Whitewater Club seeking members; Planning meeting tomorrow night

At Co-hostel, Massachusetts, Sept. 25 and 26, and at Dartmouth College last weekend, several members of Whitewater Club participated in whitewater slaloms. A whitewater slalom is similar to a slalom, except that the poles or gates are hung above river rapids with the paddler navigating those gates while maneuvering through foam and turbulent water. This exciting sport, requiring precision and, hence, more brains than brawn, has been known in Europe since World War II, but it has been only in the last five years that Americans have shown an interest and corresponding ability in slalom and down-river racing.

No experience necessary

The Whitewater Club was formed to promote this sport with the MIT Community, and to offer, if the weather allows, as much paddling as possible for the experienced and as much paddling as experience and ability will permit for the beginner. Although nobody in the group has paddled more than a year and a half, three qualified for the National Canoe and Kayak Championships last Spring.

Meeting at 7:00

Members of the MIT Community who can paddle (the whitewater experience necessary) and who are interested should attend the meeting on Thursday at 7:00 pm in room 2-242.

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Leave Chicago 6:35 P.M., Sunday, Nov. 28
Arrive Boston 9:29 P.M.

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Leave Kresge Auditorium 4:15 P.M., Wednesday, Nov. 24
Arrive Port Authority 5:30 P.M.

Leave Kresge Auditorium 8:00 P.M., Sunday, Nov. 28
Arrive Kresge Auditorium 10:00 P.M.

Tickets available Oct. 13 in 8th or 10th Office, in the front of the Armory—$21.21, $23.24 or $27.20.

The Bulletin Board

The TECH WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1965

In a land thru which you can scarcely see, the purest whiteness reigns. It's snow and night, as the cold sun sets into its kingdom, and the moon, a heretic, travels in its tracks. Yet on the horizon, the silhouette of a mountain looms, casting its shadow on the snow. A solitary tree stands, its branches reaching out like arms of protection. In this desolate land, two strangers meet, their gazes locked in an unspoken language. One of them speaks, breaking the silence with his words:

"You are alone in this world, aren't you?"

The other responds, his voice blending with the howling wind:

"Yes, I am alone. But I have a mission..."

As they walk on, their feet crunching under the soft, powdery snow, the moonlight casts eerie shadows upon their faces. Their steps echo in the silence, each step a testament to their solitude. The landscape is vast and desolate, yet there is a beauty to it, a tranquility that defies description. As they reach the base of the mountain, the stranger turns to face his companion:

"We must stop here. We have arrived at our destination."

The other nods, his mind alight with purpose. Together, they ascend the mountain, each step a step closer to achieving their goal. The journey is long and arduous, but they are determined to see it through. For in this land of snow and night, there is a promise of hope, a hope that can only be realized through sacrifice. And so they press on, their hearts beating as one, their souls united in the quest for knowledge. For they know that this is not just a journey of physical endurance, but a journey of the heart, a journey of the soul. And as they reach the summit, their spirits are lifted, their minds filled with wonder. For in this land of snow and night, there is a magic that can only be experienced through the eyes of the heart.