

# INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS

## THE UNDERGRADUATE TAKES A HAND IN THE DISCUSSION

**C**ONCERNING the question of intercollegiate athletics there has been much talk. College presidents, educators, athletic directors, and sport writers have all had their say on this mooted subject. So far as *The Outlook* has been able to observe, very little attention has been paid to the opinions of those most concerned in the success or failure of intercollegiate athletics—the undergraduates themselves.

That is why *The Outlook* offered ten prizes for the best discussions of this problem, and limited its contest to undergraduates of American colleges. Our hopes of securing valuable and representative opinions through the medium of

this contest have been more than justified. We think those who read the first, second, and third prize letters, which we published in last week's issue of *The Outlook*, as well as those who read the Fourth Prize letters, published in this issue, will entirely agree with us. We expect to publish still another installment of these representative letters in an early issue of *The Outlook*.

We wish that our public men could always keep their feet as firmly on the ground of common-sense idealism as have the majority of the undergraduates who entered our athletic letter contest.—THE EDITORS.

### A LETTER WHICH BONED MUCH BOOTLICK WITH THE OUTLOOK

**O**H, optimism, thy name is Outlook." Doubtless you will reap a voluminous harvest of undergraduate opinion when you seek it upon such a vital subject as sport, but the mere idea of expecting any two undergraduates to agree upon any one subject argues forgetfulness of the editorial college days.

However, most of us can get together on a few broad generalities, such as the following: Athletics means football, undergraduate opinion means that of "my own little circle," and general college opinion is that of "my Alma Mater," which is different from (and therefore superior to) all others in existence.

Now, flaunting these definitions, let me leap down into the arena of undergraduate opinion and add my bit to the turmoil therein.

First, I'm a West Pointer (and prouder of that title than I'll ever be of any other). Now here at the Point we have universal compulsory athletics, and every cadet plays baseball, basketball, lacrosse, soccer, tennis, polo, and hockey, and of course, football, some time during his career. Since I have seen it in operation I do not hesitate to claim that the place of athletics is that of a compulsory subject in the curriculum, and inferior to no other subject, because it breeds the good health which is the prerequisite of all successful study.

When all men engage in a sport, we find that the competition for the varsity is keener, and so the emphasis placed upon the sport as such is redoubled. If this emphasis is properly handled, it can do no harm, for strict scholastic requirements keep the academic work from deteriorating. West Point goes crazy over football, but she doesn't sacrifice her academic standing upon its shrine. Her enthusiasm is shown by the fact that the best students in each class are "turned out" by their classmates and often sit up half the night frantically coaching the men on the football team

during our justly famous (or infamous) examinations.

What are all these men after? Victory? Yes, but only if fairly won. We believe in our motto: "Back the team—play to win—but play fair." Undue emphasis upon victory as such means only one thing: the ultimate justification of cheating. We don't believe in that, and it can only present a problem where there is a fundamental defect in the spirit of the entire school. Army-Navy Games are fought to the limit, and a Navy victory puts all West Point in mourning; but we'd rather mourn such a glorious defeat as that of last November than to celebrate a victory won by unfair means.

This spirit of fair play, which every school should have, bars all athletic scholarships and professionalism. It should forbid proselyting (except in actual cases of honest transfer, which can be judged by a lively school conscience). The school conscience should be double-action, but often isn't—that is, it should as quickly criticise "our team" for cheating as it does that of the enemy.

Finally, we admit that the part of the undergraduates *en masse* regarding the coaching of the team, the formation of its schedule, or the eligibility of its members should be limited to standing around and fiercely criticising the men who are responsible. This is a favorite amusement of all undergraduates and does no harm to any one. It also keeps them out of mischief. By all means let it continue. The team, like the size of the Army, is the business of all citizens, and they should be permitted to attend to it just as long as they limit their attention to talking and do not get in the way of the busy men who are responsible for these things.

Sport writers we condemn impartially, because they always misspell the name of our particular All-American candidate, but we continue to mob the newsstand on the morning after every game.

So now I'll emerge from the arena, still shouting and unconverted, and firm in the conviction that we want sport, that we need sport, and more sport and clean sport as well, and that Army can

whip Yale, Notre Dame, and Navy—especially Navy—any time the luck breaks even.

*Cadet Ducrot,*

United States Military Academy,  
Class of 1924.

### A SIMPLE AND EFFECTIVE SYSTEM

**A**T M. I. T. we have a system of athletics run by the students and for the students. There is little, if any, outside control, and no possible taint of professionalism. As a result the grade of sportsmanship is unusually high and the benefits widely distributed. Because I believe our system could be adopted by other large colleges for the best interests of college athletics, I will set forth some of the fundamental ideas which govern it.

"A sound mind in a sound body" might well be our motto. We believe that scholarship should not suffer, but rather benefit, from athletics. The Faculty does not strew the path of the athletic star with roses. He must show his right to competition by first passing all his subjects. It has been demonstrated that the scholastic standing of team men is above the average of the school. So much for the sound mind.

The sound body is attained by a constant policy of giving the most exercise to the most men. We view our teams from three angles. Primarily, they must encourage and furnish exercise to as many students as desire it. Secondly, they must be successful in showing that Tech men are real fellows with the highest grade of sportsmanship. Thirdly, they must add to our prestige through being as successful as possible.

The entire direction of athletics is entrusted to a student association. There are junior managers and team captains

<sup>1</sup>The modest author of this letter has chosen as a pen name a word which, in the slang of the Point, is a synonym for a fourth classman or for anything the name of which is unimportant or momentarily forgotten. We may add that we have used as the title of his prize winning effort a phrase stolen from his letter thanking us for our check. We trust that we have used the phrase "cold."—The Editors.

who comprise the Association. The officers are elected from the juniors of the previous year. The continuity is maintained by an Advisory Council of alumni, all former athletes of Tech, who act in a purely advisory capacity and receive no compensation. Contrary to most large universities, there is no graduate manager or paid coaches whose jobs are dependent upon winning teams, and who influence the athletic policy of the school teams.

Athletics are financed through a student tax of \$2.50 per man. This is very low as compared with other colleges. A revenue of less than \$8,000 is thus obtained on which to run fourteen varsity teams in addition to the twenty class teams. As payment of the tax entitles a student to free admission at all contests, gate receipts are small. We do not handle the spectacular varsity football and baseball teams which are usually able to attract enough gate receipts to maintain all the other sports. Although we only had \$8,000, we were able to handle 1,671 men who came out for teams and to finance 189 meets. As a result we have necessarily attained a high standard of efficiency in management. That is best illustrated by the annual cost per man carried on the squad—track, \$7; crew, \$8.25—and the fact that 1,671 men tried out for teams. That is a record in economy and efficiency which is unparalleled.

There are no hired managers, no hired athletes getting as much as an athletic scholarship, and only one coach who has a steady job as physical director. There is no possible chance for commercialism, and, on the other hand, we as under-

graduates benefit from the experience of guiding our own affairs. We come out with a greater pride in our college, a greater confidence in ourselves, a knowledge that we have played the game for the game's sake only, and withal we turn out teams as successful as the next college.

All this I believe might be attained by other colleges through scrapping their highly paid and artificial system of graduate managers, salaried coaches, and endowed athletes. Make athletics an undergraduate affair for the benefit of undergraduates, and not an expensive system of spectacular entertainment for the jaded public.

W. W. BAINBRIDGE, JR.,  
Massachusetts Institute of Technology,  
Class of 1922.

## GIVE COLLEGE GIRLS A SHOW

SINCE I am a girl, a freshman at that, and just eighteen, you may think I have no business to write about college athletics at all; but I am interested in women's college athletics and anxious to see them encouraged. The head of the department of physical culture for women would say that we have a perfected system here. "Why," she would tell you, "our women have a chance to win their 'M's' as well as the men." That is all very well, but the fact remains that, while there are practically as many women as men at Minnesota, over fifty men have been awarded the coveted M this year and only one woman. The reason for this is evident.

Athletics are not made sufficiently attractive to women in colleges to make it worth their while to compete. In the first place, age-old prejudice exists in regard to women being indecently clothed while exercising. Girls' clothes hinder athletic activity. Women are not permitted to participate in athletic events unless they wear full, baggy bloomers which have a binding rubber just above the knee. I remember my own chagrin when I lost a high jump because my bloomers touched the rope. What man athlete would tolerate such a hindrance while he was running or pole vaulting? Women must also wear long stockings, which hinder free movement of the knee. No one ever heard of an international record being broken by any one wearing long stockings. There is also a lack of money for sports among the girls. While many thousands of dollars are spent to finance football, basket-ball, and swimming teams for games with other schools each year for the men, no money at all is expended to take women's athletic teams on similar trips, although we have the teams and would like to go.

From all over the world comes the cry for women's rights, and with such rights comes the obligation of women to be physically strong and clear-headed. Nothing will aid this more than improved and encouraged athletics for college women. Please give the girls a show in college athletics. All we need is encouragement, money, and a revision of public opinion regarding correct athletic clothes.

ANN COE,  
University of Minnesota, Class of 1925.

*A later issue will contain other prize-winning letters from undergraduates on the subject of college athletics.*

## THE OLD PEARL NECKLACE

BY MARY VALENTINE STANLEY

"JOSEPH, the Princess A. has a pearl necklace to sell."

Joseph Wise was playing Schumann, and did not hear. He was an American Jew of fifty. He had a benevolent face, a bald head, and dreamy eyes. His young wife, Madeline, was also an American, but not of his faith. They had been married a year, and were spending a month of their prolonged honeymoon in Vienna.

"Joseph," repeated Madeline, "the Princess A. has a pearl necklace to sell. She has asked me to call this afternoon to see it."

"Where does she live?"

"In the L— Palace, in the S— Gasse."

"I should like to see that palace. I hear it is eight hundred years old."

"Good. You shall see the palace, Joseph, and incidentally I may pick up a jewel or two. Let us go now."

Joseph rose obediently and put on his coat. Madeline pulled a turquoise velvet hat over her brown curls and

wrapped herself in a seal coat with a sable collar.

"I learned from Levi yesterday that this coat belonged to the Duchess L. As she was quite a dowd, it looks far better on me."

Joseph looked into the fresh young face and smiled.

"You are beautiful, my dear. I like to see you in this coat, but I hope the Duchess is not cold."

"The aristocrats were a soft lot, Joseph. It will not hurt them to know poverty. I suffered hardships, and worked early and late until I met you, dear old boy!" She bent her soft cheek to his. "Now it is my turn to enjoy the flesh-pots of Egypt."

Arm in arm they walked through the gardens of the Belvedere. For a moment they paused in front of the palace where the ill-fated Sophie and Ferdinand had lived and gone out to die. Through the glass doors they caught a glimpse of the great marble hall and stairways with their statues and priceless tapestries.

Hundreds of children, undersized, with faces prematurely old, many scantily clad, were passing through the iron gates and climbing the hill to the palace.

"These youngsters are fed here every day by the Americans, Madeline. See the Stars and Stripes waving over the doors of the royal kitchen."

"It is the American money that is keeping Austria alive," she replied, "and to-day there are seven hundred and twenty kronen to the good old American dollar. I have already cashed five hundred dollars," added Madeline, gleefully. "Let's run along, Joseph. It's four o'clock; we dine at eight and we play bridge with the Levis at half-past nine."

They walked rapidly through the gardens, and came out on the Rennweg.

A young girl with a sack of coal on her back trudged wearily by. Women harnessed to carts patiently dragged their heavy loads. A one-legged soldier crouched on the pavement. About his