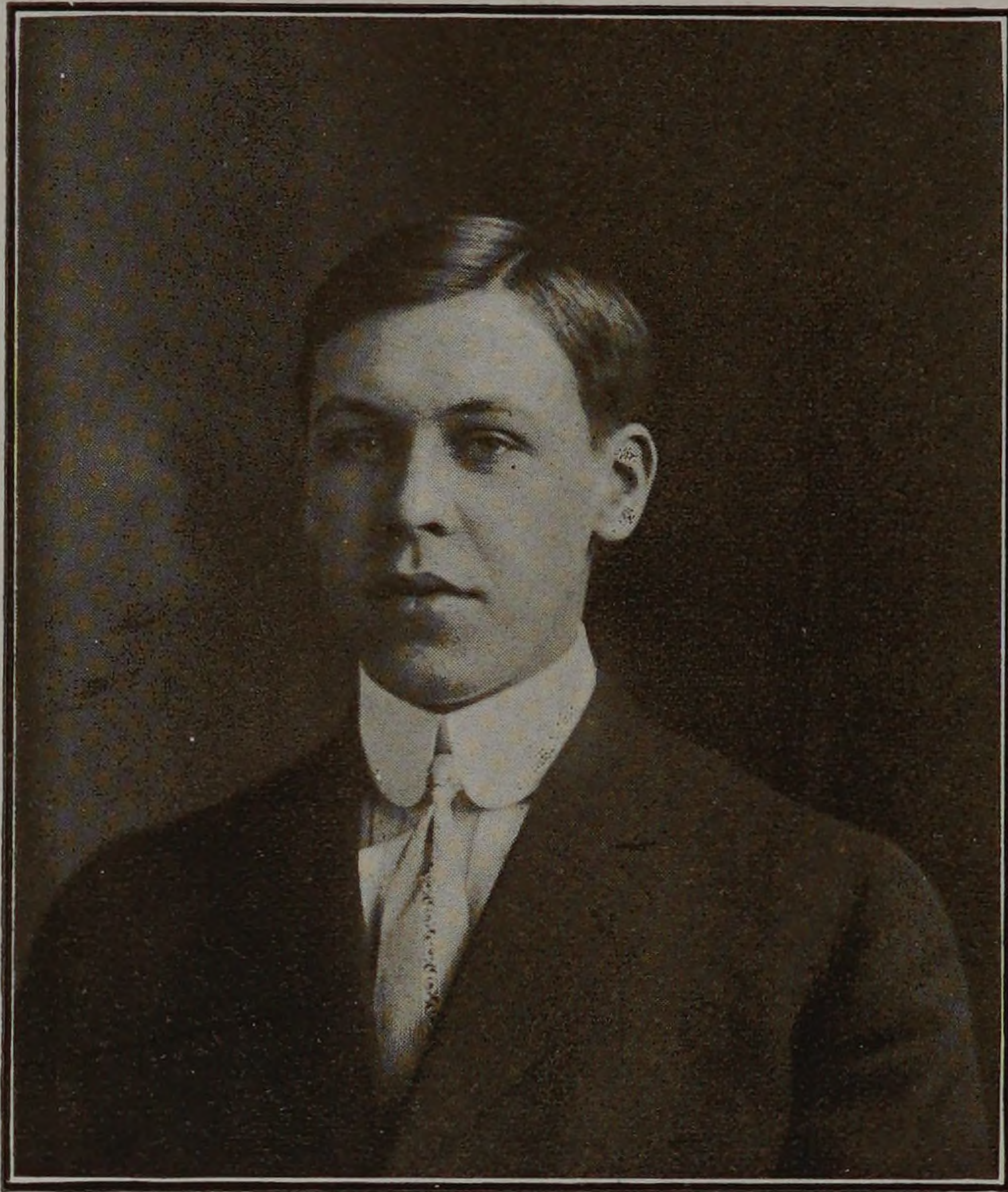


# THE SENIOR CLASS BOOK

## 1911



*Wm. E. Schultz*

Fire Protection Engineering.

Prepared at Northwestern Military Academy.

Thesis Subject: Time Factor of Dry Pipe Sprinkler System.

Committeeman Extraordinary.

Eata Bita Pie.

Fli Gamma.

Class Baseball (4).

"Bill" saw daylight in Chicago back in 1889, and has always made it his business to call this place his home. At an early age he showed an inclination towards things warlike, but after spending four years at Northwestern Military Academy he concluded that a soldier's life was entirely too tame for him and accordingly "showed up" at the Armour Institute one September's morn, looked over the courses scheduled and decided to spend his future in fighting the flames.

During the years of his undergraduate work Schultz exhibited such remarkable knowledge(?) of physics and kindred sciences that he came to be known by the soubriquet of "Lord Kelvin." As a dispenser of hot air Billy has no equal. He is capable of talking on any subject any time whether he knows anything about it or not. As a bluffer, he is a distinct success. Only once has he been worsted,—when Peterson called him for making a foot-rest of a lathe. His chief hobby is to outrun bluecoats in his "buzzwagon" and then settle with the judge the following day. He complains of a lack of sleep, but when you consider the number of hours he carries, you wonder if it possibly can be overwork that is responsible for it.

Bill's athletic prowess consisted in forming the delivery end of that famous German battery which participated in one of the Senior games during the fall series of 1910. After pitching rings around his opponents for seven innings he was relieved of further duty in hopes of saving him for the Faculty-Senior game before some major league magnate heard of his phenomenal hurling and signed his name to a contract.

It is feared that Schultz has lost his heart to a fair maiden by the name of Minnie Volinski, and if such is the case, she has gotten one of the best chaps that was ever turned out at the Institute and a "prince of a fellow."

*"Words, Words, mere Words."*