An information shack is to be erected behind Marcus Daly where programs and maps of the campus will be issued to all the visitors. Nearly every department has ordered films which will be shown in three different places on the campus.

As you probably realize a display such as this has immense possibilities, and, depending on the success of this, is likely to become an annual affair at which the School can show off all it has to the people of Montana.

The sponsor of this day is the Anderson Carlisle Society, but it must be realized that this is an all-school show and without the co-operation of the school success is impossible.

The Anderson-Carlisle Society has received excellent co-operation from the faculty, and from downtown people in respect of advertising—all we need now is the display.

In conclusion it might be added that ENGINEERING DAY is not going to be of interest only to the people of Butte and surrounding areas, but also most students who themselves have no idea what goes on at the school!

Secretary, A-C Society

Most students on the campus have heard the words "ENGINEERING DAY" but few have any idea of the vast implications of this so called "day". It is hoped that by reading the brief report below you will be acquainted with this day.

The dates for ENGINEERING DAY are as follows:

Friday, November 2, 7:00 pm to 10:30 pm
Saturday, November 3, 10:00 am to 4:30 pm

(2 days although the name only implies one)

ENGINEERING DAY is to take the form of an extensive display of the School's many departments and activities. Ten departments are taking part in the display and are listed below:


To give an idea of the types of display, the Mining Department is arranging a display of its many fine mine models; the Geology Department will have its mineral collection out for inspection as well as other aspects of the department; the Mineral Dressing Department will have its laboratory equipment working (flotation cells, etc.); the Metallurgy Department will be showing off its laboratory facilities, too (x-ray machines, fire assaying etc); the Petroleum Department will have working Petroleum engineering models and other displays; the Mathematics Department has some fine displays which will be on exhibition; the Library, too, will provide an interesting and eye-catching exhibit; and so on and so forth.

Refreshments of coffee and cookies will be served on both days.

MINES vs EASTERN
Saturday, Oct. 13
2:00 o'clock
Naranche Stadium

SEE YOU AT THE GAME!
The first meeting was called primarily to discuss a convocation for giving the freshman a quick look at the school. It was decided that each officer would give a short talk on various subjects of interest to the new students.

The second meeting held Oct. 8 at 9:00 o'clock in the Engineering building was for appropriating the student activity fund to the various organizations on campus. The amounts appropriated are posted on various bulletin boards on the campus at the present times.

Motions passed at the meeting were:
(1) The money for class and Copper Guard dances will be restricted to $90 each due to the shortage of appropriation funds.
(2) Each organization on campus, (organizations that get A.S.S.M. funds) shall upon completion of any activity and upon request of the student council, send an itemized report on what money was spent to the secretary of the student council.

It was brought up that more money is going to be needed for student activities. President Dorman will look into different possibilities of raising the level of the general fund.

THE COPPER GUARDS

During the spring of 1935, the Copper Guard, honorary sophomore service group, was established on the campus with an active membership of twelve, and an honorary list of six. After the customary probation years, the Copper Guards early in 1937 was admitted to the Order of Intercollegiate Knights, the national honorary sophomore service organization. The Copper Guard, under the direction of the Associated Students of Montana School of Mines, conducts a series of dances during the year. Its members usher at Mines functions, organize rallies, help maintain order at athletic events, perpetuate Mines traditions, and in many other ways contribute towards the smooth conduct of student activities.

SPORTS

Considering the quantity of football candidates this fall, it is a wonder the faculty hasn't started an investigation for over-emphasis.

For the first time in many a year, the men of the School of Mines have taken it upon themselves to represent their school on the gridiron instead of being guard-rail and bleacher critics. At present, thirty-five men are toiling in the dirt of Leonard Field, and are showing more spirit than ever before. The only wish of this writer is that the students and faculty see their way to do their part. The latter's attendance at sporting events has long been a jovial conversation piece.

The Miners first game is with Eastern, at home and should act as a proving ground for the squad. The team, as of now, is slowly rounding into shape, and should be ready for Eastern on the 13th. With the quantity and quality representing the mines this year, we should have something more to cheer for than finding a lost church key.

The first notice for hockey has gone up. But, as usual, it all depends on if enough miners turn out. This sport, largely enjoyed and played a few years back, has rapidly dwindled in recent years. Being the only school in the state with a hockey team, we ought to try to keep this sport alive here. Any hockey players in the school should help in this direction.

The talk flying around the school last year about athletic aid has, as usual, fallen through. This is regrettable, but the men out for sports, ask only for three squares and some school support.

Blumfield saw a man walking down the street with a banana in his ear. George said, "Why do you have that banana in your ear?" "I can't hear you," said the man, "I have a banana in my ear."

"Did you get home from the party all right last night?"

"Fine, thanks, except that as I was turning into the drive way, some idiot stepped on my hand."
INQUIRING REPORTER

The question this week is "Do you think an independent veteran's organization should be formed here at school?"

The replies of various veterans among the many here were:

Bill Cox, Army: No, there are too many clubs already.

Ted Burtch, Army: Yes, veterans not belonging to fraternities would have an organization by which they would be represented in the student body. Joe Town, Navy: No, I think there would be a lack of interest.

Gil Bulloch, Marines: Yes, because veterans should have a say-so in every department that is carried in this school.

Ian MacDonald, Army: No, I don't think it would be successful.

Question next issue: Do you think there are too many general students here to hurt the prestige of an engineering school?

THE VALUE OF AN ENGINEERING EDUCATION

"Why did you come to school in Butte?"

This question has been asked of practically every student on this campus at one time or another. There are many replies given - to cite a few: "It's much cheaper here," or "Here I can work at a decent wage and go to school too," or "I think I want to be an engineer" or "I don't have to be an exceptional athlete to play varsity sports here," or the one reply given by a very few, "I want the best in an engineering education."

Do you know what you want, know why you are contributing thousands of dollars and hours to better yourself? If it's no, you'd better read further. It appears that some people go to school just because "mom" or "dad" wants them to. Some go just to be going and take advantage of their GI Bill. Others, possibly, have seen engineers at work and want to be one of them. Which category do you fall in?

Then there's the other side of the picture - why go to school at all? For example, a certain Butte firm starts its engineers at the rate of $455 per month. The same firm pays its union employees $16.71 per day, which is equivalent to $468 per month on the basis of 26 work-days per month. Looks unbelievable, doesn't it. Therefore, if you can make more money with no education, why go to school at all?

If you think you can answer this question, let us know! The Amplifier will award cash prizes for the best answers submitted on or before Oct. 23 in the amount of $2.00.

Answers should be one or more paragraphs, however, if you can answer this question reasonably in one or two sentences, this is also acceptable. Remember, submit answers to the Co-ed lounge on or before Oct. 23.

ANNUAL SCHOOL PICNIC AND DANCE TO BE HELD SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14th

The second meeting of the year of the Copper Guard was held October 4, 1956 at which time committees were appointed and plans made for the annual school picnic in honor of the new freshman class. The date of the picnic and dance was set as the 14th of October. The picnic is to be held at the reservoir on Hardin Pass. At 1 pm that afternoon a car caravan will leave from the dorm for the convenience of those who do not know the location of the picnic grounds. Anyone who has extra room in their car or those who do not have a ride should meet there so that anyone desiring to go will not be left out. In case of inclement weather the picnic will be held in the gymnasium.

Both of the nurse's homes have been officially invited, so those of you who have girl-friends in the nurses home, try to encourage the girls and their friends to come out.

There will be an informal dance that night in the museum building from 9 to 12 pm, with an orchestra from Butte providing the music.

Those of you who were here last year will recall that this picnic was a big success, so all you new students make it a point to get acquainted.

Traveler: Quick, give me a round trip ticket.
Clerk: Where to?
Traveler: Why, back here, you fool!
THE KID IN THE CORRIDOR

With all of the new courses going into effect, it was Wednesday (high noon) before the Kid finally got his schedule arranged. After checking his schedule, the Kid found that he was able to work in 8 credit hours by taking only 8 courses. The best part of the whole schedule was that there were only 5 conflicts.

Overjoyed at the thought of having such a fine array of courses, the Kid bounded over to the registration office to pay his fees. When he was told of the increase in fees, the Kid didn't gripe, he simply wrote out a check that wasn't anything but pure rubber. Now the Kid would have enough cash on hand to buy his books with a little left over for ENTERTAINMENT. Alas!!!! The Kid neglected the fact that every professor has an author for a friend and therefore had to buy every book new instead of getting any good used books.

Feet sore and laden down with a load of new books, the Kid staggered over to the Residence Hall to get his first taste of good home cooked meals. The Kid is wondering how the guys manage to practice every night and then come over for cold food washed down with one glass of milk. Between now and the next edition the Kid and all football players will gladly accept any food packages which can be tossed together.

The Kid's Orchids and Onions Department

This week, orchids are awarded to Paul Holgren and Hank Tropp. These men are freely giving their time and energy helping coach the school's football team as assistant coaches. This kind of action deserves a bouquet from each student, since it is seldom seen.

Since school is just getting underway, not too many onion patches have grown. Only one, so far. The whole patch goes to the sophomore chemistry prof. who seems determined to create a small number of juniors next fall.

See "The Kid" next week. Never can tell who will be honored.

THE BROWN DOOR

Have you ever wondered what's going on behind the brown door (Room 114 to you)? Well before I tell, I'd better give you the low-down on who's behind the door.

Myrna Vivian; Darien (Little one) Carkeet; Mary Frances (Mary Fran) Foley; Lois (Lo) Carveth; Carol (Car) Kallio; Loraine and Elaine Gilman; Jerilyn (Jeri) McGee; Marylee (Mim) Matlock compose our happy little group.

We elected officers: Myrna is our president; Carol, vice-president and the secretary-treasurer is Mary Fran.

We are having a ball behind the brown door. If we seem to make a lot of noise, remember there are only nine of us. What would it be like if there were ten?

Slam!!!

DR. ARTHUR E. ADAMI

Dr. Arthur E. Adami, who had terminated 49 years of continuous service at the School of Mines with his retirement at the first of September, will remain in the capacity of acting president till at a time a successor is named by the State Board of Education.

The career of Dr. Adami, which has led him to the president of the school, began as a student in 1903. Four years later, he was the first graduate of the school to become one of its faculty members. In 1926 he was advanced to Professor of Mining and two years later he became the vice-president. 1936 saw Dr. Adami taking over the duties of heading the Department of Mining. Dr. Adami,
then in 1936, became the first Dean of the college. Dr. Adami had filled that position and that of vice-president prior to his retirement.

The closing weeks of his career at the School of Mines saw Dr. Adami receiving many honors and will deserved tributes. Among those received include the confirmation of the degree of Doctor of Engineering at the last commencement exercises in recognition of his years of work in the field of mineral education. Dr. Adami was also honored with the granting of emeritus status of professor, dean, and vice-president by the State Board of Education.

With 53 years of continuous association with the School of Mines, as a student, a member of the faculty, and in an administrative capacity shows without a doubt that Dr. Arthur E. Adami is "Mr. MSM."

JOKES

A drunk opened the doors and fell to the bottom of the elevator shaft. Staggering to his feet and brushing himself off he indignantly muttered, "I said up."

Then there's the girl who hasn't much upstairs—but what a stairway.

Last night I held a little hand, So dainty and so sweet, I thought my heart would surely break, So wildly did it beat. No other hand in all this world, Can greater solace bring Than that sweet hand I held last night, Four aces and a king.

The fellow and girl charged around the corner and bumped smack into each other. They stepped back, apologized, and started up again. But they both dodged in the exact same direction, and bumped once more. Again they started up, bumped, and apologized. This time the fellow stepped back and remarked, "Just once more, cutie, then I really have to go."

Lives there a man with soul so dead Who never to himself has said To hell with these studies. I'm going to bed.

Her (at Prom): "Wait here for me, Bill, while I go power my nose."
Her (three dances later): "Have you been waiting long?"
Him: "No, but I've been looking for you to give you your compact."

A woman approached the pearly gates and spoke to St. Peter. "Do you know if my husband is here? His name is Smith."
"Lady, we have lots of them here. You'll have to be more specific."
"Joe Smith."
"Lotsa those, too. You'll have to have more identification."
"Well, when he died he said that if I were ever untrue to him, he'd turn over in his grave."
"Oh, you mean 'Pinwheel.'"

Senior: "Gee, but I'm thirsty."
Pledge: "Wait a minute, I'll give you some water."
Senior: "I said I'm thirsty, not dirty."

Some girls complained to the dean of women that the boys in the fraternity house next door never closed their blinds and that it embarrassed the girls.

When the dean went to the room of the particular girl who had made the complaint, she looked out the window and said, "Why, I can't see in their window from here." The girl said, "Oh, you have to stand on the chair."

"Give me a match, Bill."
"Here it is."
"Well, can you beat that? I've forgotten my cigarettes."
"S'too bad; gimme back my match."

Art: "Is your girl spoiled?"
Sam: "No, it's just the perfume she wears."
Dear Hardrock,

I'm curious but what in the */#-#*)& " curious about? A suffering psych student.

Dear suffering,

This extreme curiosity on the part of such an intellect may be caused by an over active adrenalin gland.

Hardrock

Dear Sir:

I have a problem that is reaching into the depths of my very soul that cries to humanity for salvation. My father and his misconstrued ideas of destiny has sent me to this god forsaken institute which tries in vain to mold me into the figure of a Petroleum Engineer. When I, the tenderest of divine creatures wish to fulfill my creative desire as a poet. What can I do to save myself from this fate worse than death.

Edgar Allen Smoe

Dear Smoe:

"Seek and ye shall find." or in plain old Engineering lingo, there is sheer poetry and rhyme to be found in the slush and squash of oil wells that pump liquid pools of black gold.

Dear Hardrock:

I feel that walking up the hill to NSM each day is detrimental to my health, as struggling up this sharp incline makes my heart beat faster, my breath comes in short pants, and by the time I reach my first class, perspiration odes has triumphed over my daily Dial bath.

Wearance Collins

Dear Weary,

BLAST!!!!!!!

Dear Hardrock:

My best buddy and pal, who shares my happy abode at the dorm, is giving me slight incitations that our friendship is waning.

1. He goes with my steady girl steadily.
2. He wears my clothes and after shave lotion on above occasions.
3. He won't let me use my car.
4. He drinks my booze.
5. He stole my "we plow deep while others sleep" pillow.

Dor Matt

Dear Matt,

What's the matter--no sense of humor?

Dear Hardrock,

All my girl friend wants to do is neck, neck, neck. It just makes me sick. What should I do.

Tom Timid

Dear Tom,

This girl is definitely not your type. Drop her. By the way what is your girl's name, address, telephone number and vital statistics. She needs my professional help.

If you have any problems that are making life uneasy and are keeping you from your studies, put your problem on a slip of paper and put it in the box in Main Hall by the bulletin board and Hardrock will be only too glad to answer them.

A group of college boys were coming home from a party one night plastered to the gills. They stood in front of the house of one of their number and called for the father.

"Will you please do us a favor," said one.

"What do you want?" asked the father.

"Will you please come out here and pick out Sam so the rest of us can go home."

Thermo Prof.: "Who's smoking in the back of the room?"

Mining Engineer: "No one--that's just the fog we're in."

Policeman (to an intoxicated man who is trying to fit his key into a lamp post): "I'm afraid there's nobody home."

"Mus' be. Mus' be. There's a light upstairs."
Due to the recent upsweep of popularity of Elvis Pelvis among the students of MSM, the Amplifier Staff has consented to devote one whole page of the first issue to the Elvis Pelvis Fans.

AND HERE IT IS FANS, A COPY OF YOUR VERY OWN OF THE SONG THAT SKY-ROCKETED ELVIS PELVIS TO STARDOM, THE EVER POPULAR

HEADACHE MOTEL

Now since I've come to college
I've found a new place to dwell
It's up on the hill above the school
And it's known as Headache Motel.
   It gets so lonesome buddy, it gets so dull
   It gets so lonesome you could die.

Although it's always noisy
And drunks prowl through your room,
You're scared you'll flunk Chemistry
So, you stay there and cram, in the gloom.
   You get so thirsty, buddy, you get so dry
   You get so thirsty, you could die.

The Seniors have been there six years
And some of the Juniors too
And the Freshman tears keep falling
Cause they'll never, no never, get through.
   They get so discouraged buddy, they get so blue
   They get so discouraged they could die.

So, if you're tired of peace and quiet
And of steaks and women as well
Just pay your fees to Mr. Brown
And live in Headache Motel.
   You'll get so squirrelly buddy, you'll get so nuts
   You'll get so squirrelly, you could die.

Although this song was rewritten and published as Heartbreak Hotel, your on the spot reporter, Ernie Hemorrhoid, was able to obtain the original copy and present it to you for the first time. Another AMPLIFIER FIRST.

Ernie Hemorrhoid
(Brother to the late Ernie Pyle)
"That's about all for today.

"Doc"

HAMES