

And so they left us one by one,
Our halls are no more gladdened now
By the smile or the laugh of fair young maids,
And the whispered words of the lover's vow.

The first quarter of our brilliant career was lived through in a manner befitting the first class in the Twentieth Century. Armour was a pretty dead place in many ways when we came up the gang plank, and it became our duty to make the good old ship ring with the glad hurrah of lively students.

'03 gathered together enough courage to issue proclamations containing "Rules for the Freshmen," then yielding to the inevitable, they submitted to their fate of obscurity and retired into their shells. We tried to tempt them forth with offers to meet them on the gridiron or in the color rush. Not they—study was their only forte (surrendered on short notice) and they "had no time for nonsense." Consequently we nursed our ambition and sought other fields as an outlet for superfluous energy. At basketball we met all comers and won the inter-class championship. Our men were numerous on the glee and mandolin clubs, the water polo team, the athletic board of control, etc., and in our Freshman year we founded the Radical Club.

With the coming of '05 the spirit of our class met a worthy foe, and there was inaugurated a celebration which has since become a custom. Ours was the first annual Freshman-Sophomore rush and the first annual Freshman-Sophomore football game. These now bid fair to live as regular events in the opening of each school year.

In this year we again won the class basketball championship, we published a good Fulcrum, we gave one of the best leaders to the Glee Club that that organization has ever enjoyed, a Sophomore led the Mandolin Club, a Sophomore captained the football team, a Sophomore captained the basketball team, a Sophomore won the tennis tournament and represented A. I. T. in the Western Inter-collegiate Tennis Association, a Sophomore led the orchestra, and we did other things too numerous to mention.