

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

The following letter, written by an Armour Junior to an old friend, seems to include about all of the class history. It has pleased us so well in fact, that we are substituting it in place of the usual formal statement of events.

April, 1920
Armour "Tech".
Chicago, Ills.

Dear Jim:

Well, old boy, I've just heard where you're located after leaving Armour last spring and I'm writing you "immejittly." So you're a regular business man, eh? Fine stuff, altho it's too bad in a way, for we'd have had some glorious times together as we did in the old days.

Do you remember that hot morning back in September '17 when we first entered the old school as Freshmen? Proud? Well I'll say we were! And will you ever forget that first Freshman Handshake when Dr. Gunsaulus and Professor Wilcox gave us those talks on Armour Spirit. We learned "Upward and Onward" then too, and first rapped out "Arch Mech."

Some time later we elected good old Bell president, and he served us right well, too. We gave our dance that year at the Hyde Park Hotel, and 'twas some affair. The baseball team didn't turn out so well, tho, for we were trimmed by all the other classes. We really worked as Freshmen, and many was the afternoon when we slowly circled around Professor Read's stronghold, and many was the night we perspired over Algebra and "Analyt." But we pulled thru somehow, didn't we?

So the first year came to an end, and during the summer, Uncle Sam decided to establish the S. A. T. C. at Armour. Glory be, Jim, but will you ever forget the excitement of that first month; the talks with Captain Kannally, the physical exams, and the final enlistment on October 1st. Dr. Gunsaulus gave us a mighty inspiring talk that day, and for about twenty-four hours, the army life seemed fine. But when we began to drill, and the Sergeants put us to scrubbing floors, and we had inspections and injections:—well, Jim, I'll say we sang another song. It wasn't really so bad, tho, and the regular hours and meals, to say nothing of the exercise, did us a lot of good.

We thought we were surely going overseas until the Huns finally gave up and we had Armistice day. We'll remember it forever, I guess. The cars were going Loopward at two o'clock in the morning and by nine Captain Kannally and the Deans had relented, and we had our time to ourselves. We went downtown together, Jim, and had a regular debauch. Free meal and everything. After all, tho, things slackened up a bit as we knew we'd never get overseas, and we were finally discharged on December 12. Gee, what a "grand and glorious feelin'" that was. You didn't have to salute a soul, you could sleep till P. X. if you wished, and best of all, you could climb back into your beloved civies.

Well, at the beginning of the year, we had elections and Tom Michels, our beloved sergeant, became president. We held our dance at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in the Black Cat room sometime in March. Our baseball team was fair, for we beat the Frosh twice, but somehow, the Juniors were too much for us. May 23 came none too soon for we were all rather tired after the general melee caused by the S. A. T. C.

Then, Jim, you left us, and you can jolly well be sorry, for we've had the best year ever. For one thing, you missed a Junior's privilege of riding on the elevator, which is a right sight better than climbing stairs.