



PRESIDENT CROSS stands trial before a Frontier Days' court. Among the charges presented was one for failing to be properly attired in western regalia.

Many times I adopt the attitude of the interested spectator . . . Enjoying the efforts of those who participate . . . But finding it difficult to join the game.

As I rested in jail April 8, I realized that something wonderful was happening. Through no major fault of my own, I was no longer allowed to watch. I was trapped into being a participator.

At 11:30 a.m. on the morning of April 8, I was walking back to my office in the Union. Unhurriedly, I strolled up the walkway from the Administration Building to the back door of the Union. At 11:31 a.m.

with their surroundings. Jail breaks were attempted with utter disregard for the consequences, and one jailbird, female, tried to kick the jail down.

After some argument without benefit of counsel, I was released. For every offender who was released and reinstated in the eyes of society, another offender was quickly apprehended and placed in custody.

Each new arrival in the jail had his or her own opinion of the justice involved in their arrest. "I didn't do nothing," one co-ed shouted at her persecutors. Appar-

Judge Roy Bean to shame for speed and fines imposed.

President George L. Cross, who had given the full weight of the President's Office to the proceedings, found himself summarily facing the court on a count of improper attire. He was later released into protective custody.

The jail and courts were all a planned part of the University's re-inauguration of Frontier Days—a celebration that took place April 8-9.

Other assorted events included a parade, a dance, a picnic and anything that would give the students a chance to kick up their heels in an orderly manner.

The rules of the celebration were simple: Students and faculty were required to array themselves in suitable western garb and to get in the spirit of the Old West.

On the opening day of the festivities, a rather small percentage of faculty and students wore western garb. A few minutes in jail and an awareness of how much fun was to be had by those fully participating altered the attitudes of the recalcitrants and by the next day, a large majority of students and faculty were sporting six-guns, bandanna, jeans, denim jackets and boots.

Under Cover

By DAVID BURR, '52ba

I found myself looking at the world through meshed wire. The charge: "Improper attire." Under different circumstances, I would have protested my arrest. Several burly marshals dissuaded me without a word being spoken.

My jailmates showed a great discontent

ently her charge was based on her good looks. One marshal thought she was too pretty to be allowed to wander free.

Some of the unlucky offenders were brought to trial before judges culled from the Law School. The justice that was forthcoming from the judiciary would have put

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