

FRESHMEN

less freshman yelled "39" over and over. His words were magical . . . loungers, sprawled over the front steps, stirred into action . . . freshmen poured out of the main building . . . a flying wedge of sophomores rushed out of Machinery Hall . . . shouts of "38" and "39" rang out . . . juniors and seniors forgetting their mustaches and dignity rushed into the fray . . . torn shirts, green hats, pants without owners, owners without pants were all strewn over 33rd Street . . . the "Battle" was on! It continued until both sides were exhausted. Hostilities were postponed until Junior Week . . . Thanksgiving was at hand . . .

Because things were becoming dull for the fire-eating frosh, they decided to open the school's social season with a dance. The result was the Green Hat Ball. The beautiful Trianon Ballroom was the mecca for the freshmen and their femmes. They danced the evening through to the strains of Jan Garber's music.

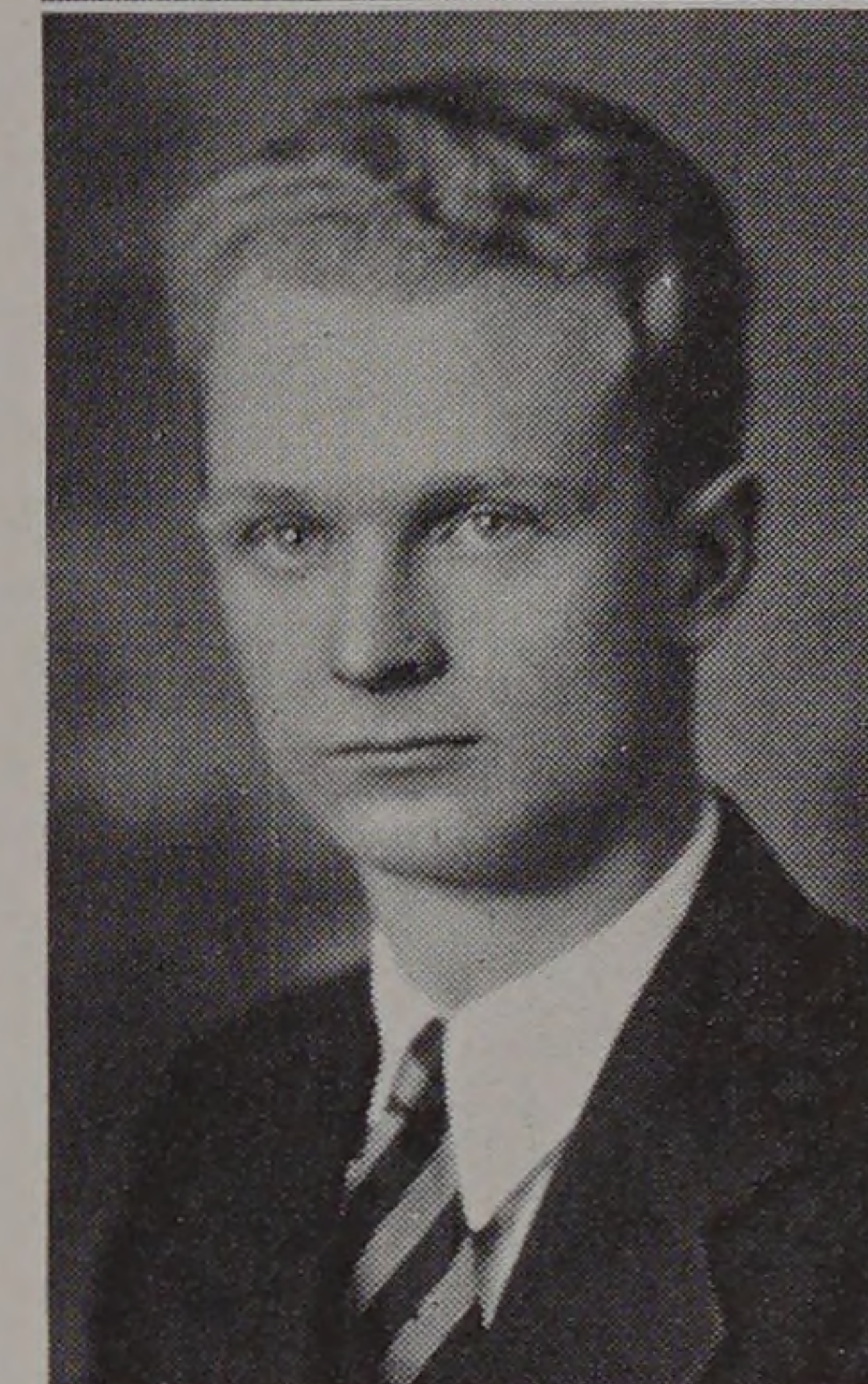
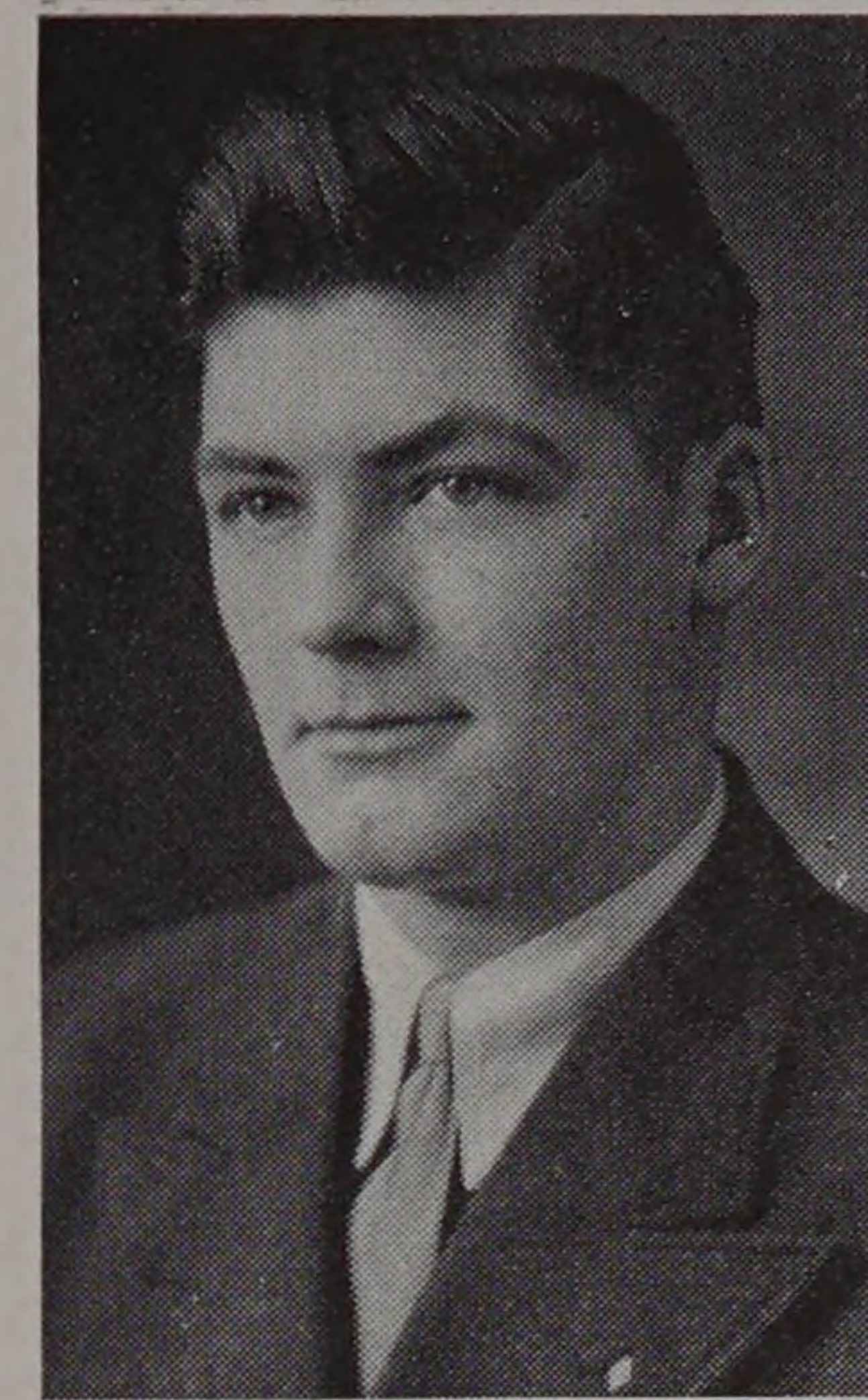
Christmas Holidays! That gala time when everyone plans to do so much and accomplishes so little. On the night after Christmas, when the mercury had all but fallen out of the thermometer, the memorable Freshmen Splash Party and Smoker was held. The frosh journeyed out to the Lawson "Y," splashed around the pool, listened to Professor Peebles speak, played ping-pong, kitized, and (yes, we must admit it), supped on cider and doughnuts. Cider and doughnuts are the "piece de resistance" at Armour. You can't escape them.

Athletics? Surest thing you know. The freshmen starred at all sports, both indoor and out. Their favorite indoor sport, however, was exercising; they became so expert at exercises that they could make their figures gain or lose at will—this accounts for the incredible results obtained in the chemistry exercises. There was an inter-class track meet; the frosh took off their pants and ran around in their shorts because it felt so familiar. The thirty-niners acquitted themselves nobly in the baseball and basketball tournaments.

Finals came and went; they came too suddenly and went too slowly . . . A new semester began . . . Many events have gone under the bridge, and many more are yet to come . . . Among the best are sure to be the Freshman-Sophomore Dance and Junior Week . . . But whatever comes we freshmen will take it in its stride . . . as we have in the past . . . in the seven league boots of the class of thirty-nine.



The Boys Try to
Take a Few Kinks
Out of the Radio Set



Robert A. Winblad
Treasurer

Bolton G. Anderson
Social Chairman

Willard E. Kruse
A. T. A. A. Representative