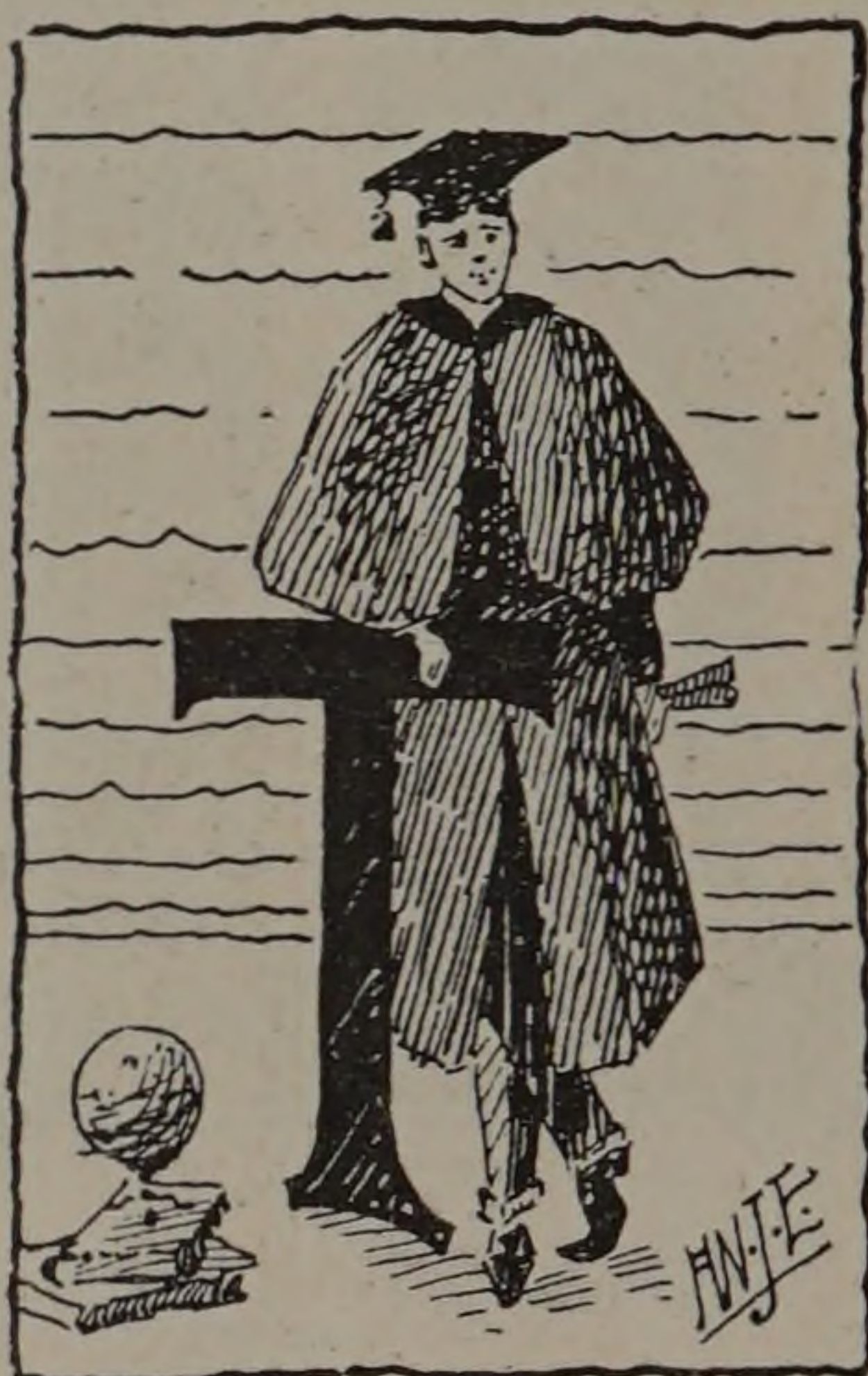




Senior History



IS a story as old as the school and older. As fixed as the well shot arrow in its mark, so fixed is the position of the class of 1898 in the life history of "Armour." We lay claim to many interesting ideas tenable with us, convinced, with just pride, that we have realized our great heritage.

Therefore permit me, gentle reader, formally to present to you the first Genuine Senior class of Armour Institute of Technology.

Even now the blat of the lower classmen reaches my ears and I hear the same yearly call to their Gods to mark them in some manner of distinction that the world might know their High Selection. But such a manifestation has never occurred. Ah! never shall it occur. As long as ye shall read the INTEGRAL there shall ye find the same bombastic attempt, thrice repeated, to approach by artifice and sputtering logic the realm of the Senior. The experience of millions of Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors through a thousand years and more is to them of no avail. We calmly hold a place prepared for us by tradition and the powerful cabal of several hundred very high priced annuals.

Through political and martial chaos have we passed and none dare now resent our sway. Therefore we advance to our first proposition. We are Seniors. And no further words are of necessity. 'Tis proved by a momentary return to consciousness or an examination of any standard History*. Now to advance further and to a field for reason. Some few months ago there was an exodus from out our gates of an ill tutored crowd. Long had they fed at our tables; much dyspepsia (5 cents per cut) had they obtained at the phantom lunch counter. Once a week through four years of daily car fare did this aggregation dispatch a committee to the first floor. They were an abomination to the office. In sheer desperation their committee was finally met and the terms of release were these: If, when June, 1897, shall come, these men (for there was but one boy in the class, and he over-grown) would depart, then would the authorities call them members of the first class of Armour. And so it came to pass. They are gone and the place shall know them no more. During the last term of attendance their reputations suffered a still further decline. Mr. J. J. Wheeler, Esq., obtained newspaper recognition for long endurance in the management of a gas engine

*Vide—HATCH "Tramping through the West," Vol. 1, pg. 13.