



The strange interlude . . . . and exams are over! One of our intellectuals, in his well earned leisure time, attempts to prove that Defoe was not spoofing when he said that after Robinson Crusoe finished his day's work he "sat down on his chest." Squirrely lad!

Snow, which comes at an opportune time, gives our fair athletes a chance to divert their harassed brains in an un-looked for combat. Why, girls!



With the beginning of the second semester we again revert to our well formed habits of loafing. Even the most distinguished engineers never seem to tire of entertaining the carefree co-eds of L. A.