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MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

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SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1923

THE JUNIOR'S WEEK

It is not well to analyze happiness, a chimerical fancy too often based on nothing at all, which vanishes if we seek its origin. Junior Week brings happiness of varied sorts to many different classes among us and so should be accepted gratefully and without question.

To the freshman and Sophomore Junior Week is just one more little oasis of vacation in a desert of study, an opportunity to be embraced for "going home" a few days. To the harassed ones, gamely battling for a degree this coming June, it means a chance to catch up a trifle on work slipped over in more fortunate, carefree days.

But what does it mean to the Junior? It is his own Week. What does he do with it? The Junior is now at the peak of his Institute career. Ruler of Technology henceforth, receiving the sceptre from the tired Senior whose eyes are fixed on goals beyond Institute walls he is experiencing the sweetness of power without its wearing responsibilities.

Junior Week is his heritage. This time the wearers of 1924 may claim it. Next year it will pass to a new congregation of true believers, none can retain it. It is an opportunity which knocks but once.

Of the many who partake of the pleasures of Junior Week, all but the Junior are infidels. To none but him does it come as a right, the others are permitted on tolerance within the sacred portals. Tonight we bow to the Junior, let him enjoy himself while he may. Tomorrow will bring worries enough. This week let him be supreme and carefree, it is his heritage.

A VALUABLE RELIC

THE Technique Rush is a relic of the animal. A clash of brute force, it is eked out at times by cunning but never by brains. Would it not be more sensible for Tech men, tomorrow's scientists and efficiency experts, to do away with such play?

Both logic and materialism may answer "Yes" but nature's supreme "No" overbalances the scale. The scientist is flesh and blood, the engineer is not a machine. Brains alone may suffice for a pedant but the engineer must call in his muscles, his physical endurance to win.

More than that, he must not only have the mere power but the will to use it. He must be ready to fight without malice to the last drop of his blood, as willing to call an opponent "enemy" as label his supporters "friends." He need not seek a quarrel but must always be ready to meet one half way.

The Technique Rush is an embodiment of this spirit. All in honest competition the men strive for their goal. None fear to offend a rival if in so doing fair play is not violated. It is an impersonal battle and woe to him who tries to take personal affront from it. Such is the battle of life, an utterly impersonal affair which the sheltered student seldom sees. The Technique Rush is good for us. Let us retain at least one relic of barbarism, of life as it is.



"Yes," to quote the pernubrial urchin who expostulated himself in the circus, "Here we are again." We're here, the girls are here, the money isn't here any longer, and the flunks are almost here. So the Lounger rounds into form midst the woeful tales of youths who have been "fipped," so to speak.

Proms, like the famous dusky twins, attract the clavers after the yellow metal,—the Gold Diggers, bless their hearts. You can't get rid of them. Even at the free Tea Dance this afternoon a couple of them sneaked in unknowingly. They're the kind who don't notice anything wrong when you bring them a cup of tea with cream in it, and a lemon floating on top. Demons of the Dollar!

Next come the sisters and, less in frequency, the cousins. (Unless they are the cousins necessitated to overcome those foolish, and truly Massachusettsish, Wellesley Blue Laws.) Of these the Lounger does not speak at length. They get their good time. But, Oh, what a shock to see our young little engineer, the product of Prof. Sophisticancy himself, trying to prove to us how wrong the genius was who started that gag about Chi-

cago being the "Toddlin' Town." And say, won't mother be glad to hear her neglected son does something else besides studying? It's only fair, the Lounger points out. We ought to spend one night a year anyway in the company of something more inebriate than a cold, shimmerless Slip Stick.

But what about the "Nice Girls"? For once the Lounger sheds his cloak of austerity and answers a question for himself. They are the girls who make a specialty of Checker taxis with the shades pulled down. They patronize the Fenway between dances, and are experts at wrapping their snake-charmish arms about some,—the Lounger was almost going to say unsuspecting, but unresisting is more like the truth,—about some highly agitated youth who feels his heart playing rugby with his big left toe and surrenders with a heave and a sigh. These girls always give the excuse that they saw it in Voo Doo.

They never loved anyone else. This is the first, and of course, the last. But where, little Shumac, did you learn all those wonderful names you call me? Ah, yes, I should have known. You have read The Sheik,—and Captain Billy's Whizz Bang.

Those Nice Girls. Yes, they ALL are Nice, more or less. They'll try anything once,—within reason. They say "it's the woman who pays," but they're all willing to let it go at a Dutch treat when it comes to Free Loving.

Prom Number Dazzles Professors The English Department Sees Voo Doo From Many Angles

When seen by our special correspondent the various members of the Department of History, Music, Drama, Report-Writing and English Short Stories gave the following interviews in comment on the Prom Number of Voo Doo:

Prof.—"An interesting number, many of the most prominent industries of our country are represented among the advertisers." Prof.—"Not in a class with the meditations of Marcus Aurelius." Mr.—"Like St. Augustine I really wonder what is a 'flapper,' a 'doll,' a 'jane,' a 'fuffi'."

Mr.—"Extremely poor, the report form which I gave the editors has been totally disregarded." Mr.—"It shocked me terribly." Mr.—"The art seems fearfully debased, can it be that the influence of Rossetti and Durer is no longer felt? And Voo Doo is shameless—remember that Nero fiddled while Rome burned."

Good Art Work

Mr.—"The art work is wonderful, the art editors must be mature and perspicuous men." Mr.—"An interesting effort, not of course Platonic." Mr.—"That's easy, a 'flapper' is a dangerous understudy used by the undergraduates between trips to Wellesley and the Proms. A 'doll' is a flapper who lives on Beacon Street. A 'jane' is a naughty doll. A 'fuff' is a doll who would like to be a jane but hasn't the nerve."

Ed. Note: One of the four professors and six of the twelve instructors were rendered dumb by the Prom Number and hence could not be interviewed. In the case of the instructors, at least, we blame it on the Voo Doo.

All Right at That

Of course the Prom Number of the Voo Doo is delightful, not only because of colorfulness of cover and fluidity of humor—this alone should outsell the number to parched dan-

seuses and danseuses—but also because of the subtlety of inference in the masculine admirers of the debonaire "deb" on the cover. And then there is the unusual color-insert feature, which brings with it a strange exotic allurements diffusing our reveries with sweet, simple Prom maidens, the aroma of Djer-Kis, charming brevity of frocks, and seasonal freedom from pressing conventionalities. In passing we might interlope that each Prom brings a greater escape from the urgings of conscience and climate.

Then also we must congratulate the editors upon the unusual number of good cuts in this issue, for not only is the amount generous, but the quality of the drawings much better than that of the usual undergraduate pen, an excellence of technique which relegates to obscurity and inferiority the disappointing architects' number from whom the uninitiated expected more.

Technology Lobbies

Of course we recognize our Main Lobby, even in silhouette; our coed friends, in fancy and often fact, our stag friends but too sparingly, "the popular economics," and the "sou-brettes" of The Sun Temple, as well as several too familiar bits of humor. We wish more of our friends could be caricatured—for how much we enjoy the caricatures of our friends—with all their subtleties.

Of course many clever wits of Hub and college are gradually deserting the fluid fields of humor for the far greater intoxication of those exploited more by the French than by the American undergraduate.

But in spite of the liquidity of some of its humor and the aridity of some of its "funs," the Prom Number is delightful—and there should be one at every fireside this week-end, the number is a panacea for ennui, a distillation of fancies, and a good compendium of clever innuendos and college quips—"ask the man who owns one."

W. P.—C. F. L.

There are some girls, few and far between, who actually love their Men. The Lounger has always adhered to this dogma. He has often been invited to "try and find 'em." He does admit there aren't many of them, though he maintains they do exist. But as the Lounger's wife said to him the other night, "Any girl who loves a Tech man is a fool or a Vamp." (N. B. The Lounger is keeping Bachelor's Hall again as a result.)

Prom Week's all right, but it's all wrong when you draw one of these dames who insists upon your setting a new record for four days' consecutive dancing with her. It's great for the shoe business, and it proves a girl, like a cat, has nine lives, for during the course of the experiment she has to lose at least three soles. But as for practicality, the Lounger prefers to go home and watch the little Darky Dingus do the Ritz on top of the Victrola.

Girls, girls, everywhere, It's quite a novel treat. But when it comes to money, Would our pockets were replete!

And yet, Nero was right. You can't get along without them. The dear things. The trouble is, they're getting dearer and dearer to keep as time goes on. This week the Mark hasn't a thing on the Dollar when it comes to depreciation. And as for that other word, Appreciation, well it's just about extinct. It's in the dictionary, but it must have died with Mr. Webster. Oh well, we get a good-night kiss and listen to being nicknamed anything from Honey-bunch down to Pericles, so we guess it's worth it.

Miss Prom Girl Tells of Tech and Junior Week

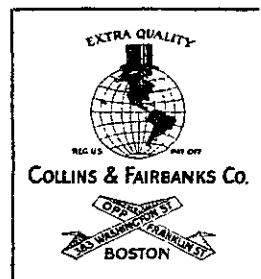
For entertainers we girls bow to you Tech men. It's not so much just your parties as the efficient touch you give to them. Why every one of you even flirts efficiently.

I've been to the West Point "June Week," the Dartmouth winter carnival, Annapolis hops are an old story, and even the dazzlement of Harvard Commencement fails to thrill me, but your Junior Week! I must admit that my nerves were worn to a frazzle for fear Bill wouldn't ask me, but he was only being efficient. He couldn't think of mere pleasure so far in advance. Imagine it.

When I arrived at the South Station Wednesday night the dear boy was waiting for me and whisked me up to his "house" for a delightfully informal little party. You Tech men certainly make the most of your time.

Rush Rather Undressed

Thursday morning he insisted upon showing me all the interesting things,



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