

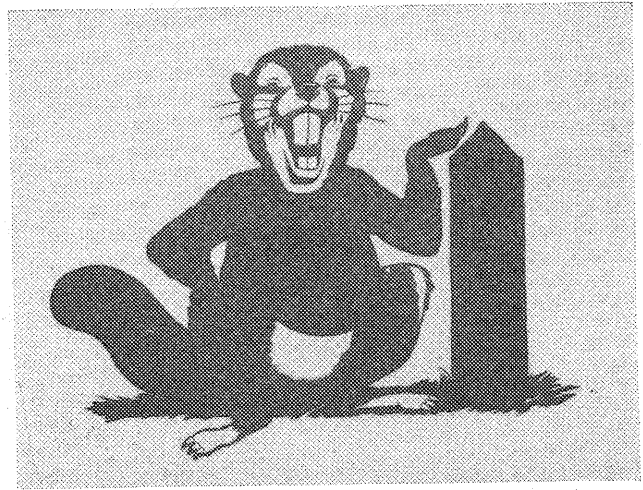
THE BEAVER

Some Notes on Student Life

FEELING a certain love for the underdog, the Beaver made his way out to Tournament Park hoping that the frosh might win the Mudeo this year, despite the fact that there had been only two frosh victories since the muddy dawn of the sport. The Mudeo had originated in the primeval years of Tech as a Pole Rush, where sophomores defended a 12-foot greased flagpole from frosh attempts to retrieve a flag at the top. Considerable mayhem always ensued, so this amusement was eventually replaced by pushballs and mud. Then, too, the intrepid frosh who climbed to the top of the groaning human pyramid usually arrived there only by sacrifice of his clothing. The Beaver wondered if the strong innate modesty of Pasadenans (who always came to watch) had not been the real reason for the abandonment of the Pole Rush.

A great shouting ring of Techmen surrounded the slimy pit as the Beaver approached, watching with awe the brown amphibious creatures struggling in the center. Uniformly bemired from head to foot, they lunged and plunged through the thick ooze, impartially splattering students, faculty, and photographers around the pit. The Beaver noted that all the big, useful frosh for this sort of thing were standing around watching. The sophs certainly had a strong advantage in the Mudeo ban for varsity men, since probably four times as many frosh were out for sports as sophs.

The junior judges were clever this year. When the last event was finished, not one judge was in sight. Their cunning in getting away had been very smooth, but short-lived, for soon muddily victorious sophs and frosh



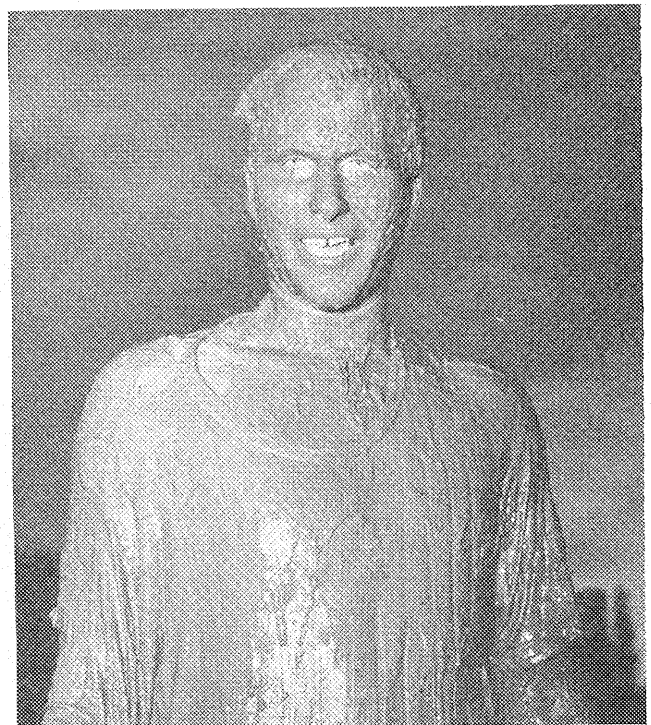
were to be seen returning from the bushes carrying judges. Each judge was held by outstretched hands and feet, and delivered to the sacrificial pit face first, horizontally, like a battering ram. Tradition would have its tribute, the Beaver decided, for the sophs won 5-2, the judges were quite properly baptized, and the frosh would foot the bill for the coming dance.

Pajamerino

■ Tradition had its tribute before the Oxy game, too. Always reverently impressed by the deep workings of the engineering mind, the Beaver had wandered into Fred Eisen's room to inspect a radio set-up, capable of directing fire from the battleship *Missouri*, which was tuned in to give every conceivable form of alarm to the House in case the bonfire was attacked. He was crestfallen to find that the baleful mechanism couldn't instantaneously spirit men over to Tournament Park in the event of attack, and was literally staggered later in



After the Mudeo: A handy hose takes off the top layer.



After the Mudeo: A junior judge steps out of the pit.



The best-dressed men in the Pajamarino receive prizes in P.C.C. auditorium, while the judges (left) look on.

the evening to find out how tough it was to run full-tilt all the way over there when the alarm finally did go off.

The night of the Pajamarino itself he had been caught up in the frenzy of collegiate spirit and had tramped noisily along in the parade, and afterwards, had joined a great pajama-clad crew in the favorite tavern to sing and wet down raw, shouted-out throats with brew.

Interhouse Dance

■ With fascination the Beaver watched the gangs of workers remaking the lounges for the Interhouse Dance into a series of strange otherworldly creations, from Cairo to Saturn to complete surrealist abstraction. It amused him to remember that after all this tremendous effort, there would be such a crowd at the dance, and after 11:00 p.m. the lights would be so low, that the decorations would not be much observed.

Last year everyone had worked like slaves for a full week, on the promise of getting pictures in *Life*, and hope had not died out even by last April that "they may still print it." It amazed the Beaver to watch the abandon with which everyone tore up the houses, commandeered bedspreads for ornamentation, and totally remodeled lounges and dining rooms. He wondered what dictatorial powers the social chairman must have to command such havoc, but the truth was that everyone seemed to enjoy the work. Still, such an extensive engineering project must be organized, and he gave great credit to the social wheels Arcand and Pyatt, Matzner and Klarfeld, Corbato, Schroeder, and Cockerl for ingenuity above and beyond the call of duty, and below and within the call of budget.

Having paid his accolades and feeling very proud of his fellow House members, he started to leave, but was stopped by the evil eye of the social chairman and handed a hammer and nails. "Tyrant!" the Beaver muttered, hammering together a bandstand. But at dinner time he was still busily working.

Blue slips

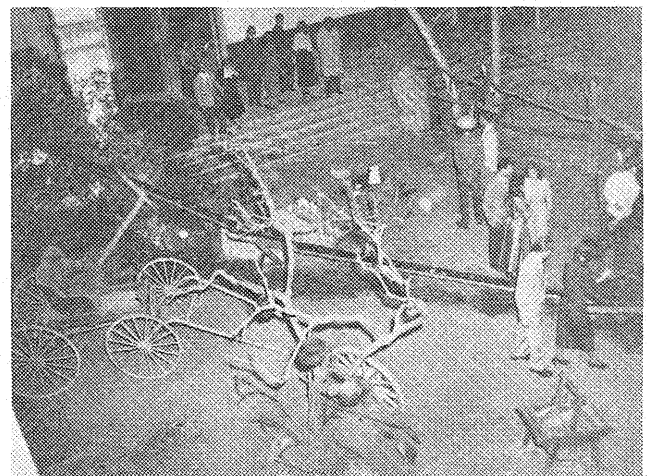
■ There was something underhanded about the way blue slips sneaked up on a man and hit him when he wasn't looking. A great gloom had settled on the Beaver, who had just come into the House lounge looking for a

perfumed letter from Nancy and had found in his box only the little brown envelope with the blue note in it.

At the beginning of the year he had come back from summer, tanned and strong of will, eager to apply himself to all the interesting courses he was going to have. He had made up elaborate study schedules and notebook systems and had a great appetite and enthusiasm. Of each new prof he thought, "Ah, this guy is good; I can really get down to work for him . . . and learn something." Then slowly, irresistibly, the work began to pile up. Weeks passed. Assignments grew like demons. The squirrel cage was soon running full pace. How had he ever believed these profs were going to be so inspiring? How had he ever been so ingenuous in the balmy days of early October? The last of the Great Resolutions crept away and he stared blue slips in the face once again.

It was small comfort to know that there is a distinct limit to the number of blue slips a man can get in one term. The Skip Inn was salvation to the Beaver and his comrades who had formed an impromptu Mutual Pity League. They all earnestly agreed that they had to really buckle down. Discipline! That was the watchword from now on. They all ordered another beer.

—Jim Hendrickson '50.



Blacker court becomes gold mine for Interhouse Dance.