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News and Editorial—Room 3, Walker Memorial, Telephone, Univ. 7029
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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2.50 PER YEAR
Entered as Second Class Matter at the Boston Post Office

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COLLEGE FRIENDSHIPS

DESPITE the fact that people in the outside world think that all undergraduates at Technology are divided into two classes—those who work like Trojans and do nothing else, and those do nothing but go to dances and shows and get drunk—we know that there is a happy medium. The members of this middle class are the men who seldom get high marks, but who just as seldom fail. They are the back bone of the Institute. They manage to learn a lot, and to have a mighty good time while doing it. These are the men worth knowing. Hunt them out and get to know them. Comradeship among students goes a long way toward building up that college spirit whose alleged absence at Technology is decry by many, who, in their superior blindness, set themselves apart and criticize the rest of us. Let them abandon their destructive criticisms and build up friendships rather than rave about our lack of unity. All things considered, our spirit is fairly good, but the more the merrier. Help it grow stronger.

Get to know your fellow students—the good-hearted, substantial ones. Don't thank God that you are not as other men, and ask naively whether there are any good chaps beside yourself here at the Institute. Even though you may never see many of the men you meet here again after graduation, they will at least make your life at Technology worth while. We need not dwell upon the college acquaintances that grow into life long friendships. Their value is self-evident. The passing friendships, the ones so easily neglected, can be made to return in pleasure far more than the little patience and effort that one must needs put in at the start. To quote Tennyson: "Move among your people and know them," as our college days will pass away too soon, leaving behind them memories, bitter or sweet as we ourselves make them. Let us store away the happiest memories imaginable for the years to come. What say?

HONESTY

CERTAIN students, the other day, anxious to make a good impression, faked rod readings while running levels along the Esplanade. They checked on the bench mark with remarkable accuracy, and pride themselves upon their cleverness in fooling their instructor. Any true engineer would be grievously pained by this incident. Do not these men know that honesty is the keynote of our profession? Are they unaware of the fact that they were only cheating themselves? The Civil Engineering Department will not be the loser. Far from it!

The students are missing the biggest chance that they will ever get of learning the fundamental principle upon which their success will depend. If the designer of a bridge "fudges" his calculations and the bridge falls, who loses? The man's reputation is ruined. Remember that and be absolutely fair and square from now on, even in the little things, as they count in the end and determine a man's character.

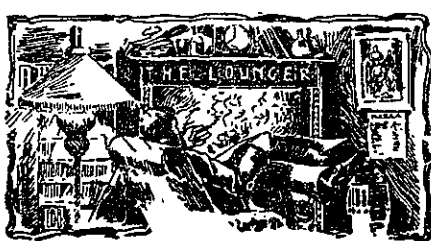
We hear that the tennis courts are to be fixed "with the materials on hand." That means another spring of rotten tennis courts. A good job has only to be done once. It would save money in the long run to make an expenditure now and put the courts in the best possible shape.

HOW MANY BEAVERS?

THE Juniors avow that they are still in possession of the Beaver. The anonymous "Ten Trustees" of the freshman class still claim that it has been sunk by them to the bottom of the Charles and is still there. From this two conclusions may be drawn—we have with us a group of stalwart and crusty liars, or—there are in existence two Beavers.

The first—grievous thought—is not the more likely solution. Allow the assumption that the parties concerned have an iota of grey matter and the possibility of prevarication becomes remote. Tried once, it could pass for an inferior practical joke, but a repetition would be pointless.

We then are drawn to the conclusion that there are in existence at least two Beavers. Another exhibition of virile Technology humor. Why not have four Beavers, one for each class? We could then have four communications in each issue of THE TECH telling the student body who has the darned animal.



The Beaver took but a short nap this time. The editor showed me letters from the "ten trustees" claiming the brute, and I, being a Junior, know we have it. Add Book Robinson's letter, stir well, and we have food for thought.

Personally, the Lounger prefers the second balcony when a mob fight is in progress, but up to date most of the fighting has gone to prove that the typewriter is mightier than a pair of brass knuckles.

Let us consider Technique Rush. Here is a mob fight in truth, although refined so as to be fit for the gaze of the females in the gallery. Where is there talk of abolishing the rush? Nay, Nay, my dear Book, they are all strong for it.

The Lounger is fast displacing Willie Jackson of the Information Office. Here is what an inquiring reader has blessed us with:

Dear Lounger:

Why are there more gum spots per square foot on the floor in front of the Margaret Cheney room than in any other place in the buildings?

R. S. V. P.
This sheet not boasting of a Woman's Editor, I will make shift to answer the question myself. Evidently, gentle reader, because there is more gum chewed in the vicinity. Our ceds, seeing fit to abide by the no-smoking regulations, at least in the corridors, have taken this means to gratify their passion for vice.

A horrible habit, you may say, but who among us is perfect. Let him step forward to receive the razzberry. Gum costs but five cents a package—listerine costs more. Perhaps a little child has told them.

COMMUNICATION

To the Editor of THE TECH:

In regard to the recent excitement over the Beaver and particularly the change in rules you printed in your last issue, I would like space to make a few observations. I am surprised that nothing of the sort has appeared in your columns before, as I have heard many who agree with me, particularly among members of the Class of 1925.

The Beaver tradition as it now stands is an exceedingly poor one. I hoped that the Juniors would carry out their threat to "dump the thing in the river." Originally the idea of having a prize for the winner of the four-sided tug-of-war may or may not have been a good one. At any rate it got the mob away from the theatre Tech Night. But there won't be any more Tech Nights or necessities for moving mobs.

All that is left is an excuse for an interclass battle once a term—an opportunity for someone else to be maimed or murdered in a crushing riot. "Firearms, knives, and clubs" are not the only weapons that can kill or injure. A crushing, trampling mob is just as dangerous. And yet most of the class officers are doing their best to get the classes interested in the new "Beaver tradition." I do not believe these men realize what their actions may mean, because I do know them well enough to know that if they did, they would have abandoned the "infant tradition" long ago.

This is not an attack on any group or any individual, but merely an appeal to the foresight of the leaders of the school. Field Day was established to abolish class rushes, and I believe everyone takes pride in our settling our interclass rivalry in that way. And now we are trying to start a new sort of rush. I am opposed to it and I believe there are others who will agree with me in this opposition.

Come on, Juniors! How about dumping the Beaver over the bridge. Here is one Sophomore who will approve your magnanimous act if you do.
(Signed)
O. B. ROBINSON '26.

Play Directory

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Friday evening, Saturday matinee and evening. The Denishawn Dancers.
COLONIAL: "One Kiss." Comedy with music. Friday matinee, Actors' Fund Benefit.
COPLEY: "A Night Off." Reviewed in this issue.
HOLLIS: "Merton of the Movies." Satire on the movies.
PLYMOUTH: "The Whole Town's Talking." Delightful farce.
ST. JAMES: "Upstairs and Down." Reviewed in this issue.
SELWYN: "Dangerous People." Comedy of gentleman thieves.
SHUBERT: "Topics of 1923." Brilliant revue. Last week.
WILBUR: "The Gingham Girl." Musical comedy.

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