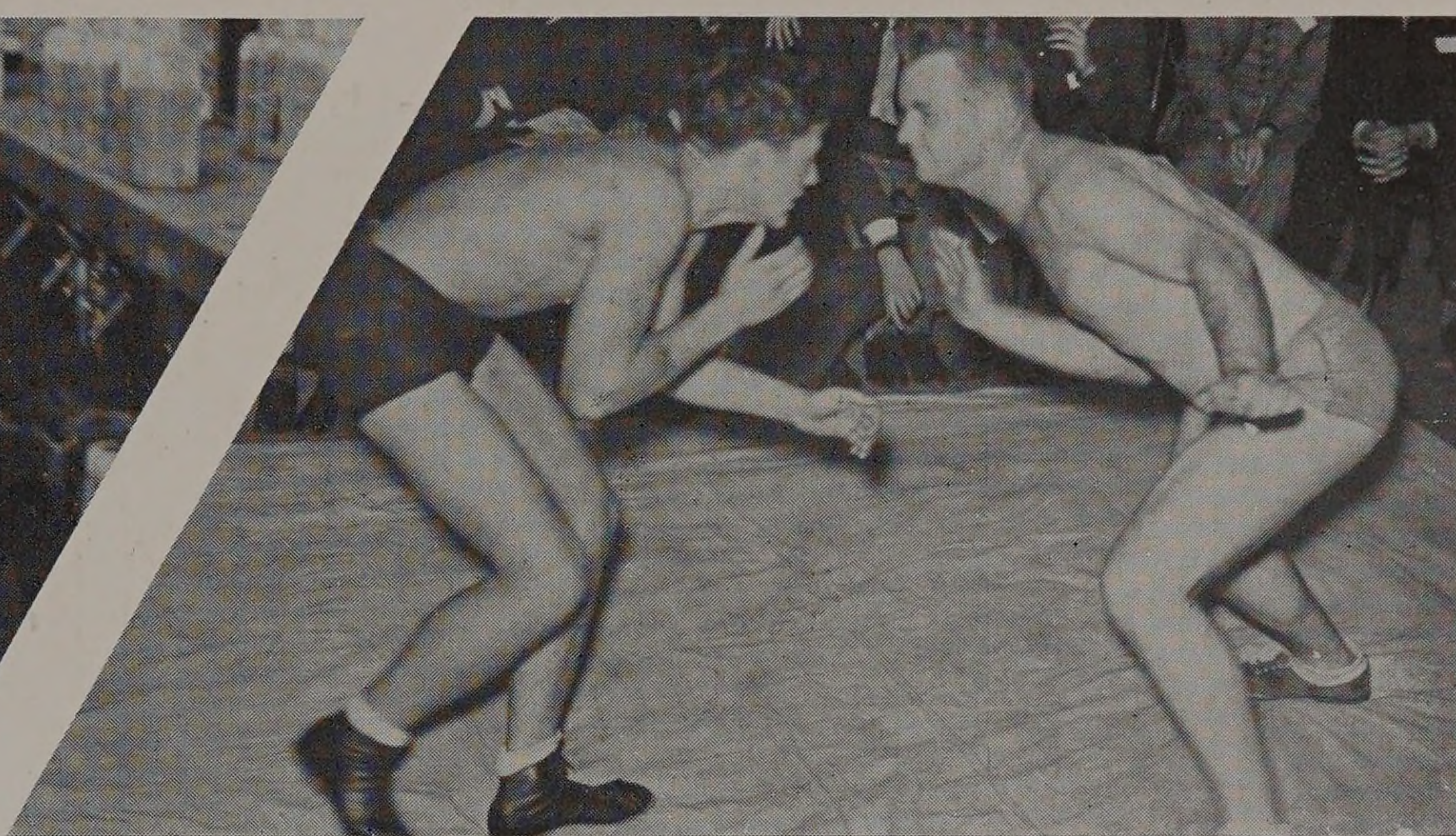




Busted!



The Scholarship Exams

The Freshman Handshake

sation. Pants in the office. Pants in the lunchroom. Pants in the library. Pants, here there and everywhere, the baggy knees and colored patches of the knock kneed freshmen's pants.

But lo! the sun broke through and nature smiled. Can they ever forget the coveted position they held during that memorable Rush Week. A glorious truce to a horrible slaughter, but a truce it was, for the hostilities were resumed with renewed vigor. Soon all bounds were broken, and at times, not so awfully rare, the shell holes and bodies on Federal Street brought back the beautiful memories of that zero hour in No Man's Land. When such activities had hit a roaring high, a treaty was called while the classes got together to discuss the situation. The agreement resulting from these arbitrations will stand as an everlasting monument to the Class of '40. T'was the first time the sophomores and freshmen had ever come to any kind of an agreeable understanding.

One day, while feeling in a benevolent mood to all society in general, they were hopelessly caught unawares of their neglected homework in the shape of little brown envelopes. Their common stock suffered a horrible set back and nearly fell off the market, while the preferred showed an instantaneous decline in interest rates. When the smoke cleared, those left standing decided to hold an election for class officers. Scap box radicals sprang forward. Politi-

