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AN IMPROVED VISION

A SPLENDID and complete account of the June dedicatory celebration has been embodied in the current issue of the Technology Review. Most pertinent to the Technology student of today is the exposition, included in the introductory commentary of Mr. R. E. Rogers, of the undergraduate's peculiar view of the great eastern universities.—Harvard in particular. The criticism is honest and straightforward. And in the hope that it may be an instrument of some worth in allaying a feeling of contempt and self-pity, which, regardless of its right to exist twenty years ago, has no place in our present environment, we urge the serious consideration of every Technology undergraduate of the article itself.

"The effect on the undergraduates and on the undergraduates to come is no less worth considering. There is no doubt, in the minds of those who have known them, that the students' attitude towards the larger universities of the East has been one of perhaps not bravado but of rather ostentatious defiance. It was, doubtless, a tradition handed down from the older days when Tech was really poor and unrecognized and struggling. It was the attitude of a boy who knew his mind was good but his clothes were shabby toward the boy with better clothes and a more picturesque leisure. It was the "I'm as good as you" defiance which always masks a little inner uncertainty and wistfulness. Of late years, though this attitude has softened, its essential spirit has persisted. The students of the Institute have been so occupied with thinking "I'm as good as you," that they have missed altogether the finer points of the other universities, have failed to see that perhaps they were working toward the same goal, with different methods and other traditions, and so this attitude has made for misunderstanding and for the ungracious expression of a rather useless contempt.

"The spirit of this June ought to have a large influence in dissipating this misunderstanding. It ought to make the undergraduates so sure of themselves and so sure of the place the Institute holds among the great universities of the world, that there shall be no need of envy or contempt nor for their expression. Among equals there is no condescension and no contempt; there is only urbanity and a sympathetic understanding of ideals that may be different from one's own. And it is to be hoped that this feeling will be one of the greatest results of Technology's taking her high and proper place in the eyes of the world."



It is rarely that The Lounger's insatiably analytical mind is puzzled by outward strangeness of aspect in the undergraduate phenomena and nomenclature which present themselves to his eye and ear. Usually he traces in even the most sensational of them some evidence of likeness to corresponding expressions of past years. So when he was startled out of a fond financial reverie about noon Monday by a stringently piercing ululation which seemed to emanate from without The Lounger's chicken-wire retreat—when this untechnological atmospheric spasm smote his recoiling ear, that is—he sprang up instantly to investigate, for the like of the above-alluded-to sound The Lounger had never, in his long range of experience at the Institute, suffered before. He was at first indeed at a loss to place the mental picture which the outbursts of stressed air-molecules diffused upon his brain. Soon, however, he recognized the throbbing memory of the first and only pig-killing which he ever heard, called up through kinship of melody.



Upon emerging to a view of the disturbance-center, The Lounger saw what immediately explained the seemingly unexplainable—one entire set of bagpipes at the head of a marching column just mobilizing from the Morgue of old—and then The Lounger realized all. The New Dorms were finished, and in celebration of the event its tousled inhabitants had organized a Historical Parade, so popular an adjunct to college upheavals. They were, in effect, depicting the sufferings of a life among the Museum-cases, and it was fitting that the greatest of these should lead. It also occurred to The Lounger that he had previously heard some faint premonition of the coming storm, but had attributed the muffled skirls and squeals (heard at times from the locker-room) to the basic human aspiration to sing while bathing. Now he knew the awful truth. On inquiring he was informed that "Tom's had a lot of trouble getting the pipes to blow all at once," hence the untiring practice; but he needed no telling to discover that at last this highest pinnacle of coincidental cacophony had been attained. Associated with election time, a certain amount of blare and blether is not only timely but essential; but the uniqueness of the Dormitory moving-celebration seems to bespeak a spirit of electioneering almost akin to that of Summer-Camp in the elaborateness of its development.

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