

STEAM SHOVEL

Greetings to all the friends of Armour who are visiting us today at our annual open house. We hope all our guests will stop, look and marvel at the many intricate displays put up for their benefit by Armour's budding young engineers.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday are big days (may we say holidays) for the boys. Traditional Junior Week, as these three days are called, is the time of year when the boys can do what they want—and with no restrictions. Open house, inter-fraternity sing, glee club and orchestra spring concert, marble games, pie-eating contests, tug-of-war, baseball games, frosh-sophomore rush, these and many other things fill the three days and nights. The grand finale, when we all strut our stuff is . . . yes, the Junior Informal.

Can Prof. AHERN be contemplating the middle aisle and the chain gang for life? That young lady he has been squiring around is really nice.

Horton and Dixon, are they fixin' to honeymoon in June? We don't know, but if reports are true, we'll pass the word . . . to you.

"DIXIE" DUNCAN and LORETTO TURNER are still rehearsing, and the play has been over for two weeks. He has written all his girl friends down south to cancel all future engagements.

Sid Heenan, social lion of the junior chemo, will be escorting his first girl to his first dance when he blushing attends the junior informal Friday night. Get your bids now for the show.

JIM HEBSON, senior juicer, not only borrowed CHEVALLEY'S girl friend for a recent date, but he also borrowed his car. He stopped short of borrowing his clothes and money.

The cool breezes along Lake Michigan's shore and his girl friend beside him (in his lap) are the setting when LEO ROPEK plays his car radio. This explains why he won't let the boys play his radio at school.

The girls in Dwight, Ill., work fast. When George Raymond received a letter from one named Verda last week, he didn't know he was treading in the territory supposedly won by Strockia. The latter met the young lady on the glee club's recent trip.

Paul (Cellophane) Ransel takes the cake when it comes to absent-mindedness. And it cost him fifteen cents to demonstrate it. Taking out a fresh pack of cigarettes in the fourth floor Chapin drafting room, he busied himself with removing the cellophane wrapper from the pack, tossed the package of cigarettes out the window and proceeded to pass around the empty wrapper. His comical error was not noticed by himself until the other boys started to titter.

What co-op named JUERGENS went out on a date, last Friday night? Not that that in itself is anything, but when a fellow goes steady for four years with the same girl and then suddenly dates another one, well . . .

So many things happened on the recent glee club and orchestra trip to Dwight that space will not permit relating them all. However, high spots included: two concerts before the "boys" in the big house known as the Pontiac reformatory, with rifles and machine guns between those on the stage and those in the "audience"; a wolfing expedition over the whole town of Dwight by the Armour boys after supper (not a girl was seen); a dance after the evening concert in Dwight, where plenty of girls were to be seen (and danced with); a breakdown of the last bus at 11:30 P.M., resulting in a new one having to be sent from Chicago, finally picking up the last group of boys at 2:45 A.M.; and a practical joke played on twelve of the fellows who were waiting for the last bus, resulting in their thinking they had missed the bus and contemplating flagging the 3:20 A.M. milk train (which, according to the town cop in on the joke, left at 8 A.M.), and the picture of Mr. Erickson standing (with the other fifteen fellows) in an alley with a tuxedo on, laughing till his sides almost split. . . .

George Frost received the following postcard last week: "Dear Mr. Frost, The Illinois State Employment Camp Placement Service has suggested that you might be interested in applying for a position at Camp Farr. . . I can offer employment for the month of July only as we have girls in camp after that date . . . sincerely . . . Draw your own conclusions.

YEAKLE, alias Yeskle, tried unsuccessfully last Thursday night at the Pi Nu Epsilon theatre party at the Erlanger to flirt with a young lady in the seat in front of him. His final trick was to pull her hair, but no luck. When you can't even attract them by pulling their hair, you're really slipping, and we DO MEAN YOU—YESKLE.

Sophs Declare Open Season on Freshmen; Plot Kidnapping of Freshmen Rush Leaders

Herewith we present a brief but enlightening description of the frosh-sophomore rush, for the benefit of freshmen (unexperienced), sophomores (experienced) and bystanders (juniors and seniors with cases of eggs). This mild and sissy (?) event will occur Friday. Of course, the event will open with the morning ceremony of robes (a general de-robing, de-shoeing and face painting). The frosh will more willingly partake in this ceremony than the sophomores. Of course, large roaming hordes of sophs surrounding lone freshmen will have nothing to do with it.

By this time the frosh will be a little suspicious that the day is not to be a tea party, and they will get that lone, hunted animal feeling. The urge to organize and band together will swell in their minds. Eureka! Their first sensible idea.

However, success is not yet within their grasp for who is it we see (and hear) in the physics lecture room plotting and scheming? Why, it can not be the sophomores. Ah, but it is. Yes, a large group of men dressed in old shoes and pants, no shirts, and handkerchiefs tied around their heads. The question will be popped: "Did you kidnap the frosh rush leaders?" The soph rush leader and his committee will smile among themselves, and the reply will be: "He's on ice 'till 5 this afternoon." Ah hah! That explains why the frosh were unorganized the first part of the day, with no leadership. Then strange words will fill the room, such as: "tie," "slug," "red paint," "December eggs," etc. The story behind these words will dawn too late on the frosh—only when they are up against the cold facts.

The sophs will leave with a yell. Pouring out onto the street they will look everywhere for the lovely freshman. Chances are it will start raining three or four buckets of water at this time onto the bloodthirsty sophomores. And who should walk into the scene at this time just as the water is coming down? None other than our esteemed dean, C. Austin Tibbals. However, Dean Tibbals is a good fellow and he will brush the water off his coat with the remark "Tsh, tsh, the humidity of the air is high today." Then, white hot by now, half the sophs will tear up the stairways of Old Main, seeking those low, good for nothing green-horns known as freshmen, class of '42. But nary a one is in sight. They have escaped by way of the chem lab fire escape and across the boiler room roof.

Things will be comparatively peaceful as the school goes to lunch, minus the freshmen who will probably be hiding in a hole in a tree or in the fieldhouse.

But . . . ! Unnoticed by the two classes all this time have been strange actions and secret mutterings among juniors and seniors. A fire hose might be seen sticking from under a fire protects coat. Or a huge three foot by one foot box may be seen bulging from under a junior's coat. A faint (unopened) odor will waft from this box. Three or four more similar boxes may be found if a close inspection of the grounds is made. A senior looking like a vegetable peddler may pass with a box of tomatoes and cabbage (also soft peaches).

Comes the awaited hour. By this time pants are hanging all over the lunchroom, and from trees and rafters (a few freshmen may be seen in the tree tops and the fire department might have to be called to get them down.) Shoes from size six to sixteen will be hanging all along the fence on Ogden Field. And . . . all automobile owners are advised to have their windows closed and cars locked if they do not want them to contain unexpected things.

The sophs will take the field with a big shout, and will line up at their goal near the south end. The now scared but determined band of frosh will appear at the north end, from within the realms of the fieldhouse (or maybe the goals will be reversed).

The gun will be fired. The mob surrounding the field, including news cameramen, will be on edge. The frosh and sophs will meet halfway past the center of the field (don't worry, the sophs will meet the frosh three-quarters of the way). Mean-

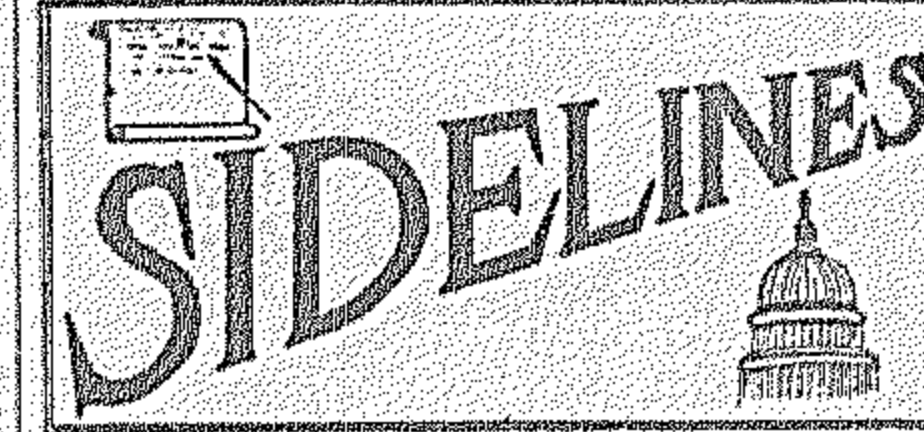
while the rest of sophs will be carrying the bags to their goal. The few bags remaining the frosh will try to get, but probably will find them anchored or slit so that their contents will be contents no more by the time they reach the frosh goal.

The battle royal will now be in sessions. Then a faint but increasingly stronger odor will pervade the scene, accompanied by "squish," "splash" with yellow flying everywhere interposed with peaches and soft tomatoes. Ah. The innocent bystanders have at last found their range at the expense of the battling '41's and '42's. Yes, the egg bombardment with its absolutely nauseating smell has come.

With the supply of ammunition finally exhausted by the juniors and seniors, and with the sophomores successfully having obtained the so-called majority of the bags, the rush will be over, and the frosh and soph will turn their attention to the bystanders. A general riot will result, with the egg-dripping news cameraman making a hasty exit.

The soph victory call will then be sounded, and the freshmen, a sorry and messy looking lot, but a much wiser crew, will look forward to next year when they will turn their wrath on the class of '43.

Who knows, after reading this, they won't need a rush. (P.S. the frosh have only won once in all history).



All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:

—so wrote William Shakespeare three hundred and fifty years ago. With one small change these lines are applicable to the world today. We would change the word players to the less fortunate but more appropriate word puppets. For truly the present and future of man in too many countries the world over today is as determinable by him as are mechanical movements of the painted puppet.

The historic philosopher scans the surface of the globe and finds nowhere that initiative and optimism characteristic of a few decades ago. Is the curse of our contracting economy self extinction through greed and misunderstanding. Are brotherhood and amicability outworn terms now that they are more essential to man's living than ever before. Our scientific development has progressed with amazing rapidity, and now our most concentrated efforts are exerted in the conversion of our resources into weapons of destruction. How futile it is that so many of the world's great scientific brains are diverted to the invention of deadly weapons, while the brains of countless others less brilliant are taught their manipulation.

Our age is over mechanized. Freedom of thought and action has been restricted and in many cases eliminated from daily living. Fear and suppression have changed the thinking process to mere blind following. The era of automaticism has so thoroughly entered our lines that instinct and habit are replacing nationalization. Our immediate dilemma could find temporary solution at least, were men to acquaint themselves with and differentiate between the truths and falsehoods of their existence. The basic fault is in the inherent failings of declining capitalism. If we should rather not replace our partially democratic economic and political system by the far less desirable system of fascism, it were well we acted quickly to remedy the numerous failings that so greatly weaken our system. This timeful adjustment can change waning capitalism to a rejuvenated democracy. One suggestion is an intelligent reorganization of the distribution system, other suggestions are pending.

LEST WE SEEM too pessimistic it is encouraging to note that a not too severe winter has passed and brought in its wake an abundant and exuberant spring in the natural world. Continued faith in the ultimate goodness of man will bring an equally fruitful Maytime in the era of humanity.

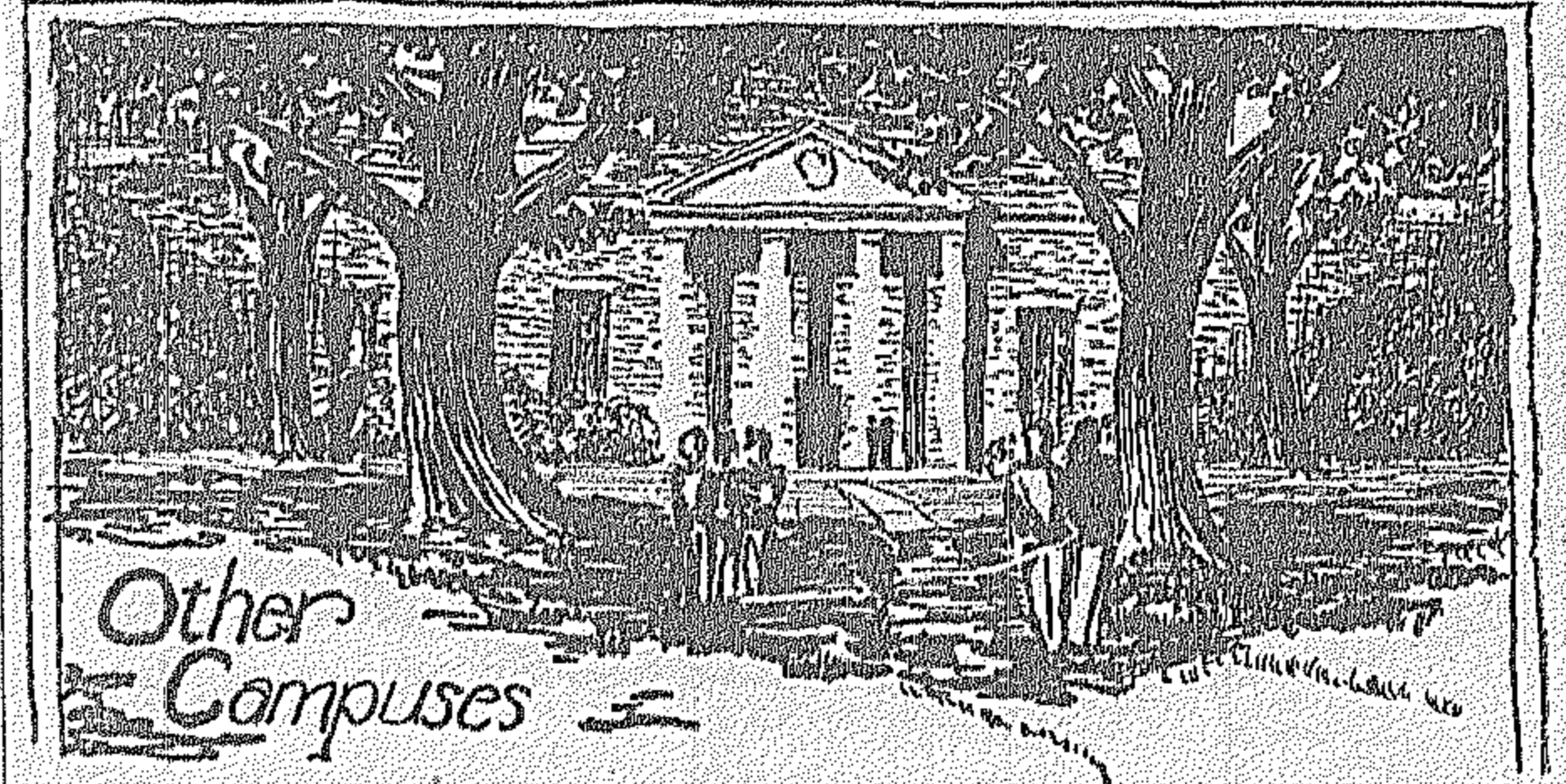
E. H. W.

ARMOUR ALMA MATER

Armour, with thy towering halls;
Our alma mater, Sacred shrine that calls;
Her youth to labor, Seeking far beyond;
Armour, spirit aflame,
Armour, glorious thy name.
Armour, may thy honor be;
Thy sons achievements, over land and sea;
Visions of progress, These are all thine own;
Armour, spirit aflame;
Armour, glorious thy name.

ARMOUR FIGHT SONG

Fight team, fight hard for dear old Armour,
We are the fighting engineers.
Raise up the black and yellow higher
Safe through all the years, Rah, Rah, Rah.
Go team, fight on for dear old Armour!
Keep her honor pure.
We'll make her glory ever brighter,
Fight on, and victory's sure.
(Yell) Arch, Mech, Civ, Elect,
Chemical and Fire Protect!



E. C. Road, a Harvard lad, was tossed in a lake after winning the annual hoop race at Wellesley disguised as a girl.

Students at Kansas University have the white coat bug. They're wearing them formally and informally.

Queen of the May at Kentucky University was Bill Dunlap. He polled the greatest number of votes to take the honors, but was disqualified in favor of his runner-up, a co-ed.

Co-eds at Brigham Young U. claim the first thing they notice about their escorts is neatness in dress. "Money" is secondary!

Approximately one-fourth of the University of Vermont freshmen are scholarship holders.

Cornell University scientists have discovered a special enzyme that makes race horses run fast. Now for the students with eight o'clocks.

One of Armour's own students, Casimer Bigos, still holds the underwater swimming record at Wright Junior College.

Burgess Whitehead, star second-sacker of the New York Giants, is the only Phi Beta Kappa in baseball. He is a graduate of the University of North Carolina.

Researchers of the Indiana University Foundation have invented a drunkometer to determine the condition of inebriates.

For the first time in forty-two years, the St. John's University students recently went without potatoes for dinner.

A move is being made to christen Drake University's stadium in Des Moines, Iowa, the "Corn Bowl."

The Ancient and Royal Order of Handshakers is a student organization on the Niagara University campus.

Bill Brannan, a blind student of Beloit College, is a mainstay of the wrestling team.

Four thousand seven hundred cars carry eight thousand University of California students to classes every day.

The University of Pittsburgh was the first school to broadcast a football game.

Bob Sasser is a debater at Purdue; Ed Yelland leads cheers at Pacific College; and C. Sportsman is the track coach at Texas State Teachers College.

The Reader's Digest annually offers a free, one-year subscription of their magazine to the valedictorians of all the United States high schools.

The Stanford Daily defines a professor, as a textbook wired for sound.

In keeping with state politics, the ballot box of the Kansas University School of Pharmacy election was found to be stuffed.

A Speech Clinic student at the University of Iowa stutters in French, Latin, Italian, German, Spanish, English and Greek. He is now taking Chinese.

Thirty-six miles of paper are used annually in the South Dakota State College printing laboratory.

Two hundred and twenty-five colleges are now teaching preparation for marriage.

Dr. Nevin Fenneman, Professor of Geology, at the University of Cincinnati called his profession an infant science.

A convention of all Texas college twins will be held at Baylor University this month.

Duke University is located on an old race track.

Martin College boasts the only feminine basketball coach, a blonde.

Scientists of the American Association of Scientific Workers have boycotted all totalitarian states.

Football players at Cornell University are forbidden to ride in automobiles. It weakens their muscles.

Case Tech used a "Kissometer" at their A.I.Ch.E. dance.

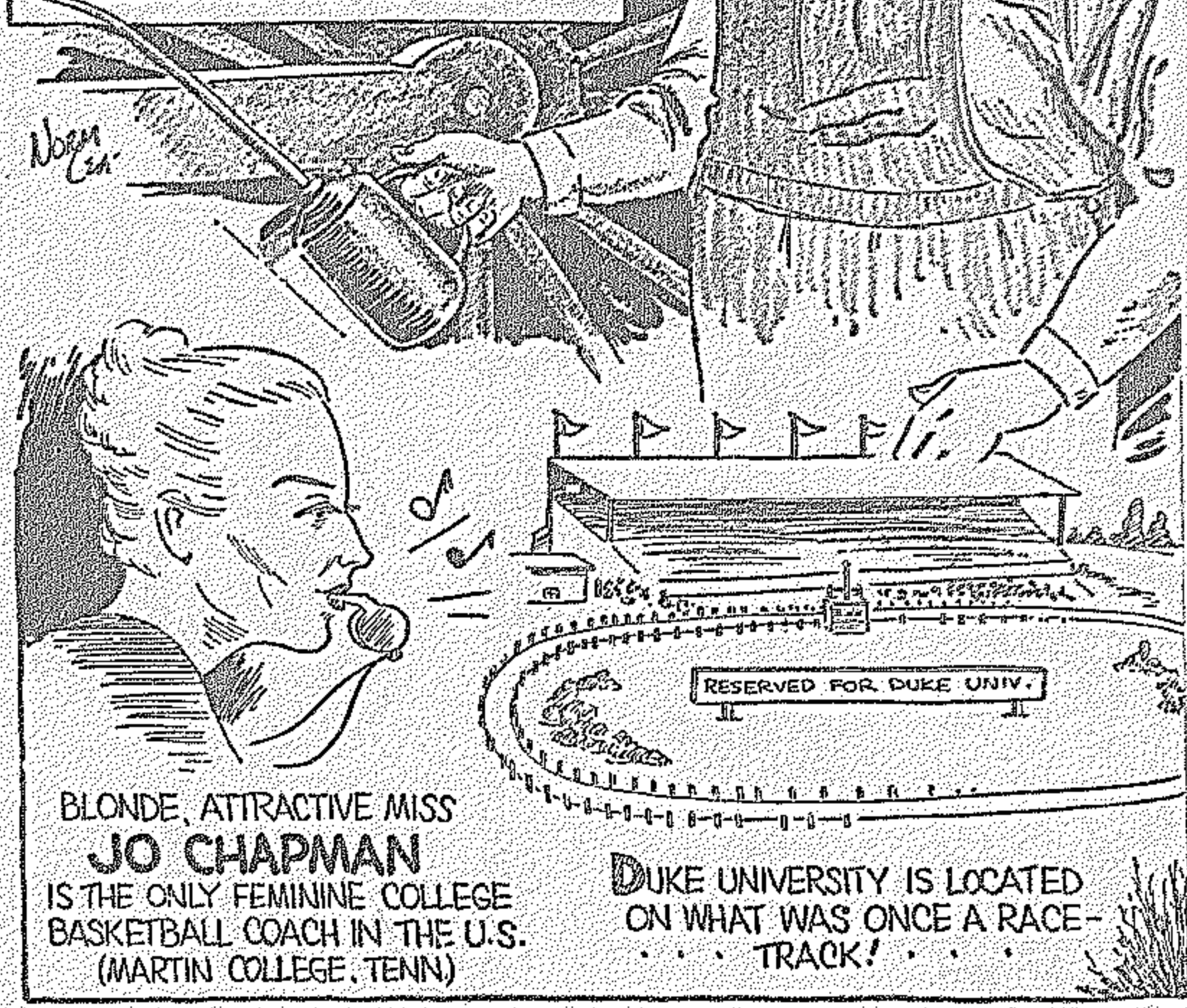
According to a recent poll, 78 per cent of the New York University students expect to be earning "\$5,000" annually five years after graduation.

At Dartmouth College old examinations are available in bound files kept in the college library.

C. O. SHUNK'S

HOBBY HAS "SENT" MORE THAN FORTY-FIVE STUDENTS TO ILLINOIS COLLEGE DURING THE LAST 25 YEARS/ HE INTERESTS YOUNG PEOPLE IN COLLEGE WORK, THEN SECURES REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENT TO MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR THEM TO ATTEND.

A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER, HE HAS NEVER LOANED OR GIVEN MONEY TO HIS PROTEGES.



BLONDE, ATTRACTIVE MISS
JO CHAPMAN
IS THE ONLY FEMININE COLLEGE BASKETBALL COACH IN THE U.S. (MARTIN COLLEGE, TENN)

DUKE UNIVERSITY IS LOCATED ON WHAT WAS ONCE A RACE-TRACK!