

# THE SENIOR CLASS BOOK

## 1911

pleasant facts), but not a poster, not a drop of paint did they succeed in attaching to the property and vicinity of the Tech. This feature was monopolized entirely by the "Yea 'Levens." The Freshmen did not come near enough to 33rd and Armour to do any damage for this reason: By virtue of the deep-laid plot hatched by Captain Kiley the unwary Freshies were kidnapped and tied up, not in a barn, nothing as commonplace as that, but in an old scow on the lake front (the *Examiner* had them floating, helpless and all but drowned far out at sea!). A bitter clash occurred at Prairie Avenue and 33rd Street between some forty-five Sophomores and eighty Freshmen. Only the arrival of the cops broke up this love feast in which our boys had by far the best of it, though outnumbered. The pirate crew and captives were not so fortunate, however, for they were taken by the bluecoats, seventy-seven of them, five being Seniors and Juniors, to the Stanton Avenue jug. It was some night, believe us.

1911 WAS THE LAST CLASS TO TIE UP ANYBODY PREPARATORY TO A RUSH AT ARMOUR.

The Rush which would have followed the next day,—the above were only the preliminaries,—was not held because of the untimely (or timely?) arrival of Dr. Gunsaulus. In the greatest oratorical effort we ever heard, he put a final absolute quietus on all Class "scraps" and "rushes."

The trial of the seventy-seven was an interesting affair. Judge Girtten gave the boys a terrific lecture and imposed a solid fine on them. But it was worth the money. (We notice, our friend the Judge has since been defeated for re-election—can it be because of the Armourites' antipathy to him?)

The next occasion at which the Sophs gave vent to their pent-up emotions (animal spirits, as our friend, Alderman Foreman, so happily expresses it) was the annual Smoker. Resolved to outdo all others, particularly the hated Freshmen, they armed themselves with brass cymbals preparatory to attending the Smoker. The result was a tremendous triumph for the Eleven men,—no one else's yells or songs need have been uttered as far as their being heard was concerned. Great little idea, those cymbals, what?

P. S. THIS WAS THE LAST ARMOUR SMOKER HELD AT THE OLD TURNER HALL.

The success of the 1911 Freshman dance was repeated in this year with the addition of leather card case programs and a silken 1911 banner which was floated upward by a multitude of small balloons, revealed by a spot light. The man responsible for these doings and the Class' prominence along social lines in general was "Billy" Hills, the chairman of the social committee.

In a turbulent Class meeting a little later on this gentleman was chosen business manager and L. D. Kiley editor of the 1911 Integral.