Fistory of '97

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OLLY, happy-go-lucky, own-the-whole-earth sort of style,—serious when the occasion required,—with a large capacity for work and a willingness equal to the capacity,—such were some of the characteristics of the Class of '97, the first that Armour Institute of Technology graduated.

It is with no small degree of pride, and for which no pardon is asked, that the writer recalls the achievements of that class both prior and subsequent to its graduation.

Made up, as it was, of young men who were sober and industrious (exceptions are intentionally forgotten),—who were there for the purpose of accomplishing the most in the time allotted,—young men who recognized that a diploma is nothing more than a receipt for work done, and that it is about as much of an indication of what may be done as a receipt for money paid is of an ability to meet future obligations,—it is no surprise that they should be found filling the places they do to-day—and that creditably—positions that many a tried, experienced engineer would gladly accept.

Being the first class it was subject to the ups and downs and change-all-arounds of every new institution.

In a measure it was the dog on which new combinations were tried. It managed to live through,—though somewhat emaciated in the end. No better illustration of the general tone of the class can be given than the following: There came a time one day when the class felt that it was not getting enough work. A committee was promptly appointed to confer with the faculty about the matter.

It is reported that some of the professors did not recover for nearly a year from the shock of a class asking for more work to do. Be it said that the desires of the class were promptly fulfilled. On another occasion it was decided that too much work was being given for proper assimilation. The mental digestive powers of the class were diagnosed and subsequent meals apportioned thereto.

Some time during the second year of its existence, if the recollection of the writer serves him aright, the class organized and elected such officers as were needed, the same to hold their positions during good behavior until "graduation, death or desertion." No constitution was drafted. The president was given almost dictatorial powers as regarded the calling of meetings, etc. Being a pioneer class its organization strongly resembled that of most pioneers—an organization adapted to quick action in case of emergency.

The spirit of investigation—original research—was a noticeable characteristic of the class—markedly so at times. Prompted by this all-consuming desire to find out things, a member at one time tested the 110 volt mains with a milli-voltmeter, "just to see what it would do." To the uninitiated it might be remarked that it would have been equally appropriate to attempt to pry up a boulder with a toothpick. There was a flash, some