THE TECH.

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The exhibition drill of the Freshman battalion, occurring on the Saturday before the beginning of the examinations, has frequently been made an occasion for the display of Sophomoric jokes of the practical order. The Sophomores should know better than to indulge their wit at their little friends' expense. It should be remembered that it is the first time that the latter have appeared in public; their new uniforms are very close fitting, and the eyes of the world are focussed on their maneuvers,—consequently they are nervous. Only a hardened and unfeeling Sophomore could derive any delight from making sport of their attempts to be real soldiers. It also detracts attention from the officers to have a side show in progress when they are on the floor. The audience is impelled to laugh at the same time that their patriotic feelings are being stirred, which causes a distressing shock to the admiring relatives present. In fact, no one gets any enjoyment from the jest except its perpetrators and a few of the silly girls.

There is an element of preparatory-school rawness in these efforts of the lower classes to outdo each other that is somewhat out of place in a school of this kind; and onlookers can fairly draw the conclusion from most of these class "roasts" that the Tech. idea of true wit is coincident with horseplay. Seriously, The Tech thinks that the usual burlesque might be omitted to advantage. Ninety-two has an excellent opportunity to establish a precedent, by doing away with it a week from next Saturday.

We want to urge every man to attend his class dinner. Those who have made it a practice to stay away, don't know what they have missed. Shut off the mill for that one evening, and be one of the boys. The class dinner should be one of the events of the term, and it would be a good plan if it came oftener than it does. The dinner, the speeches, the relaxation, can have no other than an enlivening effect, and a very pleasant one, too. So take the advice of those who have tried it, and be good to yourselves by attending the dinners every chance that you get.

Whereas, We the Class of '92, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, have been called upon to mourn the loss of our beloved friend and classmate, Percy Lamont Cloudman, and,

Whereas, We cherish tender recollections of association with our deceased classmate, and sympathize deeply with his bereaved family, be it

Resolved, That we, the Class, assembled at our first fall meeting, do hereby express our great sorrow in the loss of our friend, and extend our sympathy to his family in the hour of their bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and also published in The Tech.

John Andrew Curtin, Committee.
J. H. Slade, Jr.,
H. S. Potter,

[The above notice, dated October 14th, was not received by The Tech for publication until December 18th.—Ed.]