HEAVY ON THE MAYO

United States cannons and helicopter guard Southeast Expressway during lull in Vietnam bombing, 15 miles southeast of Saigon. (See Page 6)
The right way to shave a collie

Neatness doesn't count. What's a little horse on a collie's head compared to the feeling that's he's really been shaved? Some mornings it's better to let an Eskimo do it 'cause Eskimos know how to shave noses, which collies have. But some other mornings it's just dog shave dog.

Printed as a public shave-us by WELL-SHAVEN, makers of dogs that need shaving.

The Eskimo is attired in 100% pure walrus tail in Nanook beige, Kyack crimson, Polar Bear pink, or Glacier purple. Sizes 67-68, about $1.50. The guy and gal are wearing regular clothes. The dog and horse are wearing Glossy Coats by Mother Nature. All five are available at these following stores: Boomingdales, Noo Yawk; Grumbels, Noo York; Georgewashintonbridge & Clothyher, Philadelphier; John Gottamaker, Philadelphior; or write somebody.

THE NOO YAWK TIMES MAGAZINE
I DREAMED I GOT SCREWED IN MY MADEINFORM BRA

There I was in the Quiz room—all set to take the Chemistry 5.789 final. God was it hot. In there, I mean, surrounded by hundreds of sweaty tools. I mean I just HAD to take my blouse off. And boy, did THAT ever shake things up. Funny thing, but everybody that was sitting around me flunked cold. Class average dropped. I managed to pass a course I had been flunking all term. Next final, I'm going to wear my Madeinform panties. Available at fine stores anywhere. $6.95.
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Letters

lished eight times during the "scholastic" year (November through June) on a monthly basis, and once in August, it can be seen that the single issue price does not tally with the subscription rate—even allowing for a 10% discount if the purchases are made in the Coop Lobby Shop!

Clearly, these discrepancies must be reconciled. Letters sent to this spurious publication's offices, in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Student Center, 84 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139, receive little or no attention from the publishers, the VooDoo Managing Board, who appear to have copyrighted this issue of the Times Journal, 1966. This means that this issue must be second class mail, entered at Cambridge, Massachusetts! I trust this can be satisfactorily explained.

DR. V. D. KATZ.

Eville, Tenn.

Note that this, Vol. 24, No. 4, is published January 14, 1966.

CLARIFICATION

To The Editor:

Referring to your query of Dec. 10, I am now at liberty to release the following information concerning the identity of the secondclassers who so blasphemously parodied your fine publication. I refer of course to the organization known as "VooDoo".

The Managing Board consists of four of our most notorious characters: Mike Levine, the General Manager, considers nothing sacred and acts accordingly; Bob Pintyk, the Managing Editor, considers only one thing sacred and holy, thus sparing himself any slander; Charles Deber, the Editor, considers several things sacred but vilifies everything nonetheless; R. m. Thurston, Business Manager, considers everything sacred but vilifies everything; and Jerry Venema, Ferry Hokanson, Steve Erection, Hawkeye, Super Stubby, Ken Kumar, Barry Kerpin, P. C. Lindsey, Tom Garvey, Bob Dunlap, Travis Grit, Bill Flor, Pete the Meat, Arm, Pit, Steve Hassie, Hank Dixon, Phyllis Syp, Dave Chenoux, Maneg, Chick Chotoowski, the Kingsport Stud, Paul Albrecht, Bruce Benjamin, Fast Mike J. Larry the Leg, Nick Johnson, Bill Wagner, Steve Nadeau, Soft Spoken Dave, Ora the Politician, and John Addin.

I trust you will make good use of this information.

KENNETH R. WADLEIGH,

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

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THERE ARE NO LEGS LIKE ETHEL OBELGHURST’S LEGS

Especially not the legs of the other three gentlemen in the picture. Ethel’s wearing Stock-Ings from the House of Lotsasocks. The gents are wearing the very latest thing in socks: NEW KNEE-LENGTH HAIR SOX by Foot-Thrill. HAIR SOX look like regular sox up to just-above the ankles . . . but THEN! They’re flesh-colored up, up, right up to the knee! And NOT ONLY THAT. HAIR SOX are coated with endless amounts of genuine human leg hair, so it looks like YOU’RE NOT WEARING SOX AT ALL above just-above your ankles. HAIR SOX come in three styles: HARDLY HAIRY, for men with tender legs; RATHER HAIRY, for average leg hair look; and BUSHY, to give your legs that gorilla appeal. About $0.39, wherever fine sox are sold.

HAIR SOX BY FOOT-THRILL

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Requisiteform

THE NOO YAWK TIMES MAGAZINE
I like it because it’s Reagel

It's Just Terrible in Red China These Days

By CHARLES M. DEBER

I JUST got back. Just this week. Ohh, it was terrible. Don't ever go there unless you really have to. I just got back from spending eighteen months in Red China as a wandering correspondent. I was lucky. I didn't get arrested. Boy it's horrible there. I'm going to tell you about it. That's why I'm writing this article.

You can't believe what goes on in these totalitarian-type governed states. Gee it's amazing. They control every phase of your daily life. I mean every phase, man. I'm not just whistling Dixie. Let me be vivid. Let me be lucid. Let me tell you what a typical day is like in the life of a peasant Chinese family in Red China.

It's terrible. Even from the moment you wake up. They don't even let you set your alarm clock and there's no such things as clock radios. A nationwide sirens goes off every morning at 6 a.m. It's so loud. No human could sleep through it. And then — and then you have fifteen minutes to get washed and dressed and all the other things you have to do in the morning. Washed! Water is rationed in most communities, and each man is allotted one large 12-ounce glass of water for his morning shower.

At 6:15 you report for inspection. You stand at attention in the doorway of the flimsy shack you call "home" and wait for "them" to come around. Woe to him who has dirty fingernails. Pity him who has a wrinkle in his shirt, although this applies only to those fortunate enough to possess shirts. Most men wear thigh-length burlap sacks, and the State admits that these are indeed difficult to iron, even if you have an iron. Irons are hard to get, simply because they're made out of iron. At least I think they're made out of iron. And the State needs iron. To make guns. To make rockets. To make atomic weapons. To make chopped liver. China's new secret weapon, which I have the pleasure of revealing for the first time anywhere. Deadly, menacing iron chopped liver. One bite and — CHOMP, POW! You've had it, fella.

LET me point out, lest you obtain, dear reader, the wrong impression, that the women do not reside in the same flimsy shackles as do the men. If typical Chairman Won Hung Lo marries typical Chinawoman I Liu Yu, that in itself is an accomplishment, for courtship as we know it in this country simply does not exist. It is difficult for two young members of the opposite sex to get to know each other in this totalitarian State. Damn difficult. There are no parties, except of course the Communist Party. There are no dances, no mixers, no opportunity whatsoever for young people to get acquainted — except at Party meetings. And needless to relate, anyone caught whispering, not to mention smooching, at a party meeting is instantly liquidated. In fact, marriages are generally arranged by the State, and although lack of population has never been a problem in this area, a man is introduced to his wife-to-be when, and only when, the State feels that further procreation is necessary. "How do you do," says Won Hung Lo. "Pleased to meet you," says I Liu Yu, and right there, in the Office of Marriage, they are joined in holy matrimony, her name becoming I Liu Lo. Even after this touching ceremony, they are permitted to be together only two nights a month, these nights again being determined by the State based on careful consultation and calculation with the People's Police. For it was the State that introduced them, and the State that controls every step of their married life. And needless to relate, their other children are joined in holy matrimony, her name becoming I Liu Lo. Besides, you know what they say about Chinese girls.

You see? It's really terrible there. They control everything. You even have to breathe in accordance with the national average. If they catch you inhaling more than five times per minute above the permissible level, you are required to hold your breath for several hours, which can make a poor Chinese peasant green in the face.

As I travelled, I found it hard to believe that such Total Control could be carried out successfully. I wondered what you had to do to become one of "them." To become one of the men who did the inspecting. To become one of the men who counted breaths. Because surely these men are less likely to have their breaths counted. For it was an upward spiral, and there weren't enough "superiors" to watch over everything, the higher up you went.

THE children. The children were watched over, carefully disciplined from the time they were old enough to say "Gimme more rice." When the children are eating their breakfast cereal, you can often hear them say, "I want more. I want more." For Mao Toasted Flakes is the name of the only available breakfast cereal. The children are taught that nothing belongs to them, but instead everything belongs to everybody. Having mastered this concept while still young, they never question the fact that their leaders somehow manage to have many personal luxuries. To each according to his needs, from each according to his abilities. In other words, he who has but little ability needs to be shot.

The influence of the totalitarian regime is felt even in restaurants. Members of the People's Police listen in as you place your order. When you're in Red China next time, whatever you do, don't order your bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwich without saying loudly, "Heavy on the Mayo." The fact that the first two syllables of the word "mayonnaise" resemble the first two syllables of the name of the People's Supreme Leader has caused the State
T OF WHICH IS NAISE — Most popular soft drink in Red China these days is
taSTing to him.”

It is to be eaten at every meal, so
the eater may constantly be aware of
the fact that Mao is always with
him.” Oh, yes, there is also a terrible-
tasting soft drink that tastes like
a mixture of Geritol and Chlorox — the
Chinese name for it is Lee Dee Burd —
which is required drinking at least twice
a day. It’s disgusting taste reminds the
people of the disgusting imperialists in
the United States.

THE Chinese have their own version
of history and, boy! what they teach
those kids right from elementary school
on up is just a pack of lies, it’s so
untrue! Up to just a few years ago, for
example, little Chinese pupils learned
the correct historical fact that Christoro-
vich Columboov discovered America.
Now, as the Sino-Soviet rift widens, the
children are taught that in fact it was
Chinese explorer Ko Lum Bus who
actually discovered the New World, and
that anyway, he found it to be an
unbearable place. The Chinese history
book actually says “Ko Lum Bus landed
in what is now the State of Massachu-
setts in 1482, but had to leave quickly
when he learned that five of his men
had been run over by reckless Indian
drivers on the Massachusetts Turnpike.”
This is obviously an outright distortion
of the truth, since it is well-known that
13th-century toll-takers on the Mass Pike
were forbidden by State Law from ac-
cepting wampum, and that more exact-
change toll machines were fouled up by
wampum-tossing Indians during this
time than during any other period in
American history. To further compli-
cate this situation, Russian textbooks
now indicate that indeed it was Russian
explorer Lisofych Erickson who first
came upon the New World, and many
leading Western political analysts feel
that this may indicate further differences
in the structures of the Chinese and
Russian political ideologies. Others
think it may not indicate this, however.
This political stuff even creeps into
the games the school children play at
recess. In what could generally be
described as the Chinese equivalent
of baseball, the following rules apply: The
child who is “up” is given a newly-
sharpened butcher’s knife, and he begins
to run around a large pentagon, always
running clockwise — to the left that is —
and as he approaches a vertex, he finds
it is guarded by a man who is dressed
up as Lyndon Johnson, Premier Kosygin,
the U.N., a South Vietnam soldier, the
late Prime Minister Nehru, former Pre-
mier Khrushchev, an American shirt-
launderer, or any other well-known
Enemy of the State. Each vertex is a
“base” on which is inscribed simple
slogans as “love”, “piece” (sic),
“happiness”, “rice”, “all American
waiters look alike”, and “you know
what they say about American girls.”
The men in costume are adults who
have been convicted of heinous crimes
against the State for which death is
the penalty. The child must thus run
around the bases, killing each man he
encounters en route with his knife, and
the child who can kill his five men and
return to his starting point the fastest,
wins the game. If any of the five men
is only wounded, the entire round is
nullified, and the child must go again.
Many observers here feel that the game
serves at least three vital purposes: (1)
It teaches the children how to kill even
before they learn to read or write, (2)
It liquidates Enemies of the State in a
tasteful manner and in constructive
symbolic fashion such as to discourage
the children from themselves disobey-
ing the State, and (3) It helps decrease
the surplus population. I watched several
innings of this horrible game, and was
surprised to find that no Enemy of the
State was dressed up as Charles De-
Gaulle.

COKE’S NO JOKE — Most popular
soft drink in Red China these days is
Lee Dee Burd. Although it has a dis-
gusting taste, Chinese peasants must
drink it daily.

ENEMY OF THE STATE—Chinese children are taught to
kill convicted criminals dressed as American shirt-launder-
ers. This starch offensive has been launched to help iron
out many new difficulties.

COULD go on and on. There are no
cars. You must walk anywhere you wish
to go, unless you are a Party member,
in which case you are entitled to a
pair of Roller Skates. There are no
stoves or refrigerators, so fires must
be built for any warmth or cooking
needs, and nothing can be kept cool.
I mean, like nothin’, man. There are
no cigarettes, cigars, pipes, cigarillos.
There is no liquor, beer, or even hard
cider. Let me tell you, I went without
a drink for a year and a half. Those
Communists really know how to hurt a

The importance of the dehydrated pear rind to the
American economy has certainly not been brought to the
attention of the public in recent years, nor is it likely to be.
The Johnson Administration — Is It a Threat to the Status Quo?

In 1957, George Appleby was still an unknown, and yet he had already formulated the basic ideas for a machine that would turn water into gold.

When a dynasty comes to an end, and news of power and how to change hands, there is generally a period of general confusion and intense activity in order to ascertain who has the best intentions. It was with this in mind that we decided to see who the new leader will be. This period often lasts until it ends, and the new chief takes the helm and begins the course of the changing.

This was the state of Massachusetts, whose Institute of Technology had awaited the results of the election of a new President, to crown the retiringสดay. John A. Boston, the outgoing (and enthusiastic) leader. The man chosen by a Sonolite majority of the student body was Howard Johnson, well-known President-elect of M.I.T. Now, in the last months before Johnson takes power, serious minds question what impact this new leader will have on the status quo of the campus.

To understand these rumblings, we first examine the conflict from which Johnson emerged as a leader (itself, still under consideration).

Michael W. Levine, managing several从未 accompanied student clubs of the university, notes or methods of shrinking ubiquitous facts without mercy.

In the fall of 1965, when Dr. Boston announced his plan to hire the very well known and eminently respected Professor of Cambridge, Professor (as is so often the case) Professor Edgerton deposed several men were considered as possible successors. The new President, "Red Light" McCarthy, a distant relative of most of Massachusetts. Also suggested was Dean "Pumpkin" Wadsworth, a tough egg to break; and St. "Boob" Pindick, about whom nothing could be said. But the field rapidly narrowed; Prof. Edgerton deposed himself. "Light" McCarthy, as the chief factor was the heavy endorsement stemming from the student government leaders statements in the field by nearly all the important politicians were pushed days before the election. Dr. Thomas was nearly the overwhelming favorite and an endorsement in his favor was confidently predicted in the more orthodox.

Then, when the votes were counted, Mr. Johnson held a wide majority, a clear endorsement of his as yet uniledly revolutionary policies. President-elect may be drawn to another president of the same name, but they are too tedious for this article.

What will those changes be? We can only guess, but our guesses are based on our knowledge of Johnson's other expeditions. Several fairly certain changes can be predicted. The 1966 General Catalogue is expected to hate the new President. Predicted to be realistic is the high priority given to the most important politicians were pushed days before the election. Dr. Thomas was the overwhelming favorite and an endorsement in his favor was confidently predicted in the more orthodox.

The actual curriculum changes are not anticipated to be great; the above-mentioned re-organization into 30 courses will be a primarily administrative change, and will not affect the actual changes. There will, however, be an increase in the number of courses offered by the local technology department.

Physical changes will occur more quietly. It is anticipated that many new employees, male employees with the rank of Assistant Professor or above will wear a black uniform with a gold stripe down the leg and a small browned cap of fraternity. Female employees will wear blue skirts and white blouses, with decorative headdresses. Students will also be affected by the changes, though perhaps not to the same extent as others.

(Continued on Page 26)
United States Aid Creates A New Awakening In South Bhramanesia

By BOB PINDYCK

A SK anyone who has been there, and almost anyone who hasn’t and they’ll all agree that South Bhramanesia is truly “the most beautiful country west of the Malthusian Mountains”. The country’s jagged little mountains, meandering little rivers, and happy little valleys give the smiling visitor the overwhelming impression of unparalleled serenity. And yet, thanks in part to the result of the United States foreign aid, South Bhramanesia is presently undergoing a political, social, and cultural revolution that would surprise and alarm you.

South Bhramanesia’s New Awakening is particularly important because for the past decade this country (South Bhramanesia) has been a prime trouble spot in the Neoyalysian Strait. The political instability which has continually plagued the country has made it particularly vulnerable to Communist infiltration. President U Chu Whang’s military dictatorship has been suffering the attacks of several left-wing groups, including the Young Bhramanesians for Freedom, an organization whose membership is known to contain several Communist sympathizers. Needless to say, if Whang’s regime should fall, it would represent a major step in the complete Communist takeover of the country (South Bhramanesia).

The situation in South Bhramanesia is certainly not unique. Its miserable economic condition is typical of many underdeveloped countries, and of course, is the root of its political problems. For this reason the United States has decided to defend its interests there by means of a broad economic program, rather than through conventional military intervention. Our stepped-up foreign aid program to the country has included not only monetary assistance, but also a concentrated educational program.

THE visitor arriving by jet at Bharim Beauty Airport is often surprised when he is greeted by a friendly peasant offering him some schplatsi plant and a shot of brandy made from the batolitskizkid fruit. He should not be taken unaware, however, because this peasant has probably not eaten in months, and given a chance, will kill and eat the visitor, and then rob him. The poor peasant cannot be blamed, however, because he is just a product of his environment — and a wretched environment it is. The deceivingly happy little valleys are infested with malaria, yellow fever, measles, polio, syphilis, cancer, and dekreppinakrod. The meandering little rivers are swarming with man-eating whitefish, and the jagged little mountains are inhabited by fierce animals, which if they caught you, would kill and eat you.

It is not surprising, then, that the peasants have such a difficult time gathering a meagre existence from the barren, worm-infested, rotten soil. Yet this heartless soil is their main measure of existence. Instead of going to school, most Bhramanesian children must labor laboriously in the cauliflower fields. The women and old men are always busy picking and peeling the fruit of the schplatsi plant, chasing the fierce animals out of the jagged mountains, and picking lezgotmei roots from the rotten, barren soil. The lezgotmei roots are actually an important part of the country’s economy, and the men spend a good deal of time pounding them into bowls, ashtrays, rugs, sofas, and religious ornaments. The lezgotmei roots are also a source of food, and any visitor who has not tasted lezgotmei stew’d has really missed something.

UNFORTUNATELY, the problem in South Bhramanesia is that the people have no ambition, no desire to work to improve the situation. Most of them are followers of the Buddhist Omllahwdy cult, which prohibits not only sex and eating, but also working, as being “unnatural.” Often, in fact, the peasants may be seen laying down their lezgotmei pounders, falling to their knees, and scratching each other’s backs. This is actually an important religious rite which is meant to ask the soil gods to please scratch all the filthy worms from the rotten, stinking soil. Or often the women can be seen praying to the mountain gods asking them to please go and drive all the fierce mountain animals out of the jagged mountains. But it usually does little good. The worms keep eating the lezgotmei roots and the fierce mountain animals keep eating the peasant women.

(Please turn to Page 20)
The Sounds of Sickness

By D. F. NOLAN

FIGURE ONE — The positive correlation between exposure to SWATSD and percent realization of the "hate-fear fixation" (also known as the "Ape-scheiss Syndrome") is obvious. Note that after 2 SWATSD contacts the individual is almost entirely "Ape-scheiss."

Therefore, it behooves us to look into this malaise with the idea in mind of trying to perform a psycho-semantic analysis of the content, in order to determine its origins.

Some of the sad sounds are, of course, simply updated versions of the perennial heart-throbbings over lost or unfaithful loves, unfeeling parents, and anti-teenage society in general, but the current crop of ballads is to a great extent rooted in a far deeper disconcertment with the world in general. Witness the endless succession over the past five years of songs about young people meeting violent death in cars, planes, trains, and natural disasters, not to mention the number killed in motorcycle wrecks, meeting dead people at dances, falling in love with their sisters, committing suicide, and hitting the bag; and this in an era of modern safety devices, when life expectancy is higher than ever before, and the average teen-ager has never lost a close friend through death. Yet they continue to delight in such tales of lost life.

Furthermore, for some unfathomable reason, there has been a great resurgence in the last few years of "Hate The Rich" songs. Continuously and continually, over and over, world without end, the teenagers of America send antiwealth songs skyrocketing to the top of the charts. The poor are constantly ex-}

tolled as hard-working, virtuous, oppressed, and possessed of unlimited love, sincerity, health and faith, while the rich are portrayed as old, cold, deceitful, greedy, and downright mean.

Why? In this, the Great Society, prosperity is at an all-time high, teenagers have more spending-money than ever before, and class distinctions are at an all-time low. Yet hate-the-rich, hate-the-successful, hate-the-educated songs continue to boom.

Wherein lies the answer to this unprecedented phenomenon? Why do our youngsters view the world through cloud-gray glasses, hating not only their world, but themselves (the latter being evidenced by their evident fixation on self-destruction so frequently and vocally bratted about in song)?

The answer, if modern psychological insights are to be trusted (and they are), lies in the appearances on the American scene of the famous Walt Disney movie Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, back in 1933. Little noted at the time, this psycho-sexual drama, rife as it was with hidden eparablistic symbolism appealing directly to the subconscious transmogrified embolisms of that day's youth, sowed the seeds of hate-fear which are now blossoming forth in the later years of these same youths.

CONSIDER for a moment the following facts: Incidence of hate-fear fixation among youths who were not exposed to SWATSD during the critical formative years (ages three to seven and three quarters) is only 16.9% (as revealed in a survey of 13 mental-hospital inmates in Brisbane, Utah, 1960), whereas the incidence among those who were exposed was 69.9%. Among those who were exposed twice or more, incidence is even higher, ranging up to 99.6% among those who were exposed one hundred and seventeen times or more (for a tabulation of linearity of this relationship, see chart below).

Upon questioning, those selected for examination in the Brisbane survey revealed the following significant facts:

Thirty-seven percent of those who saw the movie subconsciously identify the Witch with their mothers; nine percent identify the Witch with their fathers; eleven percent identify her with their rich aunt; and these percent identify her with Snow White (these latter being somewhat less than bright, in most instances). Among those who did not see the movie, the corresponding figures are only five, two, three and one percent respectively.

Furthermore, those exposed to the film identify Snow White with themselves in 18% of the cases (31% for girls, 7% for boys), with the Jolly Green Giant in 12%, with Chuck Deber (he's so clean) in four percent, and with the Witch in three percent (note the excellent cross-correlation with those who identified the Witch with Snow White). Those not exposed to the film incidence rates are only one-third as high, on the average, and are distinguished additionally by their identification of Cinderella (no one even knew that movie) with Lassie.

This is a perfect case of penis-envy (we dare you to dump on us for that one, Dean Wadleigh—so that's a perfectly good Freudian term, and high-class articles on psychology use it all the time), and ties in with the fact that the libidinal tendencies of the Witch are directly identifiable as the source of affection fixation. The Witch's poisoned apple is an obvious phallic symbol, as well as a classic illustration of the idea fixe principle cited by Metterschilben on his Poisoned Apples, Witches, and Death-Symbols (University of Stuttgart, 1937).

The "Hate The Rich" attitude, in addition to the immolation predisposition tendencies noted earlier, can be traced to Snow White. Note, if you will, that it was a diamond mine (as opposed to a coal or iron mine) which figured so prominently in the tragicomic peregrinations of Miss White, and that her eventual salvation from premature death was a result of intervention on the part of a kindly witch-goods peddler (no, it wasn't the Prince—that was Sleeping Beauty), who symbolizes the kindly poor.

In conclusion, therefore, it is fairly obvious that our culture's current downward trend in seanguality is directly traceable to Mr. Disney's thirty-disguised pornographic allegory of sex in medieval Europe. Only continued watchfulness on the part of America's parents can prevent a recurrence of such psyche-scarring experiences in the future.
Our Man in Buenos Aires Reports:

Are Richard Nixon, Hubert Humphrey, Jesus Christ, Juan Peron, Eric the Red and/or Dorothy Kilgallen Alive in Argentina?

By KEITH PATTERSON

"I DON'T know," replied our Man in Buenos Aires, "ARE Richard Nixon, Hubert Humphrey, Jesus Christ, Juan Peron, Eric the Red and/or Dorothy Kilgallen alive in Argentina?"

It all started on a particularly confusing morning when I was standing waiting for a train, in the SALA DE PUERTO RICO Station, of the Buenos Aires subway system. I don't know why it was, but I was somehow reassured that feeling that I had gotten out on the wrong side of bed. As a matter of fact, I recalled that I HAD stepped on my wife's stocking when I scammed to the bathroom, and had received a hefty kick in the groin as a result. Or maybe it was because Buenos Aires has no subway system.

Anyway, there I was, standing there like a dumb idiot, when a creepy little man, dressed in an old U.S. Army battle jacket, lederhosen, and thongs, shuffled up to me and tried to bum a cigarette. I kicked him in the shin, and spat out, angrily "Dad, what are you doing here? Did you get fired from your job again?" My father had had about ten jobs, and was continually being fired. Actually, it wasn't all his fault. His sixth (and current) wife was the leader of the Andes, waiting for a chance to return, and was holed up somewhere in the desert, waiting for a chance to return. Actually, it wasn't all his fault.

Dad spat out, angrily "Dad, what are you doing here?" I asked. Before the waiter could reply, the entire bar was shaken by a huge explosion. When the dust settled, I picked myself up and looked at the rubble around me. It was dark, and I could barely make out the confused and struggling figures attempting to escape in the darkness, a hand grabbed mine. A voice, heavy with what I detected was a Peruvian accent, whispered harshly in my ear.

"Come with me," he spat out, grabbing my arm, and leading me across the rubble to a rear exit. What the hell, I had nothing better to do at the time, so I followed him. He hustled me into the back seat of a large 1936 Benz that was parked in the back alley. As the car sped off, I wondered what we were doing there.

"Say, I wonder what we're doing here," I began.

"Shutup," hissed the driver. "No time for explanations now. Time is too short."

The car sped through back streets, and I detected we were approaching a deserted section of the waterfront, once notorious as the center of the South American comic-book publishing industry. We squealed to a halt about halfway out, along a wharf next to a large, dingy, covered dock.

"Get out, sir," the driver, the same man who had hustled me out of the bar, held open the rear door. "Cover your eyes," he ordered. "We can't risk being spotted."

He hustled us into the shed. Inspecting, I discovered to see a World War One vintage submarine, in gray and black camouflage, tied to the wharf. The sub was alive with activity. Sailors in nondescript uniforms, which I detected were pre-revolutionary Ukrainian Navy (undoubtedly intended to confuse spies) were preparing to set sail. We hurried inside, and my escort led me to the command room.

"My god," I thought. "This submarine is in the service of the rebel Samoan navy." I had recognized the Samoan flag draped over the doorway, and now, more relaxed, noticed that the intercom was softly playing medleys of old Samoan favorites.

"Now how about some explanations," I demanded of the Captain of the Submarine, who had been waiting for our arrival in the Command Room. "Say, aren't you Humphrey Bogart?"

"No, I'm not," he smiled. "Actually, this is a disguise to fool observers. You can tell the truth. Actually, this is a disguise to fool observers."

"You mean..." I grasped, "that we're sitting sail as part of your plot to..."

"That's it," he replied. "We're setting course for the Canary Islands. We plan to capture the naval base there and use it as a springboard in my plans to recapture some of the British Crown."

"You'll never leave Buenos Aires, Dick," thundered a voice. We all looked up as a hail man, with a Central African Republic-issue revolver in his hand, dashed the doorway. "My man have this submarine surrounded. Now, let's get out. We're about to scuttle this tub, and with it, your evil plans."

We followed the man, and now, as I think back on it, he had an uncanny resemblance to John Profumo. Fanny I never asked him.

O N the wharf, confusion reigned. The Duke and some of his sailors jumped into a motorboat and rowed out into the harbor, followed by the gunshots of some of the guards on the dock. The submarine was sinking fast now, as attested by the screams of the Samoan sailors trapped inside. I decided that now was the time to make my escape. Ripping off my London Fog raincoat, I dove into the bay, swimming strongly towards a huge battleship which was moored in a nearby wharf.

I swam up alongside, and, luckily, noticed that the ship-ladder had carelessly been left down. I was uneasy as I climbed the ladder, for I was unaware of the battleship's purpose. I had noticed that it was flying the flag of the Eastern Roman Empire, and, guessing that this was a disguise, wondered in whose service it really was. It didn't take me long to find out.

"Welcome aboard, sir," cooed a pretty voice. I looked up, to notice a beautiful young woman in baby dolls leaning over the railing.

"Say," I murmured, "aren't you Christine Keeler?"
"... sailors in pre-revolutionary Ukrainian Navy uniforms were preparing to set sail...

"That's right," she smiled, "and welcome to my floating house."
"Is this your home," I gasped, incredulously.
"Oh, no," she smiled slyly, "a house is not a home."
Several hours later I was back on shore, somewhat exhausted from my morning's adventures. It was getting late now. Ten o'clock. A Buenos Aires Public Transport bus was coming down the street, so I hopped aboard, wanting to get back downtown. The bus was fairly crowded, and I jostled for my change. "Ten cents, Mac," growled the driver.
"Say," I gasped, "aren't you Hubert Humphrey?"
"You're the tenth person to ask me today," complained the driver. "Move to the back of the bus."
As I looked out the window, I cursed. In my haste I had boarded a bus in the wrong direction. We weren't going into town at all, but out of the city, towards the South Pole. At least that's where we would have gone if the bus kept going. I didn't have enough money to get that far, so I jumped out at the next stop, unsure of where I was.
"Voo-hoo" called a woman at the wheel of a large, powerful Volkswagen-Deluxe-8, which was parked across the street.
"Funny," I thought, as I crossed the street towards her, "she must have me confused with someone else." I got into the car, she kissed me on the cheek, and we sped away. I noticed that we were driving into a more expensive section, with large estates lining each side of the road. Somehow I knew that we were going to turn into the largest one, a sprawling gray brick mansion at the end of the street. We got out in front of the main entrance, just as a houseboy came out to greet us. "Say,"
I wondered, "aren't you... oh, never mind, you couldn't be him."
"Hurry, darling," whispered the woman, as we entered the foyer, "we're already late." We walked into the drawing room, where a meeting was in progress. Some of the men looked up, visibly annoyed at the interruption.
"Sorry," I apologized. We quietly took seats.
"... and then if we increase the change on the sphere," continued the speaker, who I would have sworn was Professor French, "we notice that a spark jumps to this metal rod..."
I looked at my watch, and noticed it was after eleven. I was due back at the office by noon, and so excused myself to the assembled group, and hurried outside. "Would you like a ride into town?" inquired a man, who closely resembled Sherman Adams. Grateful, I hopped in. Soon, after an uneventful trip, we pulled up outside the NYT office. I hurried inside, as it was already three minutes of twelve.
"Which floor, sir?"
I looked up, and noticed that a new elevator boy had been hired. "Say, aren't you Barry Goldwater?" I asked, quietly.
He smiled, and held his finger to his lips. "That's our secret," he chuckled.
I jumped out on the tenth floor and raced to the office. "Well," growled the boss, "do you have an article for us this week?"
I hung my head, shamefully. "I'm sorry, boss" I apologized. "But I NEVER seem to bump into anything interesting to write on. Just the same old dull life."

You never know who you'll meet in Argentina.

January 14, 1966
"I Reckon We Got em Whupped"

After more than a century of westward migration, the woodpecker has suddenly found that it is right back where it started from.

The American struggle against Communist aggression has turned the corner in the last few months. The coherent, well-constructed Presidential foreign policy has borne fruit from Indonesia and South Vietnam to Berkeley, California. As Texas foreign policy advisor McGee Ralston commented to this reporter, "I reckon we got 'em whipped."

Indeed, this cogent analysis is borne out by reports of foreign statesmen. Reports of American actions in South Vietnam and the change from the Pro-Chinese, Anti-American orientation to one which is Anti-Chinese and Anti-American is regarded by scholars of Eastern cultures as being a definite gain of prestige for the United States in Southeast Asia. The well-known Texan State Department expert on Far Eastern Affairs, Tex (Whishash) Rawhide, offers the following hearkening analysis. "I reckon we got 'em whipped."

In another part of the world, the recent India-Pakistan clash has finally demonstrated to both sides the absolute necessity of American aid. Without American equipment, this short-lived engagement could never have taken place. President Johnson was quick to seize upon this realization in instrumenting a "tough" foreign aid program to preserve peace. As President Johnson has stated, "I consider peace as second only to vital American interests."

A lesser known instance of success in the Administration's struggle against subversive elements is fully documented in the recent publication released by MIT Press, "The Marines Put Down The Revolution in Modern Physics," 98 pp., $5.50.

TROIKA, a trio of Times writers who have written widely on the problems of mixed bathing among the unemployed, are presently shot-takers at Madison Square Garden.

But the most important single factor to advance American interests abroad in recent months may be the success of the South Vietnamese policy. In the months preceding the installation of Ngo Dinh Diem as President of South Vietnam, certain critics of the State Department questioned the wisdom of our policy with regard to this sensitive position. Indeed it was felt by some that the premier interims, popularly known in Vietnamese dialect as "The Americo-Puppets," lacked a nationwide consensus. But lately, the new dynamic leadership in Vietnam, Premier Key and his top consultants, Ngo Dinh Thieu, Ngam Khay Diep, Myaptik Phoosie, and Sam, have been making giant strides in destroying Political corruption. Their major weapon in crushing corruption in government has been to shoot all politicians whom they consider corrupt. This is an obvious first step in the formation of a democratic government, whose institutions we are defending.

Even as the political atmosphere began to improve, the military situation in South Vietnam under the able leadership of General Moreforwestland has brightened considerably. "I'm finally getting the troops I need to fight this war," says the General. It is the General's constantly reiterated basic premise, "This is our war and we've got to fight it," which he is convinced, has shored up the flagging support he was receiving at home.

"You can't fight a war like this, a guerrilla war, unless you outnumber the enemy by at least seventeen to one. The main problem is that the Vietcong are so difficult to come by grips with. If we could engage them in larger units, we might only have to outnumber them by six or seven to one, but as it is, they strike and then fade away. There's nothing to counterattack. It's very frustrating."

"Indeed, in the recent engagement in the Iron Cross region of South Vietnam, this lesson was plain to learn."

"We've known about the Iron Cross stronghold for some time," states General Moreforwestland. "It is referred to as being nominally under Vietcong influence. By the time we reached the stronghold, each Vietcong had loaded five or six hundred pounds of rice on his back, grabbed up a trench mortar or a heavy machine gun, and disappeared into the jungle. The whole thing had only lasted about four days. They are strong in these Vietcong, Typical Guerrilla tactics."
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CROSSWORD

New Awakening in South Bhramanesia

President U Chu Whangh.

(Continued from Page 14)

Clearly the people must be properly educated and given the means to build roads and factories. Since the Bhramanesian language is completely incomprehensible they must first be taught how to speak English. Next, their lives must be oriented around an industrially centered economy. And at the same time all of this must be consistent with the Bhramanesian Way Of Life.

Peter Gowinya, our ambassador to South Bhramanesia, had initiated several brilliant projects to carry out our aid program. One of the more ambitious of these projects was the construction and operation of a large factory that will mass produce religious phallic symbols that the peasants have been pounding by hand out of lezgotmei roots. In this way mass production can be shown to be consistent with the Bhramanesian religious philosophy, and in fact, there should be a good market abroad for these beautiful phallic symbols.

Other factories were quick to follow, including one to mass produce lezgotmei-pounding sticks, without which the peasants cannot even begin to pound the roots. And roads were built to connect the factories together, so that various things could be taken from factory to factory. And later houses and apartments were built along the roads so the people could live near the factories and so that they wouldn't have to live in their small huts. Soon, in fact, President Whangh consented to have a Howard Johnsons built along one of the roads, near the straw-hut factory. In short, the future looked very bright for South Bhramanesia.

And then, in March of 1963, our entire aid program went to pot when South Bhramanesia was attacked by Frambastia, its neighbor to the west. Immediately Whangh fell into disfavor and was overthrown and replaced by Major Hachu Go, and his supporting YBF. Religious leaders in the country declared that the war was a result of working in factories and thus angering the soil gods. The rest of the story is of course, common knowledge. The people declared a Year of the Worm, and returned to the rotten soil and to their sclerotic plants and lezgotmei pounding.

However, our aid program was certainly not a complete loss. The real revolution, the real New Awakening, is more than the factories and the roads. The real New Awakening can be found in the expression of surprise and pleasure on the face of an old man who has just been appointed Prime Minister, or the feeling of excitement in an old lady who has just been drafted into the country's new and modernized army, or this year's cauliflower crop which is bigger and better than ever before. And so, as the culturally exhausted visitor returns to Bhamabeauty Airport for his trip home, he can truly appreciate the New Awakening in South Bhramanesia, and what it means to him and to the South Bhramanesians, and what it means to their neighbors the Frambastians, and what it means and will mean later to the entire Neolysian Strait, and even what it will mean to the East Euthinesians that live across the Great Bhramanesian Sea, and what it will mean one hundred years from now to the people living in Brisbane, Utah or South America, and what it used to mean one hundred years ago to the first Bhramanesians to come to the New World. Yes, the New Awakening in South Bhramanesia is really something.

THE NOO YAWK TIMES MAGAZINE
BUT the highlight of my stay in this vast Red China was the brief interview granted to me with Mao-Tse-Tongue—the Big Boss. He lived in this big mansion, surrounded by hundreds of armed guards, numerous servants and beautiful women, and he had a refrigerator and an electric stove. I later found out that the latter two were merely status symbols, for in this country, there is no electricity, and since these were General Electric appliances (made in USA, a city in Japan), there was no sense in plugging them into the outlets which liberally lined the palace walls.

“Well, Noo Yawk Times Correspondent, you have seen our country. What do you think of this proletarian paradise?” said Mao, after I had finished my fifty bows, and had kissed his feet, put his shoes back on, and neatly tied the genuine leather laces into horizontal bows.

“To tell you the truth, Mr. Tongue, your people do not seem to enjoy many freedoms and benefits which the people in capitalistic countries enjoy. I mean, I just don’t dig this totalitarian stuff.” I bravely answered the Chief of State.

“You are forthright and honest, Capitalist Correspondent, and for that I congratulate you. You may go back to your native land, and write all about us as you wish, but I fear nobody will believe you. You see, our millions upon millions of people believe they are indeed living in a paradise. They are quite content with it all. Yes, I fear nobody will believe you.”

I just got back. Had a drink or two today. Tasted real good after eighteen months. Actually had three or four. But as I always say, in vino veritas, in wine there is truth, and no kidding, it’s really terrible there. Have I ever lied to you before?

SOLUTION TO THIS MONTH’S DOUBLE-SPASTIC PUZZLE

J. ADGER; S. C. COMMITTEE VS. VOODOO — So, I am afraid I must ask for punitive action. I come to the AEB because I feel that judgment by their peers is a far more constructive remedy than the Student Center Committee trying to exercise some sort of dictatorial power.
Evening Wraps

by Bonnie Lynn

Special gift wrapping is perfect this season for birthdays, weddings and bar mitzvahs. Hallmark for The Coop. Twenty-five cents. Cellophane tape by Scotch.

Like a vision out of "Aluminum Finger," our model toasts the new year in shiny Reynolds Wrap. Extremely practical as well as beautiful, her helmet unfolds to become a roasting pan for meats. In 100 foot rolls only, fifty-three cents.

Our plain brown wrapper marked "Dirty Sex Books" promises to be a best seller this spring. Lettering also comes in more discreet 10 point bodoni type for the less daring, $7.99 at that kind of book store. Mail orders not accepted.

A late city edition containing closing stock averages and television listings makes a loose-hanging wrap for late night movie viewing. Empty beer cans, orange rinds and t.v. dinner trays may be wrapped in the second section for matching garbage. Wretched American. Ten cents.
A kitchen dream that clings like cloth is a spring-fresh offering in Saran Wrap. Accentuated by a salami on rye worn high on the thigh and a yellow rose which plastic makes perfect, it is a chic addition to any grocery list. Twenty-seven cents with 30 extra green stamps. Elm Farm. Sandwich by Stouffer's.

"A very special wine," he mused, "our last bottle of 'Rosy O'Grady'. And now that I've got you drunk on this cheap wine..." He tenderly began to unbutton her Cuss Cubb shirtwaist, the classic 'Easy-Off' model, in genuine bleeding madras. Sizes 8-18, but you must be over 18, in most states. About a $15 find at stores everywhere.
More important physical changes will be still slower, perhaps several years. But, in time, the Institute will get many needed parking lots covering much of the wasted space that is now lawn. When a sufficient area has been so converted, it is possible that professors will offer tutoring in the cars; possibly dashboard TV will make the drive-in classroom a reality.

Contrary to earlier belief, the existing buildings will not suffer major changes, other than a coat of paint. The earlier suggestion that the dorms would be removed and replaced with orange shingle roofs has been denied by Mr. Johnson. However, the shingle roof style of architecture will very likely characterize the new buildings planned during this administration.

One building that will, of course be changed, is the obsolete Student Center. The “20 Chumneys” will be enlarged; (eight more chimneys) and rechristened the “Red Coach Grill,” will feature a new innovation: food. The service, however, will remain the same. Healthy shingled walls will replace the glass frontage, and an orange roof will cover the library.

ROM what has preceded, one might mistakenly conclude that Mr. Johnson is dissatisfied with the Institution he has gained; nothing could be farther from the truth. Mr. Johnson has commented favorably upon many aspects of MIT; for example, the service at any of the bursar or registrar offices, especially as typified on registration days, is exemplary of the service offered at most Howard Johnson enterprises. Also, the location at the corner of two well-traveled roads is ideal. In particular, with the city of Cambridge near at hand, Mr. Johnson has commented that with a large neon sign, MIT can soon attract more of the lively and lucrative local crowd to night sessions at “Mass-Tech.”

The dormitory system also appears satisfactory, as a large complex of small chambers with beds, desks, and simple plumbing, all suitable for tete-a-tetes, is consistent with the other lodges (though parking could be expanded). Mr. Johnson was also pleased to find an existing “take-home” department in the form of the MIT press.

Probably the most appreciative person on campus was Mr. Fred Growqueer, head of Staffer’s, caterers for the MIT dining facilities. Mr. Growqueer was naturally concerned for the monopolistic concession his company had long enjoyed. Actually, however, Staffer’s has nothing to fear from that quarter. As Mr. Johnson assured Mr. Growqueer, “All Howard Johnson establishments are franchised but privately owned and operated.”

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Zip
Hao

Print plainly in blood

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CHOOSE FROM THIS MAGNIFICENT LIST OF STUFF

118. Ethel Robey's Lithuanian Cookbook
119. The Complete Works of Roald Amundsen, 8 Volumes (Counts as 12 books)
120. St. Crapps, City of Rainbows, A Pictorial Essay, 7 Pictures. Many of Them in Black and White
121. You and Prunes
122. My Father The Living Bra
123. The Man With The Golden Thighs
124. Terence Mervyn and His Wife
125. Naked Lunch
126. My Dancing in the White House
127. Barry Goldwater
128. My Nights In the White House
129. Walter Jenkins
130. The Greatest Grief, It's Candy
131. Terry Northern
132. The Complete History of the Universe, God
133. The Rise of the Fourth Reich
134. Modern Synthetic Reactions in Organic Chemistry
135. H. O. House
136. Please Don't Eat the Naked Bus Drivers
137. Donald Kerr
138. A Few Poems
139. Edited by W. Osered
140. The Last Time I Felt Nauseous, I Regurgitated
141. Dr. Schiff
142. An Atlas of Lotta Maps
143. Catcher In The Rumpenriebel, D. J. Seedinger
144. A History of Ethiopia
145. H. Salasie
146. 84, Harvard University
147. General Catalogue
148. 100. I'm So Cute
149. The Complete Storles of Ralph and Ethel, 173 volumes (counts as 1 book)
150. by Ralph H. Ethel
151. Panama Randa, Sex Practices of the Giant Panda, by Walter Lance
152. Thirty Days to a More Powerful Tool, by Edna Strong
153. A Book After 99, by Inna Spleen
154. How To Write a Parody of a News Magazine and Be the First President on Your Block, Unles Your Name's Already One, and Then You'll Be the Second, But That's All Right Too, and Other Stories, by V.D. Staff

155. Mrs. Beatrice L. McCallum
156. Encyclopedia of Tortfeasors
157. chick, who I have Known, by Heathcliff Feather
158. An Atl ••• of Lots, M••• Of Them in Black and White
159. ... and ALL KINDS OF BOOKS. Filled to the ceiling. Every room completely filled. And, simultaneously—OUR OFFICES BECOME FILLED UP WITH YOUR MONEY. But only if you act now.

January 14, 1966
O

nce again the short
iezgotmei nuts sea-
son is upon us and
throughout the na-
tion the nut pluckers can be
spotted extracting the iezgotmei
nuts from their pods on the frag-
rant lower branches of the
iezgotmei fern. Now, while the
ingredients are least expensive,
is the time to prepare succu-
lent iezgotmei stew’d. The prepa-
ration is moderately difficult,
but the results are well worth
the trouble.

1. fifth Scotch
3 lbs. Iezgotmei nuts
2 lbs. Butter
1 Quartered and dressed
chicken (semi-formal)
2 lbs. Chuck steak (or Chuck
Deber, he’s so cute)
1 Bull nose
2 Scallions

A lot of artichokes, aspara-
gus, bamboo shoots, beans,
beets, breadfruit, broccoli, bruss-
els sprouts, cabbage, carrots,
cauliflower celery, chestnuts,
corn, cucumbers, eggplant,
en-dive, leeks, kohlrabi, lettuce,
mushrooms, okra, onions, hearts
of palm, parsley, pepper, pota-
toes, sorrel, spinach, squash, to-
matoes, turnips, water

cress. Any extra may be used
later on in making Garbage
Soup, compost piles, or Leg of
Jolly Green Giant.

**MARINADE**

1. Take the juice of one bot-
tle of scotch and pour into a
shallow pan, reserving approxi-
ately one cup for later.
2. Add raw meat and refrig-
erate carefully overnight.

**STEW**

1. In a heavy cast iron pot,
combine the marinated meat,
dressed chicken, artichokes,
asparagus, bamboo shoots, beans,
and the rest of them green
things, with the bull nose, but-
ter and one cup marinade.
(Brown nose first in butter for
special flavors.)
2. Rap scallions on the table,
then throw into pot.
3. Simmer over a low flame
till the meat has turned dark
beige to ecru.
4. Shell the iezgotmei nuts,
blanch and add to stew. (If out
of season, iezgotmei roots may
be substituted for iezgotmei
nuts.)
5. Cook until done. If you are
not sure when the stew is done,
take the cup of scotch you re-
served when making the mari-
nade, add a little soda and for-
get the whole thing.

Yield: Very easily.

Note: Sixty-nine South Bhrama-
nesian acorns may be substitut-
ed for the Bull Nose on alternate
Tuesdays in April, May, and
June.

(By Bonnie Gerzog)
By SCOTT FAHLMAN

Like an oasis of warmth and friendship in a desert of frigid technological austerity, The Massachusetts Institute of Technology's new Student Center provides an atmosphere of relaxation for the harried young engineers. The interior is a tasteful blend of three styles: The stunning Polish Modern decor of the lounges and libraries is tastefully accented here and there with an article or two in the ever popular Castoff Contemporary vein. The activities offices are done in the neo-Neolithic style in current vogue among architects at Eastern trade schools. The real innovation, however, is rumored to be in the decor of the bowling alleys, which will be exhibited to the public at the alleys' scheduled opening in the autumn of 1965.

LIBRARY — The summit of the center is the serene Reserve Book Room, a valuable addition to the ever growing MIT library system which affords students a retreat from the anarchy of dormitories and the revelry of the fraternities. Comfortable seats abound among the overflowing shelves which contain nearly all the knowledge of mankind, arranged in the typical MIT fashion—at random. While pausing for reflection the techman can enjoy the view afforded by the numerous windows and the still more numerous windows in the outer stockade.

GRILL ROOM — A mecca for commons-curled techmen, the Twenty Chimneys Grill room manages to capitalize on the desperation of the Empty Set. Each of the twenty chimneys commemorates a ptomaine victim although the practice of erecting new chimneys was discontinued when the twentieth chimney penetrated into a men's room directly overhead. Here we see two of the grill's world-famous chefs botching another culinary delight as an onlooker looks on.

RIGHT

ACTIVITY OFFICE — Illustrative of MIT's spare-no-expense attitude regarding student interests is this lavishly furnished publication office. Note the wide windows, ample lighting, and strategically placed electrical outlet. Graceful lines of ultra modern beer closet complements the functional desk grouping. The Polish Modern motif is continued by the inclusion of the easy chair (left) and the glass paperweights. Light colored walls of unpainted cement block make even this crowded office seem spacious.
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Little-Known Facts

In 1965, professors at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology turned out 364,786 pages for publication, none of which was read.

The city of Auckland, New Zealand, reported 385 sunny days in the year 1865. This is 37 more than reported by Brisbane, Utah, in 1943. Both statements are believed to be false.

If all the copies of the New York Times Sunday Magazine printed in October, 1923, were spread over the earth, 76% of them would blow away, predicted Seymour Grunge, a senior at RPI. When called on to test his thesis, he indeed covered the world with New York Times magazines, and 76% did blow away. His thesis advisor failed him, however, because 13% of the magazines used were printed in September, 1925.

97% of the inhabitants of Samoa participated in sexual intercourse before their 32nd birthday, according to a 1934 survey. A similar survey in 1956 showed that the interviewers in the 1934 survey had artificially increased the percentage, and the actual figure is 89%.

Dental floss production in Southern Ireland has increased 12% since 1942. Figures before 1942 were unreliable, because production was then measured in pecks, which is now a forgotten quantity.

Although shoelaces are sold by the yard and used by the foot, dental floss is sold by the foot and used by the mouth. Used dental floss is good for strangling flies.

Were all the elephants in the Western Hemisphere to be placed in one area, it would take all the physical plant men in the Student Center to clean up.

Pakistan produced only seven thousand tons of raw indigo in 1890. However, by 1935 advanced technology had boosted this figure to eight hundred thousand tons. But by 1959, they forgot how to make it and production dropped to zero.

Wilt Chamberlain is not a pituitary giant. He is an adenoid possum.

Willyame Goodsire sold London Bridge in 1128, but had to refund the price in 1129 when the bridge fell before the one year money back guarantee had expired.

Proctology is the descendant of an ancient black art. Landlords reported that 87% of modern proctologists are in arrears, according to a report by Harry Orifice, head rectologist, Entebbe School of Proctology, Entebbe, Uganda.

Natives of the Kykukulunga tribe of South-Eastern Chad eat beetle bark and smell like freshly sharpened pencils, but have no pink erasers.

1900 TFM
The Maine Coon cat is rumored to be the offspring of an orgy between longhaired Persians, abandoned in the U.S. during the French Revolution, and shorthaired tabbies who lived along the coast of Maine waiting for just such an opportunity.

Tortoise shell cats are so named because of their coloring. Almost all cats born with tortoise shell markings are females. Males are so rare that thousands of dollars have been offered for one. Reportedly by female cats.

The Manx cat is one of the few four-legged animals in the world that has no trace of a tail. Nobody really knows why he doesn't have a tail, though various theories have been put forth. The Manx can run very fast and is a famous ratter and mouser.

Smart Cats manage to get into MIT and then wonder about getting out. Smart Cats are big bargain hunters, and are shrewd enough to frequent the Tech Coop especially during the January Sale . . . In fact, the Coop is crowded with Smart Cats.

Cynics take note that a real cat actually does enter the Student Center for handouts almost every day around noontime. We can't promise you any handouts, but our January Sale items are priced so low, they may as well be handouts.

January is Sale Month

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