OLD GRADS NEVER DIE

In just a matter of weeks many of you will be graduating—especially seniors. You are of course eager to go out in the great world where opportunities are limitless and dreams non-existent. At the same time you may be heavy at the thought of losing touch with so many classmates you have come to know and love.

It is a pleasant task today to assure you that graduation need not mean losing touch with classmates all you have to do is join the Alumni Association and every year you will receive a bright, newsy, chatty bulletin, chock full of information about all your old buddies.

It was her second in four months....

Oh, what a red-letter day it is at my house, the day the Alumni Bulletin arrives! I cancel all my engagements, take the afghan or reading Mad and settle down for an evening of pure pleasure with the Bulletin and (need I add?) a good supply of Marlboro Cigarettes.

But I digress. Let us return to my Alumni Bulletin and let me quote for you the interesting tidings about all my old friends and classmates:

Well, fellow alums, it certainly has been a wing-dinger of a year for all us old grads! Remember Mildred Cheddar and Harry Camerwell, those crazy kids who always held hands in Eoon III? Well, they’re married now and living in Clovis, New Mexico, where Harry tends spearing equipment and Mildred has just given birth to a lovely 22-pound daughter, her second in four months. Nice going, Mildred and Harry!

Remember Jethro Brie, the man we vowed most likely to succeed? Well, old Jethro is still gathering hurls! Last week he was voted “Motorman of the Year” by his fellow workers in the Duluth streetcar system. “I owe it all to my brakeman,” said Jethro in a characteristically modest acceptance speech.

Same old Jethro!

Probably the most glamorous time of all was Alumna’s last fall. He went on a big game hunting safari all the way to Africa! We received many interesting post cards from Francis until he was, alas, accidently shot and killed by his wife and white hunter. Tough luck, Wilma!

Wilma “Deslotes” Maconmer, widow of the late beloved Francis Maconmer, was married yesterday to Fred “Sureshot” Quinby, white hunter, in a simple double-ring ceremony in Nairobi. Good luck, Wilma and Fred!

Well, alums, that just about wraps it up for this year. Keep ’em flying!

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Staff, Students Play Rough, Tumble Game

By Gordon Oakes

For more than a decade now, at MIT upwards of fifteen men have been spending a couple of hours during the week, and another hour and twenty minutes on Saturday knocking flat anyone they could reach who was: (1) Holding a soccer ball, football, (2) Wearing a different colored shirt. Such anti-social behavior could hardly be allowed in an institution of higher learning such as MIT, so to provide an excuse for the release of such tensions, the group has agreed to call themselves the Rugby Football Popular at Tech.

This turned out to be a rather fortuitous choice because it happened that quite a few other maladjusted groups of men had agreed to call themselves by the same name, so “games” (a delightful euphemism) and have been arranged for both fall and spring seasons.

The number of available opponents has soared in the past few years, so that now the MIT (Eastern Rugby Union) has three divisions of six teams each. In addition to their own teams, Tech also plays an occasional game with a team from Montreal or Toronto.

Rugby Tech Report 1:1:1

Scoring is about the way it has been for some time, the MIT team has an exactly fifty-fifty record, at a ving more than the Yale weak Wes- leyan squad 31-3, lost to an ex- cellent Brown University team 6-0, and tied Yale last year 3-3.

The Yale game was an exciting one indeed, as the very strong Ruppers (from Brown) handled a not so big Brown squad. The story in the back- field was quite different however, as the hard running Brown backs outstripped an MIT “blooze” that has yet to know itself because of both injuries and the difficulty in getting lining straightened out in the short practices twice a week.

As it happened, the alert Brown team capitalized on two MIT errors to score their two tries, the last coming minutes before the final whistle.

The Yale game happens to be fine fashion, though the play was quite rough on both sides.

(To be continued from page 12)

On Campus with Mr. Shuman

(Author of “I Was a Teen-age Dwarf.” “The Many Lives of Dicky Durst.”)

Previously Extracted Text:

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