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A PERMANENT INSTITUTION?

TO the Class of 1923 belongs the distinction of having been the originator of the idea of providing future funds for Technology through the medium of a Senior Endowment Fund. As applied to the present Senior Class alone, however, the sum accumulated will not be of so very great and influential proportions. It is only through the combined subscriptions of many Senior Classes that a sum of money can be gotten together which will be large enough to become a factor in future considerations involving the use of money.

The Class of 1924 is apparently determined that the precedent established this year by its predecessor shall not be allowed to pass by unrecognized. The Senior Endowment is thus to be continued for at least another year. Its ultimate success depends upon the attitude of future Senior Classes toward it. It remains to be seen whether the idea will be upheld in the future or will be gradually discarded as the novelty of it wears away.

CAPS and gowns will be worn for the first time in thirty years at the Graduation exercises next Tuesday. In spite of the controversy which characterized the decision to adopt the wearing of the established academic costume, the question was definitely settled. It is up to every member of the Senior Class to appear in his costume. Personal opinions must be forgotten, for it is up to every Senior to abide by the majority opinion of his class. It will only be to the personal detriment of anyone if he appears otherwise.

Technology's Idea of College Activities

Reprinted from the Boston Herald of June 3

It is conventionally proper for college men to praise "activities" on account of their educational value to those who participate in them. Again and again is the contrast made between the "grind" or the "brown bagger," acquisitive solely of high grades, and the undergraduate who, while not neglecting his academic work, prizes the comradeship and development of occupations which, no less than studies, offer a goal worth striving for. Not all, however, who praise the latter type understand how the result has been achieved; still less could they defend their faith to an indignant father whose son has been "canned" on account of a mistaken effort to acquire his education exclusively in this field.

What is the common sense of the matter? Obviously an activity must be worth while, that is, it must present opportunities for self-development that will satisfy eager and aspiring college youths. They want something that will engage them heart and soul. Witness the spread in the last few years of the new type of glee club established by Dr. Davison at Harvard. Compared with the training and inspiration which such organizations give, the groups whose traditional aim has been a concert season of the level of Polly Wolly Doodle All the Day are having a struggle to survive.

But even the most worth while activity loses something in its value as education if it is not managed and maintained under the right auspices. And in all too many of our academic institutions the conception of what "right auspices" are, is woefully astray. Not a few college presidents and faculties, rallying to the cry that activities are side shows which outbid the circus in the big tent, strengthen the police force in order to curb and control them. Faculty committees and graduate managers,

created for plausible reasons, function with the rigor and inevitableness of fate; by these strong-arm tactics the prestige of the college as a place of learning, though challenged, is safe.

Such a system of control, no matter how benevolent in intent and operation, deprives the participant in activities of one of the chief benefits that they may confer. His outlook is confined, his energy hemmed in. Under such conditions the development in responsibility which activities should provide is limited to the mildly interesting motions which any youngster may make without danger to himself or to any one else; at the slightest sign of rough weather the wheel is taken from him by the experienced hand.

As a matter of expediency and safety perhaps there is good reason for this practice. The government of a college dormitory, the policy of a college journal, administration of the large sums of money needed for athletics require sound judgment and a high sense of responsibility; if things do not go well the good name of the institution may be seriously impaired. College officers may well be skeptical as to whether undergraduates possess sufficient maturity to handle these tasks alone, and whether the training is worth the risks. In another form it is the same question that the father has to meet in deciding at what age he shall allow his son to drive the family car. Small wonder that most college authorities pursue what they believe to be the path of safety.

And yet some institutions have had vision and courage to take the other way. Among these is the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. There the policy of student control of activities, established many years since, has acquired with undergraduates, faculty and alumni the force of a cher-

(Continued on Page 4)

friend must be aware that, if the measure should be passed by headquarters, it would still be possible for him (during this one hour per week) to remain anchored to his chair, and perhaps even doze into oblivion should he so desire, as is occasionally done in certain lectures.

At least fifty per cent of the Sophomores will agree that the general diet of poetry and high-class literature would go well in the setting of a wintry fireside, where the reader in his old age might comfortably toast his toes and incidentally peruse his Browning and his Whitman as he so desires. Let us be at least progressive. Let us have now something which will be of inestimable benefit after graduation. Something that will lift a Tech man in the eyes of the world from the category of the bright but dumb engineer into the sphere of men who can fearlessly speak their minds before an audience.

(Signed)
Henry Grantham Bacon '25.

COMMUNICATION

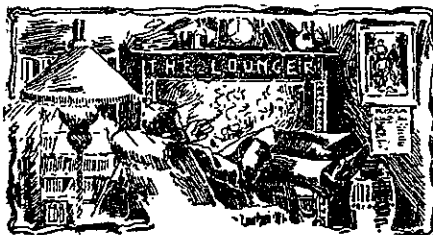
Letters over 200 Words May Be
Excluded Due to Lack of Space

To the Editor:

After having duly read and digested a certain letter to your column written by Willard Alphon '25, on Sophomore Public Speaking, and after having duly considered an innate antipathy for the publicity of the newspaper column, it yet behooves the writer to say a word in defense of the subject in question.

Assuming that Mr. Alphon read the petition when it was circulated amongst two recent debating sections, he may have observed that it was issued toward the end of getting the true sentiment of those who took part in the debate.

The tone of the petition did smack somewhat of compulsion, yet our



The Lounger has received the following communication and he calls attention to it because it no doubt involves certain considerations which persons other than the writer entertained:

Dear The Lounger:

I have always read your column with interests varying from glee to bitterness. I have noticed your emphatic harping over the fact that Tech men are ENGINEERS, which fact you endeavor to bring out at least once every day. And, being Engineers (supposedly), they are supposed to be highly efficient in anything they attempt—to your way of thinking. It seems that you have gone fanatic over the scientificness of the Tech training; if I may be pardoned for the slang, you have gone bugs over it. Apparently you think a Tech man ranks supreme in his method of doing things.

Far be it from me to get personal, but you are not the only one who is versed in sarcasm. Does it not seem out of consistency, as it were, for one who so intensively dwells on efficiency and practicableness to present himself as such a miserable specimen of perfection in these directions as yourself? What am I talking about? Just this—

You complain of the cold in winter, although you are comfortably nestled in your armchair in front of your cozy fireplace. That's not so bad, for even old maids with rheumatism do that. But now it is summer. The hot days are upon us. You complain of having chairs stick to your trousers while you take an exam. You carry a parasol to protect yourself from the sun and occasional streaks of blinding lightning. And yet you, the would-be perfectionist, still keep your log fire burning in front of you at the head of your column. No wonder you talk about "hot stuff." No wonder you feel the need of extinguishing things, including Institute Committees, etc. No matter how hot the weather, there you always are in the picture, pipe in hand and fire blazing before you.

Wise up, Lounger old dear, and make an example of yourself. Then we'll listen to your chirpings about the engineers and their qualifications. Why not start your column with a picture of yourself in a one-piece bathing suit about to dive from off an iceberg? Anything at all, but that fireplace stuff doesn't go at all in Indian summers.

Recommending yours,
I. C. U. D. K.

* * * * *

The Lounger feels sort of subdued after the above attack. And yet there are many arguments in favor of keeping the fireplace. First of all, if the fire were ever allowed to go out during the summer there would be no demand for coal in this country and the mines would probably take a vacation, and we'd be short again next winter.

Second, that fire is the kindling place of all ideas above the luke-warm variety, and at least affords a means of disposition of many of the senseless queries the Lounger is asked to print during the year. For example, what Tech student would be interested in something of this sort?—

Dear Mr. Lounger:

Would you care to help me establish a chapter of the "Old Ladies' League for the Reformation of Impudent College Soda Clerks and The Abolishment of Lollypops, Chewing Tobacco, and Powdered Marshmallows on the Campus"? And will you not endorse our program by abandoning that nasty old pipe you are forever having in your mouth?

* * * * *

There is a strong third argument against putting out the Lounger's fire. That would be very nice to have him sit on an iceberg in a bathing suit. But his readers would get jealous, think him cold, and stop following him altogether. Furthermore, they would be jealous of his physique as displayed in the costume suggested.

* * * * *

Leave it to the Dormsters to establish new fads. Their latest invention is playing marbles with camphor balls around packing up time. Next thing

PLAY DIRECTORY

- COPLEY: "The Likes of 'Er." Good English comedy. A poor girl's love.
- MAJESTIC: "The Covered Wagon." A movie epic.
- SELWYN: "The Fool." Religion and all that.
- ST. JAMES: "The Man Who Came Back"—Back for an indefinite run.
- TREMONT: "Rise of Rosie O'Reilly." New Cohan show. Opens tomorrow.
- WILBUR: "Liza." Musical comedy by colored company.



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The Lounger supposes they'll be putting their woolen overcoats away covered up with ball bearing shooters.

* * * * *

The place was the Charles river, the time about 10 o'clock one evening during the last week, the participants two very green frosh in a canoe. All went well until these persons attempted to cross that noblest of rivers, the Charles. Then came the tussel. One frosh insisted on going one way, the other maintaining that his choice was superior. In the moment of indecision the canoe and wind decided for them, and turned turtle. The frosh then unanimously decided that the water was wet, so very wet that it seemed wise to hasten towards the shore. But the canoe could not be left where it was, so with chastened souls and wet ones too, for they were fully dressed, they attempted to push and pull that — canoe towards the dock. Finally after over two hours of struggling and cussing and laughing, they reached the seawall. They had started about fifty yards below the Harvard bridge and landed about fifty yards below the exposition buildings. And herein lies the moral: Oh, Frosh, try not to match your puny wits against those of the waves and winds, for it is ordained that you shall always receive a fitting and humble punishment.

A CORRECTION

The hours that the Central Library will be open during the summer are from 9 to 4 o'clock except on Saturday, when it will be open from 9 to 12 o'clock.

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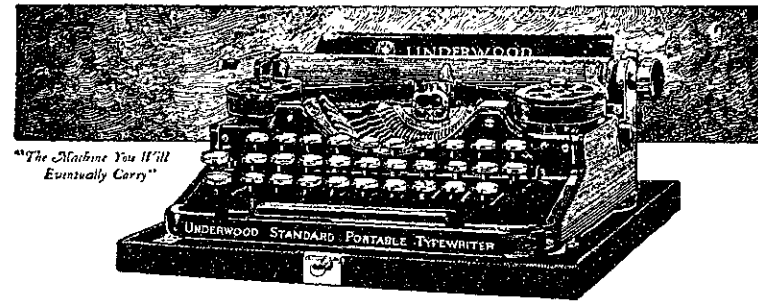
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