**EDITORIAL**

A Greeting

The battle of freshman weekend and rush week have come almost to an end; and, in a few days, the nine hundred entering freshmen will be attending their first classes.

To them—welcome and a word of caution.

They have been subjected to testing, counseling, processing and speeches. They have filled out forms, read slick catalogues and brochures, been approached by fraternity men and scholens, activity men and athletic men.

They have been welcomed again and again and received advice on where to live, where to eat, where to go and what to do. During this confusing time, one thing has been neglected—education. The nine hundred freshmen came to MIT for the finest technical education available.

At the end of one year—or four—many of the same nine hundred will feel cheated, will feel that Time, Life, Fortune and This Is MIT lied, will feel that the education they received was unsatisfactory and unsatisfying. They will be partly right.

Four years of secondary school accustomed them to the teaching of trained and interested pedagogues. Four weeks of Institute training, of exposure to engineers and scientists—experts in their fields and amateur teachers—as instructors will leave them disappointed—in the quality of the teaching and the complexion of their work. Selection does either have direction, organization or meaning. Many will take advantage of the Institute's liberal attitude toward class attendance and homework; others will grind away painfully—both suffer.

Institute undergraduate education is the finest, but it is far from ideal. All too often the instructors have but little interest in teaching and less ability. It is not altogether their fault; advancement is the reward of research and not teaching. All too often the courses are poorly organized and without meaning. Institute education—like other American technical institutions—is run on a rigid and archaic system. Too many courses are required—but an attempt is to be made.

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