In this last number of The Tech for 1885-86, we make the suggestion to those to whom the persons, affairs, and circumstances connected with their life at the Institute are of more than a passing interest, that they carefully keep all the numbers of The Tech, both for use as a reliable means of reference, and for the pleasure they will give in helping to recall many a friend and many a treasured association. Have your Techs bound. The expense is not great, and it is the only way to keep them well in order and in convenient form. It won’t be long before you will be looking up this or that in the volume, and the older you grow the more you will value it, and the more you will enjoy glancing over its pages.

The curriculum of the third and fourth years of the course in civil engineering has been quite materially changed. The idea has been to give the student some freedom of choice as to the particular line of work he wishes to follow. This has been accomplished by dividing the fourth year into three branches: 1, a general course; 2, railroads; 3, geodesy and astronomy.

The general course covers the whole field of civil engineering, and is intended for those who do not wish to adopt any special branch. An opportunity is afforded to those who desire to devote themselves more specially to some particular subject, by making several studies optional, as railway management, heating, and ventilation. In the second term mechanics is replaced by machinery and motors (optional).

The railroad course is intended for those who desire to pursue this branch of engineering. Machinery and motors is a required study.

The course in geodesy and astronomy is entirely new here. Those intending to take this course must take advanced trigonometry, stereotomy, and determinants in the third year.

A circular giving more details of these new courses will be issued in a few days.

We are unable to announce the next board of management of The Tech as the classes of ’88 and ’89 have neglected to elect directors.

Good-bye, Boys!

As the closing days of college pass in swift, unheeding flight,
Dreams of future times and places, that had once made life seem bright,
Lose their charm and power to move us. In their place come thoughts of those
Friends of youth—the dearest, truest friends that friendship ever knows,—
Who will soon be widely scattered, nevermore to meet as now;
Nevermore to feel the freedom that these happy days allow—
Must these dear associations for a state untried resign?
This it is that makes us murmur, Come what will, the past is mine!

G. K.

Boarding-School Reminiscences.

When I arrived at the progressive age of thirteen years, my mother, and, in fact, the whole family, thought that I had attained a sufficient amount of moderate maturity to be sent to boarding-school, having made of myself an “enfant terrible,” as well as obnoxious in the way the genus “small boy” knows so well how to do. Among my many (?) amiable qualities was an extreme love of playfully igniting neighbors’ barns, or turning farmers’ cows loose. My mother put up with these to some extent; but when I persisted in falling desperately in love with the new chambermaid, she quietly “drew the line there,” and resolved to pack her “hope” off to school.

As for the school—my youthful ambition had always been to be a soldier, having had many ancestors and uncles graduates of West Point; so I wanted to be one, also. Now the mere fact of donning the female-destroying brass buttons was bliss itself, saying nothing of the joys to be obtained as a soldier. So a military school was decided on. The establishment was called the Rivoli Military Academy, and was situated on the left bank of the Hudson, directly under the Catskills, on an eminence overlooking the beautiful river.

I was brought to this place by my mother. I had come all the way from Connecticut, and it being about the first journey of any length that