difficult task to lay off a fifteen-degree angle. It was in the drawing room that the first class officers were decided upon, and this has ever since been the hotbed for political influence.

Many of us remember the themes we were compelled to write at this time, and the ability we developed in expanding our ideas and enlarging our handwriting to cover the requisite number of eight by ten sheets.

Taking it all together our Freshman work was rather dry and uninteresting, but then we had been taught that this grind was necessary for the foundation and timbering of our structure, and that the clapboards and moulding would come at the proper time.

All men, although they may be loath to acknowledge it, look back upon their Freshman year and wonder how they passed through that period without realizing their innocence. Only those who have had this experience, get the full force of the statement, "Every man must be a Freshman." Nevertheless we probably obtained more enjoyment from this year than from those which have followed it. The very fact that we were innocent and had not taken on our present sophistication allowed us to find enjoyment in artless little acts which we should now consider far beneath our dignity. It is during this year only that you will hear of men being compelled to change their residence as a penalty for having too good a time. So quiet a man as Williams was gently helped to move out. If you were to ask him about it to-day, he would probably lay it to his hilarious friends and disclaim all responsibility. Libby also had to move but then Libby moved because he wanted to get into town, nearer his work. These excuses remind us of the men who leave Tech on account of their poor health.

Our class was a model in some ways, even in the Freshman year. Since our entrance you have not heard anything about trips to Moon Island; we never advertised that our General would eat a bale of hay; nor have we ever considered greased pigs as necessary to the success of the Drill.

It was during this year that the final attempt was made to continue the custom of giving a dinner to the Senior class. Our numbers were thoroughly canvassed and the Junior plead eloquently: "Come out and meet the Faculty. It will pay you to get acquainted with them. The price is a little high, but then it comes only once a year, and you will appreciate it more." Then he would wind up by saying impressively, "The custom must be continued." The Seniors came to a man and the affair was a great success so far as they were concerned; those of us who attended have no reason to complain.

The beginning of the Sophomore year found us again congregated in Rogers corridor, but this time we belonged to the handshaking, happy crowd, while the Freshmen stood around in the outer circles trying to appear at home and look natural, just as we had done the year before. It seemed good to have some one to look down upon, and it came natural to magnify the height of the plane from which we made our observations. Cultivating the eccentricities of a genius and assuming a patronizing air, we surely exhibited an appearance of wisdom far beyond our years. As we have progressed farther, we have lost all contempt for those below us; and now as Seniors we are, perhaps, more gracious to a Freshman than to a man of any other class.

We now separated into the special work of the different courses, and our studies became more interesting. Three times each week we congregated to take our dose of Physics. We appreciated this opportunity for meeting as a class again, and also enjoyed the lectures. The examinations were rigid enough to excite due reverence for the subject. Descriptive Geometry caused us some trouble, and we never yet have seen the necessity of drawing a pretty cone and then spoiling the