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While happily slumbering and dreaming of days spent swimming in bubbling creeks and quiet lakes, of days devoted to fishing in the cool, cool north country and of dates lasting until the wee small hours of the morning, the Sophomores were rudely awakened one morning last fall by a clanging alarm clock that proclaimed much too loudly registration day at Armour. Futile attempts were made to fall asleep once more, but interested mothers aroused their beloved sons and sent them grumbling off to school.

Although enrollment required considerable time, it was time that passed quickly. Exchanging greetings with friends that had been met during the preceding year at Armour and renewing old acquaintances eased the burden of enrolling. Even though returning to school was a discouragement to many of the Sophomore class, the task appeared to have lightened. It was good to see old friends and classmates. In fact even the school and the buildings appeared to be more friendly and inviting. Although the class had cursed these same buildings for their antiquity the preceding year, things now seemed to have been changed. The change that had been wrought was something unexplainable that existed in addition to the renovation that had transformed many classrooms. It was a change that was spiritual. A change that fostered a feeling of loyalty and respect. The familiar halls were welcomed. The reconditioned buildings furthered the desire to be at school once more. Remodeled buildings girdled by flowering bushes and growing saplings set amid the green of the newly seeded lawns appeared far removed from the class room buildings of the preceding year. The debris of the hideous and ramshackled rear porches that had hung from the rear of several buildings was

removed. Sidewalks had been repaired. The side of the school that bordered upon the tennis courts was no longer suggestive of a great tenement. Inside the buildings, the freshly sanded and varnished floors blended harmoniously with the cream and brown walls, while new and comfortable chairs pleasingly satisfied those students that were inclined to become drowsy during a prolonged lecture. The school had changed indeed. The Sophomores delighted in these improvements, and realized that the remaining three years at Armour would not be unpleasant.

Noticing for the first time the dumbfounded Freshmen who were enrolling, the class suddenly realized the importance attached to a Sophomore. Why a Sophomore was to be respected! The incoming class of Freshmen was to learn to obey the class of '40. Sophomores! The name now held a special significance that few of the class had noticed during their trials as Freshmen. Sophomores! The class that was to enforce the Wearing of the Green. Sophomores! Traditional victors in the Freshman-Sophomore Rush. Yes, there was something more in the name Sophomore than the mere indication of being a second year man.

Eager to test the strength of the class against the Freshmen, the entire class impatiently awaited the Freshman Handshake which was the beginning of "pantsing" activities. A notice posted upon the bulletin board by the "Sophomore Enforcing Committee" outlined the neighborhood and the dates in which all Freshmen were required to wear Green Caps. The entire class eagerly read the bulletin as it announced openly that the class of '40 was no longer the underdog. A new class had taken the place of the Sophomores who had borne the