

The Tech

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IN CHARGE THIS ISSUE

Lucian Jenness A. B. Alland

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1921

THE PROM

At last the big event for which all the athletes of the Copley and the Brunswick have been training has come and the tea hounds are gathered to outdance the night. Much Eau de Quinine has been shed to produce the burnished perfection of each masculine head and not a hair is out of place. Tailors and whiskbrooms have been diligent and the gathering resembles a convention of young men out of the clothing ads. All the way from where it is parted amidships and slicked back with engine oil No. 9 to the brilliant point on the toes of the pumps each Romeo is lit up like a new saloon. Perhaps the figure is ambiguous. At any rate there is no trace of the Toilers of the "C" in these gay figures of Vanity Fair.

It is a night of Romance and Necromancy. And the Topham Beau-clerks of Technology are in their glory. The lamps shine o'er brave women and fair men, to put it modestly. But it is a magic night for the men who were but a week past the ragged slaves of the Chem. Lab. or the grimy setters of the pump valve are become groomed and oily snakes gliding about the Copley till the dawn. It is such a change that one would expect some venerable prof. to burst in exclaiming, "O, foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?"

Who indeed? It is truly an enchantment greater than ever Circe wrought when with her home-brew she made men swine. Nor even potent Calypso could have wound this spell and thus transformed the austere scholars of Technology into these revellers, capering like Harvard boys. But the question of the decrepit Gamaliel would be answered by a vision of the assembled four hundred O. A. O.'s. Their eyes, "alive with fate," their faces, shining with a grace transcendent, their smooth, slim forms, like nymphs of Tempe or the dales of Arcady, their twinkling feet have caught these sons of Vulcan with a spell as mystic and enduring as Merlin's city which was "built in music, therefore never built at all and therefore built forever." And by that wizardry from the grim portals of grim old Technology come forth these curled minions of the dance.

GIRLS

ONLY vaulting ambition would lead one to attempt an editorial on so vast a subject. It is too much like trying to see the universe through a microscope. Great artists have succeeded in making masterpieces by treating one woman at a time but a plurality of them has never been the theme or subject of any successful work. Nevertheless as the year is at the spring—which a dicta from the poet says produces an interesting maneuver of a young man's fancy—and as the Prom with its sound of revelry by night draws on apace it is not inappropriate that we turn our thoughts to the younger members of the gentle half of the human race.

They are a paradoxical lot. They have been the civilizers of the world and at the same time the causus belli of a thousand wars. They have exerted an influence of slavish mastery on the destiny of man, winning dominance by abnegation and ruling imperiously with a caress. And at all times have they been the most useless of the indispensables. They present a kaleidoscopic enigma which alters before it may be solved and poor man has no rests; for he turns from his bread-winning toil only to be confronted by his restless and confusing companion—woman.

Milton thought little of women. He rated them lower than a second lieutenant in his scheme of things. He admits, "Man is made for God alone, she for God in him," and when the bright angel Azazel took a human wife he became straightway, according to Milton, a companion of Satan, which is the poet's way of saying he went to Hell. Bacon, famed for wisdom, stated that the time for a young man to marry was not yet, and for an old man never. We reprint these old issues for the edification of the unwary who are about to risk themselves in the society of the fair.

It is a pity that no regular scientific research has ever been conducted on the subject of women. There are many men in col-

COMMUNICATIONS

To the Editor of THE TECH:
DOING WITH ALL ONE'S MIGHT

Whatever You Have to do, do it With
All Your Might—if You Can!
—Bill's School and Mine

If you can! Alas there are many in this world who have never learned to do things with all their might; and what a waste is any education, however elaborate, that neglects this thing, doing with all one's might. Of course this phase of education cannot be finished in college, but very certainly it should not be arrested there.

Ability to focus one's whole mind on an undertaking and to apply one's whole body in concentrated effort is what men and women are most in need of, and vigorous competitive play serves better than anything else, if indeed there is anything else, to create it.

Play as a training in application! That certainly is a paradox; and yet everyone knows that play is the first thing in life to give rise to that overwhelming eagerness which alone can bring every atom of one's thought and strength into action. Never yet was there a boy who dreamed of ice-cream sundaes while playing ball—and strenuous play leads to strenuous work. Play ball!

For many years I have known of Technology as a high-grade educational institution, and I have always looked upon her position in athletics as a necessary consequence of the conditions which grew out of her old-time location in the heart of metropolitan Boston; but the evident pride which many of my Technology friends have seemed to take in the narrow range of athletic activities in the Institution I have always thought of as making a virtue of a dire necessity. Not that I accept college athletics, as college athletics go, as wholly good; for I know the faults of college athletics well. I know of the hurt they do to some students, or what seems a hurt from a bookish point of view: I know of their failure to stimulate a love for out-door sports among great numbers of indolent and self-indulgent young men; I know of the rooting mania—I look to see many of our college trained men meeting every crisis of life as they have learned to meet the crises on diamond or gridiron; by jumping up and down and yelling! and I know also, what many know but never speak of, namely, the deadening hypocrisy of many a college officer who favors (?) athletics in an ill-considered campaign of subterfuge and downright dishonesty. This last I consider the worst fault of college athletics, and I am inclined to look upon organized athletics as nearly all to the good in any college where the executive and the faculty can stand it!

In one of his characteristic passages Ruskin points out more or less humorously how prone we all are to look for faults among other groups than our own; the busy rich man hates a loafing pauper above all things, and an industrious and frugal laborer does not exactly love a rich and wasteful idler. So in the world of college athletics the faculty sees perversions among the students, and the students see the short-comings of the faculty. For my part I am inclined to follow Ruskin's philosophy and think only of the latter. I see few faults in college athletics except the strong emphasis they give to the inconsequential bookishness of unfriendly faculty members and the occasional demoralization of executive officers as above pointed out.

I am reminded of a saying of my old chum and friend, General Funston. I spent the summer of '89 with him and ten other companions walking and scrambling over 500 miles of the roughest mountains of Colorado. Near the end of the summer Funston's enthusiasm, which was ordinarily unlimited, was reduced almost to its essential element of pure grit, as indicated by his reply to every proposal for the doing of any especially severe stunt—"I can stand it if the rest of you can", and he could and did.

My own reply to an M. I. T. stu-

dent who asked me what I thought of organized and exacting athletics at M. I. T. was and "I can stand it if the rest of you can". My enthusiasms are somewhat frayed, as General Funston's enthusiasms were at the end of that hard summer long ago; but I can stand it if the rest of you can—I have no fear of becoming dishonest and a hypocrite.

I believe that next to telling the truth and doing all things on the square, athletics is the most important thing in a college or technical school.

Whatever you have to do, do it with all your might—if you can.
(Signed) W. S. FRANKLIN.

College Men

are known to be keen judges of correctness in clothes—they know and demand what is best in style, fabric and making.

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TWO AND THREE—
USUALLY FIVE,
according to
THE LOUNGER

Heinie Horne wanted to have Junior Prom in the gym but somebody else sharing in the eleven-buck rattle thought there were enough dumb-bells in there already. The gym would be a great place for the shin-dig if the Walker elevator were running. But it's been stopped since Willard George Loesch became head chap for the dorm dances. It used to be a great convenience for book-borrowers from Mrs. King's library. Now they have to walk and carry their loot.

The Musical Clubs scheduled prom for St. Patrick's Day, the anniversary of the egress of the chosen people out of Israel onto the Emerald Isle, and then Tommie Thomson (it's silent like it is in swimming) got scared he'd think he came from Cork so he trimmed Walker with orange and green—and the Catholic Club returned

their tickets. The decorations in Walker were worthy of the greatest artists—Rembrandt, Michel Angelo, MacSwiney or Lord Carson. Seldom if ever have we seen the orange and the green mingled in such a gay manner. Usually they mingle and teeth grind—all except in falsetto mouth-pieces when upper molar No. 1 can't find its artificial mate below.

If any of you have successfully tried to explain any of the Grinds in Technique one nine too too to your girl, you might go one step farther and try to explain why the victory of the 'snickers over The Tech in last fall's football debauch was so prominently displayed. From first to last the bored was ostensibly inspired with the feat of their hands.

Those who saw Tech Show were impressed with the mellow voices of the chorus girls—mellow meaning over-ripe, rotten. The bar-room scene from "Gertie's Garter" was the inspiration for the entire first act. Some of the music was the best ever written by Irving Berlin, George Dufresne, and Beethoven. Only the presence of Pavlowa herself would have improved the ballet. Shorty Kurtz showed a bit too much of the fox-trot influence in some of his shakes. Some of the girls looked like they had rubbers on. Others in their bare feet showed too plainly they had been brought up to the luxury of an O'Sullivan heel.

As has been his wont for many years, the Lounger deserted his pipe and easy chair tonight. Lover of ease he may be, but much more is he a lover of the dance. Instead of reading Thoreau or Balzac, he is at this hour floating dreamily along to an irresistible melody.

Again he has thrown five and a half perfectly good, useful berries to the winds to witness Tech Show. Tech Show, though better than usual this year, seems to the Lounger to be one of those things, like the collection at a church service, which must be gone through with. He could never have the face to take her to the Prom without taking her to the Show also. What got the Lounger when he escorted her to the balcony was that really he couldn't tell her that he had paid just as much as the lucky stiffs in the front rows. He was indeed thankful to the kind ushers in his vicinity who patiently trotted back to retail the more labored of the Show's quips to those from "U" row on back.

However, all that is forgotten now that the Prom has snatched dull care 'til six.

After six many things will disturb his peace. One of the many, as it has always been after each Prom that the Lounger has experienced, during his long Institute life, will be: how is he going to eat until the first? He confesses that it is no idle fancy. But still, he has existed 'til the first these many years.