WE WANT GRASS

A BOLLING stone gathers no moss, but a pebble in the shoe is pretty sure to get its share of profanity. There isn't a Tech student—nay, not even a good—who can cross the Great Court in low shoes without turning the air blue. This is not as it should be. The school already has a great deal of beautiful sod. Why not finish the job? Churches have been built by each member buying a brick apiece. Aren't Tech men liberal enough to do the dirty work themselves?

SAFETY FIRST WEEK

This is the week of the Safety Drive. You have seen those slides about the necessity of wearing your helmet, have you not? The personnel of the police have good reason for advocating the wearing of the helmet, and you should adopt the habit. And then, too, the highways are very crowded this time of year. Why risk your life if you don't have to?

REDISTRIBUTING THE DIRT

CITY Hall has announced that Boston is to be cleaned up this week. Clean Up Week is earlier this year than usual because of the extra dirt exposed by the recently established Telegram. All the dirt that is collected will be spread before the public eye in the neighboring lowlands and the newspapers. For that reason this week might better be called the Redistribution of Dirt Week.

GREATLY do we lament the fact that churches and their campuses have been built by each member buying a brick apiece. Aren't Tech men liberal enough to do the dirty work themselves? Maybe the Military Science Department could help.

Anyhow, the fact remains that the court is greatly in need of some landscape gardening, and gardeners can't work with only pebbles and dust. What the Great Court needs is more grass.

THE EDITOR'S WASTE BASKET

Peds His Hat Band

To the Editor:

As a graduate of Tech, I feel that some explanation is due use of the very ungentlemanlike conduct which occurred of your undergraduate—i understand his name is Surry—displayed the other day in the lobby of the Copley. The man in question strode into the lobby to meet a girl—a girl, mind you, with several yards of lacy taffeta trailing down behind his derby. Much lack of breeding is by no means to be tolerated, and I call upon your paper to take some measure toward preventing any recurrence of this act.

ALUMNUS

Her Life Story

To the Editor:

I would like information. Is the following quote from the theatre program of the Plymouth, which show you recently reviewed, a true story? Evidently it is, and unhappily so.

"Francis Larrimore—Born in Vermont, Father a farmer, Mother a tailor. Was 'Overnight' on tour. In New York in 'Fair and Warmer,' 'Parlor, Bedroom and Bath,' 'Here Comes the Bride,' 'Bomboh,' 'Blue People,' 'Nobody's Business,' 'Paradise,' and 'This Was a Man.'"

SEARCHER FOR TRUTH.

Pits of Hell

To the Editor:

Foot rooms and bowling alleys are dens of wickedness. I have seen statements on good authority that they are often run by ex-bartenders and others too lazy to get a honest job. On every campus they are disciplinary aids to such criminal practices as cutting classes and are plotting grounds for many an unevenly score. Woes of all, faculty members who are given to cheap politics congregate in such places when they are being paid to in strict students. I feel that this paper ought to suggest some way to cope with the evil places of this character.

Signed (Signature Illegible)

X. Y. Z.

SAFETY FIRST WEEK

This is also the week of the Safety Drive. Have you seen that your brakes and headlights are O. K.? Is your clutch sufficiently tight? Are the lights inside your car as dim as possible? Did you have it analysed?

Are you equipped for every emergency? Then on with the big night!

THE GAELIC CONFETTI EXHIBIT

PUBLICITY is always a good thing. And the slate manufacturers are surely getting it. The Course XVII drawing rooms still have a little bit of space left for drafting, but it won't last long. It is really an education to walk through Building One by the second floor. One gets a wonderful idea of what kind of brick to use on his house when he builds it, the kind of nails that gripe the best, etc.

The only trouble is that the displays are apt to be ruined if any of the Irish element in the Building Construction class forgets itself and lets i go.

Leading the Irish element in the Building Construction class forgets itself and lets i go.

THESE seem to be the dog-days of the college year. Faculty hounding people for note books. And all-outdoors so sunny and lazy. A walk to the library is exhausting. Especially if you're doing your walking on those jolting, riving, old hard heels.

Here's a tonic: rubber heels! Rubber gives, and lifts, and helps.

Best of all, because best of rubber, Goodyear Wingfoot Heels. Lively cushioning, longer wear, "the-right-thing" style.

Drop in at your shoe repairman's today! Wets His Feet in Halls

To the Editor:

I am writing to complain of the awful condition of the halls when they are being cleaned by the janitors. They never seem to do it right. Why can't they do one half and then do the other half instead of doing one quarter and then doing three-quarters? You know when you try to walk down the corridor when the floor is three-quarters wet and some one is coming down the other way, you have to walk in water and then the janitor gets angry and it is very unpleasant. The other day one yelled at me so loud that I dropped my brown bag. Something should be done.

S. O. P.

Dorchester.