

A Prom Fantasy

Ah! The curtain is ascending, the play has begun. Hastily we drop our musty tomes as if the Pied Piper himself was trilling his seductive notes beneath our lattice. Maddened by his haunting melody, we fling the magic keys with joyous abandon to that other self who seems eternally clamoring for admittance.

He enters the forbidden chamber with halting step, for he has waited long in vain and can scarcely believe this good fortune has befallen him. See how wan and emaciated the poor fellow has grown. Come, we shall rejuvenate him for the nonce, and permit him to once more don the cap and bells for his brief fling, 'though it be as fleeting as Feather-top's. How well the fool's motley becomes him, already he struts, debonair and gay, puffed with pride. Tonight he shall play the adventurous Caliph of Bagdad and put the King of Hearts to the blush until at the crash of the final curtain, Voila, he is gone. All is ended, the bubble is pricked and we shall again banish him into solitary exile. What a capital joke to play on the gullible simpleton.

"Youthful folly" mutter the venerable sages as they waggle their hoary locks in derision. 'Tis true, wisdom is theirs, but we are still young while they are old, and therefore of a foreign breed. Who knows but what this chuckle-head of ours may one time inadvertently stumble upon the "hidden valley" displaying to our astonished gaze, El Dorado, the goal of all our dreams, sparkling in virginal splendor. We wonder.

Cups Are Awarded

The activities of the Boys' Work department of the T. C. A. have been terminated by a banquet held at the Y. M. C. A. Among those present were W. H. Corrae '24, R. W. Giles '24, and W. M. Ross. Cups were awarded to the basketball teams representing R. H. Stearns Co., the Boston Transcript, and the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., each of whom are the champions of their respective leagues.

MEN STUDY ABROAD

One of the nine fellows selected to go to Sweden for study during the next year, by the American-Scandinavian Foundation, is R. H. Park '23, a student in electrical engineering at Technology. Stipends of \$1000 go with the fellowships.

Professor H. M. Goodwin, head of the Institute course in electro-chemistry was a member of the special committee of the Foundation which selected the fellows. Professor A. E. Kennelly, of Technology and Harvard, was another of the eight officials.

Four American students will go to Denmark, four more to Norway, and nine, one of whom is Park, to Sweden during 1923-24.

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Photos by Harry Cuthbertson '25

LOOKING OVER THE RUSH

Above Top—Don Jennings Laying on the Gargoyle

Below—A Precarious Perch.

Top Right—Ripping Pants and Tearing Shirts.

Center—The First Attack.

Right—The Victors, What's Left of Them.

TECHNIQUE PADDLE WINNERS

Numbers two, six, nine and fifteen, Francis T. Hazeltine '23, of Springfield, Mo.; three, G. G. West '23, of Portland, Oregon; four, Edwin R. Richards '23, of Lexington, Mass.; five, Frederick E. Walch, Jr. '26, of Syracuse, N. Y.; eight, Harry R. Ferguson '24, of Ruthersford, N. J.; ten, William A. Forrester '26, of Wilkingsburg, Pa.; eleven, Edward H. Burkart, Jr. '23, of St. Louis, Mo.; twelve, Charles M. Mapes '23, of Spring Valley, N. Y.; thirteen, Edward N. Roberts '25, of Yonkers, N. Y.; sixteen, David W. Skinner '23, of Brookline, Mass.; eighteen, Arthur O. Sheppard '25, of Hong Kong, China; nineteen, R. J. Possiel '24, of Pittsburg, Pa.; twenty, Walter H. Kennett '24, West Newbury, Mass.

The first four of these copies, together with the twentieth, are free. All are autographed by Dr. S. W. Stratton, President of Technology.

STUDENTS DARE

TECHNIQUE ROW

(Continued from Page 1)

a thrilling start to one of Technology's greatest Junior Weeks.

As usual the year book board had a surprise method of presenting the first paddle, but this spring's method proved almost as much a surprise to its sponsors as to those who were taking part. A few seconds after Don Jennings, general manager, had fired his gun which meant the chase for the first paddle was on, there was a second shot, this time from a small cannon concealed near the base of the cylindrical hut.

The onrushing battlers jumped back, startled for a second by the unexpected explosion and then frantically piled after the various bits of packing and other debris, which was lazily floating down from the perfect April sky. Burnt chunks of paper and other trash formed the nucleus for fighting mobs, but none of the victors found that their piece was announced by the board as paddle number one.

After considerable hesitation Jennings and his white garbed assistants, apparently as much bewildered by sudden disappearance of the lucky first paddle, fired his gun again indicating that the battle for the other nineteen boards was on. It was not until twenty minutes later, when the regular rushing had been completed that E. W. Blodgett '24, reported to the Technique general manager with a small vari-colored rubber ball. "You're it," said Jennings and the winner of the first paddle was known.

Along with a lot of wadding the ball had been fired out of the cannon, but instead of landing within the encl-

sure as had been intended it sailed half way down to the river and there landed in front of Blodgett, who was hastening up to view the excitement and not take part in it. The holder of number one has had a first rate Junior Week, since yesterday morning he added to his laurels by clipping the Technology high hurdle record in the interclass meet.

The brightly dressed crowd, with everybody laughing and in good humor in anticipation of the two full days of fun to come, threw a holiday spirit over the severe architecture of the Institute, which formed a pleasing contrast to the usual matter of fact and business like air.

Starting from behind Walker Memorial and led by a rather hesitant three piece band the Technique Board, clad in white flannel trousers and sweaters to match, marched right up the middle of the great court shortly after 2 o'clock.

Don Jennings mounted the hut, which at this time had an innocently dry and clean roof, and proceeded to announce the Technique Board for next year. In spite of the fact that he used a megaphone few people heard the announcements, probably more because of their excitement and the strain of watching for that first paddle, than any lack of lung power on the general manager's part.

Then George Knight, the new general manager, and C. M. Phelps, entered the hut through a small door in the base. Knight was equipped with a poncho to protect him from the gargoyle which Jennings was liberally applying to the cone shaped roof. The Technique planners would do well in the theatrical trade since they played to the limit the suspense of watching for paddle number one. Slowly the heavy black oil oozed from the upturned can until the entire roof was a mass of slippery grease.

Finally the expectant crowd heard the starting shot and craned its neck to see the hurrying rushers as they ran back and forth in search for the vanished number one. After the search had been dropped there came twenty minutes of straight brawling during every second of which battling Engineers frantically fought to stay on top of that narrow slot in the roof. At the rate of one a minute Knight pushed forth the small wooden trophies.

The rushers set to work in clean, though old togs. Many of them left the fray with half their clothes in shreds and every one of the entrants spent most of the afternoon in erasing the persistent oil. No injuries resulted in spite of the frequent spills from the roof to the hard peddles below. Sometimes five or six of the more ambitious rolled off at once but they were right up and back for more punishment in a minute.

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