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Entered as Second Class Matter at the
Boston Post Office

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OFFICES OF THE TECH
News and Editorial—Room 3, Walker Memorial, Telephone, Univ. 7029
Business—Room 362, Walker Memorial, Telephone, Univ. 7415

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2.50 PER YEAR

Member of Eastern Intercollegiate
Newspaper Association

THE FOUR BLACK SHEEP

IN the world in which we move there are two kinds of people. Those who sincerely endeavor to construct, and those who, wishing to traverse the valleys of life, sincerely endeavor to tear down. Both should be valuable. Trees must be cut, underbrush cleared, stumps torn up, and the entire landscape littered, before the foundations may be laid. Progress blusters in by the front door as permanent beauty escapes through the kitchen garden. So it comes about that many feel themselves especially ordained, created, sanctified to criticize, neither kindly nor wisely, in general all existing and accepted rules of life, marriage, and death, and in particular what ever of value ordinary hard working mortals are accomplished.

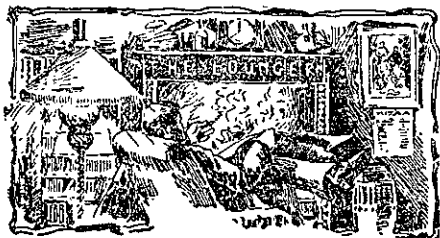
All roads lead to the battle field where the imagination of these gifted drones hurls thunderbolts of narrow minded criticism about the heads of the common bees. Those esthetic ones whose souls in their cry for expression are ever stretching upward, onward through the sticky, murky blackness toward the everlasting brilliance of all-comprehending something-or-other, are the drones. With what intense hatred do they view the bees. Those quiet, simple, unassuming ones who labor endlessly day after day, night after night, unhonored, misunderstood, but are always driving, driving to accomplish some end, some purpose, are the bees. With what mildness do they view the mental landscape. The common people, sneered at, derided by those imaginative souls, in their own minds so superior, the common people rule the world.

The drones have no longer a place in the hive. Who will praise these members of a bigoted intelligence which admires Gertrude Stein, laughs at the Bible, and discusses the intricacies of the drama with a mock-English tongue set in a perfect vacuum? What right have such as these to criticize the man who, working, has little time to think. What an act of true Christian charity it is to tear down ruthlessly and never to build up, and our entire landscape littered, but the architect is gone, the builders are out on strike, and so we poor common bees must remain uneducated, piggish bores until we receive our respective degrees. Lacking suggestions from our betters we must be content to be stupid, and to plug through each weary day until in the end a higher purpose claims our efforts.

THE FRESHMAN TEA PARTY

TEA is a delightful and soothing beverage, no matter whether it be introduced into the human regions of digestion by the slow and amusingly tedious process employed by the extravagantly dressed flapper within the portals of the Copley Plaza, or whether it be thrown intently into Boston Harbor as our forefathers did some years ago. But the purpose of the Dean's reception for freshmen this afternoon is not to initiate the new men into a course of tea sipping. It is merely the excuse for an informal get-together of these men. Although the idea is new to Technology it has been tried out at other colleges and has worked well.

Freshmen are expected to be present at this reception. To stay away is to ignore the Dean's invitation and signifies a breach of etiquette. If the event is the success it should be it is very likely that a new precedent will have been established and that these informal teas will become another of our permanent institutions and an attractive addition to our social calendar.



Again the clan gathered and once more the Faculty and Alumni room was perfumed with cigarette smoke. Did any of you unsophisticated personages pass by the corridor of the second floor of our beloved Walker yesterday afternoon at 4:55? If you did you could hardly fail to see the silent gatherings of important men leaning against its walls, and hear the low murmurings of wisdom. Yea, the Institute Committee was about to hold its first meeting of the year, and high was the excitement. Fellow students, do you appreciate that this body of men who were about to convene in due and solemn pow-wow are the holders of your undergraduate welfare, of your pocketbooks, and of your ambitions? If you do you must watch with shivering timidity their actions.

However, little happened yesterday, and the Lounger was truly disappointed. He remembers meetings of the past where oratory flowed like water and every motion presented was a signal for fireworks. True, the same dignified order of things held forth. The same gray haired activity heads resided in the big grandfather chairs of the front pew and there present the same quiet solemnity of a Wednesday night prayer meeting—except of course that everyone smoked. That is an old custom and never to be broken. Deacon Robinson began the meeting by calling on Archie

Carouthers for the roll. Handsome Archie rose to the occasion beautifully and in his most perfect style and characteristic pronunciation proceeded to show the meeting that about a third of their elect were absent. This the Lounger believes to be inexcusable.

About the only thing worthy of interest at the meeting was the election of a new treasurer. Since the office is one of responsibility and honor the Lounger had anticipated a lively political struggle, but he was doomed to disappointment. "Pink Cheeked Don" and his contemporary "Shorty" Manning collected the ballots in the same suave manner in which a church dignitary empties the pockets of his congregation, and then they marched side by side in true military fashion to the Dean's table and deposited their booty thereon.

The usual reports were disposed of in the still more usual manner. The Lounger was wondering how many of the Committee really knew what they were voting for. But just then the band practicing across the corridor struck up the latest strains of the Messrs. Schubert and the meeting was accordingly terminated and an opportunity given those present to wiggle their shoulders in lieu their neglected daily dozen.

The Lounger suggests one thing—that the Chairman stand up at the next meeting. He thinks this would have an inspiring effect on the rest of the Committee and might help remove the Wednesday evening prayer meeting effect from the atmosphere of the meetings. At least the scanning glance of the Chairman would keep some of the numbers from going to sleep and disturbing the peace with their snores.

But at least the Institute Committee has learned the mechanics of meeting

The Lounger does not know whether to attribute this accomplishment to the superior intelligence of its members or to a fear on their part that he (the Lounger) might bestow too many congratulations upon them if ever they should not meet when they should. At any rate, some or most of them, or more correctly a part of them, are always present.

As a sensational contrast the Lounger cites the case of the Executive Committee which was scheduled to meet at noon yesterday. In fact, it did meet—all except the Chairman. This would not have been so had it been only a few hours before that this chairman had issued a formal call for the meeting. So faithful and devoted were the committee that one of them got out of a sick bed, another skipped a class, and a third did the penance of hiking all the way across Harvard Bridge just so they could uphold the dignity of their body. The two other members of the committee probably would have had good intentions but as they are not back at Technology this term it was hardly worth while for them to spend their few years' salaries on rail road fare.

The Lounger recalls the old proverb "Greater love hath no man than this,—that he skip a class or sacrifice himself in some other method used in the ancient days of martyrdom to attend a meeting." And then to have the chairman absent. It is too much. The Lounger is overcome with such an exhibition of devotion and puppet love.

The Lounger has noticed with a combination of supersaturated pity and itching memories the familiar sight of freshmen bedecked in their unpressed uniforms standing around Building One waiting to be given the command "Fall In."

The Lounger wonders why the rookies can't get on to facings easily. Some of those faces are so sweet and youthful he feels he would be able to execute any of them willfully and willingly, either by foot movement or shotgun, were he a freshman again himself.

As the Lounger has oft-times remarked, he is broad-minded. Yet once in a while something or other turns up which gets on his "nanny," to use a little of the slang. Some more of the species "oiseau sachant" have agitated him into making a few passing but perhaps effective remarks. Suffice it to say that the law of first come first served applies to the Walker Cafeteria service, and any bird who tries to beat it out is worthy of a tap on the head with a nearby loaf of Vienna bread.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912.

of THE TECH, published tri-weekly at Cambridge, Mass., for October 1, 1923. State of Massachusetts, County of Middlesex.

Before me, Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared D. M. Schoenfeld, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE TECH and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: General Manager W. G. Peirce, Jr.; Editor, P. J. Cardinal; Managing Editor, R. E. Dorr; Business Manager, D. M. Schoenfeld, all of Cambridge, Mass.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) All equipment owned by THE TECH TRUST FUND, Cambridge, Mass., and rented by the Current Volume.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is—(This information is required from the daily publications only.)

D. M. Schoenfeld, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1923.
Charles Mitchell (My commission expires March 24, 1927.)

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