R/O feedback wanted
(Continued from page 4)
as equivalent to MIT. Would the
distinction of many houses from
campus thwart the casual interac-
tion necessary to successful term-
work? Would it encourage MIT
students to be able to invest the
time necessary to overcome the
feelings that a student is "desert-
ing" his/her dorm friends by partici-
ating in Fraternity life? Would these factors combine to
make the process known in the man-
ner of "survival of the fittest" but
by "survival of the hard rush ta-
tle", sacrificing the healthy diver-
sity that has characterized the
MIT Fraternity system?

The second consideration is the perception that we already have a
system that works reasonably
well. Why mess with a good-
thing? Living Groups system that works reasonably
well. Why mess with a good-
thing? Living Groups

Fraternities include more
"brotherhood" if relieved from
the pressures of being necessary
housing?

I offer these ideas in attempt to
continue the examination of Rush
beginning in last Friday's Tech. There
is presently no effective method
for encouraging constructive
criticism of rush policies, especial-
ly from those who have been the
most intimately involved this year
—the freshmen. I would greatly
appreciate any communications
about Rush Week experience,
views, or general ideas. Part of the
IFC's purpose is to provide a forum for such discussion and to
implement responsible change
which the IFC, meaning a con-
 federation of all the Independent
Living Groups, determines to be
in the best interests of its students.

The Pope meets Boston
(Continued from page 4)
when the person out, I think that
the Guard was being especially
sharp to avoid angering the Secret
Service men who were present.

Governor King ensured an
abundance of security men for the
occasion. Air Force reserves were
patrolling the Common itself
Army reserves and Boston Police
circulated around the perimeter
of the Common.

Since my ticket only allowed
entry on the corner of Charles
and Boylston, I had to walk
around the Common. On the
way, I was accosted not less than
three times — once by someone
advertising himself as "Brother
John" — to purchase a button
with the picture of the Pope on it.
Each person would walk up, try
to pin a button on me, then ask
for a donation. I was broke as
usual; they pins back very
quickly.

On the Common, there were a
huge number of people selling
commemorative buttons, cer-
tificates, flags, pictures, programs,
bumper stickers (printed with "I
saw the Pope in Mass."), and
sandwiches. The only thing that
was missing was a glow-in-the-
dark T-shirt emblazoned with the
Pope's face.

The Krishnas began to chant
and dance again, this time closer
to the altar that was constructed.
After a short time, they were com-
pletely quiet. I do not know why.

People began to settle in for the
duration. The sky was getting
grayer and a drizzle had begun.

Some people began to shout "It's
raining heavier when it
was announced that the Pope had
landed. The noise of the crowd
began to pick up. Oddly enough,
no one seemed very impatient.
Everyone near me had high spirits
and was in good humor. I was
rapidly becoming tired of the
rain.

As the Pope was driven around
the Common, a cheer from the
crowd followed. The noise was
tumultuous as the Pontiff stepped
along the platform.

When the Pope spoke, I began
to shake my head. He was saying
nothing. He spoke for America.
Mom, and apple pie. He sounded,
for all the world, like a political
candidate. I took a few more pic-
tures, then gave up. I was not
close enough for a good photo,
and if I listened to any more of his
speech, I would either fall asleep
or become sick. Either would be
most uncomfortable in the rain.

As the rain washed the words off
my notebook, I turned my back
and left.