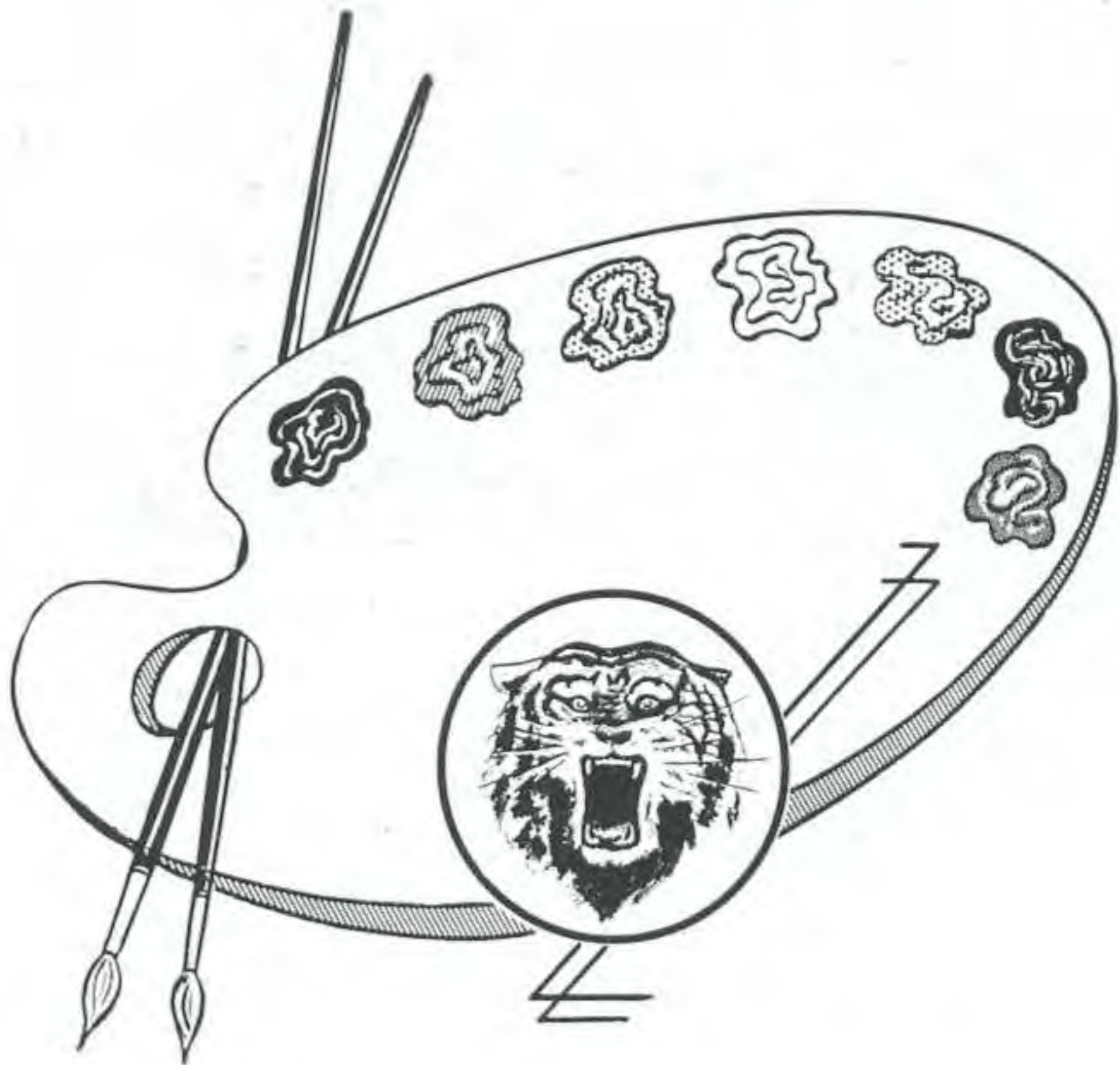
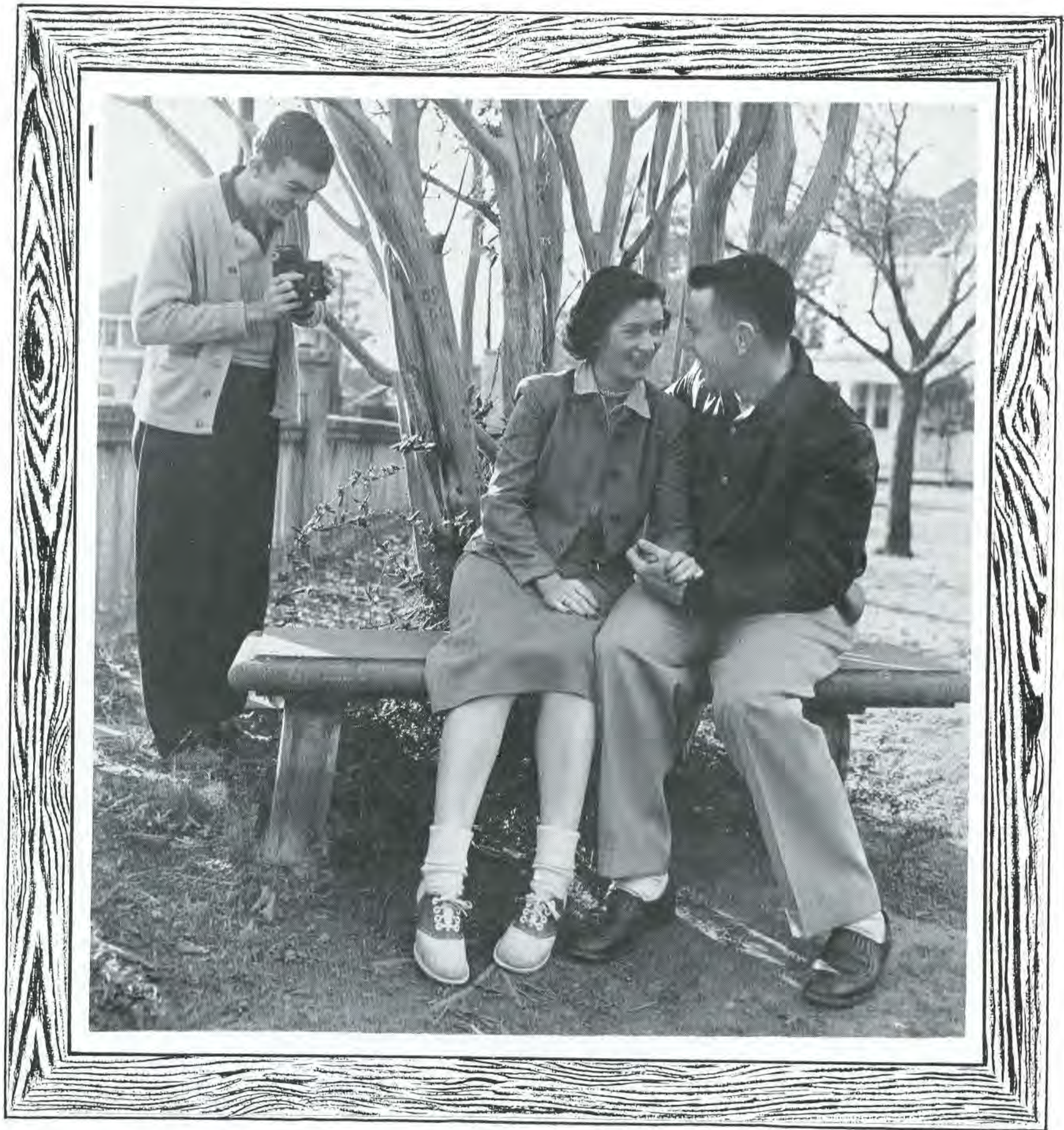


S N A P S H O T S



The artist resignedly recognizes his competition . . . the shutterbug taking snapshots.





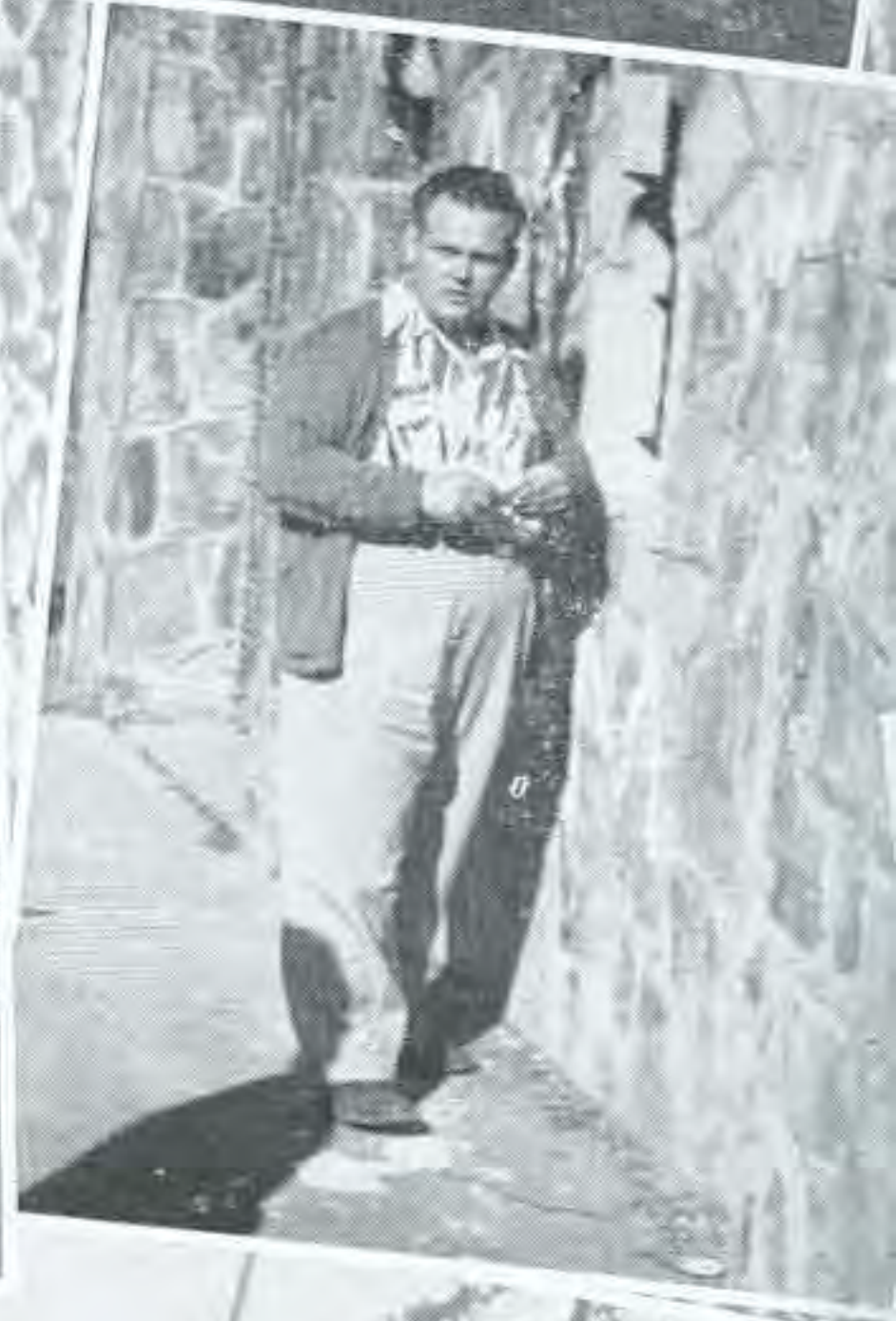
*Just between us girls.
Beauties and Handsome Men.*



Well girls, it's this way.



*Steady there, Keahey!
A trio of duets.*



Sno use, Sparky.

Everybody comes to the Snack bar.

Startled, eh?

Caught in a rare mood.

Is this the \$2 window?

Separating the men from the boys?



Peanut pursues pennies.

It'll be a hot one tonight.

Democratic pledges.

Hey, we aren't pledges!

Pledge Pogo.

All this and glamour too!



Haren-scareum.

Look who I'm with.

Dorsey Lee needs help for a change.

Towering Taylor outjumps Bubbles Becker.

"Come to the Snack Bar. That's what we are here for."

Marching along — together?



Oh, look at us now.

Curtain call.

Some fence.

Religious Emphasis Week?

Now WHAT shall I wear?



The prof proposes.

Just waiting.

Oh, rapture!

They were just plaaaaying . . .

Cheering cherubs.



Cyrano de McCuin.

Whose turn is it?

Country store philosophers.

Who's concentrating on toothpicks?

Just relaxing—My Friend Irma and cast.



Just mouthin' around.

What say, Rachel?

Smile!

I did it, and I'm glad.

The civilian and the soldier.

There's been a mix-up somewhere.



*These are WCF worms.
 Do we look as ridiculous as we feel?
 "Facing" the situation.
 Saturday no doubt?*

*Whee . . . the Choir!
 Well, podner, how's business?
 Profile of a Coop—er.
 Galentine? How you've changed.*