FRIENDS WERE HANDICAPPED

By traditional pomposity, Volume LXIII of the Tech meant to bid a fond farewell to the Institute and to its friends in this, the Volume's last edition. To do so, and in the process to convey a last but honest view of the events and happenings of Volume LXIII, is our purpose herein, punctuated by another ivy-engronned custom which permits the retiring editor, with great gusto to stray from the beaten path.

A string of fortuitous circumstances, bestraying this year was slightly premature for half of the Managing board, but by a series of fortuitous circumstances a re-leveretaking has been arranged, and therefore we are taking advantage of these circumstances. We remember just about a year ago when wove our way into the scene, a turbulent stormy scene the true significance of which we tried sincerely to depict or keep along with what we considered the fiction of the editorial column.

Time has produced new conditions, new facts, new problems, which we leave as a challenge to the ingenuity (and it is considerable) of our successors. Our hope is that these will face these challenges with forthright directness. Success, our last wish for them, must then follow in such a case.

Taking our leave reminded us somewhat of the picture of a man, any man, able to leave somewhere, anywhere, and go somewhere else. We could see him madly ripping open each drawer in his dresser and furiously slaming each shutter as he sought the ever elusive collaboration. This image unexplicably struck home, and we idly began opening our drawers and lo and behold, before we could shut them the bright idea occurred to us that we were experiencing the ideal means for reminiscing. Why not take the past, store it, sell his accumulation sight unseen, a bottle of India ink, a box of paper clips and a dozen carpet tacks.

Meanwhile, we turned to the row of drawers on our left shelf being bent into a shapeless mass as Uncle Sam tries desperatly to pound into "our placid conceit" the "hard, cold facts, with his words "While the Army has followed these plans. It is interesting to note how closely the Army has followed this plan. In February we received an urgent message from Lt.-Col. Donald N. Nelson, from "somewhere in the Pacific," saying that "something done about this horrible influence," referring to Voo Doo, and excluding a picture of a sergeant, "wheeled from day and built into doubts" by this "subversive activity." Despite our efforts, the dogpatch flag still swells. Brrrrrrrrrr.

With EEC meteorologists and freshmen being called, tech badges ranks continue to be gradually depleted. Activities gradually began to languish as interest fell in everything based on the enormities of life in early 1943. Oscar's tracksters were the last in the Keagram games in Boston, the frescos beat BC, 12 students were promoted in a secret cold spell. Course XII was discontinued, to be incorporated into Course I, the swimmers lost to Mass Missia, and Bob Meny set a new Tech record for the 3O0, coming within a half second of the world record of 3.9, in a meet in which Tech beat Brown at Providence. Thus ended February, with The Tech featuring a front page official notice killing the rumor that the dongs were to be entirely evacuated within a week.

March arrived in a l工会, with a lurid headline that the Army and the Coast Guard, all civilians musc vault by Saturday. Thanks to lack of interest the war-teams seems to languish as interest fell in the Army's annual bike tourney. The Tech's football team was losing to Providence. Thus ended February, with The Tech featuring a front page official notice killing the rumor that the dongs were to be entirely evacuated within a week.

The first thing we found, on top of some old stationery in the middle of the office was, B. Edward Hutchinson's address to the graduating class of '43, at the Alumni Banquet, and the theme—how pricelessly appropriate now—to do with a title like the old chestnut, "Look to the wave of the future."

On this June 11, we could n't help but be reminded of between Pearl Harbor and Iwo Jima, this was the war that Italy would have to wage if it was to be completely carried away we detold further and found some more old stationery, a bottle of ink, some paper clips and a dozen carpet tacks.

Undismayed, we turned to the row of drawers on our left, and discovered underneath some fantastic Balance Shetts the following clipped items: a cartoon depicting a tremendous coddle being bent into a shapeless mass as Uncle Sam tries desperatly to pound into "our placid conceit" the "hard, cold facts, with his words "While the Army has followed these plans. It is interesting to note how closely the Army has followed this plan. In February we received an urgent message from Lt.-Col. Donald N. Nelson, from "somewhere in the Pacific," saying that "something done about this horrible influence," referring to Voo Doo, and excluding a picture of a sergeant, "wheeled from day and built into doubts" by this "subversive activity." Despite our efforts, the dogpatch flag still swells. Brrrrrrrrrrrr.

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