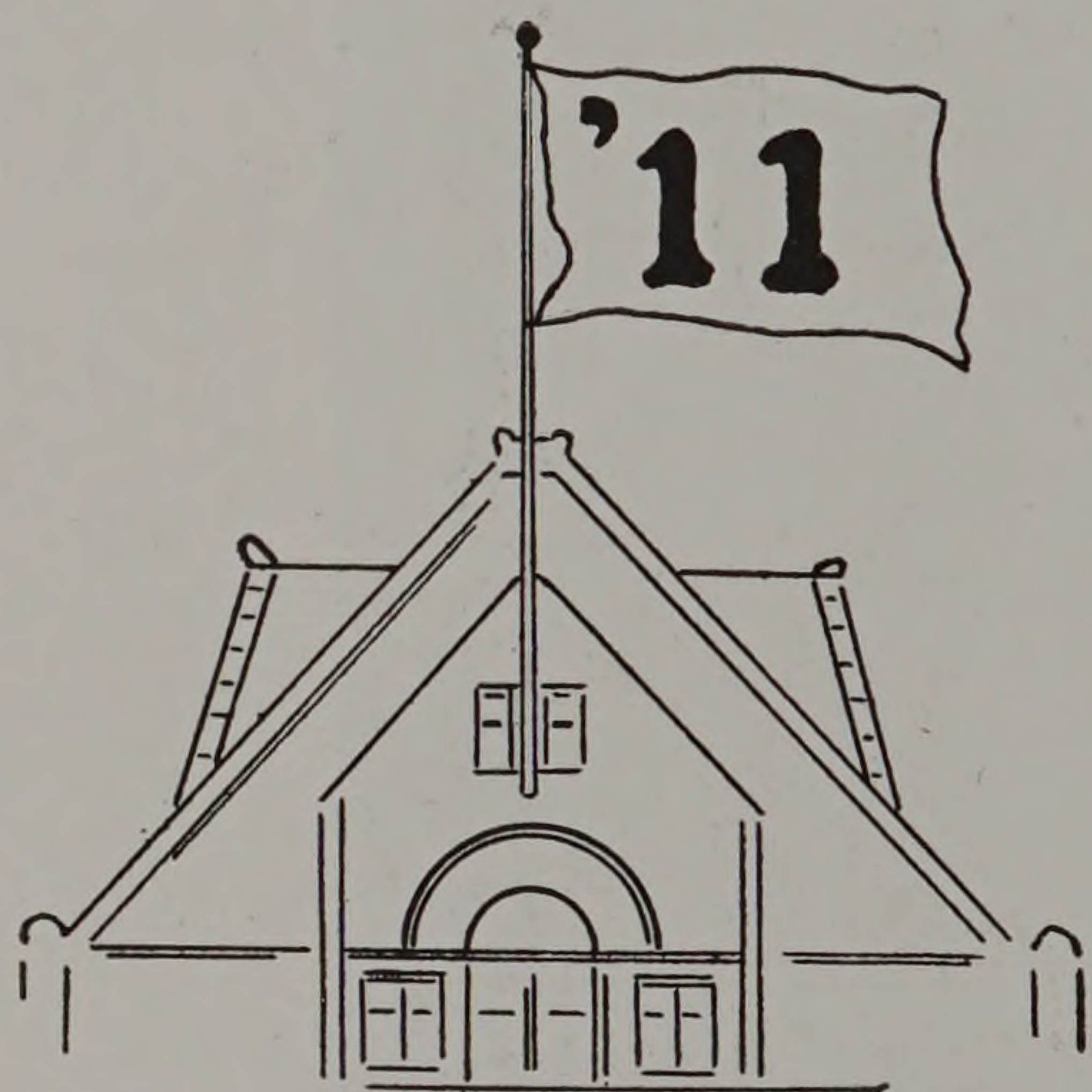


## Chronicle of 1911



BACK in the year 1907, the mighty class of 'leven brought their shekels to the coffers of Armour. Individually there were types of the greenest green, collectively they formed a compact mass which cast a dark shadow of gloom o'er the worldly wise "sophs." Signs of great struggle to come between the two classes pervaded the air, and broke forth into a challenge on the part of '11, when on the first bright Monday morn of school, a huge eleven banner flaunted defiance from the gilded ball on the roof flagstaff.

Amazed and discomfited at such daring the sophs grouped themselves about the building and thought of various hare-brained schemes of capturing the flag. Finally, after three hours work, on the part of the valiant janitorial staff, the banner was torn from its fastenings and dropped to the street below. Then ensued a riotous conflict for the possession of the honored bunting in which the freshmen succeeded in capturing the shreds of the famous flag.



The gage of battle had been cast. That self-same night fully three hundred men patrolled the streets and alleys round about the college. At 2 P. M. the freshmen made an attack on the sophomores who had gone to sleep in the Y. M. C. A. house and succeeded in tying up about two-thirds of the wily bunch when, lo and behold, a mighty band of blue-coats came upon the scene. A free for all fight took place and ended in the dispersing of the respective classes to await the deciding conflict of the morrow.

Day broke on a painted, littered, and posterred campus with the sophomores encamped on Ogden Field.

After the morning had spent itself in disquiet the two classes met on Ogden Field for a tug of war. Pulling the Sophs around proved too tame so with organization previously perfected "eleven" rushed the sophs. Round and round the field they trod bearing down their astonished foe until vanquished "ten" withdrew. The last real rush of Armour Tech. won by the class of 1911 had come to a close.

Every date, every function throughout the year registered the hosts of eleven a bunch of "we're there" men designed to change the history of the 'Tech.

*"Who knows, he knows nothing, knows much."*