They came out of the depths and the dark corners, backs bent with their rolled past. They trudged through the sweaty passages, with ball-bearing steel, balls of laughter and ease. And finally they reached the Bilzer Home laudromat.

Morton threw open the door, and gasped at the second exposure confronting him. Meadowbrook was the more steady of the two. He calmly removed his shirt and socks and entered. Not to be outdone, Morton followed. "Uh-huh," said Meadowbrook. "Yes, just as I had expected." "What?"

"You know," continued Meadowbrook, "it was bound to happen this way."

"Lance, Lance, what is it?" stammered the lost Morton. "Washing machines all taken, poohdor."

"The use of a..."

"Don't tease, Morton," Meadowbrook said. He gave the door a silent shove, and it closed. Delfty, Meadowbrook unloaded the machine. It stopped washing. He reached for the back of the appliance and began to pull clothes out. Each bundle he mohollisically tossed onto the floor in the corner, where they drank deep the filthy water. Finshed, Meadowbrook did likewise with the second washer, and then inserted his and Morton's clothes and started them washing. He shut off the lights and they waited.

Suddenly, the happy sound of chromic voices drifted to their ears. "Unh," said Morton, staring at the once-perfectly clean plush." It's all over," said Meadowbrook, "no machine's going to keep us from this place..."

They ligi cigarettes and sat in silence, meditating to the harmonious hum of the washing machines. Morton produced copies of 1, the Jarry and the two caught up on their humanistic assignment.

About an hour passed, and their clothes were nearly dry. A knock at the door... "Georgie, Georgie?" - it opened, and for an instant the speaker's eyes boggled to gigantic proportions. "My roommate?" he gasped, staring at the two unconscious unfortunate. Reaching into his pocket, he withdrew a small knife, simultaneously heading towards Morton. Instantly Meadowbrook flashed his switchblade and brandished it menacingly at the newcomer, who dropped his feeble tool and dashed out of the room. Meadowbrook closed his weapon and signalled to Morton to get their clothes, now dry. Quickly they stuffed their laundry in bags. Then, with occasional help from his friend, Meadowbrook moved the two unconscious fellows to the machines and stuffed them in. He threw a handful of soap after them and started the washers.

As Meadowbrook and Morton quickly out of the rear exit, they heard the sounds of a mob back by the laundromat. Lance smiled and said, "You know, Morton, if those dopes had taken a minute longer, we might have had a fight on our hands tonight!"

-Sidney Magee, Jr. '61

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**The Tech**

**November 29, 1957**

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