

THE CLASSES

concerned, and it was this spirit which placed Katzinger, McDonnell, Sullivan, Wilcox and Broman on the varsity basketball team, Katzinger and McDonnell on the champion baseball team, and Katzinger, Sullivan, Landis and Alter on the track team.

A fine record, you say, but "are you going to the Freshman Dance?" "Yes and I hear its going to be some dance." Right oh, old chap, it was some dance. It was given in the Louis XIV room of the Hotel Sherman, and if you can conceive or have anyone conceive of any dance that can compare with it,—well, you're some conceivers, that's all. Incidentally, the Social Committee reported a deficit of some odd \$\$ as a result of the affair but it was some dance.

The other class dances, the Home Concert and the Junior Play did *not* lack the support of the Frosh, however, for their school spirit was always apparent.

The "Class" gladly contributed to the resources of John D. Rockefeller (What do you mean, burn midnight oil) and '16 may be considered as quite a scholarly class. We hope that this will not spoil the good points enumerated heretofore.

PART II. ONE YEAR LATER.

With the same spirit which characterized the brilliant start made at Armour, though in a vastly greater degree, the "Class" started its second year.

It was evident that the other classes would "Let the Sophs do it," confident of at least a duplication of the successes which had signalized the first year.

And so they did it up brown. In the latter part of September, at the reorganization of the "Class," that peppery clan of Civils, Sullivan, McHugh and Alter, worked into the presidency, vice-presidency and social chairmanship respectively, while with Hill as Secretary and Grasse as Treasurer, the fortunes of the class of 1916 were guided by able hands.

To start things, in track '16 virtually ran away with the rest of the field. The baseball series following was lost by one point to '17, and the basketball series resulted in another sweeping victory for the "Class," which gave her the athletic championship of the Institute.

Quite proudly, the "Class" did the honors at the handshake. Soon after, it was reminded of its childhood days, for once more the beautiful "16" adorned railroad trestles, sidewalks and the Beanery. But alack and alas! Our works of art did not appeal to the low-brows of the Frosh, and an ugly "17" was smeared over the ever-shining "16." This only brought new honors to the "Class." In the role of a stern parent reproving her child, she descended upon the minions of "17" and administered a most sound spanking.

Then back to the integrations of Campbell and the physics of "dat der Duff guy." Terrible as these monsters appeared, they did not completely devour the "Class," and her scholarly record remained untarnished.

Now to athletics. What would the basketball team be without Katzinger, Sullivan, Wilcox and Broman and the track squad without Alter, Katzinger, Wilcox and Sullivan? Could the baseball team exist without Katzinger, McHugh and Wilcox? No! emphatically no!