

## CIRCUS DAY

Circus day, true to tradition, opened with a dismal, foggy rain, but something must have dispelled the grief of the gods, for about noon, as some famous aesthetic person (high brow for squirrel food) has said, their tears ceased falling and old Sol graciously dried out the scenery. The afternoon started off in regular approved Armour Circus fashion, with the



gunny sack. The big festivities were opened with an impromptu concert by a Germa-Scandahovian band produced from somewhere by that sterling Teuton, "Cho" Sullivan. "Shorty" McGuire, the four dimension, led the parade on some sort of a two-wheeled machine with a gear ratio of about ten to one. Behind, following the band, trooped an inspiring procession of wild animals, the strong man, the Salvation Navy,

those in on the deep stuff went about erecting various tents with facial expressions which showed the great responsibility resting upon them. Although there were no shell game artists around, some fertile minds with excess of "pep" had the time of their lives at the expense of several of the milder tempered students by enveloping them individually at unsuspected moments in a rather soiled

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