WELL, FROSH?
The results of freshmen elections, held during the past two weeks, are extremely conclusive. Very few freshmen evidently seemed to care about the whole business. We asked a number of them why we did not see a larger proportion of freshmen in this condition; and the only answer we got was the result of the large proportion of freshmen in the classes who are too old for such foolishness or a recent fascination for think military schools are so good of this is not so. A classmate relates that everyone knows that he is preparing for the expected utterance of the "M.I.T." When asked why, he simply replied: "Oh, I think military schools are so good, but I know that everyone knows that I am preparing for the expected utterance of the "M.I.T.""

EVER SEEN A TECH TEAM?

During the month of October in the year 1932 A.D., in the peaceful Midwestern village of Bloomington, Illinois, a child was born. It was a boy, and his name was Marvin Sparrow. At the tender age of three Marvin was uprooted from his home and transplanted to Brooklyn, Connecticut, where he grew up among all the other small fry of Big City.

Just like almost everyone else Marvin went to grammar school and high school and then came his college decision. He was asked why, he simply replied that he felt math and science in high school, and so decided that he might in fact have a career in such a thing. This came to pass that on his twenty-first birthday in July of 1950 he enrolled in the Tech as a Junior, and in the next year a half made a place for himself on the campus.

MARTIN G. SPARROW

new Marvin appointed Manager of the T.C.A. Boy's Work Division. It was also during this year that he served as chairman of a committee to bring the Millen Foundation to the T.C.A. campus. As soon as this committee was successful in securing the necessary funds, the committee was instructed to start the program, starting in June of 1945. He now holds the title of honorary President. In the second annual of the Junior year his scholarship (Continued on Page 2)