

DEDICATION

"What's this? Girls in the **Cycle**? But I thought that Armour—" That is right. Armour has no coeds; our class-rooms are not graced with the silk stocking, the powder puff, the lipstick; our Glee Club has no sopranos. But this is a record of life at Armour, and as such it can no more ignore the "Armour girls" than it can the faculty or the basketball team.

They have come to our dances; they have typed our reports; they have listened to the same Musical Clubs concert four times in one year because we asked them to come; they have, graciously or otherwise, allowed us to break dates in favor of last minute meetings; they have listened patiently to our explanations of Open House exhibits. It is they we think about when we plan our social affairs; it is they who are frequently topics of our all too frequent bull-sessions; and when, some time in the future, we recall our lives at Armour, it is they about whom we shall think just as surely as about green caps or Circus Day.

And so it is particularly fitting that this, a book of incidents to be remembered, be dedicated to those who will probably be remembered most from our student days. Here is to them—the **Girls of Armour**.

