Pessimism aggravates the Lounger extremely; and he wishes to enter a vigorous protest against the limp talk of certain men, Seniors, who are old enough to know better. “There is no college life at Technology,” we are told, “it is all a matter of business. The students are here just for the cash value they get out of it. There is no love for class or college, and nothing pleasant to look back upon. I shall be glad when I’m out.” Now this is either contemptibly giving way to a temporary fit of the blues or it is a silly affectation. Technology men are not demonstrative about their loyalty any more than about anything else. But while the Lounger has had some knowledge of American college life he does not believe that anywhere there is more earnest, quiet, public-spirited work done, without fuss and feathers, than here at Technology. Of course it is largely done by a few men; but so is public work done in all colleges, and in the world outside, by a few men. Let us give due honor to those who, by various circumstances, are thus enabled especially to serve their college. And let these men themselves never forget, as they are too prone to do, that the great mass of students appreciate their work and are behind them with will and with heart in everything they do.

It is quite conceivable that a Freshman just defeated for some office might take up the pose indicated above. But can any Senior sincerely say that his career at Technology is not very precious to him? Is there a man who, in the four most impressionable years of his life, has not made friends as dear to him as brothers? Is there one who has not grown to love what he has worked for, be it an athletic team, or a local society, or the “Technique,” or The Tech? Who has not present with him the picture of some special half-hour’s talk with a chosen college friend when the barriers of reserve were broken down, and each spoke perhaps of his dearest motives and ambitions? Who cannot recall merry luncheons at the Elm when Roquefort and Pilsener made joint attack upon the digestion, after-the-theater rare-bits at the Adams House, select gatherings in the little upstairs dining room at Young’s? Who does not think with some pleasure of afternoons spent on the Oval or at the South End Grounds, when perhaps the shoulder-to-shoulder feeling that college men should have is most developed. (The Lounger intends no sly reference to the “shoulder-to-shoulder feeling” of the Freshmen in the cane rush.) What man is there at Technology the very walls of whose room do not testify to a thousand precious memories? Are there not shop-signs significant of early Freshman days, bits of torn banners and old sweaters from the cane-rush, shingles and group photographs, each face in which is endeared by familiar photographs, each face with the imprint of many a famous hostel, menus, and play-bills, each with a special story? Are there not athletic trophies, cups and medals, along the mantel-shelf? Does not a red and gray gown conjure up the carnival evening of the last Republican parade, and a torn cap perhaps the rush with Harvard on election night? No, no, friends of ’97; your would-be cynical pessimism is all a pose. When your degree is handed to you, and you look round for the last time on the faces you will never see all together again, there will be a gripping at your heart, and you will begin to laugh and joke in feverish manner with your neighbor, to hide a little breaking in your voice.

As the Lounger entered The Tech office some days since he was the witness of an touching scene. A member of the Board was saying in a tone of affected firmness, covering deep emotion, “Yes, my dear friends, I must say farewell. You have been faithful to me in all my trials. You have comforted me in many an hour of depression. But now duty and honor call me and I must bid you a long farewell. Go and be as great a solace to another as you have been to me.” And the Sporting Editor gave all his pipes to the janitor, for he was going into strict training for Worcester.

The Lounger has always heretofore had a high respect for the Geological Course. Recently, however, the announcement of a lecture on “Joints,” shocked him deeply. As usual, he presumes that parties will be conducted to points of interest in connection with the subject by the brothers Grabau.