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EVERYBODY OUT!!

GO to it, frosh! Give your adversaries a real run for their money, or more properly, for their numerals on the Field Day Cup. You have lots of spirit and as fair a chance of winning the day as any freshman class ever had. Keep in mind that it has been done. It is up to you to prove whether it CAN be done this year.

Come on, Sophs! Let's see some real fight and lots of pep this afternoon. You can't let the Field Day Cup go by without winning the privilege of engraving your numerals on it. You've GOT to win.

And so it promises to be a real live Field Day, with the outcome very much in the dark. Even the Seniors and Juniors are going to get into it this year and have a crew race all their own. That's spirit. Remembrances of the times when they each played the major role of winning with their final chance, not to mention their struggle with each other two years ago, have been too strong for them to overcome. If the two lower classes can learn this spirit now it will be the kind of Field Day that everyone wants to see, every contest fought hard and to the last ditch.

Everybody out this afternoon! And let the air be filled with cheers from the time the crews drift into sight until the last event is over and the victor decided.

MAN, THE TRUE SPORT

"MAN the Unconquerable" was the title of a whole flock of editorials which were inspired in the minds of writers all over the country, after the more accurate accounts of the recent Japanese earthquake had arrived and the actual work of reconstructing the devastated areas had already begun. Earthquakes are common in Japan, even the most violent ones occurring uncomfortably often. And so more than one writer has been actuated to comment on the stubbornness with which the race across the Pacific defies nature and refuses to be demoralized.

Progress and civilization may mean that man can travel ninety miles an hour on an express train with a safe conviction that the air brakes will not fail in a pinch, or that he can lie in bed at home and be lulled to sleep by the musical strains of some melody sung three thousand miles away, drifting into his ears by virtue of the developments of radio. Along with the development of the intellect of society as a whole, which is supposed to be a corollary of progress, has come a conscious striving for "safety first" in all things which pertain to life, from safety contraptions on industrial mechanisms down to the protection of public health through sanitation.

Yet man, withal, has always craved adventure, romance, anything dangerous down to death itself. He has always broached defiant from the time Adam stole the proverbial apples, down through the ages of chivalry and the crusades, to the present era of merchandised dare-devilry. He has always wanted to be a "sport." He still is one.

The indifference with which the Japanese defy the incessant earth tremors to which they are subjected may be the practical adopting of a necessary attitude, for the islands are already intensely populated and even these people do not wish to emigrate from their native land. But every country loves sport, especially our own. World's series, football games, bicycle races, or air-plane meets, all are witnessed by monster crowds and are reviewed by thousands more through the media of the newspapers and the moving pictures. Even national sports are tame nowadays. When Zev defeated Papyrus an entire nation sat back and sighed in relief at another demonstration of American triumph. Firpo and Dempsey carried the hopes of two continents behind them. The polar expeditions are conducted with the interest of a whole world invested in them. Recently the Columbia and the Bluenose were struggling for the supremacy of the seas, though not as two hostile battleships would. And when Napoleon became tired of other sports he went to war and a nation eagerly followed him.

Man may be civilized, he may tote an intelligence of high scientific development around with him, but fundamentally he is the same old Man, still seeking adventure and romance, and now amusing himself by communicating with the spirits of the after-world. After he has finished working up a set of rules of physics, along comes Mr. Einstein and upsets the whole system. The universe may be finite after all, but what does the adventurer care? He will continue to think himself a hero for breaking the prohibition law, and will continue to run down pedestrians with his automobiles. Why worry over death when there is a chance to argue with some express train as to whether an auto has the right of way at dangerous crossings?



LOST, one nice homelike beaver. Finder kindly return same to Mr. Thomas Bundy and receive one pretty concrete replica in token of his appreciation.

Ah, foul Sophomores that would steal such a symbol of beauty and bring Mr. Tom to tears. "It may not have been handsome to others, but to me it was an angel of love. And besides, it was only a cast," wept Tom while being interviewed. Poor Tom, poor seduced Beaver, brave class of 1926! From the framework of the gym to the foundation piles of Walker has Tom hunted—and in vain. He can neither hear, see or smell his Beaver.

But be not discouraged, fellow students, Dave Shepard has promised for his kidnapping class that the Beaver will appear today. And what a queer sight he presented as he gave his promise to the Institute Committee. The back of his coat torn, his socks dangling, and his tie trying to creep over his left shoulder. And there lies another vile and vicious plot.

The tranquility of Walker was abruptly broken at sundown yesterday afternoon. A Ford sedan pulled up to the curb. A crowd of khaki clad frosh appeared carrying among them a rather long and unwieldy package. The package reached the door of the sedan, and unfolded. Evidently the package did not want to ride in a nice Ford sedan. Foolish package, the frosh wanted its company so much. And so there was revealed to the spectators the longitudinal form of the Sophomore President, his feet already in the vehicle, his head bumping on the ground at a 30 degree angle lower, and in dire necessity of losing his trousers. It was horrible, it was tragic, and yet with queer mob psychology everyone laughed. But the Sophomore class did not lose its President or its President his trousers. Fellow classmates hauled their hero from the depths of the stalling sedan, and everything went back to normalcy and the Institute Committee meeting.

The Lounger nearly forgot. There was one other disconsolate person in Walker yesterday evening. Professor Shugrue had been called in to address the Sophomore Class Banquet. He had accepted, believing these two year men to be polite little accountants. And then to hear that these same gentlemen had already done away with one beaver, nearly lost the trousers of one of their members, and were on the hunt for more excitement, was to say the least discouraging. Was he to be fed to these lions? He meditated, then took a firm hitch in his belt and walked in. At least he would keep his trousers.

Field Day promises to be good. These demonstrations before are always indicative of action. Technology men like to let off their energy as much as any other college children. But the Lounger can write no more. The lights in Walker are going on and off like an electric sign. The frosh are bound to put the Soph in darkness. Its lucky the Lounger knows the touch system. This is Major Smith's big evening. Will he win or the students. The Lounger is betting on the Major.

DORM DANCE COMMITTEE MAKES POSTER AWARDS

J. J. Wickham '24, in charge of the Dorm Dance poster competition, announces that the contest has been won by R. J. McMillan '24. The prize-winning poster represents an auto speeding along a road which is labelled "To the Dorm dance." Incidentally, the number of the car is 314159, which shows that the artist is of a mathematical turn of mind.

The poster is to be first used in the campaign to sell tickets for the Dorm dance November 9.

Play Directory

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Anna Pavlova; next week, San Carlo Opera Co.  
COLONIAL: "The Merchant of Venice," David Warfield.  
COPLEY: "The Limpet." Good English comedy.  
HOLLIS: "Thank U." Comedy. Last week.  
KEITH'S: McIntyre and Heath.  
MAJESTIC: "Caroline." Operetta of Civil War times.  
PLYMOUTH: "The Cat and the Canary." Mystery but poor ending.  
ST. JAMES: "Lawful Larceny." A problem play of a type well known.  
SELWYN: "The Old Soak." More or less prohibition, mostly more.  
SHUBERT: "The Dancing Girl." Tech Night Show.  
TREMONT: "Kiki." Lenore Ulric.  
WILBUR: "Sally Irene and Mary." Musical comedy with Eddie Dowling.

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Class of '26 Assessed \$250 Pending Return of Beaver

CLASS OFFICERS DENY COMPLICITY IN PLAN

The birth of the Technology beaver tradition was given an impetus last night by an enterprising group of Sophomores, who spirited the beaver statue away from its resting place in Walker just before the Institute Committee meeting. A call to arms through the Sophomore laboratories in the Institute produced a stream of second year men pouring into Walker by every entrance.

But the excitement was over by the time the crowd arrived. A flying squadron had already absconded with the beaver. The statue taken was the original plaster cast from the clay by Hugh Cairn. It was used in the pageant at the dedication of the buildings and has reposed over at Rogers ever since. An imitation stone beaver will be made from this cast to serve as the object of the struggling classes. The concrete won't be hard for two weeks, so the original has to serve in the interim.

'26 Charged for Statue This cast is valued at \$250, and the Institute Committee is going to assess the class of '26 for that amount if the beaver is damaged. D. A. Shepard '26, president of the class, vehemently denied all knowledge of the plot, and wished to urge the conspirators to return the statue this morning to the Walker Memorial Committee.

In a telephone communication to

(Continued on Page 4)

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