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"No man is justified in doing evil on the ground of expediency."
Theodore Roosevelt,
Born October 27, 1858.

Dramatics? Why Not?

That engineers in general know little and care less about art in its various forms is a statement that expresses more or less accurately the opinion held by the majority of people. That certain engineers, at least, are interested in the more artistic things in life is a statement that a group of Armour students is endeavoring to prove. Another column of this issue contains an article that tells the story of this group and their plans. Briefly, the facts are these.

A rather representative group of students of various courses and classes, with the advice and aid of Professor Hendricks, is enthusiastically engaged in organizing a drama club with the object of producing short plays from time to time. Already a number of students have offered their services in various capacities and it is expected that more applicants will be found when the enterprise becomes more generally known.

Such an organization would bring about a considerable addition to the all-too-meager social life at present in existence at Armour. With the acquisition of a drama club, Armour would rid itself of the dubious distinction of being one of the few schools in the country that has none. Massachusetts Institute of Technology, generally considered the foremost engineering college in the United States, has an excellent dramatic society that presents plays regularly. The majority of engineering schools have similar organizations.

Without doubt, the presentation of a student-acted play at the Freshman Handshake, at a departmental smoker, or at any other similar function would greatly enhance the evening's entertainment and make such gatherings more popular than they are at present.

In accordance with the policy of the Armour Tech News, as re-counted in the first issue of this semester, the paper will give its full support to this new undertaking and will aid it in every way it can. We feel sure that anyone cognizant of the facts will agree that, while the educational opportunities offered at Armour are of the highest quality, those of a social nature may well be improved. Granting, then, that this is the case and that a drama club would tend to bring about an increase in social activities, such an organization deserves the support of the entire school.

Therefore, if you who read this are interested in dramatics, if you have had any experience in that kind of work, if you have any suggestions as to how to go about the organization of such a club, why not get in touch with the men who are already working on this enterprise and offer them your aid? They will be glad to accept any help or advice you may be able to give them. Any new idea has a considerable amount of inertia to overcome in getting started. This can be accomplished only if all those who are interested in the adventure lend a hand and help push.

"The Slipstick"

Cleave to "The Slipstick"; let
the Slapstick fly where it may.

WE GOT THE GUY

Last week's Inquiring Reporter found one he-man FRESHMAN who said that if the Eugenie hats came in vogue at Tech there would not be a BIG ENOUGH man in the ENTIRE SCHOOL to make him don one.

Well, we looked him up and found just how BIG he is, and we think that there are plenty of men big enough to make him WEAR one.

We are just WAITING at present until someone brings one of those hats around, whence we will promptly PUT IT ON this freshman.

And if a Eugenie is not forthcoming, WE will procure one and DONATE it to the cause of this FRESHMAN who says that there is no one in the entire Institute BIG ENOUGH to make him wear one.

*Women's faults are many
Men have only two;
Every single thing they say
And every thing they do.*

While we are on the subject of Eugenie hats and freshmen, let us suggest that the sophomores wear baby bonnets, or wide brimmed sun hats, or, perhaps, something sophomoricated such as berets.

"I've changed my mind."
"Well, does it work any better."

AN ENGINEER??

Friend wife—Why don't you patch that hole in the screen door?
Friend husband—I'm waiting for it to get bigger so the bats can get in. Bats are death on mosquitoes.

Suppose we be so bold as to look into the future as far as Circus Day. After the soft-frosh fight there will be a mixture of green and red shirts as well as a few feathers, felt snatches, and other miscellaneous parts of Empress Eugenies. We could almost guarantee choice bargains in hats and incidentals.

We could have a booth for a salespoint and sell them for quite a bit less than \$1.85.

MIGHT AS WELL

In the first act of my play,—explained the young dramatist,—the scene is laid in a cemetery.

So I see,—said the manager, brutally turning the pages of the manuscript,—and you might as well lay the whole thing there.

And Joe helps along the CAUSE by suggesting that all the frosh be REQUIRED to wear the cute things at the FROSH DANCE.

A brilliant idea, Joe. My secretary will keep a note of all further SUGGESTIONS.

Sportsman (riding to the hunt)—Out of my way, wretch. I'm riding to the hounds.

Hobo—Give us a lift. I'm going to the dogs myself.

And one freshman who was given a chance to AIR HIS OPINION on the subject said that if he were a senior he would COMPEL all freshmen to wear green ones, and if they appeared WITHOUT THEM, they would merit a PADDLING.

Good for you, son, and I hope you have the biggest and the GREENEST one.

Why don't you start a PRO-EUGENIE movement. You'll find plenty of support OUTSIDE of your class.

And then some big HATTER would take the order for 250 green Eugenies, and perhaps open a factory in the vicinity.

Here is the opportunity for some ambitious freshman. Go into the HAT BUSINESS and pay your way through college, for the frosh in following years would also be required to CARRY ON the tradition.

Slubgullion—What made that fellow faint in the drug store?

Spermophile—Oh, he went in, asked for the druggist, and was told that he was in the rear filling a prescription.

—Chemiker.

But of course we would INSIST that they wear the dear little hats in wood shop, forge shop, and in the foundry. The Eugenie and the coal-black cover-alls would make a STUNNING ENSEMBLE. This would be very appropriate for OPEN HOUSE NITE. The visitors would certainly find amusement in the new SPRING CREATION.

Editor—I'll give you \$2 for this anecdote about President Hoover.

Writer—What's the matter. You gave me \$4 for it when it was about President Wilson.

And, by the way, AL would have more room in the CLOAKROOM if all he had to contend with was a bunch of those small hats. Perhaps a decrease in labor at this point could be realized, thus saving the Institute some bucks.

Say, maybe we could get official recognition after all.

And the beloved men of the CLASS OF '35 could then hang one of the green hats on the end of the main building FLAGPOLE and dare the sophs to remove it. BONGINEER.

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"I've tried all cigarettes and there's none so good as LUCKIES. And incidentally I'm careful in my choice of cigarettes. I have to be because of my throat. Put me down as one who always reaches for a LUCKY. It's a real delight to find a Cellophane wrapper that opens without an ice pick."

Jean Harlow

Jean Harlow first set the screen ablaze in "Hell's Angels," the great air film, and she almost stole the show from a fleet of fifty planes. See her "Goldie," a Fox film and Columbia's "Platinum Blonde."

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TUNE IN—The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.



*Is Miss Harlow's Statement Paid For?

You may be interested in knowing that not one cent was paid to Miss Harlow to make the above statement. Miss Harlow has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 2 years. We hope the publicity herewith given will be as beneficial to her and to Fox and Columbia, her producers, as her endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to us.



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