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The sun climbing slowly above the haze that hovered in the morning sky of Thursday of last September 16th cast its rays upon a large group of young men clustered about the buildings that lay immediately to the south of 33rd and the Tracks. It seemed strange to have this congregation because this neighborhood had been semi-deserted for a considerable period. Closer inspection revealed that this band was the group that had successfully survived the scrutiny given their records from high school and were to be admitted to the Armour Institute of Technology as the current freshman class. They were to be the wearers of the green, the traditional foes of the sophomore class and the group that was to develop into the cocksure and dashing class of "41." However, they now appeared anything but the new freshman class. They were definitely anything but cocksure and dashing. Assembled in small bands on the walks that flanked two large buildings which they were later to recognize as "Mission" and "Main," they conversed in subdued tones. Evidently all were obsessed with an overpowering desire to learn the mysteries that veiled engineering for they responded to the call to register at Armour Tech for the approaching semester. Ordered into the main building, they entered giving little thought to the many, many times that they would reenter the same school before graduating from the Institute. Upon entering they embarked on a new and final step in their education. They were prepared to enter and submit to a long and hard routine of school work. Realizing that both parents and friends expected commendable scholarship from them, they entered with a determined stride—a stride that might have been interpreted as evidence of the spirit of the class of "'41."

Inside of old "Main" and up the stairs to the dynamo lab trooped the freshmen. Here, after the amount of their tuition, fees, and deposit charges were determined, they were instructed to adjourn to the cashier's office where their bill was to be paid. There a long line of freshmen milled outside of the office awaiting their turn to pay. Then to the library where class enrollment was being assigned. Again a long line faced the freshmen. In fact it appeared as though the entire morning was to be wasted standing in lines that advanced at seemingly immeasurably slow paces. True a considerable portion of the morning was spent restlessly in these long lines, but the time was not wasted. Conversation between the waiting, impatient freshmen did not lag while they stood in the halls, and this impersonal and informal meeting was actually the first meeting of the incoming class of freshmen. No one attempted to obtain order; there were no officers, but the gathering was a meeting nevertheless.

Enrollment, having been completed, the group was cautioned to return the following day for special examinations. Orientation tests they were called. It wasn't fair, tests scheduled before instruction had begun. It was little wonder that the entire group appeared disheartened before the tests—and left afterwards in a similar mood. Orientation tests they had learned were anything but an encouragement for an incoming group of students. Those that met afterwards and discussed the tests received some consolation, however, for it appeared that the majority of the class had suffered similarly.

When classes began, the freshman was indeed lost. Signs that identified the various buildings of the Institute were not sufficient to keep confusion from overwhelming him. He was bewildered among