

The Bulletin Board

Brookhaven Employees' Recreation Association, Upton, N. Y.

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HAPPY LAZE! by The Editor

(As a member of the, ahem!, local press, we were invited to attend most of the Christmas parties held at the Laboratory, so here is a reporter's report to his readers.)

Starting out on our wandering, we attended the Info. and Publication party Tuesday evening, at 10 Upton Road. So that we would not be challenged at the door, we placed an old Press card in our hat band and upon entering, were immediately greeted by a nifty dreamed up by Willie (accordion) Higinbotham and Phil (guitar) Bennett, who both exclaimed, "We will press it for you!" The following report has been submitted, but Lloyd asked us not to mention his name, so we can't tell you who wrote it:

" 'Twas four nights before Christmas when the Information and Publications Division tossed their party. A few hours later, the party tossed the Division members. After a brief interruption, caused by a policeman guiding people out to remove their cars from illegal parking places (e.g., the roof of the Men's Dorm, and the top of the Meteorology Tower) the shindig really started to move. Willy and Phil (you don't need their last names; besides, they

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BNL BAND PRESENTS PLEASING PROGRAM

The concerts presented by the BNL Band in the Gymnasium at the noon hour, December 21 and 22, drew a large number of staff members and all of them were pleasantly surprised by the professional manner in which various musical numbers were rendered. Christmas carols, marches and other compositions were included in the two-day program and the applause after each number attested to the appreciation of the audience. Abe Edelman, director, is to be complimented for welding the various instrument players into an harmonious whole, and each individual player is due his or her share of the credit for a pleasing performance.

The writer is not an expert on musical matters but he knows what he likes and the concerts were enjoyable.

It is hoped that Abe and his "gang" will arrange to present a full evening's concert soon.

Letters to the editor will be printed if they are in good taste and signed by the writer.

Anonymous letters receive no attention or consideration.

A DEARTH OF NEWS EXISTS

In a weak moment we wrote an article for the December 27th edition headed, "There Ain't No News!", thereby, probably, offending the sensibilities of our local intelligentsia.

The same situation exists this week. Staff members imbued with the holiday spirit, have celebrated fully and joyously, taking part in extra-territorial activities, which do not make interesting items for the major portion of our Laboratory readers.

So we hasten to use this vehicle, of information disseminating character, to inform all and several that we extend to them all best wishes for happiness and success in 1950.

CHESS CLUB TO BE FORMED

In response to numerous requests from staff members, a Chess Club will be formed soon. In order that the first meeting may have all interested players present, staff members who would like to join the club are requested to phone the Recreation Office, Ext. 391, at the earliest possible date.

HAPPY DAZE!

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aren't officially in the I. and F. Division) beat out a few Christmas carols and other songs. You know the ones we mean. There was food, too. When asked today (Dec. 27) what food we had, no one was able to remember. But it was good. Lloyd joined the other musicians. It was soon discovered, however, that all the hot licks were due to a bottle of Scotch hidden inside his sax. A wonderful time was had by all--we think."

Our next party was our own gang, Administration, who held forth Wednesday night (and Thursday morning) at the Kuper's house in Bayport. It was a real party in every sense of the word and the refreshments, prepared by the host and hostess, were tops. Christmas carols, and many harmonious tunes were sung. Santa Claus (Al Finn) played his part, with slight additions to his almost "in character" figure, and the early hours found us wending our way home, sometimes on the right side of the road, determined that a bass singer should sing bass and not try to double as a tenor.

Thursday was a foggy day, or at least it seemed so, and that evening we first attended the Nuclear Reactor party. We asked the smiling bartender (One Scully) for plain ginger ale, but he didn't believe us so shortly we found ourselves a part of a group rendering (sic) the Whiffenpoof Song and then another group, caroling. Staff members were dancing, singing, drinking and having a glorious time.

From there we pro-

ceeded to the Electronics and Health Physics' party in the Recreation Hall, Apartment Area, where we were regaled with punch, turkey and all the fixings, and punch.

Finally we entered 10 Upton Road, the Chemistry party, and mindful of the nifty perpetrated at our expense by Higinbotham and Bennett, we still wore the Press card, but we had added another card which said, "and dry cleaning". 10 Upton Road was full of balloons, knee high, shoulder high, head high and ceiling high, by virtue of some fancy business by the chemists. The party was already a success when we arrived--everyone in good spirits, enjoying the food served by staff members under the supervision of "Andy" (Henri) Anderson. We had a few drinks and finally a cup of coffee. Here a word of caution: Never accept coffee from a chemist. The cup we drank made us slightly inebriated. About this party, Aksel Bothner-By said:

"The Chemistry Christmas party was a gala evening of Santa Claus, liquor, eats, liquor, sweet and sour notes, more liquor, and all the trimmings. Drinks were also served--a brew concocted by none other than "Dead-Eye" Dick Dodson, himself, tasting like manna and mild as a steam hammer.

"After a tasty snack had put everyone in the mood, Santa Jake Bigeleisen Claus put in his appearance with presents for some of the younger contingent (Andy, what a big boy you've become!) and such a convincing portrayal that several of the department members were seen to look dub-

iously at their Martinis. However, their dismay was slight compared to that of the one young absentee from the children's movies which followed, when Jake reappeared unmasked and with a long black cigar (why Santa!).

"With all those good phonograph records there just had to be some dancing, and Charleston demonstrations aplenty. Sporadic carol singing burst out, helped (?) out in spots by the Chemistry Quartet, and Jake again, this time with Adeste Fideles in Latin. Singing really got underway when guest artist Willy Higinbotham dropped in with his squeeze-box and gave a concert of chamber music. Joe Silverman gave a hilarious interpretation of "I'm Going to Hang My Hat on a Tree That Grows in Brooklyn", and the harmony got closer and closer. Finally, when it got too close for comfort, Willy suggested a square dance, and with the more durable guests swinging their partners and do-si-doing, the evening drew to a successful close."

As far as this reporter could determine, all staff members enjoyed their Christmas parties to the nth degree.

(Note: There are rumors that the Medical Department, under the direction of some relation of Columbus, had an exciting party, but we were not invited. Through the underground, we learned that the members put on their own floor show, the highlight being a dance called "Anesthesia", performed by nurses Monica Flynn, Josephine O'Connell and Rosemary McKeever, with the aid of veils or something.)

BOOKS ON BERA RENTAL LIBRARY SHELVES

"THE CURTAIN NEVER FALLS", by Joey Adams--

If this reviewer was easily discouraged, this review never would have been written. After several pages I had about decided that the book was merely trash, not worth the time spent. But still I persisted and was surprised to find that buried, not too deeply in the mangled language was an interesting story.

Jackie Mason was the son of second-rate vaudeville performers and while he inherited his love for the footlights, he became a first-class rat through his efforts. From the day he made his first solo appearance in a three-a-day until he became the top radio screen and stage comedian, Jackie spent all his time promoting Jackie, at the expense of his business partners, his fellow players and even his wife. Even at his wedding, when leaving the church, he walked on the wrong side of his bride because her veil, blowing in the wind on the other side, would have hidden his face from his "public".

Without morals, with unsurpassed ego, Jackie strutted through life, on the stage, on Broadway and in the Army, from which he received a medical discharge after a psychopath had examined him.

Jackie is a man you will enjoy hating, and for an entertaining evening of light reading, read about his stage life and his love life. In the end you probably will feel sorry for him.

SCHOOL BUS STOPS!

Laboratory Police Chief Fred. L. Crozier has read the articles we have printed about school buses and has furnished information that answers the question raised.

The N.Y. State law, according to Chief Crozier, provides that vehicles travelling in either direction shall stop when a school bus stops to load or unload. No individual has authority to amend this law and drivers who proceed on the bus driver's signal are doing so on their responsibility, and are completely responsible for any accident that may occur.

STOP! The few minutes you lose may save a life!

A WORD OF APPRECIATION

This should go under the heading of "Credit Where Credit is Due".

Saul J. Harris is a versatile young man and is doing a great deal to help along employee recreation activities. He directed and played in the last Dramatic Club presentation, he draws cartoons for The Bulletin Board and when the Band presented its concerts recently, who should pop up behind the tuba but Saul. The second day he had a solo part which he played in a professional manner. As they say in the night clubs, "Let's give the little guy a hand."

Incidentally, when the physicists finally find the ultimate particle within the particle, it will probably be Saul Harris.

FACT 'N FISSION

August Francois (Type-writer Repair) furnished this one:

A guy who goes for the cup that cheers somewhat too much was finally cornered by his wife in a bar where he was dreamily contemplating a slug of rye. Being in a genial mood, he offered her a sip, but when she took it she gagged and spluttered, finally coming out with: "How can you ever drink that horrible stuff?"

"See?" said the husband, "and all the while you thought I was having a good time!"

According to the Smithtown Messenger, untold wealth is that part of your earnings that does not show up in your income tax return.

We still like the reply that the husband gave his wife who asked what to do if the car brakes didn't work. "Hit something cheap," he said.

From the Patchogue Advance:

Answer to lipstick problem: Squeeze fresh lemon juice on the stain, let stand, then wash.

Oh yeah? Where can you get a lemon on the way home from an office party?

When the editor heard that his wife was to receive Chanel No. 5 for Christmas he thought that she was getting part of the Panama Canal.

PEACE ON EARTH!

Hail! 1950! Sing its priase, Peace Brother! What is
finer.
Peace has come to all the earth. (Except of course, in
China.)
Praise the Lord! All men are free. Such joy will
overwhelm.
Men are free! Huzzah! Huzzah! (Except in Russia's
realm.)
Come! Carol loud! Salute the year. No man shall
hungry be.
(Except in all the Baltic states, in India, Italy.)
Hail! 1950! Happy year! Men need not fear the
Axis.
Peace is come! Enjoy our fruits! (Just 2 bucks, after
taxes.)
Oh, happy year! All men shall sing. No further need
to worry,
(Except in Bulgaria, Indo-China, Korea, Yugoslavia,
Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Japan, and---, and---)
Aw, the hell with it!

--Barry T. Mines

The hillbilly had been married 30 years when he asked the judge for a divorce.

"How come you want a divorce after such a long time?" the judge asked.

"Wal", said the hillbilly, "I never really loved my wife and I just found out that my father-in-law never did have a license to carry a gun."

Add shaggy dog stories:
The patron entered the saloon every day with a banana behind one ear. The bartender, eaten up with curiosity, asked no questions until finally the patron turned up one day with a carrot behind his ear. This was too much, so the bartender said, "Look, bud! Why the carrot behind the ear?"

"Oh", said the patron, "I couldn't get a banana today."

CLASSIFIEDHouse for Sale

Located on Indian Path in Old Field South - Asking Price: \$17,000.

House is of Cape Cod type and has 7 rooms, 3 bedrooms and 2 baths. First floor: Large living room with fireplace, study, pine-panelled front hall and stairwell, dining room, modern kitchen, 1 small bedroom and bath - Second floor: 2 good-sized bedrooms and bath - There is a 3/4 basement with oil-hot water heating system - 1-car garage, attached - House is fully insulated and has just been repainted white - Garage doors, storm sash, screens and flagstone terrace are all new - 3/4 acre of land on a quiet corner, beautifully landscaped with mountain laurel, etc.

For further information call Dr. William Hale, Ext. 402 or the Housing Office, Ext. 2218.

ONCE UPON A TIME

There was a man who lived by the side of the road and he sold hot dogs.

He had trouble with his eyes so he read no newspapers. He was hard of hearing so he had no radio. But he sold hot dogs.

He put signs up on the highway telling how good they were. He stood at the side of the road and cried, "Buy a hot dog, mister." And people bought.

He increased his meat and bun orders. He bought a bigger stove, to take care of his trade. He finally got his son home from college to help him. But then something happened.

His son said, "Father, haven't you been listening to the radio? Haven't you been reading the newspapers? There's a big depression on. The European situation is terrible. The domestic situation is worse. Everything is going to pot."

Whereupon the father thought, "Well, my son's been to college, he reads the newspaper and he listens to the radio, and he ought to know."

So--the father cut down his meat bill and bun orders, took down his advertising signs, and no longer bothered to stand out on the highway to sell his hot dogs. And his hot dog sales fell almost overnight.

"You're right, son," the father said to the boy. "We certainly are in the middle of a great depression."

--Author Unknown

Middle-age is the time a man stops wondering how to dodge life's temptations and starts wondering if he's missing any.