



Again it can be said that Tech-Nite has united a crowd of loyal Armourites and added another enjoyable evening to their social activities. The usual time for this annual get-together meeting is about the middle of the second semester, but this year it seemed as though the managers of Tech-nite waited for an especially good bill at the Palace Theatre, so on Friday evening, March 16, they heard that a world-beater show was in store for the watchers, and the date was set.

In one of the several Tech-nite bulletins it was shown that Shorty Maguire signed his howson lot away when arranging for the tickets for the evening. The theatre management still remembers our first Tech-nite about four years ago. From statistics we find that about two hundred loyal Armourites found seats in the balcony on this eventful night, but from the applauding of the boys the performers must have thought the whole town had crowded together into the theatre.

That we were all keyed up was shown by the encores received by the unendurable roller-skaters at the start. When they left the stage they cried: "Eureka! At last we are good!" This clapping "enmasse" was continued to the benefit of everybody concerned, and the boys all seemed to have taken military science, the way they kept time with one danseuse's steps.

The youthful composer, Harry Carrol, showed that he could not only write, but sing, his compositions. And when that Imperial Russian Ballet strutted across the stage!? Yes, we all applied for our passports to the Duma without censorship. Mr. and Mrs. Pat Rooney gave us a treat in their new addition, and when Harry Carrol encored with "Pat Somewhere on Broadway!!" How do they do it?

It's all over now, but the Armour Yell started by Stew Miller, and the pep shown was wonderful. Afterwards, most of us went home—later.

A Tech-nite to be remembered; and may they continue forever.