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MONDAY, MAY 21, 1923

GET BUSY, 1925!!

NEXT fall the present Sophomore Class will have the duty and responsibility of organizing the incoming freshman class. It is not too early to call attention to the fact that certain preparations should be made before the cessation of this term, so that no time will be lost during the early part of the fall term.

The Class of 1924 fell down in the organization of the existing freshman class, except perhaps to aid it on Field Day. There have been practically no social events held thus far during the year, and now the freshman banquet has been put off until the fall because of inability to obtain the desired speakers. It is perfectly evident not only that the freshman class has been ineffectively organized, but also that the general scheme employed by Junior classes to organize incoming freshmen classes is inefficient. By the time the class organization has been completed it is usually too late to accomplish anything. It is of primary importance that the class be organized as soon after the beginning of the fall term as possible, chiefly in order that they may have a better chance of winning Field Day.

In the way of constructive criticism, it has been suggested that one Junior be appointed to take charge of each section of the freshman class. He will be responsible for the formulating of interest and the birth of a class spirit in every member of his section. Meetings should be held, and the men in the section made acquainted with each other. After two weeks, when the men have gotten to know each other fairly well, elections should be held for regular freshman section leaders, who should work in conjunction with their Junior advisors and maintain an intimate contact with each other. Moreover, the Juniors in charge should convene frequently so as to interlink the sections as closely as possible.

The plan outlined above is only a suggestion. The Class of 1925, however, must realize that it will be responsible for the successful organization of the next freshman class. Upon the shoulders of the men who are now Sophomores will rest the task of assimilating the government of that freshman class, of fostering class spirit within its members, and of making them acquainted with the ways of Technology. It is not an easy task and can only be accomplished by men of high integrity and of forceful speech. The Class of 1925 should get busy now, arrange for some kind of organization which will be all ready to begin its functions at the outset of the fall term, and ought put only its best men in charge. The rest of Technology will watch closely the method employed and will judge as to its ultimate success.

SPRIT GREATER THAN DEFEAT

TECHNOLOGY lost its title to the New England Intercollegiate Cup Saturday after six years of steady effort toward its ultimate possession. The men who represented Technology on the field did their best, and because they did not win should not cause anyone to lose sight of the fact that they died fighting. Sickness stacked the odds against them but they displayed unflinching spirit. Technology's gratitude goes out to the men who so ably represented her on the field, even in the course of defeat.

REGRETTING A LOSS

IT was with more than a feeling of deep sorrow, rather with one of having sustained a real loss, that we learned of the death of Richard M. Homberg. He was a man of clear judgment, varied interests and many friends. That his career, which looked so promising, should have been cut short at this time is more than unfortunate. As one who worked willingly in undergraduate activities and who gave his best in Institute athletics, we, his friends and fellow students, deeply mourn his death.



The janitors are wrought up! They are so afraid that the blackboards will run out of the rooms without their baths that they hang around during class hours to see that none escape while they are not looking. Many are the disciples of Morpheus who are awakened out of a sound sleep in lecture or class to see visions of a crouching, white coated form, eyes glaring, beard stubble bristling as it lies in wait to pounce upon and clean the unsuspecting blackboard.

The blackboards at least do no harm. They keep quiet, which is more than the professors do. However, in view of the fact that many of the lecturers are of more robust physique than our whitecoated jail-keepers, we don't expect the janitors to clean them up as effectively as they do the boards. It is a fair chance that boards will remain where they are until the end of the hour. So if the exponents of Cleanliness must snoop around, eraser in

hand, let them rid us of the small and puny lecturers at least.

If that also cannot be, let them continue the game of African Golf which their sense of duty compelled them to break up, until the end of the hour. They will then have the whole room in which to impose their will upon the helpless though perhaps obstinate blackboards.

Think of the emotions suffered by our imported lecturers when they see a white coat in sight. Years ago, a white coat meant an angel, a barber or a Manhattan cocktail. Now it means only the first two (in public). And to bring back memories so forcibly to these men shows a lack of feeling that a true host should not have for the mental and gustatory tranquility of his guest.

Raffles never brought much of anything to the Lounge. He never was lucky at those things anyway. There's one of the Faculty, however, who either carries an electromagnet in his trouser pocket as a horseshoe or else has a rabbit's foot for his appendix and wears a size 13 collar. As people who win things usually get their names in the papers, the Lounge thinks it only fair to disclose the gentleman's identity, and at the same time his romantic feat.

Out at a certain carnivalous affair last week the custodian of our sensory electrons, the same one who published the Technologist's Manual of Arms, to be short and to the point, Prof. Hudson, E. E. E.,—indulged in a raffle, and as a result won a beautiful new 1898 hitherto demolished Flivver Taxi, minus windows, and to quote Bill Shakespeare, sans windshield, sans gasoline, and sans everything but an honest-to-goodness engine.

As Fate would have it, the professor was recognized by some of his erstwhile classes and was forthwith called on for a speech. He was apparently puzzled over how an auto could be run on Principles of Electric Engineering if it didn't have any gas in the tank. But the students around solved the difficulty by pushing him all around the county, no lights, but safely protected by an encircling ring of about seventy gleeful, shouting youths.

When questioned by a newsboy the professor replied that it was his second car. After which he decided to auction it off as he can only drive one at a time. The maximum bid was one dollar, however, so he made arrangements to take over his newly conquered machinery, resolving he'd get more than a dollar's worth out of it, anyway.

Sophs Hold Class Parade

A funeral parade with the pallbearers wearing pajamas will be the method by which the sophomore class at Columbia celebrates the completion of another school year. The climax of the affair is the hanging and burning of an effigy after a preliminary trial has been held.

Frosh Lose Caps in Rush

A new era has dawned for the freshmen at Tufts, for they have just been allowed to dispense with the wearing of the small green caps required during their first year. They lost this privilege (?) at the annual cap rush where the sophomores took possession of the "peanuts." In addition to the caps, many other articles of clothing changed hands.

Brown Collects Cash

The Brown Daily Herald, the undergraduate publication at Brown University, in an effort to collect the annual unpaid subscriptions has published the list of all such delinquents in an issue of the paper. There are about 85 names on the list and further non-payment will involve action on the part of the dean.

Typical Musical Comedy at Shubert By Phillippe

Another show that is truly a typical musical comedy has opened at the Shubert Theater. "Lady Butterfly" is the offering. It has some good music and a great profusion of comedy that even goes as far as mild slapstick at times. The actors are consistently of good quality, there are no distinct stars but the major parts are all taken well.

The opening scene is on a boat at the dock in France and the arrival of the passengers and the sailing of the ship take up the act. The principle scene of the second act is in an English home where the most of the passengers have arrived. There is a mixup of names and a peculiar clause in an old man's will that gives the plot.

The star comedy parts are the role of Caroline, the stewardess and Alfred her lover. These two do one song together that is a wonder.

Taking it as a whole we will say that it is not the Follies nor is it "Sally" but it is a very entertaining evening with quite a bit of good music and a cast that can dance wonderfully.

PLAY DIRECTORY

COLONIAL: "Minnie An' Me." Mitzi, musical comedy, last week.
COPLEY: "The Likes of 'Er." Good English comedy. A poor girl's love.
KEITH'S: Trained elephants.
MAJESTIC: "The Covered Wagon." A movie epic.
PLYMOUTH: "The Monster." Thrills and humor that can't be beat.
ST. JAMES: "The Broken Wing." Comedy. Boston Stock Co.
SELWYN: "The Fool." Religion and all that.
SHUBERT: "Lady Butterfly." Very enjoyable musical comedy.
TREMONT: "Rise of Rosie O'Reilly." New Cohan show. Opens tomorrow.

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COMMUNICATIONS

Letters over 200 Words May Be
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The following communication has been received from the Federal Reserve Society of the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston:

To the Editor of The Tech:

On behalf of the officers and the members of the Federal Reserve Society I desire to express to the men of the Combined Musical Clubs, through The Tech, our thorough appreciation for the very entertaining concert given to us last Saturday evening at the Copley Plaza Hotel. The several numbers on the program were most appropriately selected, and the manner of presentation indicated a well trained and effective organization.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology may well be proud of the men who so ably represent the institution on the Combined Musical Clubs.

(Signed) WILLIAM W. WILSON,
President.

To the Lounge:

We were surprised at the communication which appeared in Friday's Tech because we were of the opinion that we had no men in Course I who were small enough to write an extremely personal attack and then neglect (no doubt he forgot) to sign his name.

Leaving aside the question of the propriety of criticising our instructors in this manner, we are impressed by the extreme caution of this man (?) who no doubt was afraid he might hurt someone's feelings if they knew "he" was so implacably set against them.

Nevertheless, as this man identified himself by the number of our Course, and evidently assumed he was speaking for all of us, we feel impelled to repudiate him. Of course, if he should read this and send in his name, we may be forced against our will to acknowledge him, by virtue of evidence furnished by the Registrar.

(Signed)

P. V. B. Heiss,
T. J. Halls,
P. F. Kershaw,
R. G. Herd,
A. A. Kenney,
G. E. Barnes,
Course I, 1923.

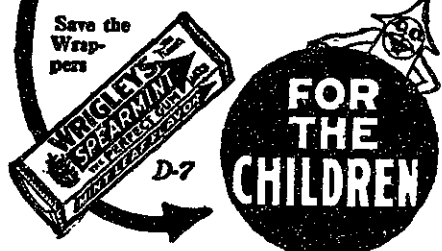
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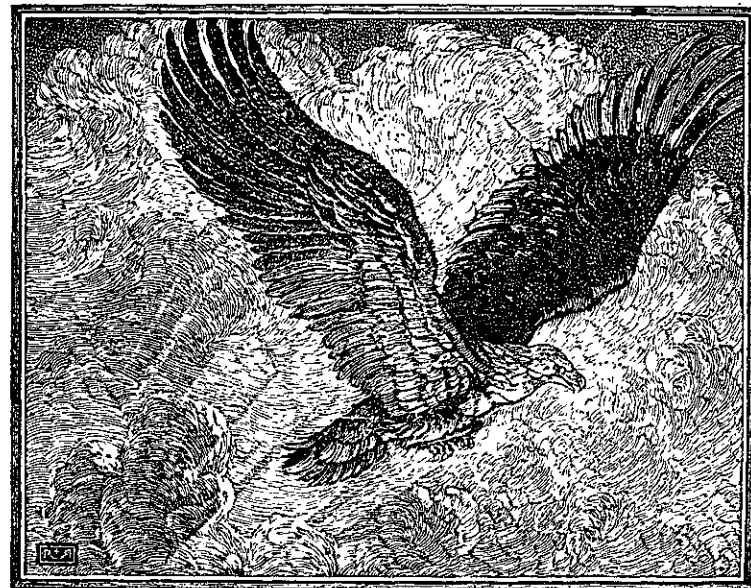
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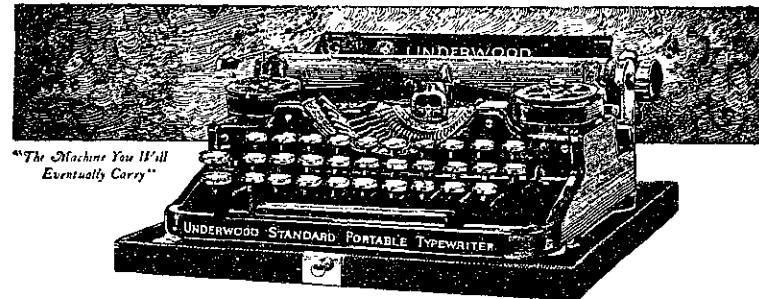
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