The Trials of a Freshman as Told by a Freshman.

EDITOR’S NOTE. [We print the following article just as it was submitted to us.]

I wonder if everyone is affected the same way that I was when I went to my first recitation in Algebra. After considerable trouble I managed to find the room where the fatal struggle was to take place. Softly and in awe of the professor sitting upright in his chair at the front of the room, I stole in and slid quickly into the nearest seat. Shortly after, the recitation began and the professor in low gruff tones asked us to come forward and show our registration cards. Now so happened, fortunately, I thought, then, but unfortunately as I found later, that when I reached the room, the back seat in the corner nearest the door was unoccupied and into that I had crept. But unfortunately that seat was too far away for me to hear a word that the professor said. However on seeing the others start forward, off I started, too, not knowing why. On reaching the desk I very quickly found out it was our registration cards that were wanted. Now unfortunately, I had worn a different suit on the day I received my registration card and had forgotten to change the card; so there I stood, the professor glaring at me and wondering why I stood so mum and without my card. All the while I was trying to murmur, “I left it at home.” Finally he seemed to catch the last word, “Home,” he exclaimed, “well what are you up here for?” “Didn’t you hear me say, if you haven’t it with you bring it next time?” With sunken head I start for my seat which unfortunately, this time, was away off in the corner of the room nearest the door; finally, it seemed ages before I got there, I reached it. Then the lesson commenced. It had been assigned on a general bulletin which unfortunately I had not seen. However I soon found out from the fellow ahead of me that it was on logarithms. For the second and last time in that hour I considered myself lucky. Here was my strong point, but I found much to my sorrow that here, too, was my weak point.

“Brown, define a logarithm of a number,” growled the professor. Brown couldn’t define it to suit him, and neither could the next man nor the next, and at each time the fellows all became more excited. This was visibly augmented by numerous questions from the professor. Between trying to answer the questions and defining a logarithm of a number each and every member of the class went under. Then the round of the section was started with another question which was finally answered by the fellow next to me. So the next question must come to me. Now I had been unable to hear anything spoken by the professor up to this time but could only guess at what was said by the several fellows trying to answer the questions. Then came the question, (I found out what it was later) “What is the number of which \(3^{\frac{1}{2}}\) is the logarithm?” “I can’t hear,” I murmured. He evidently didn’t hear me, for he said “What’s that,” and I, thinking he said, “Can’t you,” said “No sir.” I knew something was wrong for everyone laughed, the professor excepted, of course. Then occurred the following dialogue, I answering his questions by “Yes” and “No, sir,” as I thought they ought to be answered. Many of them I found out after were wrong.

“Can’t you hear me?” “No, sir.”
“What is the number of which \(3^{\frac{1}{2}}\) is the logarithm?” “No, sir?”
“Are you deaf?” “No, sir?”
“Didn’t you hear me?” “Yes, sir.”
“Then answer the question.” “No, sir.”

Then angrily “Sit down.” I heard this last as it was said more forcibly than the former ones. I had noticed that all the sections were laughing and that with the successive questions had so rattled me that I was so confused I couldn’t have told my name if I had been asked. I wasn’t called on again that hour.

Soon the recitation closed much to my relief, and I found out then what I had done. Meanwhile I am keeping a wide tract of land between myself and that professor in the hopes that when he finds me in the front seat at the next recitation he won’t recognize me.

Are You a Tech Subscriber?

There are three reasons why you should be.
1st. The Tech is the only Institute Paper. 2nd. It contains all the Institute news and furnishes the only means of keeping thoroughly in touch with Institute affairs. 3rd. We need your support.

Subscription, $2.00 per year.