

STUDENT LIFE

Big T

AT LEAST IT MAY be said of third term 1954 that it brought one real accomplishment. The old "T" that had been carved into the slope of Mount Wilson by the class of '16 had got to the point where something just had to be done, and the freshman class, led by Class President Dick Morse and two dozen hard workers, finally did it.

The T party was held on Sunday, April 11, with the connivance of the Forest Service and maybe even the administration. *Someone forgot the key which would open the gate on the old toll road, so that the work party started off with a two-hour climb, but the frosh survived this ordeal undaunted and went ahead with the task at hand.*

The area, which is located on an irregular hillside and actually is T-shaped only from the immediate vicinity of Throop Hall, was carefully trimmed of overgrowth and strung with irrigation ditches.

The fickle southern California weatherman responded with two weeks of smog, so that it was May when the handiwork was finally visible from Tech. But on a clear day now you can see that the old T never looked whiter or neater.

The show goes on

THE DRAMA CLUB resorted to Moss Hart for its annual production ("highlight of the season"), presenting two sterling performances of "Light Up the Sky." Four girls were brought in from outside to fill the important roles (the feminine ones), while Bob Ryle and Marvin Bienstock led the male cast. The play was held at a junior high school auditorium on May 7 and 8, and was performed with a minimum of miscues and embarrassing moments.

The play produced a sidelight of almost as much interest as the production itself. There is a minor role in the play, that of Sven, a Swedish valet who speaks only one line, but is thereby qualified to attend the infamous cast party (and reportedly also was privileged to spend the first act alone backstage with the leading lady). To fill this very desirable role the Drama Club resorted to unusual means.

A "diathlon" was held in Ricketts Court the week before the play, in which one nominee from each house competed for the coveted role. The first event was an innovation on the crew race; the contestants were to drink twelve full ounces (that's a lot) through a straw for time! What little strength the contestants had left was expended in the second event, a "navel race." The four

lucky ones assumed a crab-like position on their backs, and raw eggs were broken on their bare stomachs. The idea was to crab-walk about twelve feet while keeping the yolk over the belly (pardon the expression) button.

Fleming's Bob Norton and Dabney's Don Seldeen were tied after the completion of these two events, and the judges—namely, the four actresses in the play—decided to hold a beauty contest as a tie-breaker. So the two men paraded up and down until it was obvious to all that Seldeen was the more beautiful, and he was awarded the role.

—By Marty Tangora '57

Ditch Day

FROM SENIOR TO SENIOR the word was whispered. The secret was to be well kept this year. No underclassman would know when Ditch Day was to occur.

On the eve of The Day, like grains of sand, the seniors began trickling out of the student houses—to get their cars of the way before the juniors got at them. But, as usual, the juniors had already *been* at them—and had stolen the rotors from the distributors of just about every senior's car.

There was nothing for the seniors to do but steal rotors from other undergraduates' cars, and while they were at it they got enough spares to fill a small sack—which they took along with them to the beach.

Most of the seniors slept on the beach that night, and spent the next day loafing there. Back on campus, of course, the student houses were alive with activity. Locks were being picked, cement was being mixed, and fiendish devices conceived by the seniors to keep all others out of their rooms were being worked on.

Come six o'clock in the evening the prodigals started returning, many with tools in hand with which to re-enter their rooms. In Blacker Court the seniors' ties made brilliant garlands over the trees. In Dabney a pile of beds and mattresses greeted the travelers.

With experience born of long practice the seniors re-entered their rooms. Some were miraculously untouched. Others were occupied by large weather balloons filled with hundreds of gallons of water. In Ricketts one entire senior alley was walled off by cinder blocks and mortar. (Since the cement hadn't had ample time to dry, the wall was quickly breached). In Fleming an icebox was installed in one room, crammed full of wire-fencing and assorted iron pipe; the whole unit welded together with several wheelbarrows-full of cement.

As night fell and supper was over, knots of students assembled to discuss what had happened to whom. The Resident Associates wearily went to sleep after a day of trying to keep everything within bounds. Here and there a large concrete block rested, or a motor, or a pile of rubble—quiet reminders of the day's work. And here and there, far into the night, a senior scurried through the darkness, still looking for parts of his bed or room.

—Gerald Dudeck '54