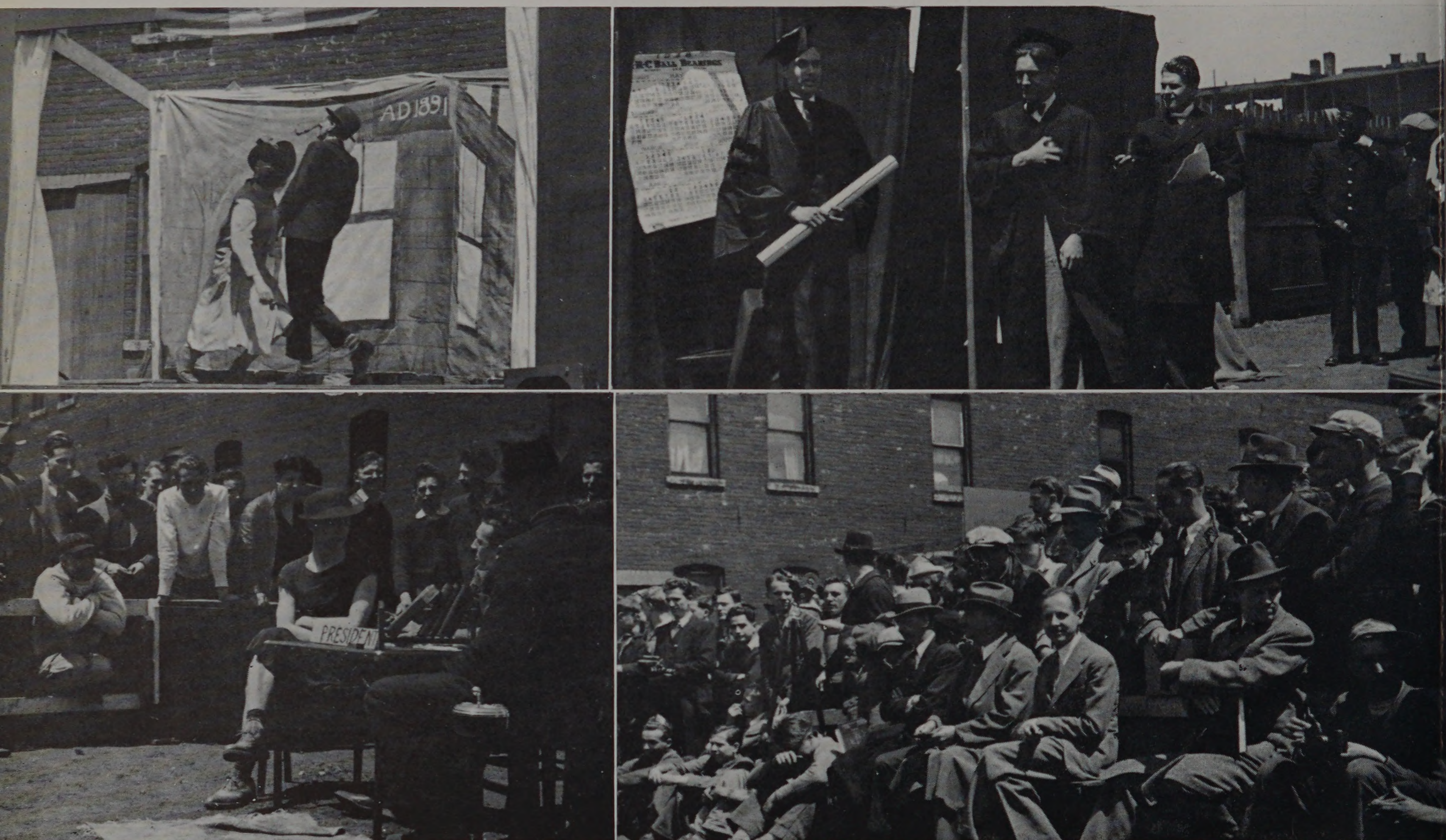


JUNIOR



Circus day gives Armour's frats a chance to blow off steam.

Slide rules stopped slipping. Classrooms were dark and still. The only students on campus were the junior chems and fire protects drawing their infernal hoists. Without, a warm breeze was blowing and a bright sun was shining. It was junior week, when Tech forgets the other thirty-five weeks of grind to lose itself in four days of interclass and fraternity frolic.

Tuesday morning the fraternity muscle men donned track costumes pilfered from prep school and college as well, and strutted and dashed about while the clean, white junior marshals tried to remain clean and manage the contestants. The Phi Pi's in usual form won the meet with no