



Four years ago on a bright September morning, the members of the class of 1920 assembled at Thirty-third and Federal sts., to begin their college careers and fit themselves for the upper positions in life. Totally unconscious of the obstacles that lay in our paths and gazing bewilderedly at the surroundings we timidly entered the portals of the Institute whose name to us now seems immortal. We registered and then work began.

We soon organized as a class and from the very beginning set out to break all records. First came the Freshman Handshake in which the upper classmen assured us that we were as welcome as water on the Sahara; not failing to remind us of the fact that a Freshman-Sophomore sack rush would give us an opportunity of displaying our athletic ability. The Sophomores however, little realized what they were confronting until that good natured scramble took place in a vacant lot near the school. From that time until the end of our career at Armour Institute, we have been feared by the athletes of all classes. Other events of the year were the Freshmen dance at the LaSalle Hotel and the smoker which followed our victorious sack-rush.

After sailing on the high seas for a year, we felt like veterans in September of 1917, when our Sophomore year began. Nevertheless sad to relate, a few of our sailors were ship-wrecked, and remained behind, thereby leaving a smaller crew to guide the "1920 Ship."

The Sophomore class organized and another pleasant year began. Occasionally a mate was stranded, but he managed to pull out all right in the end, and the ship sailed on. The Sophomore dance was held at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, and all who were present had a mighty good time. In athletics we performed the customary act of winning with ease.

The third year was our most important one at the Institute. The first part of it was broken up by the S. A. T. C., and other military works, during which time many of our class mates answered their call to the colors and reflected honor upon the class.