Friday evening, the fifth of February, saw another Tech Night come into existence and die out. To the outside world it is all over, but to us who had looked forward throughout the whole year to the coming of Tech Night, it was another big time to put in our calendar and never forget. Characterized by the carefree abandon and general good fellowship that is the primary virtue of such events, when college men, no matter from what institution they come, get together, Tech Night is a night to be remembered.

Owing to the difficulty in getting reservations, (the theater managements seemed to have a peculiar and inexplicable aversion to entertaining a bunch of Armour men), we were forced to be content with accomodations in the balcony of the Palace theater. This fact offended some, but toward the end of the evening the disgruntled ones found that the view from the balcony was very good. Along this line we would like to know just what it was the Joe Sullivan carried around under his arm for a week before this wonderful night. It had something to do with the program for the night, but only a select few knew what it was.

There were about two hundred loyal Armourites in the balcony that night, waiting for something to happen. It did. All was quiet until some Sophomore (how do we know that it was a Soph?) started applauding everything that was said or done. All soon followed his example, and made the old place ring, whether they liked the bill or not. Ah! but then we awoke from our dream, only to see another??? We certainly did like Dainty Marie. She may not have been what she seemed, but we did not care. Besides other things, she was very clever on the rings and swinging rope. Well, it is a sad story, but Marie had to leave us. We didn't care for any more, and so we left also, but not before we had given the good old Armour yell. Here's to another Tech Night, fellows, bigger, better, and full of pep!