



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)

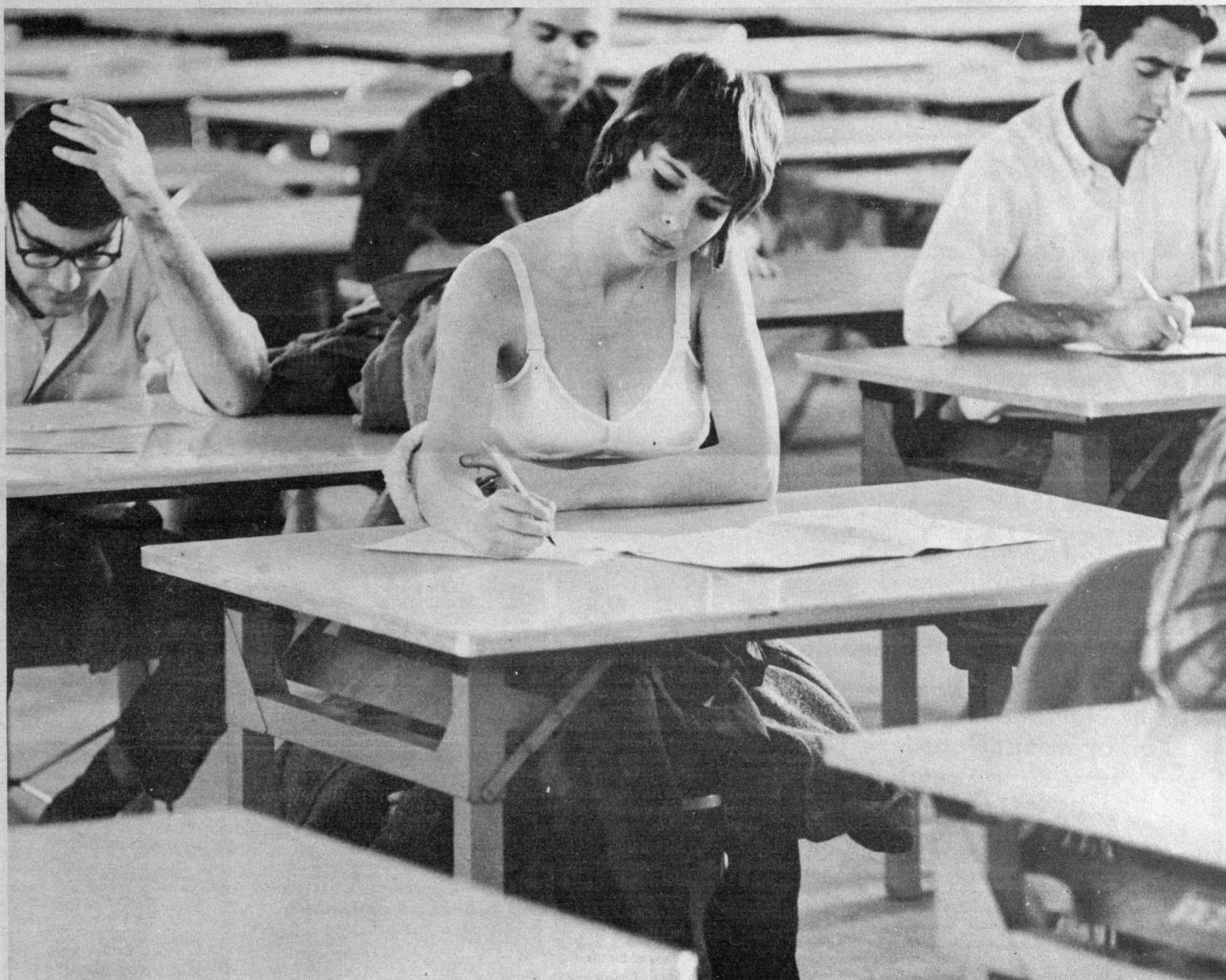
The right way to shave a collie

Neatness doesn't count.
What's a little horse on a collie's
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Georgewashingtonbridge & Clothyer, Philadelphier; John Gottamaker, Philadelphior; or write somebody.

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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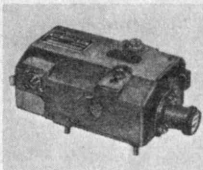
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Letters

MOUNTBATTEN

TO THE EDITOR:

Hooray for Mountbatten! He is the first author to appear in your pages whose views we endorse completely.

MARTIN LUCIFER KING
 BOB DYLAN
 JOAN BAEZ
 NORMAN THOMAS
 STAUGHTON LYNDE
 YORK HUNT

Mountbatten for
 President Committee
 (formerly Committee
 for a Sane Unconditional
 Surrender Policy)

TO THE EDITOR:

In reference to your article on "Brisbane: Mushrooming Mecca of the Midwest," I would like to offer the following corrections: First, Brisbane is not located in Oklahoma; it is in Utah. Second, its population is not 147,000, it is 113. Third, the principal industry is not the manufacture of grommets; it is the production of hand-carved ivory birds (hence the famous slogan "Send them the bird from Brisbane"). Fourth, the town was not founded by Winthrop Putney, the Mormon religious leader, in 1887; it was lost by Putney Winthrop, a Mormon exile, in 1878. And finally, Dr. Everett Mountbatten, the controversial polemicist, is not and has never been a resident of Brisbane.

PUTNEY WINTHROP IV.
 Brisbane, Utah

TO THE EDITOR:

Regarding Dr. Everett Mountbatten's article "The Case for Unconditional Surrender" (January 2), I cannot help but think that although what he says makes sense in an idealized context, it lacks a sense of reality. For, although it is true that if we surrendered unconditionally to the Soviets, we would no longer have to spend any money on defense or for-

eign aid, and would be able to forgo the likelihood of a nuclear holocaust, we would soon find ourselves faced with the prospect of new and equally taxing altercations within the Communist world of which we would be part; within practically no time, we and the Soviets would be forced to share our newfound wealth with the Chinese, just as we now share it with Europe. As the great political philosopher Albedo Cartney once noted, "When you starve with a tiger, the tiger starves last."

WINTHROP BLOUNT,
 Professor of Hagiography, University of California, Berkeley.

TO THE EDITOR:

In reply to Dr. Everett Mountbatten's article advocating immediate and unconditional surrender to the Soviets, I say "Why not Victory?"

BARRY M. GOLDWATER
 Phoenix, Arizona.

'FAMILY'

TO THE EDITOR:

I respectfully wish to take exception to your article "Sociologists Observe Changes in the Life of Today's Family." As I demonstrated conclusively in my recent textbook, "Fun With Sociology" (Wiley, \$34.95; by the way, it makes a great gift for weddings and coronations), conclusions of this type are to be avoided. I repeated this statement just last week when I gave a failing grade to Willy Jones on his term paper, and the little brat had the audacity to publish that paper in your magazine. You can tell him for me that if he ever comes back to school, it won't do him any good, because he just flunked out.

ELMO P. THROCKMORTON,
 Professor of Sociology, East Podunk Community College and Normal School.

The author replies: Same to you, fella.

WILLY JONES

TO THE EDITOR:

Nikita Khrushchev's article, "Needed: A More Stable System of Succession in the Soviet Union" (August 12) was really sour grapes. Here in the grand and glorious Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, we are dedicated to the preservation of a democratic, liberal, free state, where any man, from the humblest kulak to the most lofty cossack can achieve the office of Chairman of the party. Mr. Khrushchev is obviously a lazy, bitter, and a shiftless person who feels bitter just because he can't get everything he wants. Here in the Soviet Union, we believe that he who works for advancement will get his just rewards.

LEONID BREZHNEV

Moscow, USSR.

TO THE EDITOR:

In regard to your article "Lyndon Hosts the Biggest Barbecue Ever" (February 17) I must register a protest. I was quoted as having remarked that ". . . ah feel certin thet them thar rebels in Noath Veet Nahm caint be allowed to trample on democracy." Actually, what I said was that "ah feel certin thet them thar rebels in Noath Veet Nahm cain't be allowed to trample on democrats." I don't really give a damn what happens to them thar (ptui) republicans.

LYNDON J.

The Texas White House.

INFORMATION, PLEASE

TO THE EDITOR:

In the letters column of Dec. 10, I noticed the interesting assertion that the subscription rate for a publication known as Voo-Doo is listed as \$69.00 in Pago Pago, but only \$3.00 elsewhere. This brings to mind several questions; to wit, what has either rate to do with the single issue price of 40c, and why is this scandalous activity not more closely patrolled? As the magazine purports to be pub-

The Noo Yawk Times
 Magazine

JANUARY 14, 1966

It's Just Terrible In Red China These Days

By Charles M. Deber 10-11

The Johnson Administration—Is It a Threat To the Status Quo?

By Michael W. Levine 12-13

United States Aid Creates a New Awakening In South Bhramanesia

By Robert S. Pindyck 14

The Sounds of Sickness

By D. F. Nolan 15

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

By Keith Patterson 16-17

"I Reckon We Got 'Em Whupped"

By Troika 18

Recent Rulings

19 Food 26

Fashions

22 Facts 30

Architechure

27 Puzzles 31

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27—YOU'LL NEVER GUESS

31—PHOTO FINISH

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* January, 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.

Eeville, Tenn.

Note that this, Vol. 49, No. 4, is published January 14, 1966.—ED.

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 scoundrels 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 Pindyck, 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; Kim Thurston, Business Manager, considers everything sacred that will result in income.

The so-called Senior Board bag-biters are Keith Patterson, Features Editor; Walter Rode, Ant Editor; D. F. Nolan, Frequent Contributor and Patriot; and Norm Rubin, who keeps promising to do some work.

There is still another board, the Junior Board. On it we find: Walt Kuleck and John Marshall, the Publicity Coordinators (?); Wayne Moore, Advertising Manager; Ed Jackush, Ad Artist; Powdery Ivy Simon, Make-up Editor; Bob Calvert, Sales Manager; Paul Ware, Treasurer; Art Kalotkin, Photo Editor; Bonnie Gerzog, chocolate-covered Coed-itor; Tom Strand, Lit Editor; Marc Levenson, Subscription Culprit; Len Hirschfeld, Office Manager; and Jerry Goe, Guilty.

Now we come to the group of hangers-on known as the staff, for obvious reasons. But first, the Office Cat is Phos. and Kittens: Ginny, Becky and Alicia. Don't forget (how could you?) PUSSY-CAT: Elaine. Now some really useless ones, the Woopgaroo: to

wit, Bob Pilon, Maurice Scherer, Bill DelHagen, Mark Radwin. Some characters name of Tom Hutzelman, M. Gerrassimenko, Paul Epstein, Hal Varian, and Jim and Dagny Taggart are the Art Staff. Joke Editor is Zack Larisdowne. Literary types are Scott Fahlman, and Mark Swift. Publicists have names like Lam-on, Ostrach, Kendall, ZoomZoom, Ellis, Borsher, and Arthur Photographers are Mike Meyers and Al Goldberg. Purveyors are Don Fuel, Prince Mandulla, Ned Teste, Little Jim, Steve Johnson, Rip Finnock, John Wetback, Rastus, Mullincrax, Rod Wreck, Sambo, Ken Horny, Steve Piece, Jerry Venema, Ferry Hokanson, Steve Erektion, Hawkeye, Super Stubby, Ken Kumor, Barry Jerkin, P. C. Lindsey, Tom Garvey, Bob Dumlap, Travis Grit, Bill Flor, Pete the Meat, Arm, Pit, Steve Hasse, Hank Dixon, Philthy Sux, Dave Chenoux, Manug, Chick Chotkowski, 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 Add-jerk.

I trust you will make good use of this information.

KENNETH R. WADLEIGH,
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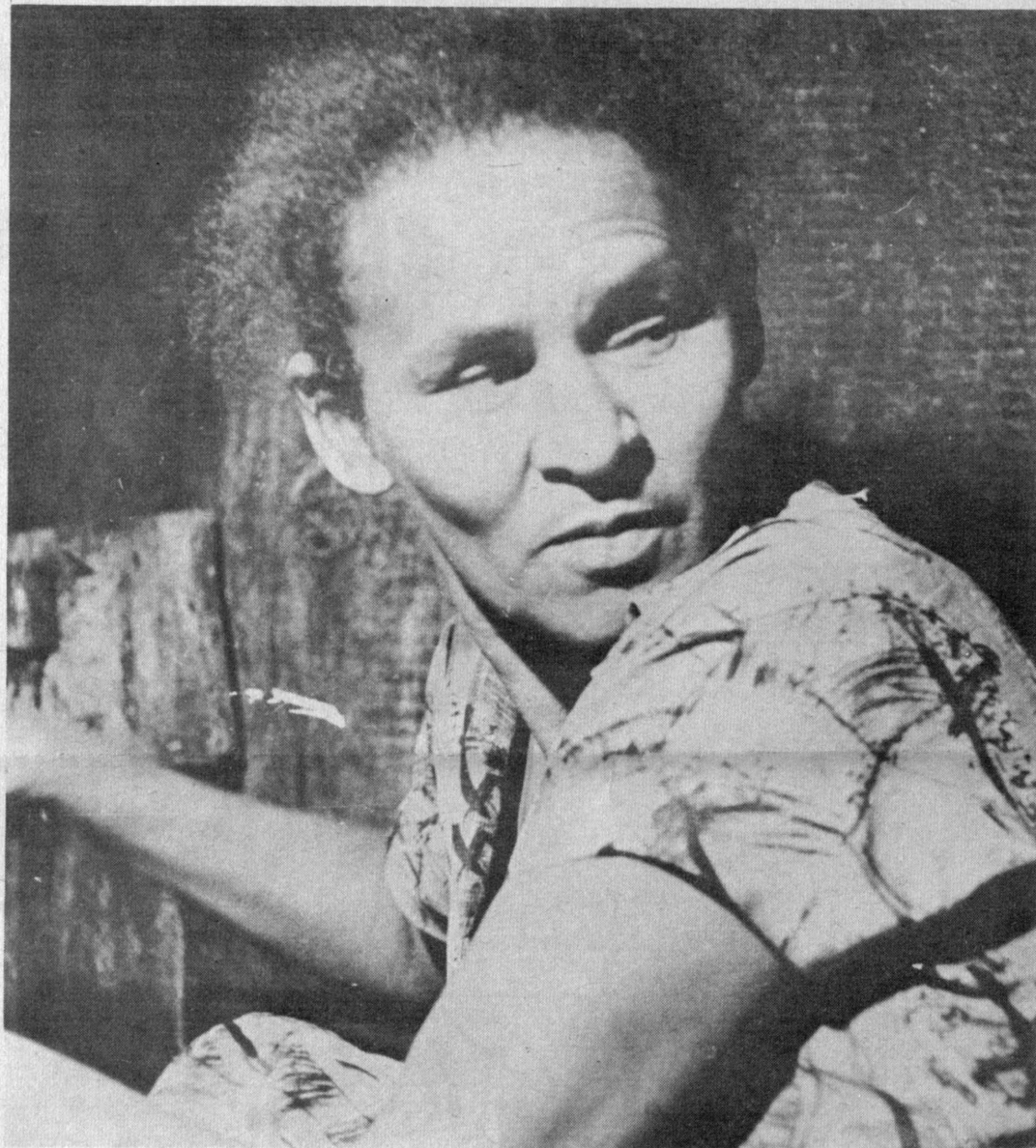
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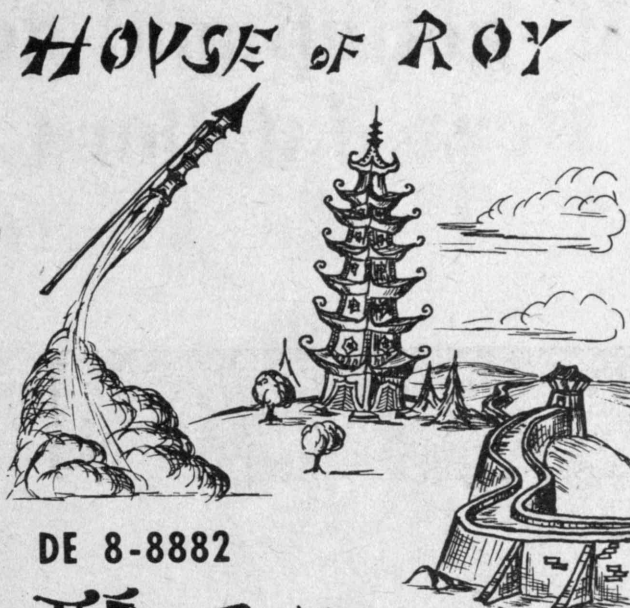
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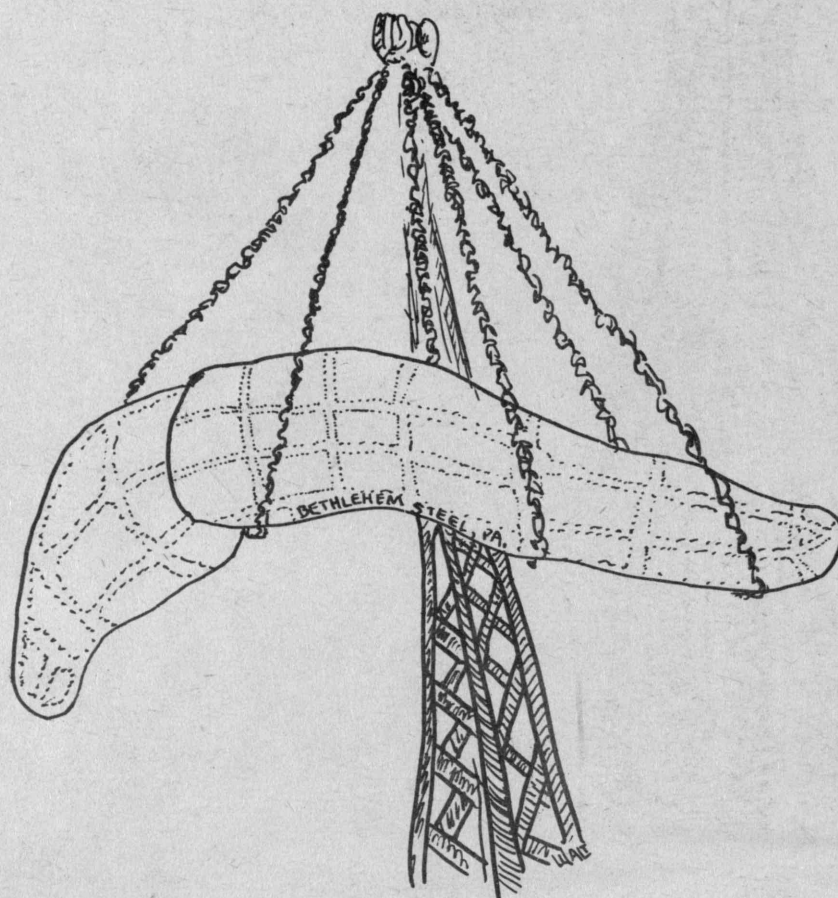
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JANUARY 14, 1966

In Brisbane, Utah, where there are more tulips than in all of the Netherlands, more grandmothers wear army boots than any other type of footwear. They must be doing something right.



METAL MEAT — Crane hoists large slab of iron chopped liver aboard ship for immediate delivery (no pun intended) to Vietnam.

It's Just Terrible in Red China These Days

By CHARLES M. DEBER

I JUST got back. Just this week. Ohhh, 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 siren 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

CHARLES M. DEBER, wandering correspondent of the Times for many years, has written extensively about the sex life of the fruit fly, because it seemed like the thing to do.

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. Iron 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, fellah.

LET me point out, lest you obtain, dear reader, the wrong impression, that the women do not reside in the same flimsy shacks as do the men. If typical Chinaman Won Hung Lo marries typical Chinawoman I Luv 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 Luv Yu, and right there, in the Office of Marriage, they are joined in holy matrimony, her name becoming I Luv 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 I Luv Lo. Besides, you know what they say about Chinese girls.

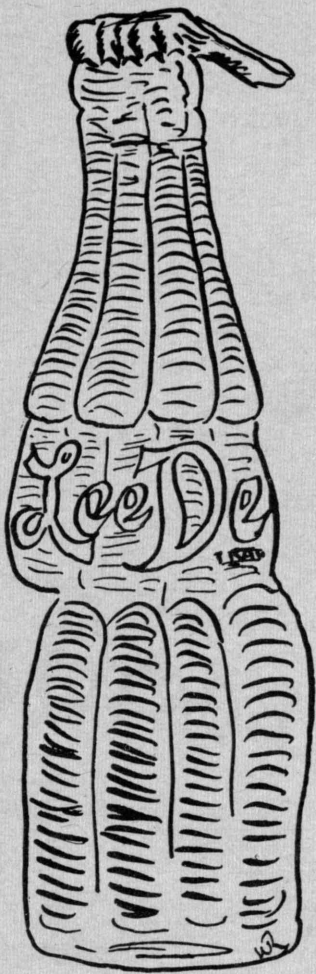
You see? It's really terrible there. They control everything. You even have to breathe in accordance with the national average. If they catch you inhaling more than five times per minute above the permissible level, you are required to hold your breath for several hours, which can make a poor Chinese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

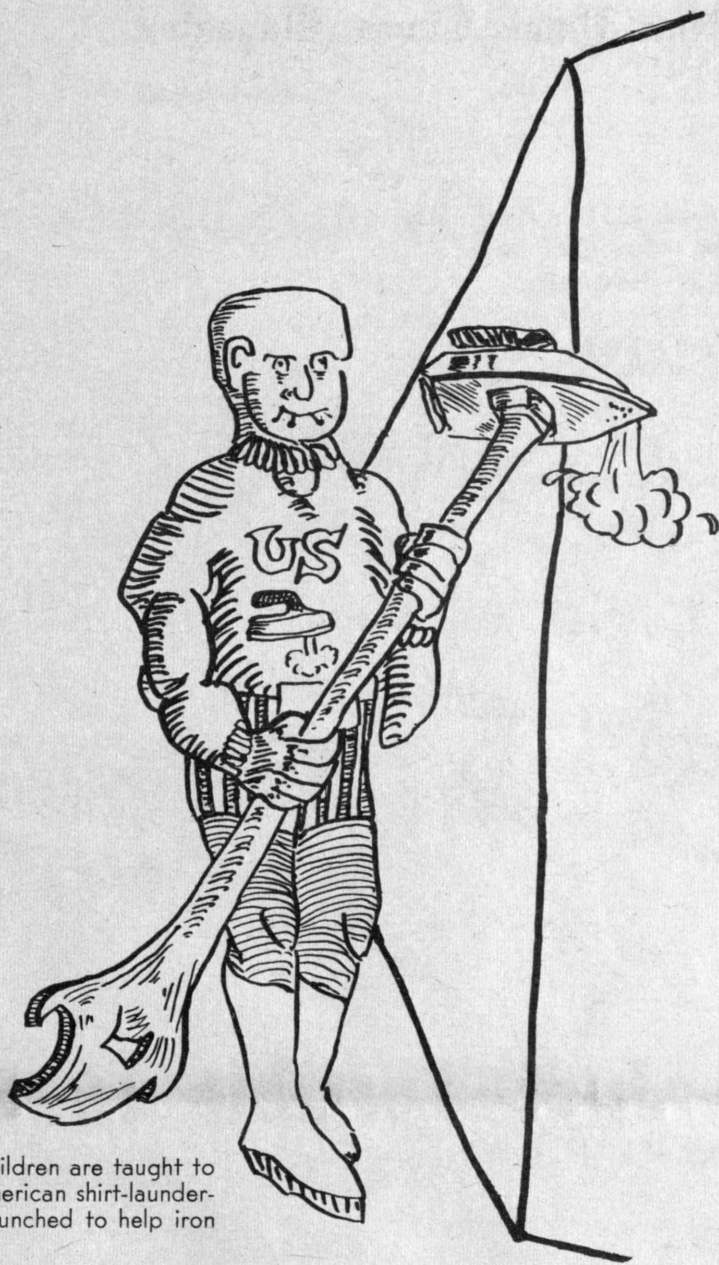
surely these men are less likely to have their breaths counted. For it was an upward spiral, and there weren't enough "superiors" to watch over everything, the higher up you went.

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 my Mao," 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



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



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

to issue the following decree: "Mayonnaise is no longer an optional condiment. It is to be eaten at every meal, so that 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 Christorovich Columbusov 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 Massachusetts in 1492, 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 15th-century toll-takers on the Mass Pike were forbidden by State Law from accepting 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 complicate this situation, Russian textbooks now indicate that indeed it was Russian explorer Leifovich Ericksonov 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.

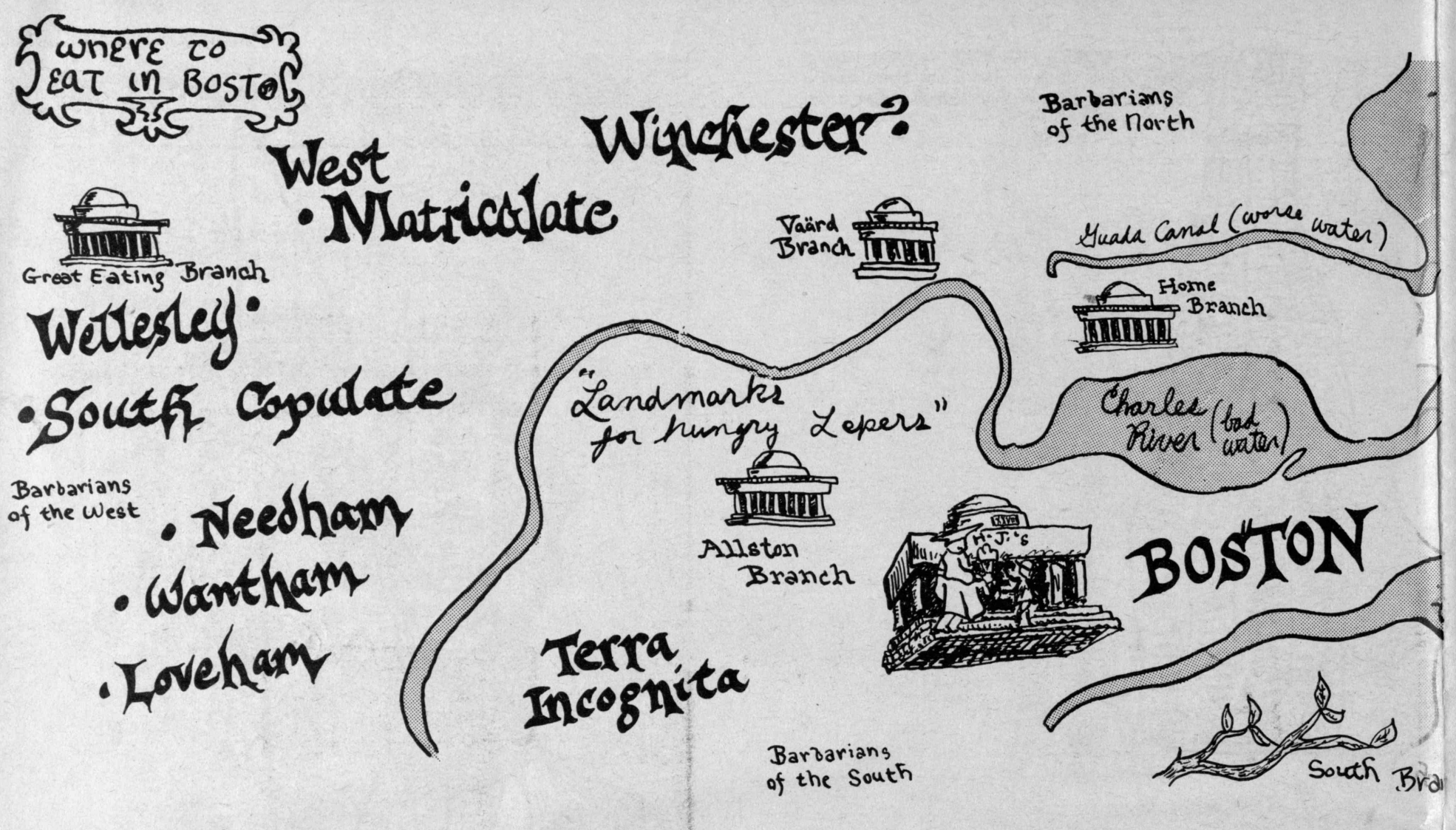
This political stuff even creeps into the games the school children play at recess. In what could generally be described as the Chinese equivalent of baseball, the following rules apply: The child who is "up" is given a newly-sharpened butcher's knife, and he begins to run around a large pentagon, always 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 Premier Krushchev, 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 disobeying 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.

I 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

(Please turn to page 20)

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?

By MIKE LEVINE

In 1925, 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 reins of power are due to change hands, there is generally a period of general confusion and aimlessness as the world waits with bated breath to see who the new leader will be. This period often lasts until it ends, and the new chief takes the helm and steers the course of his choosing.

This was the state of Massachusetts, whose Institute of Technology has awaited the results of the election of a new President, to succeed the retiring (and shy) Julius A. Stratton, the outgoing (and enthusiastic) leader. The man chosen by a landslide 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 must first examine the conflict from which Johnson emerged as victor (coffee-tea; still another consideration).

MICHAEL W. LEVINE, managing executive corresponding assistant editor of the Times for many years, has often commented on methods of shrinking ecbaip-faks without surgery.

IN the fall of 1965, when Dr. Stratton admitted his age was such as to require his retirement, several men were immediately considered as possible candidates for the Presidency. Among them were Prof. "Flash" Edgerton, who could guarantee the name of MIT in lights; Dr. "Red Light" Townes, with his lightning sharp remarks; and Vice President "Red Light" McCormack, a distant relative of most of Massachusetts. Also suggested were Dean "Five Minute" Wadleigh, a tough egg to break; and Mr. "Boob" Pindyck, about whom nothing can be said. But the field rapidly narrowed; Prof. Edgerton declined in favor of the more profitable prospect of Cambridge industrials; the Vice President was forgotten (as is so often the case in that office); Dean Wadleigh was out-manuevered and manuevered out by a crafty misquote of his "I do not wish to act as a censor" speech, reworded to sound like a declension (an ancient Chinese steamwhistle); about Boob nothing was said.

At this point, a dark horse entered the race. Howard "Trigger" Johnson announced his candidacy in orange paint, and it became evident who had been

behind all the skullduggery. Clearly, here was a man of resources, who very much wanted to gain the prize at stake (which is why he tossed his hat in the onion rings).

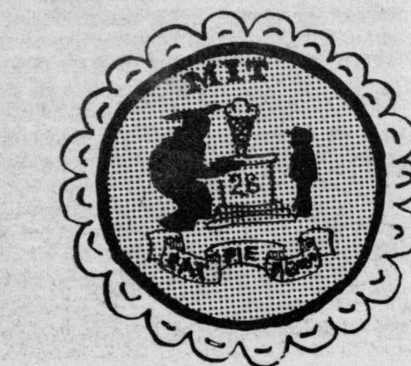
With the contest narrowed down to two men, the campaigns became almost bitter. Possibly, the deciding factor that turned the scales in favor of Mr. Johnson was his rousing campaign song, "Down Townes"; possibly the chief factor was the heavy endorsement of student government leaders (statements in the tech by nearly all the important politicians were printed days before the election; Dr. Townes was the overwhelming favorite, and an outcome in his favor was confidently predicted in the main editorials).

Thus, when the votes were counted, Mr. Johnson held a wide majority, a clear endorsement of his as yet undisclosed revolutionary policies (Parallels 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

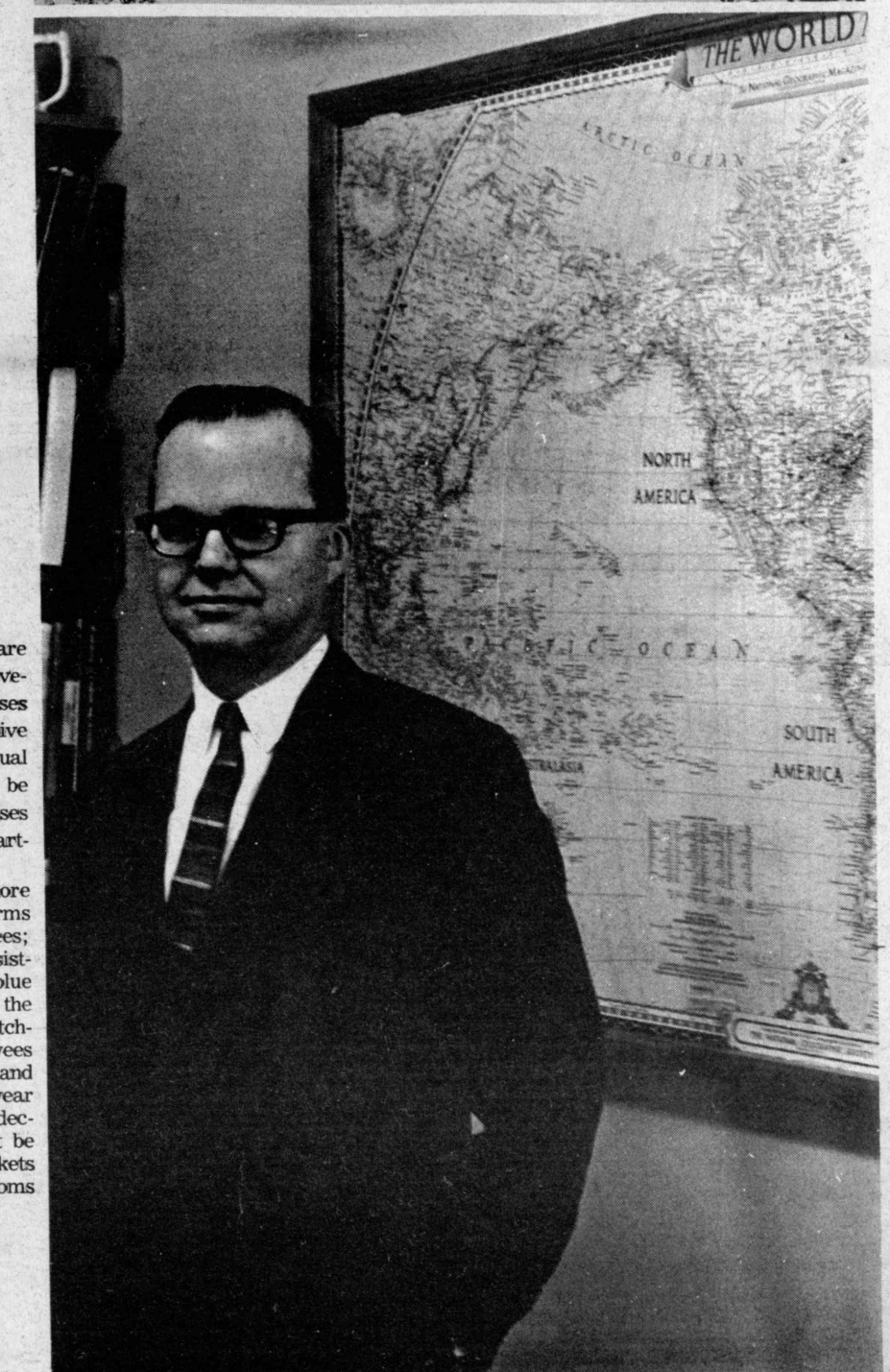
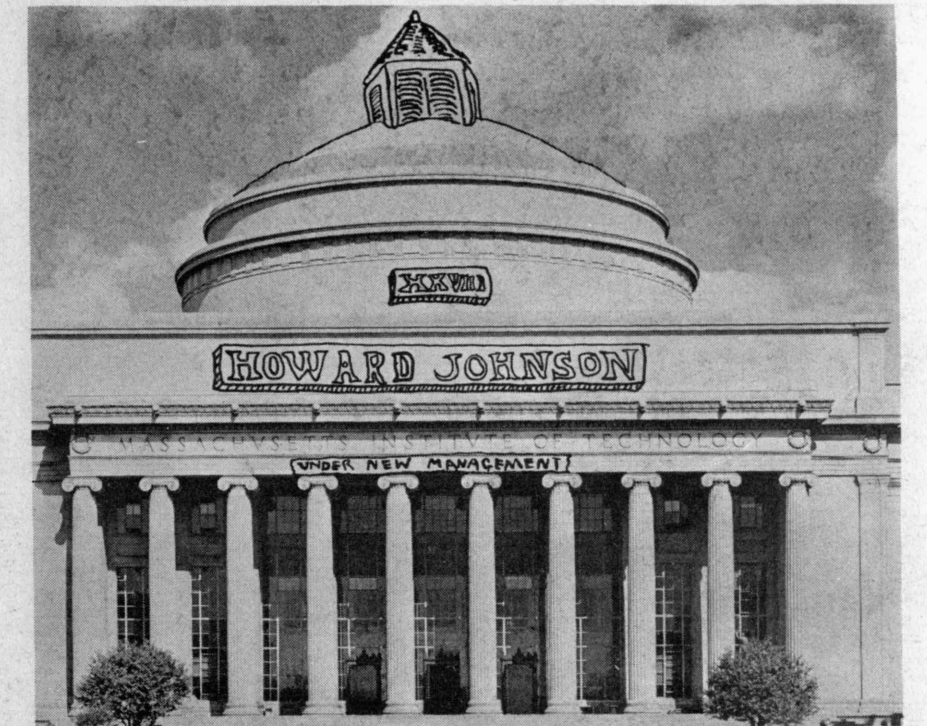


President-elect Johnson contemplates the future, below. The new look of the Institute is at the right; a map of future branches at left.



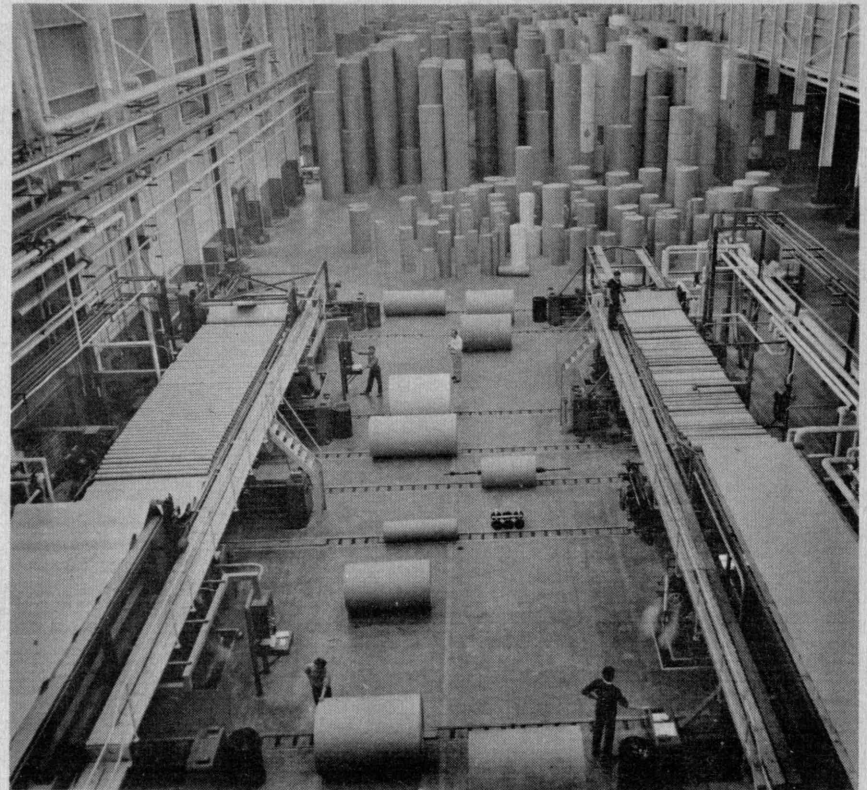
The New MIT Seal

(Continued on Page 24)





PEASANTS WORKING—These South Bhramanesians are busy pounding the roots of the *lezgotmei* plant into bowls, rugs, and religious ornaments.



A NEW FACTORY—Thanks to U.S. aid, religious phallic symbols can now be mass produced cheaply and quickly. This is the biggest phallic symbol factory in the country.

United States Aid Creates A New Awakening In South Bhramanesia

By **BOB PINDYCK**

ASK 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 Neoclyesian Strait. The political instability which has continually plagued the country has made it particularly vulnerable to Communist infiltration. President U Chu Whang's military dic-

tatorship has been suffering the attacks of several left-wing groups, including the Young Baramanesians 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 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 Bhramabeasty Airport is often surprised when he is greeted by a friendly peasant offering him some *schplatzi* plant and a shot of brandy made from the *hotzitotzirotzi* 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 deceptively happy little valleys are infested with malaria, yellow fever, measles, polio, syphilis, cancer, and *dekreepi-ngkrod*. 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 gleaning a meagre existence from the barren, worm-infested, rotten soil. Yet this heartless soil is their main means 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 *schplatzi* 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 Bhuddist *Omilahwdy* 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)

ROBERT S. PINDYCK has just returned from South Bhramansia and is presently studying the sex life of the South Bhramanesian fruit fly because it seemed like the thing to do.

The Sounds of Sickness

By D. F. NOLAN

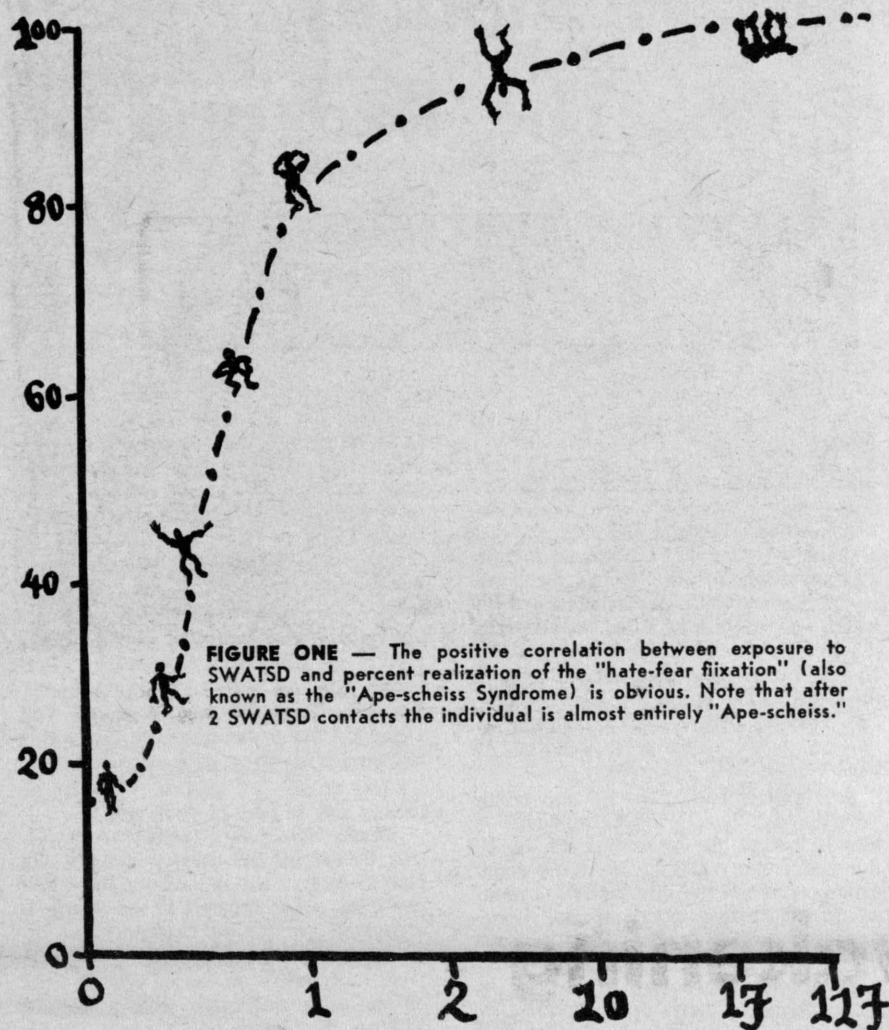


FIGURE ONE — The positive correlation between exposure to SWATSD and percent realization of the "hate-fear fixation" (also known as the "Ape-scheiss Syndrome") is obvious. Note that after 2 SWATSD contacts the individual is almost entirely "Ape-scheiss."

TURN on your radio to any station that plays "pop" music—the two-minute-and-twenty-two-second sagas of sin, sex, and sadness which pour forth in endless torrents for the teen trade—and within a very short time, you cannot help but notice that the **tone** of these masterpieces in miniature has changed drastically in the last five years.

Gone are the cheerful songs of yesteryear, such as "When You And I Were Young, Jenny, and We Watched The Sun Set Over The Moonlit Mountains of Vermont While The Snow Fell Softly From The Rosy-Fingered Sky Above." In their place have appeared a host of songs strangely reminiscent of the wailings of the Prophets In The Wilderness, bemoaning the state of affairs today and sighing longingly for Days That Never Were.

Some of these plaintive and macabre outpourings (such as the palpitating meatly-mouthings of Bob Dylan) can be traced to the controversies over the War in Vietnam, of course, but in view of the fact that the swing to sickness antedates the recent unpleasantness with the Reds, the explanation for the phenomenon must lie deeper.

D. F. NOLAN, extremist editor of the Times since the position was created, expects to enter his turtle in the Ninth Annual Bhramanesian Turtle Trudge next week. Good luck, Dave.

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

SOME of the sad sounds are, of course, simply updated versions of the perennial heart-throbbs over lost or unfaithful loves, unfeeling parents, and anti-teenage society in general, but the current crop of wailings are to a great extent rooted in a far deeper discontent 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 biting the bag; and this is 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 anti-wealth 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, devotion and faith, while the rich are portrayed as old, cold, decrepit, greedy, and downright mean.

Why? In this, the Great Society, prosperity is at an all-time high, teen-agers 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 bruited about in song)?

The answer, if modern psychological insights are to be trusted (and they are), lies in the appearance on the American scene of the famous Walt Disney movie *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, back in 1953. Little noted at the time, this psycho-sexual drama, rife as it was with hidden eframbastic symbolism appealing directly to the proto-conscious 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 inmate in Brisbane, Utah, 1962), whereas the incidence among those who were exposed was 69.9%. Among those who were exposed twice or more, the 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 three 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 cute) 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 had identification-incidence rates only one-third as high, on the average, and are distinguished additionally by their identification of Cinderella (who wasn't even in that movie) with Lassie. This is a perfect case of penis-envy (we dare you to dump on us for that one, Dean Wadleigh—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

"I earnestly hope that we will not dissipate our energies in a senseless obsession. Our mission is to point the way to a better life for the hemisphere, and indeed for all mankind."

identifiable as the source of accident-fixation. The Witch's poisoned apple is an obvious phallic symbol, as well as a classic illustration of the *idee fixe* principle cited by Metterschinken 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 downturn in seanguinity is directly traceable to Mr. Disney's thinly-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

"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 still 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 for some reason I had 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 stomach as I scamped 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 this creepy little man, dressed in an old U.S. Army battlejacket, 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 some sort of nutty religious cult, who believed that the Saviour HAD indeed returned, and was holed up somewhere in the Andes, waiting for a chance to make an appearance. (Possibly during the next general election, she thought.) She was constantly financing pilgrimages to the mountains in search of Him, dragging poor Dad along. Absenteeism isn't too popular here in Argentina, and as a result, the old man was always getting fired. As far as I know, he was working as a jockey, and had a pretty stable position.

"I'm sorry, son, but you see, I . . ."

I never heard the rest of my father's words, for at just that moment, a large red Super-Bugatto-X sports car roared up at the curb, and a luscious, but over-madeup blonde waved at us. Dad hopped out of his wheel chair and jumped in beside her. The last I heard of him was his characteristic cackle, loud and clear, over the roar of the engine, as the car sped away.

"Say, aren't you Crown Prince Otto, pretender to the Lithuanian throne?" a voice behind me called.

I whirled around, and my eyes met

those of a beautiful young woman, clad in a tight-fitting purple sheath. "Why no," I replied, calmly.

"Excuse me," she apologized, and walked away.

I glanced at my watch. It was already six a.m., and I was due at the New York Times Buenos Aires office at twelve, with my feature story for next Sunday's magazine. I had no idea at all. And then it hit me. It must have been doing about twenty miles per hour, and it's a wonder I wasn't killed. The truck driver was very apologetic, and even offered me a lift to the hospital. I declined graciously, even more anxious now to get started on my NYT article.

MY eye caught the headline of the morning paper: IS JUDGE CRATER STILL ALIVE IN THE USA? This gave me an idea. I would try and find out what had happened to all of those famous people, who were reputed alive and in Argentina. I still had four hours before the article was due. Maybe I would have time to find some of these people. And then, maybe not, I thought. Oh, well, if I couldn't I could always lie. So lie I did.

I hailed a cab, and jumped in: I gave the cabbie my address, and we sped off. A few minutes later, I noticed that we were heading into a dingy section of town near the docks, not in the direction of my apartment at all. "Hey, we're heading into a dingy section of town near the docks, not in the direction of my apartment at all," I shouted.

"Shutup," replied the cabbie, whirling around, a .63 caliber super-Sungamo Japanese-built, rapid-fire, automatic revolver in his hand. "I recognized you the minute you got into the cab. You're a liberal Democrat. I can tell by your sneaky eyes. Richard Nixon will pay well for your capture."

Richard Nixon, I thought! My God, this cabbie's going to lead me right to Richard Nixon. What a scoop. What a—

My train of thought was derailed, as we skidded around a corner straight into a police roadblock. The cab squealed to a halt, and the cabbie jumped from the car into an alley. He emptied his super-Sungamo into the policemen squatted behind the roadblock. The policemen rushed up to the car and dragged me out. "Say, aren't you Bill Miller, one-time GOP candidate for vice-president?" I asked the sergeant leading the patrol.

"Why, yes I am," he replied, snowed. "Now get out of this neighborhood, if you know what's good for you."

DECIDING that retreat in the defense of my skin was no vice, I scamped away. "Boy, do I need a drink," I thought, at the same time spotting a small bistro around the corner. I walked into the darkened bar, which was quite well filled, considering it was only seven in the morning. Spotting a vacant booth at the far end, I walked to it and sat down. Adolph Hitler and Dorothy Kilgallen were sitting at the next booth, drinking Manhattans. At least it LOOKED like them.

The waiter came up to my table. "Say, aren't you Walter Jenkins?" 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 Mercedes-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 rotting 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. Inside, I was astonished 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 Sa-

moan 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, under this makeup, I'm The Duke of Windsor."

"You mean—" I gasped, "that we're setting sail as part of your plot to . . ."

"That's right," 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 the British Crown."

"You'll never leave Buenos Aires, Duke," thundered a voice. We all looked up as a tall man, with a Central African Republic-issue revolver in his hand, darkened the doorway. "My men 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. Funny I never asked him.

OUT on the wharf, confusion reigned. The Duke and some of his sailors jumped into a motorboat and roared 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 large 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 unsure 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?"

KEITH PATTERSON, supertool of the Times for a number of years, has traveled extensively through the Duchy of Grand Fenwick, and has said he enjoyed it very much.



"... sailors in pre-revolutionary Ukrainian Navy uniforms were preparing to set sail ..."



"... Say! Aren't you Crown Prince Otto, pretender to the Lithuanian throne?" a voice behind me called.

"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.

"Yoo-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 charge 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?"

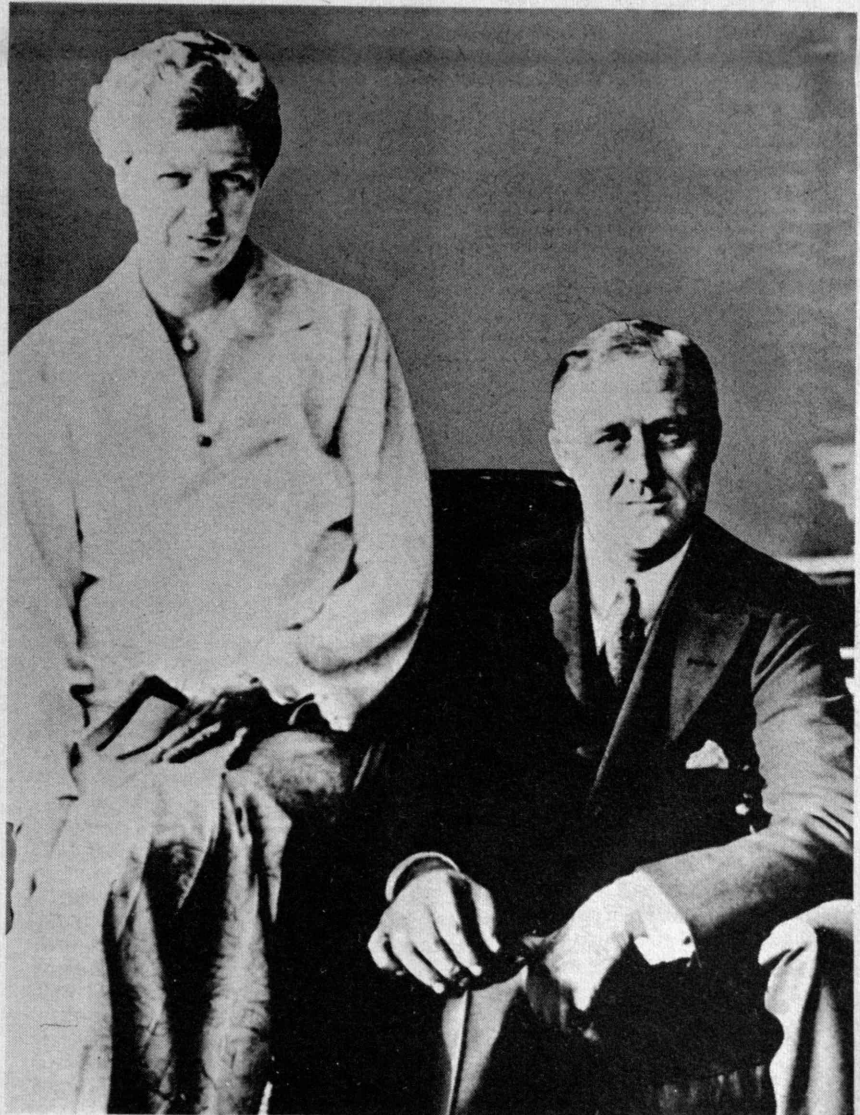
I looked up, and noticed that a new elevator boy had been hired. "Say, aren't you Barry Goldwater?" I asked, quietly.

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.



"I Reckon We Got 'em Whapped"

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

By TROIKA

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

Indeed, this cogent analysis is borne out by remarks of foreign statesmen. Reports of American actions in South Vietnam and the Dominican Republic have been acclaimed by French Foreign Minister Couvre le Mobile: "A truly fantastic policy."

"Just the way we used to handle our policy problems," says Freiherr von der Blitzkrieg, German minister and former S.S. general.

"Incredible," says the British press. "I laughed for hours." Fanfani, President of UN General Assembly. "Buy it!!!" Prime Minister SEATO of Japan.

New American policies have received popular acclaim throughout the Free World. From Spain, Rhodesia, The Dominican Republic, The Union of South Africa, and from liberty loving nations too numerous to mention come accolades.

BUT exactly what are the victories which the United States has achieved abroad in the last few months?

The Indonesian Communist party has been crushed, and the change from a 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 (Whiplash) Rawhide, offers the following heartening analysis.

"I reckon we got 'em whapped."

In another part of the world, the recent India-Pakistani 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., \$95.00.

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

But the most important single factor to advance American interests abroad in recent months has been the success of the South Vietnam policy. In the months preceding the installation of Ngogn Cowed Key as Premier 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 interim premiers, popularly known in Vietnamese dialect as "The Amellican Puppets," lacked a nationwide consensus. But lately, the new dynamic leadership in Vietnam, Premier Key and his top consultants, Vgognh Thah Thieu, Ngam Kluey Dhept, Mxyzptlk Ptooie, 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 to 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. "Is 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 react fast, those Vietcong. Typical Guerilla tactics."

IN spite of the inability to engage in large scale actions, the American troops have acquitted themselves well in combat. They have recently revived the institution of night patrols. This practice has been discontinued for some time because the South Vietnamese regular troops are (according to a recent State Department release) "... afraid

to go out at night where they might run into the Vietcong."

On the matter of captured weapons, General Moreforwestland feels the tide has turned and, "we are finally coming out ahead. In a small engagement just last week, we captured five weapons from the Vietcong as opposed to only two they got from us. Our haul was three zip guns, a 22 target pistol, and a bottle of gasoline. They had to be content with a bazooka and a small tactical atomic weapon. The situation is definitely looking up."

ANOTHER heartening point in the war is that a reexamination of statistics released by the South Vietnamese government has revealed some highly encouraging facts. These statistics show that there have never been more than fifty thousand soldiers in the Vietcong ranks. But since the beginning of the conflict, the South Vietnamese Army has turned in reports that indicate they have killed two million Vietcong. If these reports can be believed, and our State Department assures us that it believes them implicitly, then the Vietcong are in the unenviable position of having had a complete personnel turnover forty times, and cannot have many seasoned regulars left. Furthermore, the regular Vietnamese army must consist of greatly superior fighters, since the kill ratio they have reported is 126 to one in their favor.

Thus the situation is looking very bright indeed. However, let us not be misled into thinking that the Vietnamese War will have a quick ending. As all Times readers will remember, Secretary McNamara in 1963 predicted the end of the Vietnamese war before the end of 1965. As recently as 1964, Mr. McNamara had this to say: "I reckon we got 'em whapped."

As this issue goes to press, it is January 1966, and it is the subject of much humorous comment in Washington that Sec. McNamara was somewhat overly optimistic. Sec. McNamara has been contacted by us recently and asked what his reaction was to the fact that the Vietnamese war was still going on. However, the only answer we were able to elicit was, "What Vietnamese war?"

As far as a widening of the battlefield to include other parts of Asia is concerned, the State Department has given assurances that it just isn't in the cards. The Chinese, for example, have converted all their international monetary credit into gold and shipped it home; they have evacuated their cities close to the border near the actual fighting; finally, they have redoubled their efforts to produce atomic bombs, being dissatisfied with the crawling pace of one bomb a month which they have held for at least six months.

"The Chinese are obviously sulking," states Dean (Sureshot) Rusk, special ad-

visor to the President. "We have nothing to worry about from them."

ON the home front, President Johnson faces a growing number who are discontented with the war in Vietnam. Though this group is still only a small fraction of the population, as Leopold Loeb, head of the "League for Freedom, Peace, and not Getting an Arm Shot Off" has commented, "The President and his administration are an even smaller fraction of the population."

To meet this problem of disenchantment on the part of certain factions, the Administration in enforcing new and stricter laws with regard to actions which might be construed as attempts to avoid the draft. Last month, for example, following the act of self-immolation performed by a Mr. Dante Allyguere in Washington to protest the war in Vietnam, Attorney General Nicholas B. V. D. Stickleback was put on the job. His purpose was to bring a suit against Mr. Allyguere under the new draft law which forbids the burning of draft cards. The action was started after definite proof was obtained that Mr. Allyguere was in possession of his draft card at the time that he lit himself aflame. Since the unfortunate demonstrator is dead, there have been several queries directed towards Mr. Stickleback as to what purpose the action serves. Mr. Stickleback explains, however, that it is a matter of principle. "I'm sick and tired of seeing these Vietniks demonstrate against U.S. foreign policy. In these perilous times, when we are fighting for the right of free speech here and abroad, we should all stand together, say the same things, think the same things."

Mr. Stickleback went on to add that he thought it would set a bad precedent to allow people to escape the draft by the simple expedient of burning themselves up. He had nothing concrete to offer on the status of Mr. Allyguere with his draft board since his self-immolation, saying only, "If his number comes up, he'll be taken."

Deploring the present difficulties which face the Selective Service Department, President Johnson has decided on a somewhat violent counter measure. Beginning in February 1966, and every month thereafter, the Selective Service quota shall be set at one million a week. No deferments shall be allowed except for I.H.T.F.P. deferments for Russian spies, and a new category, 18.01R for the President, members of Congress, and the President's close advisors and relatives and friends. As President Johnson stated yesterday from his home in the Texas White House. "With this large manpower pool to draw on, the war in South Vietnam should be over before the end of 1966. I reckon we got 'em whapped."



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Recent Rulings

A man who has three apples and three pears may still have two nuts.

—Judge Learned Foot,
Brisbane, Utah

Anyone who's here in five minutes won't be here tomorrow.

—K. Wadleigh,
Cambridge, Mass.

A man who rides into town on a filthy pig must ride out of town on the same filthy pig.

—Judge Stanley Bowlteamski,
Cracow, Poland

A group of ten people who have just washed their hands in molasses may not have more than 100 sticky fingers.

—National Molasses Finals,
Brisbane, Utah

A collie which leaps out of a rowboat in the middle of a lake may swim directly to the nearest shore.

—R. T. Tin, Lifeguard,
Lake Chitchatchitchit

Small boys run over by motorists become the property of the motorist if they are not claimed by their parents within six months.

—Judge B. Toff,
Cambridge, Mass.

Occupancy by more than eight people of one bathroom stall, simultaneously, is fun.

—W. Jenkins

Talking birds may not talk after midnight.

—Judge Perry Keet,
Cambridge, Mass.

A person who breaks into a bridal suite on a wedding night is guilty of disturbing the peace.

—Paul Doubt

A person tossing a moon out of a right hand window may not make a left turn at that intersection.

—Manny Moons

A man who throws up on the Northbound side of a New York subway station must clean it up within thirty days.

—New York State Barf

A cereal which snaps and pops must also crackle.

—Kelly Ogg

A man who tosses a boomerang which hits a beautiful young woman must not expect both the boomerang and the woman to come back to him.

—Timmy Kangaroodown

The widow of a man who has made love to his friend's wife while she was sleeping without waking her up may collect the ten dollars from the bet won by her late husband from his ex-friend.

—Judge I. Switchoff,
Brisbane, Utah

A man who tosses water balloons full of Listerine off a roof at a girl who has bad breath, may not have more than three chances to hit her right in the face.

—Hal I. Tosis

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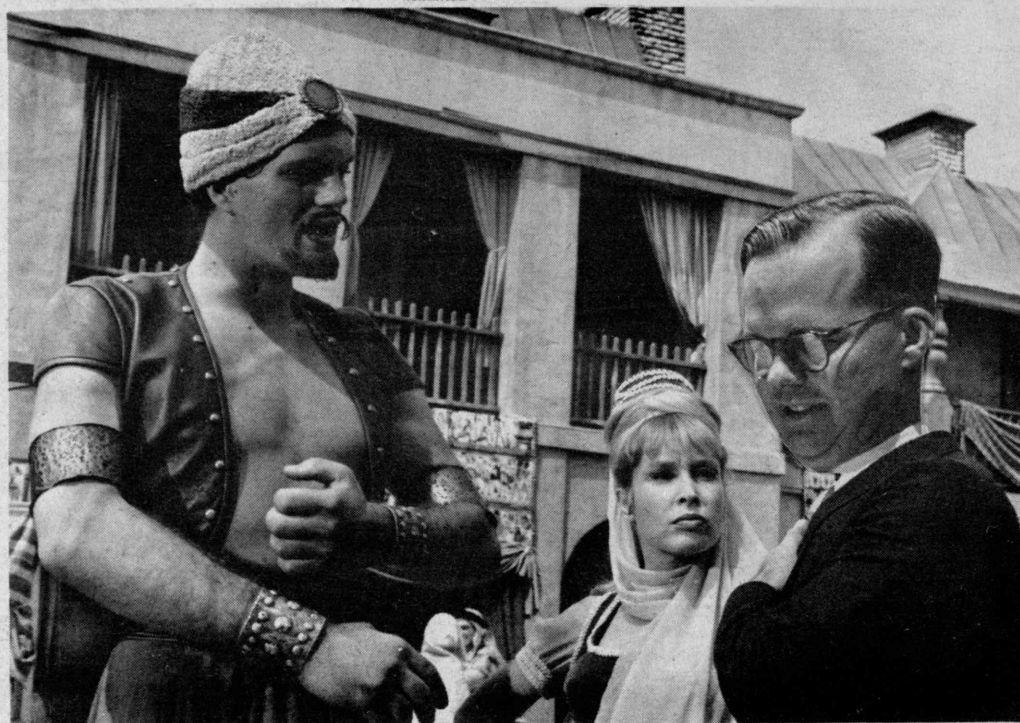
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New Awakening in South Bhramanesia



HOWARD JOHNSON discusses the opening of a new chain with 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 Gowzinya, our ambassador to South Bhramanesia, had initiated several brilliant projects to carry through 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 iezgotmei 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 eizgotmei-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 then 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-hat 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 schplatzi plants and iezgotmei 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 Bhramabeasty 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.



BHRAMANESIA has a rich cultural heritage. Depicted here is the earliest known example of their art. Done about 1939 (immediately after the Great Polish Immigration), Yupissmeoff* is shown with Baadbreth the Dragon and Meephurst, the Bhramanesian equivalent of Adam. *Yupissmeoff is the primeval iezgotmei root of creation. Descendants of this unique creation myth can be found on modern rest room walls.

Just Terrible

(Continued from Page 11)

guy. Not only that, there are no yo-yo's, no water guns, no Saran Wrap, no persimmons, no can openers, no Beatles' records, no Halvah, no soap radio, no Davy Crockett coon skin caps, no Batman comic books, and no Superballs. They did have television, but the picture was always distorted because every vertical image appeared on the screen to be horizontal. I should have known that would happen. You know what they say about Chinese TV sets.

BUT the highlight of my stay in this vast Red Riceland 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.

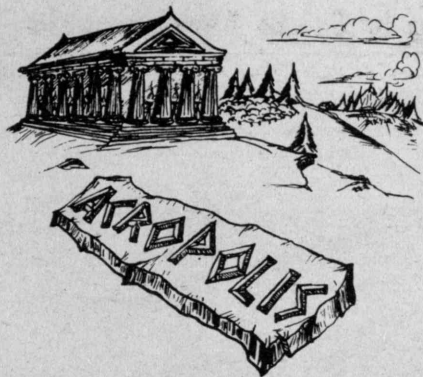
"Well, Noo Yawk Times Correspondent, you have seen our country. What do you think of this proletariat's paradise?" said Mao, after I had finished my fifty bows, and had kissed his feet, put his shoes back on, and neatly tied the genuine leather laces into horizontal bows.

"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
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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 can, 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. Accented 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.

CUSS-CUBB

Johnson

(Continued from Page 13)

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 domes 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 Stud Center. The "20 Chimneys" 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.

FROM 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-travelled 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 appeared satisfactory, as a large complex of small chambers with beds, desks, and simple plumbing, all suitable for tete-a-tetes, is consistent with his other lodges (though parking could be expanded). Mr. Johnson was also please to find an existing "take-home" department in the form of the MIT press.

Probably the most apprehensive person on campus was Mr. Fred Growqueer, head of Stuffer's, caterers for the MIT dining facilities. Mr. Growqueer was naturally concerned for the monopolistic concession his company had long enjoyed.

Actually, however, Stuffer'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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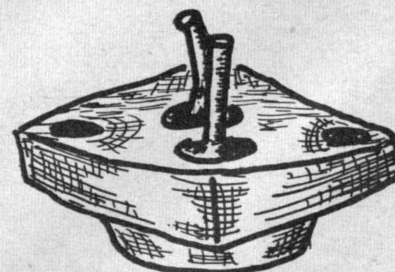
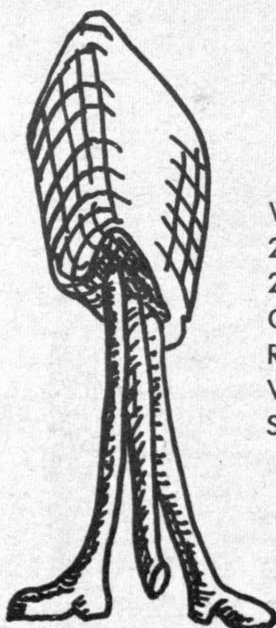
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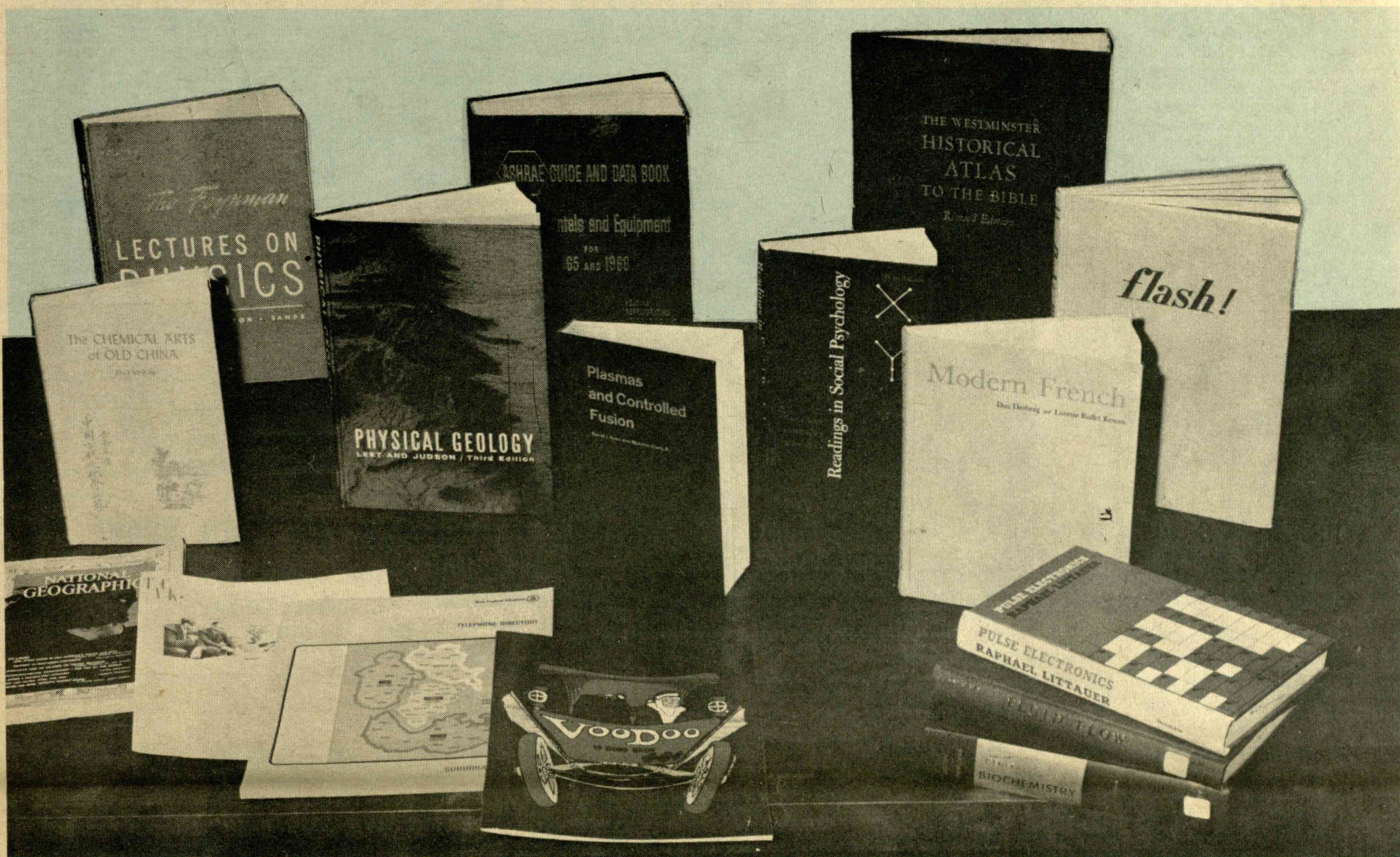
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MR.
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MISS

(Print plainly in blood)

Gzornin

Zip Zap Hoo Hah

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You receive, as an introductory super-bonus, any nine of the best sellers, reference works, literary gems, etc., pictured and/or described on this page, for only \$1.00, plus a large handling charge. In return, you agree to join the Guided Book Club and accept as few as 43 selections during the coming month. If you continue after this trial membership, you receive, with every Club choice you buy, absolutely nothing. In this way, your library GROWS AND GROWS until your entire home is filled with books—big ones, small ones, skinny ones, fat ones, red ones, blue ones, yellow ones, sticky ones, dirty ones, smelly ones, and ALL KINDS OF BOOKS. Filled to the ceiling. Every room completely filled. And, simultaneously—OUR OFFICES BECOME FILLED TO THE CEILING WITH YOUR MONEY. But only if you act now.

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189. You and Prunes Dr. X. Lacks
57. My Father The Living Bra Melvin Schwartz
79. The Man With The Golden Thunderballs, Ian Phlegming
89. Naked Lunch W. Burroughs
145. My Days In The White House, Barry Goldwater
158. My Nights In The White House, Walter Jenkins
23. Good Grief, It's Candy Terry Northern
54. The Complete History of the Universe, God
87. The Rise of the Fourth Reich, W. L. Satirer
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Iezgotmei Stew'd

By CLAIRE CRAGHORN



ONCE again the short iezgotmei nuts season is upon us and throughout the nation the nut pluckers can be spotted extracting the iezgotmei nuts from their pods on the fragrant lower branches of the iezgotmei fern. Now, while the ingredients are least expensive, is the time to prepare succulent iezgotmei stew'd. The preparation is moderately difficult, but the results are well worth the trouble.

- 1 fifth Scotch
- 3 lbs. Iezgotmei nuts
- 2 tbs. 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, asparagus, bamboo shoots, beans, beets, breadfruit, broccoli, brussels sprouts, cabbage, carrots, cauliflower, celery, chestnuts, corn, cucumbers, eggplant, endive, leeks, kohlrabi, lettuce, mushrooms, okra, onions, hearts of palm, parsley, pepper, potatoes, sorrel, spinach, squash, tomatoes, turnips and 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 bottle of scotch and pour into a shallow pan, reserving approximately one cup for later.
2. Add raw meat and refrigerate 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, butter 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 reserved when making the marinade, add a little soda and forget the whole thing.

Yield: Very easily.

Note: Sixty-nine South Bhramanesian acorns may be substituted for the Bull Nose on alternate Tuesdays in April, May, and June.

(By Bonnie Gerzog)

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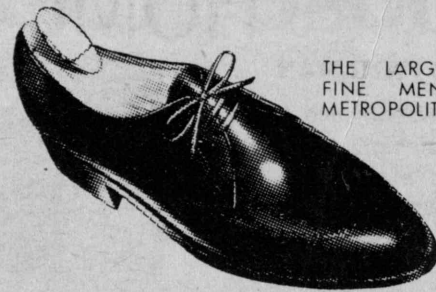
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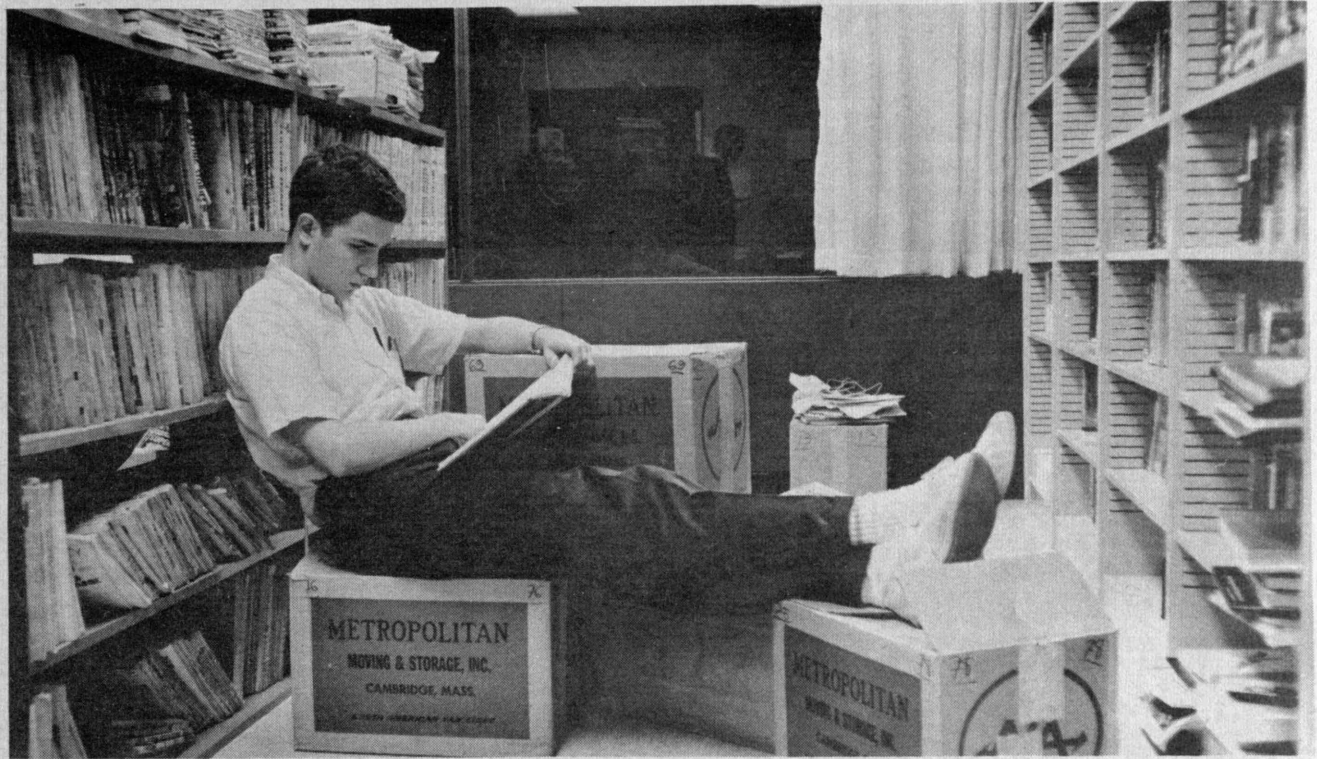
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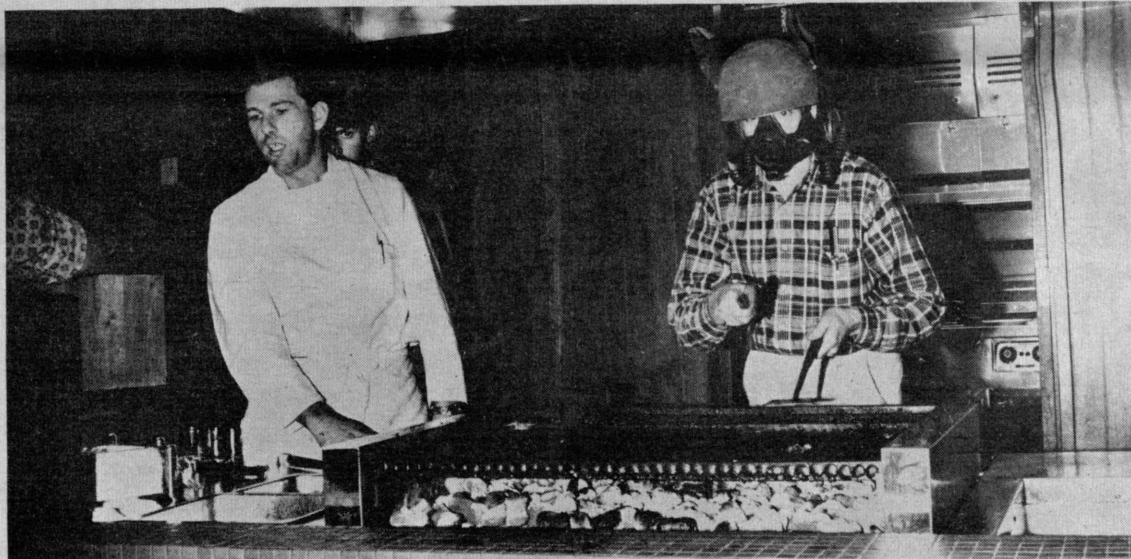
HOME AWAY FROM HOME

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.

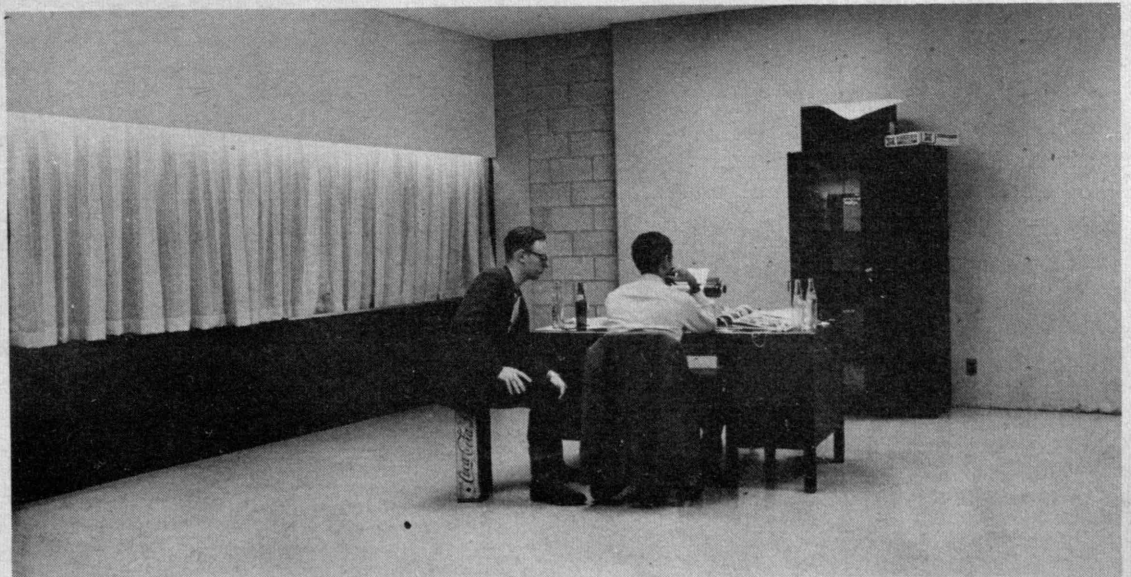


LEFT

GRILL ROOM — A mecca for commons-curdled 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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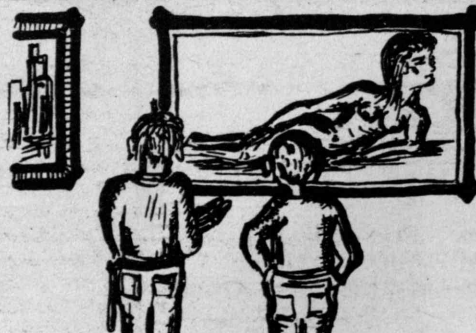
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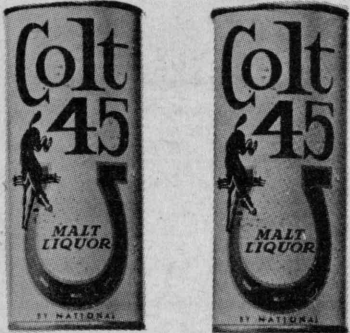
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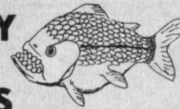


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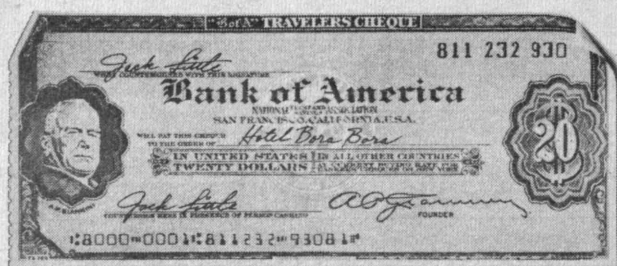
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Little-Known Facts

In 1965, professors at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology turned out 364,795 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 Kykukubonga tribe of South-Eastern Chad eat beetle bark and smell like freshly sharpened pencils, but have no pink erasers.

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PUZZLES

Edited by
MAHREGRET HARBAR

NAUSEA — By Anna Gramin

ACROSS

- | | | | |
|---|--|-----------------------------------|--|
| 1. Wood blood | 35. Backwards teaching assistant | 65. Can opener (affectionate) | 91a. Printer's measurement |
| 4. What Santa did | 36. Breathe | 67. Egypt ruler (Bos. dial.) | 93. V.D. Photo Editor |
| 7. Bond tells his boss to urinate | 38. Throw the dog a — | 69. Melted cheese | 94. African warrior |
| 9. — plague | 40. Popular sport | 70. Gastrointestinal | 96. Top the into pour |
| 15. Puts you in the nude mood | 41. African warrior lament | 71. Turn left | 98. G. Boyington's autobiography |
| 17. Farmer Mac's lament | 42. Exclamation | 74. "— go round the roses" | 99. — jam |
| 18. Render clear for ingress | 43. He and I | 77. Ey ister, why is your orse —? | 101. Quill defied it |
| 21. — damn much | 44. Electromagnetic radiation | 78. Homonym of dew | 103. Make dead |
| 22. Insane district attorney | 46. Point at which bombsight is locked on target | 79. Largest primate | 104. "I just had a — escape," said Shastri |
| 24. Roman musician | 47. Salutation | 80. White Anglo-Saxon Protestant | 106. A bow for arm or leg |
| 25. North America (abb.) | 48. MIT coed (pro-nomial form) | 83. Shame on us minus eon | 108. Help a lemon |
| 27. Science fiction magazine | 50. Reproductive | 84. Ah — | 109. Mate that opens all other mates |
| 30. Loaf of — (f.) | 53. A note to follow "so" | 85. March 15 | 112. One zero |
| 31. Almost a luncheon meat | 54. Direction | 86. Publisher, of sorts | 113. Fiscal year |
| 32. Office of price administration | 55. Karl's brother | 88. Rhymes with, and has, hair | 114. Colt 45'y |
| 34. Eoston redevelopment administration | 57. This puzzle | 90. Intercourse | 115. A grand gland |
| | 58a. Petroleum residue | 91. Tubby's girl friend | |
| | 60. — and coke. | | |
| | 61. Gam | | |

DOWN

- | | | | | | | | |
|--------------------------|---|-----------------------------|--|--------------------------------|------------------------------------|---|---------------------------------|
| 1. Satisfy | 12. Any climbing plants that root in the ground | 29. — Sterling, Mad actor | 50. Popeye's enemy | 63. Scrotum | 73. Help! Gr—! | 87. Paying for playing | 103. Between kiln and kilo |
| 2. Monkeyo | 13. Irregular (verb) | 33. 18th letter of alphabet | 51. Losing race horses | 64. Culp & Cosby | 75. What a wolf says | 89. Salutation | 105. In reference to |
| 3. Sonic Quantum | 14. Very (Scot.) | 35. Apple kisser (abb.) | 52. Found in dirty novels | 66. Well-known possum | 76. Butt | 90. Like titmouse | 106. Hawaiian love |
| 4. Skip! Jump! | 16. Cwinkle cwinkle licle — | 37. Fix | 56. Don't walk | 68. Uncle-e | 81. I think you'll do | 92. Opp. of Palaya | 107. Tavern |
| 5. Officer of the day | 19. Past tense of pip | 39. Mome raths do this | 57. Pindick | 68a. One who is matriculated | 82. See 7 across | 94. Borgnine's Oscar-winning movie (Boston) | 108. Not for beer man |
| 6. Liv and let — | 20. Non hop | 42. Novel by Ruark | 58. Doctoral Degree | 70. Pertaining to the buttocks | 83. Headless worker, un—ed laborer | 95. Hang on —py | 109. Parent |
| 7. Transcendental number | 23. A Russian agrees | 45. Rhymes with lucky | 59. Medicare opponents | 71. One who ers leeches | 84. Concerning a seminar | 97. Mutto | 110. —. —. T. |
| 8. Opposite of female | 26. Largest primate | 49. Same (prefix) | 62. Hyenalike quadruped of So. America | 72. Cambridge has one. | 85. Duff's wife | 98. \$69 | 111. Caesar's next-to-last word |
| 10. Malapropistic | 28. Proximate | | | | 86. Short-winded sheep | 100. Bed for a bird | 113. T. — S.L. |
| 11. Mother-loving | | | | | | | |

Solutions on Pages 20 and 21

KINKLAY DOUBLE-SPASTIC

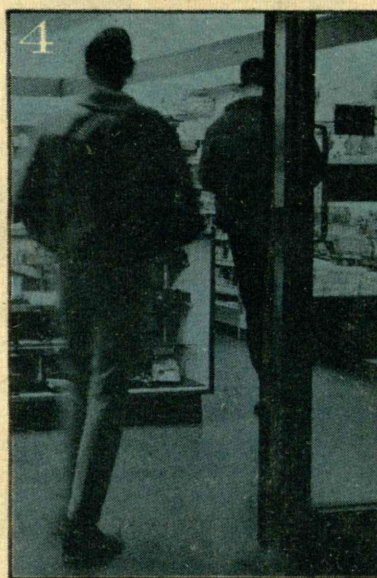
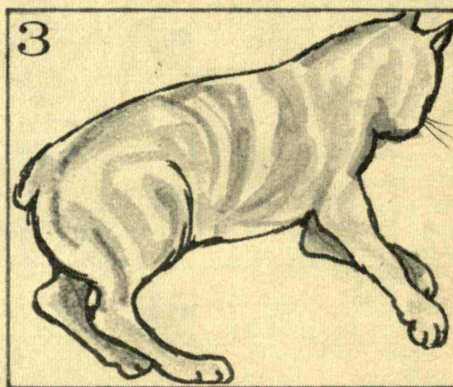
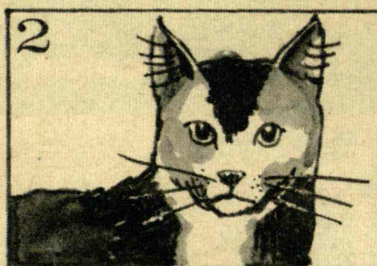
By Dora Wort Nashmash

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then guess again, and transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings by jumping up and down and yelling. The correctly filled in pattern will contain a quotation reading from left to right. The incorrectly filled in pattern will read right to left. The first letters of the guessed words reading down form the author's name and source of the work. These puzzles, stolen from the copyright owner, the Sunday Preview, were originated by the late Mrs. Kinklay. Mrs. Nashmash was her associate.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|-----|----|-----|----|-----|----|-----|---|-----|---|-----|---|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|-----|----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|---|-----|---|
| 1 | U | 2 | Y | | 3 | T | | 4 | E | 5 | H | | 6 | D | 7 | N | 8 | Q | 9 | S | 10 | A | 11 | W | | 12 | T | | 13 | K | 14 | U | 15 | P | 16 | X | | 17 | F | 18 | S | 19 | E | | 20 | Y | 21 | V | | | | | | |
| 22 | A | | | 23 | P | 24 | U | 25 | F | 26 | M | 27 | R | 28 | S | 29 | R | 30 | P | | 31 | N | 32 | D | 33 | S | 34 | Q | 35 | W | 36 | M | | 37 | E | | 38 | G | 39 | R | 40 | H | 41 | P | | 42 | J | 43 | D | | | | | |
| 44 | G | 45 | U | 46 | C | | | 47 | R | 48 | N | 49 | B | | | 50 | E | 51 | F | 52 | I | 53 | G | 54 | K | 55 | S | 56 | O | | 57 | P | | 58 | E | 59 | N | 60 | D | 61 | X | | 62 | H | 63 | I | 64 | B | 65 | M | | | | |
| 66 | A | 67 | B | 68 | L | 69 | D | 70 | K | 71 | H | 72 | P | 73 | D | | | 74 | C | 75 | F | | | 76 | U | 77 | O | 78 | Q | 79 | R | 80 | D | | 81 | V | 82 | P | 83 | I | 84 | N | 85 | M | | 86 | S | 87 | N | | 88 | A | | |
| | 89 | Y | 90 | E | 91 | W | | 92 | L | 93 | W | 94 | V | 95 | H | | 96 | H | 97 | A | 98 | T | 99 | B | 100 | O | 101 | D | 102 | J | 103 | S | 104 | H | 105 | W | 106 | T | 107 | X | | 108 | F | 109 | O | 110 | K | 111 | I | 112 | X | | | |
| 113 | W | | | 114 | S | 115 | M | 116 | R | 117 | A | | 118 | G | 119 | O | 120 | M | | 121 | J | 122 | P | 123 | D | 124 | C | 125 | X | 126 | R | 127 | N | | | 128 | O | 129 | I | 130 | L | 131 | N | 132 | G | 133 | W | | 134 | B | 135 | H | | |
| 136 | W | 137 | R | 138 | M | 139 | M | 140 | W | 141 | R | 142 | X | | 143 | D | 144 | P | 145 | K | 146 | F | 147 | Y | 148 | T | | 149 | O | 150 | U | | 151 | C | 152 | Q | 153 | E | 154 | G | 155 | R | 156 | R | 157 | G | 158 | V | | 159 | N | | | |
| 160 | U | 161 | X | 162 | Q | | | 163 | I | 164 | Y | 165 | P | 166 | S | | 167 | J | 168 | X | | | 169 | F | 170 | L | 171 | E | 172 | R | 173 | B | 174 | A | 175 | N | 176 | T | 177 | H | 178 | V | 179 | Q | 180 | E | 181 | X | 182 | F | 183 | U | 184 | C |

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|---|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|----------------|
| A. Unpopular joke genre | 66 | 88 | 117 | 10 | 174 | 97 | 22 |
| B. Computer, old style | 173 | 49 | 64 | 134 | 67 | 99 | |
| C. Cute fellow | 124 | 151 | 74 | 46 | 184 | | |
| D. Sacred turf (2 words) | 69 | 80 | 60 | 6 | 73 | 32 | 43 123 101 143 |
| E. Our favorite word | 153 | 171 | 50 | 90 | 37 | 180 | 58 4 19 |
| F. Boston version of Ives song (2 words) | 108 | 17 | 146 | 25 | 75 | 169 | 51 182 |
| G. Action taken by surprised urchins stealing hubcaps | 157 | 38 | 53 | 44 | 118 | 132 | 154 |
| H. Gathering of student politicians | 96 | 135 | 5 | 40 | 177 | 104 | 62 71 95 |
| I. Milk product | 52 | 63 | 129 | 83 | 163 | 111 | |
| J. Depose | 167 | 102 | 121 | 42 | | | |
| K. Egyptian parent | 70 | 54 | 110 | 13 | 145 | | |
| L. What some student politicians lack | 92 | 170 | 130 | 68 | | | |

- | | | | | | | | |
|--|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----------------------|
| M. One who believes God is Camp | 26 | 36 | 139 | 115 | 120 | 138 | 85 65 |
| N. What Commons dietitian does (2 words) | 127 | 175 | 84 | 131 | 7 | 48 | 31 87 59 159 |
| O. Worthless rag (2 words) | 149 | 77 | 56 | 100 | 109 | 128 | 119 |
| P. Endeavor | 41 | 72 | 122 | 82 | 144 | 23 | 165 57 15 30 |
| Q. Low cum | 78 | 162 | 34 | 152 | 179 | 8 | |
| R. Favored time of school year (2 words) | 29 | 116 | 155 | 47 | 172 | 79 | 39 126 27 156 137 141 |
| S. Vital number | 18 | 33 | 9 | 166 | 86 | 55 | 114 28 103 |
| T. Undeified | 106 | 3 | 176 | 148 | 12 | 98 | |
| U. 50-009,1-101, for instance, on the farm | 150 | 14 | 76 | 45 | 160 | 24 | 1 183 |
| V. Ill-patronized house | 21 | 81 | 158 | 94 | 178 | | |
| W. Home of the tool | 11 | 35 | 91 | 136 | 105 | 140 | 93 133 113 |
| X. Stuffed with eggs (2 words) | 181 | 161 | 142 | 61 | 107 | 16 | 168 125 112 |
| Y. Switch positions | 2 | 147 | 164 | 89 | 20 | | |



Smart Cat

1. 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.

2. 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.

3. 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.

4. 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.

