First things first. If any seniors should happen to read this before Commencement begins, here's the deal: Nobody really wants to listen to Mexican President Salinas blab on, right? So let's make it fun. Every time Salinas says the words “North American Free Trade Agreement,” we do the wave. We'll do it in the order they'll appear in this issue, so if I misunderstand this correctly, means that the responsibility for starting the wave falls on the shoulders of the Course IV senior whose name comes first in the alphabet. That's you, Rukiye Devres of Istanbul, Turkey. Remember, Rukiye, on the cue “North American Free Trade Agreement,” stand up, throw your hands in the air, and start the wave.

Good, that's out of the way.

Looking back, I consider my education at MIT a total failure. This is because I came here wanting to learn one thing; how to convert all of my Talking Heads tapes to CDs without buying the albums all over again. I still don't know how to do this; if MIT were a late-night TV offer, I could demand my money back.

But there was a redeeming feature that would keep me from making a claim on my money-back guarantee.

For three years, from halfway through my first year at MIT until my graduation last Feb-

ruary, I held the singular privilege of writing for The Tech's opinion page. This meant a lot of things.

It meant that opinions of mine—opinions no more significant than the opinions of anyone else, except people who write for The Thistle—were printed in glorious type on page 4 of The Tech. It meant that telling people my full name often caused them to look at me civilly and positively to the question, “Can you write an essay on this topic?”

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But besides the fun of reading, editing, and writing, my experience at The Tech gave me a chance to meet some of the nicest people at MIT, a group that works much harder than they should to produce a sudsy under-appre-

cated newspaper at a school where there is no journalism school and only a smattering of humanities majors at any of the five institutions I want to thank a few of these people. And after three years it's my right, dammit, to skip the next para-

graph of in-jokes if you can’t take it.

To Debby, who was quite the chairman, inventing the non-gavel gavel, and Lois, who followed with definite style. To Josh, whose nickname is unprintable in a family paper, and who probably has done more for The Tech than anyone in at least a few decades, maybe more. To Jeremy, one of the few people capable of out-spending Josh and Reuven. To Doug, who lived the nightmare of sharing my family name, and to Karen, who is from California, which is pretty much the same thing. To Razi, who thought without question the most amazing editor in chief of all time, until Brian came in and, unbeli-

vably, matched Reuven's achievement for a full year. If only the Yankees had a one-two punch like them on their pitching staff. And finally, to Kathy, because meeting her through the paper allows me, in retrospect, to justify all the time I spent at The Tech. To all of them, thanks and good luck in all you do.

I know I've irritated people, and they have my thanks and apologies. Lack of space and good jokes about some people prevent me from mentioning everyone I've known through the paper.

And to the Tech readership: If you're one of those who has hated everything I've writ-

en, thanks. It means a lot to me that anything I could scribble out might provoke both the nasty attacks and thoughtful letters that have been written to The Tech concerning my columns over the past few years.

And if you're one of those who has told me over the past few years that you've liked something I wrote, thanks to you too. I wrote because it was fun and knowing that I made people laugh along the way is pretty great. Sometimes I think that MIT was trying — in and out of the classroom — to teach us how to think. And at other times it seemed that MIT was trying to teach us what to think. Maybe this is just a product of being on a col-

lege campus in the nineties, with so-called “political correctness” raging. So I'm proud of everything I've written, because I believe I managed to think about issues, both serious and silly, for three years.

Finally, I want to say to all those I've dis-

agreed with that if I believed they were thinking, as opposed to repeating something outlined by political orthodoxy, then I had respect for them. We need more thinking people at MIT, even if they are thinking people I personally disagree with.

That's it. Have a good life, everybody.

Bill Jackson '93 will never write a silly autobiographical blurb like this again. He will not miss it.

\[ \text{OUR BosNIA Policy iS Clear and Simple} \]

Don't Try McHugh as An Adult

Hartmann, from Page 4

then serve the balance of his sentence as an adult jail, perhaps not one of maximum se-

curity, as an older man less vulnerable to the evil influences present there and one who has had the opportunity to face up to his deeds among his peers and professionals trained to help juveniles.

For Shen to be tried as a juvenile, his attor-

ney must demonstrate several things among them, Shen's ability to be rehabilitated and his good performance while in detention. According to his lawyer, Shen is doing just fine. He had never had any significant run-ins with the law before (one time, as a youngster, he was picked up for giving a guy a couple of scratches with his bicycle, somehow), and his grades have been exemplary while in deten-

\[ \text{tion.} \]

There can be only one reason why Reilly would be interested in destroying another life: politics. The district attorney is an elected official, and the incident took place about a month before the November elections. Go fig-

ure. It looks good for Reilly to be tough on crime, but his job is to ensure that justice pre-

vails. Is it really just for destroying a second life in a fit of vengeance?

Drop by June 21 and

Just because you missed helping us out on this issue, that doesn't mean you have to freak out.

We've got summer issues on June 23 and July 21. The long, lazy summertime is the perfect time to learn how to write a news, arts, or sports story; craft an opinion column; take a photo; sell an ad; or lay out pages on our state-of-the-art production system.

Get a head start on your fall activities while you've still got time to enjoy them. Join The Tech.