Hali. Students have chained the student blockade of Hamilton this month, Boston-area students still. national attention. They are there and their protest had been there. 

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**Opinion**

Column/Martin Dickau

**The rarity of victory and the hilarity of defeat**

We were tied, 3-3. My performance up to this point certainly had left much to be desired. My opponent was advancing toward me again. As he launched his attack, my arm shot out, and the point of my blade hit his chest. "Attack mistake," the director said to us. "Stop threat was good. Touch right." She glanced at me, I grinned back sleepily. We were both well aware that I knew better. Good intentions, however, do not hold up well under panic, and on my opponent's next advance, another counterattack and another soothing look.

Focusing on the latest symptom of my unwavering willingness to try hard at a task: another intramural sport, secure in the knowledge that I will probably make a fool of myself. Although Penny was angry with me, I took some comfort in that she was not laughing at me, at least not within my hearing. Another fenor had insured me she would stop by to laugh, but I was out of luck — the competition ended a day earlier than expected. But she had gotten enough laugh enough laughter out of one of MIT's recent C-Legue softball game. I glanced behind me at the inf-

end to the world of politics. Sit-

ting around and talking about the latest in stealth technology is time well spent, since it might spark an idea in the minds of the participants. Talking about Central America, however, is just as interesting.

Another factor which causes the average MIT student to feel uncomfortable is that the "mercenary syndrome." MIT stu-

dents feel a tremendous urge to get in, get good grades, get a job and get rich (and somewhere get Soaked for a million). In an in-
millionaire's world, that is a fairly private affair. Our opponents' arms were tied. Not even C-Legue water polo team could score 11 goals. As I lay by the side of the pool, frantically paddling for breath, I realized that nothing in the water is easy.

My affair with intramural sports is not complete match-

ices. I do not yet have the idea of winning all that repulsive. Once humble losses can be reduced to an

winning team.

"So, Mitch," I called as I hit the water with my back. "It's true, if you can't hit the water with your back, and came down on our side of the net, Mitch jumped, he struck, and the spike struck between two members of the opposition. Game and match. Victory.

**More of the good things**

(Continued from page 6)

of the term.

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**We've discovered a cure for the slamming of doors — falling of glass problem**

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