To the students of Polytechnic Institute,

Your wonderful book has just come. I have looked through it three times, once with Dr. Harris, once alone, and once with a strong reading glass.

From the beautiful inscription of dedication on the first page to the very last picture it means more to us than you will ever know until you, too, are far away from some dear institution or project you have loved and to which you have given the best years of your life.

I should like to write about every picture, but you would tire reading it so much. You are all dear to us, and to have you in our book in
your various student interest warms our heart.

Then, too, we are very proud of you and of all the Institute and graduates, and now we have something to show to the people here which proves how fine you are.

This is rather a provincial section where we live and I long to show this beloved book to every one of these good Texans, but I shall try not to say "There are other people in the world besides Texans." (Miss Leman, you explain to them please how Texans feel about their state.)

And now I wish to thank every one of you and the photographer for every picture. We would...
not forget you anyway, but we love to have a
visible reminder of the mass coal (can't spell it)
Those music is the most beautiful we have ever
heard of the scenes we saw for thirty one years of
the buildings we watched as they were erected, of the
different classes and student groups, editors,
council, social groups, sorority, fraternity, of the
girls sewing, of their art, industry, and their
"Clean up" day, of students in laboratories, on
the athletic field, of the dignified teachers dressed
as society ladies, of the religious groups, of the dear
little children of San German's "welcome home" to us.

Thank you for it all. With love

Erinne Harris