



A CLASS WITH JOHN

Shiftlessness is not at all uncommon at Armour, but perhaps the prize bouquet goes to the Junior Fire Protect class. According to John Schommer, their instructor in Industrial Chemistry, they are the most obstinate bunch and the hardest to "round up" in the class room that he has ever known.

Were John to take the roll from the curb stone outside the entrance to the Mission, undoubtedly the percentage present at nine-thirty would be far in excess of its usual number. To drag one of them into the class room before they are absolutely certain that John will show up is a task next to impossibility—a feat for an unusually husky pair of horses. Of late, however, a few of them will wander casually into the room and post themselves at the windows where the appearance of John can be detected at the earliest possible moment.

If from their points of vantage the lookouts spot the lumbering form of their dear teacher the call of the wild is given to the rest of the tribe who hot foot it for the back stairway. In this way they are able to beat John to the room by at least time enough to take their hats off and to ask their neighbor if he has written up the last lecture.

Such a procedure is very satisfactory from the fact that they take turns at the lookout job. This means that only one man is forced to expend the energy of uselessly climbing the stairs.

A professor is usually allowed ten minutes to get to his classes. In order to be perfectly fair and square, the same time is allowed John, but overtime is unheard of. At the exact stroke of nine-forty the earth opens and thirty Junior Fire Protects are swallowed up, only to appear on the curb stone on the day of the next scheduled class.