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A get-together dinner of all the college men in this vicinity who have been connected with or interested in the Christian Associations of their college will be held at the Boston Y. M. C. A. on Huntington Avenue at 6:30 o'clock on December 14. Letters of in-

**Freshmen Quintet Outscores Varsity  
in Short Well Played Practice Game**

Yesterday afternoon the varsity and freshman teams went through a hard practice session, the varsity men being scrimmaged with a team of freshmen picked by Coach Hitchcock. In the short scrimmage practice, the one marked feature was the great improvement shown by the freshmen players. During the last few practices the freshmen have been steadily showing better form, and yesterday

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Wellesley Hills, (Suburb of) Mass.

December 14, 1922

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Page Seven

**Would I Rather Be a Working Man  
in 1722 or 1922**

By Antonio Tauro '26

If stern providence suddenly materialized into a rational being and condemned me to choose between being a laborer in 1722 or 1922, and at the same time assured me that I might not be anything but a working man so long as I lived, then I would beg to be transported to the opening years of the 18th century. I prefer that period because I have lived in both eras—the ancient and the modern—and to tell the truth I much prefer the former.

When I state that I have lived in both periods, I really mean what I say, for I have spent half of my life in a little village in central Italy where modern customs are but little known. And during the last few years, I have worked in one of America's greatest industrial plants, where I have been in a position to observe and compare the modes of existence of the working men. Perhaps I can best illustrate my point by describing the life of the laborer as it is experienced there, and here. Always remembering, of course, that the village of which I speak was unaffected by the industrial revolution.

To begin with, the working men of that community are free from the restrictions of shop life. Most of the essentials of life are made at home. The women spin and weave, then take the cloth to the village tailor to be made into clothes. The cobbler cuts his leather, measures his customer's feet and makes the shoes to suit the individual need. The same may be said of the carpenter, mason, and other tradesmen. Most of the villagers live upon the fruit of the soil, so that they handle but little currency. When they want their shoes tanned, they give the cobbler some beans or eggs, or whatever they raise on their land. Debts of any kind are usually paid by so many "days" of labor. Thus they live in a sort of socialistic community where each man contributes his share. But more attractive than the industrial is the social aspect of the village life.

The father lives and works at home with his wife and children. Or if his labor takes him to the fields, even there his home seems to follow him. At a certain hour, in the forenoon, his wife and children will come to him with a basket of plain, wholesome food and a flask of red wine. And there, in the fresh, open air, beside a cool brook, wife, father and children gather together to empty the basket. When that is accomplished, everybody helps the father complete the day's task. Then, as the sun begins to sink behind the mountain tops, and the great shadows of the hills invade the valleys, the laborers from the surrounding fields gather their tools, and collecting upon the white, dusty road in groups of six or eight, with songs upon their lips, they slowly wind up the lanes to their homes. The chirp of birds, insects buzzing, the fresh perfume of bursting blossoms and ripening fruit, all combine to make their hearts happy and carefree.

After supper, to the music of the thousands of frogs, croaking their evening song, among the distant irrigating canals, the villagers gather about their doorways to tell stories or discuss the coming harvest; the young swains serenade their ladies; the

children play those pretty games that thrill us after long years have passed.

This existence I left ten years ago, to begin life anew in America. Here I have passed four years of my life in a manufacturing plant that normally employs about 15,000 hands. So that naturally I am in a position to compare the ancient and modern workingman.

The most depressing instruments of modern life are the whistles that call the men to commence and quit work. So demoralizing is their influence, that thousands of human beings live with but one thought on their brain—the call of the whistle. It haunts them after they leave the shop; while during the day, most of the time they keep an eye on the clock, not to see how soon they are free to go to their homes, but to discover when the whistle will blow. I have worked in a shop where the men actually cheered the twelve o'clock and evening blasts.

True, they work but eight or nine hours a day. But what then? From the outer gates of the shop the men crowd into an electric car in which the atmosphere reeks with the odor of hot bodies. The laborers that walk home shuffle through a series of hard, dirty streets crowded with children and rattling automobiles. The air is usually filled with dust, flying paper, and all odors but that of fresh air. The evening meal consists of nicely warmed canned goods.

After supper the average workman is content to sit near his stove to read the latest divorce scandal or baseball news. The younger men change from their greasy clothes into "snappy" dance hall apparel. Then at an early hour in the morning the whistle again screams its warning. Such is the existence of the workingman of today, not only here in America, but I am afraid that such life is pervading the entire world. Only a few days ago I met a friend of mine who has just arrived from my native village. The industrial revolution is making itself felt even there. For the first customs he described to me, calling them by their American names, were some new dance steps—fox trots, camel wobbles, cheek to cheek, and others which they practice in a village that only ten years ago slumbered in a feudal atmosphere.

Doubtless the opportunities for advancement, for profit, for learning are greater today than they ever were. Ordinary workmen may boast of luxuries that nobles of yesterday did not possess. But we have lost something. The great symphonies of the past centuries are being replaced by "musical extravaganzas," and "bedroom farces." Artists waste their time painting bill-boards and magazine covers. Authors now compose "sterling dramas of life, love, blood and what not," for the movies. People are losing imagination and all the sense of beauty that goes with it. Thus, in spite of the fact that the common people are wealthier and more educated than the laborers of two hundred years ago, the difference was amply recompensed by that life led so near to nature.

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two of the objects of the...  
dio Society at the smoker and dinner  
of the Class of 1893, which was held  
last Friday evening at the Algonquin  
Club.

J. K. Clapp '23, Vice-President of the  
society, gave a summary of the develop-  
ment of wireless telegraphy up to  
the time when amateurs began to ex-  
periment with radio. Secretary J. A.  
Stratton gave a talk which was a con-  
tinuation of the subject. He outlined  
the development of amateur radio,  
taking the society's station 1XKM as  
typical of an amateur station.

The radio receiving demonstration  
staged at the dinner by these men was  
made with a new type of receiver,  
which receives on a small loop instead  
of an aerial and ground. One stage of  
radio frequency amplification, a de-  
tector, and one stage of audio fre-  
quency amplification are used in this  
set, which was loaned for the occa-  
sion by Mr. F. C. Bowditch '21.

not taken on the trip. It is not feasi-  
ble to take all the men on the trip be-  
cause of the expense and it is hoped  
that those who are not taken will re-  
main on the clubs after Christmas. It  
is expected that the clubs will make a  
New York trip and a Central Massa-  
chusetts trip later in the year.

The program for the concerts on  
the trip is as follows:

1. Battleship Connecticut...Banjo Club
2. Invictus...Glee Club
3. Canadian Capers (Banjo Duets)  
Cook and Ecker
4. Moonlight Fancies...Mandolin Club
5. A Little Harmony...Quartet  
Burkholder, Decker, Thomas, and  
Wilkins
6. Rastus on Parade...Banjo Club
7. Mystery...K. C. Kingsley
8. Sweet and Low...Glee Club
9. Uncle Moon...Glee Club
9. Nylophone Solo (You Tell 'em  
Ivories)...G. P. Rapert
10. Serenade...Mandolin Club
11. Copper Moon...Glee Club
12. Popular Selections...Jazz Band
13. Stein Song...Combined Clubs