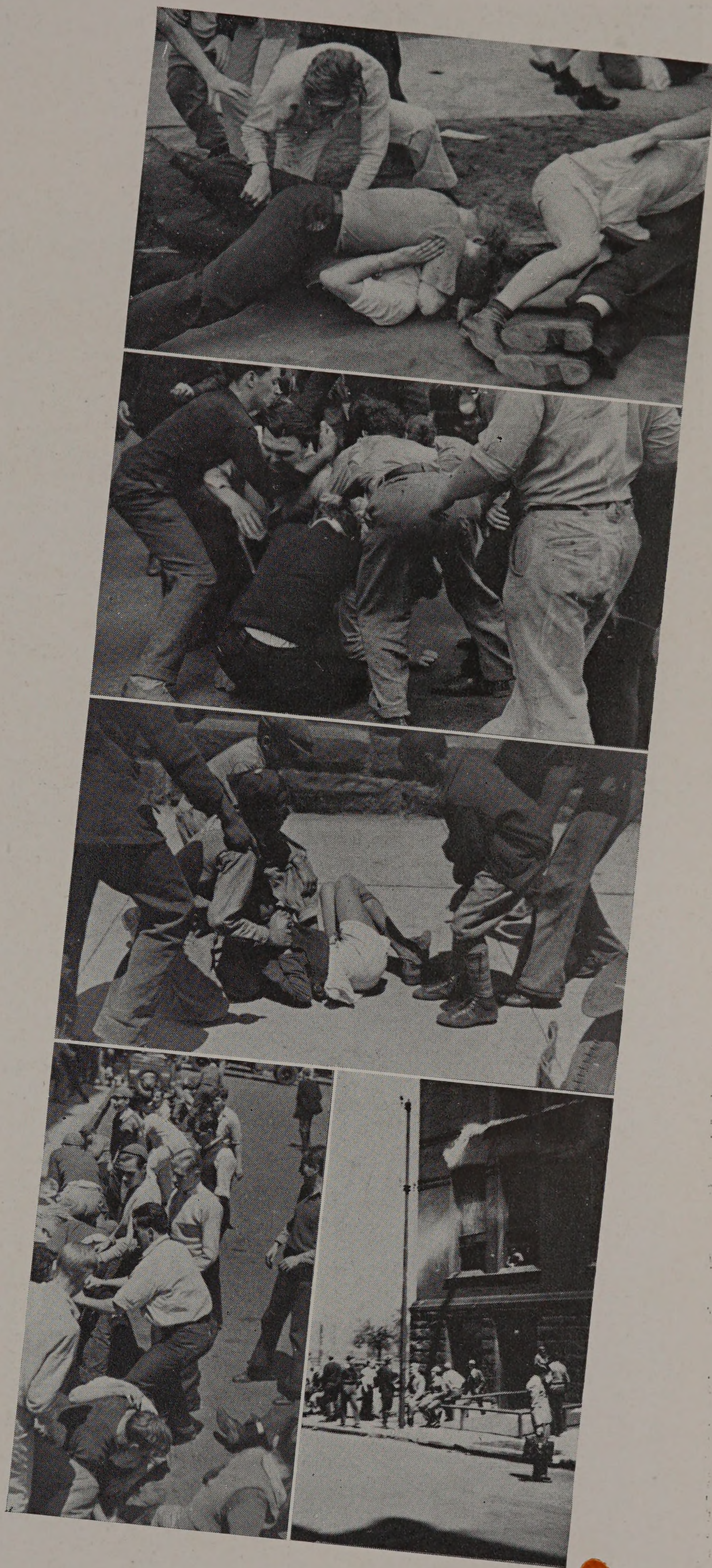


ARMOUR TRADITIONS

Tradition is a crazy thing. Tradition is that misguided longing for immortality by proxy that makes toe-dancers insure their children against flat feet, and lumbering limbs of the law to proudly bequeath to their offspring a broad and helpful hint as to their possible careers in the guise of a conscientiously developed set of fallen arches. It's the present hangover from a bender of the past. And like hangovers in general, is more or less universally taken for granted.

Armour has a tradition which is peculiarly its own, as is evidenced by the accompanying photographs. We even have evidence showing the natives of this vicinity trying to copy Armour's quaint manner of holding the Frosh in check. We remind you that the camera does not lie. It has, however, at times been known to suppress a good deal of the truth. Where else can you hope to find such ardor in extra-curricular activities, such zeal in the pursuit of athletic endeavor, such zest for sinew-straining sports? Where else can you hope to find such enthusiastic display of prowess in man-mauling? Nowhere, thank goodness! Life begins at Armour Tech!



One Down . . . Two to Go!
Deloor's Choking with Emotion!
It's In the Blood
Mission Collapses