

Junior Class History

History relates that back in the bright crisp days of September 1912 "the class" was born. That our path to the *Land* of the *Diploma* would not be a rosy one was early predicted by the despised Sophs of '15, and the snares and pitfalls laid by agents of the Fulcrum, Cycle, and the Y.M. made the Sophs' prediction loom up large. But, even then, our secret egotism told us that we were better than anything that Armour had ever seen; pride surged in our breasts; and the babbling gossip of the air was early perfumed with our precocious titterings, laudatory of the famous and to be more famous Nineteen-Sixteen.

In a spicy contest and by prearrangement with the Architects, "Ed" Pierre, now incorporated in the ranks of the Seniors, was chosen to lead us through our infant days. To see our beautiful '16 in the concrete was our first hope and desire, and it was not long before, well suffice to say that our first eventful scene led straight to an early conquest (also over fences and gates) and we succeeded in erasing any stigma the sophomoric superstition attached to our own '16. Our aggregation of athletic stars captured second places in the baseball, track, and basket-ball series and showed that they were "comers". Coach John saw many a welcome face for the varsity teams, and we see the class well represented in the athletic sports. Our dance was the most gorgeous and grandest dance ever given by an Armour class, and although it gorgeously clipped some odd \$\$ from the treasury, we agree with the fickle Goddess of Fussdom—"It was just simply wonderful". Being freshmen, our capacity for attending fraternity smokers was taxed and "the class" mixed pretty well. Some studied. Bading a freshman banquet farewell and dressing up in a nobby English suit, we tangoed back as Sophomores.

"Sully" Sullivan was our next leader and lead us he did. Our basket-ball and track teams looked good from the start, and bore out our hope by winning the class championships. "Sully," "Art" Alter, "Art" Katzinger, "Long John" Broman won their "A" emblems. Our sophomoric advancement carried with it a broadening out into other fields. "Mac" McHugh was appointed managing editor of the Fulcrum, C. Lawrence Bolte ably led the Mandolin Club, and the Glee Club saw us with no small representation. "Art" Katzinger was secretary of the Board of Athletic Control, and Sullivan and Katzinger were elected to captain the varsity track and basketball teams.

Our Junior year sees us among the bright lights as every true and naughty Junior should. The Hon. "General" Grasse was selected to light the new mantle of upperclassmanship and we began to make things hum. Our Social Committee worked with a vengeance and gave us two wonderful dances at which to perfect the Fox Trot, etc. Through the efforts of Katzinger, members of the winning class teams were presented with bronze fobs. Thus spurred on, "the Class" captured the basket-ball and baseball championships, and were nosed out by one point, in the track meet. The Tech basket-ball team saw new faces, in addition to Sullivan, Katzinger, and Wilcox, in the persons of Abrams, Broman, and the irrepressible "Rabbit" Mouat. The Cycle, the Fulcrum, the Mandolin Club, and the Rooters' Association have been successfully managed by certain members of "the Class," and with this, in line with our other achievements, we have so developed ourselves that upon our return next year, the cloak of imposing Seniorism will fit perfectly.