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In Charge of This Issue:

R. E. Dorr '24

OUR IGNORANCE

THE EH21 examination showed a surprising, an alarming ignorance on the part of undergraduate body. It is all the more disturbing since the question regarding the Undergraduate governing system was asked of men who had been in the Institute for over a year! Many times we have been accused of lacking school spirit, but never did we dream that as large a number of men as took this examination could get through four terms at the Institute without finding out how our undergraduate activities are conducted. Each year the T.C.A. goes to a great deal of work and expense to provide each entering freshman with a handbook explaining the operation and functioning of all activities, including the Institute Committee, and giving such information as what are our songs, cheers, traditions, etc. Yet what good does it do when Sophomores are unable to tell more of the activity which is the nucleus of undergraduate life at the Institute?

The English and History Department has pointed out, by asking this question, the importance of knowing the method and manner of government under which one lives. If Technology is our "world" while we are here, is it not as essential for us to understand the manner in which it conducts its affairs, as for us to take an interest in city, state, and national politics after we graduate?

It is interesting to note that none of the criticisms presented against the Institute Committee was accompanied by specific reference. All were of the most general sort, such as charging it with unfair politics, yet not mentioning examples. Nor were the constructive suggestions numerous.

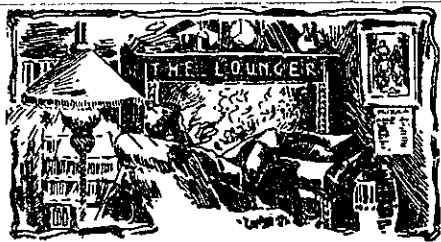
For the benefit of those who desire to know something of activity life at Technology, and for those who recognize their duty to Alma Mater, THE TECH is running an outline of the organization and functions of the Institute Committee, together with a resume of some of the big things done by the committee recently for the Institute.

PROHIBITION

ENGINEERS deal with the facts. The Eighteenth Amendment is not a possibility to conjecture on. It is an established part of the Constitution of the United States, and as long as it remains a part of it,—and there is at present no reason for thinking it will not always be a part of it hereafter—it is the duty of every citizen to abide by it. President Coolidge is entirely right in his statement:

"Free government has no greater menace than disrespect for authority and continued violation of law. It is the duty of a citizen not only to observe the law but to let it be known that he is opposed to its violation."

It is high time for people to cease taking Prohibition as a joke. They must have impressed upon them the realization that in buying liquor they make themselves traitors to the statutes of their own government. Some theatrical circuits excluded Prohibition jokes some time ago. It would have a great effect upon the morals of the people if all newspapers, magazines, and humorous publications were to do the same. These organs are in no small way responsible for the lack of respect for the Constitution now so evident in the wilful and wholesale disregard of its last Amendment. They can do much to cultivate the right attitude in the minds of the public if they so desire.



Since the Lounger wrote his bitter and humbly poetic treatise on golf pants a year and a half ago he has maintained a close scrutiny of the various clothes and other parts of student accoutrement on daily exhibition in the classrooms. He has noted with suave complacency the coming and going of blue shirts, the advent of white corded trousers, and the modern era of bow ties in Course XV. He has watched the straw derby from its inception in May till its final sail from the upper tier of the grandstand down to a position of homage at the foot of some baseball king. And he

has been shuddering for the past month at the thought of snow and the sloppy swishing of unhooked galoshes.

But lo! The Lounger is not the only connoisseur of clothes. He has it on good authority that a very renowned professor has reacted publicly to the fluctuations in the curve of men's fancies. The story goes that the two youthful aspirants to the throne of style appeared in class donned in sweaters. Such breach of dignity was too much for the professor mentioned and at the end of the hour he made it known to the two Rodolphians that, irrespective of the tariff on lamb's wool, he would have no little lambs in his class and that he was accustomed to having his class dressed as becomes an engineer.

Whether or not the heroine of the proverbial poem about "Mary Had A Little Lamb" got a Vote Ten for bringing her animal to class or not, it appears that our modern Profs are dedi-

cated to the proposition that she should tie it outside.

The Lounger has seen some rare combinations in his day. In fact, only two weeks ago he spied a dignified Senior trying to baffle the Electrical Department by breezing into a Tripple E quizz cleverly wrapt up in a Tuxedo. He remembers too, when a member of the Economics Department delivered a lecture in a Prince Albert.

* * * * *

Here, then, is the solution. Why not do the thing right? Let everybody wear full dress to class, Profs and all. What could be a sweeter method of keeping awake in class than to have the immaculate prong of a winged collar prodding you constantly under the chin? Or a nice black sleeve to erase the blackboards with? Or a stiff shirt front to keep up your attention? Even athletics could be done away with, for the students could get their daily exercise chasing each other thru the corridors between classes in frantic endeavors to pull the others' bow ties undone. Here too may even be a solution to the Tech Night problem.

* * * * *

For once the Lounger takes off his hat to Voo Doo. It has done a good many things which he has wanted to do but couldn't. Its editorial comes at a psychological moment—at the start of the dreaded finals—and the Lounger only hopes its sweeping statements will not precipitate a too bloody revolution. To have the Faculty mutilated like the aristocracy in the French Revolution would deprive us of the instruments to knowledge and would even affect the coldest of our hearts with pity.

Furthermore, a horse thief is lynched in some localities. And it is very probable the Institute Committee will enact legislation requiring the immediate death or capital punishment (\$5 registration fine) for shoplifting a Professor's umbrella.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CIVIL ENGINEERING

By Frank C. Wight

Managing Editor, Engineering News-Record

In these days of the silver screen there is no need to tell anyone what a civil engineer is. Every movie fan knows that he is that handsome, though rugged, chap in the nicely pressed khaki breeches and knee boots who bosses a thousand or so roughnecks building a dam in the eucalyptus covered hills back of Los Angeles. His professional activities consist in a few moments' studious attention to a blue-print or two, a short glimpse through some kind of a surveyor's instrument and some hail-fellow-well-met directions to a couple of men working near a derrick. The rest of his time is spent in bashful devotion to the daughter of the New York banker who is financing the dam. Along about the fifth reel the slick-haired lounge lizard who has pursued said daughter all the way from New York, manages somehow to get a pasty-looking bomb over the side of the several hundred thousand yards of concrete that make up the dam, but before the fuse gets in its dirty work to discredit our hero, that gentleman—his pants still neatly pressed—dives overboard, grabs the bomb, swims out with it and hurls it toward a road over which, unknown to him, the villain in a speeding auto is kidnapping the heroine. The bomb explodes, the automobile dives into the crater, the villain dies in such fashion as the censor will permit and the heroine somehow tumbles into the arms of the civil engineer. Fade-out of civil engineer and banker's daughter against background of dam, derricks, and surveying instruments.

This isn't confined entirely to the movies. The civil engineer is in danger of becoming characterized by the artists, both pictorial and fictional, as the great romantic—the successor of the cowboy and the soldier, the exponent of the wide open spaces, the two-fisted man who gets things done but always in the romantic manner, who moves gaily through a picturesque, an unusual, an adventurous life. It is far from a joke to say that the greater number of the recruits to the profession are drawn there by just this appeal.

In marked contrast to this idealized picture of a civil engineer is the too prevalent viewpoint of the big business man, the politician and the banker, the men who handle the strings of the purse into which the civil engineer must dip for the wherewithal to carry on his work. These men are prone to consider the engineer as a sort of higher class journeyman—a mathematician, a surveyor, a draftsman—who deals only with material things; a good enough sort of expert to plan the transformation of steel and concrete and earth and rock into the tunnels, and buildings and bridges

and water-works the world must use, but after all a mechanic with no sense of men or business or beauty. He is necessary to the world, of course, but not one who can ever rise very high in its direction.

Of these two conceptions of the civil engineer, the latter is by far the more offensive. No special harm is done the profession by painting it with an over-romantic brush. Boys who are led to become civil engineers by the adventurous appeal can find sufficient adventure if their youthful ambition that way persists. And if the glamor of adventure wears away, as it does with most, there remains for them that solid work which makes up most of the profession's activities. But the other viewpoint is offensive to civil engineers because it is wrong and because it constantly works to reduce the effectiveness of a profession which, considered properly, could do so much more to improve the conduct of the world's business. It is as a plea for the consideration of the civil engineer as something more than a servant of business and government that this brief talk is intended.

Engineering, in the classic phrase of one of the oldest professional societies, is the directing of the powers of

(Continued on Page 3)

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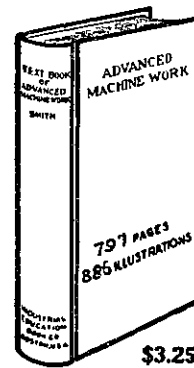
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