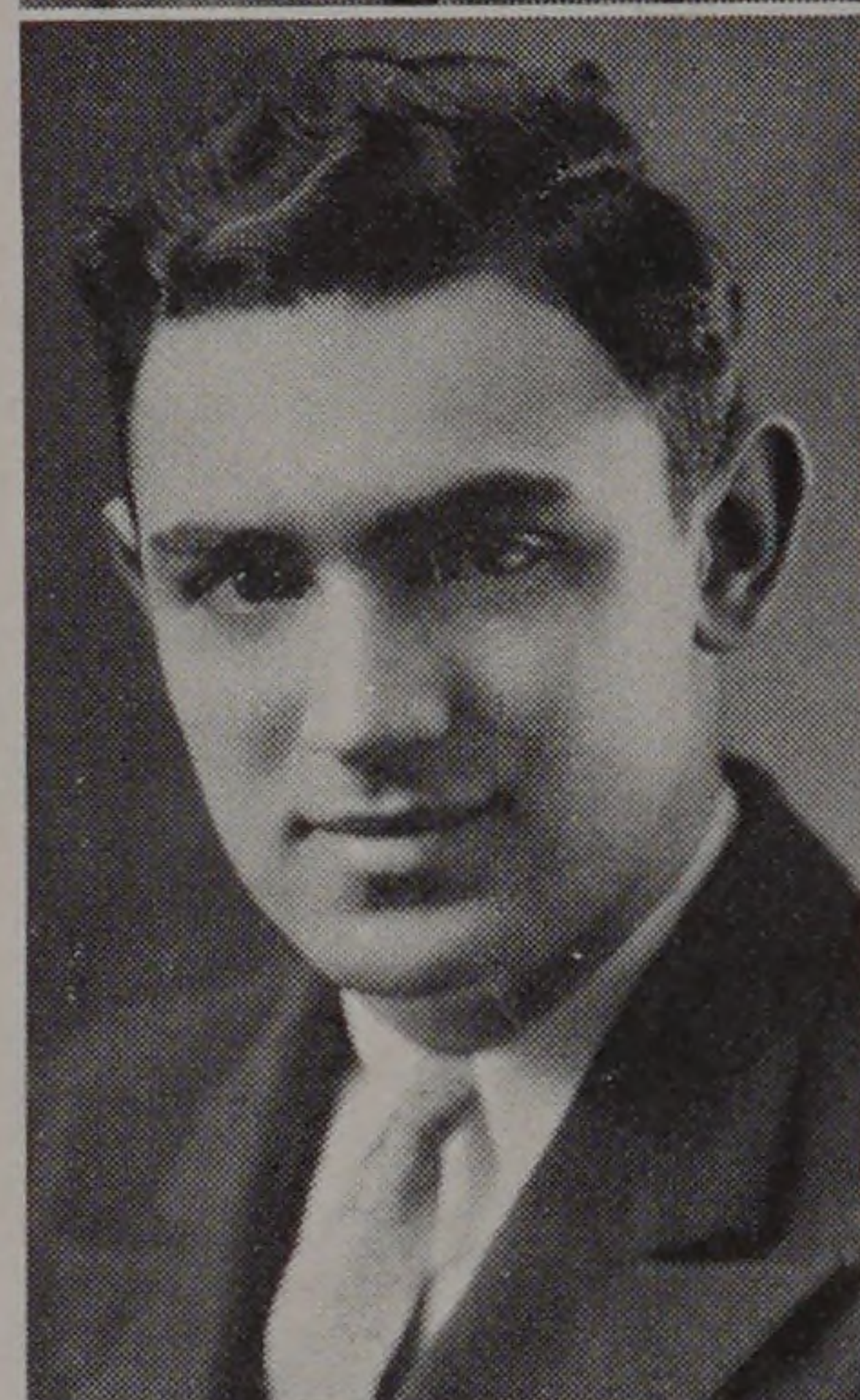


## FRESHMEN



Bernard F. Oswald, Jr.  
President

Edwin C. Mitchell  
Vice-President

John Barale  
Secretary

To grammar school in short pants . . . to high school in long pants . . . and now to Armour without any pants! Wotta life! Seriously, though, how does it feel to be a freshman at Armour? First of all, there is no feeling quite like the soft caress of the cold pavement of Federal Street on the bare epidermis—cheek to cheek as it were. What can be more soul-satisfying than that after-lunch nap in "Doc" Tibbals' 1:10 lecture? And how indulgently we gaze on Chapin Hall's crumbling walls, so covered with tradition; yes, even though plaster shows through the tradition in spots.

What pleasure we find in going to Armour from 8:30 A. M. to 5:00 P. M. and then spending the rest of our leisure time doing homework. In fact, we like it so much that we're all for starting the classes earlier than 8:30. This will eliminate the necessity of going to bed at all. A pleasant memory of our freshman days is sure to be the school's thoughtfulness in including us in its Valentine's Day program; those little brown envelopes were a surprise indeed. But best of all, perhaps, was our collection of sophomore pants—twenty-four by actual count.

It must not be thought, however, that the freshman's sole accomplishment was depantsing sophomores. Ah, no! There was a Green Hat Ball that . . . but wait a moment . . . might as well start at the beginning.

The frosh began their social season in orthodox fashion with the Freshman Handshake; there was an inspiring speech by John Schommer, poetry by Professor Amsbury, wrestling by the wrestling team, and cider and doughnuts by tradition. The politicians next had their day. Class elections were conducted with all the fervor of a presidential campaign. Speeches, political promises, and reciprocal favors were the order of the day. Rushing started about this time, and the frosh discovered how really important they were—green hats or no green hats. They were wine and dined . . . they were the toast of Michigan Avenue . . . they were the tops. It seemed for a while that these upper classmen, even the sophomores, were not such bad chaps after all; but when that delirious week was over, they showed up in their true colors.

Small skirmishes during the lunch hour between the frosh and sophs were daily occurrences, but these were all eclipsed by the "Battle." It started off with the absence of a green hat. The luck-

A Shocking  
Display on Open  
House Night

