The Minuteman Teller is coming—to Cambridge

Our new Minuteman Teller, installed in the bank's exterior wall on the corner of Mass. Ave. and Temple St. in Central Square, will be on duty December 10, fully armed to handle your banking transactions—deposits, withdrawals, transfers and account inquiries—any time, day or night, 24 hours a day.

Sign up for your Minuteman Teller card now through December 22nd and receive a ticket to our special prize drawing. Prizes in the drawing are a Schwinn 18-speed bike and a Panasonic portable radio/TV. Call New Accounts or stop by either bank office and apply today.

Cambridge Savings Bank
689 Mass. Ave., Central Square Cambridge 02139—(617) 661-4900
1751 Mass. Ave., Lexington Center Lexington 02173—(617) 861-6650

More non-review

(Continued from page 5) afterwards, however, and a day of travail follows, broken by a listen to a radio interview with the day's ISO soloist, Murray Perahia; an invocation for my review, I thought, greedily copying down his words. In keen anticipation, and by then truly in need of a dose of Mozart, set off, come evening, for Symphony Hall. Am trying to read, and without our in authority. The concert began, with the last few arrivals filtering through the noise of a small monochrome TV. Musicians arrive, people enter and exit — all is busy. A sinister-looking man with a large face and a large trench coat in his back pocket pays about, Mr. Templets. At three minutes to eight a car revs to a halt and Seiji Ozawa is precipitated in. Try our luck at the Box Office again; no luck. The Box Office has not seen Mr. Templets, but he had evidently found someone who might be able to help, but tells us that the only member of the management present was in the audience. By now loudspeakers were announcing the imminent start of the concert. Return to front-of-house, and watch the last few arrivals filter in. In vain to locate someone in authority. The concert began, and without our fix of Mozart, we left.

"Do you want to look at the Barker Library once more?" I asked Peter as we walked down the corridor of MIT again; he didn't think so. Having survived the cacophony of the Dance Marathon which had to be traversed, arrived at the Chapel where the second half of the Early Music Society's Fall concert had begun. At last, peace. In the marvellous acoustics of the Chapel, the harmonies of one of MIT's most talented musical groups mixing its heavenly polyphony was sheer bliss. The discipline and co-ordination of this group is truly remarkable. The bright, fresh tones took us back to the Renaissance and relaxed the weary inner-man. Peter observed on the "soul-soothing" quality of the ensemble afterwards. "Exactly," I replied, "Let's find a pizza."

And so over to the grim pizza server in Walker. A sign reads, predictably, "Sorry, no pizza." Peter orders a cheeseburger. They appear to operate a production line method in that outlet which ensures that, even in the absence of other customers, one waits at least 15 minutes. The "chef" fiddles about with some lettuce. I remark that he was probably picking his nose only two minutes previously. Peter had been thinking exactly the same thing. "It's just a small monocyte," he replies, "We're British." "Yes," I agree, "We are." We know the rules of cricket. We are not bad losers...

Jonathan Richmond

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