



## CLASSES

### The Sophomore Diary

I, being egotistic, keep a diary, wherein I voice my hopes, my present feelings, and my past accomplishments; for I am a Sophomore, and I take all things, even diaries, seriously. So it is that I have a record of the two years that are passed—my own record, and one which none shall alter, for it was written for my eyes to read, my mouth to speak, and my heart to understand; and being the record of Sophomores *by* a Sophomore, who shall dare refute its inner subtleties, its learned wisdom, and its undeniable veracity?

I quote—

*"September 12, 1921.—*Yes, this is a day that Armour shall recall with justifiable pride. With two hundred eager, hopeful, ambitious young men as my companions, I entered the Armour Institute of Technology and paid my first tuition fee."

*"September 28, 1921—Midnight.—*My first experience at a 'Handshake.' I am sincerely beginning to believe that the osculatory form of greeting, even among men, may be a more desirable method than the present one. However, a sore wrist is only a souvenir of a good time."

*"December 7, 1921.—*I am considering that a serious endeavor on my part would place me among the ranks of truly great actors. After my performance this evening in the Frosh Frolic, I am convinced that I am losing money by going to school."

*"April 21, 1922.—*Or rather, I should date this the twenty-second, for it is long after midnight, the girl is safely home, the taxi bill is paid, and before I drop off to sleep, let me stay awake just long enough to tell you, dear Diary, that our Freshman dance at the La Salle was more than a mere *dance*—it was a triumph!"