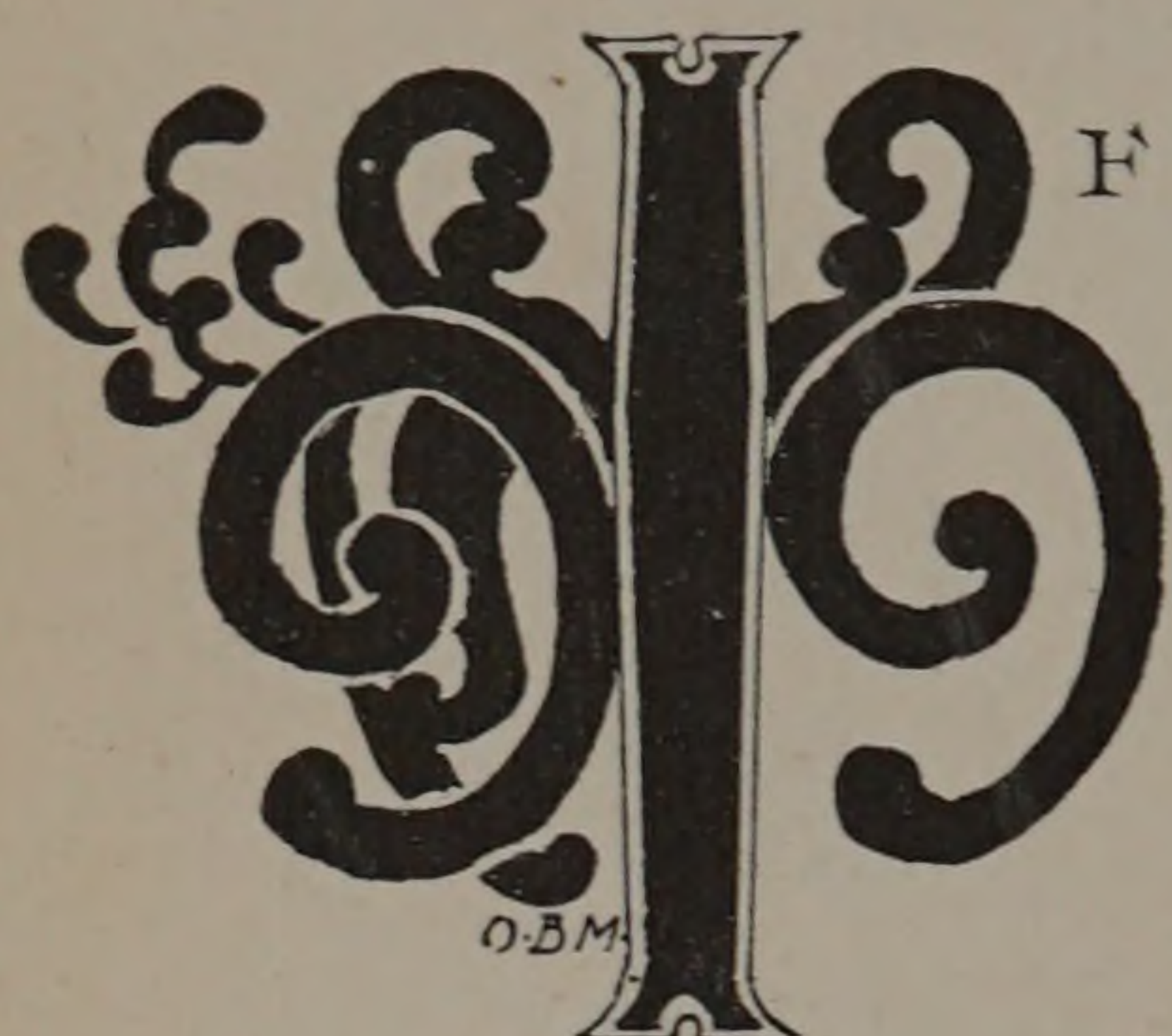
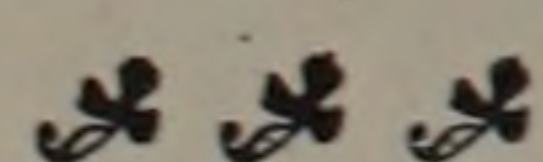


# History of the Class of '99



If it should appear to the kind reader, upon perusing the above title, that a place has been given in this book to something that is too well known to the students of our college to need the pen of a historian to record, he must not turn with impatience to the advertisements, or other equally interesting matter, and neglect this essential article, but must remember that when new, timid Freshmen—in contradistinction to old, own-everything Freshmen—enter our classic halls and sit peacefully in their lecture rooms, waiting for some tardy Prof's appearance, listening enraptured to the sweet symphonies made by the concord of clanging bells and rushing wheels, they will need this history to stir them to energetic battles with chairs, desks and other peaceable firearms.

Yes, thirty-seven years hence, when dear Armour in an exuberance of joy will have extended its present quarters by acquiring the use of three, or perhaps—who can tell—four of the adjacent blocks, the new, timid Freshmen will look over these pages and at once call an important special meeting, and after calm deliberation, adopt some such resolution as the following:

WHEREAS, The annals of the school show upon its pages the life of a great class called the Class of '99, and

WHEREAS, From its history we note that it was composed of men of character, energy, good fellowship and scholarship, and

WHEREAS, The class as a whole appeared to have a heart that went out in sympathy to all members of the opposite sex, therefore be it

*Resolved*, That the Class of 1935 "stick by" each other in an earnest, if not successful, endeavor to emulate the famed Class of '99.

Thus, kind reader, you see that by this means class spirit will be developed and Armour's fame extended. So peruse this history as you would re-read one of Shakespeare's plays—enjoy its literary excellence and laugh and sob again at the things you know so well.

The Class of '99 was born on September 13th, 1895. The faculty, for some unexplained reason, did not have a brass band or the glee club on hand to meet us. It has developed since then that the glee club and Class of '99 are almost synonymous organizations—hence its failure to appear. Some one started a petition\* to the President, however, to get a written apology from the faculty for its neglect in not providing a brass band; but two members objected to signing this petition on the ground that the class failed to officially notify the faculty of its birth. Of course the petition fell through—the Class of '99 never acts except unanimously.

The first day on earth was spent in wandering around the corridors gazing at one another, "ponying up" to the registrar, and looking with admiring awe at the rotund paunch of "Papa" H—ch as he delivered to us sage words on the



\*Petitions have always been '99's specialty.