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As We See the Movies

The story of a man who thinks more of the newspaper game than he does of his friends and family, who cannot leave his desk when a big "break" comes, even though his daughter is dying—that is the theme of the vivid picture, "Gentlemen of the Press" which is at the Met this week.

The Paramount picture is an all-talking production, taken from the play by the same name. Walter Huston, whose difficult role as the veteran newspaper man he fills with as much feeling as he puts into "The Barker," heads the fine cast. It is not a cast made up of those Hollywood satellites whose names continually feature in the scandal sheets, but the group seems to have been picked for their ability at character roles. Particularly so is Charles Ruggles, a well-known stage comedian, who makes a minor part into a role of outstanding importance.

Many of the scenes are made in the city room of a big newspaper, and the muffled roar of the presses mingles with the rattle of type-writers to portray the rush of activity in a modern newspaper. The improvement in recording shown throughout the picture is gratifying. Babies cry, machines whir, telephones jangle with the naturalness of a play, and the dialogue gives the impression of issuing from the mouths of the characters.

In spots the action seems a trifle overdone, but the whole picture is a powerful drama. It is refreshingly unlike the average run of pictures, and while not complimentary to some aspects of newspaper life in general, the glamor and humor of the "game" combines with the grim reality to make a human interest story which has not been equalled recently.

In a medley of Russian numbers, the orchestra makes a pleasing contribution to the entertainment. The stage show "Fifth Avenue" is a colorful representation of the smart shops along this thoroughfare.

Away from the Grind

A costume party and three small closed dances constituted Technology's social program for this weekend. Let no one fear however, that the shadow of the impending grind has yet begun to darken the spirit of social activities. There are still more good times to be had this term.

LAMBDA CHI ALPHA

Last Saturday at the Lambda Chi Alpha house there was a small closed tea dance, which was to precede the crew race with Harvard. There were about twenty couples, and the music was furnished by the Technicians. After the dance, the party retired en masse to Harvard Bridge, only to be disappointed—thanks to the far-famed New England weather.

PHI GAMMA DELTA

The traditional Phi Gam Cowboy Party was held last Friday evening. From the moment that the silhouette of the hangman's victim greeted the guests until after the orchestra had gone and dancing continued to the wheezy nickle piano in the "back room" the evening was a continuous wild-west demonstration. Startling realism was imparted to the fray by the frequent shots from someone's 38.

Decorations transformed the ballroom into a dance-hall dive and the dining-hall into the back room of a western saloon. Refreshments were served at the bar which had a real brass rail until one of the feminine cow-punchers not accustomed to brass rail technique attempted to put both feet on it. Free lunch as well as liquid nourishment was handed out across the bar, the olives making excellent ammunition for annoying the bartender. A nickle piano gave real back room atmosphere to the place.

PHI KAPPA SIGMA

A tea dance was held Saturday afternoon at the Phi Kappa Sigma house. About 35 couples were present at the affair. Professor and Mrs. J. Warren Barker were the chaperones. In token of the fraternity's appreciation of Professor Barker's interest in the chapter he was presented with a silver bowl. Professor Barker is leaving for Lehigh University at

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Study and Amusement Are United In Summer at Camp Technology

Surveying Course Supplemented by Interesting Week-ends and Field Games

Now that the sun-burn of last summer has practically faded away from the campers who were at the surveying camp at Machias, Maine, a new group is contemplating going into these wilds of Maine for a similar sunburn—and possibly similar experiences.

Life at Camp Technology is far from being a grind. Up for a dip in the morning, and out in the field from 7:45 until 5 in the afternoon, baseball before supper, classes in the evening (only two nights a week,) small wonder that the discontent at the "Ten o'clock lights out" rule gradually disappears!

An interesting course of study is given the students during the camp period. In railroad field work, practice is had in "running in" simple and easement curves, setting slope stakes, and after a little experience in those lines is gained, a preliminary survey and a final location line is made of a typical railroad line. Right through the thick woods, swamps, brush, and creeks, fighting off the mosquitoes, the men learn that while a straight line may be the shortest distance between two points, its the longest way around when dense, scrub firs or soggy marsh are "on line."

Engineers Survey Creeks

When the men are not swimming, they find out that hydrographic surveying, stream gaging, or as it is popularly termed "stream guessing," means hanging over a bridge all day, "fishing" with a current meter, or peering through a sextant, while the man in the bow of the boat sings out, "Fourteen point five." In this manner is the lake bottom mapped and the various creeks "surveyed."

The land around the camp and on the other side of the lake is similarly surveyed and mapped in doing what is called "quad work." After locating a point in a small tract of land by triangulation from distant points, a map of that tract is made by plane table or stadia. Buildings,

the end of this term. Tea was served at 6:30 o'clock.

SIGMA NU

An informal closed dance was held last Saturday evening at the Sigma Nu house. About 20 couples were there, a number of them being present at dinner. Dancing was from 9 until 12 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Brown were the chaperones.

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roads, hills, woods, and cornfields—they all appear, in a more or less recognizable form on the finished product.

Many Amusements For Men

While none of the occupations are long enough or hard enough to become odious, the week ends usually afford plenty of regular good times. Canoe trips, including fishing and camping overnight, are very popular pastimes, the canoes being hired for the season from the natives at a very reasonable figure. Dancing at Indian Lake is another form of popular pastime. In fact, the young women of the entire county wait until the embryo engineers come up before they begin to blossom out. Toward the end of the season on Labor day, a tea dance is held, followed by a Tech show and sometimes before and after by a real Field Day which includes racing, boating, swimming, canoeing, and canoe tilting. During the regular season, a baseball tournament is held between the different barracks to decide the supremacy of the camp. A camp baseball team is also in full bloom and usually plays on Saturday and Sunday afternoons with all the neighboring towns.

And taking all in all, the camp proves a place for both physical and mental development with enough together to make an interesting balance.

Stillwater, Okla.—The two juniors of the school of agriculture of Oklahoma A. and M. college who kidnapped the queen of the Engineer's Ball were let off with a light penalty. The discipline committee ordered the students merely put on probation for the rest of the present semester.

For College Parties

—small or large, The Modernistic Ballroom, for 300 guests. The Sun Room—accommodates 100. The Jewel Room—for 50 to 75, may be opened into the EGYPTIAN ROOM for dancing to Leo Reisman's music.

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Technology Branch, H.C.S.

SPINS—AND A CRACK-UP

AT the last Institute Committee Meeting, this undergraduate governing body took action which will probably result in the death-knell of one of Technology's hopeful activities. At this meeting, a motion was made to refuse further recognition of the M.I.T. Flying Club as an Institute organization, the motion being tabled until next week.

This club has found the air bumpy ever since its inauguration. Instead of good flying weather, the group has encountered days of very low visibility, and close horizons. Dead-stick landings have been made, and disastrous crashes narrowly averted. The boys found difficulty in pulling themselves out of their tail spins, and on several occasions storms of more than ordinary violence have nearly proved their undoing. Now it seems that their motor has conked for good, and they are making their final landing, headed for a fatal crack-up.

Why, one asks, is flying at Technology so different from flying at other schools? If Harvard is able to have a successful flying club, if other school flyers organizations in this country can continue without down-fall, if Oxford and Cambridge are able to foster and continue with such projects, why cannot we? That is a big question, and involves money, management, personnel, co-operation and luck. That last factor is the airman's own—without it he feels himself lost, and he depends on it to a greater extent than we do who are living in a more stable strata. The Flying Club has not had it—perhaps they might have had they taken greater care with the first prerequisites.

The Flying Club case was one of mis-directed energy. Without doubt, its originators were wholly sincere in their love of flying, and in their desire to foster interest in it. Lamentably, the large percent of these men have found that Technology and flying mix with about the same reaction as hot acid and alkali. Either one flies or goes to the Institute—flying generally offers the greater thrill—therefore, one receives curtly worded faculty admonition suggesting his withdrawal.

To mismanagement may probably be attributed this debacle of Technology in the air. Flying involves large outlay of capital; initial purchase and upkeep are high. It also necessitates great care with the investment, careful supervision of the plane, and many restrictions as to its flying. These little details the club has overlooked, with pitiable consequences.

Let this be a lesson: undergraduate affairs are dependent on good management. Particularly is this the case in activities which require large outlays of money. This management must be rigidly continued to include cooperation with the faculty, as well as the control of the finances. Also, the personnel of any activity must fully realize a sound sense of value in apportioning their time in outside activities and at school. Furthermore, and most important, take the example of the several men who now sign their names "ex-'29" or "ex-'30", and do not try to mix flying and study. Study of aviation at the Institute is a commendable thing, but limit your flying hours to summer vacations, or wait until you are in possession of the sheepskin before attempting to get into the air.

ONLY FRONTIERS

IN Building 2 harried freshmen and Sophomores are cudgeling their brains over M12 and M22. Theses are being developed by Seniors which at times present problems that even these peers must ponder over. In research laboratories, not only at Technology but all over the world, scientists are baffled by the problem just ahead.

The freshman in M12 is no more puzzled by the problems that confront him than is the graduate student in the laboratory pursuing an illusive bacilli. It is true that the former is confident that his problem does possess a solution and the latter does not possess this assurance; but the degree of uncertainty is much the same.

Man's activities in scientific research have apparently expanded in such a way that the number of new fields opened up vary as a higher power of the time factor. There are many problems today of which foremost scientists do not allow themselves even a surmise at solution. Yet these problems will be solved eventually and a score of others take their place because the one thing that a scientist knows positively is that there will always be something he doesn't know. For there are no boundaries to science, only frontiers.