

Our Dear Alumni

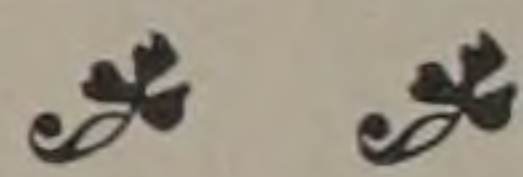
A

kindly youth of mustache fame
Was Church — with sweetly, fitting name;
A pious lad, his gentle rule
Promoted splendid work in school.

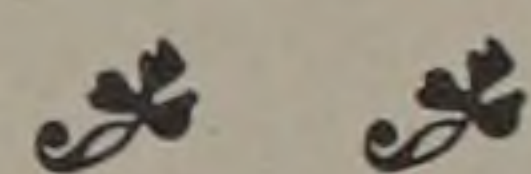
Young Malcolmson, petite and slim,
No candle could be held to him;
His art endeared him to his class,
But dearer to him is — a lass.

A man of divers social whims
Was our ever youthful Billy Sims;
A Field-day orator of note,
A standard bearer in his boat.

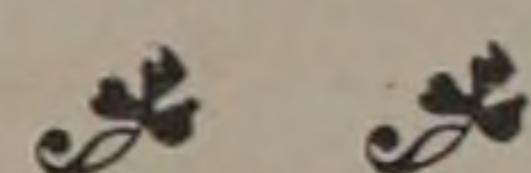
The masher of the smooth array
Was Richard Sloan, of garments gay;
He now is Pullman's right-hand man,
And does the "dead head" all he can,



Herein you'll find a story sweet,
The scene is laid on Armour street;
Pretty girl, slender waist,
Temptations great 'tis soon embraced;
Enter Father, sees 'em kiss,
Exit "Tech," something like THIS.



Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
And there he'd study and sigh,
He turned to his crony and called for a "pony,"
And said, "what a great boy am I!"



50 Years Ago

No theory of germs to chill
Affections' budding blisses,
When ardent lovers took their fill,
No microbes in their kisses;
How happy they were not to know
The germ fad — 50 years ago.

