

It was in the fourth year that the greatest event of our Armour life took place. We had, or thought we had, our pictures taken. But when the proofs came back it was found that after nearly an hour of posing before the camera and meekly obeying the orders of the photographer, one half of us were occupied in hiding the other half from view. So we decided to be retaken.

As to the characteristics of our class the most prominent one was love of change. This is shown by a few lines found on the writing desk of a ninty-niner. The verses are as follows:

*When first we organized the class,
We chose the white and green
To be our colors, but today.
Maroon and Gold are seen.*

*Among our officers we find
The same familiar faces,
But still diversion we must get
They're in each others places.*

*The records in the office books
Will prove the words I say.
T'was thought much too monotonous
To always get an A.*

*But in one thing we were steadiast,
All classes follow suit;
We gave our best and truest love
To Armour Institue.*

