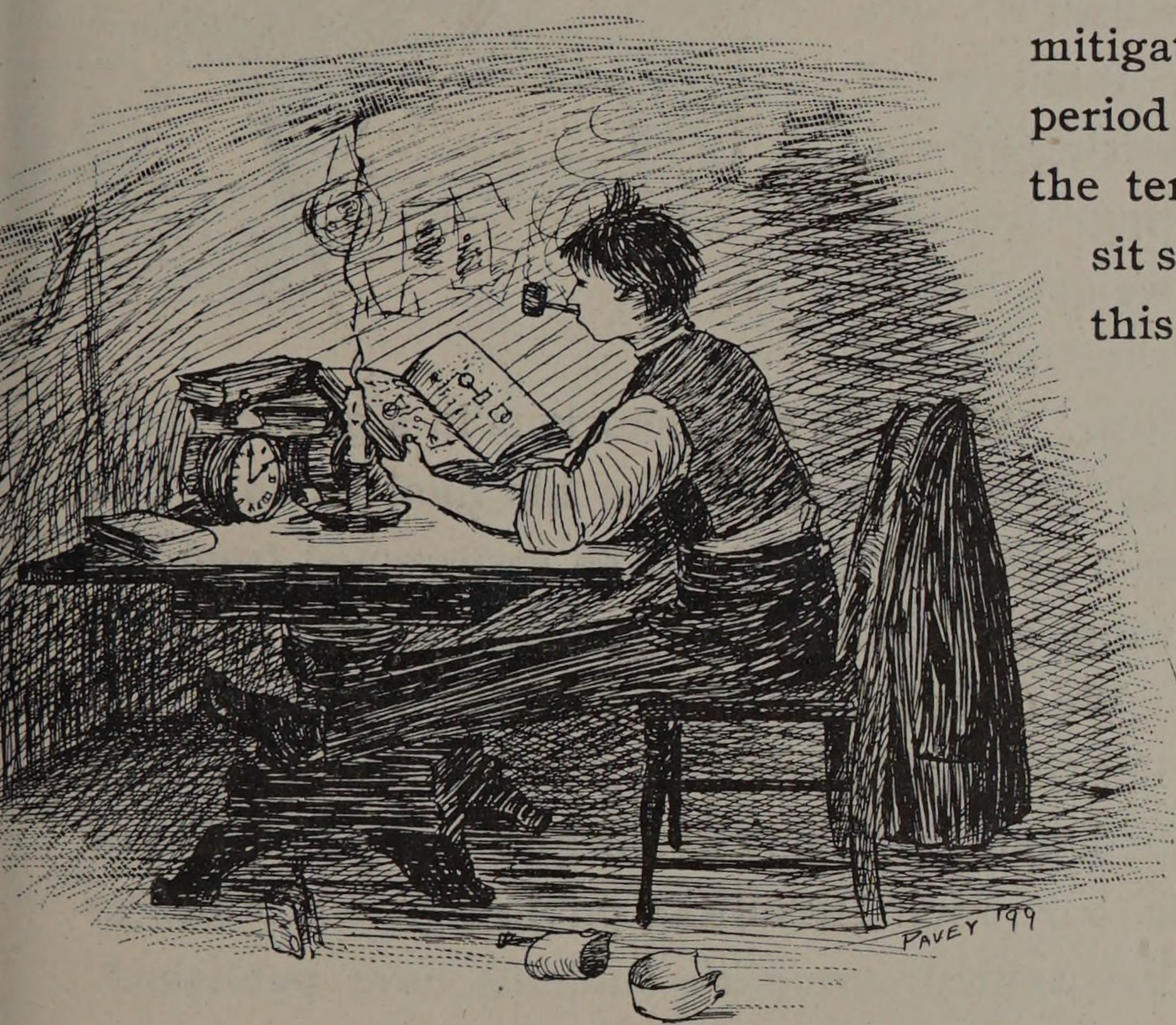


infinitesimal theory and empirical practice of the Boston-Tech-Faunce method of mechanical drawing.

The fall term that followed served to dove-tail us into a joint that needed no sawdust and glue to fill the cracks. We became as one, and since that time have acted as one. Let the future aspirant for such honors as '99 has gained note well this (.) point! During the three months of this term we became intimately acquainted with a certain instructor of mathematics who had a tendency to become "balled up," but, owing to the considerate treatment he received at our hands, did not become mixed more than an average of  $6\frac{1}{2}^*$  times per recitation period. In this short space of time, three months, we almost ceased to tremble at the sound of "Papa" H—ch's pompous voice. In point of fact, we began to have a suspicion that he was not as great a man as the President of the United States, and it commenced to be whispered around that the Board of Trustees had not given him a half interest in the school.



Christmas vacation was looked forward to with mitigated joy, for between us and that much needed period of rest lay a grim bogie man in the shape of the term examinations. '99, be it known, did not sit still and wait with trembling for the coming of this monster; but the gas company was notified to increase the capacity of its meters in the houses of its members, so that more light might be thrown on certain dark and intricate subjects. Many a time and oft, during that pre-examination period, that same old pre-exam. sally was indulged in, namely, that we were so anxious for the examinations to come that we staid up late nights simply to enjoy the pleasure of anticipation. It was rumored at a later

period that the class staid up so late those nights that when the examinations actually arrived it was too weary to do full justice to itself.

However that may be, we came back from the vacation with broad smiles on our faces, apparently as happy as if no such thing as a flunk existed on this mundane sphere, and congratulated one another on our varying successes in the aforesaid exams.

Time went on (as time will), and at intervals the monotony of the class-room was relieved by curtain-lectures, delivered by various professors, on the propriety of playing baseball with the furniture. Save these little diversions, the winter was composed of hard study and harder examinations. Each of the several professors always made it a point to impress upon us the importance, nay, the necessity, of devoting at least two hours each evening to his subject alone. Ninety-nine always loved to grant Prof's little whims, but owing to our unfortunate physical construction that demanded a minimum of two hours sleep out of each twenty-four, we were compelled not infrequently, to disappoint one or more of them. This is quoted as a feature of the winter term:

"'Tis not so, oh, sad, sad thing to tell,  
This is a feature of every term as well."  
ANONYMOUS.

In the joyous spring term, '99 showed itself to be a power that would never have to stand defeat in Armour Institute of Technology athletics. The Field Day of '96 was composed of a series of monumental victories for us.

\*Kindness of the class statistician.