The world's largest walk-in refrigerator

The information does not appear in the freshmen Handbook, nor is it in Hot Log & M.I.T. In fact, not one publication about M.I.T. on campus deals with the subject. However, almost every single upperclassman is aware of the problem. Rockwell Cage is really one of the world's largest walk-in refrigerators.

As a terribly naive freshman new to the M.I.T. sports scene, I was warned of the Cage's low temperature during the winter months. The stories I heard were many and varied, and I came to the conclusion that, while a small grain of truth might be behind the tales, they were, for the most part, exaggerated.

I began to realize that my conclusion was off just a little bit when I went to watch my first MIT women's basketball game during IAP. Upon entering the building, I was greeted by the sight of a woman dressed like a referee putting on a down jacket and gloves before going into the Cage.

A blast of Arctic air slashed across my face as I passed through the double doors. A group of people stood in front of me looking at something on the floor. Scrutinizing in closer for a better view, I saw that they were staring at the form of a fallen student, one arm outstretched to the beckoning doorway. His skin was an unnatural blue. As I shuddered from the cold, people stood in front of me looking at something on the floor. Scrutinizing in closer for a better view, I saw that they were staring at the form of a fallen student, one arm outstretched to the beckoning doorway. His skin was an unnatural blue. As I shuddered from the cold, I looked around to see in a cage, I said, "Well, that's one more that didn't make it out in time."

By this time, I was beginning to wonder how my decision to stay and watch the game was.

While I was climbing to my seat, a lady frantically waved at me, imploring me to get help. She claimed to be frozen to the seat. Undaunted, I took my place and settled in for an exciting game of hoop. I took off one of my gloves and began to take some notes.

Above my head a great clunking went up as the blower went into action. "There," I thought, "something's finally decided to turn on the heat." I actually deluded myself into thinking that I was feeling warmer. One glance at my whitening hand convinced me that numbness was not the same as warmth. So, back went the glove.

The first period of the game was a sad sight to see. Neither team could score because no one could hold on to the ball. Finally, both teams found some mittens, allowing fingertips to thaw. Players on the bench were grabbing every available article of clothing, and heaping them about in imitations of "the layered look." And Harvard says MIT is a cultural wasteland!

During halftime, both teams were treated about MIT and eight people were taken to the hospital for treatment of hypothermia. I decided not to risk life or limb, and left for the warmth of the hockey rink.

Later on in the day, I called up the director of the athletic department and asked that everyone found Rockwell Cage a few degrees below comfortable. He informed me that I was mistaken. No one found the place too cold. None of the penguins complained.

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