

VOODOO

CIVIL WAR
CENTENNIAL ISSUE



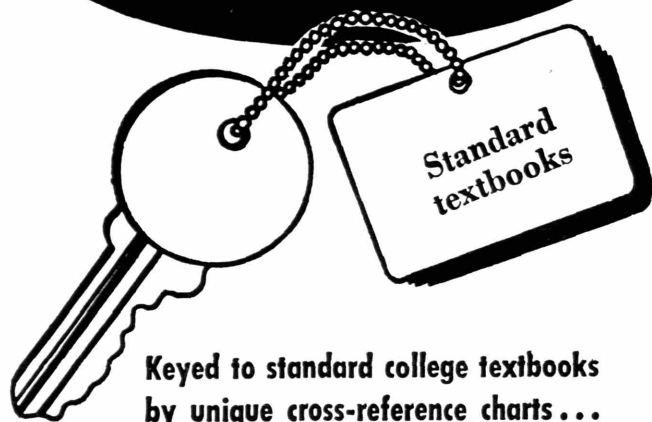
1863
JACOBS

OCTOBER 1963

35¢

no Confederate
money

BARNES & NOBLE
College Outline
Series



**Keyed to standard college textbooks
 by unique cross-reference charts...**

- Consult either the cross reference listed in the Outline to find which pages of the Outline summarize the appropriate chapter of the text

OR

- Consult the pages of any of the standard textbooks indicated in the Quick Reference Table in the Outline to obtain fuller treatment of a topic

These low-priced, high-power College Outlines are an undisguised boon to busy college students. Easy-to-read, easy-to-study, easy-to-review digests, these convenient books have been approved by professors... work like an extra set of notes prepared by outstanding experts in each field.

More than 100 titles in the following subjects:

- | | | |
|--------------|-------------|-------------------|
| Anthropology | Engineering | Political Science |
| Art | English | Psychology |
| Business | History | Sciences |
| Drama | Languages | Sociology |
| Economics | Mathematics | Speech |
| Education | Music | Study Aids |
| | Philosophy | |

START YOUR YEAR RIGHT

... buy your College Outlines when you get your textbooks! At...

THE BOOKWORM

cor. Mass. Ave. and Beacon St. at Harvard Bridge

**OPEN EVERY NIGHT, INCLUDING
 SUNDAY, TILL 11**

Your Neighbor just across Harvard Bridge in Boston

WELCOMES

and invites you to come over and get acquainted

MILLER'S DRUG STORE

Featuring Famous Name Brands of

VITAMINS

COSMETICS

SUNDRIES

HOSPITAL SUPPLIES

TOBACCOS and CANDIES

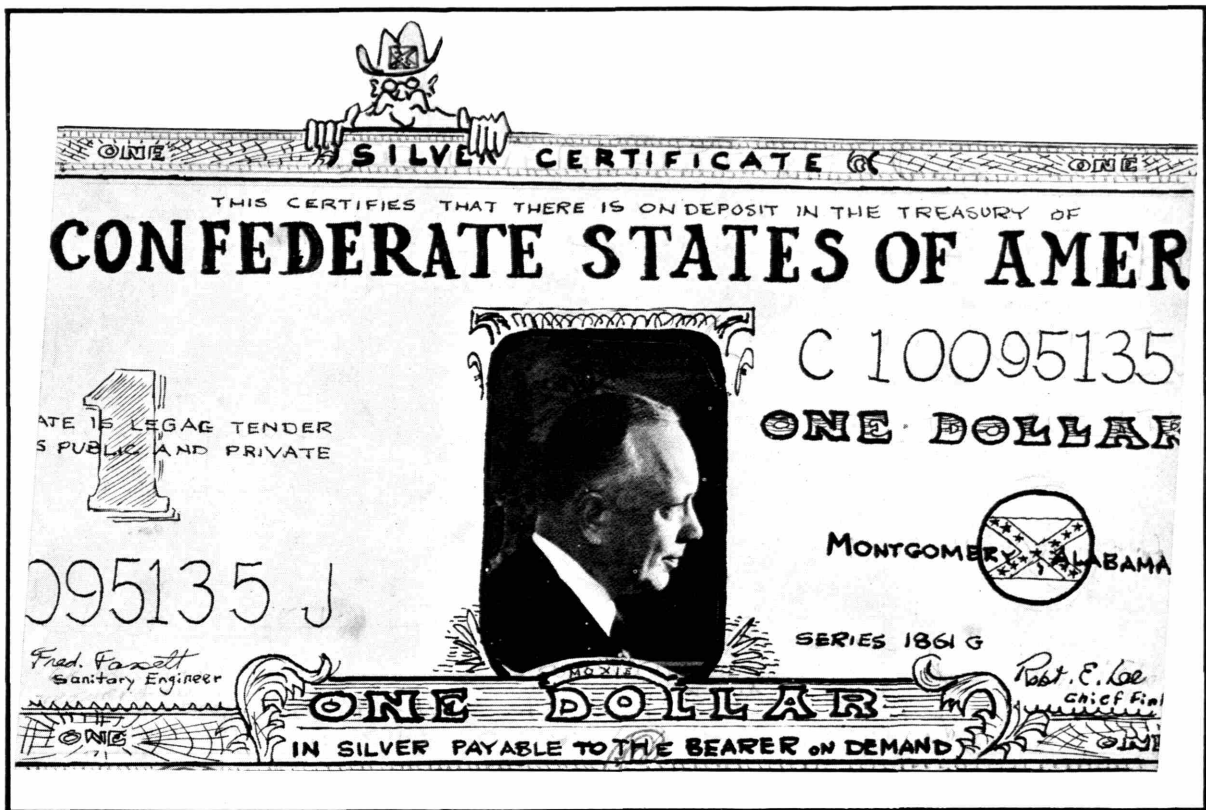
FAMILY OWNED AND RUN ASSURES YOU
 OF EFFICIENT, FRIENDLY SERVICE

MILLER'S DRUG STORE
 21 MASSACHUSETTS AVE., BOSTON

at the corner of Mass. Ave. and Beacon St., foot of
 Harvard Bridge

Store Hours 7 A.M. to Midnite

Every Day, Including Sundays



SENIOR BOARD

General Manager Mark Radwin
Managing Editor Pete Angevine
Editor J. Shelton Reed
Business Manager Cary Mock

JUNIOR BOARD

Features Editor Mike Levine
Sales Managers Bob Pilon
Bob Hodges
Make-up Editor Bill Hoffman
Treasurer George Howison
Circulation Managers Lou Poulo
Bob Large
Publicity Managers Ralph Schmitt
Bill Del Hagen
Ad Manager Dave DeWan
Art Editor Dave Nightingale
Joke Editor David Cohn
Office Manager Ed Moxon
Subscription Man Jeff Levine
Humorist Roy I. Mumme
Art Consultant Chez Dorr

Office Cat

Phos
Kittens
Linda
Dale
Lane
Carol
Judy
Naida
Elise
Don

Publicity

Noel Poduje
Jonnie Cantor
Marty Krone
Ernie Cataldo

Woopgaroo

Chez Dorr
Frank Ansiuni
Bob Hirschfeld
Rick Hoffman
Stan Rosenblum
Karl Gentili
Bob Jahnce
Al Cameron

Sales Staff

Steve Fletcher
George Donsky
Jim Kotanchik
Mike Oliver
Jim Monk
Pete Lewis
Ken Morash
Logan Donnel
Woody Stoddard
Dick Clark
Ken Kumor
Barry Gerken
Paul Lindsey
Paul Gustavson
Jerry Robertson

Spooner

Scott Blouin
Frank Shaw
Mike Kruger
Tommy Tenuison
Doug McCraith, LB
Don Bosack
Bill Caton
Bob Dunlap
Ken Follansbee
Bob Calvert
Pete Amstutz
Phil Sikes

Literary & Features Staff

Dave Osborne
Travis Gamble
Bill Flor
Bruce Twickler
Syd Martin
Bob Crout
Jack Mumford
Ted Hunyigin
Ray Ferrara
Bob Ferrara
Edson Hendricks
Tom Hinrichs
Harold Jones
Dave Kness
Chet Osborn
Ben Park
Kevin Sullivan
Diogo Teixeira
Jodie Ray
Harold Granek
Alois Langer
Ira Hubbard
Bob Toister
Jeff Altan
Bruce Awalt
Dick Graber
John Gowdy

Literary & Features Staff

Lois Jacobs
Lenny Levin
Keith Patterson
Jim Sutton
Walt Rode
George Olshevsky
Dick Rush
Tom Enger
Edson Hendricks
Maurice Scherer

Literary & Features Staff

Peter Kendall
Keith Patterson
Jim Quigley
Steve Stellman
Rich Cutler
Spence Sherman
Giorgio Piccagli
Bob Pindyck
Tom Roddick

Make up Staff

Walt Kuleck
Hugh Gome
Marty Krone
Fubar

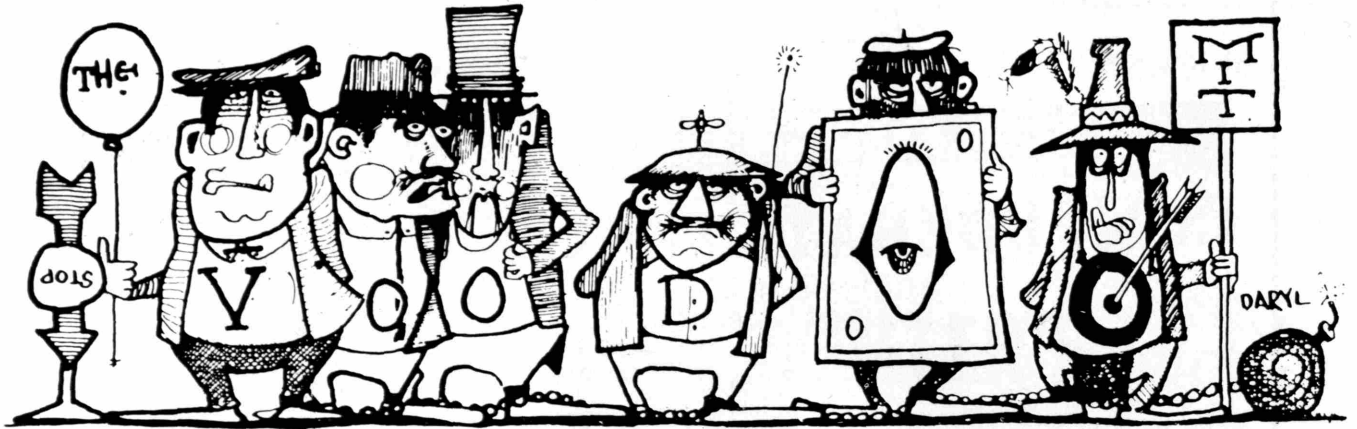
Photography

Isaac Bornstein
Matthew Brady
Mitch Brody
Tim Karpetsky

Joke Staff

Bob Pindyck
Mike Rosenblum
Jeff Kenton
Joe Langsam
Mike Schiff

The contents of this magazine are copyright 1963 by the VooDoo Senior Board, but nobody pays any attention to it. If you're going to steal, though, how about credit—hey, Old Peel? Forgive us our trespasses. Published almost monthly by the Board during the academic year at 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge, Mass. (That's eight issues a year.) Price is the same whether you subscribe or not (\$2.80 a year, \$69.00 in Pago Pago), but if you subscribe, you get, absolutely free, a two-week delay with every issue. Entered as second-class mail at grubby Cambridge, Mass. This issue published October 25, 1963. Supposedly represented for national advertising by College Magazines, Inc., New York, N.Y. Hi, Mom. Office hours vary, but you'll probably find a few drunks around on Wednesday nights. Phone ahead for reservations: KI 7-6339 or MIT x-4888. Hi, Garterbite the bag. We welcome with open arms, but are not responsible for, unsolicited material. Send self-addressed envelope to radically increase probability of acknowledgement or return. Nathan Walpole is a fink.



Another year begins and the call of the alcoholic cat is again heard in the *VooDoo* office-- "When are you guys going to get your rears in gear and *publish the blinkin' magazine???*" So, here we are, back again, with a new supply of talent from the Class of '67, a lot of the old faces, a lot of the old jokes. . . After you've read the jokes and ogled the Doll of the Month, we suggest you read the stories-- We have more than usual this month and, we think, they're better than usual. If you don't agree, let us hear from you; our "Letters" column and "Dr. Phos Advises. . ." will probably reappear next month. Until then, damn the torpedoes-- full speed ahead!

In case you're wondering why so many of our jokes are original this month, we were forced by circumstances. It seems that our Joke Editor gave most of the sheets of jokes from other magazines to one of our neophyte frosh recruits to winnow. Unfortunately (or fortunately) the N.F.R.'s roommate saw the pile, assumed it was garbage, and treated it accordingly. Who knows, he may have been right!

Our Editor reports that, while journeying through the Shenandoah Valley, he had occasion to stop at a roadside souvenir stand. On the counter inside were two boxes of cruffy, muddy little metal things, completely indistinguishable. One box was labeled "Yankee Minie balls--25c", the other "Rebel Minie balls--50c".

Last year's Editor writes from Houston that the psychology seminar room at Rice University is furnished with ashtrays bearing the legend "People Are No Damn Good!"

Seen on a dorm room door: "Trespassers will be violated." Some Right-Thinker added: "Violators will be prostituted."

Our Correspondent at John Hopkins heard a lecturer who happened to be talking about salamanders: Boy are they confused. You put them on a table and they walk right off. It has something to do with their urino-genital tract; they don't know if they're coming or going.

We heard that they're building a new monument in Washington - the Martha Washington Monument. It's a 550 foot hole in the ground.

We suspect that those BU girls going trick-or-treating for pennies at MIT fraternity houses will be greeted with some very bad puns.

The following bit is reproduced without comment for those of you who missed this year's *Social Beaver*:

Carmen's--85 Charles St. (foot of Beacon Hill), Boston--9 P.M.

Small and intimate, *Carmen's* is noted for its candlelight atmosphere and fine Italian kitchen. *Carmen* herself presides, her fee being in the \$2 to \$4 bracket. A reasonable choice on special occasions.

Sign of the times: at Fenway Liquor Company: "Have a drink instead of a smoke." Well, let's see. 20 cigarettes a day, that's 20 shots equals 30 ounces. . . .

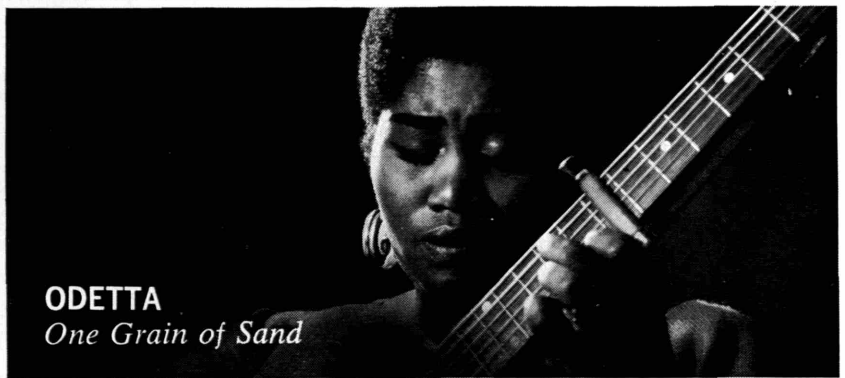
new releases



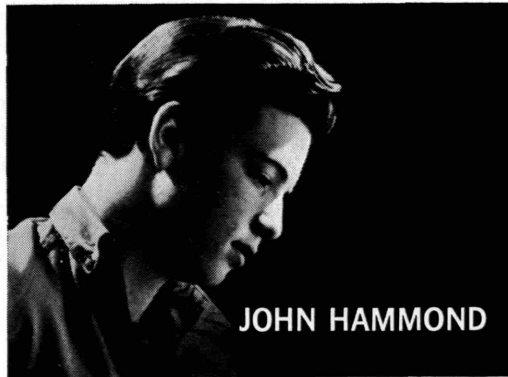
JOAN BAEZ *in Concert, Part 2*



THE WEAVERS *Reunion at Carnegie Hall, 1963*



ODETTA
One Grain of Sand



JOHN HAMMOND



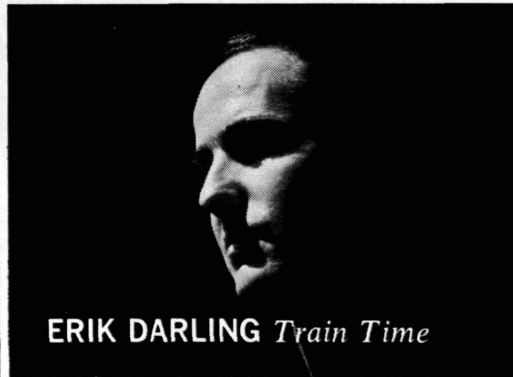
THE JUG BAND
Unblushing Brassiness!



IAN AND SYLVIA
Four Strong Winds



THE ROOFTOP SINGERS, Vol. 2



ERIK DARLING *Train Time*

THIS AD IS WORTH \$2.00

Present this ticket for \$2.00 discount on rental of Tuxedo for J.P.
Offer good for M.I.T. Men only!



CAPITOL FORMAL SHOP
RENT-A-TUX
1357 Comm. Ave., Allston
1 MIN. from Harvard Ave.

WE SPECIALIZE IN PARTIES OPEN 8 TILL 11 P. M.

MAHLOWITZ MARKET, INC.

NEAREST MARKET TO M. I. T.

— FREE DELIVERY —

ALES, BEERS & WINE

BARBECUED CHICKENS FISH AND CHIPS

KIRKLAND 7-8075

UNIVERSITY 4-7777

782 - 786 MAIN STREET

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Charlie-the-Tech-Tailor

"Est. 1918"

71 Amherst Street EL 4-2088

Opposite Senior House and Dorms

Press your suit

Mend your clothes

Have Him *Sew on Buttons*

Dry clean your clothing

Laundry Service Available

Shoe Repairing

N.B. He is noted for the finest work at the lowest Prices

NEWLY OPENED
BOSTON SANDWICH SHOP

134 Mass. Ave.
Corner of Vassar (just across from Bldg. 33)
Complete Line of Sandwiches
Sub - Roll - Rye - White
Take Out Service
7 AM to 11 PM

Radcliffe girl as she rode on her bicycle down a bumpy pavement: "This is the last time I'll come this way."



The waste involved in investment without research is illustrated by the man who spent two hundred dollars on a cure for halitosis and then found out that no one liked him anyway.



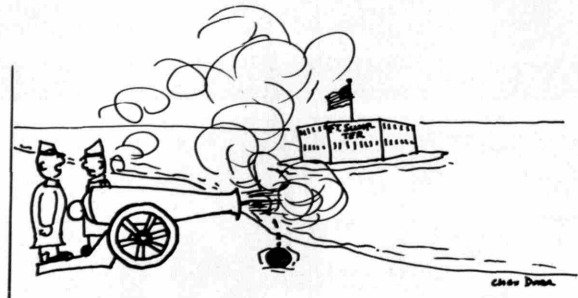
Save your Confederate money, boys — Massachusetts politicians can be bought with anything.



Last summer at one of the ROTC summer camps one of the cadets was sent down to a stream to get some water for the platoon to drink, but had not been gone long when he came running back to the camp empty-handed and panting. "Sir," he exclaimed, "there's a big alligator in the stream and I'm afraid to get the water."

"Don't worry, son," said the sympathetic officer, "that alligator is probably four times as scared of you as you are of him."

"Well, sir," replied the cadet, "if that alligator's only half as scared as I am, that water ain't fit to drink."



Well, this sets the war effort back several months.

A certain animal trainer became bored with his act, and decided to search for something new. He pondered upon numerous ideas, and finally came up with a brilliant new act.

Going down to the river with a net, he caught about a half-dozen large carp, which he transported back to the circus. After the carp had become accustomed to their surroundings, he began to train them for his new act.

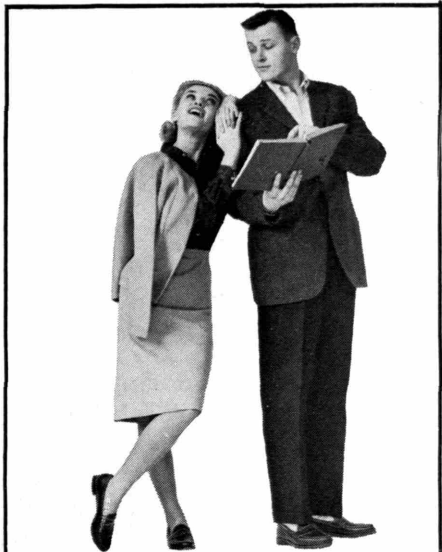
Three months later, the trainer had taught the carp an amazing trick. He would throw a rubber ball into the tank, and the first carp would catch it on his nose and throw it to the second carp, who would, in turn, throw it to the third carp and so on down the line to the last carp.

The trainer dashed to the circus manager's tent and summoned him to see the new act. The manager peered into the tank. Seeing nothing, he leaned over the edge for a better look. As he did, his wallet fell out of his pocket and into the tank.

The first carp picked up the wallet on his nose and threw it to the second carp. The second threw it to the third and so on down to the last carp, who flipped it back to the manager. And that, fans, was history's first carp-to-carp wallet.



Save your Confederate money, boys—
And buy a bottle of Black and White.



BASS WEEJUNS

aren't absolutely required
but they are the general rule



Weejuns are the accepted casuals on any school campus in the country. Their traditional styling makes them acceptable for every occasion except formals.*

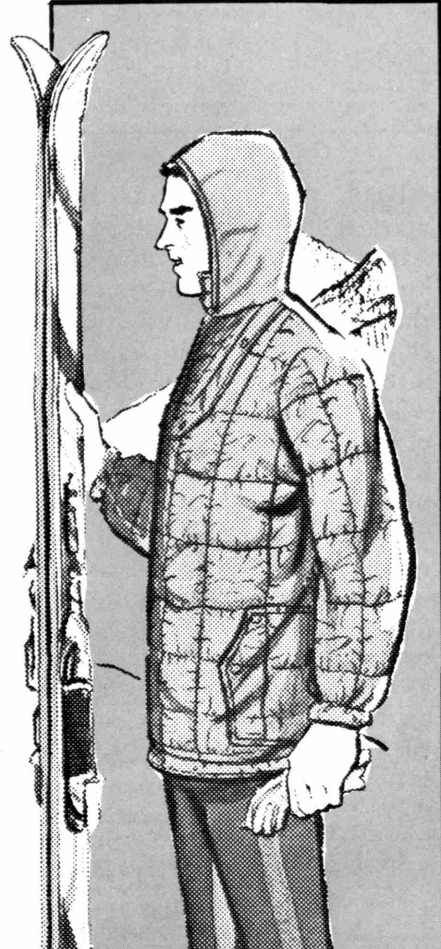


*Psst! BLACK Weejuns can even go there!



Only Bass makes Weejuns®

G.H. BASS & CO., 413 Main Street, Wilton, Maine



Quilted Nylon
SKI JACKETS
at low money
saving prices!

10⁹⁰ to 17⁹⁰

Come down and see our large assortments of jackets, parkas, and loden coats in wool or corduroy.

Harvard
Bazar

Central Square
Cambridge

Just a half-mile down the Ave.

THE BATTLE OF

Until recently it was believed that Lemoyne marked the northernmost advance of the Confederate Army. However, a document recently brought to light indicates that one company of Confederate marines, headed for Gettysburg, strayed and encountered Union Forces at Schyzt Creek, Pennsylvania, three miles northwest of the major engagement.

The document, yet to be authenticated, is the diary of one Lieutenant "Stonewall" Mason, CSMC, of the 21st Alabama Hussars. This company, commanded by General R. L. C. Stuart (believed to be a distant cousin of the better-known J.E.B.), was travelling north aboard the *C.S.S. Robert E. Lee*, under the command of Commodore Beauregard Schultz, another little-known Confederate officer. Mason's fiancée and the heroine of the battle, known to us only as "Decibelle," may have been the daughter of either Schultz or Stuart—there is some confusion on the issue. At any event, her presence on the side-wheeler is unaccounted for.

Mason's diary is quite vivid in its account of this epochal battle, which, if verified, will require revision of all extant history texts. The following account of the battle has been reconstructed from this remarkable document.

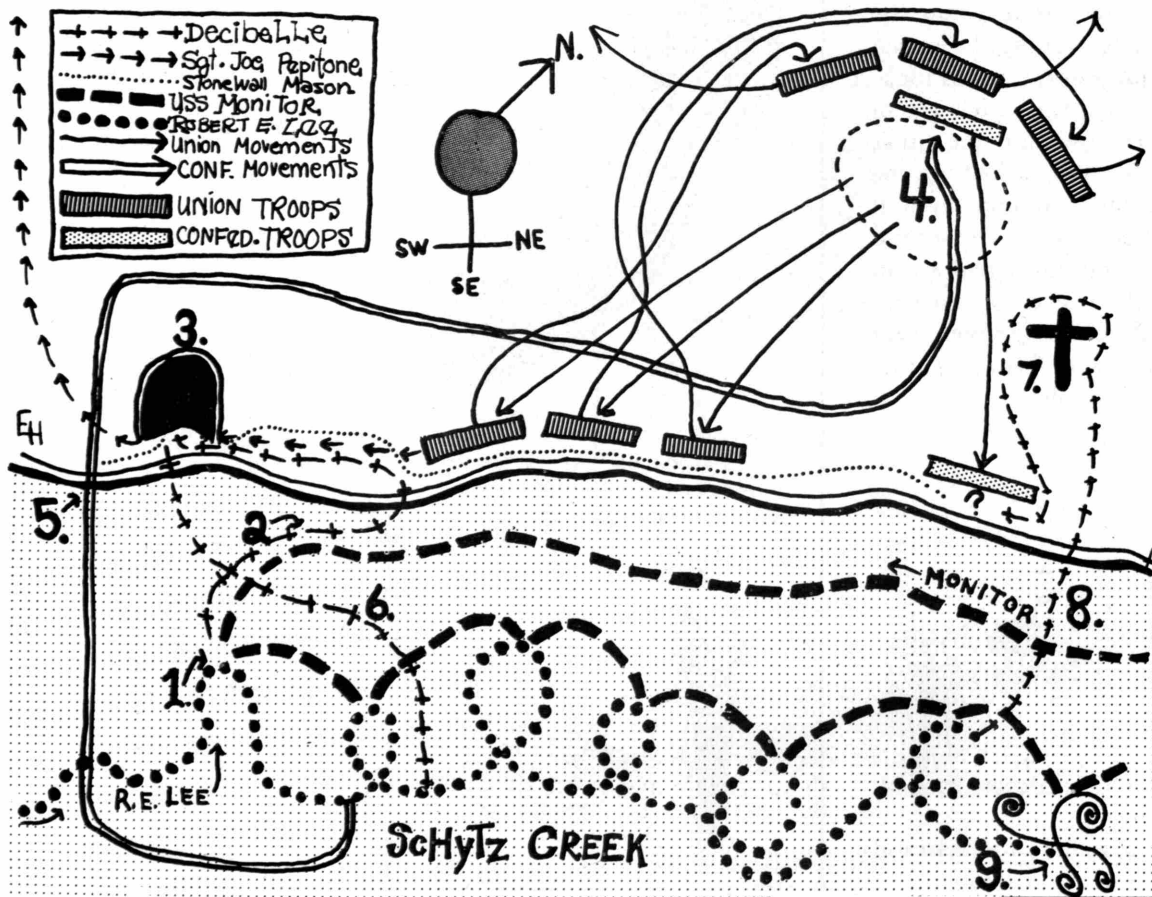
On April 31, 1863, General Stuart turned to Commodore Schultz, and said: "Are you sure Fremont said LEFT at the Allegheny?" For they were lost. Hopelessly, unremittingly lost. The big steamship plowed through the muddy northern waters, its red paddlewheel digging up clods of Schyzt Creek. Stuart and his entire company were smack in the middle of enemy territory, and lost.

Lovely Decibelle appeared on deck. "Whayah ah we?" she drawled.

"Shut up!" answered her father.

At this historic moment, Stonewall Mason appeared near his beloved Decibelle. "Where ah we?" he inquired, wiping steam from his brow.

Suddenly, they saw the enemy.



(1) marks the first anchorage of the Confederate ship, *Robert E. Lee*, from where Decibelle swam to shore (2), met Pepitone, and advanced with him to the cave (3). (4) indicates the position of the Union camp, the area to which the Confederate troops advanced after landing at (5). Meanwhile, Decibelle had swum back to the *R. E. Lee* (6), back to shore again (8), and visited the ass' grave at (7). She was not permitted to pass "Go" nor to collect her \$200. The ensuing Confederate victory was climaxed by the sinking of the *Robert E. Lee* at (9).

SCHYTZ CREEK

In the Yankee camp, Sgt. Joe Pepitone was patrolling the shore, when the big side-wheeler hove into view. He ran to tell his commander, Colonel Dick N. Jane. The alarm was sounded and the entire detachment gathered by the creek to wait for the *Robert E. Lee*.

On the *REL*, the scene was mass confusion. R.L.C. Stuart, oscillating from the bar to the head, conferred with the girl. "Bellie, you'll have to get into the Yankee camp and find out how they plan to attack. You're the logical choice for the job: 45-22-38, blonde, 18, and the only one who can swim that far."

When Decibelle arrived on the shore, she was faced by 1700 Union soldiers. Pretending to be a mermaid who had wandered up a wrong branch of the Rhine, she soon won the heart of the well-meaning Joe Pepitone.

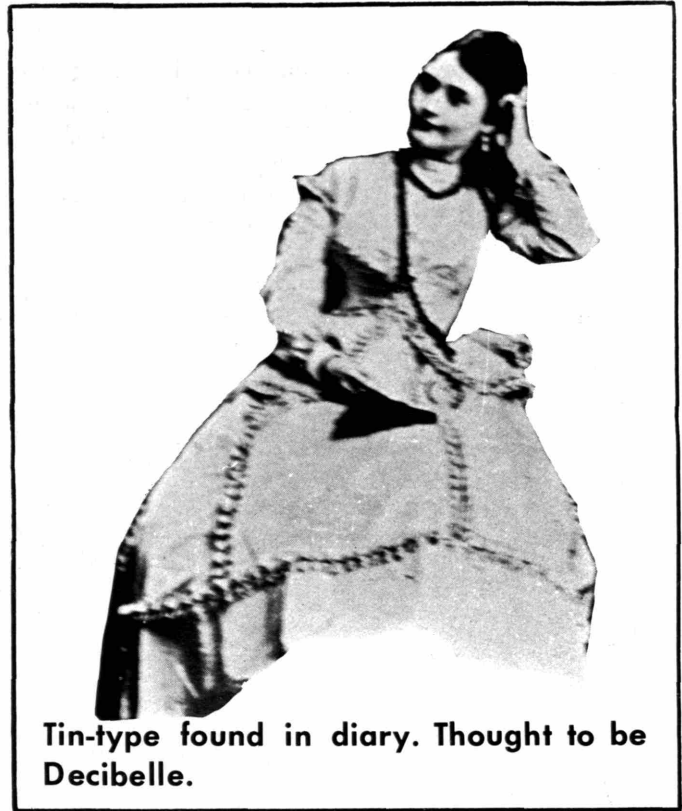
"If you're a mermaid, why can't I see your tail?" he asked lovingly.

But suddenly, the Union struck! The *USS Monitor*, an ironclad, going places and doing things, fired at the *Robert E. Lee*. The *Robert E.*, having a reciprocating engine, struck back, and began one of the fiercest battles ever seen on the creek. The *Monitor* employed a tactic of ram and reram; the *REL* kept firing. Round and round went the big red wheel, the steam power giving every ounce of entropy to the cause. The encounter ran far into the night.

Meanwhile, "Db" had lured Joe away from the shore, and the Confederates landed a compact fighting force. The surprised Unionists (Local 714) under Pvt. Wm. Barton Rogers, USAROTC, organized for the battle that would soon come.

Then, in a cave overlooking the death-lock battle on the creek, "Stonewall" Mason saw his beloved Decibelle locked in a navel encounter with Sgt. Pepitone. He was suddenly overcome with a wave of rage and jealousy; he snatched her from Joe's arms. He lost control of his normally kind demeanor; there was a fight, and a body fell screaming over the cliff. The two in the cave embraced while Decibelle swam back to the ship.

When Db reached the *REL*, it was in bad shape. It had lost the big red wheel on the port side; the boat could only go in circles. Needless to say, the *Monitor* was making full use of this disadvantage, waiting in one place for the paddlewheeler to ram itself once per revolution.



Tin-type found in diary. Thought to be Decibelle.

Things were going better for the Rebels on shore. The Yankees, caught unawares, had fallen back to form a ragged semi-circle around their camp. Colonel Dick N. Jane shouted orders from his tent to Pvt. W. B. Rogers who relayed them to the men. In this fashion they withstood Confederate thrusts for almost an hour until General Stuart massed his forces, feinted as if for a frontal attack, then threw all available men and metal at Jane's left, assaulting his flank and breaking through.

"Run, run, run," said Dick N. Jane. "Charge!" said Pvt. W. B. Rogers, whereupon the Yankee forces turned and fled into the woods. Balls flew thick and fast and many did not reach the forest's protective shelter.

The Confederate troops moved in and occupied the ruins of the encampment. Surveying the spoils, two soldiers fell to arguing over whether a certain fallen animal was a donkey or a mule. Gen. Stuart, an expert on such matters, said, "It's an ass. Now bury the damn thing."

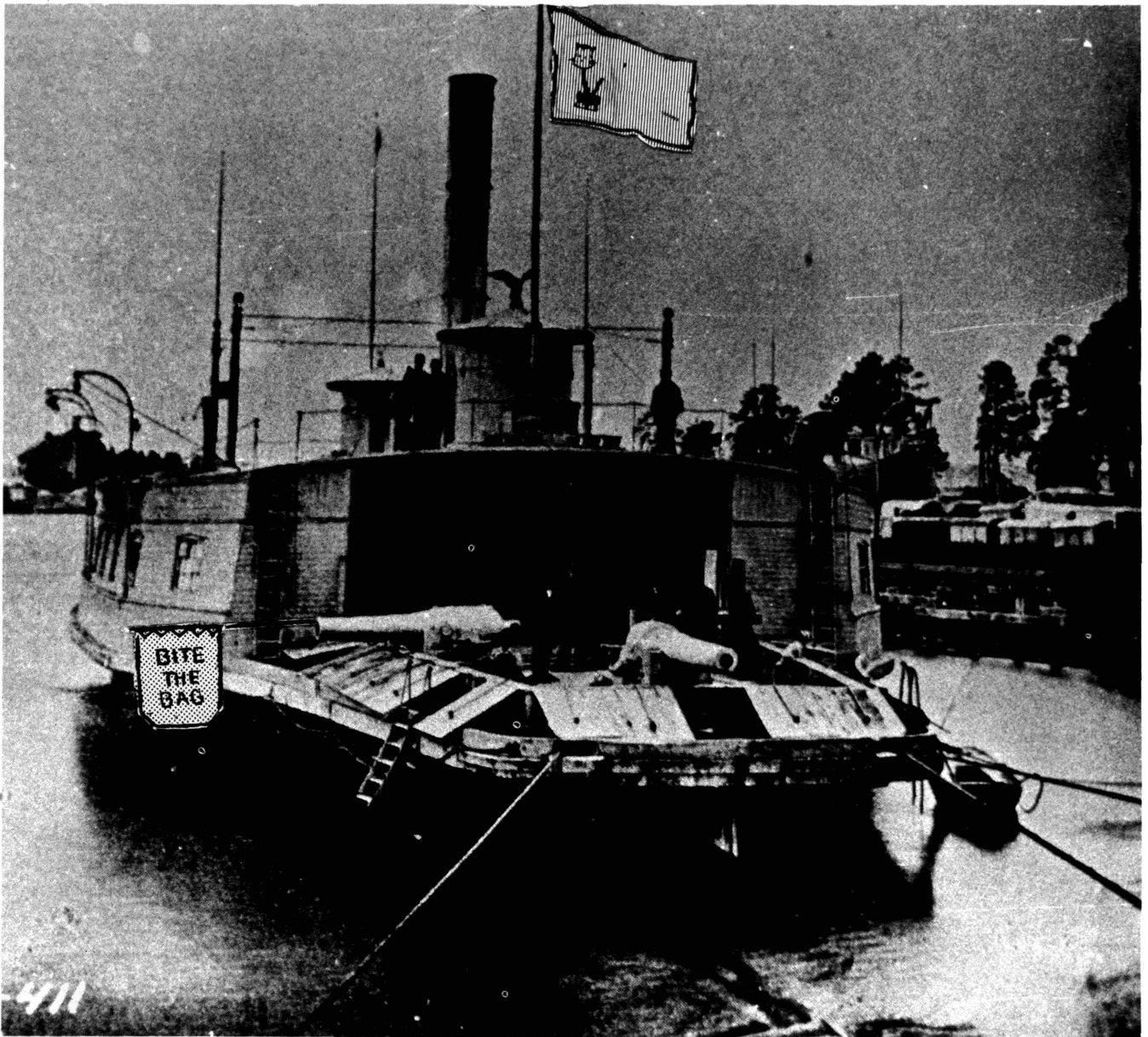
Meanwhile, Decibelle reconsidered, and swam ashore again. She stumbled across the two men digging. "What ah you'all doin'?" she asked with a fake Northern accent. "Diggin' a foxhole?"



Schytz Creek, Pennsylvania.



West Point Class of 1847 at 10th reunion.
Officer at left is Colonel (then Captain)
Dick N. Jane.



Riverboat of the C.S.S. *Robert E. Lee* type.

“No. . .” they answered slyly.

As day turned to night, and night turned to day, the poor, battered *C.S.S. Robert E. Lee*, outclassed by the *Monitor*, gave up the ghost. As the big red wheel sank in the west, the Confederates on land bowed their heads and sounded “Taps.” Mason and Pepitone emerged from the cave—Pepitone realized his error and fled. Decibelle shook the water from her ears. The victorious Confederate force looked over the gory scene, and watched the unscathed *Monitor* sail away.

Almost simultaneously the Rebels realized their plight: God knows how far behind enemy lines—somewhere in Pennsylvania Dutch country—with half the company dead and half the remainder wounded, their sole means of transportation, the trusty paddle-wheeled *Robert E.* at the bottom of the creek. Their chances of escaping alive were next to nothing.

The last poignant entry in Mason’s diary reads: “We are up Schytz Creek without a paddle.”

--Mike Levine

CAMERA SPECIAL

New Slide Projectors 35mm Automatic
List \$50.00 Our Price \$24.95
Camera & Photo supplies, Binoculars, Tape
Recorders, All Major Brands
!!! Lowest Prices Anywhere !!!

WOLF & SMITH

Photo Supply & Drug Co.
907 Main St., Cor. Mass. Ave., Cambridge
TR 6-3210

Corsages for the
Junior Prom

EL. 4-7553

"SAY IT WITH FLOWERS"

Central Square Florist
"in the heart of the Square"

603 MASS. AVE.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

TOM MURPHY

ALL OCCASION ARRANGEMENTS

Charlie Mun Laundry

Complete Laundry Service

88 MASS. AVE
BOSTON

Telephone
KE 6-9472



SAEior DANCE 1963

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON
LAUNCHES
THE ROMAN GALLEY
— CEASARAN STRIPERAS —
FOR

SAT., NOV. 2
8 PM — 12 MIDNITE
484 BEACON ST.

everyone *must* come in their
toga to get in at SAEior Dance;
those who don't get laid
ashore.

OPEN BID

COUPLES ONLY

Great quotes of our time:

Montezuma: "Tell those marines to stop singing
in the hallway!"



Save your Confederate money, boys —
What else can you do with it?



"When I go to bed at night, I always see yellow
lights and green lights in front of my eyes."

"Did you ever see a psychiatrist?"

"No, only yellow lights and green lights."



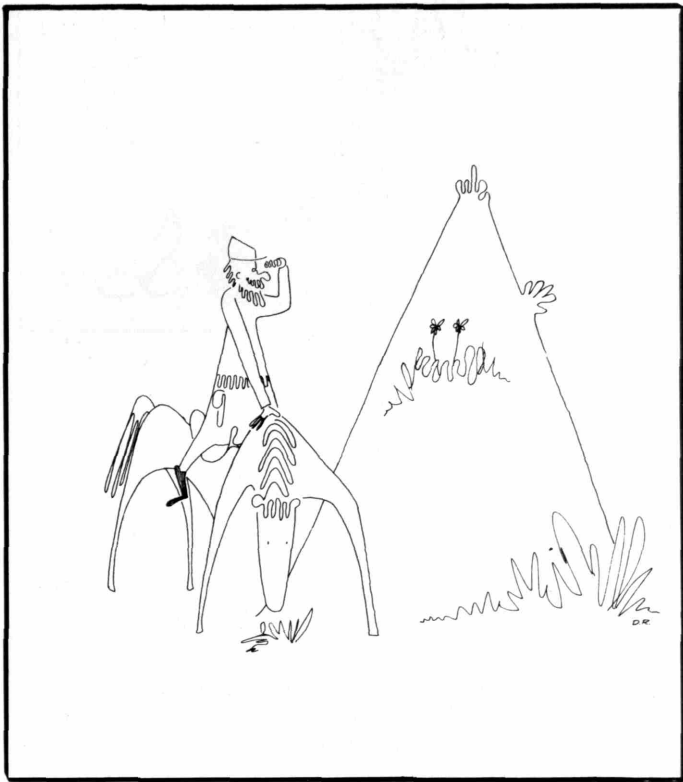
THE ELIOT FLOWER SHOP

87 Massachusetts Ave.

*Corsages for Junior Prom
Flowers for All Occasions*

Greeting Cards

Boston KE 6-6470



CRAMER ELECTRONICS

FALL SPECIALS

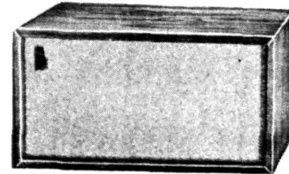
H. H. Scott 370 FM—Stereo—MPX. Tuner
Reg. Price \$149.95 Less Cover)



Now \$112.50

Includes: FREE WALNUT COVER
Sonic Monitor
Tuning Indicator
Etc.

Also SPECIAL
Kohnenberg II
12" Speaker System



Amazing at **\$34.95**
You must hear it to believe it.

CRAMER ELECTRONICS
817 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
(Opposite Prudential Center)
CO 7-4700

Distributors For:
KLH—AR—GARRARD—AMPEX—SCOTT
etc., and many others.



GORT brought to you by:

Anthony Salvati Barber Shop

The M.I.T. Man's Favorite Barber
for the last 8 years.

8 Brookline Street, Central Sq., Cambridge

3 Blocks from M.I.T. (opp. Sim)



Dinner Menu

Choice of appetizer.

All the salad you can eat . . .
 Roast Prime Rib of Beef, Natural Gravy -- \$2.42
 Grilled Sirloin Steak -- \$2.42
 Roast Stuffed Chicken with Cranberry Sauce -- \$1.85 -- Half \$2.10
 Southern Fried Chicken Leg with Cranberry Sauce -- \$1.76
 Southern Fried Breast of Chicken with Cranberry Sauce -- \$1.85
 Grilled Hamburg with onions or Mushroom Sauce -- \$1.76 two patties 1.95
 Corned Beef, with horseradish -- \$1.90
 Grilled Ham with Apple Sauce -- \$1.90
 Veal Cutlet with Creole, Cheese or Mushroom Sauce -- \$1.85
 Sirloin Tips with Sherry -- \$2.00
 Coquille St. Jacques (Baked Scallops, Mushrooms and Sherry) -- \$1.90
 Broiled Swordfish with Lemon -- \$1.90
 Broiled Fresh Schrod with Lemon -- \$1.90
 Roasted Stuffed Turkey with Cranberry Sauce -- \$2.00

Choice of two Vegetables

We have sticky rolls, home made oatmeal bread or the famous orange bread.

Choice of dessert and Beverage

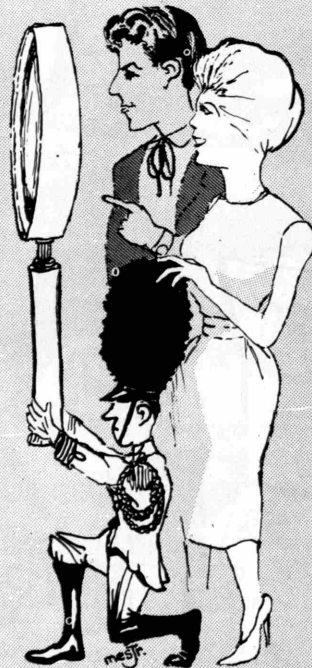
Wonderful warm blueberry pudding with Ice Cream. All kinds of fresh fruit.
 Pecan pie a la Mode. -- Old Fashioned Fresh Peach Shortcake. -- Strawberry Shortcake. -- Meringue Shell with Ice Cream and Sauce -- Brownie a la Mode -- Hot Fudge -- Baked Indian Pudding a la Mode -- Baked Custard Pudding -- Cake with Ice Cream and Sauce -- Several kinds of Cheese -- Vermont Special -- Vanilla Ice Cream with Maple Syrup and Pecans -- Sundaes and Parfaits.

We are dedicated to the fine art of serving college men. We have even been know to like some girls.

Frank and Marion Lawless

the English Room

IN THE FIRST BLOCK ON NEWBURY ST.



SIBLING RIVALRY AND THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

The Civil War was a fascinating time. Hey! (I'm enthused.) It was a time when brothers were killing brothers. Which isomorphically corresponds to primitive Thebes, where Oedipus (rhymes with platypus--Tom Lehrer) was killing his father. Therefore, I assert, the soldiers were gratifying the same psychological urges as was Oedipus. Remembering our one-to-one isomorphism, we ask: Into what element of the set of the Civil War do Oedipus' incestuous intimacies map? Obviously: murdering ϵ Civil War \rightarrow orgasming ϵ Thebes. (Both words are present participles ending in "--ing" (rhymes with sling --it). This means that not only are our two sets fields (well, at least quasi-fields), but they are also partially grammatically ordered. The fields will later be shown to be complete-- (complete bull.) Hah! All this time you felt sorry for those murdering soldiers away from their girls back home. And there those indulging guys were, mapping each rifle explosion into--well, you see what I mean.

Now you can imagine how young medical student Sigmund Freud (from the movie of the same name), studying in Vienna, reacted to the War. (You've got a dirty imagination.) Soon after the war was over, Freud finished his doctoral dissertation. Yea, he had made a research breakthrough, a discovery! He had also found something. He had found the recondite testes of the eel. (Testes backward is set set, which indicates the mathematical instinct in animals. We know also that 1 (male) $+$ 1 (female) $=$ 1 (kid), which admittedly is a rather trivial additive Abelian group, but decidedly mathematical in nature nonetheless. "Nonetheless" may be logically equivalent to "somethemore.") Anyway, he'd found these things--no, he hadn't just misplaced them and accidentally discovered them in his back pocket when he sat down. The eel then begat a bunch of babies. It took Freud longer to find himself than the eel. It wasn't until ten years later that he begat his own babies. That is why we have eels today.

But you can carry Freud too far. (Freud: Don't drop me!) He is often misconstrued. (Repeat "misconstrued" several times to yourself--better not repeat it to anyone else--and revel in the

Aesthetic,
Poetic--

a poem by me--
joy of the iambic diameter of the line:
mis/ con strued.)

An example of misconstruction is the Freudian slip. You are thinking: like three plus three equals sex. No, the Freudian slip was a piece of underwear worn by Freud. Freud, I claim, was perverse (or, if he wasn't, I am). So, be careful of the Freudian School (for the Depraved Young). And for that matter, better be careful of me, too--you never can tell. . . .

It is safe to conclude, though, that Southern segregation was responsible for the gross ("great" (Ger.)), promiscuous, incestuous relationships on the battlefields of the Civil War (battlefields Civil War beds Thebes). But that's enough about incest. (But, if you want incest, you can never get enough. But we'll save that for another time--say 10 PM next Thursday?)

The Civil War also reminds one (not two, just one--me) of the story of the Flood of the Bible, because it (the War) lasted four years. Liberal (i.e., alcoholic) theologians equate $1/10$ th. of a year to one day--reasonable enough, since ten is the base of our number system--and solve to find that the War actually lasted forty days. (And don't forget the forty nights. Who can forget the nights?) By indirect reasoning, we can show that at least two animals also made it through the War. Noah sent out three doves that never returned. Robert E. Lee sent out three parakeets that never learned how to talk and were too skimpy to eat. (Read the last few lines out loud. Over and over.) The analogy between the War and the Flood is airtight with but one exception--Abe Lincoln was assassinated. But such must the case be, for if the analogy were airtight, it would get awfully stuffy and start to smell. Then you could say to me: (That's a colon, not a covalent bond) Your analogy smells.

Which is a good place to stop because now I could get pretty insulting about some of you guys around here--(leave me out of this!)

--Rich Cutler

CHUNG SAI
chinese – american
RESTAURANT
 Specializing in fine Cantonese cooking and
CHOICE LIQUORS

AIR CONDITIONED
 25 Mass. Ave. at Beacon St.
 Open 10 a.m. – 10 p.m.

The Best in Used or New Clothing
BOUGHT and SOLD
 at

JOE KEEZER

Harvard Community Exchange
 Not just another store, **BUT**
 an Old Cambridge Tradition.
 We invite browsing.

1094 MASS. AVE. Near Harvard Sq. Mon. thru Sat. KI 7-2455

Central War Surplus
 – Levis, Lees, Wranglers –
 Tyroleans & Boots
 •
 Camping and Sporting
 Equipment
 at lowest prices

433 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE
 CENTRAL SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE

JIM'S BARBER SHOP
30 MASS. AVE.
The Shop with a View
Between Marlborough
and Beacon Streets
for that MATURE look...

Try smoking a Pipe!

Chinese fortune cookies fortune read: You will live to a ripe old age – then rot.

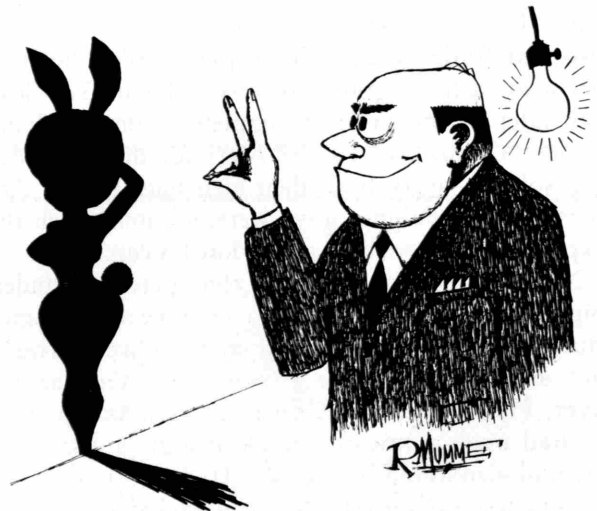


5.02 Professor: "Young man, why aren't you taking notes?"

Student: "I don't have to sir, I've got my grandfather's."



How about a story about King Solomon's, mine called "The Royal Shaft?"



The little man came home unexpectedly to find his wife in the arms of another man. Angrily, he grabbed the man's umbrella and raised it high over his head. With all the force at his command, he struck down, breaking it neatly over his knee.

"There," he cried triumphantly, "I hope to hell it rains!"



Save your Confederate money, boys –
 It's softer than Springfield Oval.

FOOL'S PARADISE OF THE SOUTHERN WHITE

by Gerald Walker

These unpleasant truths re the racial inferiority of those somnolent citizens below that famous Line are printed with the kind permission of the author and the editors of *Cavalier* magazine, the original publishers.

Some of my best friends are White Southerners.

Personally, I feel only the greatest affection and respect for the White Southerner—in his place. The trouble is, however, that lately the White Southerner has shown all too little awareness of what and where his proper place is. I refer, of course, to his precipitous turning away from his traditional agrarian way of life and his rather pushy efforts in recent years to attract new industry below the Mason-Dixon Line.

Now, generally speaking, it is certainly commendable for a backward region to try to raise itself. But I must add in all candor that the impatient, not to say aggressive, manner in which a handful of White Southern agitators has gone about this task has sown the seeds of suspicion and competition between our two regions where previously there had been only harmony and understanding; indeed, inter-regional relations have deteriorated badly.

Moreover, it seems to me the real point is that perhaps it is time for the rest of the country to ask: Is the White Southerner really ready for progress? Is he trying to come too far too fast?

After all, the White Southerner is but one hundred years removed from practicing slavery. And while, admittedly, he has made rapid strides and come a long way since losing the Civil War to an adversary battle—proved to be his superior, has he yet earned the right of full participation in the industrialized mainstream of contemporary American life? Would it not be better for all concerned for the White Northerner to continue his stewardship of the South until such a time as there was not a shred of a doubt of the White Southerner's capacity to fend for himself?

For the plain fact of the matter is that there are vast areas of difference between the White Southerner and the White Northerner. These differences—in morality, in criminality, in temperament, in mentality, in ambition and, generally, in the ability to adapt to the ways of Western civilization—first became apparent to me when I was a carpetbagging freshman at the University of Georgia in 1945.

Since then, as a result of a number of return trips to the South, I have gotten to know the White Southerner well. I have lived close to them for long periods, observed their customs, visited in their homes, broken bread with them and gone to their social functions. Making due allowance for the White Southerner's good qualities—humor, hospitality, charm, chattiness—I soon came to realize that he was, in fact, a totally different and essentially inferior breed when measured against his neighbor, the White Northerner.

These firsthand observations have lately been substantiated by the impartial findings of modern science, as set forth most effectively by Carleton Putnam in his eye-opening work, **Race and Reason**. Mr. Putnam, whose extensive background as an airlines executive led him directly into becoming a noted amateur authority in the fields of anthropology, biology, psychology and anatomy, is primarily concerned with demonstrating the innate, hereditary factors which account for the observable inferiority of the average Negro to the average White. (Some indication of the brilliance with which he succeeded may be gathered from the wide circulation—over 100,000 copies sold—and enthusiastic reception that his book has enjoyed in Southern States since its publication in 1961. For example, Mississippi Gov. Ross Barnett proclaimed October 26, 1961, as Race and Reason Day, capped by a \$25-a-plate dinner in Putnam's honor, and the Louisiana State Legislature passed a resolution that same year ordering high schools throughout the state to assign the book for study to "selected mature students.")

Needless to say, valid scientific principles and procedures are applicable to more than one set of data and circumstances. Thus, a yardstick may be used to measure the length of an eel as well as a snake. And so it is only further proof of the ingeniousness and usefulness of the anthropological and cultural criteria developed by Mr. Putnam and his school if I now employ them in a painstaking, scientific comparison of the average White Southerner and the average White Northerner. As Mr. Putnam and similarly objective researchers might say, let the chips fall where they may, it is only the truth that we are after.

This specialized field is still too new for there to have been much extensive research yet on the comparative skull sizes and brain weights of White Southerners as opposed to White Northerners. However, there has been some very good work done in connection with the well known innate defect in the White Southerners' jawbone and larynx, by which he is prevented from speaking the English language properly.

According to Prof. W. A. Emerson, research director of the nonprofit Curtis Foundation's Center for Higher Learning and himself a White Southerner, the WS jawbone averages 1.6 centimeters longer than that of the typical WN specimen. Other investigators, building upon this discovery, have found that this additional length narrows the throat cavity, signally constricting the larynx and causing the congenital speech abnormality popularly known as a "Southern accent." In addition, particularly in the case of WS females and political figures, it seems to prevent the speaker from cutting off the flow of words until at least the better part of an hour has passed. This is the sad result of several centuries of inbreeding of regional stock that was poor to begin with.

Along these lines, it is of the highest significance that not one of America's first five astronauts was a WS. Naval Comdr. Alan Shepard, Jr. was born in New Hampshire, Maj. Virgil Grissom in Indiana, Marine Lt. Col. John Glenn in Ohio, Comdr. Malcolm Carpenter in Colorado and Comdr. Walter Schirra in New Jersey. In short, when the National Aeronautics and Space Administration was given every resource to comb this country for the cream of American manhood, the WS was bypassed in favor of the WN. Said an Air Force general at the time Project Mercury began, "What we're looking for is a group of ordinary supermen." NASA either did not look in Dixie; or if it did, none was found.

But the WS has never been much of a superman—not even an ordinary one. Frederick Law Olmstead, the distinguished 19th Century WN landscape architect, traveled throughout the entire Old South and in 1861, in **The Cotton Kingdom**, he reported on his interviews with five hundred WS men in their own homes and across their own tables.

"... the proportion of the free white men," Olmstead wrote, "who live as well in any respect as our working classes in the North, on an average, is small, and the citizens of the cotton States, as a whole, are poor. They work little, and that little, badly; they earn little, they sell little; they buy little, and they have little—very little—of the common comforts and consolations of civilized life. Their destitution is not material only; it is intellectual and it is moral."

Said Henry Adams of Rooney Lee, son of Robert E. Lee, and other Southern Bourbons he knew at Harvard from 1854 to 1858: "The habit of command was not enough, and the Virginian had little else. He was simple beyond analysis; so simple that even the simple New England student could not realize him. No one knew enough to know how ignorant he was, how child-like; how helpless before the relative complexity of a school. . . . Strictly, the Southerner had no mind; he had temperament. He was not a scholar; he had no intellectual training; he could not analyze an idea, and he could not even conceive of admitting two. . . ."

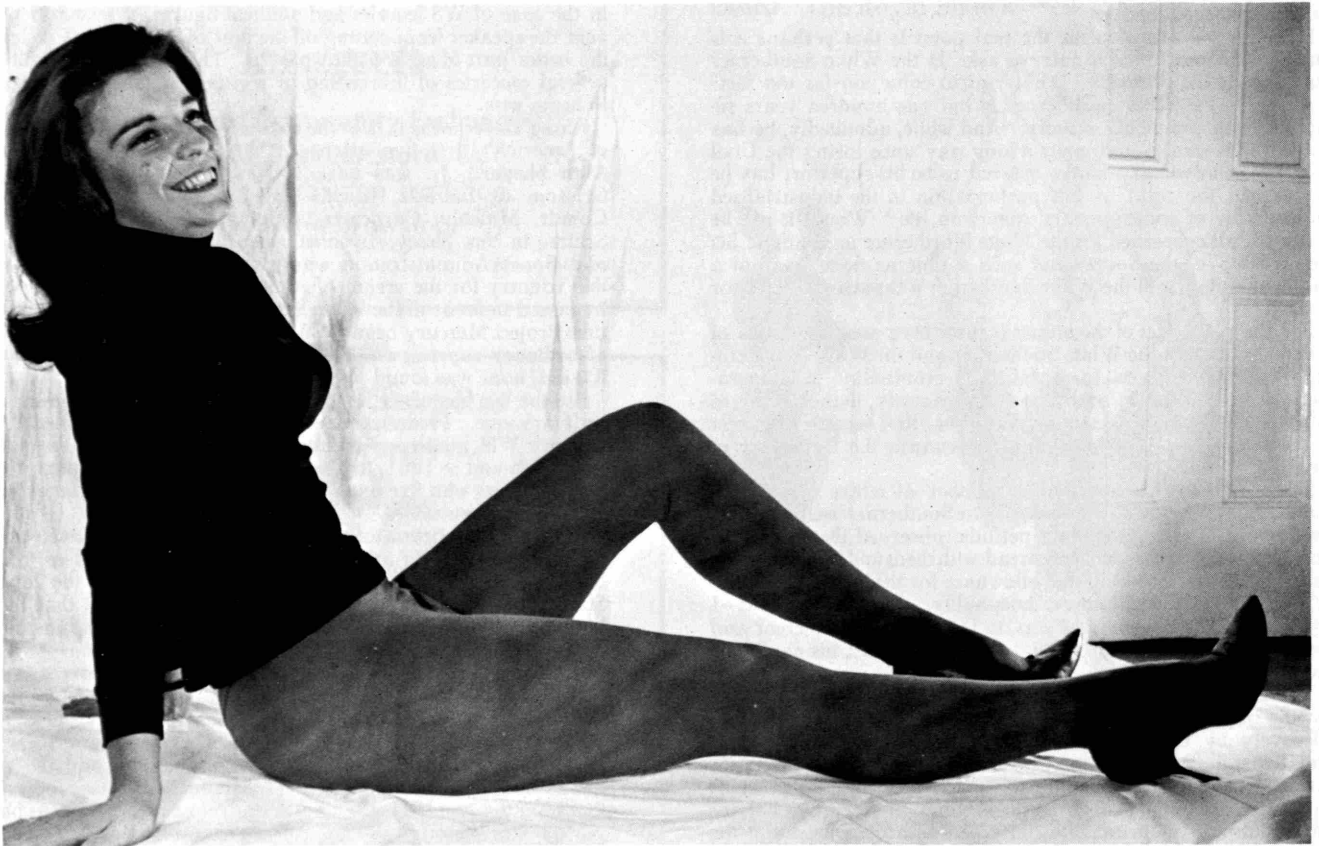
So much for the Old South, what of the New—the industrialized South prematurely announced in 1886 by Atlanta newspaper editor Henry W. Grady? Industrialization never fully "took," but it went far enough for the incisive WS historian, W. J. Cash, to include a memorable word-picture in **The Mind of the South**.

According to Cash, "By 1900 the cotton-mill worker was a pretty distinct physical type in the South; a type in some respects perhaps inferior to even that of the old poor white, which in general had been his to begin with. A dead-white skin, a sunken chest, and stooping shoulders were the earmarks of the breed. Chinless faces, microcephalic foreheads, rabbit teeth, goggling dead-fish eyes, rickety limbs, and stunted bodies abounded—over and beyond the limit of their prevalence in the countryside. The women were characteristically stringy-haired and limp of breast at twenty, and shrunken hags at thirty or forty. And the inci-

(Continued on page 27)

VooDoo

Doll of the Month



Our October doll is one of the most well-traveled girls we've met. Karen Shardt has been educated in France and Germany and is presently continuing in Pakistan. When in the United States (and we did meet her in the States) she enhances Boston College. Karen's father travels throughout the world salvaging for the State Department (our's, of course). Perky nineteen year old Karen's ambition (Phos was amazed) is to be a child psychologist.

—photos Howell



FROM THE



CAT HOUSE

Why did Sherman march through Georgia?"

His colored troops were looking for a restroom.

I just threw the above in to give this month's column some relation to the theme of the issue. Actually, what I intended to discuss this month is a new and potentially terrifying concept in entertainment. I refer to the Billiard Club.

Now I'm sure you are all familiar with the archetypal Pool Hall--that friendly, disreputable establishment down town with spittoon in corner, five or six green-topped pool tables, maybe a snooker table or two, and benches along the walls, the whole scene lit by bare 75-watt bulbs; sawdust on the floor, fly-paper, and dawdling ceiling fan optional. In this murky, evil-smelling lair were generally found the proprietor, immobile and thoroughly bored behind the cash register; his simple-minded assistant, who racked the balls and stood around, staring vacantly; a cluster of derelicts who wandered in and out, sometimes buying punches on the

punchboard the proprietor kept hidden under the register; the players, about whom the less said the better; a few pimply high-school boys who'd managed to pass for eighteen and were practicing big-talking and spitting, to the total indifference of everyone else; and, occasionally, a cop who chatted with the proprietor and pretended not to notice the money changing hands in the back of the room. *That's* the pool hall we have grown up with and, faced with a need for roots in an ever-changing world, I'm sure we have all grown to know and love it.

Thus it was with mixed feelings that I received an invitation to the press preview of *The Cue and Cushion*, "America's first limited-membership billiard club for business, professional and university men and women." It was the last word in that phrase that set me back. As a matter of fact, it did more than set me back--it floored me. *No!* I thought. *No!* I won't let them! They can't emasculate *my* pool hall! Gnashing my teeth, I went on to read about the wall-to-wall carpeting, walnut panelling, and the "attractively furnished powder room for the ladies."

"You have never seen anything quite like the *Cue and Cushion*," the letter concluded, and I was ready to agree, sight unseen.

I went to the press preview to sample their hors d'oeuvres and try "Club Billiards (ne pool)." I was loaded for bear.

We were greeted by Dick Trant, a Harvard B-School grad and Executive Vice President, who directed us to the bar and buffet table. While threading our way through the reporters--men and women--clustered around the club's 17 gold-felt-topped tables, I grudgingly allowed as how the bar was a definite improvement--the traditional pool hall is a strictly

B.Y.O. operation. I settled back in a Danish Modern chair with a glass of Jack Daniel's and a plateful of sandwiches and glared darkly at the walnut panelling. My companion returned from a junket to the ladies' room.

"Well, how was it?" I asked.

"How was what?"

"The ladies' room, stupid."

"Oh! It was very attractively furnished."

I choked on my chicken sandwich and headed back for another drink.

En route, I encountered Voo Doo's Business Manager with a young lady whom he introduced as the Editor of the *Wellesley News*. We made small talk for awhile and they both confessed a liking for the club. I kept my opinions to myself and went back to my corner vantage-point.

Well, the place *is* very tastefully decorated, I decided. That's what's wrong. How can you enjoy shooting pool (or playing billiards, if you want it that way) in a place this cool? Walnut, beige, and gold, indeed! I wondered what would happen if I spit in one of their teak wastebaskets.

Of course, the obvious objection is that everyone there *was* having a good time--a *wonderful* time, to all appearances--and, in fact, as the evening wore on I did, too.

I sheepishly recommend *The Cue and Cushion* (876 Lexington St., Waltham). It's a good place to take a date from Wellesley, Brandeis, Pine Manor--like that. But, as you step through the solid core walnut door into the air-conditioned club, select your cue from the handcrafted walnut cue rack and chalk it with gold chalk, pause a moment in silence for the old-time pool hall, where you wouldn't find the Editor of the *Wellesley News* on a bet.

--Reed



**"Some men, Mr. Wethers, are born great;
others achieve greatness; and others have
greatness thrust upon them."**

THIS COUPON WORTH 50¢

Towards any dinner over \$2.75
Good until November 25, 1963

NEWBURY'S STEAK HOUSE

94 Mass. Ave., Boston (Near Comm. Ave.)
Visit the CLUB ROOM serving
Giant Sandwiches — Steaks — Cocktails
Luncheon and Dinner

6-0222
KEnmore | 6-7451

Free Prompt Delivery
From 1 P.M. to 10 P.M. Daily

FENNELL & CO., INC.

59 MASSACHUSETTS AVE.
(Corner Mass. and Commw. Aves.)
Boston, Massachusetts

Purveyors of fine Wines & Liquors since 1878

**Announcing The
Exclusive Bil-
liard Club
THE CUE AND
CUSHION A new
club for Members
only**



NEWEST SOCIAL SPORT

Long popular with the most affluent, billiards and pocket billiards have been enjoyed by Royalty and Society for many years. Now West Suburban families are enjoying the fascination of Club Billiards at The Cue And Cushion, the Nation's first private, limited-membership billiard club for business, professional and university men and women.

LUXURIOUS PRIVATE CLUB

The club is completely new with burnished gold carpeting, gold and white billiard equipment, walnut paneled walls and soft background music. The Cue And Cushion facilities include an art exhibit, a library-lounge with the latest business, sports and fashion magazines, a refreshment area and an attractively furnished powder room for the ladies.

THE MEMBERS

You'll find women enjoying Club Billiards during special ladies lessons and coffee parties or during informal competition among ladies' teams. You'll find your friends and their guests at the club. Instruction is provided for new players or to help you brush up your game.

MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

MIT Students may register at the club and present Bursar's Cards in lieu of club membership cards. Drop in for a game. Club rates: \$1.00 per hour. Bring your wife or date at no charge. The address is 876 Lexington Street, Waltham, Mass., only 18 minutes from the Great Court. From MIT take Memorial Drive to Route 2 and head west to the Waltham-Lexington exit. Go south toward Waltham. The Cue And Cushion is just across from the Colonial Manor Apartments. All rights reserved.

HE ADVERTISED FOR CHAMBER LYE

by Roy I. Mumme



To date, as might have been expected, the Civil War Centennial celebrations have produced three inevitable concomitants: (1) Southern preoccupation with *ante bellum* cultural values has assumed even more pathological proportions and has resulted in increased personal disorganization; (2) the recrudescence of residual nationalism (usually identified as “the Dixie effluvia”) has led to various extremes of deviant behavior; and (3), in their search for objects for patriotic and commercial exploitation, Southerners have elevated a host of what might be called “local-folk-heroes”—men who have heretofore been neglected by the chroniclers of Civil War myth. It is this last which concerns us here.

This term “local-folk-hero” is used to describe these newer heroic figures for two reasons. First, for the most part these new heroes are identified with (a) a single, relatively small geographic region of the South; and/or (b) a relatively narrow segment of the war effort of the Confederacy; and/or (c) some single heroic exploit performed under the most fortuitous, accidental, or unavoidable circumstances. Second, the term suggests that the residual fame of these figures has rested with the oral traditions of “the folk”—that stable base of the Southern way of life encompassing such groups as yeoman farmers, backwoodsmen, and hillbillies; sharecroppers, crossroads storekeepers, and itinerate tradesmen; common laborers, Selective Service rejects, granny-midwives, moonshiners, and part-time prostitutes. In other words—*rednecks*, or if you prefer, *pork-choppers* and *po’ white trash*. These heroes are men who lived in, fought in, died in and are remembered in the tepid backwaters of the South.

Such a man was Jon Harrolson.

With respect to verifiable historical evidence, little is known of this man Harrolson. In actuality there are only two facts on which there is scholarly agreement: (1) Jon Harrolson was the Nitre Mining Bureau Agent of the C.S.A. in Selma, Alabama; and (2) his success and, ultimately, his fame were based on a most unusual advertisement that he placed in a local newspaper. The legends, however, which surround him are legion, and from them it is clear why I have designated him as a “local-folk-hero.”

But in order to comprehend these legends and their

appeal it is necessary to understand something of the ordnance problems faced by the Confederate military during the “Late Unpleasantness.” Their gunpowder was notoriously poor, as the attack on Ft. Sumter clearly demonstrated. For hours Confederate shot fell short of its target, and in the round-the-clock shelling nary a drop of Yankee blood was spilled. Finally, a few hits were scored and, when Sumter at last succumbed, the officers of both sides sipped clear whiskey to soothe the snake bites received while “digging in” on the field of valor.

As the gentlemen in the field met musket-to-musket it soon became clear that nobody could hit the broadside of anything—particularly the Confederates with their inferior powder. “Billy Yank” repeatedly taunted the Confederate sharpshooters whose “minnie balls” sailed erratically from their smooth bores. New Orleans fell to Farragut because the cannon could not reach his ships, and likewise Mobile fell to him because of defective mines and torpedoes. (The famous quote, “Damn the torpedoes. . .” so frequently attributed to Farragut may actually have been uttered by a drowning Confederate seaman.) And so it went.

Hardpressed by the Union blockade of Southern ports which prevented the importation of British arms, it was Josiah Gorgas, chief of Confederate ordnance, who urged the establishment of the Nitre Mining Bureau. It was the responsibility of this agency to develop what natural resources existed in the South and to see that the munitions factories were supplied with phosphate, ammonia, sulphur, and other chemicals and compounds necessary for the production of high grade explosives. When it became apparent that the mineral deposits would not be adequate, it was necessary for the Nitre Mining Bureau to obtain salt-petre by leeching the earth from barnyards, caves, and compost piles; from specially developed beds of nitrogenous refuse; and even from the outhouses of fashionable plantations.

Success in this dubious enterprise was limited, however, until Harrolson conceived a bold plan to exploit a virtually unlimited supply of these uretic compounds. Taking the bull by the horns, Harrolson placed the following advertisement in the Selma, Alabama newspaper:

The ladies of Selma are respectfully requested to preserve the chamber lye collected about the premises for the purpose of making nitre. A barrel will be sent around daily to collect it.

Jon Harrolson
Agent Nitre Mining Bureau

Here it was!—an insight worthy of an Archimedes, a Galileo, or a Newton—a “pragmatic abduction” worthy of a Peirce or a James! Here it was—another of thousands of examples of Southern *ersatz* out-Yankee-ing damnyankee ingenuity.

At first, people sat stoned in amazement at such an audacious and, to say the least, indelicate proposal. The good ladies, however, willing to do *anything* for their beloved Confederacy, responded with a campaign of *Sitzkrieg* the like of which will probably never be known again by man. Immediately there developed around Harrolson and his “barrelmen” such a corpus of legend, myth, tradition, and folklore that today the facts can be only hoped for.

Legend has it that when “Harrolson powder” first reached the field Yankee losses were better than ten-to-one. In fact, the total casualty losses of the war attest to the superior firepower of Confederate muskets. Flush with the successes made possible by “Harrolson powder,” Confederate morale soared.

When apprised of Harrolson’s contribution President Jefferson Davis reputedly ordered a special medal struck in his honor—the “Chamberpot Medallion” which portrayed the ladies of Selma in various stages of patriotic activity, and, on its obverse, the likeness of Harrolson smiling broadly (The Smithsonian denies that they are now attempting to locate it for their “Confederate Washroom.”)

Harrolson, as tradition has it, was called upon to make good-will-morale-building-grass-roots-support-your-war-effort-tours throughout the South. At the munitions factories production soared, and at the front the fighting men were assured that the ladies back home were “behind them all the way.” But with the soldiers in the field there was some ambivalence toward Harrolson and the secret weapon he had provided. The men wondered—Who was this immodest, unchivalrous man? Was not all this some dastardly plot to provide draft-dodgers with privy assignments with ladies whose menfolk had been too long away at war? Were the ladies being coerced into untoward relationships with some perverse kind of nuts?

These misgivings were allayed, however, when a wag named Wetmore—feigning disgust and mock repugnance penned the following immortal lines:

HE ADVERTISED FOR CHAMBER LYE

Jon Harrolson! Jon Harrolson! You are a wretched creature.

You’ve added to this bloody war a new and awful feature.

You’d have us think while every man is bound to be a fighter,

The ladies, bless the dears, should save their P for nitre.

Jon Harrolson! Jon Harrolson! Where did you get the notion

To send your barrel ’round to gather up the lotion?
We thought the girls had work enough making shirts
and kissing,

But you have put the pretty dears to patriotic pissing.

Jon Harrolson! Jon Harrolson! Do pray invent a neater

And somewhat more modest mode of making your salt-petre;

For ’tis an awful idea, John, gun-powdery and cranky,

That when a lady lifts her shift she’s killing off a Yankee.

This poetic achievement was immediately printed on an appropriate type of paper and circulated throughout the Confederacy. His name became a household word—mothers enjoined their not-yet-housebroken children to good behavior by saying, “Jon Harrolson is watching you.” His exploits became the topic of every mint julep conversation. The words, “Jon Harrolson sent me,” became the open sesame to houses of both good and ill repute from Natchez to Mobile—from Memphis to St. Joe. Moreover, the inscription, “J. H. WAS HERE,” was carved on every fence, wall, tall oak tree, and out-house in Dixie. Compared with Harrolson, the latter-day “Kilroy” rates no better than a bush league “pea-picker.”

At the front, innumerable Johnny Rebs wrote tunes for “He Advertised for Chamber Lye,” the popularity of which rivaled that of “Dixie.” Ordnance units carved the words on the tail-gates of their wagons. Jubilant artillerymen gave their field pieces such endearing names as “Selma Sally,” “Backhouse Belle,” “Alapoosea Wallapaloosa,” and “Harrolson Long-Arm.” Corpsmen even found healing powers in the Harrolson compounds.

Needless to say, the rapidly developing “Harrolson myth” struck terror to the heart of Billy Yank. The whiff of Harrolson powder in the battlefield led

scores to desert. A Yankee poet wrote a parody of "He Advertised For Chamber Lye," perhaps in hopes that the myth could be destroyed by ridicule. It was a noble effort, but it is doubtful that the following words did much to destroy the image:

A YANKEE VIEW OF IT

John Harrolson! Jon Harrolson! We've read in song and story
How women's tears through all the years have moistened fields of glory,
But never was it told before amid such scenes of slaughter
Your Southern beauties dried their tears and went to making water.

No wonder that your boys are brave; who couldn't be a fighter
If everytime he fired his gun, he used his sweetheart's nitre;
And vice-versa, what would make a Yankee soldier sadder
Than dodging bullets fired from a pretty woman's bladder?

They say there was a subtle smell that lingered in that powder,
And as the smoke grew thicker and the din of battle louder,
That there was found in this compound one serious objection,
No soldier boy could sniff it without having an erection.

Alas, in war as in love, the history of men and of nations is the failure of "too little too late." In a few short months Confederate dreams were dashed along with Lee's Army of Northern Virginia. Many historians have maintained that if Harrolson had had more time the outcome of the Great Rebellion might have been different. The boast, "Give us enough ladies, and the Confederacy will rule the world," might well have been a consummation to be devoutly wished for.

On the other hand, it is possible that Harrolson's innovation might have been self-defeating. The allegation of the Yankee poet—about "the subtle smell that lingered in the powder" seems substantiated in part by the fact that hundreds of Mathew Brady photographs portray the Civil War dead looking for all the world as if they were enjoying the sweet sleep of enervation. At least "the stillness at Appomatox" was a pleasant one.

Regardless, the "Harrolson myth" remains—and grows. Today it stands as the secret inspiration for a close-knit group of Civil War Centennial celebrants.

Rumor has it that the enthusiasts of the cult plan to start production again of the "Harrolson powder" and that it will be used in the battlefield reenactments at Appomatox, Virginia in April, 1965.

Remember that date—April 9, 1965—see you there.



Save your Confederate money, boys—
We're trying to fill up space.

★ **WIN** ★
**IN THE MARLBORO
BRAND
ROUND-UP
CONTEST**

PRIZES: 1st Admiral Portable T.V.
2nd Underwood typewriter
WHO WINS: The living group which turns in the most ballots wins.
RULES: 1. Contest runs from OCT. 14-NOV. 22.
2. Ballots will be bottom flaps of Marlboro, Philip Morris, Parliament, Alpine, and Paxton Cigarettes.
3. Ballots will be turned in at the basement of Walker Memorial at 2:00 P.M. Nov. 22.

**MARLBORO ★ PARLIAMENT ★ ALPINE
PHILIP MORRIS ★ PAXTON**

One day last month a black box fell from the sky, and landed in the Great Court. Seizing it as a valuable discovery, the Physics Department began analysis.

Its density was unlike any known substance. They couldn't melt it, nor could they penetrate it with x-rays. A number of other tests proved inconclusive, so the box was turned over to the Chemistry Dept.

The chemists managed to chip off a piece, but found that it was insoluble in any reagent. Spectrophotometry gave meaningless results, and the chemists, too, had to admit defeat.

The Electrical Engineering Dept. decided to find its input-output terminal characteristics, unsuccessfully. Amar Bose said, "This is the biggest node I've ever seen." After a futile attempt to get rid of the ornery device by mapping it into the complex plane, the E.E. dept. gave up.

The Materials Engineers tried to determine its Young's Modulus, but couldn't deform it.

All the Institute was in a furor over the little box. At that point, a psychologist asked if he might try. The various departments, somewhat condescendingly, stepped aside. The psychologist drew up a chair next to the box, sat down, and whipped out his notebook and pencil.

"Well now," he said, "what's your name?"

"Bruce," replied the box.

--E. L. Pragma



The funeral director was tired of having to stop his funeral processions for traffic lights and such, so he put a flashing light on his hearse and painted it red. The next day a cop stopped him and said, "Hey mister, why is your hearse red?"



Save your Confederate money, boys —
The price of slaves is going up.

ELSIE'S

Noted for the Best Sandwiches
To Eat In or to Take Out
The famous special Roast
Beef Sandwich

KNACKWURST — BRATWURST
with Sauerkraut or Potato Salad
und die feinen Wurstwaren

71 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge, Mass.

ELSIE and HENRY BAUMANN
EL 4-8362

Hearing Aids — Contact Lens

Service

Prescriptions Filled
Glasses Repaired

Unity Optical Co.

Abe Wise, Licensed Optician

31 Massachusetts Ave.

Special Prices to M.I.T. Community
Nearest Optical House to M.I.T.

SQUASH RACKETS

Large Variety — All Prices

Restringing a Specialty

Sneakers. . . Shorts. . . Shirts. . .

SKI EQUIPMENT

TENNIS AND SQUASH SHOP

67A Mt. Auburn Street, Harvard Square
Phone TR 6-5417

For the finest and most complete line of
BEER WINE DELICATESSEN
Just drop in or call

LAFAYETTE WINE SHOP

413 MASSACHUSETTS AVE. CAMBRIDGE

At the intersection of Mass. Ave., Main St. and Columbia St.

Just South of Central Square

TEL. EL 4-9889

- Beer — Imported and Domestic
- Wines — Imported and Domestic
- Delicatessen — Imported and Domestic
- Delicious Sandwiches To Take Out
- Piping Hot Coffee
- Frozen Turkey and Chicken Dinners
- Cheeses of All Kinds
- Open 8:00 A.M. to 11:00 P.M. Daily Except Sunday

FREE DELIVERY

Shades



"Now he tells us about the "No Camping" sign."



"You forgot to take your pill ?!"



"We'll have to get married, Dad."



"Good evening and welcome to *I've Got A Secret*. Our first guest tonight. . ."

of Brady



"You and your damn bargains!"



"I got my start selling cough drops."



"Please, Mother, I'd rather do it myself."



"Let's talk about sects."

**NEWLY OPENED
BOSTON SANDWICH SHOP**

134 Mass. Ave.
Corner of Vassar (just across from Bldg. 33)
Complete Line of Sandwiches
Sub - Roll - Rye - White
Take Out Service
7 AM to 11 PM



M.I.T. MEN!
JOIN YOUR LEAGUE

At

Sammy White's

BRIGHTON BOWL

1600 Soldiers Field Rd.
Brighton,
Across the river from Water-
town Arsenal.
Telephone
AL 4-0710, 0711

(THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND SPECIALS)

FENWAY LIQUOR COMPANY

213 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston Next to Donnelley Memorial Theatre

CO 6-2103

NATURALLY - TECH MEN PREFER THE FENWAY LIQUOR CO.
FOR THE MOST COMPLETE LIQUOR, WINE & BEER STOCK IN BOSTON

Special Attention to M.I.T.

Students - Whether A
Bottle or A Case

FREE DELIVERY

Always Plenty of Ice Cubes
Party Planning

dence of tuberculosis, of insanity and epilepsy, and, above all, of pellagra, the curious vitamin-deficiency disease which is nearly peculiar to the South, was increasing."

This is not the Snopes-haunted fiction of a Faulkner pursued by a vision of rapacious, termite-like sub-humans taking over the South. These are the words of a WS historian, a man who deals in facts, not horrific fables.

Thomas Wolfe, another literary WS, has testified to his fellows' "hostile and murderous intrenchment against all new life. . . their cheap mythology, their legend of the charm of their manners, the aristocratic culture of their lives, the quaint sweetness of their drawl." Perhaps most disturbing to Wolfe was "the familiar rationalizing and self-defense of Southern fear and Southern failure. . . its inability to meet or to adjust itself to the conditions, strifes, and ardors of a modern life; its old, sick, Apomattoxlike retreat into the shades of folly and delusion. . . of florid legend and defensive casuistry. . . ." And finally Wolfe remarks of his autobiographical character, George Webber, "He was a Southerner, and he knew that there was something wounded in the South. He knew that there was something twisted, dark, and full of pain which Southerners have known all their lives—something rooted in their souls beyond all contradiction."

Of course, it may be objected that what we have just presented are but isolated impressions, albeit perceptive ones based on careful observation and investigation. What is needed, it might be said, is largescale, objective, up-to-date evidence concerning the physical and mental makeup of the WS. For precisely this sort of data, let us now examine some Selective Service statistics from World Wars I and II.

In 1917, Army psychologists devised what they called the Beta intelligence test for inductees. A leading segregationist intellectual spokesman, Richmond News Leader editor James Jackson Kilpatrick cited a sampling of the Beta test results in his recent book, *The Southern Case for School Segregation*. Even the figures selected by him show the WS running a poor second to the WN, as can be seen from the following:

WHITE SOUTHERNERS AND WHITE NORTHERNERS ARMY INTELLIGENCE TESTS, 1918			
WS		WN	
State	Median Score	State	Median Score
Mississippi	41.25	Pennsylvania	64.6
Kentucky	41.50	New York	64.0
Arkansas	41.55	Illinois	63.0
Georgia	42.12	Ohio	66.7

Oddly enough, although Mr. Kilpatrick used a similar differential between White Southerners and Negro Southerners as the basis for arguing the latter's inferiority and for justifying segregation, he did not feel logically impelled to draw the same conclusions about the WS in relation to the WN. This is a contemporary example of the WS's inability to conceive of admitting two ideas at once, first pointed out by Henry Adams a century ago.

In the two decades between World Wars I and II, the WS—thanks to prodigious efforts by the federal government and private foundations—experienced notable increases in health and in educational, cultural, economic and social opportunities. Surely, it might be supposed, these gains would have been reflected in his showing when tested for military service. No such improvement can be discerned.

During World War II, the Selective Service System divided the country into four regions: Region I, North; Region II, Midwest; Region III, Far West, and Region IV, South. For present purposes, let us limit our comparisons to Region I (Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York) and Region IV (Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Florida, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky, Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana).

General service acceptance rates and disqualification rates per 100 white registrants from November 1940 to December 1943 were:

REGION I (North)—59.4 accepted for general service; 25.8 disqualified.

REGION IV (South)—57.3 accepted for general service; 31.9 disqualified.

(The difference between the sum of acceptances and rejections and the total of 100 per cent is accounted for by men admitted for limited service.)

During the above period, the acceptance rate of WS males was not only lower than that of WN males of Region I, but was lower than that of WN males in the other two regions as well: Region II, Midwest—60.9 accepted, 26.4 disqualified; Region III, Far West—58.6 accepted, 27.1 disqualified.

Nor did the relative discrepancy between acceptance and rejection rates for WNs and WSes change later in the war. From January 1944 to December 1944 the figures were:

REGION I (North)—54.9 accepted; 42.6 disqualified.

REGION IV (South)—48.6 accepted; 49.8 disqualified.

Infant mortality rates are another index of living conditions and a population's hardness. Expressed as a rate per 1,000 live white births, latest government figures show:

New England, 22.1 (WN); Middle Atlantic, 22.2 (WN).

South Atlantic, 24.6 (WS); East South Central, 25.4 (WS);

West South Central, 24.4 (WS).

The WS's poor showing physically and mentally is matched only by his moral deficiencies and criminal inclinations. Reported John Gunther in *Inside U. S. A.*, "The kind of piquant sociological detail known to readers of William Faulkner still crops up in the news from day to day. While I was in Atlanta the papers printed a handsome little story about nine sisters, all of whom were prostitutes in the same room. Lillian Smith, the author of *Strange Fruit*, told me in Clayton, Georgia, of a recent case in which a baby died. The parents left it on the bed to rot. They were not rendered helpless by grief. They made no effort to bury the body because they simply didn't know any better."

Promiscuity and illegitimacy run 20 per cent higher among WSes than among WNs. The U. S. National Vital Statistics Division report for 1960 says that 27.35 out of every 1,000 live WS births took place out of wedlock; the comparable figure for WNs was 22.00. Another way of putting this is to state the White illegitimacy rate as a percentage of total White births. In 1956, Mississippi Representative John Bell Williams introduced on the House floor figures showing WS illegitimate births averaging 1.95 per cent of total WS births, and 1.45 per cent for WNs.

In the same speech, Representative Williams let slip another set of figures which pointed up the higher rate of crime among WSes compared with WNs. The figures revealed that in the thirteen Northern states he cited the rate of WN felony prisoners then in jail came to 21 per 100,000 WN population, but in the ten Southern states he selected, the WS rate was 29 per 100,000.

In particular, crimes of violence are an old Southern custom. Charlotte, North Carolina, was once known as "The Murder Capital of America." Writing in 1941, WS historian W. J. Cash said, ". . . long before hatred for the black man had begun to play any direct part in the pattern (of more than three hundred persons said to have been hanged or burned by mobs in the South between 1840 and 1860, less than ten per cent were Negroes) the South had become peculiarly the home of lynching." Cash then goes on to record that ". . . of the grand total of 3,397 Negroes lynched in the nation from the beginning of 1882 until the close of 1938, only 366 were lynched outside the former Confederate States, and of these 185 were lynched in the border states of Maryland, Kentucky, West Virginia and Missouri, themselves more than half Southern."

Although the WS constitutes 27 per cent of the country's white population, he is responsible for an alarmingly disproportionate share of American crime. Thus, the Justice Department's latest edition of National Prisoner Statistics indicates that of all prisoners executed under civil authority in the United States, 1930-1961, for murder, rape, armed robbery and kidnaping, 36.5 per cent were WSes.

Illiteracy is a longstanding WS tradition going back to Colonial days, but the WS has shown a remarkable ability to transmit this drawback from generation to generation. According to recent figures of the U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, here is a breakdown of the percentage of the white population, 25 years or older, considered to be functionally illiterate:

(Continued on page 28)

Conn.6.1	Pa. 6.3	La.13.6
Del.4.2	R.I. 7.4	Miss.7.1
Me.4.5	Vt. 3.8	N.C.12.2
Md.5.5	Ala. 9.4	Okl.7.6
Mass.5.9	Ark.10.6	S.C.11.6
N.H.4.4	Fla. 5.3	Tenn.12.7
N.J.6.3	Ga.10.3	Tex.12.0
N.Y.7.4	Ky.13.1	Va.9.3

In an attempt to escape the crime, violence and primitive living standards which pervade their native region, over 4,000,000 Southerners—White and Negro—left Dixie during the 1950s, somewhat more than the number of persons who fled East Germany during a comparable period. Unhappily, the WS—not to mention his new neighbors—found that he carried these conditions right along with him.

Albert N. Votaw, in the February 1958 Harper's, described the prickly integration problem the WS presented to a typical Northern city. At that time there were 70,000 WS recent arrivals in Chicago. Settling in one South Side neighborhood, they presented the authorities with a number of difficulties. A police captain was quoted as saying, "They are vicious and knife-happy. They are involved in 75 per cent of our arrests in this district." Observed a municipal court judge, "...you'll never improve the neighborhood until you get rid of them."

Other comments on the transplanted WS during the course of the article: "... disorderly, untamed to urban ways . . . antiso- cial to the point of delinquency in the eyes of their neighbors . . . the poor domestic habits they bring from small backwoods communities . . . Their housekeeping is easy to the point of dis- order . . . children play freely anywhere, without any supervi- sion . . . when it comes to sex training, their habits—with respect to such matters as incest and statutory rape—are clearly at vari- ance with urban legal requirements, and parents fail to appre- ciate the interest authorities take in their sex life . . . On the job they are said to lack ambition . . . considered poor tenants . . .

White Southern school children are handicapped. . . They are too old for their grades and too mature physically for their classmates . . . Prone to disease . . . They are a disgrace to their race."

A South Side school principal has said that the average I.Q. of his 1,400 pupils, most of whom are WS, is only 87; moreover, only 16 of them had a rating of above 120.

The Chicago Sunday Tribune summed things up this way: "The Southern hillbilly migrants, who have descended like a plague of locusts in the last few years, have the lowest standard of living and moral code (if any), the biggest capacity for liquor, and the most savage tactics when drunk, which is most of the time."

Obviously, the WS isn't the same kind of person as the WN. He just isn't accustomed to, or perhaps capable of, living the same way the rest of us do, and we should make allowances for that fact. However, at the same time, we should put some sensible limit on the extent of the WS's participation in business, national affairs and inter-regional social contact. After all, as essayist Harry Golden, editor of the Carolina Israelite, has said, would you want your sister to marry a Governor Faubus?

WS and WN should each stick to his own kind, moving forward separately and harmoniously as in the past. The WS should have enough regional and racial pride to want to develop in his own way and at his own natural pace, not force himself in when and where he isn't wanted. Besides, geographical separa- tion is a basic law of nature. If the good Lord had intended WSes and WN's to work and live in the same way and locale, He would not have created a North and a South in the first place.

Most important of all, we cannot risk jeopardizing the Ameri- can way of life for the sake of the impulsive, impatient leaders of a minority; that would be a perversion of the true meaning of democracy. For although it would undoubtedly raise the WS if the standards of inter-regional intercourse were relaxed to permit him a larger role in the nation's affairs, it would at the same time inevitably lower the WN.

What, after all, has the WS contributed to American civiliza- tion? It is an extraordinary catalogue: hookworm, slavery, the filibuster, hominy grits, the Ku Klux Klan, pellagra, mint juleps, lynching, the University of Mississippi and high treason in se-

ceding from the Union. Sic transit gloria moonshine.

It would be patently unfair to leave the impression that all WSes are naturally primitive, violent, criminal, shiftless, promis- cuous, uncultured and undistinguished. There have been a num- ber, perhaps a hundred over the past three and a half centuries, who do not fall into those categories—but many of these had Northern blood.

Among more recent WS notables, Senator Harry Flood Byrd of Virginia and his brother, Admiral Richard Byrd, have a WN great-great-grandmother. The father of the late Josephus Daniels, North Carolina newspaper editor and statesman, was a Rhode Island ship's carpenter.

Zachary Taylor, twelfth president of the United States, had WN ancestry. Jefferson Davis, the president of the Confederate States, was the son of a WN. And WN blood flowed through the veins of such other stalwarts of the Confederacy as Maj. Gen. "Jeb" Stuart, Gen. James Longstreet, Gen. John Clifford Pemberton and John Slidell, appointed commissioner to France by Jefferson Davis. Even Daniel Boone was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

Pure-bred WSes such as Robert E. Lee and John C. Calhoun are among the exceptions that prove the rule. However, a son of Richard Lee, the famous founder of the Lee family in America, married a WN and the socially prominent Ditchley branch of Lees is descended from a WN.

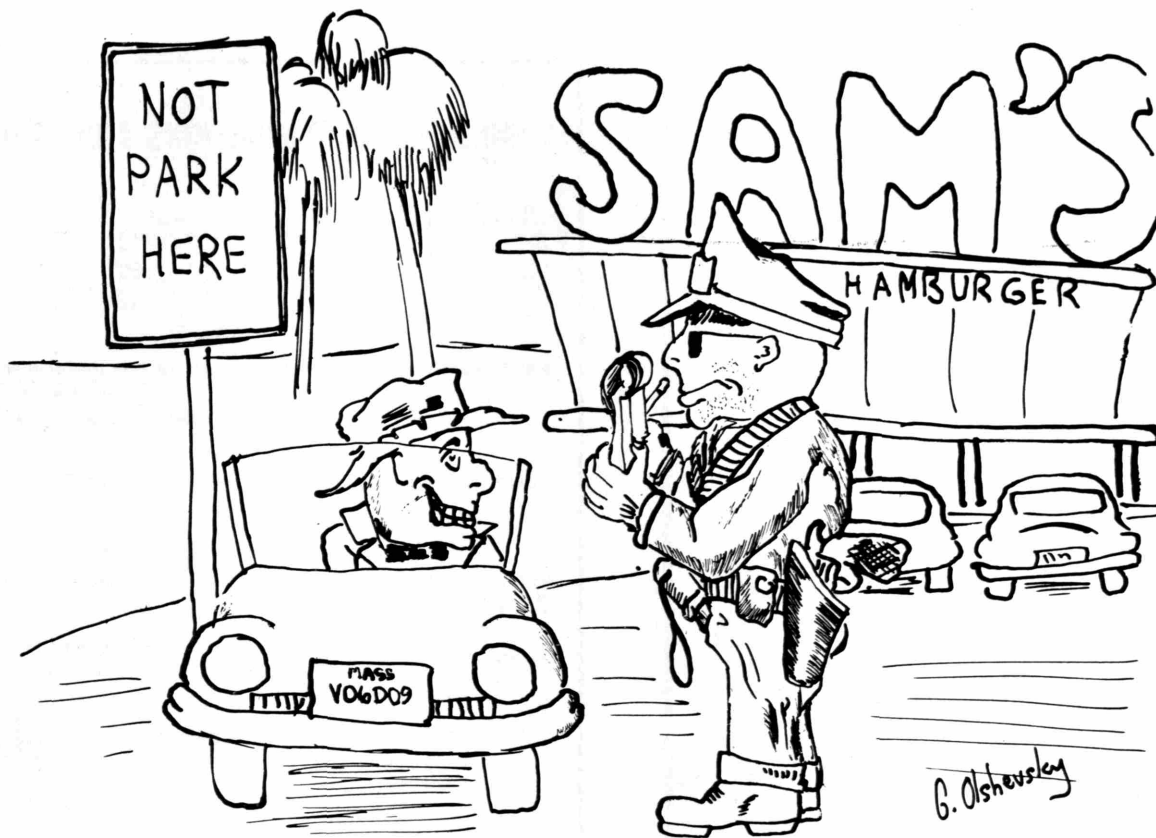
It should also be noted that the figure of the Yankee peddler was a familiar one throughout the South during the 18th Cent- ury. As he wended his way across the countryside selling his wares, it is not inconceivable that, in addition to calicoes, scis- sors and clocks, he may also have left behind here and there some WN genes. These might well have made their presence felt without ever showing up on an official genealogy.

It only needs to be said that the average rank-and-file WS to- day is well satisfied with things as they are, but is being goaded on by a handful of agitators and fomentors into making more demands than the country can safely meet, or than WSes as a whole could handle in their present stage of development. Who are these clandestine pressure groups and what are they really after?

A hint was provided in a New York Times dispatch of January 28, 1962, about the lures offered by the WS in his drive to at- tract new industry. "This stepped-up economic warfare," wrote Atlanta correspondent Claude Sitton, "... poses a threat to areas in the North and Midwest in which rising costs and indus- trial strife have caused management to grow restless. It also has aroused concern in financial circles. Some securities experts con- tend that industrial subsidies being offered in both the South and the North are endangering the tax structure and municipal credit and carrying the nation toward state capitalism. A South Caro- lina legislative committee has termed these lures 'somewhat so- cialistic.'" emphasis added

Has the Kremlin taken over the WS equality movement? How sincere is the WS when it can be shown that he is playing directly into the hands of a foreign ideology? Are we being lulled by a pack of fine-sounding words into forgetting the WS's natural tendencies toward violence and lust? These are pressing questions for every WN American to keep in mind during the trying days ahead.





"Two hamburgers and a malt."



**Hand-sewn fronts.*

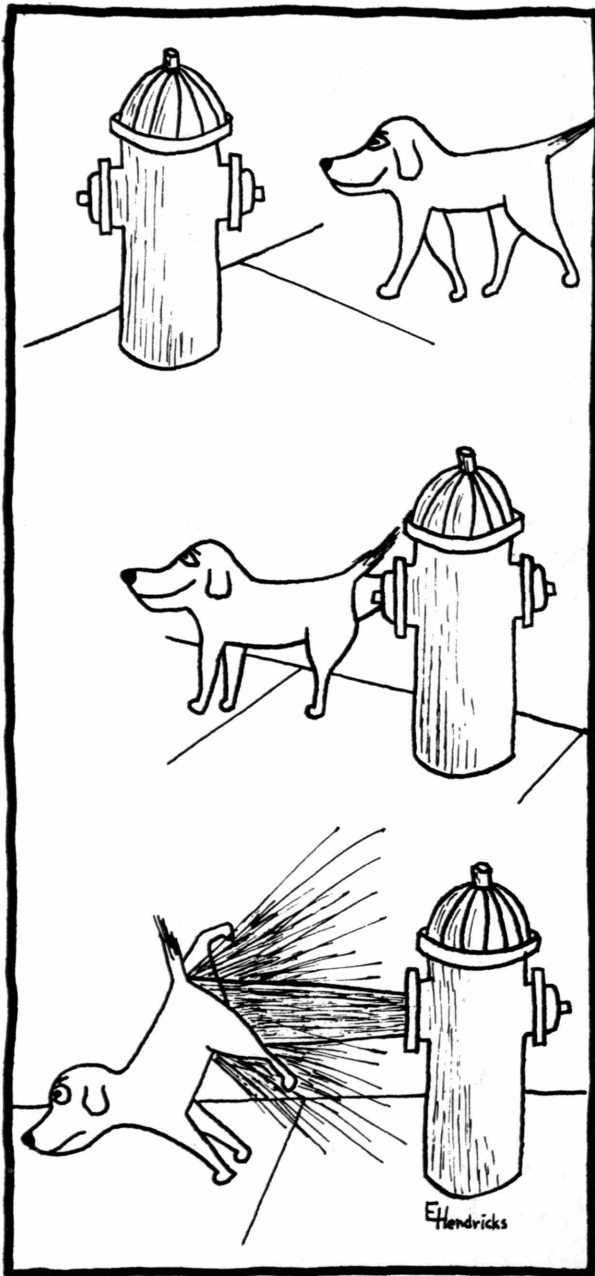
HAND-SEWN MOCCASINS*
BY BOSTONIAN

Here is the authentic hand-sewn moccasin you prefer. The front seam is hand-sewn and hand-shaped for foot-hugging comfort. The heel is specially moulded for stay-on fit. In rich harvest brown or black.

\$15.95

TECH COOP

40 MASS. AVE. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



Enjoy the Finest Italian-American Food
and Delicious Pizza



Simeone's
ITALIAN-AMERICAN RESTAURANT
Choice Liquors and
Imported Beers

21 Brookline St. Cambridge EL 4-9569
(at Central Square)

Open Every Night 'til Midnight — Free Parking
Ask About Student Discount Books

MESHNAS RECTIFICATIONS AND STUFF

SILICON RECTIFIER BARGAINS

2 amp		20 amp		30 amp		35 amp	
600 PIV	2/1.00	50 PIV	1.00	50 PIV	1.20	25 PIV	.90
800	.75	100	1.25	100	1.40	50	1.30
1,000	1.50	150	1.40	200	1.60	100	1.50
		200	1.50	300	1.80		
		300	1.75	400	2.00		
				500	2.50		

GENERAL PURPOSE POWER TRANSISTORS

2N155 PNP
2N255 PNP
2N1334 NPN

Your choice of above 3 for \$1.00

85 Watt Power Transistor 40 MC Osc.
NPN. Exint for transmitters.
#2N1897 \$1.00 each

SIGMA type 4F SENSITIVE RELAY \$1.50

LAMBDA REGULATED POWER SUPPLIES

C-881M \$85.00
32-M 70.00
35 70.00

5KVDC OUTPUT REGULATED POWER SUPPLY

115 volt 60 cycle input \$25.00
Good for up to 5 ma current.

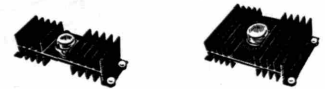
PRINTED CIRCUIT BOARD, FIBRE GLASS LAMINATE,
COPPER 2 SIDES 12x14 60c ea.

DC POWER SUPPLY KIT 4 amps 6-12-24-28 volts DC
output. Includes transformer, capacitor, choke, full
wave silicon bridge mounted on copper heat sink. \$12.00

GE PYRANOL CAPACITORS. DC RATINGS

7 mfd	1,000 volt	1.00
4 mfd	1,500 volt	1.00
5 mfd	1,500 volt	1.10
2 mfd	2,000 volt	1.10
3 mfd	2,000 volt	1.25
1.5 mfd	2,500 volt	1.10
3 mfd	2,500 volt	1.50

HEAT SINK, ALUMINUM, DOUBLE FIN. With 150 watt
transistor 2N277
1.5x4.8 inches \$1.50 3.5x4.8 inches \$2.50



MADT HI FREQ TRANSISTORS



All guaranteed, factory marked. exint for
converters, CB transmitters, 6 meters,
etc. Factory closeout bargain. 5/\$1.00

48 VOLT DC REGULATED

SOLA 48 volt DC 4.5
amp regulated plus 6.3
at 3 amps 115 volt 60
cycle input. Like new.
\$17.50



AN/PDR-27 GEIGER COUNTER

One of the Navy's finest. 4 ranges .5-5-50-
500 MR/HR Detects
Beta & Gamma. De-
tachable probe on coil
cord. Complete ready
to use with headphones
(not shown) and shoul-
der strap. With Fresh
batteries. Just in time for Summer prospecting.
\$35.00



LATCHING RELAY
24 Volt DC coil, latch &
unlatch. 4PDT 10 amp con-
tacts. \$1.50

PYRANOL CAPACITORS
8 MFD 1,500 VOLT \$1.75

POWER TRANSFORMER
115 vclt 60 cycle
2,540 volt CT 400 ma
Stock #T-50 \$12.50

SWINGING CHOKE
40/10 amp
4/12 Henry
Stock #CK-1 \$4.00

866 TRANSFORMER
2.6 volt 10 AMP \$3.00

JOHN MESHNA, Jr.

Surplus Electronic Material

19 ALLERTON ST. LY 5-2275 LYNN, MASS.
Catalog #63 just off the press. 10c handling would be appreciated.
All material FOB Lynn, Mass. (this means you pay the postage)



Wm. Goldung:

Lord of the Thighs

Satire by Charles Deber

Special Literary Supplement

The boy with fair hair lowered himself down the last few feet of rock and began to pick his nose. Why not pick it?, he reasoned. There were no grownups around to tell him. . . .

Suddenly, sounds of rustling leaves and cracking branches came from off to the right. A large round pink figure wearing horn-rimmed spectacles emerged. "Hey," he called to the fair-haired one, "maybe ya got a Kleenex or a hankachiff or something? I gotta wipe my glasses."

"Use yer shirt, four-eyes" said the other.

"What's your name?" said the round pink boy.

"Ralph."

"Well, I don't care what you call me, as long as it isn't what they used to call me at school."

"What was that?" said Ralph, munching what must have been a mango, or perhaps a canteloupe that had died.

"Horny" said the round pink boy, motioning with his finger toward the rims of his glasses.

After 15 minutes of uncontrollable laughter, fair-haired Ralph motioned to Horny, "C'mon" and began trotting towards a nearby lagoon.

"Puff puff, pant pant," whined Horny, "my auntie told me not to run on account of my ass-mar."

"Asthma?"

"That's right. I had a bad fall on my backside last week, and I had to have stitches taken in it, and they might come out if I run."

Ralph wondered what stitches had to do with asthma, but his thought was interrupted by a strange object lying on the ground by the bank of the lagoon. It was red and black, sort of cylindrical, about six inches long; it had two holes in the top, it was kind of dented in, and the letters "CARLIN" and "ABEL BEE" were visible around the sides. "What's this?" asked Ralph inquisitively.

"Wizard!" shrieked Horny, "I seen six of those once before. My auntie used to grab 'em away from my uncle. I think she called it a 'canch'. If you blow into it, it makes a loud sound. . . ."

Ralph blew into it, and indeed, the canch made a

sound unlike anything he had ever heard before. To describe it was difficult, but perhaps it was something like a long, loud, shrill, "BURPPPPPPPP".

As the canch rang out, boys of all sizes and shapes began to appear from behind the nearby trees—BUURRRRRPPPPP—until about two dozen had gathered about Horny and Ralph. The latter boy gripped the canch tightly, and sensing that all eyes were on him, felt he had to speak. "Let me tell you why I called this meeting today" announced Ralph. "We gotta find out where we are, whether there are any grownups around, and we got to figure out what to do to get ourselves rescued assoon as. . . ."

"Oh, phooey" said a voice. It was a handsome, black-haired boy named Joke. His pants were tapered, and had no cuffs; his tie was pink, and he had two eyebrows, one above each eye. "Phooey," repeated Joke, "what we wanna do is hunt the pigs, and have a blast. Sucks to gettin' rescued. We can have a wizard time with all the pigs here."

"No, no, I--I got the canch," retorted Ralph, "that's it, the guy that's got the canch, got the floor, and only he can talk." Ralph paused for a long moment and fondled the lovely red and black object. "Now we gotta have one guy in charge of buildin' shelters. . . ."

"We don't needa build no more shelters. There's a large orange- and turquoise house with a pointy roof over down the other side of the island. . . It's sort of dilapidated; while I was exploring it, a large sign that said "28 Flavors" collapsed and almost hit me in the. . . ."

"Backside!" yelled the twins. They looked exactly alike. One was named Samneric, the other Ericnsam; often they were both called by one nickname, a shortened combination of their names: Samnericnericnsam.

"I'm glad that sign didn't fall on me," chimed in Horny. "My auntie told me to be careful of my ass-mar."

"Sucks to your asthma," grumbled Ralph; then he blew into the canch for attention—BBBBBUURRP.

"Now listen. Another thing we gotta do is keep a big fire goin' all the time, so passin' ships'll see us, and we'll be resc. . ."

"But how we gonna start the fire?" said Horny hesitantly. Just then, a glint of a sunbeam flashed off of Horny's glasses and right into Ralph's eye.

"I know!" exclaimed Ralph. "We'll use matches. Anybody got any?"

But nobody had none. Now the sun was coming in from over Horny's pink round shoulder, and a ray of sunlight passed through his strong glasses, and the patch of grass on the ground where the intense ray hit, burst into flame!

"I know!" exclaimed Ralph. "We'll rub two stones together."

But alas, nobody had two stones. Thus the boys could not conceive of a way to start a fire.

"NEVER MIND the fire," insisted Joke, loosening his tie. "Let's chase the pigs."

"Are you sure they're only pigs? I saw a big two-legged beastie," said Samnericnericsam, who always spoke together in the first person.

"One more thing," shouted Ralph above roars of "Yeah Pigs Pigs" and "Goodness Gracious Beasties!" "I want to appoint Sighman as official first-aid man, mender of ripped shirts, etc. Remember, guys, if the zipper on your trousers gets stuck, take it to Sighman. He's Lord of the flies." Many of the littluns were too young to appreciate the significance of Ralph's terrible pun.

"Well, now we gotta eat, so let's get the pigs," said Ralph, tossing the beautiful canch away, sadly, because nobody was paying one bit of attention to it. How unesthetic they are, thought Ralph; their failure to respect the canch, and to see beauty in it, shocked the fair-haired lad. Greatly.

Silvery fish flicked this way and that in the hairy lagoon. Bushy trees and grungy bushes rocked and rustled in the mushy breeze. Frogs hopped from lillypad to lillypad, their little round black eyes popping out of their heads. All in all, it was a nauseating sight.

"Here are fresh pig tracks," said Joke.

"But there are only two of them. And those aren't pig hoofs. They're bigger—and there are five toes. In fact those are human. . . ." Horny was interrupted by some strange, high-pitched giggling. The hunters whirled in unison and saw. . . . a group of young, barefoot teenage girls staring, giggling at them.

"There they are," yelled Joke, "the pigs! Let's get 'em!"

Suddenly it was all clear to Ralph. Pigs, indeed. All Joke wanted to do was spend his time flirting with the girls. The fool! Didn't he realize that the boys needed meat. . . .not girls? Boys can't eat girls. Surely Joke realized that.

Here was the turning point. The boys split into two factions. Ralph, Horny, Sighman, and Samnericnericsam in one faction; Joke and the rest of the boys in the other. Ralph and his crew of four built shelters, tried to think of a way to build a fire, and hunted young elephants and whatever other small game they could find on the island. On the other side of the island, Joke and his boys danced with the girls—even though most of them were pigs—all day, and played other games with the girls at night. It even turned out that the two-legged huge Beastie which the twins had seen, was the mutilated body of the girls' chaperone.

Savages, thought Ralph, that's all they are. Letting everything else go, allowing themselves to deteriorate, to become lewd and lascivious all because of. . . . a bunch of pigs. Who could have imagined it would come to this?

Suddenly, Joke was standing before Ralph, holding a spear which had been sharpened at both ends. "The others have deserted you. This is your last chance, Ralph. Either you join our orgies, or I shall have to use this spear on you. Which shall it be?"

"Never!" cried Ralph, indignantly. "Never shall I allow you to use that spear on me. Take me to those pigs. . . ."

Evil is inherent in the human mind itself, whatever innocence may cloak it. In other words, boys, girls, and pigs all have flies.

1870

1963

JAMES F. BRINE, INC.

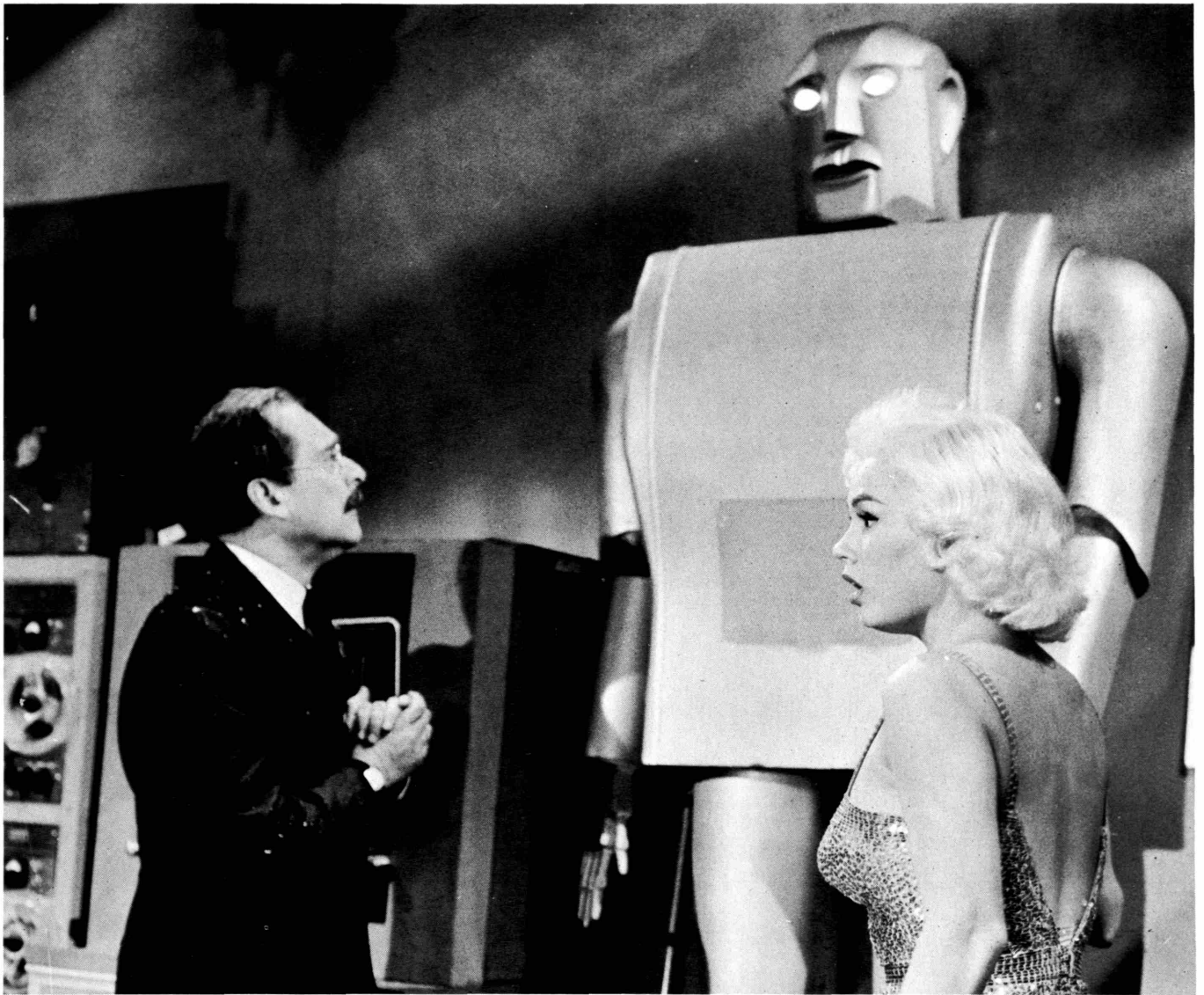
1350 and 1360 MASS. AVE.
HARVARD SQUARE

Complete Sporting Goods for Men and Women

Skis - Skiwear - Skates - Bowling
Hockey - Teams Outfitted -
Ladies' Sports & Casual Wear
Tennis, Squash, Golf

Restringing in Our Own Shop

Do You Enjoy Making Things in Your Room.....



Nine out of ten nuclear physicists agree that Audio Lab is the best place to buy stereo component kits. At Audio Lab all necessary tools are loaned free for one week with every kit purchase, and a complete selection of used components is available for men who don't have the time to put together a hi-fi system themselves. For information on how to find Audio Lab, and the name of the girl in this ad, CALL 49-0930.

Hi-Fi system themselves. For information on how to find Audio Lab, and the name of the girl in this ad, CALL 491-0930.

AUDIO LAB Inc.

16 Eliot Street

Cambridge, Mass.

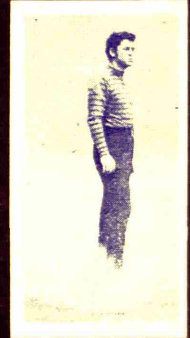
LECTURE SERIES COMMITTEE CALENDAR

FRIDAY EVENING
OCTOBER 25
6:30 & 9:00 P.M.
ROOM 10-250
60c



SATURDAY EVENING
OCTOBER 26
5:15, 7:30, 9:45 P.M.
(SERIAL AT 5:00)
ROOM 10-250
35c

RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN'S
CAROUSEL



SUNDAY, OCT. 27
6:30 & 9:00 P.M.
ROOM 10-250

FRAGMENT OF AN EMPIRE
Also *Land without Bread*

MONDAY EVENING
OCTOBER 28
8:00 P.M.
KRESGE
FREE



A LECTURE

C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON

RAFFLES PROFESSOR OF HISTORY
UNIVERSITY OF MALAYA
AUTHOR OF *PARKINSON'S LAW*

"IN-LAWS AND OUT-LAWS"

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 30
7:00 P.M.
ROOM 10-250 FREE

FESTIVAL OF THE PERFORMING ARTS FILM SERIES

GEORGE LONDON

WITH THE FESTIVAL CONCERT ORCHESTRA

THURSDAY EVENING
NOVEMBER 7
8:00 P.M.
KRESGE
FREE



A LECTURE

LOWELL THOMAS, JR.

"ALASKA AND THE
FAR NORTH"

ILLUSTRATED WITH A FILM