



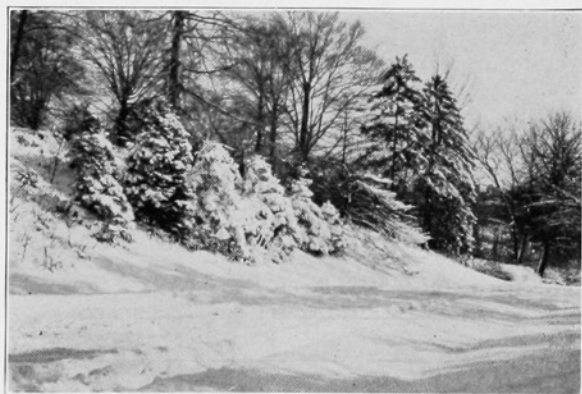
"THE HILL CLOTHED IN WHITE"

King Winter enters for the second semester, and transforms the Hill to a place of swirling drifts and winds that howl across icy valley depths before they come to endanger the warmth of the psych lab.

With pagan hopefulness we erect a God of Snow before which we bow in humble worship, praying for safety of neck, as well as for unfrozen radiators. Nevertheless, we help Mr. Snow God along with liberal quantities of glycerine and alcohol.



MR. SNOW GOD



FROZEN BEAUTY

The whole campus assumes an atmosphere of frozen beauty. But in spite of the chilly weather, parkology courses still continue, as the tracks in the snow reveal.