

just beyond the glow of the dying embers a new scheme was hatched. It is generally conceded that this new scheme was the brain child of the famous "sorrel-top," who has been the most outstanding, if not notorious, member of the class of '37 since our green-cap days of street brawls. The new scheme was to meet in the Loop where we could not be harassed by the bevy of squad cars with which we were honored on the campus. The snake dance was renewed on State street where the hundred-or-so gathered. The dance tangled traffic in the desired fashion and a great time was had until the snake showed a weakness for the current attraction at the Chicago Theatre. The management of the theatre had some very definite ideas of their own about snake-dances, and, by calling all hands, repelled the invasion, taking one hostage who was soon at large due to the efforts of Mr. Allison.

What was to have been one of the most interesting events of the Junior-Senior clash for Thursday went off half-cocked, and, while it was anything but a miss-fire from a spectators viewpoint, it was enjoyed by only a very few. The event was to have been an egg tossing contest, something as follows: the Juniors line up facing the Seniors; the Juniors all have an egg in their hand; both lines take one step to the rear; the Juniors toss the egg to the Seniors, each having an assigned partner to whom he is to toss said "hen fruit," the Senior partner catches the egg, and then both lines again take a step backward; the egg is now tossed to the Juniors. The procedure is continued and the class breaking the least eggs wins after they have passed a certain point. Well, it all looked good "on paper" and that's as far as it got. Just after the push-



The Juniors, Interclass Winners—Phi Kap's Winning Stunt—Judges at Work.
Some Lunch, Look at that Orange—Outdoor Math Class—and Keep it Polished, Fella.

