



The freshmen are five stories nearer to heaven as they spend their afternoons drafting away in Main. If it don't balance, figures can be made to.

## FRESHMEN

And so to college. . . .  
 Four years of high school,  
 and then off to Armour. . . .  
 'Tis sad that one can't rate  
 as well at college as he does  
 in the prep school senior  
 year. . . . But, perhaps we  
 do rate. . . . Tomorrow is  
 the Frosh Handshake, and  
 then comes Rush Week. . . .  
 Overnight we Thirty-eighters  
 become extraordinarily pop-  
 ular. . . . Rush Week passes  
 though, and somehow our  
 accepted brothers seem to  
 have changed their attitude  
 towards us. . . . The method  
 of greeting has changed from  
 "Hi! Pal" to "Out of my way,  
 you worm." . . . This duplicity  
 of human nature is indeed  
 remarkable. . . . The sopho-  
 mores have at last shown  
 their true color, and it is the  
 practically united opinion of  
 the members of our class  
 that they are pants' snatch-  
 ers of the eighth water. . . .  
 And these green pots get in



Saville, Houtz, Neuert, Larson, Anderson, Kiefer, Watts, Henderson, Coulias, Browne, Peterson, Nicholas, McDaniel  
 Ansel, Kilberger, Pleva, Badalich, De Loor, Weiss, Ramp, Evanoff, Rozynek, Mirzvinski, Kostyk, Sanczuk  
 Resof, Schlax, Krumbein, Thodos, Chayes, Rose, Lange, Heidman, Nauman, Trzyna, Roder, Monson, Healey  
 Constan, Sills, Alexander, Faitelson, Mashman, Carstens, Bolz, Wildermuth, Aravosis, Masin, Osri