

Letters of A. Fresh to his Brother

Armour Institute, Nov. 21, 1912.

Dear Brother:

On my arrival here I found that they gave more work than I could comfortably digest, so I had to postpone writing to you. My Math Prof however, must have lost himself looking for a lost golf ball, for he did not show up today; accordingly I am able to devote the usual mathematical three hours to the writing of this epistle.

On Sept. 9, 1912, with much signing of papers and transference of paternal cash over the library table the class of 1916 was formally registered.

For a while we freshmen were knocked around as a reward for our greenness, but after our first class meeting on September 25th, we felt the strength of our numbers and let no one "hang it on" '16.

On September 27, at the annual Freshman Handshake, given by the local Y. M. C. A., we had our first view of the "terrible" (?) Sophs in a body. Hostilities were in the air and there was considerable preliminary cheering and "rough-housing." By the end of the evening, however, the cheerful influence of the "feed" and Prof. Smith's Pianologue had such a marked effect that no violence developed.

Our first chance to show the rest of the college that we were the biggest thing that ever happened at Armour came in the Inter-class baseball series. In our first game we snowed the Seniors under by a 16-6 score, but we lost the championship to the Juniors. Our fine showing gives us a chance of landing several varsity positions in the spring.

We repeated our baseball performance in the Inter-class track meet, when the Juniors, by dint of more experience, managed to nose us out by a three-point margin. '16 furnished the stars of the meet in Sullivan, Landis and Katzinger. You ought to have seen those three walk away from the rest of the field, Kid.

About three weeks ago the Sophs developed a mania for painting offensive "'15s" along the sidewalks and walls. For a while we let them enjoy themselves, but finally the artistic pride of some of my classmates was touched, and the night preceding the Freshman Smoker the '15s were mysteriously transformed into majestic '16s.

Smoker evening was on November 8. '16 certainly turned out for the occasion and kept the balcony safe from intruders. The program was introduced, now and then, but it did not interfere with the yelling. The most interesting number on the program was staged later on at Ogden Field. It was rather dark and stormy in that particular locality for a while and various Freshmen and Sophs are suspected of being responsible for the storm. It appears that the Sophs became wearied of being walked upon and sent in a riot call. After the police had been persuaded that the Sophs deserved all that they got, they (the police) returned to their downy cots.

In the Inter-class basketball series, just finished, we once more took second place to the Juniors. However, several of our men will undoubtedly land places on the Tech team.