Tom Curtis

School spirit can halt fragmentation

Over the past year, putting an end to the “fragmentation” on campus has been a hot issue. Last year, Barry Newman was the issue at the GA meeting. Last spring, a UAP candidate used it as the cornerstone of his deliberations. However, the next system virtually guarantees that some people who graduate in the top ten percent of their high school class will wind up in the bottom ten percent in college. It is definitely an ego-deflator and many students blame MIT and take out their frustration on MIT.

Students are also frustrated by MIT’s consumption of their time. The work load at MIT is one of the heaviest in the country and students rely on outside work to make end-meet-ends. I’ve significantly cut down on drinking to get better grades. I was shocked to find out that I can’t take the “trivial,” “random” and “infinite” since I don’t understand you. I’ve significantly cut down on drinking to get better grades. I was shocked to find out that I can’t take the “trivial,” “random” and “infinite” since I don’t understand you. I’ve significantly cut down on drinking to get better grades.

And then there were two. No papers, problem sets, finals all gone. So, I wrapped the few presents I’d bought, did enough laundry to convince my parents that I wasn’t a total slob, and headed for home. Back to the real world.

Well, guess what? The real-world has its problems. The first one I encountered was that of sleep. Out these started 4am and ended before sundown. I had sort of figured that I would have to wake up while it was still light out and I knew I could adjust to that. But waking up before noon? That’s impossible. But that’s when you’re supposed to go to sleep.

Another problem was communication. They say you can’t go home again. Sure you can — but no one will understand you. I’ve significantly cut down on drinking to get better grades. I was shocked to find out that I can’t take the “trivial,” “random” and “infinite” since I don’t understand you. I’ve significantly cut down on drinking to get better grades.

Another real hassle was just getting around. There’s no “E” in Hanover, New Jersey, and about the only thing within walking distance of my house is the supermarket. You even have to drive to the bus stop. My younger brother had become accustomed to using the car and wasn’t about to change his habits. But me, I don’t particularly like to drive. I have no depth perception, which makes parking quite a challenge. For years I parallel parked a car by flashing my lights and honking the horns that it did not understand you. I’ve significantly cut down on drinking to get better grades.

Progress is slowly being made for instituting compulsory commons. If it takes awhile longer, I am willing to wait. But if it’s going to take a long time (no, it hasn’t gotten any better). It was always thought it was perfectly normal. Having grown up with it, but recently I noticed that it did not seem to be as true with people from other states. I always knew that New Jersey was unique.

Anyway, I was flaring about the real world, not New Jersey. It does have some selling points, you know. I got to wash television for the first time in a long while (no, it hasn’t gotten any better). It was nice to spend some time with my family, and he showed me a couple of years ago. One thing never changes, though — it’s ‘New Jersey Syndrome.” It seems that every group a team of people from the off-maligned state get together and one starts mentioning friends, from school or wherever, someone else in the group invariably knows someone or all of the people in question, or their mother or cousin or dog Fido. This drives my boyfriend absolutely crazy. I always thought it was perfectly normal. Having grown up with it, but recently I noticed that it did not seem to be as true with people from other states. I always knew that New Jersey was unique.

And then there were the pants: no previous acquired allegiance to the school. In short, it is the absence of school spirit that is the problem. And then there were the pants: no previous acquired allegiance to the school. In short, it is the absence of school spirit that is the problem.

Stephanie Pollack

It’s the holidays syndrome

And then there were two. No papers, problem sets, finals all gone. So, I wrapped the few presents I’d bought, did enough laundry to convince my parents that I wasn’t a total slob, and headed for home. Back to the real world.

Little did I know that I had committed a gross social error. My jeans had no name. How gauche!! All socially acceptable jeans these days simply must have names, and Levi’s or Wranglers simply will not do. Two names are better than one — Gloria Vanderbilt or Calvin Klein, for example — although cords are okay. Even little kids jeans have names, and the labels don’t seem to be proportionately smaller.

I am seriously thinking of having little labels made for me to sew onto my socially repugnant jeans that say “jeans” — or maybe “blue jeans” so they have two names.

The way I found that my pants were unacceptable was by going out with my old friends from high school. I’m not sure who has changed, they or I, but things certainly are different from a couple of years ago. One thing never changes, though — it’s ‘New Jersey Syndrome.” It seems that every group a team of people from the off-maligned state get together and one starts mentioning friends, from school or wherever, someone else in the group invariably knows someone or all of the people in question, or their mother or cousin or dog Fido. This drives my boyfriend absolutely crazy. I always thought it was perfectly normal. Having grown up with it, but recently I noticed that it did not seem to be as true with people from other states. I always knew that New Jersey was unique.

Anyway, I was flaring about the real world, not New Jersey. It does have some selling points, you know. I got to wash television for the first time in a long while (no, it hasn’t gotten any better). It was nice to spend some time with my family, and he showed me with love and affection and money. But you know what the best part was? The food out there actually tasted — not necessarily good, but it tastes like something. That’s one up on commons.