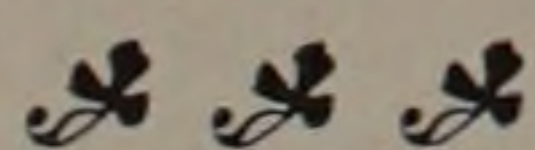


Class of 1901



IMI IN PRIMIS ARDUUM VIDETUR RES GESTAS SCRIBERE.

It seems to me especially hard to write history. And the difficulties which confronted Sallus are increased many fold, when there is no history to write. He complained of the troubles of writing of "acts accomplished," and enlarged upon the glory to be gained by the historian's achievement.

How much greater, then, must be the obstacles in the path of the historian whose *res gestas* are still unaccomplished, and whose glory is a vision of the far distant future.

To say that the class of 1901 contains all the students worth mentioning in Armour, would not be true. There are a few Seniors. To say that the greatest aggregation of intellectual brilliancy, the most monumental collection of football and other genius of the student body is contained among its members, would not be becoming. Such a statement would also be unnecessary.

The position which this class has held since its organization is unique.

No class has ever dared, or wished, to compete with it.

Our first meeting was held, and the class organized, late in September, '97. The business consisted of the adoption of a Constitution, the election of officers, and last, but not least, the collection of dues. Owing to the recognized pre-eminence of the class, nothing further was necessary. In one of our class meetings, an outsider, even though of extraordinary intelligence for an outsider, is completely lost—in fact, swamped.

Since our organization, we have taken a back seat, as it were, in the activity of the various classes, and have held no business meetings. This is due, no doubt, to the wholesome fear of the members that the next meeting will bring a special assessment. The most important recent event in our history was the taking of the class picture. Notwithstanding the frantic efforts of one insane Junior to get into the picture and ruin the general appearance of learning thereof, and, failing in that, to create disorder among our ranks, the patience of our photographer was at last rewarded, and our face, as a class, adorns a page of the INTEGRAL. The college knows well of the origin of the "Fulcrum," and mere mention of that word will suffice.

Conscious as we are of our superiority in the future, we have chosen no colors except the yellow and black of Armour. Those were chosen for us, and we have kindly accepted them. This was done partly for economic reasons. A college man is supposed to feel a certain thrill of loyalty when he beholds the colors of his class, even on a yellow dog. But he must also thrill at the sight of the school colors. It is, therefore, evident that a great and useless amount of thrilling is saved by having only one set of colors. It also saves ribbon.

With a steady, unfaltering purpose, we follow the course of the acquisition of knowledge, we tread in the path worn by the feet of scholars. We aim to become, by patient, persevering, constant effort, the greatest, the most original, and the most famous class that shall ever have gone out before Commencement Day, 1901, from the classic halls of Armour Tech.

