

Johnston High In Frat Track

In between rain falls, the interfraternity track was run. The track was muddy though there were a few puddles. This mire accounts for the slow time turned in by the boys.

First on the program was the 100 yard dash. Garrett James barely pulled ahead of a highly competitive field, turning in :10.7 time. Bob Creagan, Delt, and Jim Hannah. Phi Kap, came in together to place, following closely was another pair, Dick Larson, Alpha Sig, and Walter Meehan, Delta Lambda.

Johnston Top Man.

The next event, the 880, was won by Ed Johnston, a frosh Alpha Sig. He also came in first in two other events to become high point man. Ed crossed the line 2:57.7 minutes after the gun went off. Don Eckstrom, Delt, pushed the winner all the way but missed the needed step to win. Bill Plengey, Alpha Sig, finished third.

Ed Johnston came right back and took an easy first in the 100 yard low hurdle, timed at :12.6. Dick Larson, Bill Logue, Triangle, followed in that order.

Bob Creagan, Delt, came through first in the 220 in :25 flat. James and Hannah were forced to come in two, three.

Wallace Highest.

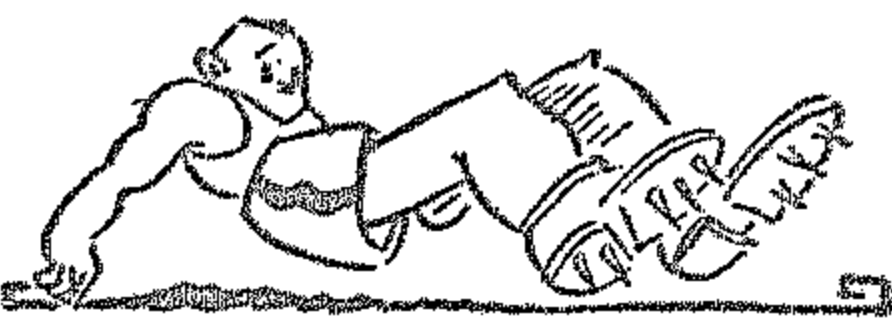
Charles Wallace, Triangle, took an easy first in the high jump with a leap of 5 ft. 4 in. Charlie has a bad knee from his younger years but this did not bother his high jump style. Bill Suthers, Delt, and Larry McGill, Triangle, tied for second followed by Dick Larson and Dick Taylor, Phi Kap, another tie.

Bill Plengey showed his stamina in the mile run. Not only did he set the pace but he finished far ahead. Clare Udell, Delt, second and Eldrid Koenig, Phi Kap, third were the only others that lasted the stretch. The winner was timed at 6:08.

The unbeatable Johnston came back to win the 440 at 1:00. Again Eckstrom pushed him all the way. Michel Coccia, Alpha Sig, pulled down third.

Allen Leaps to 18 Ft. 1 In.

In the field events, Howard Allen, Alpha Sig, took an easy first place with a leap of 18 ft. 1 in. James and Suthers tied for second.



Bob French, another Alpha Sig, threw the iron ball 34 ft 6 in. to take first. Bill Deiters, Delt, and Howard Allen followed in that order with their heaves.

Bill Suthers had a tough time winning the discus. It was not until the forth throw that his mark of 92 ft. 9 in. was reached. All the boys had a tough time in the rather small ring, but Dieters and Anderson, Alpha Sig, placed second and third.

On Friday morning those speedy Alpha Sigs took the relay, thus making them king of fraternity track. This placing first in athletic events is no new experience for the Alpha Sigs. They have taken first in swimming basketball, and are now in the finals for softball.

Interfraternity Results

Alpha Sigma Phi	45
Delta Tau Delta	33½
Pi Kappa Phi	10½
Triangle	9½
Phi Kappa Sigma	9
Delta Lambda Upsilon	1½
Sigma Alpha Mu	1

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE RUSH!



Bill Watson is the unfortunate target of the seniors marksmanship. This was the last struggle before the end of Junior Week. The seniors lost possession of the hose and became the victims of their own foolishness.

Photo by Anderson, Staff Photographer

Freshmen Blame Tradition For Defeat; Sophs Claim Frosh Were Slaughtered

By Ulysses Backas

Tradition again dictated the results of the sophomore-freshman Rush that was held Friday, May 9 in Ogden Field. The sophomores took the Rush by virtue of the blind counting of the Junior Marshals. It seems as though the Junior Marshals had not yet recovered from their bender of the previous evening. They counted a total of 6 points for the sophomores and only 1 point for the freshmen.

The freshmen, expecting that the sophomores would get grey hairs waiting on the campus all night, decided not to come down until the time of the rush. At approximately twelve-thirty the freshmen met at the prearranged elevated platforms. The south-side group met on the 58th street platform while the north and west side group met on the State and Dearborn platform. At exactly 1:15 P.M. both groups left their respective stations and they arrived at the 35th street platform from where they proceeded to Comiskey Park. At Sox Park the brave men of "44" organized and advanced to Ogden Field to show the boys of "43" what they were made of.

The freshman morale was raised to a new high when they saw a group of Lewis men who helped a great deal in giving the sophomores the beating of their lives.

The fraternity men also gave a good showing.

Sophs Unfair

When the Greencaps entered the scene of battle, they immediately saw that the sophomores weren't going to meet them on even terms. The sophomores did not want to fight like men. No. They had to use underhand methods such as an assortment of rotten fruits and vegetables, sacks of flour, and nails to tear the many bags that the freshmen took from them. But these unfair schemes were not enough. They also had a reserve of about ten sand bags which they

drew forth from the field house as soon as the hostilities opened.

Frosh Fool Sophs

After the freshmen and sophomores beat the daylight out of each other, they organized the destruction of the upper classmen. Here was a real blitzkrieg. Junior and senior pants were hanging from every tree, lamp post and building in a short period of time. The third and fourth year men met their superiors in the fight that took place. Wielding a fire hose, they tried to hold off but they were overcome and nearly drowned with their own hose.

The rush may seem to be over, but the thought of the fun will live forever.

For the sophomores, the class rush activities began Thursday night. The boys, about twenty, slept all night at school—in various places. Their anxious waiting went unrewarded as the uncooperative freshmen put in a good night's sleep. Had some unsuspecting freshman turned up, he would have ended his journey a long way from Chicago.

As the sun arose on Friday morning, the sophomore army increased. Full strength was reached at 9 o'clock. With nothing to do, some went to sleep, some watched the pageant, while others stayed in the cafeteria.

During the morning the sophs enjoyed freedom from competition in the greased pole and pie eating contests. So it was, the sophomores took both of these events.

It is a preposterous claim that the sophomores had any extra bags. Everything was on the up and up. How could any one accuse the unknowing second year men of any such debauchery?

At 2 o'clock a mad howl was heard coming across the tracks. Yes, it was our little yearlings coming up for slaughter much like the calves in the stock yard ramps.

And so it was, the calves were slaughtered all one hundred and fifty of them, and in ten short minutes.

GUETZOW EATS MOST WITH FACE

(picture on page one)

By N. G. Near.

Twenty juicy blueberry pies, all in a row—and each ten inches in diameter—with twenty hungry mouths poised nervously above them. Oh yes, two eyes and a nose were attached to each mouth—and also got their share of pie—later.

A nervous little puppy, barking hungrily at the appetizing smell of the pies, also managed to get in on the scene, for the class of '43 somehow made connections with this little fellow as a mascot. Each time he ran for a pie, however—with his little clumsy, puppy-feet slipping awkwardly around in the newspaper that covered the floor—the stentorian yells from two or three of those mouths would frighten him into confusion, and he would walk timidly away from the scene—only to yelp at the sight of those pies, when someone held him back.

Fun Starts.

"Okay, go ahead!" This remark from Head Marshall Johnny Butkus' lips gave the group the highball, and each head dove into its pie—only to find, in most instances, that the nose beat the mouth to the scene, and managed to get a deeper grip into the situation. The pies had looked delicious, but now there was purple blueberry from eyebrow to chin, and ear to ear, combined with a chaotic spattering of callow-looking pieces of piecrust temporarily glued to the scene, as well. Each face looked mauled to pieces—when you could see it—for, despite their appearance, the faces were extremely active, trying to act as fingers, hands, and arms, as well as mouths.

Guetzow Wins.

"Well, I'm done!" came from somewhere among the pies, and, as a laughing cheer arose from the amused crowd, a face emerged having something of the resemblance of Dick Guetzow. He had won! Triumphant he walked up to the judges for his prize—ANOTHER PIE.

Frosh Topple Before Sophs

By Fred De Money.

For approximately fifteen minutes, last Friday afternoon, Ogden Field resembled the fruit and poultry section of Maxwell street, going through a session of internal feuding. Eggs of slightly ancient vintage, tomatoes that once saw their ripe old age pass into second childhood, and various other species of assorted aged fruit were the chief weapons of the oppressed and the persecutors, represented that glorious afternoon by the freshman and sophomore class respectively. It was the annual class rush and the antipathies, grudges, and general ill-feeling, that had been smoldering all year, were brought to a sudden head as the class of '43 outnumbered, three to one, played host to a stubborn green cap horde. When the unfamiliar objects had cleared from the atmosphere over Ogden and the bags had been counted, the sophomores were declared the winners by a 6-1 score.

Seniors Win.

Of course, no one could really decide who the actual winners of the contest, judging by those who were still able to boast of a complete body-covering outfit. The seniors and juniors combined and braved the angry horde by waving a snaking fire hose around at the egg hurling throng. While the control of the fire stream was questionable at times, for both the freshmen-sophomore and the junior-senior squads had their turn at "bat," the number of underclassmen who received the complete ice water bath far exceeded the number of "big shots" accordingly soused.

During the rush proper Dick Guetzow, while under the influence of some back-fired tear gas, worked the old gag with pseudo-tear streaming eyes. "Are you hurt?", the ever courteous minded frosh would inquire of Dickie. Whereupon Dick would nod his head, and pick himself up and commence to fight with another group and pull the same line. It worked, for Mr. Guetzow had his trousers on till the last.

Bags, Bags, Bags.

Since the principle object of the rush was to get as many bags as possible from the center of the field and return them in one piece to the respective goal. The main fight usually centered around the bags, where they usually do anyway whether it's in a rush or not. In these friendly little sorties, the experience of the sophomores was evidenced quite thoroughly as they wielded spikes and knives with great dexterity in order to rip the sand and hay loaded bags.

It Ends Barely.

When the final gun that officially put a halt to the feuding in Ogden was fired, the attention of the now brotherly freshmen and sophomores was entirely turned onto the juniors and seniors. Not many in number, the upperclassmen faced the impending blitz like true heroes, using the hose as their only means of defense. Gradually the hosemen were forced to retreat. In the course of this great receding action pants flowed off and legs were bared with great rapidity. Finally, the gallant fifty retired to the north entrance of Main, where they seized Ivo Buddeke and commenced to strip him to bare essentials. Soon the entire fight focused at this new Dunkirk and the senior-junior trouserless ranks were considerably thinned. As a grand and glorious finale, every one was forcibly made to accept a sans-pants condition, whether friend or foe.