

# THE BEAVER

## Some Notes on Student Life

**T**HE BEAVER SAT in the middle of his room completely surrounded by the vast accumulation of the previous years. After all, you could not live an academic life and not collect a few books, notes and other trivia. As he attempted to organize the stuff, he observed that the room had been shrunk—by the heat of the summer, no doubt. This remarkable phenomenon could probably be explained by a few calculations on heat coefficients, but the Beaver's musing was overcome by the necessity for storing this trash. The problem was neatly solved by heaving it all into the closet and quickly sliding the door shut.

Refusing to contemplate the matter further the Beaver dug up an old pipe and strolled into the lounge. Many sun-tanned faces turned to greet him, and raucous shouts revealed old friends. A long series of stories regarding the summer adventures of the recent grads and the men who had not yet arrived eventually led around to the subject of frosh.

### From Student Camp to Chess

It was obvious to the old boys that the frosh were back from student camp. The Beaver counted four chess games in progress. He chuckled paternally, realizing that all frosh had always played chess the first few weeks. They had been pleasantly surprised by the studied informality of the new-student camp and had enjoyed being on equal terms with many of the members of the faculty and all of the big wheels of the student body. But now the frosh were about to embark on a very new and very different kind of life from any they had ever known before, and they were understandably nervous. So they played chess.

Registration brought the usual sore wrist; there were more cards, papers, and sheets to be filled out than ever before. It was astounding to realize how many people wanted to know the whereabouts of every student on the campus at all times of day.

For some of the students, another worry had been added—that of the draft board. The line which divided the class into the upper and the lower half became more of a subject for discussion than the 50-yard line, because of the Selective Service ruling that deferments would be granted students in the top half of their class. The registrar's office took on the aspect of the New York Stock Exchange as students lined up in order to get the all-important information. And approximately one half of the class loudly regretted not having taken up the study of basket weaving at Podunk University.

But this doting on Grade Point Averages was a most unstable condition which the Beaver was sure could not last. He was right. A rash of exchange dances broke



out (wherein the Tech man is found gamboling after the fair sex). After the first week of classes, most of the lounges were in the familiar state which accompanies such affairs. The frosh stood by in complete confusion. It would be a short time yet before they would be able to cavort with the complete abandon of the sophomore.

### From Registration to Rotation

The familiar ritual of rotation was begun almost immediately after the start of classes. The Beaver thought that the proselytism of the frosh was greater this year than ever before. Some of the houses put on shows that put vaudeville to shame; others, more subtle, had guests extol the virtues of the house where they themselves had spent four of the happiest years of their lives. The majority of the frosh, however, remained adamant to this wooing and stayed where they had been put by Mr. Tanham, Master of the Student Houses, secure in the knowledge that they would, in all probability, be happy in any one of the four houses.

The Beaver could not suppress a smile as to the manner in which the sophomores conducted themselves. It would have been a wise frosh indeed, who could have deduced the nature of the week that was to follow rotation. Even now the familiar gigantic red bow ties of Blacker as well as the top hats and enormous cigars of Dabney could be seen lending a rather incongruous atmosphere to the campus.

### From Chess to Limits

With the first few weeks under his belt, the Beaver rejoiced in the warm sun of the courtyard as he wrote a letter or two and fondly surveyed the new crop of frosh. They had stopped playing chess and were now engaged in the mysteries of limits.

The Beaver ambled into his room to inquire into the physical sciences, for he was already more than a month behind in his work. As he opened his closet to look for last year's physics book he was met by a deluge of trash. He heaved a sigh and began to put things in their proper place. The new year had indeed begun. He might as well tack up the pin-ups and wash the beer mug.