



THE FULCRUM BOARD OF EDITORS



Our Little Mac

After Eugene Field



This talk about the journalists that run the earth is bosh,
 We've had an Armour editor that was little, but, by gosh
 The year he run the INTEGRAL shall never be forgot,
 And the Annual he made was first and finest of the lot.
 That book that he was runnin' made the rusty fossils swear,
 The smartest, likeliest Annual that's printed anywhere;
 And best of all the paragraphs were pointed as a tack,
 And you bet they were the paragraphs that came
 From little Mac.

In architecture he is hardly what you'd call a chunky man,
 And he never was constructed on a summer cottage plan,
 He has a nose—well, retrousse, and a constant smilin' mouth,
 And he's liable in summer to confess a frequent drouth;
 His dealin's with solicitors who affect a weekly bust
 Have given to his hazel eyes a shadow of distrust.
 In glorious abandon his auburn hair falls back
 From the grand Websterian forehead
 Of little Mac.

Well now he's an alumnus, and he's rakin' in the tin,
 And he's workin' in a city where the drouths are few and thin,
 He is growin' quite perlessunal, and growin', too, a beard,
 And makin' a success in life, and we have even heerd
 As how he's paid subscriptions for the Fulcrum and the rest
 Of our student publications from the wad within his vest.
 But pshaw! What good are books and papers if they evermore must lack
 The inspiring contributions
 Of little Mac.

M. K.