



## SOPHOMORE HISTORY

We are the Class of 1924.

We are the Sophomores.

We are the Freshmen of yesterday.

We are the Juniors of tomorrow.

We are the Seniors sometime.

We hold that all men are created equal—except the Sophomores.

We are what we are by divine right—the divine right of those who passed us last year.

We stand for three things—Supremacy, Superiority, and the Star Spangled Bannner.

We are supposed to have a history—we have none, for history is dead, and we are not dead.

We hold ourselves guiltless of our past—we were Freshmen before we knew it.

We had an unlucky start—the first day in class was the 13th.

We have soared to great heights—we are now privileged to occupy the balcony instead of the main floor at assemblies.

We have class spirit—and it's not a ghost, either.

We wanted to cap the Freshmen—we capped the climax by trying to get permission to do it.

We have made an enviable record in athletics.

We hold the championship in interscholastic basketball.

We have eight good reasons for being proud of our team—Gardner, Spaid, McLaren, Ciha, Zaleweski, Olsen, Farrell, and Ruddiman.

We have more than just a good team—we had good subs.

We have four men on the Varsity team—McLaren, Spaid, Witashkis, and Farrell.

We hope that other forms of class athletics will be adopted—so we can win them, too.

We did not hold a dance last year—that was unavoidable.

We did hold a dance this year—that was unforgettable.

We held it at the La Salle, February 17th—and saw what the other fellow's girl looked like.

We have raised the price of tuition and Spaid to the Presidency.

We have the best indication of prosperity—a smiling treasurer.

We have more votes than we can count—when two hundred ballots are received from one hundred and twenty voters.

We possess—the noisiest architects, the most breakable chems, the most sparkling elects, the most uncivil civs, the most mechanical mechs, and the only co-ed on the campus.

We have accomplished much—and failed less.

We have high aspirations—next year we can use the elevator.

We have only two regrets—the Juniors don't appreciate us, and the Seniors won't stand for us.

We hope to live long—long enough to graduate.

