THE TECH


The recent debate between the Walker Club and the Civil Engineering Society, and the organization last week of a Technology Civic Club, indicate a desire on the part of Tech men to broaden the sphere of undergraduate activities.

It is to be hoped that the Civic Club may cover to some extent the allied interest of debating, for there hardly seems to be a field for distinct organizations at present. An understanding of political questions and skill in speaking are the requisites for taking an intelligent and active part in governmental affairs. We do not expect Tech to be a cradle for future statesmen, but it will certainly be of advantage to every man who possibly can to interest himself in the newly organized Civic Club.

Retrospection.

When the yell which begins "We are happy," has been abolished, there still will be work left for those who are trying to eradicate the high school spirit from Tech life. We expect strange and puerile things from Freshmen during their first month of college life, but after that, and especially after a Tech man has reached the dignity of an upper class, he should be old enough and fully enough developed mentally to sing Retrospection in the first way, or not at all.

Perhaps some may be able to explain the beauties of the pessimistic verse, but it is certainly not a pleasant view for Tech men to present of the Institute. If the place is so rough and unpleasant, well and good—shut up and get out; but don't attend Tech dinners and blat out your disapproval of the school, which is, among other things, fitting you to earn your bread and butter.

"The pessimist's verse is only to be taken as a joke," some one will say. If you have a horse to sell, do you tell prospective customers that he is wall-eyed, has the blind staggers, and has been foundered for twelve years? It might be a merry jest, but it would not boom that horse. If we wish to boom Tech, to raise it above the level of a mere mechanical cramming process, let us drop these doleful babblings and when we feel like singing, let's stand up like men and say:

"We'll honor yet the school we know,
The best school of all;
We'll honor yet the rule we know
Till the last bells call."

We have good, wholesome songs. Sing them. Tell people that you are a Tech man and proud of it, and don't snivel around, saying that Tech is the last place God put on His footstool.