

H U M O R

And on the floor above we find
Sights that of agonies remind.
The Physics Lecture Room is here
That cramps the heart with nameless fear.

And other rooms wherein we sought
To grasp the things Professors taught,
Of Chemistry, Design, and Statics,
And mysteries of Mathematics.

"dx of y" and integration,
Here filled our souls with consternation,
And on the slated walls around
Cosines and sines may still be found.

Here in this hall, in days of old,
The Dean his wisdom would unfold,
And tell of all the wondrous beauties
Outside of engineering duties.

Above, the well-appointed gym,
Where athletes keep in perfect trim
And daily exercise and train
Old "Armour's" honor to maintain.

Across the street, in deepest gloom,
The Physics Lab still scarce finds room
For ancient apparatus prized
Like Archimedes, fossilized.

And here, beyond another street,
The shops, with lathes and forges, greet
Our gaze, remembering well the time
We labored here in sweat in grime.

Behind its fence of iron rods
The athletic field and —O, ye gods—
Fit complement of noble scenery,
An artifice sublime, "the beanery."

And in the Mission, last of all
We come to the Assembly Hall
Where prex would better our condition
With eloquence and erudition.

At length outside we come again
Into the world of busy men;
Back to the world of toil and grime
Leaving our memories behind.

All honor to thee, Institute,
Old "Armour," midst thy dust and soot,
This thought will fill our bosoms then;
"Ah, to be back there once again."

WILLIAM PATERSON, '15.