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FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1923

THE INSTITUTE COMMITTEE REVIEWED

THE outgoing Institute Committee has performed some notable accomplishments during its career. Its effective reorganization of Technique will perhaps be the outstanding one of its achievements. It has maintained a comfortably peaceful school year, and what matters have come up for its consideration it has acted upon definitely. Its meetings have been lacking of much of the dullness which is so apt to become characteristic of the deliberations of bodies similar to it.

The new Institute Committee, however, should examine carefully the career of its predecessor, and should profit by those mistakes which it has made. The chief faults seem to have been an ever lacking definite plan along which to work and an unnecessary delay in effecting the results of its legislation. The recent referendum should have been held sooner after the first election. The Technique reorganization was complete, but it was brought about at an inopportune moment. Often times, on the other hand, under the heat of the moment, a good deal of its action has been taken too quickly and without sufficient preliminary consideration. The new committee must preserve the life which has been characteristic of the meetings of its predecessor, and by taking cognizance of the fundamental principles which have been neglected by the outgoing body, it can do much to insure itself a successful career.

SUMMER READING A FOND MEMORY

THE abolishing of summer reading came as a surprise to us. Nevertheless, it is worthy of note. It seems to be one more step in the process of gradually increasing reasonableness on the part of the Faculty. It may only be due to the fact that alterations in other parts of the curriculum have necessitated the change. Yet when viewed along with other similar radical changes which have been made during the course of the last two years, it seems to be possessed of a more potential significance.

The separation of Junior Week from the regular spring recess as put into effect last year, was both logical and considerate. The eliminating of classes on the first days of registration was another step, commended at the time. And now the doing away with summer reading is added to the list.

That summer reading constituted a valuable supplement to our already too little academic course in English must not be denied. Its practicability, however, as evidenced by the fact that so many students actually made winter reading out of it, did not appear to be great. With the appreciable increase in the summer courses required by the various departments, summer reading was no longer of practical application. The Faculty should be commended for their action.

The University of Nemo

By Gelett Burgess '87

WANTED: a good, second-hand University, near large city, pleasant surroundings. Will pay cash if right price. Address B. Jump, Box 313. TuThuFr.

The Trustees of the Nemo University gazed thoughtfully into each other's whiskers, and then looked again at the newspaper. Nemo was certainly running behind. How to finance it another year, with the price of blackboard and chalk what it was, under Prohibition—that was the interrogation point. It was useless to reduce the Faculty salaries any more. The professors had been living on breakfast food for years.

And so B. Jump was sent for, and the University displayed to his critical gaze. A ten-acre campus, slightly moth-eaten. A patched gymnasium that needed a few holes darned in the roof. Six seedy ravelled-out Buildings, and a laboratory that missed on all but one cylinder. With the Professors thrown in, it cost B. Jump about \$4,361.00.

"You see," he explained, offering cigars such as had not been smoked in Nemo for a good century, "friend of mind's just bought a college or two, and we're going to run 'em like base ball clubs. In two years we'll have a pretty good League of Universities, and I hope Nemo will be the champion. All we need here is Management."

"And also," said the old President sadly, "a Library."

"Oh, poof!" said Jump, "don't you know you can buy all the World's Best Literature now in Kansas for five cents apiece? We'll have a Library, all right. First thing is a Stadium. Imagine trying to run a college without a Stadium! More important than a Yell, even. Why, it will pay for itself in three years, and after that the University will make money hand over foot. Got a decent football team?"

"We have found," the President ventured, "that athletics is apt to take the students rather too much away from their studies, and—"

"Oh, nonsense. A man that can solve 19, 34, B, X, 24, Z! while the ball is being passed back, gets an education right on the field. But if you want to give 'em mathematics, I don't care—good stiff course in tit-tat-toe won't hurt 'em. But you got to make the course interesting. Psychology of the Modern Woman. History of the Dime Novel. Something up-to-date. We're off Latin and Greek. We're running a University, gentlemen, not a Cemetery. We ain't goin' to dig up no Egyptian Kings or anything. Now got any good husky girls matriculating this year? We want a good female team, to make excitement."

"What, ladies playing football?" exclaimed the Professor of Embalmed Symbology, "won't that be rather—immodest, Mr. Jump?"

"Not in the proper costumes. Of course in long skirts it would look silly and unladylike, I admit. But with foxy one-piece suits we'll draw crowds. You see, this U is a-goin' to be run for profit. Students can't be allowed to manage things. Need a business man. We ought to net \$50,000 a year easy. The Glee Club itself ought to pay a good profit. I have an idea we might tour a second and third company and clean up the sticks."

The Professor of Sociology, a little sick at his large stomach, protested. "But we pride ourselves here at Nemo, Mr. Jump, upon our intellectuality. Now our Debating Club has the rej—"

"Jilligo!" cried B. Jump, "I hadn't thought about that. Of course. Say, we'll book a debate first thing on whether the biggest comedian throwing pies is Harold Lloyd or Chaplin. It's a wam! You just see."

(Continued on Page 3)



Again blazes forth our inestimable friend Mr. Shaw, familiarly known to The Lounge as "old man investigator." This time he informs the Institute Committee that "now that we have torn The Tech down we must not be too hard on it."

Poor Tech, brave Mr. Shaw. He would stand up for us, even the lowly Lounge. The Lounge appreciates it, ah yes! And yet he wonders just how much damage old man investigator did after all. He wonders if Mr. Shaw was not merely a very excited spectator when the few sparks did fly and whether he did not spend most of his time trying to dodge the flying missiles.

Perhaps one of the stray missiles did hit friend investigator and perhaps bruise him a little, but was it necessary for him to claim his being the gigantic earthquake that shook Mount Atlas merely to excuse the bruise? The Lounge wonders as he puffs at his pipe, whether the Institute Committee has been run by a child.

Hot stuff! The Lounge has the Institute Committee where he wants them. He's a good sport and all that, and he's willing to stand for some things. But there's an extreme to every privilege. The Institute Committee can hold its meetings and they can waste as much time gossiping as they want. The Lounge has no objections. But when they go beyond that and try to burn up Walker in broad day-light, the Lounge steps in for justice.

There's only one thing to do. The Lounge is going to investigate the Institute Committee. Even hot air is tolerable in luke warm quantities. But when it gets so infernally hot that it sings off the whiskers of our dignified buildings and gives Mrs. King's curtains a scorching it is high time to have action.

The Lounge doesn't know who is to blame. There wasn't any extremely hot discussion at the meeting, which would lead one to believe that the Committee is getting back to normal again, now that its term is about up.

And Brer Rabbit wasn't on deck to spit fire either. When the Lounge last saw him he was resting quietly on the grass in Lowell Court, nibbling spittingly at stray dandelions, two-leaf clovers, and milk-weeds, just as any circus-trained little rabbit should. He tried digesting grass, too, but it must have been that he cut his tongue on one of the blades for he showered the surrounding pebbles with half mangled morsels of it. It is plain to the Lounge that Brer Rabbit is not in his best form. Which is very probably due to the fact that Easter time is long since past and the hunting season for innocent little bunnies is about to open.

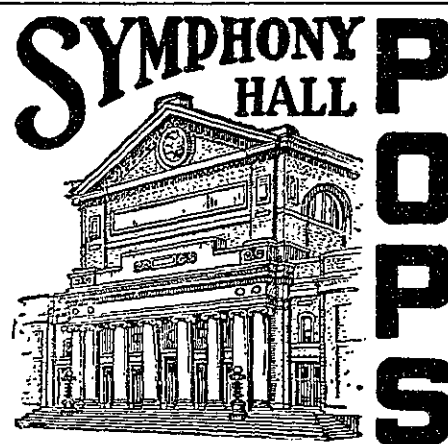
For the benefit of the uninformed reader, the Lounge lets him in on the fact that one of the awnings on the west side of Walker caught fire yesterday afternoon while the Institute (Continued on Page 4)

Tonight's Pops Concert

1. Hungarian March.....Berlioz
2. Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini
3. Liebesfreud.....Kreisler
4. Fantasia, "L'Oracolo".....Leon
5. Finale of "Scheherazade".....Rimsky-Korsakov
6. Festival at Bagdad. The Sea. The Ship goes to Pieces on a Rock Surmounted by a Bronze Warrior. Conclusion.
7. Procession to the Cathedral from "Lohengrin," Act. II.....Wagner
8. Valse Triste.....Sibelius
9. Overture Solenneille, "1812".....Tchaikovsky
10. Selection, "Orange Blossoms".....Herbert
11. Stars and Stripes Forever.....Sousa

PLAY DIRECTORY

- COLONIAL: "Minnie An' Me." Mitzi, musical comedy, last week.
- COPLEY: "The Likes of 'Er." Good English comedy. A poor girl's love.
- KEITH'S: Trained elephants.
- MAJESTIC: "The Covered Wagon." A movie epic.
- PLYMOUTH: "The Monster." Thrills and humor that can't be beat.
- ST. JAMES: "The Broken Wing." Comedy. Boston Stock Co.
- SELWYN: "The Fool." Religion and all that.
- SHUBERT: "Lady Butterfly." Very enjoyable musical comedy.
- TREMONT: "Rise of Rosie O'Reilly." New Cohan show. Opens tomorrow.



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Communications

To the Editor of The Tech:
I read with dismay this morning the Boston Herald's headlines that Frank M. Kanaly is leaving for the University of Maine.

I have always been the admirer of Mr. Kanaly's methods, morals, and sincere efforts in the face of awful odds here at Tech. We have been handicapped largely by the refusal of many good athletes to give us their best efforts, by the attitude of a very large part of the faculty, (including some of the potentates) that track is merely play and not a necessary part of the curriculum,—and by lack of funds. I have always felt that Frank could have made a phenomenal success at a college like Harvard, and wondered why he stayed with us at his comparatively small remuneration, and lack of free rein anywhere.

In spite of my desire to see him keep Technology's teams where they belong in athletics, I do not blame Frank for leaving, in fact, do not see how he has stayed with us so long.

If there is any way to keep such a MAN at Tech, I hope the effort will be made. The string of cross-country victories against Harvard and Dartmouth, the victory against Cornell, and the track successes must not be allowed to drop away to competition against teams of Worcester Tech, Union, Brooklyn and then class and track athletics.

(Signed) WILLIAM K. McMAHON.

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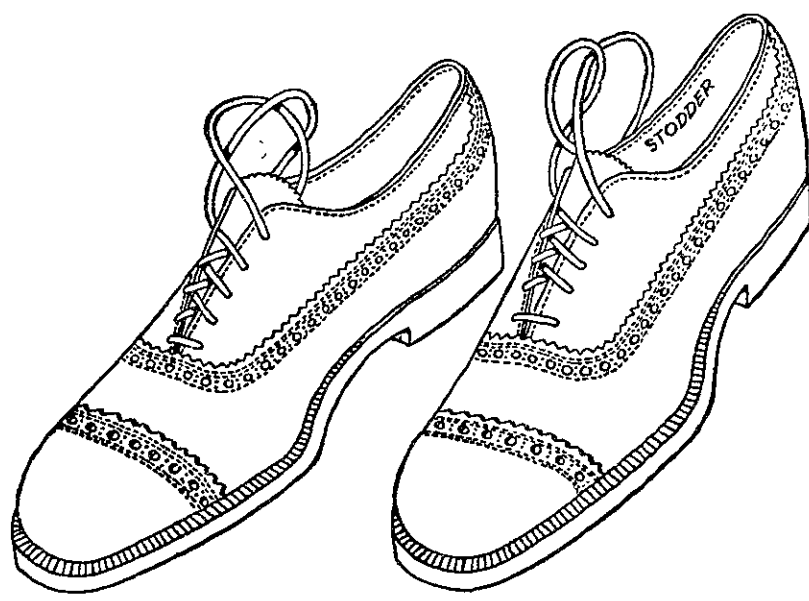
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