

'08 Class Song

(Tune of "Go Down Moses")

We came to Armour, one by one,
Back in nineteen four,
To study how to make more mon'
Than we'd heretofore.
To our purpose
Firmly we'll adhere,
Graduate, nineteen eight,
Each an engineer.

We're soaking up all kinds of lore,
Class of nineteen eight,
While Dean Clasen's keeping score,
Darned old reprobate.
Each prof. thinks his
Subject most important is,
Soaks us each every day
With a little quiz.

We'll stick it out a year or two,
Class of nineteen eight;
Of seniors then there'll be a few ,
Class of nineteen eight;
Plug hard, fellows,
It's clearly up to you,
Graduate, nineteen eight,
Then we'll all skiddoo.

M. T. JONES, JR.