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In charge of this Issue: O. B. Robinson '26

THE CHIVALRY OF 1925

THE Beaver! The Beaver! And no one moved. We can hardly blame a prominent member of the Class of 1924 for becoming disgusted and suggesting that the animal be thrown in the river. For after all, it was only made of concrete and there would be no murder committed in such an act. Nor do we believe the Seniors would have a great deal to fear if they followed the advice of another of their number and left their traditional treasure in the middle of the Eastman Court for a week and without a guard around it. This may be too severe an indictment, as it involves all three of the lower classes, whereas only one of them is due for criticism.

What was the matter with the Juniors Friday night? Did they not know of the Beaver tradition established last Tech Night? Did they not know on that night why they were pulling in the interclass tug-of-war? Ignorance of such things is not bliss. Were they afraid of getting their clothes soiled? The dance was not formal and they outnumbered the Senior Beaver escort by two hundred to eight. Did they hesitate at causing a commotion at which there were ladies present? For that matter these young ladies seemed to display more interest in the Beaver than their male escorts, for they ventured near it and wondered at it. We are curious as to the reasons the Juniors gave their skirted ideals for their inertness and failure to abide by the procedure of the knights of yore when there was some chivalry in the world.

The Seniors have scored once and have won one half of their right to the Beaver. We commend their spirit, not forgetting, either, that they brought the Beaver to the Alumni Banquet some weeks ago, when there was everything to lose and nothing to gain from their daring. They have an enviable class spirit, but that is not all. They have the highest regard for Technology and its traditions. We can think of nothing more pathetic than a Class without spirit, and we hate to think even that there might be such a thing. The Beaver tradition will be a failure without class spirit. We warn the Classes to rouse themselves. The Seniors may get reckless in their efforts to start interest in the Beaver. It is a bitter pill in our mouths to have to admit that all the Classes have not equal, red blooded spirit, and we hope we shall not be forced to taste such a pill again in the future.

WHY THE HURRY?

QUITE a number of the more opulent of the Technology students have lately developed the most unexpected habit of rapidity. How such an unprecedented condition has ever managed to creep into our most easy going and well regulated campus activities is beyond the pale of human ken or comprehension. To emerge from the indefinite and embark on a more concrete assucation, the situation is that autoists have been threading their precarious way among the multitude of buildings of the Institute at far too rapid a rate to insure the complete safety of those more unfortunate humans who must depend for locomotion upon their own pedal efforts.

The distances between the buildings are so short that one can hardly conceive the necessity of going to and fro at rates exceeding eighty-eight feet per second. The remarkable aptitude of these speed demons to display their wares at any time during the day is in a sense commendable, but owing to certain other considerations, including the inalienable rights of all Americans to the free pursuit of life and happiness, this practice is rather detrimental. The Charles River Road offers a far more open track for speed driving. One could get more thrills and much better scenery by skimming the river's edge than by attempting to shave the corners off all the buildings in the Institute grounds. Why not try the river for a change?

THE PASSING SHOW OF 1923 AT THE SHUBERT

Ted Lewis and his "musical clowns" were the outstanding feature of The Passing Show of 1923 now playing a three weeks' engagement at the Shubert Theatre. The other scenes were good, but Lewis furnished a class of jazz that wouldn't let your feet stay still, and that at times sent shivers right through you. Clarinet, saxophone, cornet, trombone, and banjo all contributed in rendering a grand, harmonious, melodious jazz.

Frank Gaby and George Jessel shared honors as comedians, but Gaby had in addition a remarkable ventriloquist act in which he sang and smoked a pipe at the same time without moving his mouth. The Trado Twins and Vestoff did some snappy dancing, while Alex Morrison performed a few trick golf shots.

The Jewelled Curtain and Japanese Bridges scenes were colorful as well as elaborate, and were much more effective than is usual. There were also a living curtain and three living chandeliers, but Boston is not New York as far as censors are concerned, and, to quote The Transcript, these scenes looked "like living advertisements for Munsingwear."

O. B. R.

HARVARD BRIDGE

Past and Present

This is the first of two articles concerning the varied history of the old Harvard Bridge and the efforts which are now being made to replace it by a more modern structure. The particulars of the construction of the sonorous affair now stretching across the Basin are related below, while the recent agitation for a new memorial bridge will be discussed in a later issue.

"The Bridge of a Thousand Rattles," over which a thousand Tech students wend their way each morning, has arrived at its present state of senile decrepitude in the course of 33 years, a ripe old age for one of its kind. In its day it has witnessed many amazing transitions. On September 1, 1891, when it was opened to traffic, horse-drawn street-cars conducted their first passengers across. Electric lighting was then such an uncertain proposition that it was thought necessary to supplement the electric system with gas lights, which explains the fact that every second lamp-post, formerly equipped with gas fixtures, now holds aloft nothing more luminous than an iron ring.

Designed by Tech Man

When William Jackson '68, for many years City Engineer of Boston, designed the bridge, there was no thought in his mind that some day heavy trucks and ponderous electric street-cars would replace the carriages and delivery carts which he was counting on when figuring his loads. However, the engineering work on the bridge was such that in spite of the change in load the iron work underneath is still adequate and in such good shape that the Metropolitan District Commission in their report to the Legislature proposed the resurfacing of the present structure as an alternative to the building of a new bridge.

Dame Rumor hath it that the builders intended to put a concrete roadway on the bridge but discovered after it was partly built that is wasn't strong enough to support it and resorted to the expedient of putting down the wooden floor. But Dame Rumor hath it wrong, as usual. It was designed for a wood block pavement and a wood block pavement was put on it. Several were, in fact. The first two lasted ten years each, but the third, which was laid in 1913, failed in five years, owing to heavier traffic.

Then in 1918 they tried as an experiment the laminated mill-type paving which is now on. J. E. Carty '97, in charge of the city Bridges and Ferries division, says the experiment was not a failure. The paving was expected to last only five years, and it did.

To the despair of those who daily dodge flying wood blocks thrown up by passing vehicles as they pick their way through the holes and pitfalls of the bridge, it is recorded that the present structure was talked about for six years before anything was done, and then it took four years to build.

The commissioners considered Blaxton, Chester, Shawmut, and Longfellow as names for the bridge, but finally decided to name it in honor of Reverend John Harvard. It is 2165 feet or 0.4 miles long and 70 feet wide and cost $510,000. The piers are 90 feet on center. The erection of the bridge resulted in an enormous jump in real estate values on the Cambridge side and in the filling in of the formerly worthless lowlands and marshes upon which Technology now stands.

Spend $10,000 a Year on Bridge

In a recent letter to Mayor Curley, Mr. Carty reported that at present the iron work of the bridge is in fairly good condition with the exception of the fence, which is rusting off. The paving can be kept passable by nailing down fresh sheathing as soon as any comes out. It keeps three men working all the time to keep the floor nailed down; maintenance charges amount to $10,000 alone per year for Boston alone.

Mr. Carty goes on to explain that this type of construction, consisting of fixed and suspended spans, is such that any traveling load causes excessive vibration and makes it almost impossible to keep the surface in good condition. The Boston Elevated refuses to run any but its lighter cars over the bridge and even this traffic loosens the rail fastenings.

In addition to the fact that the bridge is 20 feet narrower than the streets leading up to it on either side, there are the added elements of danger in the narrowing at the draw and the low curb, which results in someone skidding through the railing every once in a while.

To replace the present wooden stringers with iron, and lay a wood block pavement raising the curb and widening the draw would take about four months and $585,000, more than the original cost of the structure.

What ho! Today marks the beginning of that part of Technology life which is nearest in likeness to the Siberian exile of which the Lounger has heard so much. The guilty ones were detected at the very outset of this term. Their escape became impossible as soon as it was evident that they had paid their tuition fees and were determined to last the rest of the term. They were then politely but firmly collared, brought into court, and given a hearing before his highness, Judge Eames, Vicar of Steam Engines Centrifugal Pumps, Air Compressors, and all other forms of equipment which exist within the realm of the Steam and Hydraulics Lab.

The Judge is a fair minded person, and from the evidence presented it seemed as though every one of the culprits was equally guilty before the law, being members of either Course II or XV-2. The Judge therefore elected to have them draw lots for their sentences, since the jail would not hold all of them at the same time. Before doing so, however, he accepted preferences from each individual whose schedule prevented him from serving his time certain hours. A number was assigned to each sentence from capital punishment down to reading thermometers every 15 minutes, the numbers were shuffled in Mr. Chayne's red lined sombrero, and the sentences were assigned.

* * *

Now the time has come for Justice and Judge Eames to exact the penalty from the indicted Seniors. Guard duty is the form for most of the victims, and their first watch begins at noon today out in the guard house. All is prepared for their torture. To insure a perfect heat for those who are to be burned at the stake, the fires have been kept raging for the past day. Those who are destined to the pillory will not need to work over the missiles which will be thrown at them. The Judge has seen to it that coal, all kinds and all sizes of it, will be handy and ready to be thrown at them by those other culprits who will do the coal shoveling. A few of the guilty ones are destined to be cremated, and to still another portion of the convicts will fall the duty of toting their ashes out to the cemetery.

* * *

Yes, the boiler test begins today. The Lounger hath it from inside sources that his lordly tyrant, the editor himself, has been doomed to the pillories. Oh, fellow students, what a priveleged sight this is to be! Our royal Seniors bedecked in the zebra striped uniform of the convict, working like our much esteemed Beaver (for six hours in a row, too)), and grafting an armor plate of coal dust several inches thick on top of their smooth and shiny white arms ordinarily so completely symbolical of "the skin you love to touch." Now they will have an excuse for dirty hands for a week. Now they will be able to say they have been MEN for one night,—or at least during the extent of a six-hour shift.

All hail to our noble Seniors! The Lounger sinks back into silent meditation and prepares to hide all his soap until the dainty skin of his roommate has once again come to view from beneath its protecting shell of boiler soot. Isn't it too bad the co-eds don't have to participate in this little game? And isn't it even more deplorable that the Institute Committee and certain others don't take mechanical courses?

In accordance with a new plan, formulated by the Sophomore class at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, last year, a committee of ten members has been appointed to serve on a hospitality club. This club, or committee is designed to entertain visitors or organizations visiting the college and in the future they will be well received and conducted around the institution and extended any courtesies due them.

Play Directory

ARLINGTON SQUARE: "Tangerine." Musical comedy produced by Berkeley Comedians, opening tonight.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: "The Bat." Last week.

COLONIAL: "Vanities." Last week.

COPLEY: "Other People's Worries." A comedy by R. C. Carton.

HOLLIS: "The 1st Year." Frank Craven.

MAJESTIC: "Up She Goes." Formerly at the Wilbur.

PLYMOUTH: "The Whole Town's Talking." Grant Mitchell in laughable farce.

SHUBERT: "The Passing Show." Reviewed in this issue.

SELWYN: Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Stella Dallas." From Olive Higgins Prouty's novel.

ST. JAMES: "Moonlight and Honeysuckle." Boston Stock Company.

TREMONT: "The Clinging Vine." Musical comedy. Last week.

WILBUR: Ethel Barrymore in the "Laughing Lady." by Alfred Sutro. Opening tonight.

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