Spectators and participants in the rioting jeer at police officers from the Baker terrace which surrounds the dining room. It was this terrace that the police charged in full armor withBatons early Sunday morning.

Students erected "Lower Rent" sign in front of Dean Fassett's house on Memorial Drive. Shortly afterward, about 11:30 p.m. Saturday night, the sign was set afire in a prologue that was to follow.

Students and law officers at close quarters; very few scenes such as this occurred after the riot began to set serious about hauling students to nearby jails.

The discontent literally "snowballs" early in the procedures. Later on the favorite use for cardboard was as ammunition for bombardment of unpopular police officers.

Firemen and police watch the blaze that effectively stopped traffic and jeer at policemen who were just pulling up.

Yesterday near the turn of the century (17th, that is), Captain John Smith and some of his sidekicks were exploring ye Chickahominy when some of his troops started to sprout arrows.

Well, Smithy and his outfit got in a few good licks, but the woods were full of redskins and they were soon hauled in to see the Top Dog Indian... Powhatan.

"Smithy," thundered old full-of-feathers, "You killed of my in-laws; we're going to do a disappearing act with your head!"

"Wild, man," said the good captain. "A little Rock 'n Roll, eh?"

This humor was lost on the chief, and he was all set to shorten Smith by about nine inches when in walked Princess Pocahontas... a nifty little number who'd been out scalping tickets to Cleveland baseball games.

Pokey sized up the situation, and screamed (in perfect Iroquois) "Man, it looks like my ship came in... that beard! That outfit! That build! Oh, Daddy-O—none that out!"

"Pokey," said Dad, "How many times have I told you not to come messin' around here during initiation! We're playing to a full house, and now I have to refund all those beads." But he was pretty sweet on the kid, and laid aside the meat cleaver.

Well, Captain John was so happy about his reprieve he broke out a barrel of Budweiser... and popped for the tribe.

Wouldn't you?

MORAL: When you want to treat the tribe (or, better yet, do a solo with a square), make it Budweiser... the chief of beers!