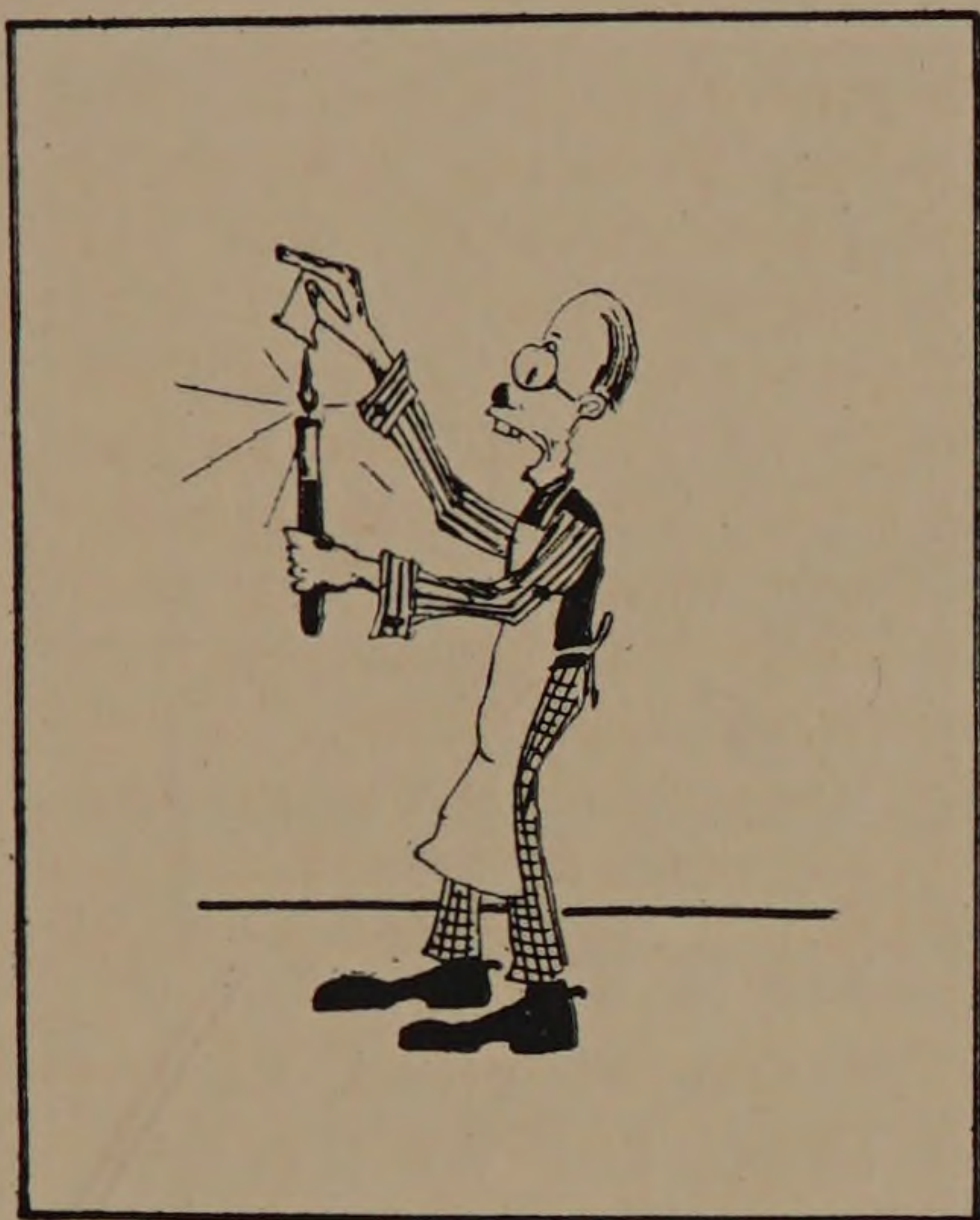


HUMOR

THE CHEMICAL ENGINEERS



The Chemical Engineers are a motley crowd. They do the dirty work of the school. Like the Architects, you can always tell a Chemical Engineer by his clothes or by his lack of clothes. After a few months in the Armour "lab," the chemical resembles the leopard, whose spots are copied by acid burns. But we will do the chemicals justice; one would never dream that a cigarette advertisement dancing around with the calendar girl at the Blackstone is a chemical after school hours. Very likely it isn't, but it is possible.

Most of the inspection trips made by the chemicals are visits to the great breweries, and without doubt this is the fascination of the chemical course at Armour.

Most of the chemicals are weak physically, but this is because they so seldom breathe air. However, six days a week in a foul-smelling, pungent laboratory would kill almost anything but a chemical.

In spite of all the abuse that is heaped upon them, the chemicals are a bunch of good fellows, and if you don't believe it, make a noise like an empty glass and you will soon find out.

THE FIRE PROTECS.

Another modest but overworked group of gentlemen is the "Fire Protecs." Not content with mere school hours, they rush down town and work all night at the "underwear lab." Then they dash home again, prepare their next day's work and begin the grind all over again.

They never eat nor sleep, and if you don't believe it, just look at them. We know that they are hard workers, because several of them have personally told us so. In regard to the line of work that they are pursuing, very little is known. The name seems to indicate that they protect fires, but if this is so, why do they make such an important course of pipe-fitting and plumbing? We cannot answer this, but we can refer you to some intelligent street cleaner or bartender, who probably knows all about Fire Protection Engineering.

After a Fire Protec receives his degree, he immediately proceeds to live down his evil reputation, and he invariably succeeds.



THE ARCHITECTS



The Architects are the social elite of the school; they are the Beau Brummels of Armour. Without them the college would be like an uncut diamond, a diamond in the rough. However, the polish lent by the Architects is not even skin-deep—merely clothes-deep. You can always tell an Architect by his clothes. Whenever you see a figure clothed in the latest style of young men's exterior adornment, the last word of an artist tailor, do not hesitate to throw a brick at it, for it is merely an Architect, and he will not pursue you. We understand that all of the Architects are known personally to the head waiters of the best cafes, etc. This is explained by the fact that most of the Architects used to be head waiters themselves and are not, therefore, averse to speaking to their former friends. However, let the above suffice; most of the Architects are human, and it cannot be doubted that they are a credit to the school.