

Classes have been arranged and now instead of sleeping until 9:30 A.M., sometimes P.M., I have to be in class at 8:30 A.M. Oh well, such is the life of a Sophomore!

The same problem that has confronted every preceding Soph class is up before us now and that is: How are we going to force that herd of Frosh to wear the little green topper with nothing but a handfull of Soph enforcers? Well, one of our problems is solved: we had a terrific battle and everything is fine, the Sophs have an excess of pants, the Frosh have an excess of caps.

Enough of this prattle; I have work to do. Gosh, this Sophomore year is tough physics lab and lectures, English and the incomprehensible logic, not to mention that favorite flunk subject, dear old calc. Oh Boy, oh Boy, these physics prelims certainly can bounce. I think I'll present my prelims to the



	At the Soph Smoker
Hello, Folks!	Now What Do I Do?
Watch Zarem's Sleeve	So I Whips Out My Gun and Ends the Game

