Coeds (Continued from page 1)

and at a later date, toward the M.I.T. Flying Club Incidentally, Pat's au-

customers came from the town of Clongher in Ireland. Saint Patrick was this
town's first Bishop. Aviva, on the other hand, plans to major in chem-

istry and hopes to do graduate work. The library, journalism, music, or a

men, and all the other things that make Boston an interesting college
town.

All the sixteen coeds eat their meals at the Wombat's Dorm. On those cold
winter mornings when most Tuchemen would just roll out of their beds and hop

on a school bus to classes, these girls have to walk across the Harvard Bridge before they

make their morning classes. That means getting up around 7:30 a.m. It

is very reasonable to understand why our coeds are so anxious to see a large

dominance of their own in the M.I.T. campus that will have accommodations for
to all the women students.

After Hours (Continued from page 2)

at the Students Union of the M.I.T. It is a large, handsomely

furnished room of about 800 square feet. Its walls are si-
ded with rich green velvet and its floor covered with red

velvet. The windows are large and span the entire width of

the room. The ceiling is high and the room is well lighted

by a row of skylights. In the center of the room is a large

grand piano which is used for concerts and recitals. The

room is also equipped with a bar and a soda fountain. It

is a popular meeting place for students and veterans.

The lounge is a favorite spot for social gatherings and

entertainment.

The Lounger (Continued from page 2)

what they were thinking of their amulet and perform some strange

movements with it, and simultaneously murmur what seemed to be prayers

made up of numbers. At least the in-


tensity with which they were uttered

seemed to indicate that the mum-

blings were insane. Probably the

native god who caused the magic gate

to open.

Our guide now took us past an an-

cient ruin which was being at the very

moment pulled apart by natives, appar-

ently foreign to M.I.T. "This," he

announced to us, "was once Build-

ing 22." We noticed several natives

gazing sentimentally at the ruins.

Upon inquiring, we discovered that

this building had at one time been

used by M.I.T. for its secret police,

secretary, and spies. The spies who daily gathered around the

machine had been sacked, and the spies

had wandered off to other places.

We were told that there were

feuds among various tribes of Tuch-

men, so we asked our guide about this.

He confirmed the fact, and told us that the
two tribes were called "Freshmen" and "Sophomores." Kidnapping, mur-

dering, and pillaging took place con-

stantly, and since government prop-

erty was often destroyed in the pro-

cess, both governments had attempted
to end "the feud, but in vain. It cul-

minated in a ceremonial occasion

known as Flail Day, celebrated by the "Riots of the Gove Fight." It

was said that fewer than half the par-

ticipants in this rite emerged alive, and

all of them without exception, emerged naked. Our guide explained
to us that he is a member of the

Sophomore tribe, the older, wiser, and

more experienced of the two. The

Sophomore tribe, the older, wiser, and

more experienced of the two. The

flail was composed mostly of new immigrants, but they learned

their way around the place fairly

quickly.

Just at this moment, our guide

observed a large group of natives ap-

proaching us. "Look! Two Sophomores!" and our

guide quickly turned his back to

our group. One of the group cried,

"Getting Gertrude's Garter!" This

play is a revival of an old bedroom farce which in its day was quite shocking. It

does not attract the public as it is acted

with very little dressing. Staged in the

Old Theatre, the naive show is playing to capacity houses at the Majestic.