



The evening of November 1, 1907, was, from the social point of view, well enjoyed by all loyal Armour men at the South Side Turner Hall. It was the date of the Seventh Annual Freshman Smoker given by the three upper classes to the freshmen.

A summary of the affairs of that evening is as follows:

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|------------|------------------|---------|---------------------------|
| ATTENDANCE |sufficiency | TOBACCO |costly (?) |
| WEATHER |soaky | JOKES |smoky-sooty |
| PIPES |fanciful | PROGRAM | ...delightfully inspiring |

CLASSES

| | | | |
|----------|-----------------|------------|--------------------|
| ALUMNI |too rough | JUNIORS |very original |
| SENIORS |jentelmen | SOPHOMORES |too sing-y |
| FRESHMEN |very dizzy | | |

In spite of the fact that the rain kept up its constant pattering all evening, the Armourites began to assemble as early as eight o'clock and in a short time the hall was one mass of enthusiastic college fellows topped off with a cloud of smoke. At 9:30 the orchestra opened the program with two excellent selections. Following this came a mandolin solo by Paul Brant, '10, and a vocal solo by F. T. Scott, Jr., '10.

Then came the most inspiring, most attractive, and most original stunt ever carried on by one class. The *Vaccine God*, A. M. Ellett, clothed in a cloak of black, with arm bared so as to display the results of the treacherous dope, vaccine, was carried around the hall by nine loyal retainers, Harvey, Shedd, McKarahan, Lessel, Dekker, Walther, McMullen, Crane, and Moyses. As the march proceeded the GREAT GOD thundered forth his message:—

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!
 Friends, Romans and countrymen!
 Hark to the *Vaccine God*.
 I come to bury Armour,
 Not to cure her.
 The *fuss* we raise here tonight
 Shall rise forever.
 By being good, we are forgot—
 So let it be at Armour!
 Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!