

JUNIOR WEEK

game and meet. North Central College fell victim to our kings of swat on Thursday afternoon, and Crane was humbled to the tune of 83 to 47 in the track meet the following day.

And then Saturday. Saturday,—the day of the Pentathlon, the Class Rush and the Interfraternity Relay, Circus Day and the Junior Promenade. That morning, the sun struggled bravely to pierce the lugubrious clouds that persisted in roosting over Ogden Field. Many an anxious eye strove to find one glimpse of blue to encourage the watcher, but Pluvius reigned in solitary state.

The morning was consumed in running off the Pentathlon which decided which track man was the best all-around athlete. The competition was very keen and all the events drew great interest. Ted Samuelson finally won the cup, with Vernon Sturm second and Fred Payne and Doug Finlayson tied for third place.

With the completion of the Pentathlon came the call for the Interfraternity Relay. Men ran gingerly about, testing out muscles that had been out of service for many months. The gun! They're off! The two laps were crowded with thrills, but the Phi Pi Phi team was easily victorious.

A trumpet sounded over behind Mission and the spectators became aware of a growing volume of sound, roaring and cheering for the two classes. The Freshmen and Sophomores were being massed by the Junior Marshals, and the shouts followed each flaunting of the green or red banner. The Band struck up a march, and, moving down the street, swung on to Ogden Field. The green-shirted and red-shirted warriors entered the field and the cheers increased to frenzied shouts of the rival partisans. The Band hit a livelier pace and circled the field, passing before the reviewing stand. The two classes dropped off at opposite ends of the field. A brief period of anxious waiting. The gun! The two long lines dashed madly towards the sacks to meet in a confused mass of struggling figures, flying sacks, and paddle-wielding marshals. The fight raged up and down, disintegrating into small private quarrels and uniting again over the heavy sand sacks. Attire became rather scanty and tattered but still they fought over the sacks at the two goals. The gun again! A great cheer sounded from the Frosh as they were announced winners and an impromptu snake dance swarmed over the field.

But the long-postponed rain finally appeared and cut short any further festivities. The fraternity stunts and other remaining events were called off and, with the award of cups and medals to the days victors and "A" blankets to former letter men, Circus Day was definitely over. The bruised and battered contestants and the disappointed spectators went home to solemnly curse the weather and prepare for the Prom. The Prom....but that is another story.



WOE BETIDE THE BOTTOM MAN IN THIS PIGPILE