however, the influence, of the many important positions since held by our historian has reacted strongly, and to-day we leave a history only the greater for his endeavors. I take pleasure in introducing Mr. Lester Durand Gardner.

Mr. Gardner:—

I am indeed proud to be the historian of the Class of '98. Throughout its career at M. I. T. it has stood for all that is good, all that is true, all that is honorable, all that is manly. In the last four years many events have occurred which have left their deep imprints on Technology. Through these '98 has passed, ever striving to assist its Alma Mater, ever lending its undergraduate support. The history of the Class is well known to us all, but I am sure we will be glad to lay before our friends the glorious record of deeds and victories of '98.

Our class life has been remarkably free from any disturbing elements, forgetting, of course, the memorable Freshman dinner of the class of Umphly Umphit, which the papers so inaptly called "dry." The spirit of good fellowship and unity has grown and developed, until now you see us the best of good fellows, a perfect unit, at least as regards work.

The entrance of '98 into M. I. T. was celebrated by great pyrotechnics on the part of the Bird and Bursar; otherwise it was uneventful. The Secretary was not quite as cordial in his reception as we afterwards learned he might have been. When we started in to examine ourselves we were pleased to discover what a fine lot of infants we were. Big Baby Ulmer had not yet deserted short pants. We simply begged Freddy Twombly to give up his kilts. Zimmerman was still using the bottle. What an improvement!

Our first meeting together was of the customary belligerent nature. But with the assistance of the anti-English High School clique we managed to keep '97 in her place. How memorable were those first meetings when Smith stood on this platform and tried to show us the good points of his constitution. I can clearly remember how the budding politicians tried to deliver orations. Politics has always been a favorite pastime of our class. I might say, however, that this was before President Winslow exerted his powerful influence as a "Boss" of Course VII.

Our first cane rush was a great success, from their point of view. We were told that '97 had never won anything at M. I. T., so we took pity on them and gave them the rush, thanking our lucky stars to have escaped without the customary barrel episode.

At our first semiannual examinations some of us had to give up the good fight. Drill was ruining the health of some of our more delicate members. One man explained to a professor that he was leaving because the dentist said his eyes were weak. Others thought they had completed their course in the art of polite correspondence with the Secretary.

The great joy of our Freshman year was our drill with Harvard. We have been fortunate in being associated with a man who is now showing the Spaniards at Santiago de Cuba the nature of a bluff, Capt. John Bigelow. Our company won with ease, and trailed the crimson of Fair Harvard through Engineering Alley, or what is the same thing, mud. The Class so appreciated the event that bronze medals were presented to the victorious company.

The Freshman year gave us good opportunity to judge the Class as a whole. In every branch of Technology life, in athletics, on the musical clubs, and on The Tech, '98 was not only an enthusiastic Freshman class, but it showed a spirit of loyalty to all affairs which has always been the foremost of our desires. But best of all, we have become chums, forming friendships that will last throughout our whole lives.

The first act of our Sophomore year was to provide the Freshman class with a full set of Sophomore officers, making the Bird queen. It was necessary to do this twice, as the ungrateful Freshmen were hard to satisfy. Shortly after this we wheeled the babies to the South End grounds, where they were vanquished by the largest beat in the history of the rush, 22 hands to 7. All honor to the light Football team which put up such a great fight against heavy odds. Deprived as they were of the six men that we had on the 'var-sity, they are all the more commendable.

Our Sophomore class dinner was a greater success than our first one, owing to the buoyant spirits shown by the members of the Pretzel Club. The athletic career of '98 during this year was one of continued victories. The baseball game was won by us with the fine score of 15 to 8. In the inter-class athletic contest our athletes were successful, and at the end of the year we were awarded the class championship of Technology. The Sophomore year contained many more events in which the men of '98 showed their possibilities. We had learned to be proud of them.

It was shortly after school closed that the class suffered a sad loss. The President of our Freshman and Sophomore years, William Montague Hall, was accidentally killed on his yacht. It is needless for me to eulogize him here. We all had close personal