

Pullman's Palace Car Company

EASTERN DIVISION.

OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT,

Beard Building, 120 Liberty St.

J. S. MERRILL,
Superintendent

New York, Jan. 25, 1898.

EDITORS OF INTEGRAL, '98—

Gentlemen: You ask me concerning my recollections of college life during the first years of "Armour." You know that the class which entered A. I. T. as Freshmen in the fall of '93 were an exceptional lot, being mainly composed of fellows who had been out rubbing up against the world, and found out the value of a dollar for themselves.

After acquiring this knowledge they appear to have taken stock and decided to enlarge their earning capacity by the addition of a little theoretical training.

Judging from the general tone of the boys along about June, '97, I know they were dubious as to just where to look for the "jobs." An abstract from a letter I received is about as follows: "I've got a Job! Yes, sir, I, B—— S——, have a job, a real, genuine, bona fide job. Just think of it!" But I'm very glad to see how well taken care of most of our fellows are.

I have just the space I guess to recall an event or two from past history.

Do you remember, how on Chicago Day at the World's Fair, about fifty of us worked the free lunch route, and actually paralyzed the Midway? Or that little incident during our football practice, when the subject of inquiry was not "who struck Billy Patterson?" but "w'ere's de felly wot hit Dempsey?"—how Aspinwall squared off and offered to give the necessary information, but the big brother, after sizing him up, decided to listen to an explanation which resulted in Dempsey getting one of the best thrashings ever a kid received. And then that trip to De Kalb, when the "Armour's" eleven whipped the eleven from the South Side Athletic Club. Any one who took that trip will never forget it. The early days were full of "song and pleasure," and I am not at all dissatisfied with the lot which threw me in with the boys of '97.

Yours fraternally,

J. RICHARD SLOAN.



F. W. GUNSAULUS, President.

ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY CHICAGO

JESSIE S. VAN VLIET, Librarian.

EDITORS '98 INTEGRAL:

It is very pleasant to have occasion to stop and think over the early days of the Institute—not so far away, surely, that they have become very dim as yet, but still it is not often in these days that one takes the time to retrospect.

When I first saw the Library—in March, '93—it bore small resemblance to its present self. There was no furniture in the room except our own desks—the books being piled on tables made of long boards laid on saw horses. We were very proud when the cases came and we could get the books up and in order, and then the chairs and tables came, and gradually order was evolved out of chaos.

The opening day of school! Surely no one who was there can have forgotten it. How *hot* it was! Hottest day ever known (at least, so it *seemed*), and *how* the throngs of would-be students came down upon us making our erstwhile quiet halls resound.

Our ten library school students were of vast importance, and the members of that first class will always seem to us to have been a *little* brighter and a *little* dearer than any others. They had a decided advantage, too, in the amount of personal attention which they received from Miss Sharp, which was of untold value to them and which was impossible with any subsequent class.