

## The Class of 1917

It seems that it was but yesterday that we first found out to "Remove Hats" on entering the Institute. A great day that was—the day of the formation of our class, and quite a thrill it was for each of us, looking for one familiar face among a bunch of strange ones.

These faces did not remain strange to each other for a very long time. By the Friday following, the night of the Freshman Handshake, the class of 1917 was fairly well organized. We had several impromptu yells on deck that evening, which were welcomed by the upper classmen and gloomed upon by our enemies, the Sophs.

To be a bit versatile and different from the rest, we decided to have white jersey sweater coats, with our colors, blue and gold, on the arm bands, as insignia of our organization. Previous to that time white hats had been in order and our radical movement caused much comment. Since then we have all matured somewhat and the sweaters are rather small for the individuals, but the spirit of the affair still exists.

Needless to say we were all primed for the night of November 7, 1913—the Freshman Smoker. Several days previous to that time, the simple emblem '17 seemed to be written on every available fence and sidewalk around 33rd. and the "tracks." And when the time came, we marched to the Midway and walloped the Sophs. in a grand and glorious rush. But now to shed a tear, as '18 did us up brown the year following. As for newspaper publicity, it certainly was not lacking the next morning.

We ended up our freshman career by giving a most beautiful dance at the Colonial Club. This dance was the last one of the "money no object" dances to be given by an Armour class. The programs, we will say, were never surpassed at Armour and the mortgage that was held on the same for several years following, is now entirely paid up.

During the Sophomore year, we contributed generally to school activities, but when it came to making a big noise, we were entirely absent. The reason was The Physics Course which is taken for the "first" time during the Second year.

Ah! The Junior year—When we thought of that we almost shivered for there were such dire responsibilities ahead of us. These were work, Junior Week and the Cycle. Mighty near had to dig down in our jeens to get that good book off of our hands, but it came through with but a few scratches. Surely no one can ever forget our little old last year's play "Tech Days". Remember that was the time Stew Miller attempted to sing and the stage hand tried to "pick up" our girl 'Ole Andren'. Then came our Circus Day, with it's German U boat of Bobbie Burns' along with a dozen or so of Igorotes. Yes and we had a Junior Prom at the La Salle that was mentioned in the society columns of the Day Book, a prominent newspaper in Chicago.

And at last we struck the home stretch, the times when Freshmen go out of their way to say Hello to you. They tried hard to make lawyers out of our dear old classmates, but ended up by giving us all "A's" and bidding us a fond farewell.

The old class is going to be materially broken up very soon, but may its spirit ever prevail; and may we get together in the years that come and talk of the days when we got together every day; of the days when 1917 was a watchword.