# THE BEAVER

## Some Notes on Student Life

THE BEAVER GAZED at his calendar, which listed the season's coming social events, and sat back to puff meditatively on a scored pipe. There was certainly no lack of these events; there were dances, sports events and all the other entertainment which seemed so important at all other times of the year. But the Beaver was uninspired, and unimpressed.

He considered the matter and concluded that it was not a lack of social life that made the second term different from the others; it was the frame of mind of the student body. It appeared to him that a universal boredom had settled in.

The Beaver observed further, however, that the students had found multiple and varied ways to overcome this ennui. These tricks were not always new; most of them, in fact, were revived at least every four years.

Just a few nights ago, for instance, one of the frosh had been astounded to hear groans, catcalls, obscenities and the clanking of many chains issue from the walls themselves. Being a frosh, he was unacquainted with the unique architecture of the student houses, which provides an airspace between the rooms and thus allows speakers, driven by tremendous amplifiers, to be lowered for the sole purpose of making the frosh quake with alarm.

The frosh were quick to retaliate. A group of prodigal engineers somehow located the proverbial cement mixer and, by judicious maneuvering, managed to stow it in the room of some ever-wise sophomores. The contrivance was provided with fuel, as well as the proper ingredients, and set going.

The sophs, refusing to be outdone, found most remarkable uses for the cement which the frosh had so considerately supplied. The Beaver wagged his head in amazement at their endless activity.

In the past there had been even more imaginative schemes—such as that of the lover of chemistry who, donning a chef's outfit complete with fantastic hat, had entered the laboratory where qualitative analysis was in its usual state of confusion. The chef proceeded to place a bouillon cube in each of the unknowns. The instructor, agog, inquired of the student's sanity—only to find that the young chemist aspired to be the true "cook book chemist".

But the Beaver's reverie was broken by a ruckus of epic proportions in his usually quiet alley. The boys were at it again. He opened the door and beheld an array of newspaper-laden scholars converging on the room of an unfortunate engineer who had gone home for the week-end. The newspapers were properly conditioned and, after the room was filled to the brink,

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the last few remaining scraps of paper were forced through the transom. It was a rare sight to behold the unfortunate engineer, equipped with a flashlight, burrowing like a mole for twenty minutes, as he sought frantically for books for his approaching class.

Well, these were some of the methods of curing the second term blues. They proved pretty effective too.

### Making money

The opportunity to earn money does not occur too often on the campus, so it was with considerable haste that the Beaver went to sign up for the Mobilgas Economy Run. Alas, he was too late. Some forty fortunate students, both grad and undergrad, had managed to beat him out. This Economy Run is a test conducted under the auspices of the Automobile Association of America to determine the performance and gas consumption of stock autos manufactured in the United States. The Run takes place over a 700-mile course which offers considerable variation in temperature, altitude and roads. The Techmen recruited for the Run will serve as observers in this annual event.

The Beaver was pleased to learn that men from Tech were chosen for these jobs because of our honor system. Apparently, in previous years, there have been occasional discrepancies in the data obtained on the Run. It was certainly nice to realize that such things as the honor system were known to the outside world.

The seniors were finding the interview season painless this year. A small group of job-hunters could always be seen in the Placement Office, seeking information or reading the stacks of literature which the companies publish about themselves.

Jobs are going to be easier to get this year—at least for those who will be around. And the seniors have been told that they will have a choice of jobs. The Beaver pondered the words of the interviewer and remembered how, only a few years ago, situations were very difficult to find. He mused on the changing world and thought how good it was for a man to be able to pick his job.

### Tough term

The Beaver gazed out into the downpour which had begun and wondered who would ever consider offering him a position of worth. A sudden yen seized him and he bounded toward the door. As he tugged at the knob, the door fell from its hinges and a collection of water-filled pots crashed about his ears. Stunned, he surveyed the wreckage. Yes, the second term could kill a man.

*—Bob Madden '51*