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MONDAY, JUNE 11, 1923

PRESIDENT STRATTON AND TECHNOLOGY

TODAY witnesses the formal inauguration of Dr. Stratton to his office of President of Technology. The new President, however, needs no introduction to us. He has actively fulfilled his duties already for a period of almost six months. By now he is quite well accustomed to Technology and its student life. And Technology, on the other hand, has once more responded to the realization that it is at last under the guidance of another real and active head.

For a long time after the death of President MacLaurin did the outside world wonder who would be his successor. And when Dr. Nichols was finally selected, he was only forced a little later on to resign because of his health. Again was Elihu Thomson called upon to assume the duties of Acting President. Finally and the news came with pleasing suddenness, it was made known last fall that Dr. Stratton would be the next head of Technology.

It is the unanimous desire of those in any way connected with Technology that President Stratton will enjoy a lengthy term of office. He has already shown his intentions of maintaining an intimate contact with activity life and a serious interest in student life in general, aside from fulfilling his official functions. The President should feel by this time that he has Technology in its entirety behind him. We can but wish him well and hope that he will be able to finish those things which President MacLaurin had planned and set as goals.

FAREWELL 1923!

THE Class of 1923 has finished its career of undergraduate life. After the Graduation exercises tomorrow its members will have become alumni and the parts they played in the real Technology life will have become endearing memories. The Class of 1923 has a record of achievement and loyalty to be envied. It has established many ingenious precedents which it is to be hoped its successors will recognize in the future. It has aroused a great deal of sentiment and enthusiasm. That its members will fare well in their careers in the outer world of business is the wish of those yet in the tracks over which they have travelled. That they will always remain a part of Technology is to be little doubted.

CLASS REUNIONS SIGNIFICANT

THE everlasting loyalty of Technology's Alumni is again impressively demonstrated by the number of class reunions being held this year. The Inauguration no doubt affords an additional temptation to the lurid thrill of once more being in the company of one's classmates. Technology can well be proud of its alumni spirit which is time and again made so evident. What could serve as a more cohesive element in college life than the staunch support of its alumni? We are glad to think that sooner or later we shall be admitted to their number and be given an opportunity of proving our worthiness to be a part of them.

The Great White Plague

By M. S. MacNaught '24

I must admit that I was sadly mistaken when I thought all I needed to do as a member of The Tech was take in an occasional banquet—or rather, let my stomach take it in.

After breezing merrily along with that dream for awhile it was rudely shattered by orders from headquarters to earn my right to fame and food by interviewing the janitors of Technology. Whew! But the which we needs must do for The Tech is a royal ban quetter and I must needs hold my job. So read it and weep.

My first contact with a janitor was in my freshman days when the only reason I stayed in the Institute was because I had paid \$100 and was too thoroughly Scotch to drop out and miss any of it. I tried to get Uncle Horace to part with the unused portion of it if I quit but I was repulsed by the Cannons in the outer fort so I'm still here.

Well, to continue. All spik and span (I span darned near six feet and I spik English when I'm not studying P. E. E.) I came tearing around the corner of building 2 in my nice new uniform, and ran full tilt into a white coated gentleman.

And said white coat had two long white erasers in his hands which he was just about to beat—but coming as usual at the psychological moment I got between them as he swung them and thereby beautifully powdered my uniform with chalk dust.

That, as I said, was my first contact with the janitors. My second was last year when I left my private incubator under the seat when I was in too much of a hurry to leave at the first bell. I went back later to find the old lid but nothing doing. So I chased all over

building 10 to find the janitor.

It didn't do a bit of good, and I was so bashful of my flowing locks that I sneaked through all the back alley from here to Brookline hoping not to be seen. Ah cruel fate! Just as I was almost home, whom should I meet but the queen from down the street whom I so wanted to make to make an impression upon. I guess I did—the wrong way, for she grinned as she passed me, bareheaded on a winter day. Budding romance blighted. She never even looked at me again!

So my memories of the janitor were hardly sweet and I mentally resolved to get back at them for my past humiliations. Read on and notice the elegant sarcasm of the lines!

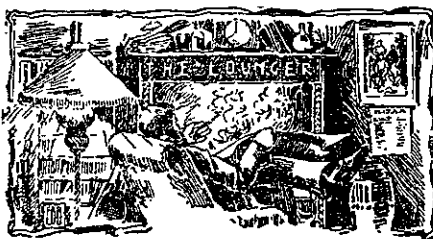
Boys, meet Mr. Lang, the smiling, bespectacled foreman of Building 10. His little office is really quite a revelation for comfort, and the walls are well covered with autographed photographs of various professors and administrative officers who have come in contact with Mr. Lang during his long service with the Institute.

"Sure, the boys are all pretty decent to us. And we haven't any grudge against the professors." Oh that all students could say that!

"How long do we work? Well, my men come in at seven each morning and relieve the night watchman. Then they clean all the offices and rooms, so that by the time classes start the Institute is nice and clean.

"After that comes the bundling up of waste paper, and the cleaning of blackboards after each class. Here in Building 10 we have to relieve the elevator operator for her noon hour and for her rest periods, and also arrange

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The Lounger's hunting season is at an end. Already the students have dissembled themselves to their various domiciles. Except for a few scanty Seniors who have decided to run the gauntlet of caps and gowns and receive their diplomas in person tomorrow, instead of waiting for the mail man to bring them sometime later on after they have tried to get six or seven jobs without them, the Institute is deserted. Exams are over and the suspense has begun, which will not be ended until the T. N. T. ish reports appear with their deadly suddenness. It is the Lounger's last chance to deridingly encourage the Seniors, and so he proceeds to his task.

The Senior questionnaires last week revealed some interesting facts, but the Lounger was disappointed. Contrary to other reports as published in the daily papers, the answer to the question, "Who has made the most enemies?" was "the Tech" in a variety of cases. This was tickling news to the Lounger, but he is sort of jealous. He wanted that distinction for himself, not his paper.

He even went to the extreme of trying to incite anger into his enemies by supporting them on certain issues. Instead of the desired results, he was given the glad hand shake every time he bumped into one of his adversaries in the corridors. He has failed. But at least he is proud to be a part of whatever has made the most enemies. He recalls to mind the old saying, "A man's greatness is judged by the number of his enemies; if he has but few he is not very powerful." Ah, Seniors, how proud the Lounger feels to have done so much for the cause of his paper.

"Senior Balloon Race" was the right name for it. At least, as far as the Senior part of it is concerned. There wasn't much of a race to it, and the balloon didn't have a chance. The Lounger thought something had been done a year or so to effect an international armament. But the Seniors managed to smuggle some Bee Bee guns, sling shots, catapults, and trench mortars past the liquor agents. They might just as well have cut the balloon's throat before they let it go. They didn't even wait for it to take the ten paces, established so long ago by Caesar, and upheld as a precedent until last Saturday.

The Lounger fails to see why the Seniors issued any challenge. Nobody else had a chance. He promises that next year he will fool them though. He's going to get a baby zeppelin or a pair of wings or something. But he's going to get that balloon. It only gives the alumni-in-the-making a chance to bulge out their hat bands, and that isn't good for anybody who expects to enter the world race for shoe leather.

Tears come to the Lounger's eyes when he thinks of what the Graduation exercises tomorrow means to him. Good-bye Kid Investigator. Farewell Brer Rabbit. No more insurgent probers of the realm of news-land and no more chance for glaring headlines. 'Tis a hard and difficult fate. The chances for securing someone to fulfill their self-defined duties seem glum. But the Lounger has hopes. He is going to break in a few of the new Senior Class and train them to supply him with plenty of hot dope, of themselves or otherwise. At any rate, he wishes well to the above mentioned gentlemen, whether they continue their respective occupations or not.

It is rumored that each Senior is to receive his diploma individually tomorrow. This arouses the Lounger's sympathy. Whoever gives out the coveted sheepskins will be shaking hands in his sleep for a week or so thereafter. Horse liniment and tea leaves will be in great demand and the Lounger is considering doing a little speculation in the rheumatism-wrist stock market.

It would be a far prettier sight to place all the eight hundred or so diplomas on a gigantic tea table or wagnette and have one grand game of hide the button by letting all the Seniors pitch in at once. At least they wouldn't have to go through the laborious task of untangling the ribbon after they did find their own.

Yes, it's a big time. Still, the Seniors aren't everything this week. The Lounger takes this opportunity

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of again welcoming Dr. Stratton to Technology. He promises to afford the President some interesting amusement during the next school year.

Before concluding, the Lounger wants to append a little ditty which appeared on the front page of a BLANK exam book in M12 last week: "I've sat in meditation long, And written math on pages, nay A thousand answers came out wrong, I think of what the sages say, The words with sighs and groans exhaled,

I write them down in this hot hall, 'Tis better to have tried and failed Than never to have worked at all."

Not to be outdone, some Senior put this on a 10-22 exam: "NOTE: Please do not take this paper too seriously, as it is the only thing that stands between me and getting a B. S. degree." The Lounger adds serenely that the unfortunate youth flunked.

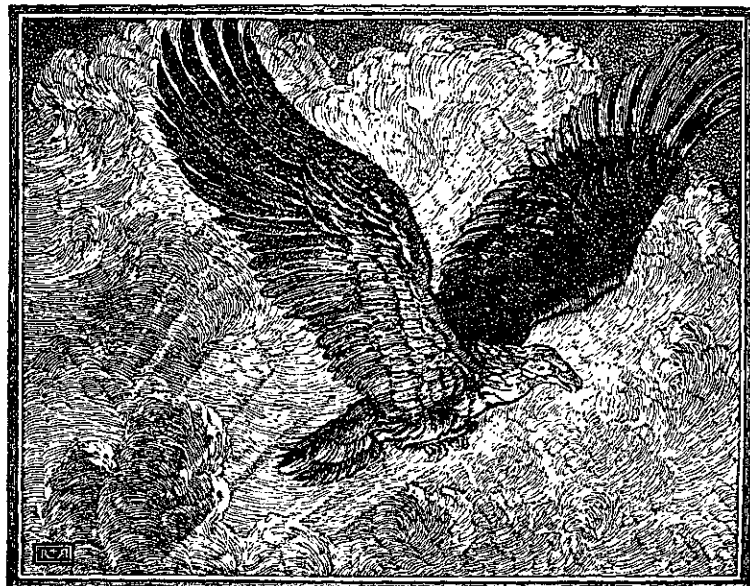
So saying, the Lounger takes leave of his fellow students and wishes them a real cool summer with plenty of moonlight bathing. And don't forget the best place to do studying in the summer is in a canoe under the shade of a friendly apple tree, but not a weeping willow.

CLASS DAY HELD
LAST SATURDAY
(Continued from Page 1)

lessly the foibles and idiosyncrasies of the professors and instructors. Dr. Norbert Wiener, Professor E. F. Miller, Professor G. B. Haven, and Professor W. S. Franklin were among those caricatured.

W. S. Anderson '23, appeared as a lesque clergy man and displayed a suspicious bulge on his hip as he left the stage. Several brave generals from the R. O. T. C. participated in a drill with air rifles. All of a sudden a little rubber balloon was released but was quickly shot down by E. E. Kattwinkel '23. The coveted "T" suspended from the balloon was rescued by Schuyler Hazard '23 and presented to Dr. Stratton before the astonished Juniors were able to make up their minds that this was the much heralded balloon. President Shaw explained that as the exercises had to be held indoors it was necessary to use a little balloon.

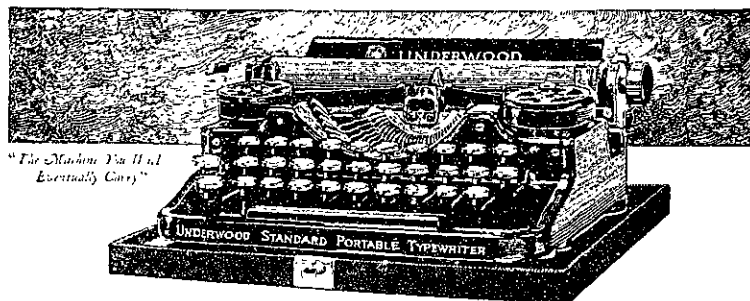
The program closed with the singing of the new Tech song with its author, Professor G. E. Russel '00, leading.



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