

# Alladin's genii a heavy producer but drives Tech IE to drink

by Henrietta Holmes

The year was 1954, and Professor Sutton was strolling along West Madison street, looking for prospective IIT students. As he dropped into a favorite joint, the Victor Lounge, he spotted a familiar face among the barflies. Cautiously he approached the stew and asked, "Say, there, aren't you Tom Flurry, who used to be in the IE department at IIT?" The bum shifted elbows, turned red-hued eyes up to Professor Sutton's smiling inquiry and retorted, "Yes, I'm Flurry. So you finally found me, did you, Professor Sutton?"

Surprised at Flurry's sullen reply, Sutton settled himself uneasily onto a stool, motioning the bartender to supply his usual beverage straight. Not another word was spoken until the tapster, clad in an untidy apron, returned with a bubbling glass of milk.

Hoping to cadge a free drink, Flurry edged closer to Sutton. "Say, tell me, Prof—how are things down at 33rd and Federal these days? Is everybody still on probation? Do they have classrooms in any of the new buildings? Have you retired yet?"

Brushing these inconsequential questions aside, Sutton grasped Flurry's frayed coat-sleeve. "Tell me what's happened to you, my boy. You look so . . . well, different . . ."

"You remember when I came into your office that day back in 1950? I had been at Tech for only a little more than four years, and was beginning to think seriously of graduation. Then came that wonderful discovery." Flurry's eyes gleamed as his hand swept descriptively through widening ares.

When Sutton merely nodded, Flurry calmed a bit and proceeded with his story. "Well, before I came to see you I had hardly slept for days. Not since that fantastic night when, strolling past the Mecca apartments, I stumbled over the Lamp. Yes, the magnificent Lamp!"

Flurry began coughing nervously as the bartender approached with drinks. Without looking, he emptied the contents of his glass at a single draught and belched loudly.

"No, sir," he continued, "this was no ordinary Lamp. Not till the Lampda Si pledge, whom I'd assigned to polish it, ran screaming from Brown Hall basement did I realize the potentialities of that chunk of metal."

Flurry needed no prompting now, but Sutton was impatient. "Go on, go on . . . get to the point."

"It couldn't be, but it was. After centuries of neglect, buried beneath the mire of Technology Center, I, of all people, had to find it. I thought it was only natural that I should find it, but now I wonder [here he shuddered] why should Thomas H. Flurry have been so cursed?"

"I tested it . . . I rubbed it—a magic Genie appeared."

"He was no ordinary Genie; he



TOM FLURRY hoists one as he tells Professor Sutton his tale of woe with the genii of Aladdin's Lamp.

was a modern, 20th century Genie. As he explained it to me, the Genii had formed a union—specialized. This one, although an age-old slave of Aladdin's Lamp, had specialized in production. He couldn't package, transport, advertise or ship, but it didn't seem important to me at the time."

Flurry paused to sigh reflectively. "I knew that the prophets of modern business demanded production to save free enterprise. With the limitless production of the Genie at my disposal, I knew that I would own a gigantic, powerful, world-wide cartel, freely monopolizing every productive enterprise in existence."

"Because I felt that I owed so much to you, and thought that the Genie would make industrial engineering obsolete, I decided to cut you in on the new concern, but you didn't seem to appreciate it."

Professor Sutton, following the story solemnly, broke in. "Yes, I remember when you came into my office, Tom. You were in such a

hurry . . . I advised caution. If you'd only not been so radical, but more cautious. Surely, if you'd talked with Dean Reekins he could have put you on the right track."

Flurry wouldn't listen. He gulped another drink (the bottle was on the counter now). "So I went into business. The Genie produced millions of things. Bed-springs, baby-buggy bumpers, sliderule holsters, garbage cans, hot water bottles . . . everything! But I had troubles. First, inventory expense. It's amazing what those warehouses charge you, just for storing stuff for a while! And packaging, labeling, taxes, shipping. On top of all that, advertising—no one would buy an unknown brand—and public relations: taxes and carrying 90-day credit accounts, transfer orders, freight bills. Gads! I never realized what it meant to distribute goods."

"Before long I owed huge sums of money. My bulging warehouses were padlocked under court order. Still my precious Genie could only PRODUCE. If only someone had warned me about the problem of DISTRIBUTION!" Flurry was broken up with emotion.

With an equanimity born of decades of witnessing economic tides, Sutton consoled the sobbing wreck whose shaggy head was now on the bar. "There, now, Tom, don't take on so. If you'd listened to me, I could have told you that distribution administration and other non-production costs are 95 per cent of the selling price of most products. And, all the while, we silly industrial engineers struggle to save a thousandth of a cent per unit production costs, overhead eats us up with costs beyond our scope of control. You've got to face it, boy."

The crowd gradually slipped away, some tearfully, and Flurry slipped to the floor—felled by the aroma from Sutton's milk.

Professor Sutton adjusted his hat, aligned his spectacles, arose and strode swiftly from the clip-joint. "I've been here too long already," he murmured, glancing at his watch. "It's 10 p.m., and I haven't recruited a new student all day."

# Patience is best job hunt virtue

By Hal Bergen

" . . . Why did they have me go through the motions of applying for employment. . . . All I was offered was a cold, impersonal, impassionate, stereotyped form of a letter as my guiding star. . . . I received nothing but the well known 'run around'."

You are reading excerpts from a letter sent by a Techawk to a company he had interviewed. The letter is now on file in the Placement office along with several others of a similar type.

Read that quotation at the head of the column again and think. Could you have written such a letter? It may sound absurd when someone else writes an infantile thing like that, but look to the day when you might be in the same spot. Will you be so impulsive when you don't come away from an interview with a job offer in your back pocket? Or will you think about the following FACTS?

It is a fact that personnel men consider the hiring of an engineer to represent an investment of at least \$250,000 by the company. That's a quarter of a million dollars that a company must figure it ties up in future salaries, equipment investment required to keep a man in the office or in the field plus the value of materials whose disposition the engineer will be responsible for.

A few more facts to remember are that companies which visit college campuses recruiting talent must necessarily postpone decisions about men they see in February until they talk to those on their April and May schedules. Above all, very few companies would allow their personnel departments to just play games with job-seekers on company time.

Adding all these facts up we find that patience is certainly a virtue in job hunting; it takes time to land

a job even after the first contact is made. Experience shows that offers are rarely made on the spur of the moment. Companies must take at least a few days to make a decision about hiring a professional man. The time interval often runs into weeks.

In view of all the time consuming factors discussed, isn't it a bit conceited to assume that an interviewer should make you an offer on first sight? Immature impulsive action not only deals you out of any further considerations but it gives the whole campus a black eye to wear. To repeat, patience is the virtue in job-hunting.

## WANT A JOB WITH A FUTURE?

A summer job or all year 'round. Undergrads are making good pay right in their hometowns, or in their college towns. Engineering students preferred, but not required. For full particulars and profit records send penny postcard to Perfo Mat Company, 281 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Day Room  
College of the Holy Cross  
(Worcester)

## SAM creates permanent open house exhibits group

Future industrial engineering-SAM Open House exhibits will be built around a permanent, well-maintained display manned by an experienced standing committee. Creation of a permanent Exhibits committee was announced by Johnnie Best, president of

the Society for Advancement of Management. Temporarily heading the new committee will be Fred Boulaïs and Don Abraham, 1950 JW-OH chairmen for SAM, who plan to convert the IE-SAM exhibit for repeated use at conferences, meetings, conventions, and other appropriate events held in the Chicago area.

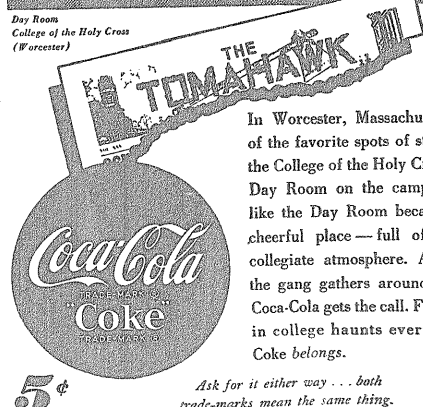
Recruiting for demonstration personnel will be aided by a motion picture taken of this year's IE-SAM show, and currently being edited by the photographer, Ivan Farkas, and Walter Boguez.

This and other SAM activities at IIT will be directed by a new slate of chapter officials, to be voted on Thursday at 1 p. m., in 102MC.

Tony Pros, chairman of SAM's January, 1951, Placement Brochure committee, will introduce his committee at Thursday's meeting. To be edited by SAMster Ed Michele, the Brochure will be the fourth in the society's series, and is to reach more than a thousand prospective employers.

## WHO IS UGLIEST?

Today is the last day for APO's Ugly Man Contest voting. Be sure your favorite wins!



In Worcester, Massachusetts, one of the favorite spots of students at the College of the Holy Cross is the Day Room on the campus. They like the Day Room because it's a cheerful place—full of friendly collegiate atmosphere. And when the gang gathers around, ice-cold Coca-Cola gets the call. For here, as in college haunts everywhere—Coke belongs.

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