

The Senior's Dream

Old Armour, by the railroad line,
That rocks and trembles every time
A passing trains swift undulations
Sends tremors through its deep founda-
tions.

We who are leaving in the spring
Now to thy feet our tribute bring
To lay upon thy murky shrine,
"All honor and respect be thine."

In times, when from the busy mills,
Or running lines across the hills,
Or rearing buildings to the sky,
Our thoughts shall turn to days gone by.

And, carried swift in memory's dream,
Return to thee, and we will seem
To sit again before the dons
To crib our books and stifle yawns.

And, in our fancies, see once more
Faces of friends known here of yore,
And wander through the smoky halls
Enclosed within thy blackened walls.

Here, through the "Mech Lab," first we
stroll;
A crowded, greasy, gloomy hole,
And see again where we went through
The mystic rites, x r and q .

And flow of air, hydraulic head,
Friction of oil and centers dead,
And all the wise concatenations
Of theory's consideration.

Into the wash room, too, we go
And see the tanks there in a row,
And think of the recorded fakes
To cover up our raw mistakes.

Then up the stairs where dynamos
And motors stand in even rows.
Where E and I and R conspire
To send their thrills through tangled wire.

Across the hall, where tier on tier
The myriad volumes gathered here
Awe us to silence as of yore
When struggling with their complex lore.

And still in silence we pass by
That room with door and windows high
Wherein, in thoughtful pose, is seen
To work and plan, the learned dean.

And yet another stair ascend
Where through the stained glass doth
descend
The light whereby a youth may walk
Unless he destiny would balk.

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 find our bosoms then;
"Ah, to be back there once again."

—William Paterson, '15.