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STUDENT LIFE

THE BIND

THE JUNIOR put his pencil down and snapped shut the big blue Shakespeare book. Wearily twisting around to get a look at the clock, he discovered with some dismay that it was after two in the morning. Good news, he said wryly—I won't have to go to bed tonight after all.

He stared woefully at the cover of the big blue book. Midterm tomorrow morning, he told himself, and you haven't even read all the plays you were assigned. How do you expect to get by in this school anyway?

Not this way, he decided. He'd been in a bind all week long, and the week before that—and most of the first part of the term besides. He'd been so busy, in fact, that he hadn't had time to take inventory of the things he was behind in.

Oughta be a law against rotation, he decided. That's where it all got started, spending his lunch hours and the hours after dinner in the lounge, meeting people, sizing people up, and then spending the evening hours going places with people. That had been the beginning, and by the end of rotation he thought he was pretty far behind.

Have to have a law against initiation, too, came the next thought. When rotation had ended he figured he'd be able to do a little catching up; but then came the waterfights, the alley raids, the pranks lasting late into the night—and the end of initiation week found him worse off than before.

Might be a good idea to have a law against winning football games too. In fact, he thought suddenly with a grin, there might be a law like that on the Pasadena statute books pretty soon. At least there would be if every Tech victory produced the kind of pandemonium that broke out after the Cal Poly game.

He remembered some wise guy saying that the football team really screwed up by winning that game with Cal Poly of San Dimas. If they'd lost it, the story went, they could have tied the national four-year-college record losing streak.

But that hadn't been the reaction of the student body. The whole campus was turned upside down that night. Someone set it off by starting a bonfire at the intersection of Hill and California. After it got warm enough, people danced around the fire, sang, cheered, and just generally had a big, noisy time. In due course, the Pasadena Police Department arrived, without much display, and quietly went about their business of cooling things off a bit. But shortly after that so many things happened so fast that the Junior, who had been right there in the cheering crowd, wasn't sure himself

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ALUMNI DIRECTORY

A supplement to the 1954 Alumni Directory will be issued late this fall listing the names and addresses of those who received degrees in 1954 and 1955. Copies of this supplement will automatically be sent to paid alumni who graduated in these years. Other alumni may secure copies by sending the form below to the Alumni Office.

Please send the Alumni Directory supplement to:

Name.....
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Student Life . . . CONTINUED

exactly what had transpired, and in what sequence.

Someone got away with a billy club from one of the cops, for one thing, though the Junior hadn't even heard about that until hours later. Some other guys tried to let the air out of the paddy-wagon tires, and this unfortunate gesture ended in their apprehension.

The winning move was when somebody, whose identity was still unknown weeks later, got into high spirits, or some kind of spirits, and torched up a palm tree down California Street near Tournament Park. This made quite a show, though it didn't seem to please the PPD (or the fire department either, who were late arrivals at the event).

The cops didn't catch the guy who blazed the tree, but they got hold of a guy who was standing nearby when it happened, and he, with two tire-type vandals, was hauled off by the Riot Squad or something as the party broke up. The three guys had been bailed out much later that night for more than a hundred dollars, and were still legally tangled up with the business for weeks afterward.

Well, maybe there wasn't any law against winning games, the Junior mused, but at least there were regulations against raiding other campuses, and they had been observed in about the same kind of spirit that the Prohibition Amendment was. A Caltech banner flew from Occidental's main flagpole for the second time; it had been raised on the first Monday in October, and, thanks to good old CIT ingenuity, it remained aloft for weeks, while the Occidental administration mumbled about sending bills for professional steeplejacks.

Oxy couldn't get the flag down, and Oxy wasn't too sure about Tech paying the bills in any case, so a few Oxy men, acting unofficially, made a sort of payment of debts owed by twice raiding the parking lot in Tournament Park—once to paste a lot of dirty signs on windshields, and once to let a little air out of tires. The Junior was not one to sit idly by while nasty Occidental students played tricks — and a little such foolery had been sufficient to prevent any kind of catching up in the weeks between initiation and midterm.

And now, merciless heavens, it was midterm week, and Interhouse Dance week, and who-needs-sleep-anyway week. The Junior was spending his afternoons on interhouse softball, his evenings decorating for the dance, his nights studying just enough to keep from falling even further behind—and the Junior was in a tight bind.

The Junior, acting with quick resolve and huge lack of duty-sense, reached out suddenly and turned off the desk lamp. What the hell, he said, it's only eight units. So I *won't* know the balcony scene by heart. Maybe I'll be lucky and flunk out of this place. In the Army, I hear, they only work an eighteen-hour day.

—Marty Tangora '57.