



Peterson, Maloney, Noonan, DeSteffano,
McDonald, Schoenwald.

FRESHMAN OFFICERS

September, 1939, brought war to the world and September, 1939, brought the class of '43 to Armour. Motivated by unseen and indescribable forces we were brought to the battle front as cannon fodder to be fed to the guns of learning and knowledge. Captained by Dean Tibbals and Miss Orcutt, we battled three days to emerge victorious. First blood had been drawn and our niche in the building of knowledge was being carved by young and inexperienced members of our class.

New stickers blossomed forth on our heavily laden brief cases to remind all that we were Techawks. Techawks, who are to challenge the world in the future with bigger bridges, gigantic dynamos, and stupendous dams; engineers who are to lay the foundations for the cities of the future.

All was not work, however, for we welcomed the privilege to participate in the social and athletic activities at Armour. The end of the semester saw us firmly entrenched in our place, and the class of '43 was an accepted part of Armour.