

## The Atelier

“Speech is silver, but silence is golden,” is an old saying. Yet if nothing were said of the Atelier, the local architectural organization, those who are not so well acquainted with its members might easily misinterpret the silence and think that the organization had ceased to exist or had never existed.

It is therefore fitting to correct this misunderstanding, if there be any, by letting all the men at Armour know that the work of the architects, although progressing silently, will lead to successful careers in the future.

You often hear remarks about the architects building air castles, but in due time these mere dreams, as they appear at first to an outsider, will gradually develop into strong and noble structures.

The large increase in the number of members this year is sufficient proof that this department is gaining ground. In order to accommodate the increasing numbers, two more rooms were added to the architectural department. One is used as a lecture room and the other, as a drafting room.

This year the architects held their second annual banquet at Vogelsang's and their first annual dance was held at the Art Institute. Both proved to be grand successes.

As to the individuals, there are some who have been keeping the rest guessing and whose characteristics might be outlined as follows:

Berger, alias Buster Brown, the human sponge.

McEldowney, the boy with the blonde voice, whose favorite tune is “A Cousin of Mine.”

Wolters, the socialist.

Wicky, one of Pittsburgh's twenty-eight catalogued “good” men.

Ostergren, the originator of the Cottage Grove Renaissance style of architecture.

Thompson, the bearer of all troubles.

Wuehrmann, the exposé of note book graft.

Botteron, the champion wrestler from St. Louis.

Traver, an object of veneration.

Neu, the man who is determined to be an “archyteck.”

Von Gunten, the man who has many dreams.

Jones, the demon editor and mountain designer.

Greenebaum, head warden of the Skidooville Insane Asylum.

Texas, Coen, and Thompson, the matinee boys.

Lindsay, the man who thinks aqua pura a poor drink.