



W. DAVID ALLEN

## THE CLASS OF '28

"...full of wise saws and modern instances."

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Four years in prospect seems an age—in retrospect, only a short season. As we entered Armour, graduation day seemed a long distance off, with mountains of mathematics and physics intervening. The mountains, as we approached, were found to have fairly smooth slopes, with many pleasant valleys between them, in which we gamboled and wasted our (as we look back on them now) precious minutes.

As Freshmen we were exceedingly green, in fact, our verdure closely matched the lower slopes of those mountains of quizzes, fraternity rushing, class organization, and sophomoric braggadocianism that towered above us. One of the first sign boards that we came to instructed us to "boil, filter, and wash", an unknown operation in our limited experience. Came rushing and its attendant joys and subsequent troubles, new friends, new environments, a change in which we acquired a certain polish over our former uncouth exteriors. And then as we reached the top—the mountains of physics and calculus stretched before us, with a deep valley between. In haste we tore down the slopes, to bathe and rest ourselves in the pools of the Freshman Informal and the Class Rush. How we annihilated the Sophs and left Ogden Field a scene of carnage.

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Forty-four

Our constant companion as we struggled up those mountains of physics was a torment in the form of a billy-goat who ba-a-a-ed at us continually. And at the top was an intricate maze of queer antique mechanisms that was labeled "Physics Lab", through which we wearily struggled. At last the top—Sophomores—with the world of Freshmen at our feet—puny individuals who dared to speak to us occasionally in whining whispers! That next valley was a scene of chaos, however, for the contemptible Froshheims descended on our valiant few in overwhelming numbers and scattered them and the sacks to the four winds. Great were the lamentations. Even Stanley could