

'03 Class History

If you should meet old Father Time, slap him on the back and say, "What do you know old man?" he would probably reply after a moment's thought: "Let me tell you of a wonderful coincidence that took place not long ago. In the Fall of '99 there happened to come together in the halls of Armour Tech the greater part of the talented and brainy young men contained within the borders of this fair land of ours. Distant climes, as though influenced by an unseen hand, added their youths of learning to this assemblage. I do not know what brought about this chance meeting. Kind fate, perhaps.

When we, the heroes of this tale, entered the Tech we became known as "Ye Freshmen." For over a year ours was a life of most wonderful development, and now in 1901, as a mark of our increased wisdom, we have left the pranks of infancy to children, who, after much preparation, are following in our footsteps as "Freshies" while we have reached the distinctive rank of "Sophomores." The present Freshmen have, at our hands, been made to view with respect each upper classman.

One dark night last November some of our brave classmates climbed to the rickety flag-pole and flung to the breeze the streaming banner of '03. It being one of our rules of conduct to always obey the faculty, when they suggested that our flag was causing the Freshmen to pine away in humiliation, we sympathetically removed the cause of the "Freshies'" tears as soon as it had waved over the Institute the requisite number of days.

Heretofore in the history of the college, the students, in the words of "Wakely, the Prex," "needed no rules by which to be governed," but when the present large and unruly "Freshman" class entered the "Tech" it was plainly seen that a code was needed, still keeping in mind our silent obedience to the faculty, we enacted certain suitable statutes which we posted in certain conspicuous