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In Charge of This Issue:

Charles Rich '26

WHY STUDENTS ARE STUPID

"JUST now the college is the haunt of a lot of leather-necked, brass-lunged, money-spending snobs who rush around the campus snubbing the few choice spirits who come to college to seek out reason and the will of God." Thus William Allen White in "The New Student" explains why students are stupid.

William Allen White is a great editor, but we must confess a fear that he is but superficially acquainted with college life, especially the type similar to that at Technology. Granted that the colorful exuberance of college men creates a false impression of college life, one needs but interpret this vitality to discover that it represents an inherent enthusiasm that is the mainspring of college life and prerequisite to the general awakening and release of mental faculties. Only by the exclusion of the younger class of men from colleges can they be made the superlatively staid and deeply scholastic institutions desired by Mr. White, but since the younger men have filled the colleges it is going beyond human nature to demand a totally serious mein in student life.

Snobbery cannot be defended, but is not the snob one of the rarest specimens in a student body? Any student will testify that his egotism succumbed more quickly when plunged into a college community than ever before. "Big I and little You" receives an intolerant reception; it is foolhardy for a student to be snobbish.

Finally, if a student's opinion is any criterion, this opinion will invariably testify that there is a very definite, purposeful attitude among the majority of students. Outsiders must penetrate the superficial glamour to understand student psychology and to discover that the evident enthusiasm is a basis for energetic thinking and active leadership in outside life.



"And Lounger how do you stand on the prohibition question?" challenged the Editor. Poor Lounger what could he do. If he stammered a denunciation of Volstead he was doomed to the wrath of his high chief. If he disavowed loyalty to King Alcohol he would be accused of currying favor. But being a man of much wisdom he stalled the issue with "read my column tomorrow and see." So misguided readers do not accuse me, I have been forced into a discussion on which my conscience and my thirst are at bottles edge.

It is a little like the position of that well known Rastus, who, returning home to a wife of a no less prohibition nature than the Editor, found himself in rather an alcoholic muddle. Quietly, and as he thought successfully, navigating himself to the hall stairs, he suddenly heard the thundering tones of that violent woman of his. "Rastus," she said, "Rastus, what meant you coming home this late. Have you been drinking nigger?" "No, Mam, Rastus has not been drinking."

"Then why don't you drag yourself up these stairs?"

"Mammy, I can't drag myself up these stairs. Two men are holding Rastus down here."

"What mean you Rastus? Who are those men?"

"Mammy, them men be Haig and Haig."

The Lounger would like to climb those stairs. He is sure that a halo of some kind would await him at the top—perhaps a delegates appointment to the coming Prohibition conference. But there are those friends of his, Haig and Haig. It seems though of late that those friends have changed their complexion. Their faces are still the same but in some way their smoothness is not what it used to be. They were once like saged and seasoned old gentlemen, now they reek of the greenness of freshmen. So the Lounger has come to like them less of late. It is quite all right to have a

friend with a punch, but when that punch threatens to put both eyes out of commission the next day it is different.

The Lounger is rather held by the average student's reasoning of the matter. He says prohibition is a law, and the law should not be broken. But damn it our elders had their good time in college, why shouldn't we. Prohibition was to wipe out the evils of the saloon, and certainly our dignified drinking as students, does not carry with it that crime. Besides it is not a popular law, even the most righteous of citizens break it, why shouldn't I?

So many students would like to climb the stairs but it is so awfully easy to stumble and fall down again. The Lounger has sympathy with these men. He has no sympathy with the man who says, "I am a collegian. I will drink if I wish to. College men are a privileged class. To Hell with the law."

Of course this is all illogical when you see it in print. It does not take an oratorical dry to point out that fact. But how logical it is when your eyes are lustfully looking at a cock-tail that a friend is pouring out.

The Lounger also wishes to commend the B.A. for its new found spirit of humanity. As will happen in the best of papers, the Lounger made a trip to the Tech Annex last Saturday evening, being among those present at a Dorm Dance. Since Christmas, the Wellesley authorities have seen fit to permit the above mentioned dances to last after 10 o'clock in spite of the possible effect on the morals of the students at the Annex.

The only possible objection to the above arrangement is the fact that the W.K. last train leaves the old stamping ground at 10:10. The trolley service from the back-woods is far from admirable. Autoists are not as benevolent as might be. The results are obvious.

Much was the surprise of the Lounger and others when, at about the middle of the dance the orchestra leader pounded lustily on the drum and announced that dancing would cease at 10:40, and the last train would leave the Wellesley Grand Central at 11:05. There was a hurried perusal of time tables. Could it be true? It was, as it turned out. A through mail and express train had a coach tacked on the back, and brought home the wandering Tech men and Harvard boys.

Final Examinations Ruin Health

By ALFRED KULLMAN '25

To the Editor of THE TECH.

Two years ago a young fellow went to a technical institute from Texas to take a regular-curriculum course. He was a quiet chap, rugged physically, and with little inclination to do anything but get his work done and sleep. His high school and prep school work had been entirely satisfactory; and after going through the ordeal of entrance examinations he took up his work as a freshman.

The first year passed with no mishap and although his record was not brilliant, yet it showed a good percentage of credit marks. The following fall, after a vigorous summer on his father's ranch, his classwork was up to par. Yet a week before the finals he had a complete nervous collapse and was forced to remain in an infirmary for ten weeks.

Why? That is just the point I wish to make—fear of final examinations had completely unstrung him. Backed by 12 years of experience with blue books, with no logical reason for being afraid of an instructor's red pencil, his nerve left him, and left him a sick man.

You may smile and think that this is merely another "Old Wives' Tales," that there must have been some other reason for his illness, that such a thing has never happened to you and never will. But when you stop and analyze your feelings, don't you find that the part of your college course that wor-

ries you the most, that keeps your mind in a muddle, that takes the pep out of you, that ruins your disposition and most of your holidays is this one thing—fear of finals?

The tale, I admit, is of an extreme case, but it takes an apparent exaggeration to point out a commonplace evil which exists in our school and most others.

Some claim that the review for the finals is beneficial enough to affect the ordeal of the other. Does eating dinner and then cramming yourself with crackers afterward help you to digest your meal? No, it only makes the process more painful.

The exemption system has been recommended in the columns of THE TECH. Let a term's work of C be an excuse from the final and watch the marks dump. Some trust the finals to offer them a comeback from a slump during the term. Let them have their chance, but why, after a fellow has worked faithfully, worry and half craze him with a quizz that may ruin his C or H?

If the Faculty would see fit to give the system a trial, it would be an experiment, of course, to fit an individual case. But if such an institution as Georgia Tech has found it successful to both faculty and students, the experiment would not be made in an entirely unexplored field.

(Signed)
ALFRED KULLMAN '25.

INTERCOLLEGIATE

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIFE TO BE DEPICTED IN THE MOVIES

The alumni association of Columbia University is planning to portray the life at the University in five reels of motion pictures. Professor Edward M. Earle, chairman of the alumni committee stated that the films are not intended to form a historical record of the life at Columbia, but were to be shown to alumni clubs in distant localities so that the members may have a chance to renew their college days and to student gatherings, now and in the future, as a source of enjoyment as well as information.

The committee has not yet decided upon the exact plot of the film. Professor Earle suggested that there were two possibilities. The picture might simply be a cross section of University life. However, it is more probable that it will begin with the experiences of a freshman and trace his tribulations through the four years of undergraduate activities.

ENGINEERING DEANS TO MEET AT MICHIGAN

One hundred and sixty-five deans and presidents representing engineering institutions of United States and Canada will meet at the University of Michigan January 25 and 26. This is the

"IRENE" AT ARLINGTON IS SPARKLING COMEDY

The sparkling musical comedy, "Irene," now playing at the Arlington is a short three hours of catchy music, pretty girls, and spirited dancing, all revolving around the captivating Ann Milburn as "Irene O'Dare."

There is more plot than in the usual musical comedy thus giving an added zest to wondering what is coming next. It is the Cinderella story of a "poor little shop-girl" being transformed into a social butterfly, about which there is a pretty little song sung by Irene.

"Madame Lucy," the man modiste, played by Busby Berkeley, is a well of laughter from the moment he appears on the stage, and his acting and dancing, of which he is a master, greatly help to make a success of the performance, although the dancing of the ensemble leaves much to be desired.

The music is of the kind that starts one humming on the second chorus and the long popular "Alice Blue Gown," sung by Miss Milburn and "Castle of Dreams," sung by Miss MacKenzie are very prettily rendered.

L. C. C.

Play Directory

ARLINGTON: "Irene." Reviewed in this issue.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Harry Lauder. Songs, etc.

COLONIAL: "Sancho Panza." Otis Skinner. Last week.

COLEY: "The Call of the Road." Jewett Players.

HOLLIS: "The 1st Year." Comedy.

PLYMOUTH: "Whispering Wires." Thriller.

ST. JAMES: "The Dover Road." Boston Stock Co.

SELWYN: Jane Cowl in "Romeo and Juliet."

SHUBERT: "Greenwich Village Follies." Revue.

TREMONT: "Adrienne." Musical comedy.

WILBUR: "Up She Goes." Very good musical comedy.

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