Guest Column/John F. Piotto
Dry rush sacrifices honesty

My fraternity's Rush Chairman once has said to me recently that the OSDA would not allow him to put the following document in this year's Residence Book. The photo, which had been taken at a former house, was of one of our more All-American type brothers. It showed a attractive young lady who was obviously enjoying an alcoholic beverage. To me it seemed perfect; the photo was a persuasive (albeit misleading) depiction of everyday Fun at a Greek Chi. I guessed that the OSDA's objection was something to do with "truth in advertising."

Still, it's important to think that incoming students and their parents are not beseiged with photos and that the use of alcohol is not needed during Rush Week. As Dean Sherwood noted in The Tech (April 26): "We've been keeping the alcohol laws for 20 years... Thus the new law might affect fraternity rush if it is accompanied by increased enforcement by local police; not only is this unlikely, but it would affect social life during the semester as much as during Rush."

Why make rush different?

Dry rush is being advocated for several reasons, but most of the reasons can be applied uniformly over the entire semester. New alcohol guidelines have been articulated into law. Of course, there are no reasons for MIT to follow suit. The only "reason" the Institute should institute a dry policy is that freshmen who are forced to extend dry rush might expect. It's obvious that excessive drinking impedes a freshman's decision making. But the Dlean's Office was not

The problems of injuring yourself

Last weekend, with my infinite, lucky left ankle as a picnic with my entry in the Blue Hills. Just as we were about to leave, I stepped on a tree root, almost directly in front of me. I naturally, was close to the cars where the other freshmen had just sat down. At the end of the ride home I noticed that my ankle had swollen over the size of my head. I couldn't put any weight on it. I made a quick call to the emergency line. Soon I had ridden from the Campus Police to the Infirmary. They taped up my ankle and gave me crutches. Since it was Sunday, I had to wait until the next morning to have x-rays taken. I made an early appointment for the next morning. Later that night I was in so much pain that I didn't think I would be able to sleep. I called the Medical Department for help. They cheerfully told me, "It's gonna hurt. It's a bad sprain." The call was a great help to me. It was just like the time I was thrown into the Charles River. My feet were scraped up pretty badly but it was 11 pm. They told me, "Oh, you can call back tomorrow!"

The Medical Department was right, I was able to sleep. Monday morning I got up for my 8:30 appointment after a miserable 5 hours of sleep. I called the CPs for a ride from MacGregor to the Medical. Officer friendly answered the phone and asked me, "Do you have crutches?" Well, yes I did. "Okay, then, walk, these are police cruisers we have. We're not a taxi service." I had just two appointments for the next day, and I was in pain. I walked from MacGregor to the infirmary and found out that using crutches is harder than it looks. The same service as I reviewed before the night before while pretending to be shocked about the insensitivity of the Campus Police checked my ankle. She gave me a prescription for ibuprofen with codeine. It was a good thing, too, since my ankle didn't hurt nearly as much as it did the night before.

I went to the infirmary from desk and asked them to call the CPs so I could have a ride back to Mac. I told them that they couldn't call them. I had to get authorization from the person I'd just seen.

The people at the Medical Department always wonder why we don't come in until we really ill. They wonder why we don't make appointments after our appointments after having pneumonia. I wonder why they think we're whining when we complain at night, only to be friendly and helpful during the day. This episode has taught me several things. If you want a ride from the CPs, lie and tell them you have broken every one of your limits. Always make sure your mother (or some suitable substitute) is near. And never, ever get hurt between 5 pm and 9 am.