



The History of the Class of 1910

In presenting this sketch of the Class of 1910, the perpetrators wish to make no apology for their deviation from the bombastic and egotistical class histories of the past. The Class of 1910 is in many ways a unique one. We could enunciate as many feats of daring and class excellence (and with the same degree of veracity) as any class in the "Tech." But this class is out of the ordinary, so we have endeavored to enumerate a few of the incidents of the past two years with at least some suspicion of truthfulness and accuracy.

AS FRESHMEN '06-07 REGISTRATION DAY '07-08 AS SOPHOMORES

About two hundred and fifty ordinary specimens of the American youth, together with a couple of adopted sons from the Philippines, gathered at the Tech as Freshmen, some green, some unripe, but all healthy and full of the Tech spirit.

Our number has dwindled considerably. We are quite a bit wiser and just as healthy. It's nice to be a Sophomore. Even Muñoz thinks so. "Al corral," Freshmen. One hundred and fifty men register.

CLASS MEETING

Trembling with anticipation, we met in Science Hall to watch the Academy elect their officers. Stillman, '08, tried to scare us in a "spiel" about the rush. We didn't scare easily.

We meet in the same place and without much parley, elect our own officers. Everybody is satisfied. We make plans for the reception of 1911 on the following Monday and Tuesday, incidentally taking up a generous collection to defray expenses.

THE RUSH

Monday afternoon: Some of us have cold feet. Monday night: some one spills the most of our paint; about fifty of us get tied up in the barn of the Class of 1909; a few of us get a nice ride without cost to us; nevertheless we succeed in planting our glorious initials in at least two places near the Tech. Tuesday noon: after two trials we satisfy '09 that we can pull candy better than they can, notwithstanding their unsportsmanlike tactics of hitching the rope around a fence post.

We are all anticipation—paint by the gallon, brushes by the score. Monday night: we use our paint, with results evidenced for months to come. A little paint is used on us by an extra obstreperous freshman. He gets his, however. Tuesday morning: we tie eleven up and parade the freshmen leaders with all due humility before the upper classes. Tuesday noon: we substitute a rush for the candy pull of the previous year. Truly 1911 has been introduced to Tech life as custom dictates.

THE FRESHMEN HANDSHAKE

We are cordially welcomed by the Y. M. C. A. and fed dainties in the skipper's palatial stoking parlor.

'10 is in the receiving line and help pour. Wrists sore from meeting new friends.

OCTOBER ELEVENTH

Dr. Thomas talks to us about various things.

No talk. Don't we need it or are we heedless?

FRESHMEN SMOKER

1910 gets a pipe, some matches, and alleged tobacco, all free. As a consequence some of us get sick. We demonstrate our ability to sing and yell louder than '09 can.

This time we pay for the "makings." Incidentally we sing some new songs, wear '10 caps, and make merry generally, of which more anon.

THANKSGIVING HOLIDAYS

After weeks of looking forward, we prepare to eat real home cooking.

Please see last year.

THE SHIRTERS

Not for Freshmen.

Mysterious ceremonies on Ogden Field. *Are you a shirter?* Ask Dean Clasen for the countersign. He knows.

THE SENIOR DANCE

1910 makes its social debut—at least three of us do.

It looks as if it were *our* dance.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

Some of us go home to loaf, some to work. Leavell demonstrates a bowling alley at Siegel-Cooper's.

A good deal like last year. Leavell pushes a "cologne cart" *a la* Holsman on Thirty-third street.