

## Sophomore Class History

...

WE have burned much oil. We have burned much gas. Yes, our electric light bills are high. The stairways have fairly shivered under our constant migration to the roof garden of the fifth floor even as did our knees shake as we entered school on that memorial first day. But oh! boh! what is the attraction on the fifth floor. Can it be a menagerie that we crave to see, or is it a mad rush for gold? No, it could not be either of these. It is rather a place where the young energetic student learns the difference between a marine cross-head and a lamp shade. He becomes imbued with the higher thoughts of a drafting room. Now we have it; a drafting room, Dr. Ried's noted emporium, with its ever blinking lights and all its working models that need continuous oiling. Fellow students, hear us. Is not this sufficient enticement for our terrible stampede to the drawing room observatory? Yes we struggled diligently through this for one whole year and now what is our reward? Merely that we are sophomores, and we have just handed you the usual Freshman line of "bunk."

"Little", they don't seem to know who we are yet. What about introducing ourselves. Show the school that we are the only live class in it. Perhaps some of those other classes will be able to answer us. Now all together just as we used to do last year.

Son—of—a—gun  
 Son—of—a—gun  
 I—9—2—I

It was with this spirit that we started right off on the word go at the beginning of the school year. However, we did not continue long as a class but instead joined the ranks of the S. A. T. C. to become a part of the great American Army. Many of our fellows, urged on by the patriotic spirit of war, joined other branches of the service, a number becoming officers. In other words the class as a body fell into step with the nation, each doing his bit. But army life was soon brought to a close and we settled down to the old routine of a college career.

Although our class was somewhat depleted to commence with, we did hesitate to organize immediately. Our first class meeting was held on December 31, 1918, when we elected Mr. T. Michels as President. He is one of those regular Armour men ably directing the affairs of his class and also taking part in all the school activities. Mr. L. Scotford was elected Vice-President at the same meeting and F. Hayden and J. Sanger were elected Treasurer and Secretary respectively. Through the efforts of these officers most of the brilliant showing of the class must be attributed.

The sophomore basketball team was composed of Michels, Rosendal, Anderson, the Stechlow brothers, and Nudleman. Under the careful guidance of Anderson the team did exceptionally fine playing. They did not exactly defeat all comers but the juniors had to step some to beat them. The organization of a baseball team is now on foot and the material looks mighty good. If you don't believe it ask "Fred."

The big social event of the year, though, was the Sophomore Dance held in the Black Cat Room at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. Some "Hop" with nifty programs n'everything. The large turn-out all joined in step with the peppy music rendered by one of Robert's orchestras. To Pfaffin with the other trusty members of his social committee belongs the credit.