? Mo' salad heah." I thought momentarily about throwing the plate at him, but decided against it. Larry and the boys across the hall took

second helpings. "Ain' chew hongry, boy?" I told him I was waiting for seconds on the rolls and cake. He told me that there were none, but he'd bring me some more "bloney". I thanked him and he returned carrying a pan full of the stuff. The odor was overwhelming. I took a couple of slices and finished off the remainder of my appetite then and there. He came around again and collected our plates and spoons.

It was getting dark outside. One of the negroes across the hall was doing pushups on the floor and the others were counting in unison. I watched from my bunk where I lay digesting my supper. I would be getting out soon -- even if something had gone wrong, I would be out tomorrow at the latest. How could these people stand it! Day after day of the same thing -- staring out the window, pacing the floor, looking at the grill on the ceiling. I can remember now how I felt -- I wanted to do something physical, claw at the walls, rattle the bars, anything but just sit and wait. On the wall next to me were marks in groups of five, ninety of them. Someone had been counting days. I thought back -- had it been only seven hours since they put me here? Impossible! But I had heard each hour pass -- The clock chimes took care of that. Ninety days -- an eternity!

The deputy unlocked the door. "You", he said pointing at me. I went with him back downstairs. Bruce was standing in the office. "It's paid", he said. The deputy warned us about speeding and sent us on our way. As we walked away from the jail, I turned and looked back. Larry was hanging on the window bars, staring blankly at us. The four negroes were leaning out their window, unsmiling for the first time. One of them waved. "Y'all come back, an' see us, y' heah?"



While the fashionable Parisian world passed by their table, Jacques explained the plot of "LOLITA," which he had just finished reading, to his friend Michel.

"It is an amazing book," said Jacques to his sophisticated friend. "It tells the story of an affair between a middle-aged man and a twelve-year-old!"

"Alors," exclaimed Michel, "a twelve-year-old WHAT?"

A traveler had been told that an Indian in the town had a fabulous memory. The tourist walked up to the Indian and asked, "Chief, what did you have for breakfast on Feb. 17, 1938?" Replied the Indian, "Eggs."

"Hell," replied the visitor, "everyone has eggs for breakfast; that doesn't prove a thing." Three years later he was passing through the same village when he met the same Indian. "How," greeted the traveler. "Scrambled," replied the Indian.

One of London's "ladies of the evening," picked up an American tourist in Picadilly Circus. She took him to her rooms, promptly undressed and got into bed. He, too, got out of his clothes but left on his shoes.

"What," shot back the American, "and maybe catch athlete's foot?"

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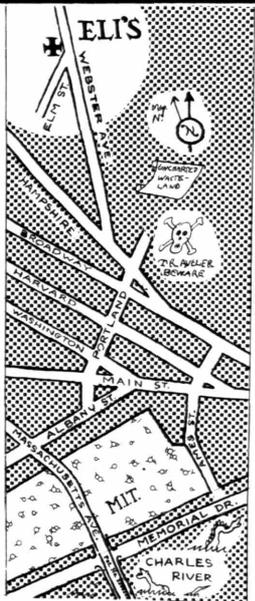
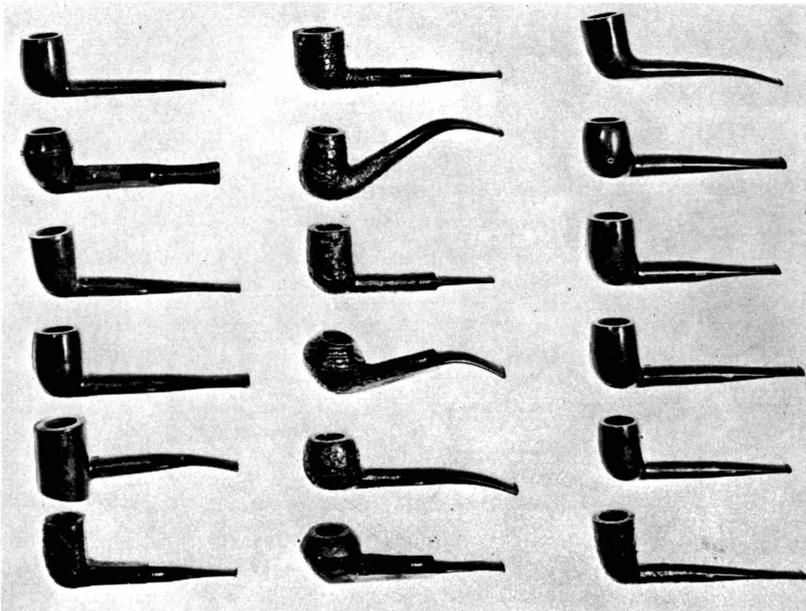
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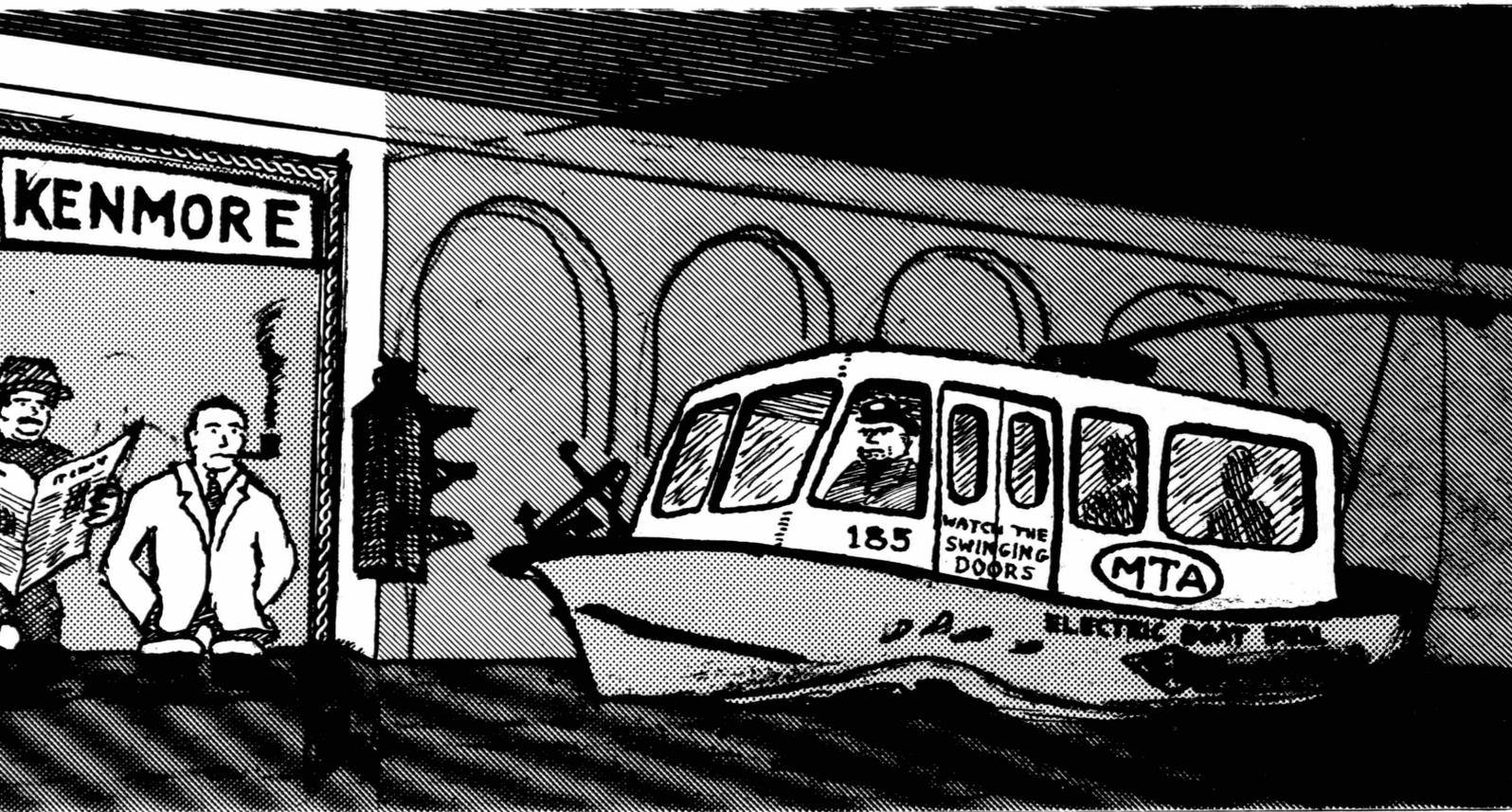



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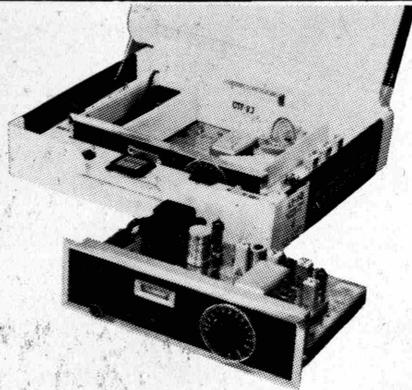
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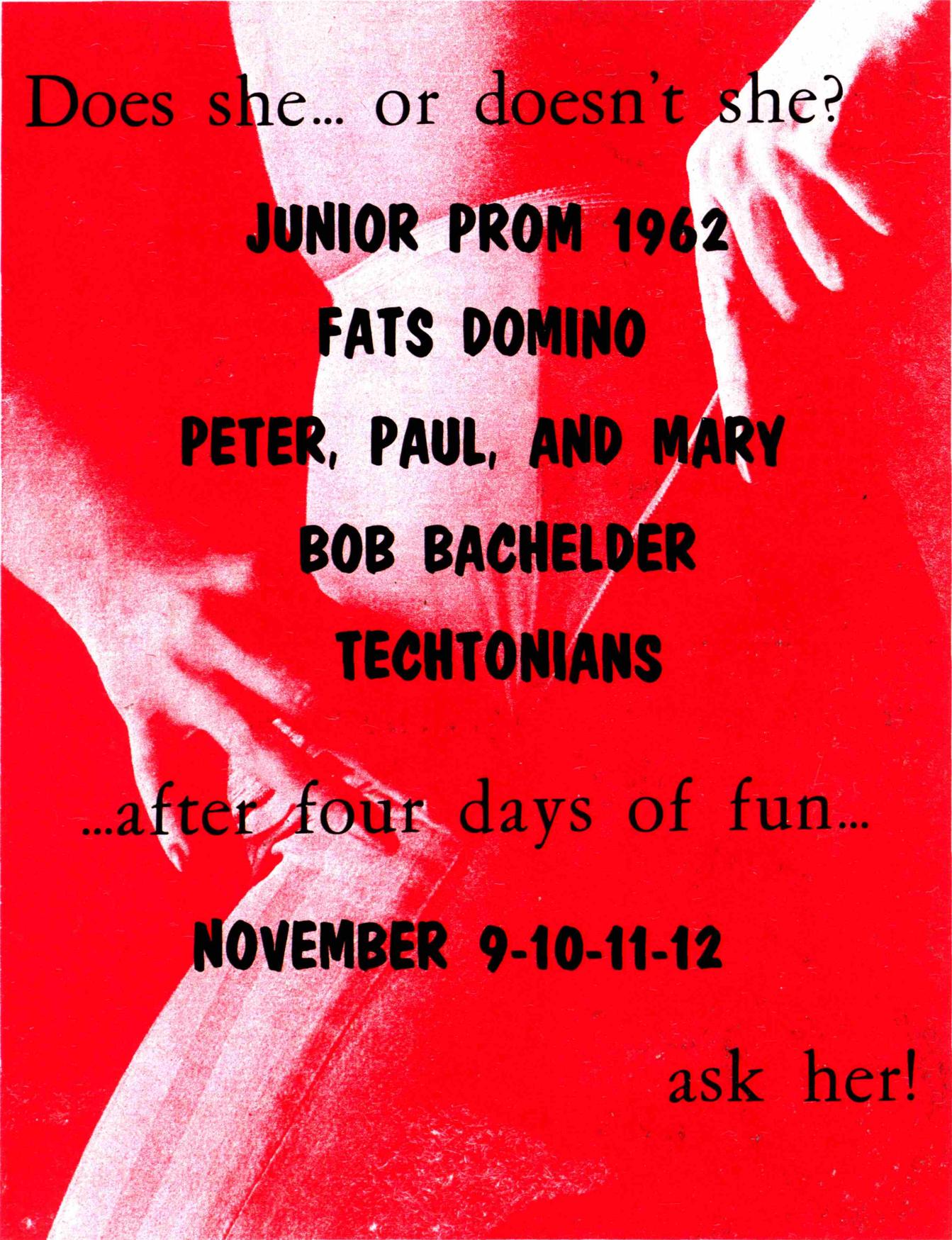
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