

Who is your best friend? Well, right now I don't have a best friend because lately everyone has really ticked me off. And I'm not so quick to list someone as a best friend when for all I know that person has not named me as *his* best friend. Not that I'm petty.

What college did you apply to but not attend? Well, that would be all the colleges that rejected me, so let's see: Syracuse, Northwestern, Boston University, Brown... This is embarrassing. I'd rather be overdrawn.

Hey, why don't they just ask me my mother's maiden name? That used to be the standard question. And most hackers wouldn't know my mother's maiden name.

After 60 years, my mother doesn't even remember it.

A POEM

MARTIN GARDNER
Norman, Oklahoma

This is an excerpt from Gardner's 1969 book *Never Make Fun Of A Turtle, My Son* (Simon and Schuster, illustrated by John Alcorn).

Cry-baby

A cry-baby whimpers wherever she goes.
She cries if a pussycat steps on her toes,
Or a ladybug lights on the end of her nose.
Boohoo! Boohoo! Boohoo!

A cry-baby weeps if she can't have her way.
She screams and she yells for the rest of the day.
She'd much rather whine than dine or play.
Boohoo! Boohoo! Boohoo!

A cry-baby sobs if her mother says "No —
You cannot stay up for a late TV show.
It's past nine o'clock — to bed you must go."
Boohoo! Boohoo! Boohoo!

The least little thing makes a cry-baby bawl,
Like bumping her knee on a chair in the hall.
Indeed, she will wail over nothing at all.
Boohoo! Boohoo! Boohoo!