



During the first week of the first semester, the Freshman and Sophomore classes held numerous secret meetings. It will never be known how many spies from one class butted into the meetings of the others, but it is certain that there were enough plots and counter-plots to cause two whole French revolutions.

The Freshies drew first blood. On Sunday night, before the great rush, some enterprising laddies climbed the high pole of the main building and there tied an '11 flag. The Sophs and *Prof. Little* were the only ones sore about it, and it took the bunch about half a day to get it down, while Prof. McFarland from a window in Machinery Hall figured the safe load for a fire escape.

There was nothing more doing until the evening, when a gentle fall of rain cooled things off somewhat and made a dry bed look pretty good to timid freshies. Outside of a few captures of straggling freshmen, the big Soph bunch paraded the streets for nothing and as it rained off and on there was plenty of happiness in Cole's camp. Early in the morning there was a clash in front of the Y. M. C. A. where it was rumored that it took the whole bunch to tie Kiley. The story further goes that Kiley had dumped a paint-pot over Lawson. Anyway, what they did to Kiley was a plenty, and Lawson didn't show up the next day.

In the early dawn of Freshmen Tuesday, posters and paint were showing up pretty well. There were also a few Freshmen tied to the trees on the campus about the Mission, but these were released when the Freshmen came in sight. After a good scrap around the tower, the mighty Cole, '10, went out after a Freshman pennant on the wires near the signal tower, tore it loose, and put up one of his own make. There was a joyous rough-house in the road over the falling banner and soon after, the Soph pennant was cut loose. Moyses, '09, gently requested two guileless Sophs to let him take care of this banner. They did and it was later raffled off to help the Junior class treasury, much to the chagrin of the class of 1910.

After these preliminary canters, the bunch moved to Ogden Field, and got down to business. The Sophs were tired after their night out, and the Freshmen were, as always, fresh. The Sophs were shoved around quite a little at first. Then the Juniors and Seniors got busy, and things developed into a good respectable rush. When everybody was good and tired, the matter was declared a tie, and another Freshman Tuesday passed down to history.