During the past four years Technology has been our world, and we played in her history no insignificant part, but rather a role both brilliant and important. We rejoice that Ninety-six has stood for everything progressive, responded spontaneously to kindness and interest, recognized merit, and abhorred and repulsed mean and underhand methods. We are proud to count the number of representative men in our ranks who have been with us from the beginning; men whose influence has been for the good and the advancement of Technology interests.

These have been the underlying principles of the class of Ninety-six, and by means of them we leave for the benefit of posterity a history that will ever be a tradition among future classes, and will be held up as a model by future faculties.

Well— all histories have a beginning; I must revert to the memorable day when the members of Ninety-six, as verdant freshmen, first climbed the stone steps of "Old Rogers" and gazed admiringly on the supposed onyx pillars that support the ceiling of the now well-known corridor. But the veil was soon to be removed from the inviting aspect of the Institute, and together with other things we were to learn that these beautiful pillars were a plaster of Paris deception that could support a load of 25,000 pounds to the square inch according to the very reliable G. Lanza.

The unusual splendor of this September day of four years ago (now that I recall it, it was raining water in the spheroidal state) ominously bespoke the advent of the class of Ninety-six which was destined to reign at the Institute for four years, and then to occupy in future ages the place of honor in the memory of Technology.

Apropos of the seas running outside, we were plunged into a sea of tabular views, attendance cards, upper classmen, and signboards. Who, therefore, could blame us if, overawed by the nonchalance of the Sophs, we handed our wet umbrellas to the Bird point foremost, and received that bewitching smile with which she can throw down the most presumptuous Freshman.

The first marshalling of our forces was in Huntington Hall, where it was announced that a certain lank individual would tell us fairy tales about drawing instruments, triangles, and T squares. The mandatory style was typically Fauncy, and so we bought our instruments where he suggested, regardless of price, thus adding greatly to his exchequer. Our next excursion was to the chemical laboratory, otherwise known as the Freshman's Hope Repository, and where old "Immediately" says with the poet, "Leave hope behind who enter here."

As the weeks passed by, some of the mysteries of the Institute were revealed to us; we began to suspect that Chapel was not a place of worship, and that the Bird did not have wings. Even some of us began to put chapel contributions in conspicuous places in our expense accounts, to the great delight of the folks at home.

Through the kindness of the Faculty, the hero of the battle of Wounded Knee was placed at our disposal in the optional course of Military Science. I say optional, for those who did not care to wear the brass buttons were able to get doctors' certificates at two dollars a head or twenty dollars a dozen from a well-known physician on the avenue. The result was that thirty-five per cent of the class were found to be physically incapable of bearing arms, much to the regret of our instructor, who remarked one day that strange to say many of the disabled men were our most prominent athletes.

Notwithstanding the number of disabled men in the class, we turned out in sufficient numbers to win our first cane rush. Oh! the excitement of our first rush, and how our hearts beat as the Sophomore wedge bore down on our little phalanx about the cane. As row upon row of us was torn from the bunch, we became as fiends incarnate, and soon the usual number of men, stripped to the waist, their shirts hid in the bosom of some combatant, appeared in the center of the rush and sought retaliation. But at last it was over, and we had won, and our joy knew no bounds, although many of us had to wend our way homewards incased in empty barrels for reasons best known to ourselves.

Shortly after the rush came the annual indoor athletic meeting, at which Ninety-six won twice as many points as any of the other classes, and commenced the new era in athletics at the Institute. Hurd, Rockwell, and Bakenhus, the men who brought Technology's name to the front at Worcester in 1894, won their first prizes in these games.

There was also the Republican torchlight parade where we marched without regard for our political proclivities. After the march we met the boys in crimson from across the Charles, and though they outnumbered us three to one, yet many of us have parts of their garments in the way of souvenirs hanging in our rooms. Just about this time we learned the art of sign swiping, and woe to the window whose