

## Senior Class History

Class histories, like editorials and eighty-thirty classes, seem necessary evils for which no one has yet found a successful antidote, and so we seem obliged to endure them from generation to generation, until we come to consider them as essential part of our graduation ritual; in fact, no education is complete without them.

So we have browsed around through past copies of the "Cycle" and the "Engineer," and have regretted—too late, alas!—that our contributions to those publications were not a little more, let us say, "effusive." We have endeavored to separate the wheat from the chaff (one being the activities of our own class, and the other, the activities of the rest of the school), and we are at a loss to decide whether our portion is the wheat or the chaff. (For, if there is an outstanding characteristic of our class, it is that we are not intense individualists, but rather that we seem to move very much as a body with the other classes.) Perhaps it is well that our aim has not been merely, "*This* for the Class of '24!" but rather, "*This* for Armour!"

However, we do not desire to give the impression that we have been lacking in strong individuals. As we look back through these recent years, or thumb the pages of the present Senior class pictures with the accompanying neatly inscribed "epitaphs," we see names and faces that are undoubtedly outstanding ones in the school history of the last four years.

We see Spaid and McLaren starring all over the place in various athletic and executive positions; we have visions of Pierce and Beckwith eternally crossing the street and climbing three floors to the "Engineer" office; and of Stiehl vibrating between the Art Institute and the "Cycle" office, with Ruddiman counting the money, Blumenthal the photos, and Thoelecke the typographical errors. We see Farrell, now in athletics, now business-managing and again we recall assemblies with Douglas leading and playing all instruments in the band, which strangely reminds us of Barrett conducting class meetings and dances. When the dust clears away from the marching host of the aforesaid celebrities, we recall among the athletic ranks that veteran of pitchers, Andrzelczyk, and Al Joseph; and Terry, joining our ranks to put over the baskets, with Heller and Berry rounding off the track scores. Indeed, we might continue our "Who's Who" indefinitely, but there are other parts of the book where they are all given especial consideration. Particularly are to be noted those who, with less ostentation, perhaps, but with as great sincerity of purpose, have taken the coveted keys that are a mark of what, after all, is one of our principal activities—high scholarship.

But to demonstrate that we were not addicted entirely to books and high averages, we had the honor in our Junior year of inaugurating a Junior Formal, when dress suits replaced flannel shirts, and fair young creatures in evening gowns frightened away the customary brief cases for an evening.

And although we held no inter-class dancing contests, we have, in the sphere of inter-class athletics, the one instance to recall of our championship in basketball in the Sophomore year.

Nor can we consider this history complete, without recalling that far from the spectacles of class dances and athletic victories, honor keys and letters, yet withal very closely associated with these things, there stands the name of the late Doctor Gunsaulus; for ours was the rare privilege to be the last of the classes to enter the Institute under his leadership, and although we regret that our contact was destined to be so quickly terminated, we know well, nevertheless, that the spirit and the ideals he instilled in us, and that have since been so ably perpetuated by our President and our Dean, cannot fail to remain with us as we leave our Alma Mater to face new problems and, we trust, new achievements.

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