sign contained an M, an I, or a T. It usually lost a letter during some dark night.

All our nonsense disappeared, however, with the opening of the Semies, and then we went home for a much-needed vacation. The fates were very propitious to us, and nearly all our four hundred returned for a second trial in the great struggle for existence the ensuing term.

The fall of '93 saw great changes in the class, when we met as Sophomores on the steps of old Rogers. Deducting those who had gone into business or had decided to go abroad, there was only half of the four hundred left. But we were the flower of the flock, and we electrified the upper classmen by the easy manner with which we ignored the Freshman and deciphered our Tabular Views. This was the first time that we really knew what choice of course meant, and in a great many instances those who had been boon companions parted to pursue the study of their respective professions.

The first event of any importance in the Sophomore year was the Freshman class meeting, which we ran so smoothly that our famous first marshal was elected president of the Freshies, and was instructed to send a note to the Sophs announcing that the Freshmen were their most humble servants. When we were finally ejected from the class meeting and an inventory taken, it was found that one of the massive doors of this historic hall was torn from its hinges. The bill which our treasurer received from the bursar was duly paid.

The class election, which lasted for days and nights, saw one of the bitterest fights that was ever waged between two class factions, brought all of our best men to the front, and for the second time that year was our most worthy first marshal elected a class president.

As the weeks sped by the members of our class began to assume prominent places in the Institute’s societies and organizations; many of our “Ink-slingers” were elected to the Board of Editors of The Tech, and the two Johnnies, Rockwell, and Manahan showed themselves to be the mainstays of our football eleven. No one who ever saw the old full-back sprint down the field with the pigskin under his arm, after catching a long punt, will forget Rockwell, who would sell his soul to defeat Brown. And many a time in my memory has he covered thirty yards of the gridiron to score a touchdown that has lowered the colors of the men from Providence.

We have established many precedents at Technology, but the first and most important one was our defeat of the Freshman in both the football game and cane rush of ’93. This was the first time that a Sophomore class had been strong enough to win both events from the Freshman. Besides these victories, our flag waved gallantly over the South End grounds, and we stole the only pair of climbing irons that the Freshman could secure. How many times at our memorable class dinners have we lovingly kissed those canes and climbers,—trophies of our victories.

The “Semies” came and went, and the only thing worthy of mention was the fact that the Lion flunked fifty-one per cent of the class in “Descrip.” Just about this time we became the recipients of the far-famed Tech Faculty notices which range from form A to form G; the last of which says that “Unless you immediately deviate from the downward path, even though unwillingly, Technology must lose a bright star from its firmament.” The faculty was obliged to recognize that the standard set by Ninety-six was so high that only the bright men could continue on its rolls as regular students.

The spring of '94 saw that bright meteor, the Varsity baseball nine, flash across Tech’s horizon and sink into darkest oblivion, which, we hope, will never allow it to reappear. We have one consolation, namely, that not a Ninety-six man was allowed to play on the nine, their rivals, Ninety-five, being in control.

Ninety-six’s interests were all centered in the New England Intercollegiate Athletic meeting at Worcester, in which we were about to compete for the first time, and which we won handily, to the great astonishment of the college world. The points were nearly all won by Ninety-six men, especially by our great quarter-miler Rockwell, and by our famous “timber-topper” Hurd. Our defeats at Worcester in the last two years are due mainly to the fact that these two men were unable to train for the track team.

As you may see, this Sophomore year was an important one for the clear old class, and its list of victories will never be equaled. No one could therefore object to the lordly air that we assumed as Juniors when we returned in the fall. All the positions of prominence in Tech institutions were held by members of our class. In athletics, in the musical clubs, and in the literary organizations we were the leaders, and successful ones at that.

Our committee conducted the most famous junior week that has ever been held at Tech, and the Ninety-six “Technique” surpassed all its predeces-