

THE CYCLE.

Never through the whole year did the Freshmen shirk their work and at the end they were men. The Faculty of the School was proud of them and not until everything was over did these little Freshmen know that they had been a great factor in the life of the school that year and that they were destined to be a greater factor the following year. They now felt good that the dirty work of the Forge and Foundry was over with and that they were no longer Freshmen but Sophomores; thus in a happy frame of mind, they wended their way homeward for the summer holidays, some to work, some to travel, some to visit the "fair ones" but all with a feeling of loyalty to their class.

The school year of 1912-1913 opened up on the Ninth Day of September. Again the halls and stairways were crowded with 1915 men. The number had been greatly reduced, however, and only about one hundred and twenty were present. But, few as there were there was that same feeling of loyalty and independence in each man. They were now an organized crowd of fine manly young fellows and it was less than two weeks before they called a class meeting and started to get busy.

This first meeting was as famous as the other meeting, probably more so. Their old President, Strain, was back and had the honor of calling the meeting to order. When the nominations for the Presidency were opened there were only two men nominated; one was Harry Strain, the same old "Red," and the other was Jack McKeage, known most generally as "Mac." Nearly the whole hour was spent in electing one of these men. On the first ballot they split evenly but on the second ballot "Mac" beat "Red" out and a new President took the Chair. Herman Nebel was elected Treasurer and "Pinkie" Sherwood chairman of the social committee.

As Sophomores they showed more spirit and soon were letting the public know of their existence by painting large 15's around the school. The incoming Freshmen undertook to do something better, and pretty soon a high feeling of antagonism was in every one's veins. The Sophs however were supreme and not only placed a "15" flag where it couldn't be disturbed but were victorious in the "Foot-ball" game between the 15's and the 16's on the night of the smoker. Thus they will reign over the poor little Freshies forever.

The year is still young, and if the Sophomores carry out all their plans and intentions their name will go down in the history of the school. Now take it from me, my friend, when you hear that "Yea Fifteen," you want to take your hat off and stand silent until all is quiet again, because you are in the presence of a loyal bunch of followers of the Green and White flag of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen of the Armour Institute of Technology.