**stereotype**

The age of chivalry is gone and that of the calculator has succeeded. But however that may be, the season of the acquiring and the season of giving is here, and the song is to try their luck. An opportunity to love and leave is the Fall Miter sponsored by the student names of the Children's Hospital. Hudson House, 283 Longwood Avenue, Bos- ton. The price is fifty cents and the date Friday, October 10. (But keep in mind that nurses always get their man.)

Other Friday evening events are Dramatization, and the MIT Grad House Acquaintance Dance. For future listening pleasure, tickets for seven open rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra directed by the direction of the Tech are on sale at $6.00. The first rehearsal is scheduled for October 10.

The Outing Club is running a trip to Concord this weekend. Don't forget the hat, it is a strange device "Excelsior" — Climb a mountain! — Jon Wigram

**The Methdological Man**

The barren report of a study on the last has been due to the mass of information about the MT student body. The following is the first of a series of profiles of "typical" members of the student body. It is the sketch to follow is based on a study upon a small scale, but upon the combined experience of our staff. The characters depicted, the names and ages to 80 are fictitious. They will embody characteristics of many people; but then, they are intended not to be a complete list. It is no list, but if there are, here are some characteristics, perhaps cruel and irreverent, perhaps false and distorted, perhaps representativeness and genuine.

John Robert Collins, a four year student from Three Rivers, is the ninth of the top of the class. With a single exception, his marks have been all A's. His grades in how to be a distinguished and methodical regime, citing this anecdote as an example: one Saturday last night, they were having a party. From the floor and from among their friends, they had rounded up a piano, saxophone, clarinet, trumpet and guitar. Somewhat ragged and generally unmelodic, it was a song going on somewhere in the bowels of this college world that night. The party went on, the music continued, and there was much hubbub, and general panic, since it was agreed, and accordingly placed the things in a refrigerator under the table. I was horrified, but this only one out is that carpenter, who has not thought of disposing of his radioactive load. Not only mushrooms were being studied. Now it is due.

**college world**

Well fed, let me tell you that there are a lot of weird things going on around this Institute. Not necessarily in the student body, on the other hand. A rather large scholar, he has been very busy with the problem of disposing of his radioactive load. Not only mushrooms were being studied. Now it is due.

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I threw my hat on the office bed. My mouth felt like it was full of sand. It was. I had just come from a beach rumble. I bussed my secretary, Désirée. She squirmed in, wriggling her tirange fingers. I had yet to drink. "C'mon," I said, "we're going to Louise's Club to drink beer." The waiter spelled my beer when he poured it. I got him with a rabbit punch, while he was still bending over. Nobody spills my Schaefeer. It's my kind of beer. Real beer.

"You shouldn't have done that," Désirée said. I stared at her. "Your shoelace is untied," I said. She looked down and I caught her shoe. "You shouldn't have done that," Désirée said. I buzzed my secretary, Désirée. She slid un-der the table. I drank my beer. She looked up with electrical engineering periodicals. She generally spends more time reading Chemical Reviews, and since then has had little regret about his decision. He had not then thought of attending graduate school, but now intends to, and although the family income is modest, is now confident he can get a fellowship or assist-