

CLASS HISTORY



It is told that it is impossible to form accurate judgments of contemporary history. Time must mellow the events of to-day and posterity then can alone pass decision. Such is the general rule. But every good rule has its exception. There is the event so startling and so decisive that even the men who play a part in it can realize its importance. When Napoleon was overthrown at Waterloo men knew that a great thing had happened. It ill suits our modesty to speak of Arts 1901 and Waterloo in the same breath, but what we want to show is that there is a certain analogy running through all great events. The entrance of our noble year into Old McGill marked an epoch in the history of the University. All admit this. There is no need of elaborate demonstration. From the time we first trod the halls of Old McGill, respect and honour have been our lot. '98 recognized in us worthy successors to their splendid record, and with great self-sacrifice accorded us the possibility of attaining an even higher place in the annals of McGill. By the Junior year, too, we were cordially received. The Sophomores alone, following tradition immemorial, dared to raise their standards against us. But of this hereafter. From the outset we were strong Imperialists. We numbered in our ranks men from the shores of the Seven Seas. Of course the good old Dominion was first in numbers, with men from B.C. to P.E.I. Even Quebec got into the game, and sent a solitary representative. Montreal had a dozen or more "awfully clever boys, you know, but devilish lazy." There was Bob, for instance, so clever that he had no need to take notes, and curled his hair while the prof. held forth. "Biddy," who smoked cheap cigars and cobs, and was never more than fifty minutes late. Puis, who drew Gibson girls and wrote sentimental odes in their honour. Shirley and Gordon, who were always getting mixed up, to their own great amusement and the discomfiture of their friends. Shall we ever forget that first class meeting! Archie Grace, dear to the heart of every freshman of that year, was in the chair, and in his own genial way helped us to find ourselves. Fred Tees was the man we put in for president, his party cry of "Tees and no lectures" easily vanquishing that of his opponent, "Viner and free cigars." How Freddie ever got through that day is a mystery, but he did it O.K. To begin with, there was the difficulty of not knowing for whom you were voting. "Where is Viner?" "Who the — is Viner?" "Will Viner please stand up?" "Thank you,