Our first term is nearly half over; we have all made substantial progress in our chosen work. The Freshman has lost much of his "prep school" air; the novelty of his new surroundings is beginning to wear off. The Sophomore gradually begins to realize, after a few "calls down" from the upper classmen, that he isn't the only man in college; the Junior has become more or less accustomed to tall hat and frock; the Senior begins to realize that soon he will be no longer a college man, but must take other responsibilities upon his own shoulders. In short, Thanksgiving marks the first period in the yearly metamorphosis of college life.

Those of us who live within a moderate distance of Boston may enjoy a Thanksgiving dinner at home; others not so fortunate will find a cordial reception at the Technology Club. But wherever our readers may be, The Tech wishes them an abundance of good turkey, served with that best of relish, good fellowship, without which the choicest viands lose their most valued accompaniment.

The interest in the coming contests, which finally decide the question of superiority between the Sophomore and the Freshman Classes, is rapidly reaching a point of maximum intensity. In the football game the teams will be so evenly matched that, at the time of going to press, we are hardly able to pick the winner. The Sophomore team suffers from lack of training early in the season, but a considerable amount of latent class spirit has now come to the surface, and practice