

## Ye Chronicle of the Class of 1907

*Public Auction!      Going at a great sacrifice!      Will have to be gotten rid of!      Some 200 odd.....* With this loud detonation were we ushered as Freshmen into Armour Tech. Is it a wonder that when we first heard it we trembled slightly and had unwilling thoughts that our end must be untimely near? And yet now, after nearly a year has elapsed, we are still alive, still not auctioned at "a great sacrifice," still not "gotten rid of," still some "200 odd" strong. How is this to be accounted for, when at the beginning of the year the Sophs scattered their yellow literature, announcing the date of our fate, so broadcast? The most probable solution for this is that the would-be auctioneer (the class of '06) lost his nerve, while possibly it may be that a bidder of sufficient means to purchase such a choice, rare, high-priced article as the class of '07 could not be found. At any rate we have prospered marvelously well without paying the slightest heed to those "laws" which the above auctioneer proposed that we should follow.

Though our career has been short it has not been without incident. The night previous to our formal introduction to the Sophs we demonstrated our artistic abilities in a very lasting manner. The huge divers colored '07 with which we emblazoned the corner may still be seen and next fall it will again stand forth, in bold relief, an emblem of our skill. The '07 sign which, in the darkness of the night, we hung high on the mission, was next morning seen by the wondering Sophs, who said with the wisest of looks: "Leave it there, they will get it good and hard for painting on the Mission." It was not until a light breeze moved it that the Sophs perceived how completely they had been fooled. Then came the rush. You well know how, when the Freshmen had once learned the object of the strife and were working in anything like unity, they steadily and rapidly forced the Sophs back from whence they had come. You all know how frightened the Seniors became about this time and how, believing their darling Sophomores about to be utterly routed, they stepped in and with great dignity called