

## Freshman Class History

The history of an ordinary Freshman class generally begins by lamenting the lack of history, or by telling how lonesome they were when they first struck the school, but we are THE FRESHMAN CLASS, and consequently, we have been making history ever since our organization last September. Perhaps, though, we cannot be entirely credited with this—may be it is merely the twentieth century manifesting itself. Glorious thought! The greatest class in A. I. T. and the greatest century in the history of the world, starting in together and making a blaze of glory that makes Samuelson's clothes look as dull as a chemistry lecture by comparison. For we are the twentieth century class without a doubt. The Seniors and Juniors are mere left-over remnants of a bygone age, and it is certain that no self-respecting century would queer itself at the start by beginning with a crowd like the present Sophomores, so the honor is safely ours. In the classic language of Billy Shakespeare, "We've got it cinched." Just cast your eye down our ranks and note the many distinguished people among our number. There is Lundren, the six-foot quintessence of knowledge, the instructor of Profs., who knows it all and knows he knows; there is O'Neill who converted the features of the prettiest Sophomore in the bunch into a blackish red mass where you couldn't tell the bicuspid from the maxillary muscles; Zuckerman, the sleeping beauty, the dispenser of bottled hospitality; Judson, the animated ha ha, the leader of orchestras; and Sampson, who gets jealous when anyone makes love to his descriptive plates. See