'45 TAKES FIELD DAY

Football Tie Clinches Day
For Sophomores; Frosh Take Tug-of-War and Glove Fight

Field Day weekend this year started off with a bang—as 2,000 pounds of scrap began to pile up behind the dorms. Institute and Agenda authorities literally put '46 in the scrap as they sent the Freshmen out on their errands for Field Day Eve. As Lester A. Ackerman, president of the Agenda, said when he published the order requiring every Freshman to deliver 15 pounds of metal before proceeding on his errand, "We are taking advantage of our superiority over the Freshman to help out the national war effort." The picture on the right witnesses the success of their mission.

During the absence of the Freshmen from their rooms in the dorms, '45 with traditional gusto went to work stacking. Such a complete and thorough job was done that it is debatable who did the most work during the course of the evening: the Freshmen who had to do such sundry things as stand on the corner of Tremont St. with shoe box and solicit free shines until three in the morning, or the Sophs, who went into the furniture moving business while they were away.

Without doubt the Freshmen must have been the most tired, for the next day '45 walked off the field against the numerical superiority of the underclassmen with a complete win of 11-8 points. In the first event of the afternoon the Soph basketball team defeated the Frosh 25-23. However, it must be admitted that the Freshman Marakas-coached team got off to the best start, for at the end of the first half they led their opponents by a score of 14-9.

The second event, swimming, was chalked up as another win, as the record-making Soph medley team stroked in. The tug-of-war, first of only two Soph losses, and glove fight, came when the Freshman tuggers pulled their opponents over just in time for the glove fight. The footballers tied; the Frosh got the glove fight with only a six glove margin. Perhaps if Ackerman had stayed in bed the night before this would not have happened, and '45 would have won this event, too.

Well, what does all this point to? The class of '46, the largest ever to enter the Institute, surely in no way physically inferior to their less plentiful Sophomoric fellows, certainly as mentally active, being taken as completely and thoroughly over the coals as they were on Oct. 30.

The answer, it would appear, is that '46 lacked the spirit for the job. This was not the fault of the men who comprised the class; they came from the same schools and places as did the class of '45, but were treated with so much soft soap and charm that class spirit and unity were completely undeveloped.