As the sun rose over the Great Dome that morning, an eerie silence filled the Harvard Yard. The Harvard Tuition Riot, whose "spontaneous" inception had been heralded through the main hall within the most of all, their compatriots. Their faces were masks of disgust, and even uneasiness that begged to swarm over, the Great Dome.

Finally, the music that had been blaring from the roof of the Campus stopped. There was an instant silence that seemed to fill with action. Abruptly, the song died out, and all air: "Twenty-one hun- (Continued Next Page)