

Chronicle of the Class of 1903

Introductory

AS the time rapidly draws near, when we, the Class of 1903 are to venture forth, leaving naught but memory and our pictures behind to remind others of our pristine glories individual and collective, it behooves us to inscribe some slight record of our deeds and misdeeds, that others, seeing, may take heed and aspire to greatness, being not downcast by early failures. We have been through it all, and it is with a sense of pride tempered by age and conservation that we point to our record.

Book I. The Verdant freshman

In common with other graduating classes, we once inflicted ourselves upon an unappreciative and unresponsive world.

With reverence and fear and trembling we looked up to those whom fate had placed before us to be an example to us. We say nothing of the slurs and contumely inflicted upon us by them, little dreaming of the heights to which we were destined to ascend and from which we now so willingly overlook our petty grievances. Let the dead past cremate its dead! They have vanished into the nothingness from which they sprang, and of which they were always so important a part.