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HARVARD LENDS AN OAR

THE generosity of Harvard in coming to our aid in time of need has saved the coaching staff of the crew serious embarrassment upon several occasions. The timely loan of the "John Harvard" when our own launch was not in order, as well as the loan of other equipment at times when our locker has been empty, are acts which merit recognition by the entire student body, and not merely by those to whom the benefit was immediate and direct.

These friendly acts are such as to indicate that the supposed antagonism between these schools has been pretty well dispelled. As a matter of fact this predatory attitude has existed primarily in the minds of those who are the most removed from intimate contact with either group. That is to say that Harvard-Tech rivalry offers such a fertile source of conversation between an outsider and a student that the situation is easily exaggerated, so that the outsider usually leaves with a distorted conception of the real situation, which he is only too anxious to pass on again at the next most favorable opportunity.

Students among themselves are seldom known to mention the subject other than in jest, and therein lies the real key to the situation. It seems to be an external and foreign influence that aids and abets the scandal mongers, to the detriment of the relations between each school.

AN ILL-FOUGHT WAR

IF more than half of a nation's population refused to give it financial, not to mention moral and physical support during a war waged on some foreign country, there would be ample room for stipulation as to the outcome of that war. It would also seem a logical deduction that the majority of the nation had been opposed to the war in the first place.

Four days of intensive campaigning have netted subscriptions for the Combined Drive from about one half of the student body. This is a sorrowful showing. With approximately three thousand students, an average contribution of two dollars per man, would make the goal of six thousand dollars nicely attainable. Certainly this average should be easy to make, when one student gives fifty and a member of the Faculty one hundred dollars.

The fraternities and dormitories have both stretched their percentages of men contributing to the hundred mark or very close to it. It is the men not included within these groups—which represent less than one third of the student body—who have not as yet given to the combined causes. What is the matter? Are one half of the students to bear the burden which all should share? Surely half of our number cannot be so "broke" that they cannot give two dollars when most of them spend their idle hours in the movies and their money on cigarettes.

Two days are left. Don't wait until it is too late. That seems to be a fault common to engineers. Forget your selfish Self and reason it out if it is not a noble thing to sacrifice something for someone else.

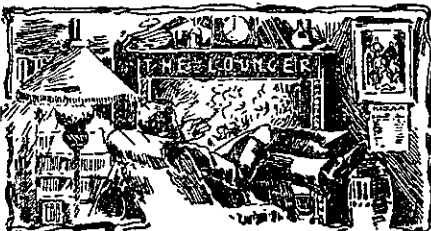
Come across! There is no reason why everyone of the charts in the Main Lobby should not be up to the 100% mark by tonight and the thermometer even with the \$6000 line. If you haven't the cash your pledge is just as good for the time being.

HAVE YOU A FRIEND?

TO the average college man, friends are a mere matter of course. He is but partially cognizant of a number of give-and-take friendships, mere acquaintances well known and well wearing.

But that is not the whole story. There is one question that each man must ask himself. "Am I making at least one friend?" On the face of it, that does not sound to be so vast an undertaking. The magnitude is entirely dependent upon one's conception of friendship. What are the essentials of friendship? They are loyalty, trust and sacrifice. Have you a real friend, one you can trust and who never doubts you? One who stands by you in your sad days as well as in your glad days, who willingly gives his best to you, not because you have something to give in return, but simply because he is a friend? If you have, yours is a treasure, priceless in its worth, something to cherish and keep all your life. If you have not such a friend—why? There is no reason except that you have not tried. Begin now! Build, with the blocks of these acquaintances, a firm temple of lasting friendship, well-founded upon those three eternal pillars, loyalty, trust and sacrifice.

No matter how little else you may accomplish at college, if you but gain one friend, a true, tried, and lasting friend, your four years of grind will not have been in vain. You will have gained life's richest prize—a friend.



The Institute Committee yesterday played to a packed house in more than one sense of the word. Archie Carothers found a stack of proxies on the table that took him most of the meeting to sort. It all happened this way: the Athletic Association desired permission to hold their meetings in the Faculty and Alumni room, the Walker Memorial Committee said the room for no one, no one for the room. So the clans gathered forces and most of the A.A. and all of the Walker Committee were present with proxies. Hot was the verbal battle and victorious Tom Bundy.

The Lounger is glad that the Faculty and Alumni room will be open to the general student body. It is the most comfortable room in Walker and has an atmosphere of quiet and thought about it that will be an oasis to many a Math tired mind. Walker as originally planned incorporated at least double the space for the use of the student body at large. With the cellar type of lounge in Building 5 it furnishes the one real meeting place of the students, and no practical measures should be allowed to go by that will make it more attractive and serviceable to all classes of students. With the mural decorations that will soon appear in the Main Hall, Walker should stand out as one of the beautiful student recreation buildings in the country.

The Lounger was also glad to see the attitude of the Institute Committee in passing the motion. For the first time in many years they appear to be admitting that the non-activity man has definite rights and should have just as much consideration as the other. The Lounger is strong for activities and the good influence that activities generally have on a man, but he recognizes that there is a certain class of men, and a large class, that is not built for the activity type of work. Let us help in drawing these men into a little closer contact with Institute life by giving them comfortable and attractive places to go after their day's work.

COMMUNICATION

To the Grand High Moguls of Technique:

Oh ye putrid digesters of the estranged caterpillar and escutcheons of all that is foul, filthy, decayed and nefarious, your eudaemonic subsistence is at an end. Gather together your sinful conscience, and have them ready to be purged of their lubric exuberance. Our repulsive repertoires will dispose of your as yet unwinnowed carcasses and see that they are amalgamated to the waste refuse to which they are so propinquously related. You will be flattened out like the unchaste and undulating pancakes that you are, you will be enveloped by our case hardened and sorely tempered warriors, you will be trampled under foot as the insignificant worm until you resemble the accursed pulp of ectoplastic nuisance. You will have the venomous nectar of the cactus gods forced down the skulky passages of your burnt and gluttonous throats. And before the public petrification of your ignominious dust, ye shall have branded upon ye the scathing flictures of our flaming revenge.

Come prepared to die, oh ye ignominious purporters to the school of shining goldfish and worshippers of the untamed bullfrog. The stars have rumpled and your fate is sealed. Acquaint your wives and sweethearts with the glorious tidings, that they may order in advance the wreaths of sumac and garlic which are soon to adorn your unbearable anatomies. If you have not done so already, make out your testaments and arrange for your burial ceremonies, for truly ye shall be made the recipients of the popular razzbury.

For years ye have flaunted us, but no more. Anon, bewail your ludicrous tears pungent cesspools of putrescent iniquity though your cerebral recesses be, and await the humiliating annihilation which is destined to extinguish your frail and passionate countenances from our esteemed eyesight. May the wrath of Pluto descend upon you when you are met with him, and the ghost of past executives of our organization haunt and flout you to eternity.

Worst of luck, to you, ye low-down highbrows of sloth.

THE MANAGING BOARD OF

THE TECH.

P. S.—We hate to lower ourselves to accept your dirty challenge but we owe it to the student body to rid it of your imperturbable nuisance.

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THE TRAINING TABLE

by Dr. T. J. Connor

The function of a training table is presumably the providing of food carefully chosen as to kind, variety and quality. Mr. Bridges is doing a mighty fine job for us this year. The meat is the best obtainable, the vegetables sound, and the cooking and menu leave nothing to be desired. All a marked contrast to our local "Greasy Spoons." A training table really connotes this so that it is unnecessary to dilate further on the subject.

However, this function is far from the primary one here at Tech. The different teams all have large groups of candidates. The track squad alone numbers close to 300 men. With these numbers, have we the team morale that comes from being one of a well acquainted group of friends? We have not. During the past few weeks, many of the track squad have been more or less ceremoniously introduced to one another after being out for the team one or more years, a deplorable condition, occurring during just the years when friendships and acquaintances are most easily made and in the field of competition where we should be one big family. We all know the reasons for this, class hours with the resulting inability to get together at the same hour each day, practice in the dark, the hurry due to commuting and so on. All true and will of necessity continue to be true.

We have possibilities for building up Tech morale for the natural foundation is already in. To illustrate, a few days ago, a cross-country runner, smiling widely, came to me and wanted to know if I realized what a fine bunch of fellows we had. During a recent race, he was strong enough to pass some of the men on his own team and although he did not know all the names each one urged him on, not one man but each one.

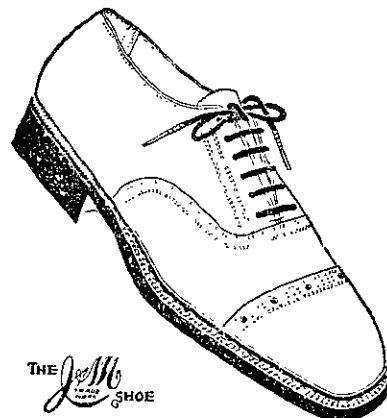
The solution of the problem is plain if we will but take advantage of it. A common meeting place, the training table, where everyone knows everyone else, even though it may be necessary to wear name tags for a while to help the newcomers.

To sum up, the training table is or should be not only a place where you obtain real food, well cooked but an athletic club where you become acquainted with the other men who are accomplishing things in intercollegiate athletics.

T. C. A. WILL PAY FOR BOOKS THIS SATURDAY

The book exchange department of the Technology Christian Association is sending out about one hundred cards to men who have money due them for books. They are to call at the T. C. A. office any time Saturday. Approximately \$500 at an average of about \$5 per man will be paid out.

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