



F. U. SMITH  
FACULTY CLUB

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F. U. SMITH.....	Honorary President	C. P. HOLMES.....	Second Vice-President
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Once more the Cycle approaches its perihelion and another chapter in the history of the Armour Faculty Club steps forward and, with professorial modesty, makes its bow to the world. Calling upon his faithful imagination not to desert him in his hour of need, the club historian marshals his facts, natural and synthetic, with whatever skill he may, and presents them as the authentic account of the Faculty Club's current contribution to the "record of what man has done." He does so with no blushes and no apologies, confident that his work will assay as high a percentage of verity as many other efforts, more dignified and important perhaps, in this branch of the fine arts.

During the past year the club has produced considerable evidence tending to prove that the human animal is the most adaptable of all Nature's creatures. Even the timid fauna which infest the Faculty Club have shown remarkable ability to adapt themselves to their surroundings, to develop a protective coating to shield them from an unkind environment, and so to live in comparative contentment under conditions where more sensitive creatures would certainly have given up in despair. Thus, student opinion to the contrary, none of our professors belong in the long list of Nature's mistakes. They survive because yesterday's sound and fury have become for them today's peace and quiet, yesterday's wonder today's commonplace.

For five years or more sensitive souls have found the clubrooms almost uninhabitable, due to the virulent radio discussions which have become, seemingly, endemic to the place. The extremity to which many of the members were reduced may be realized, faintly, from the following circumstances: Professor Gebhardt, trailing a Lucky Strike to its lair, got all tangled up in a screen grid discussion, and just managed to escape without buying a new radio. He has repented since with prayer and fasting, and now smokes a pipe. Professor John Barleycorn Snow became intoxicated with admiration for Professor Sear's erudition, and Professor Nash was