

near it," too close for comfort, in fact. But we squared that matter a few months later when we defeated '01 in indoor base ball by the score of 16 to 9.

We were not so engrossed in athletics, however, nor yet in our studies, that we were unable to enjoy life. The Junior Promenade is one of our institutions, many of the faculty receptions were given at our earnest request, and we pushed along that excellent but lugubrious function, the Junior-Senior Farewell Banquet, where we went for a last time to weep with those with whom we fought so long and whom we both envied and despised.

Of joy and fun we have had no end. Milwaukee! What happiness unutterable is suggested by thy name! "Beer! Beer! Glorious beer (hic)!" till we finally dose off at the Republican House, while a sad little voice turns over and says, "I can't sleep, can you?" We waded through valve gears with an instructor whose pet question: "What is a cant-hook? Why, don't you know, it's a muley cow," has been incorporated in all recent text books, and listened to his repeated exhortations to "hang up our 'phones" and to "draw a little less on our conversational powers and a little more on our paper." We cultivated our imaginations and a little picturesque vocabulary in Descrip; swam through Hydraulics and sweated in Thermody. The hills are all behind us and now we are gleefully scampering over green meadows toward the end.

Of course we have cultivated some character and some characters, the latter predominating. One of us developed a talent for inking out details and spent hours of the early morning drawing red lines in the most elaborate note book ever seen, while another proved apt at nothing at all but asking fool questions and taking up the time of the class with queries, such as, "Professor, can a cross-compound engine be used to drive a dynamo with a belt?" Our round and rosy friend, the Lobster, quickly found that a good way to attract attention was to arrive about ten minutes late and cultivated that discovery to the point of second nature. The office of class kicker was occupied and but too satisfactorily filled by the "President and Members" of the Free Silver Club until he resigned in favor of his chief competitor, "Sunshine Whee."

But, in spite of our peculiarities, we have pulled together and personal matters were always sunk when the class good was at stake. This class loyalty enabled us to launch what we planned as an endless series of publications, our proudest achievement, the INTEGRAL, the first volume of which will stand as a model to future classes, and a monument to ours.

Morituri salutamus. In a few months the class of '99 of Armour Tech will cease to exist. It will pass into the Class '99 of the great college of the World, where our life work, we trust and pray, will reflect naught but brightness on the name of our Alma Mater.

