THE BEAVER

Some notes on student life

THE BEAVER VIEWED WITH DISMAY the perennial financial crises that plagued the operation of the student houses. Last month a tremendous discussion was brought on by a proposed raise in rates in the houses. Several plans were finally put forth for the students' perusual: An outright raise; a slight raise, with a cut in room service; or no raise, but a cut in both room service and dining service—this latter meaning a reversion to a cafeteria plan.

The students grouned audibly. So audible was the groun, in fact, that the powers reviewed the whole matter and decided that if maid service was done away with in the rooms, there would be no need to raise rates. This plan, rather than an increase in rates for

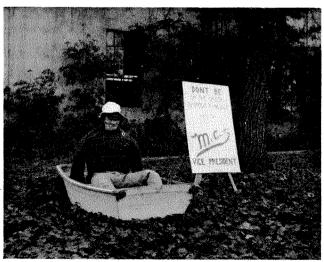
continued room service, was accepted by the students. It now behooves the students to make their own beds and keep their rooms clean—though there will be one professional room cleaning a week.

The Beaver joined in on the great discussion that this change brought forth. There had been an outright raise of five cents a day per room in 1948. In 1949 it became necessary to charge for vacations, whether a student stayed at school or not. So it was understandable why there was great sound and fury at another increase. But after all the discussion the Beaver noticed that there were few students who were not satisfied that the cut in service was necessary.

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Student Elections—1951







Left, top: Carpenters and painters put the finishing touches to one of the campaign posters. Left, below: Up the creek without a paddle, the dummy who didn't vote for McCarty was one of the liveliest items in this year's campaign. Above: The winners—ASCIT President Dave Hanna and Vice-President Mike Callaghan.

THE BEAVER . . . CONTINUED

What was the best-attended function in the social life of the undergraduate? The Beaver mused on the question and concluded that the Barn Dances held most of the devotion of the Techman's heart. Their very multiplicity gave evidence of their great popularityand the Beaver thought that their popularity reflected the Techman's distaste for white shirts and creased pants.

Barn Dances are invariably a joint effort of two or more of the houses and, with little deviation, are held at Mountain Oaks, Costumes at these affairs are ruled by one restriction—that they be as garish as possible. Techmen search arduously for decorative leather boots as well as multicolored berets to match the most insane ensemble that can be mustered up. As a rule, a most satisfying clash is obtained. The girls, not to be outdone, don gandy cotton prints.

Both beer and soft drinks are served at a Barn Dance. Barkeepers are usually stag frosh, brought along for the sole purpose of doling out refreshments-which may account for the fact that, in his several years of attendance at these functions, the Beaver had yet to see a successful keg starter. The evening inevitably gets under way with a tremendous gush of white spray and, as a result, full mugs of foam are served for the re-

mainder of the night. On standing for an hour or two, the mugs may even yield a half an inch or so of warm beer.

The highlight of the evening's entertainment, however, is the crew race, with its satellite, the flamer contest. These events take place when the band—usually a questionable combo composed of six recorders, one drummer and several mutes-is blue from effort and exhausted from the inhalation of many cigars.

The crew race is run off between several teams, each comprised of about ten men. Stripped to the waist, the men on each team line up one behind the other and toss down bottles of beer in relay. The winning team receives the usual varsity cheer and then proceeds to the shower room. The flamer contest is a more awesome spectacle. Again, organized teams come forth and each man is equipped with a jigger of brandy. The brandy is then set on fire and the glass allowed to warm. The contestant raises it to his lips and, in one rapid motion, tosses the liquid into his throat. If the brandy is all gone, but a blue flame still licks at the sides of the glass, this is rated a "Class A" flamer. There are two other classifications, as well, but, shuddering, the Beaver recalled that he had not even approached the lowest of these, the first-and last-time he had attempted this daring feat.

-Bob Madden '51



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BEARINGS