A Christmas Dream
(Continued from page 4)

Building 7 rotated, overlooking the well-groomed, intent, beamed figures scurrying in all directions on the floor of the lobby below.

"Do you remember, Lawrence? There you are," Vannevar remarked, pointing down to a young, clean-shaven Tech man. "You were only twenty then, an ambitious, determined young man striving hard to succeeed as an engineer."

"Yes, I recall," Cabot sighed. "Those were fine years at the Institute. Tauson was hot a student at that time, you know."

"That's enough," interrupted Vannevar. "My time has passed. I shall return you to your bedchamber now."

Cabot found himself back at home, trembling slightly from his journey. "Just a nightmare, I imagine," he said, shutting his eyes once more.

The clock struck three. "Coban, Coban," another voice called. "What is this?" Coban cried out.

"I am Jerry, the Spirit of MIT Present. Let us see what your future may be like today."

Cabot discovered himself floating above a multi-colored, oddly-shaped ironwork next to the familiar rusty-walled walls of his former existence.

"Look carefully, Coban, at this determining factor of technology," Paul told him. "We have practical reached the point where we can no longer raise tuition. We are even forced to save setup metal to lay our hands on."

"Surely the Great Court has been dismissed by such methods," Caban protested. "Yes, Coban, only there it is worse," Jerry explained.

"Can it really have come to this?" Caban murmured.

"My Paul tells me we have almost reached the point where we can no longer raise tuition. We are even forced to save scrap metal to pay off our debts, just as the Allies did when you were a student."

"Oh, no!" Caban screamed, breaking down in sobs. Wordlessly, the Spirit of MIT Present slowly shook his head and whisked Caban away to Memorial Drive, from where they viewed the Great Dome.

"Where is Walker Memorial?"

"My Walker Memorial," he exclaimed, entering the hallowed fieldhouse. "Take me to it, Mr. Caban."

"No more, oh Lord, no more," exclaimed the Spirit of MIT Future, who did in some ways resemble Francis Sareent, throwing open the doors of the lobby.

"Good morning, officer," Caban shouted joyfully. "Pardon me, sir."

"Your time has passed. I shall return you to your bedchamber."

The clock struck two. "Cabon, Caban," another voice called. "What is this?" Caban cried out.

"What is it?" Caban cried out.

"It is Commencement Day, guv'nor!"

"Why it's Commencement Day, guv'nor!"

"My Paul tells me we have almost reached the point where we can no longer raise tuition. We are even forced to save scrap metal to pay off our debts, just as the Allies did when you were a student."

"Oh, no!" Caban screamed, breaking down in sobs. Wordlessly, the Spirit of MIT Present slowly shook his head and whisked Caban away to Memorial Drive, from where they viewed the Great Dome. "No more, oh Lord, no more."

"Nonsense, my boy."

"What is this?" Caban cried out.

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You think that glob on the left has anything to do with this ad? Give me a break. I'm tired of doing these dumb things. Join us at Easter leaves me alone. We need bodies. I need sleep. Visit us at 295 Tuesday night during IAP or any Sunday or Wednesday night during the spring term. I'll be the one napping on the couch. Good night.