

## THE FRESHMEN

Ransel, Sunde, Norkus Brinkman, Worcester, Stedman

## OFFICERS

Paul J. Ransel	ent
Donald H. Sunde	ent
Lloyd W. Norkus Treasur	er
Roy D. Brinkman, JrSecreta	ry
Eugene H. WorcesterSocial Chairma	an
Larry Stadman	ve

As the golden streaks of dawn shot across the morning sky, many a weary freshman sighed, blew out the battered oil lamp, looked tenderly at his unruffled bed, removed his shirt, . . . . . and then finished his homework by daylight. Thus did Armour tear down, smash out, and pulverize any illusions that the cocky high school loafer may have had. But then, let's start from the beginning in order to explain that haggard bleary-eyed expression of the Class of '40.

It all started when the gullible freshmen blithely paid out good money to become a slave, while others were leaning on P.W.A. shovels and collecting it. Of course at first everything ran too smoothly, but in the background lurked the unforeseen dangers soon to be apparent. The new men were welcomed cordially by both the professors and the upperclassmen. Those 10:30 naps, with "Doc" Tibbals droning out a technical lullaby, fitted in perfectly as a restorative for fellows worn out from too many dates. Then, when the sky shown brightest, the first call to arms was issued, and along came the Freshman Handshake. Here, with Dr. Amsbary's inspiring poetry, and the ancient gastronomical delight, cider and doughnuts, the overbearing freshmen were informed of the quaint old fashioned custom of the wearing of the green. At this point any ideas the freshmen may have had concerning their importance to the school took on a new form, especially after witnessing the intricate gyrations of the upper classmen in a wrestling exhibition.

The scene changed. The professors soon hit their stride, and many were the broken hurdles left in their wake by the desperately plodding freshman. The sophomores became exceedingly ungentlemanly, and new sounds began to break upon the balmy autumn air. Pants! .... were the subject of conver-

