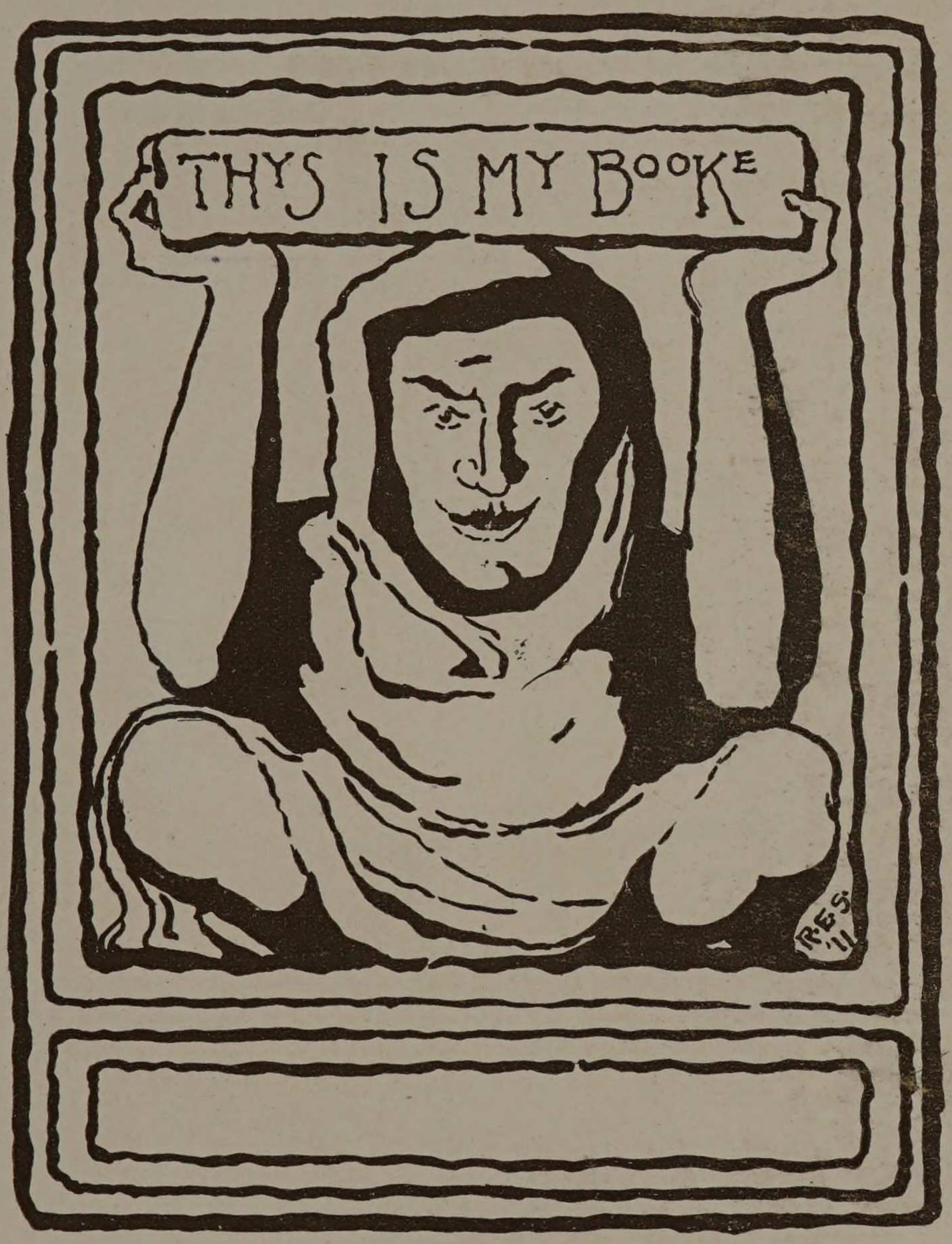
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1911

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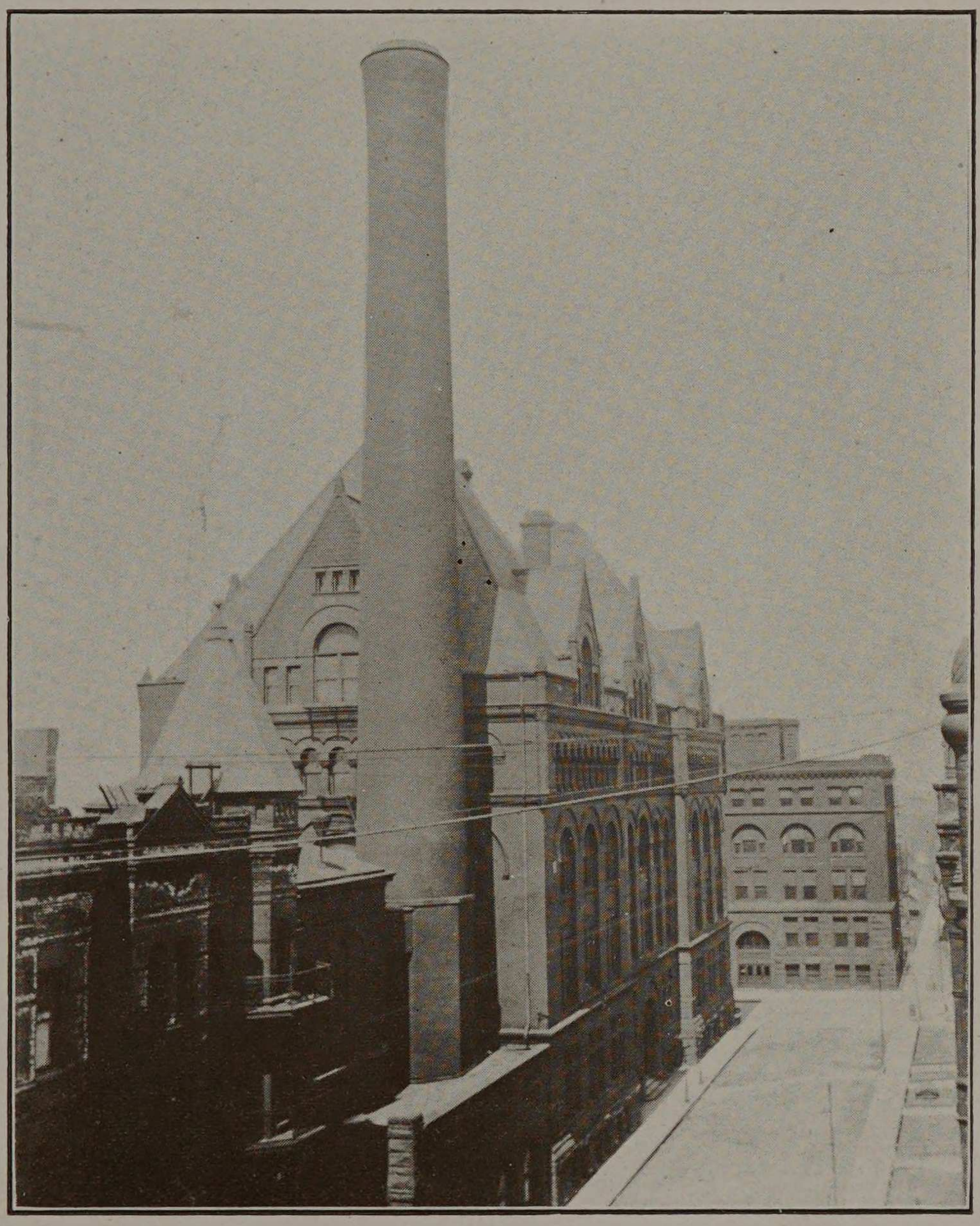
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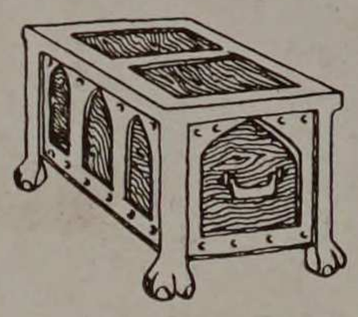
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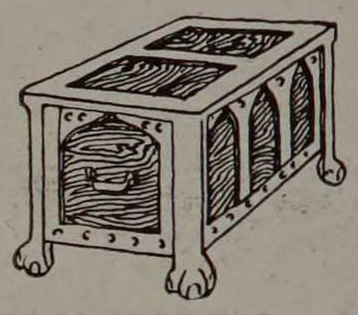
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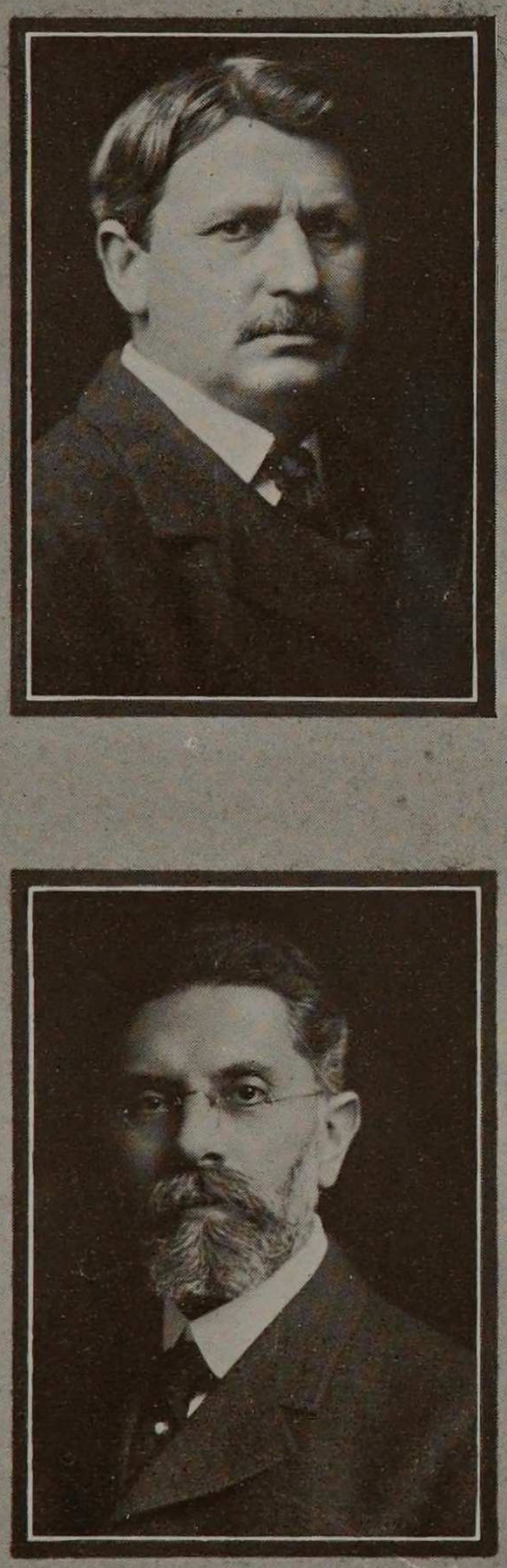
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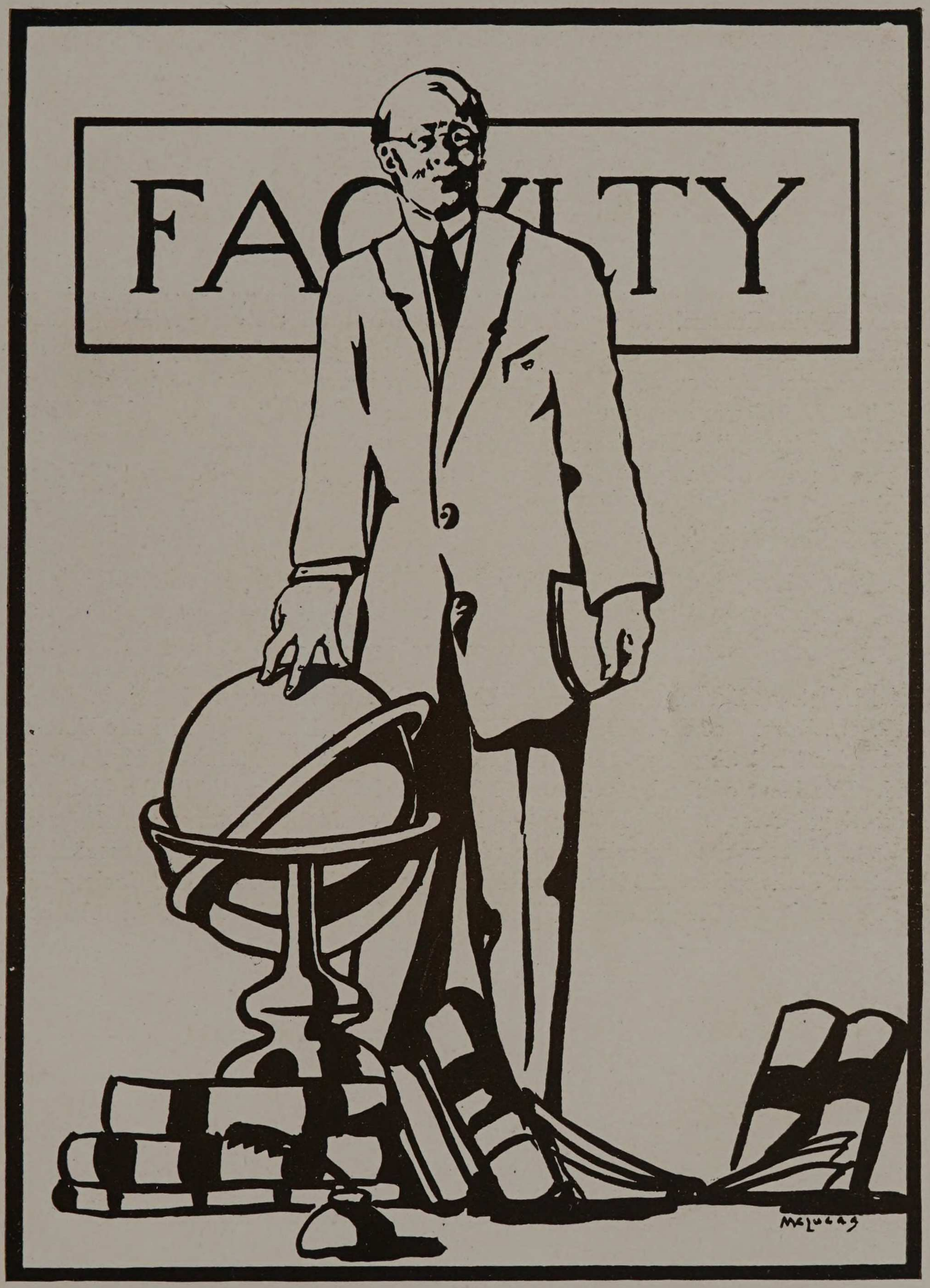


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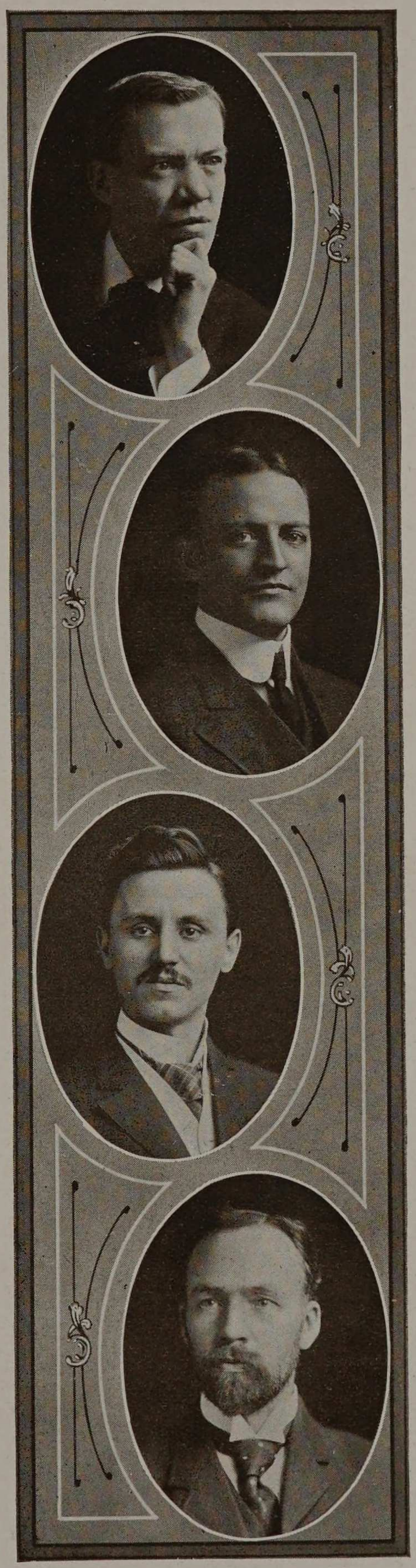
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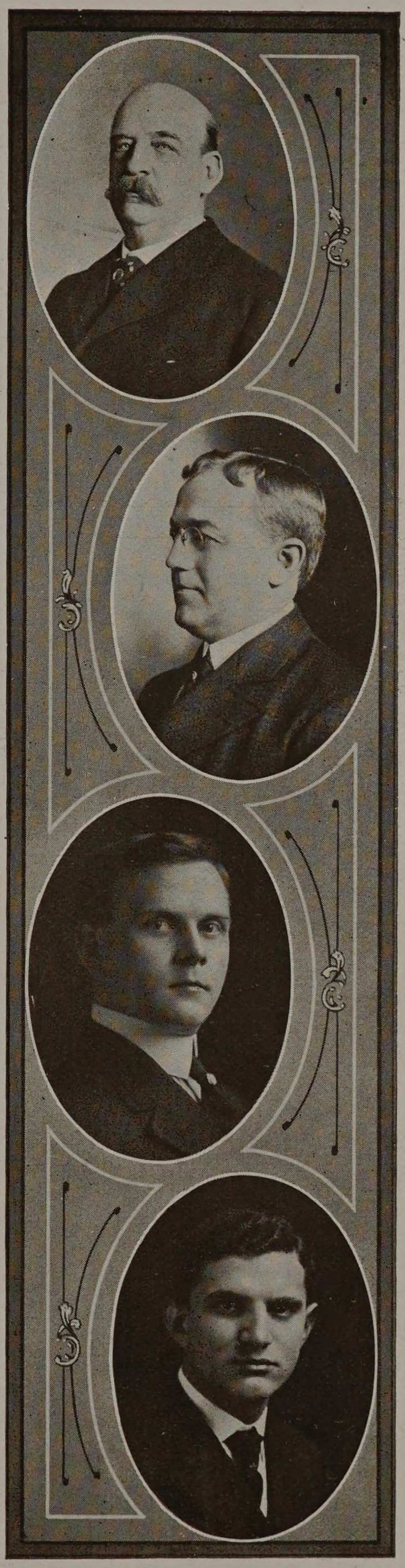
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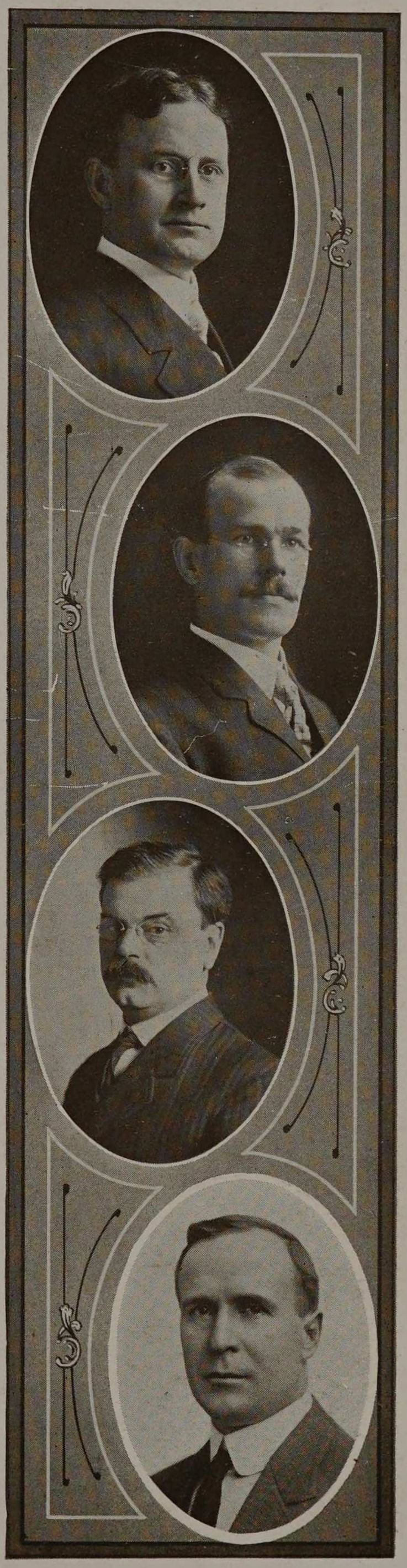
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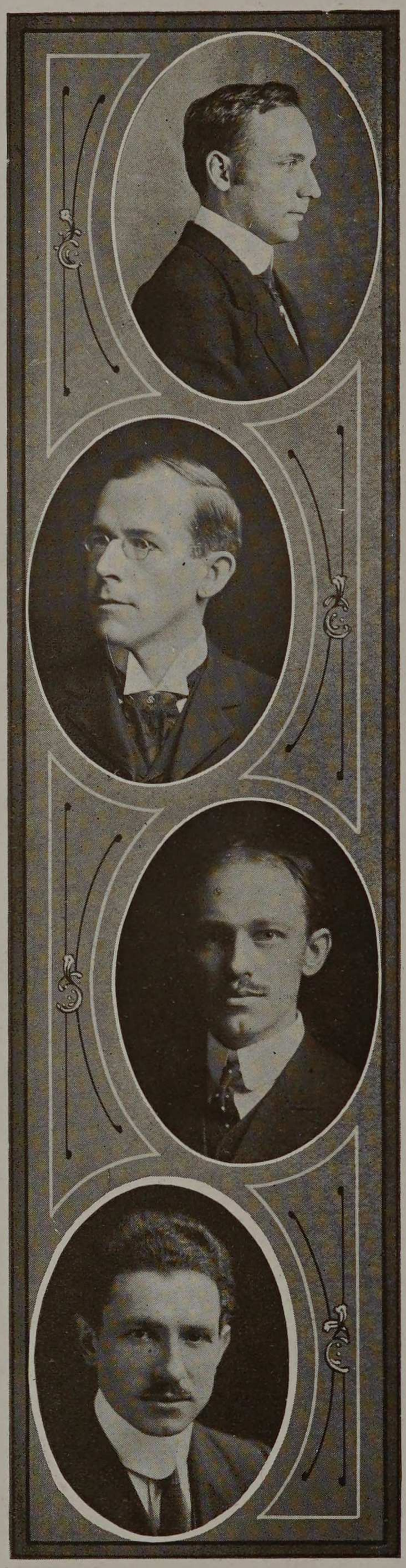
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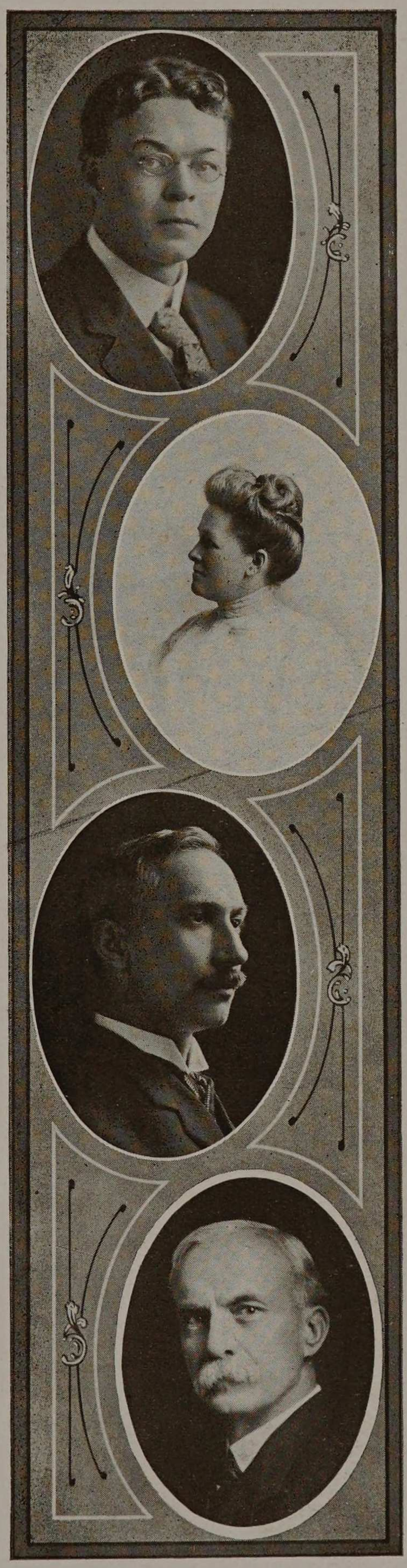
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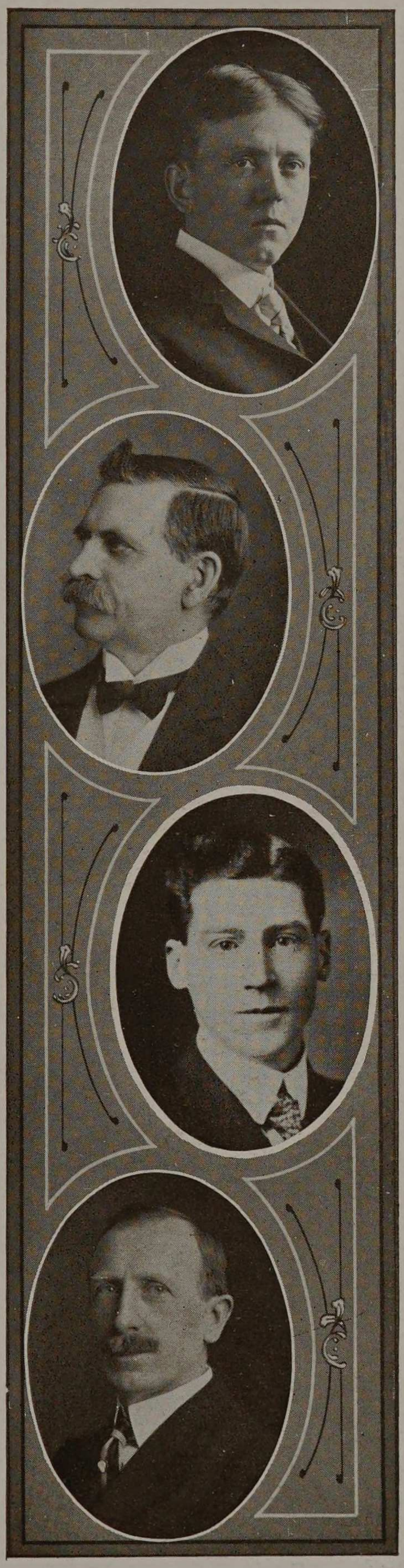
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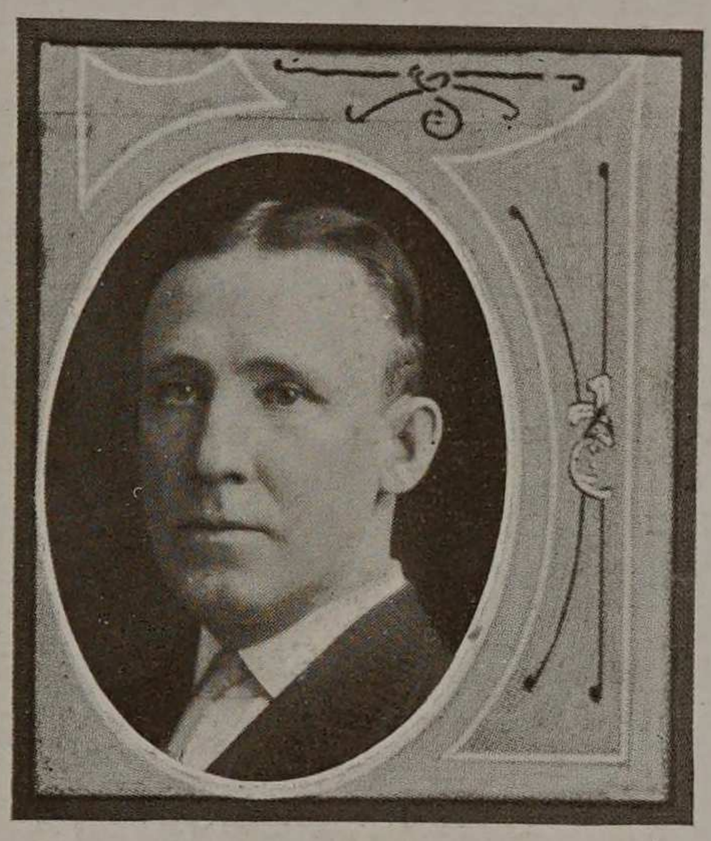
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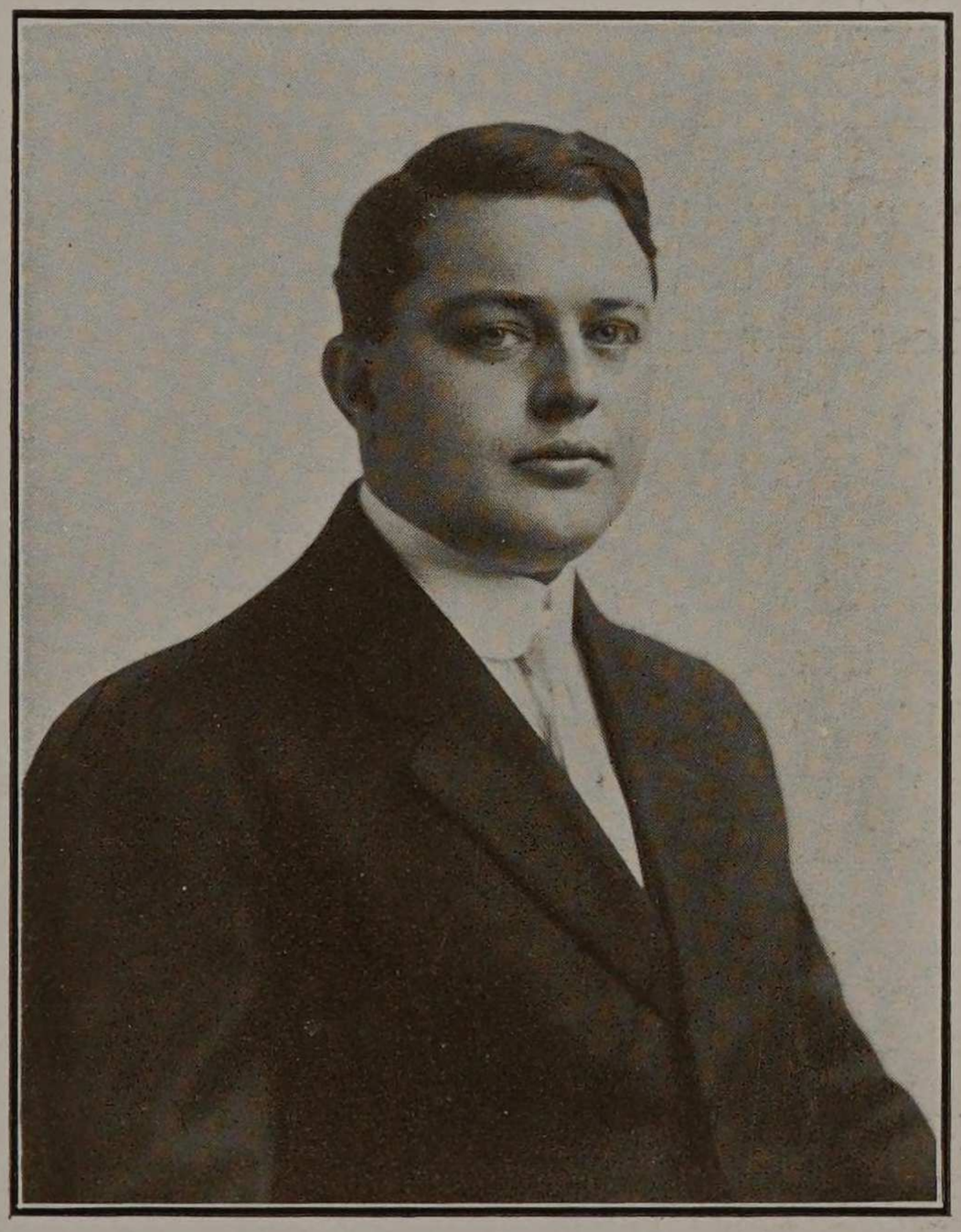
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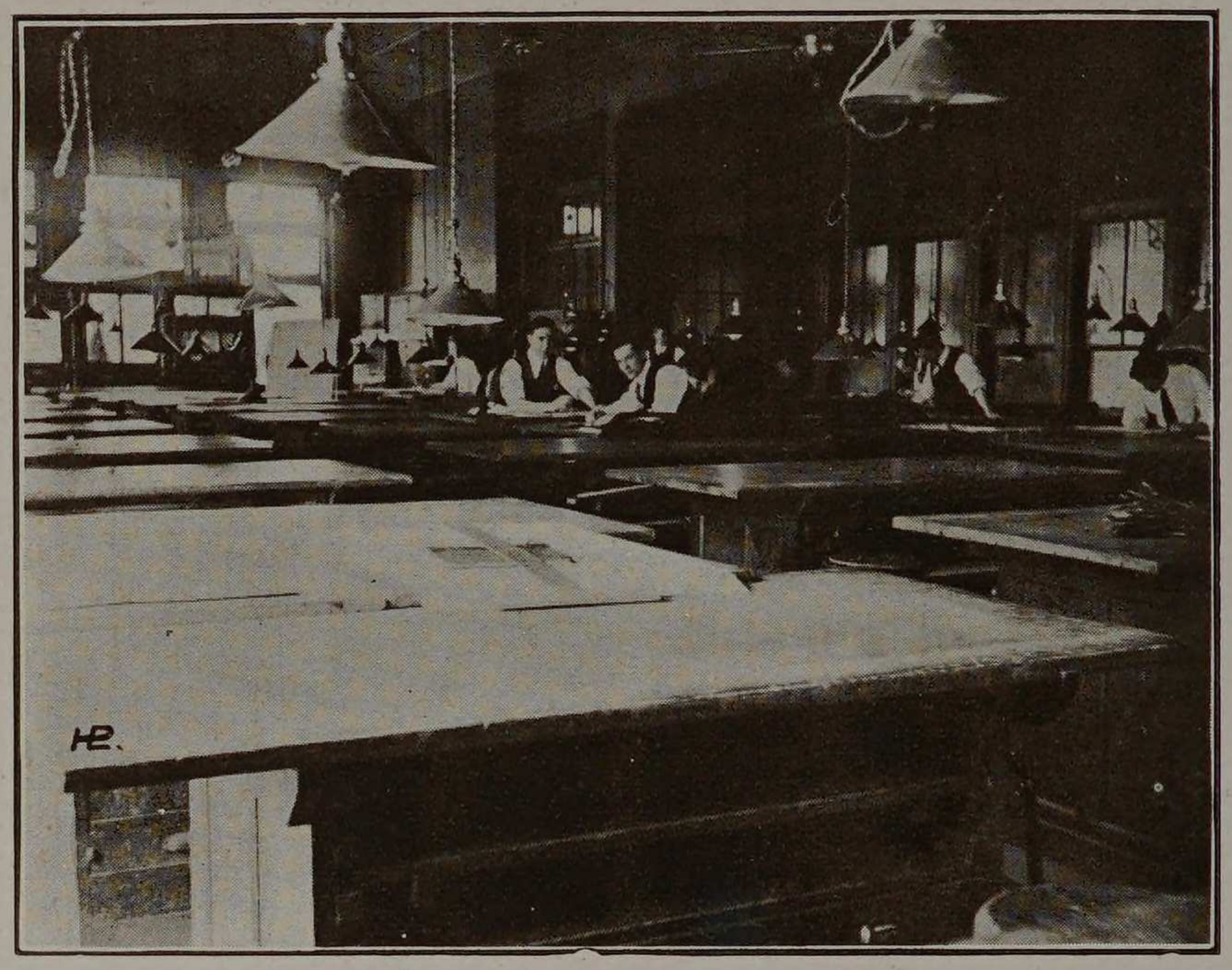


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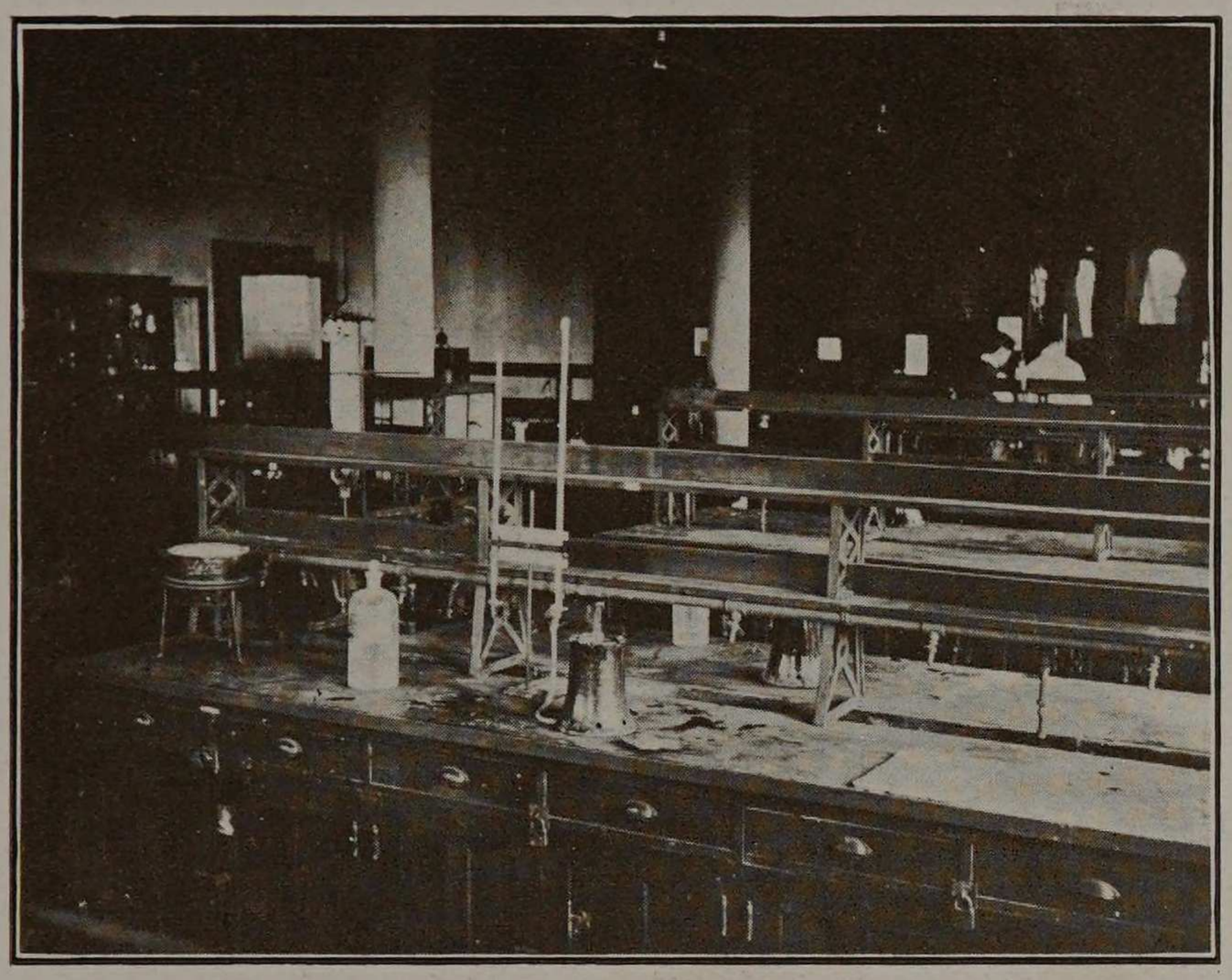


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The unique history of our Alma Mater has been repeatedly related for our benefit by previous Integral Editors, and should therefore be familiar to all members of the Class. Still the oft-repeated tale finds us interested every time the subject is broached. And well it might, for the history of Armour Tech is the history of lavish and well applied philanthropy, of a keen insight into the wants of the present age, of courage in applying high ideals, of broad and intelligent planning for the future, of concentrated effort and untiring zeal, of great achievements and greater prospects. The "Armour Idea" must be fundamentally correct, otherwise how could our Alma Mater in so short a time have leaped into such prominence in the technical field as it now enjoys!

"Armour spells hard work," such is the lament we hear from hundreds of undergraduates. It is true, Armour Institute demands hard work from its students, but this should be a cause for rejoicing, not lamenting. It is the continued effort which moulds the character into stability, and the wide diversity and volume of the work required teaches, yes compels, rapid and accurate reasoning, method and order in the performance of the tasks set. Whoever is not equal to these requirements, must needs fall by the wayside or round out his college career only after extreme toil and a protracted stay. There can be little satisfaction in either. After this sort of a course the graduates of Armour should find themselves well fitted for the arduous and exacting profession of the engineer, in its best and broadest sense.

"Certain things are good for nothing until they have been kept a long while; and some are good for nothing until they have been long kept and used. Of the first, wine is the illustrious and immortal example. Of those which must



CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

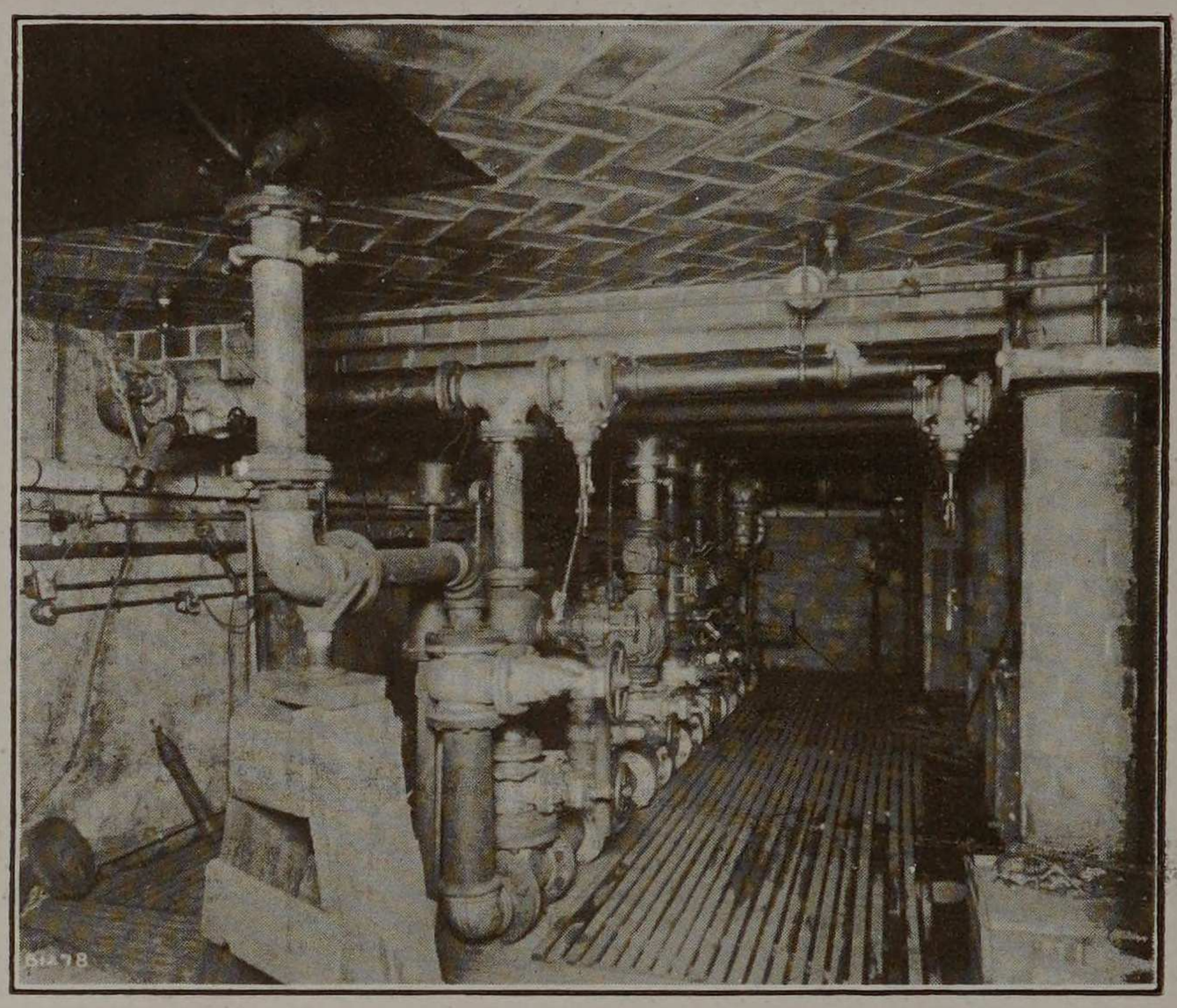
ed down by years, better centuries, of hoary traditions. is thought. If this were absolutely true, it would seem that our Alma Mater would be in a sad plight and its present activities would count for little. But thanks to more modern standards of efficiency in college activities, we DO count for something, we HAVE made our presence felt throughout the field of applied science, and are broadening the scope of our influence more and more.

Still, there is considerable truth in the old traditions,—age does lend a touch of authority, of prestige, which is hard to acquire otherwise. It takes time to thoroughly advertise, to use the term in the better sense, an institution of learning, even though it be an engineering school, belonging to a class which is the most recent of all. Right here is where the alumni, the graduates, with whom we may now proudly classify ourselves, can do a great amount of good. Mention your Alma Mater, you 1911 man, with a genuine feeling of pride whenever you have occasion, be ever ready to accentuate its good qualities, remain charitably silent about its shortcomings, above all do not condemn or find fault. If you criticize, you only disparage yourself. Remember, it is a mighty poor sort of man who has no loyalty in his make-up, no one respects such a one. Be eager to prove by your deeds also what manner of man Armour has made of you. Words reënforced by deeds form irrefutable arguments.

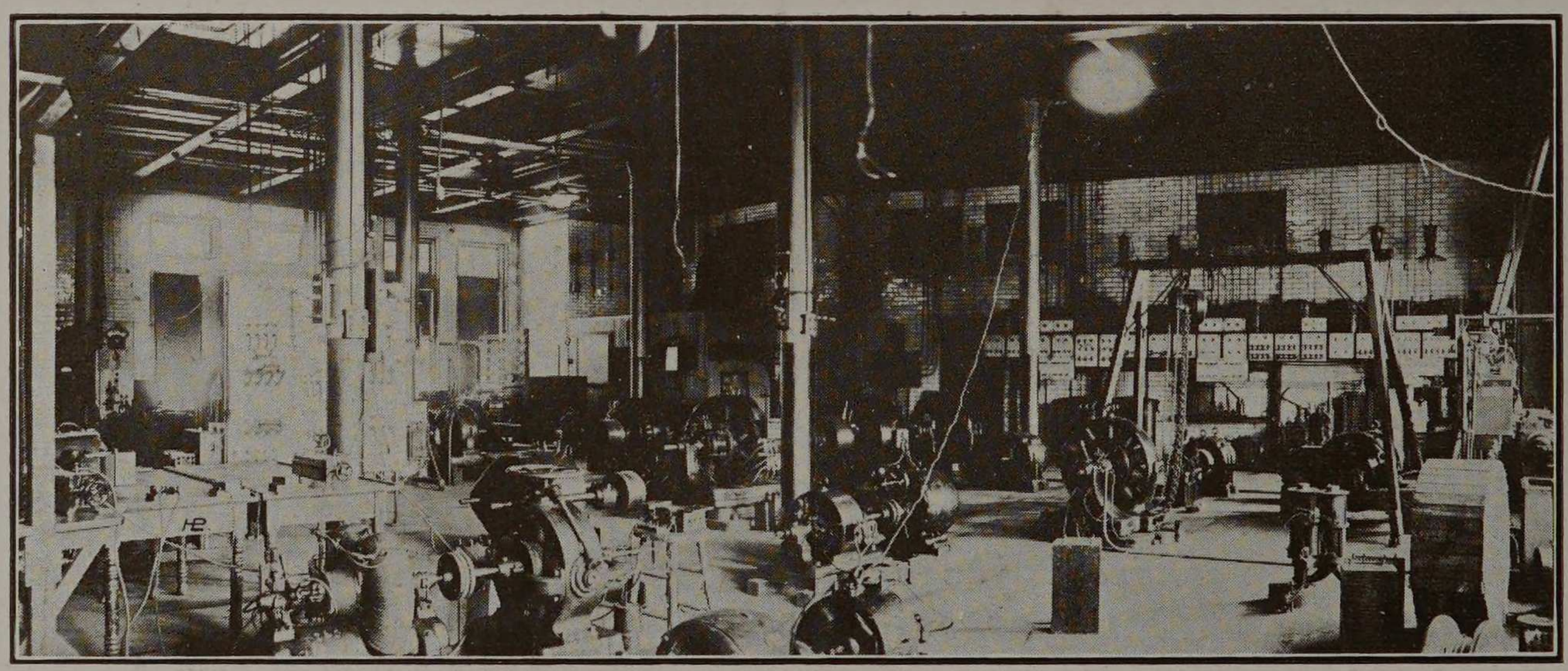
So do not forget, you graduates,—you are Armour men. Show your belief in the old Tech and the old Tech will feel proud of you. A boost for Armour is a boost for yourself.

be kept and used I will name three: meerschaum pipes, violins, and poems." — Oliver Wendell Holmes.

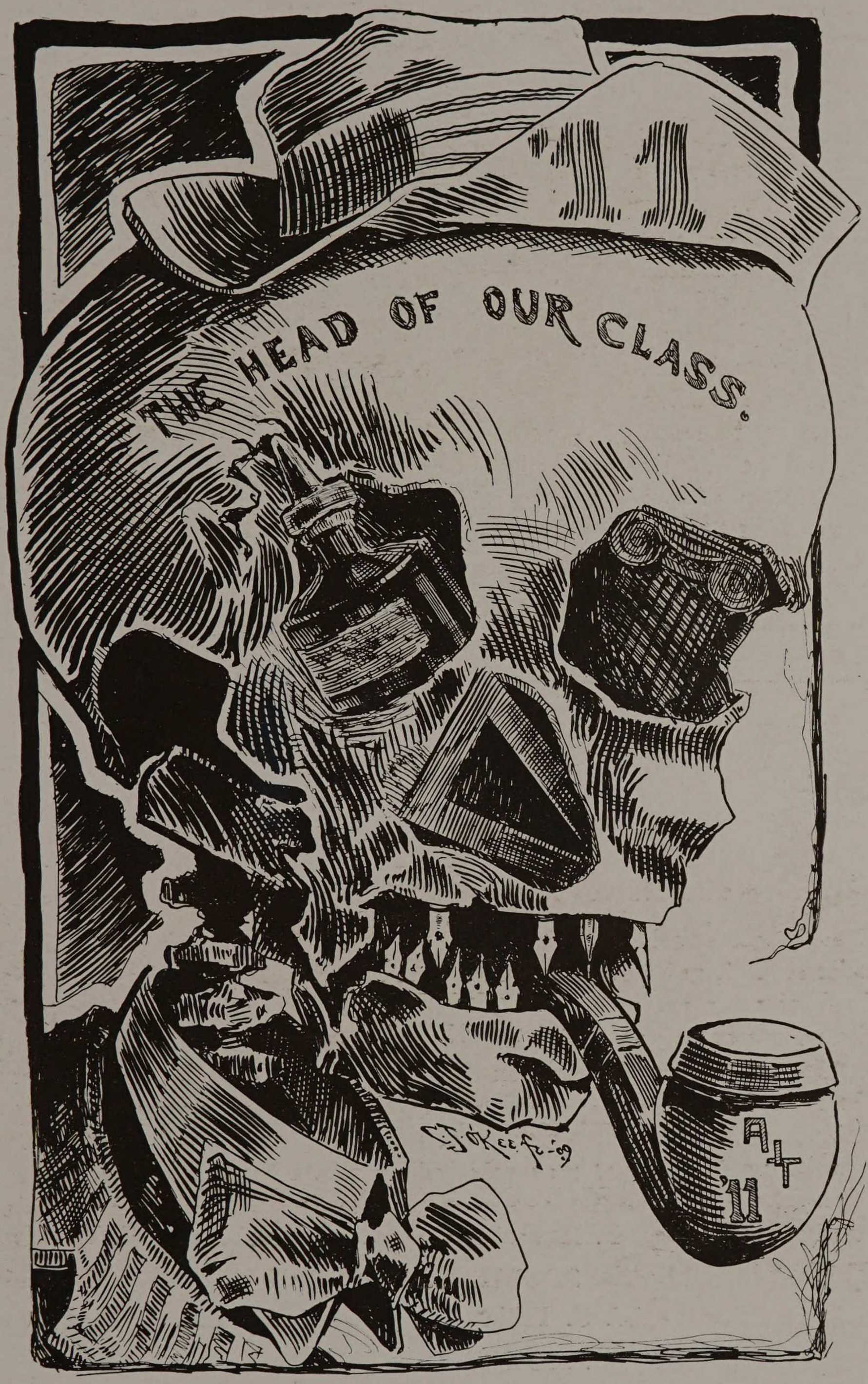
To the list of things quoted by the well-beloved humorist which require age and use to become of value a fourth might be added according to popular opinion and that is educational institutions. None are considered of any importance or as able to exert any authority which are not weighted The older the better, it



VALVE ROOM UNDERWRITERS' LABORATORIES.



DYNAMO LABORATORY.

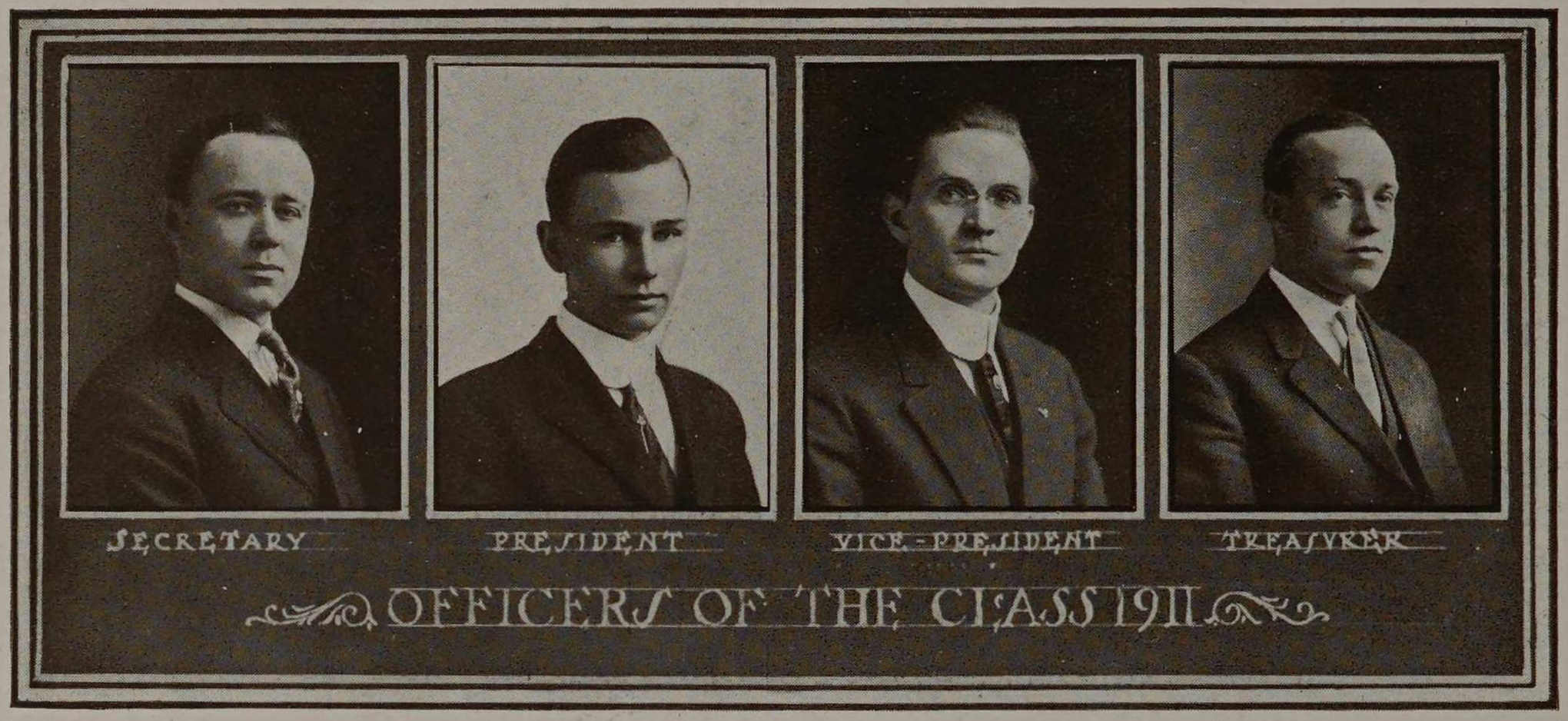


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The 1911 Class

OF THE

Armour Institute of Technology



C. E. Beck J. A. McCague L. L. Williams E. C. Dobbie

COLORS

Maize and Blue

YELL

'Yea, 'Leven,
'Yea, 'Leven,
E-L-E-V-E-N, 'Leven.

SERGEANTS-AT-ARMS

J. Albert M. Robinson J. Kenneth Mabbs

COMMENCEMENT WEEK COMMITTEE

W. W. Moore O. R. Kellner P. F. Miller

SENIOR CLASS BOOK AND PICTURE COMMITTEE

E. J. Schmidt P. Eickenberg J. H. Fletcher F. W. Metz

SOCIAL COMMITTEE

L. D. Kiley W. G. Tellin G. B. James H. A. Merriman

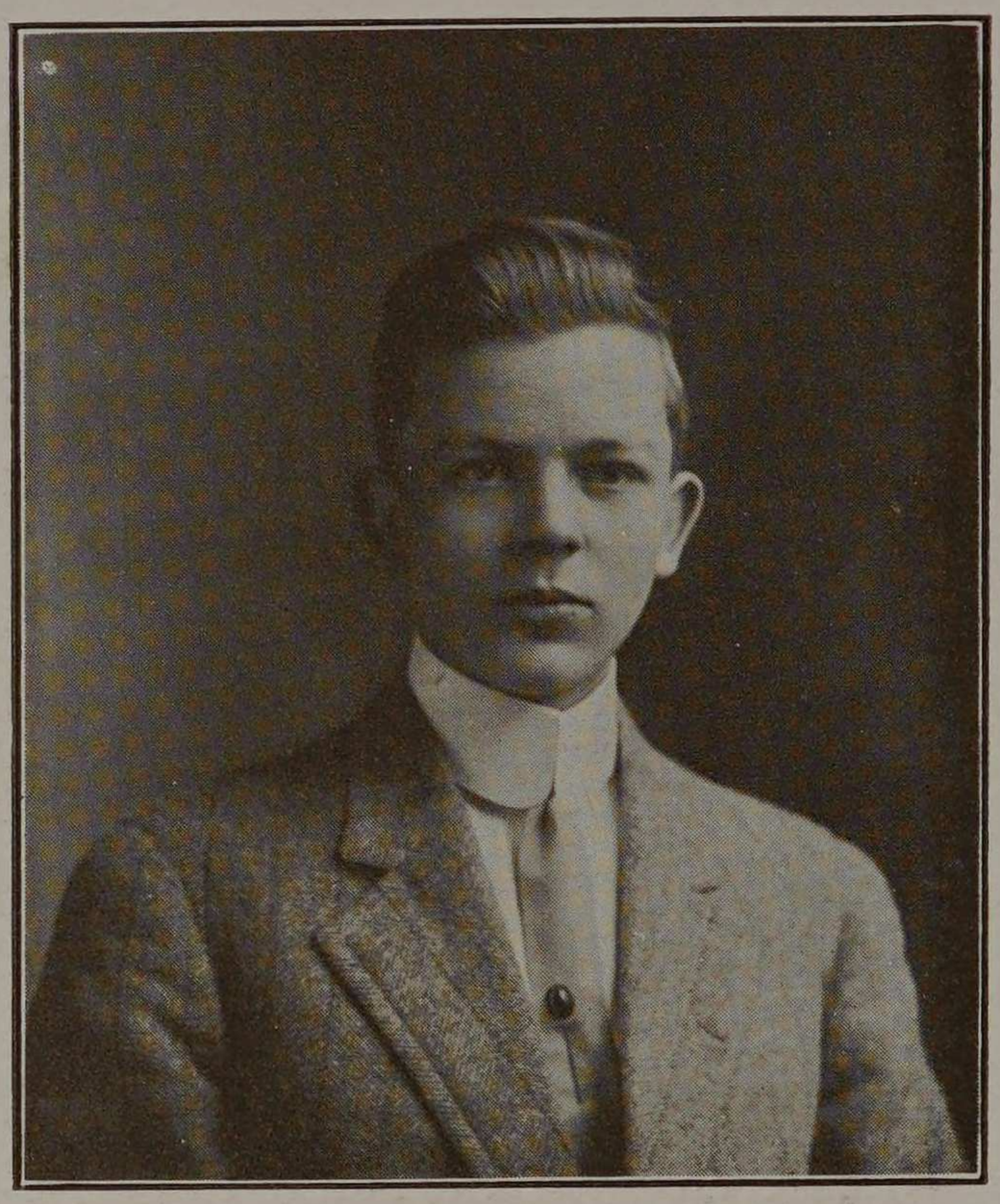
SMOKER COMMITTEE

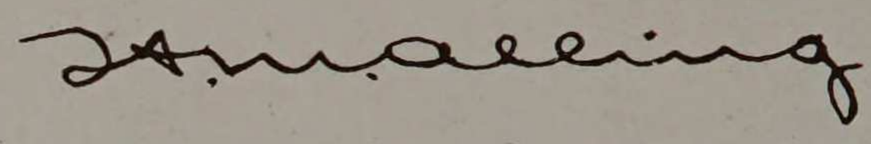
P. Eickenberg F. H. Griffiths W. R. Tobias



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THE SENIOR CLASS BOOK
1911





Fire Protection Engineering.

Prepared at Evanston High School.

Thesis Subject: The Influence of Nozzle Design Upon the Discharge Coefficient of Automatic Sprinklers.

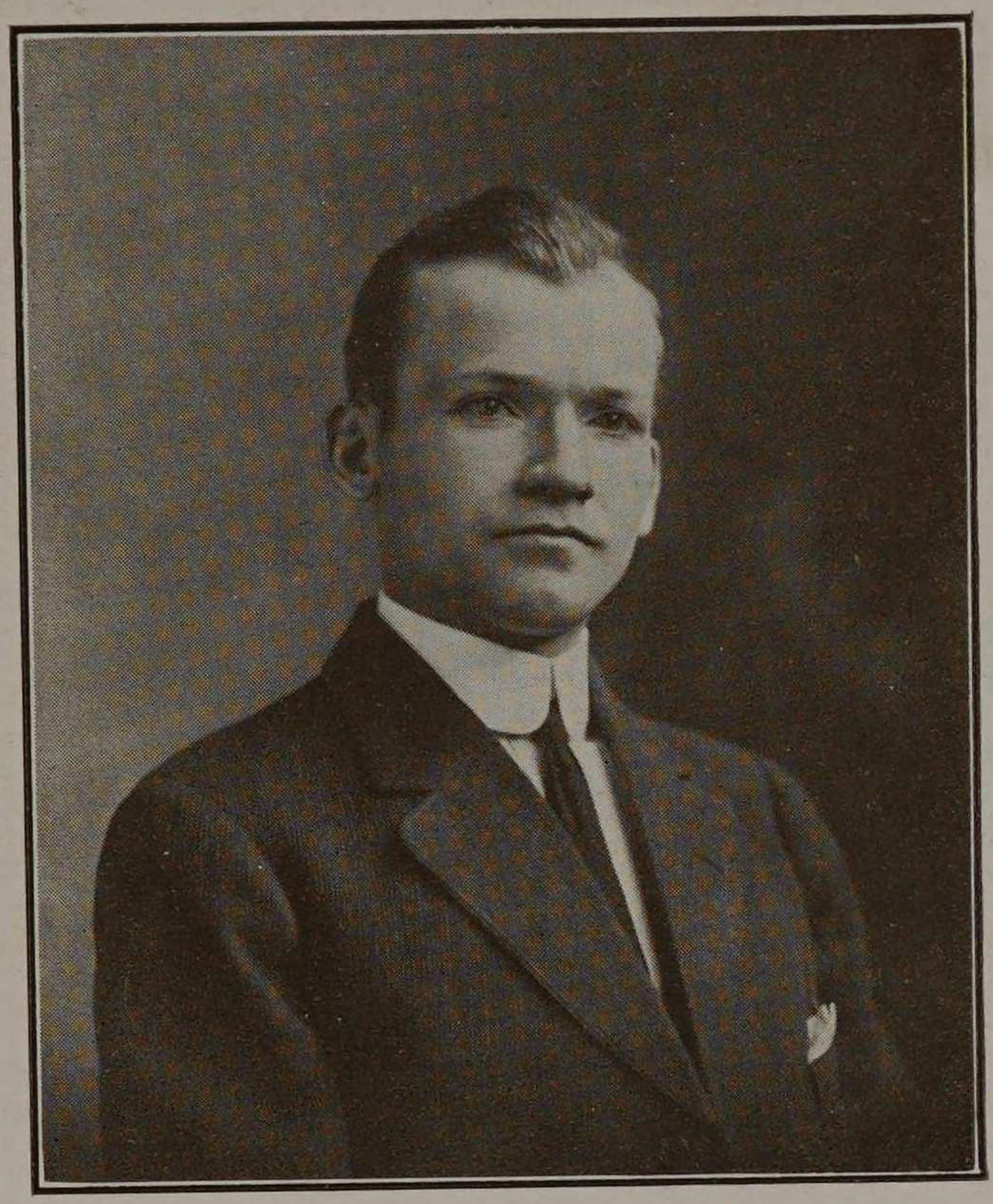
Here is a Fire Protect who has always managed to get the best of his Profs without seriously exerting himself and who is ever willing to take in a show at the "American" in preference to a Lab period. He made his appearance in Evanston, just twenty-one years ago, and from the very beginning became deeply interested in the opposite sex. He has never permitted this interest to wane or to even remain dormant for any appreciable length of time. His principal attraction at present is a stately brunette, whose initial we give you in "S," and in whose company he may be seen whenever occasion permits.

Alling received his preliminary training in the Evanston High School and in the course of this period little was heard from him. But when he entered the College, he came with a noise and managed to create a stir at every turn of the four years spent with us. He forced a well known Math. Prof. to lower his colors and has upon more instances than one completely peeved the rest of the Fire Protection Crew. Alling is also somewhat of a billiard player, and there is nothing that gives him more pleasure than to catch McCague in Chapin Club and slip a game over on him. When you mention a dance to him, there is none who is as willing to take you up as he, and the manner in which he supports the Tech affairs is worthy of comment.

Harold always has a good word to pass around and although he is inclined to immature ways at times, he nevertheless is a fine fellow to strike up an acquaintance with and never loses a friend.

"My Only Books
Were Women's Looks."

R B Ambrose



Mechanical Engineering.

Prepared at Hyde Park High School.

Thesis Subject: Determination of the Effect of Varying the Amount of Moisture in a Suction Gas Producer.

Secretary of Sophomore Class of 1910.

Y. M. C. A.

Treasurer, A. S. M. E.

Usher, Commencement 1910.

Junior Play.

Class Book Staff 1911.

Chapin Club.

"Professor X" first let the light of his knowing countenance fall upon the universe on January 19, 1885. Is it not odd that such a manly chap should come from a high school where there are sixteen girls to every boy? It is said that birds of a feather flock together; it was for this reason that Roy Ambrose quit the Class of 1910 and joined us in September, 1909.

In our Junior Play Ambrose took the title role of Professor X and carried it off with credit to himself and to the original. Last fall Ambrose further distinguished himself by his talk before the Mechanical Society on gas producers; it has been said by someone, who knows, that it was the best talk ever given here by any undergraduate. He dreams about gas and gasoline engines, and he worships that producer like a god on a pedestal.

When Roy makes that million or two he will not have a fine house on Fifth Avenue but will build a motor yacht and sail around the world. He has that most valuable faculty of concentration that will make him money some day; in fact, we have to speak to him twice before hoping to gain his attention. This is enough to make us suspicious that there is a lady on his mind, for we know that he studies psychology very faithfully, particularly on Sunday. Here's hoping, old man!

"On the Stage He was Natural, Simple, Affecting."

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THE SENIOR CLASS BOOK
1911



Leonard C. Anderson

Electrical Engineering.

Prepared at Armour Scientific Academy.

Thesis Subject: Comparative Test of Acid and Alkali Types of Storage Batteries.

Class Basketball (2), (3), (4).

Ever since the 12th of October, 1888, at which time Handy Andy first broke into a horse-laugh, Chicago has claimed this amiable youth as its own. Leonard is a distinctly Chicago product, and, what's more, also a dyed-in-the-wool Armourite. After spending seven years here, three in the now defunct Academy and four in the College, it should be a novel sensation for him, not to be connected with this institution any longer. And the old familiar surroundings will lack something too after May 25, for Andy's smiling face will no longer spread joy over its environments.

Andy's pet hobby is basketball. For the last three years he has assisted "Jakey" Mabbs in downing our hated rivals, viz., the representatives of the other classes, or failing of that, to make it interesting for them at any rate. And, take it from us, Anderson is a rough and tumble basketball artist of high caliber. Speaking of rough-house, there is nothing our hero delights in more than to plan a practical joke on his pals, Newhouse and Pettibone. His infectious laugh, when he succeeds, is a tonic for the weak and morbid.

But not only in the more robust diversions does Andy excel, he also loves the gentler one of fussing, at which he certainly is no slouch. A versatile chap he is. Just look at some of the positions he has filled,—shoe salesman at Cutler's, assistant electrician of the school, assistant manager of the Beanery, and best of all, salesman of Catholic prayer books. A man who can get away with all of that deserves a diploma on general principles. Incidentally, Leonard tried some of his salesmanship flimflam on Professor Barrows in trying to pass Illumination, but alas, it did not succeed so well in the more sophisticated atmosphere of Armour as it did out in Iowa last summer.

"As Prone to Mischief, as Able to Perform It."

R. L. Beaudry.

Architecture.

Prepared at Calumet and Englewood High Schools.

Thesis Subject: Design for an Artists' Club.

Atelier.



Ralph Beaudry, better known as "Doc" or "Rusty," was born August 20th, 1888, in Albany, New York. After graduating from the grammar school he attended Calumet High School for a year. This was too much for him, therefore, to change his luck, he completed his prep work at Englewood. While there he made up his mind to become an architect, and to accomplish his purpose entered Armour with the rest of the 1911 Class.

Ralph's four years at the Institute have been years of great achievements in the way of making up back credits. Just at present his favorite study is Professor Wilcox's Physics.

Have you ever noticed Doc at an Armour dance? Well, he brings the "classiest little dame" you ever saw, and he claims his pet ambition to be to make her Mrs. "Doc."

In his Junior year Doc distinguished himself greatly by winning the Alschuler Prize. His design of a tap room was a winner. Do not be led to infer from this that he is anything but a Prohibitionist, for there you would be mistaken,—his strongest drink is water.

Ralph's chief delights in his Senior year are eating lunch with a "friend" and smoking a mammoth big pipe in the Drafting Room when he thinks the coast is clear. He is also famous for his recent exhibition in the Annual Architectural Exhibit at the Art Institute.

"To be Instructed in the Arts Makes Men Gentle."

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H. E. Beck

Mechanical Engineering.

Prepared at Armour Scientific Academy.

Thesis Subject: Installation and Test of Three-Ton Ice Plant.

Tau Beta Pi.

President A. S. M. E. (4).

Class Secretary (4).

The "man who knows" and the dictator absolute of the Senior Mechanicals is Beck. C. E. hails from the land of prison, parole, and punishment. He gazed for the first time upon this snow-clad earth on December 1, 1884, at a pleasant place called Joliet, Ill.

It is said that while still quite young Beck began to acquire the gentle habit of strenuosity, and those of us who know him best will vouch for the fact that such characteristics have increased rather than decreased. Thirty-seven hours per week in the Mechanical course with about four hours of study per day is enough for most any healthy-minded individual, yet Beck does all of this and besides finds thirty hours per week to devote to his duties as manager of the Sargent Steam Meter Company.

This is living the strenuous life surely up to even Teddy's standard,—but wait, there is more to come. Our friend has dared to deny most emphatically that he is in favor of woman's suffrage and with all his business cares and studies, he believes that woman is most charming in the home and least so in politics. We have very little accurate data concerning his activities in this direction, but rumors are rumors, and we feel sure that grass is not growing under his feet.

Among the Mechanicals Beck's authority on subjects pertaining to gas engines, gas producers, steam engines, and steam boilers is absolute, excepting not even Kent.

As President of the Armour Branch of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers he has won the great respect of professors and students alike.

Beck is serious to a fault, eternally on the hustle, and carries an attitude of determination to "Get there."

"I am Monarch of All I Survey,
My Right There is None to Dispute."

C. W. Binder.

Civil Engineering.

Prepared at Hammond High School.

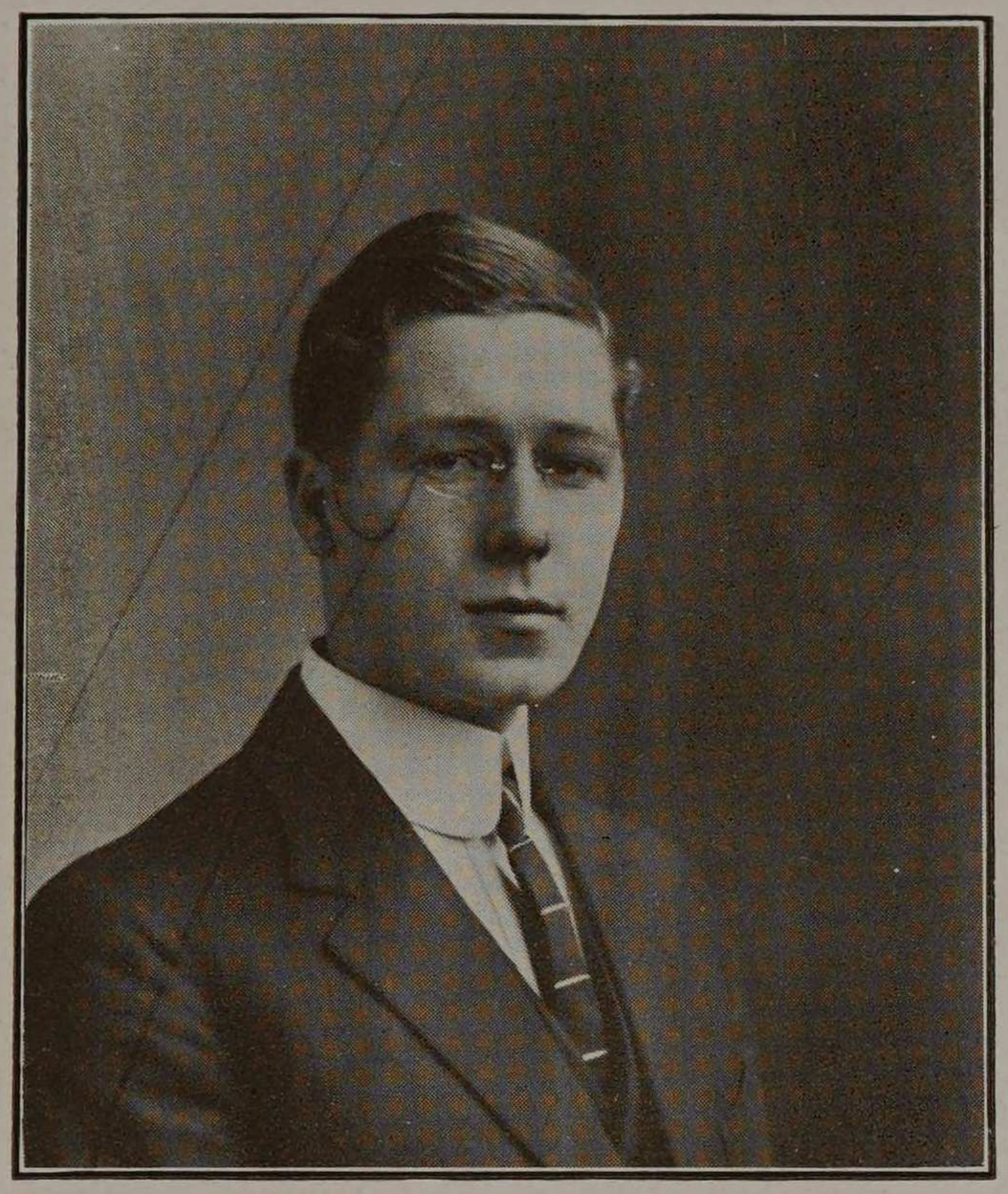
Thesis Subject: Design of a Two-Hinged Steel Spandrel Braced Arch.

Tau Beta Pi.

Editor Armour Engineer (4).

C. E. S.

Mandolin Club (1), (3), (4).



We cannot just figure out why that Swiss-American stork should have dropped Charlie at a place like Kalamazoo, Michigan. It is hard to associate him with any other place than Hammond. It may have been that the aforesaid stork was too busy watching for the ground-hog on Feb. 2, 1886.

After graduating from the Hammond High School in 1904, Binder found employment in the office of the C. I. & S. R. R. as a draftsman. It was here that he decided to become a real engineer, which resulted in his entering the Tech in the fall of 1907.

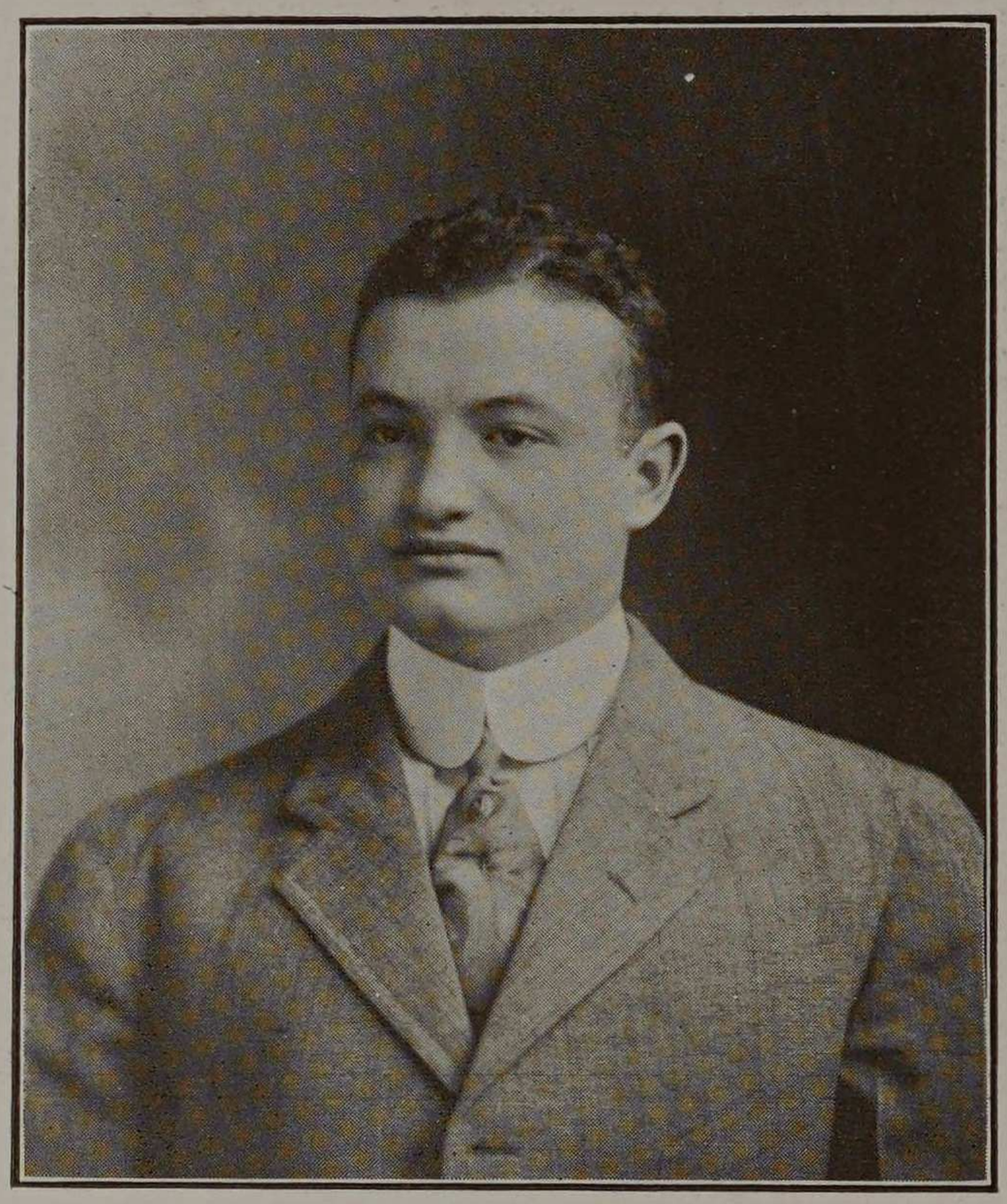
Charles William is one of those quiet, unassuming fellows with a smile and a pleasant word for every one, and it is because of this that he has so many friends, both among the Faculty and students. We might add that he is some "moosick maker" also, his favorite instruments being the mandolin and the flute.

One of the interesting features about our "Hammond kid" is that he travels about fifty miles per day in order to attend school,—going some, eh? Now let's see,—fifty miles per day,—six days a week,—thirty-six weeks per year,—four years,—oh, help, pass the slide rule.

During his first two years at Armour, Charlie kept himself in obscurity, acquiring plenty of "A's," making many friends, and playing in the Mandolin Club. He has functioned as the "official fluter" of the Mandolin Club for the past two seasons. As editor-in-chief of the Armour Engineer, Binder is deserving much praise, for both editions have brought great credit to the institution.

"A Moral, Sensible, and Well Bred Man."

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H. Bornstein

Chemical Engineering.

Prepared at Wendell Phillips High School.

Thesis Subject: Effect of Heat Treatment on High Speed Tool Steel.

American Chemical Society.

Chemical Engineering Society.

Who would believe Hymen to be the baby of the Senior Class? Well, just look at the date of his birth, September 3, 1891. That will make him nineteen years, eight months, and twenty-two days old on Commencement Day. Not half bad!

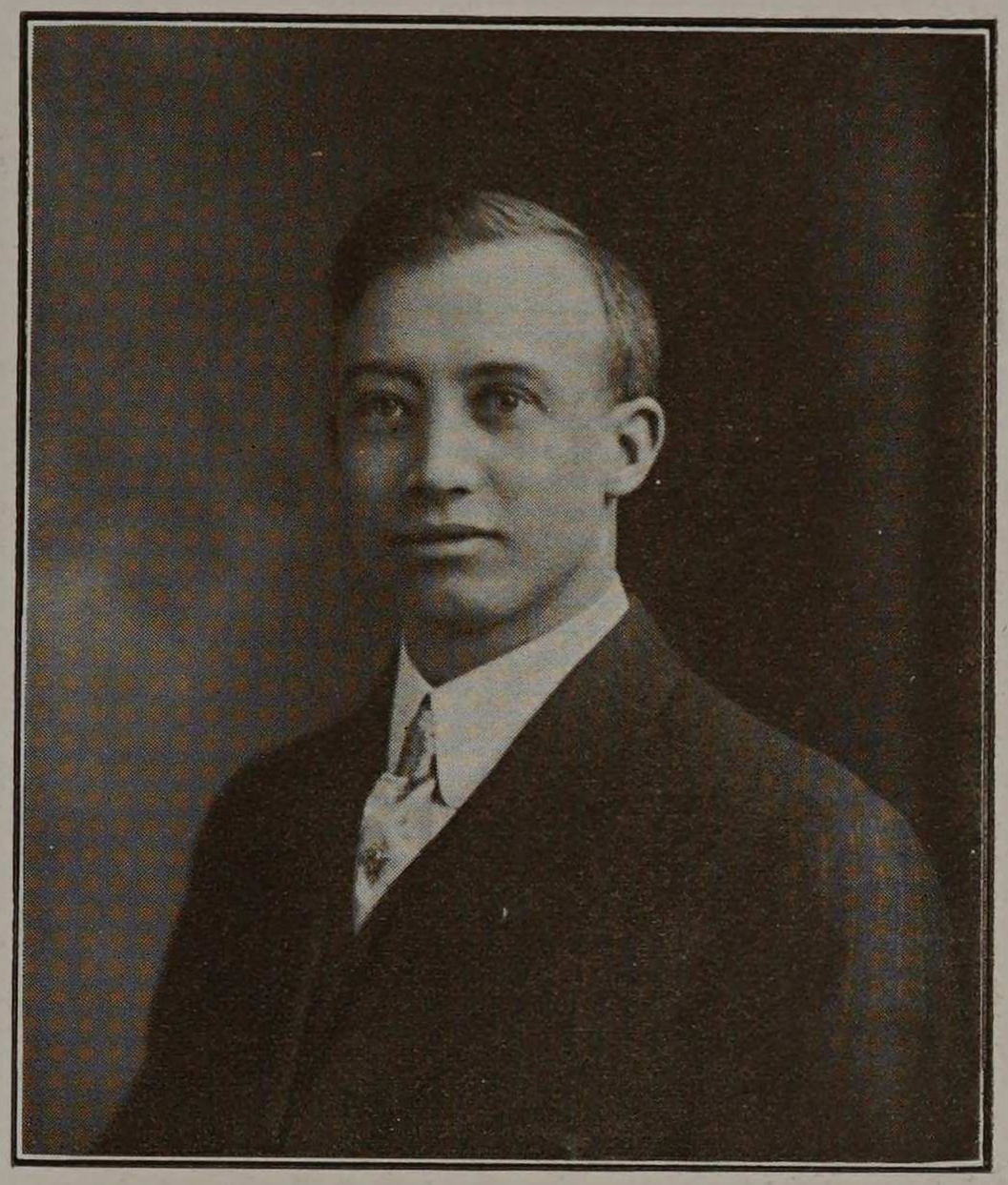
"Borny" is another product of Wendell Phillips. That he won no little distinction at Prep school is well evidenced by his scholastic attainments since his affiliation with Armour. The most remarkable difference between the Borny of high school days and the Borny of today is in his physique. Can anyone imagine his winning a medal as a sprinter now?

Hymen always was an industrious chap. Had he not been, he would not have chosen the chemical course, nor would he have made up the semester which he lost during the Sophomore year.

Old "fuzz-top" is some sport too, and it does not take so very much coaxing to get him to ditch Lab to go to the American Music Hall, or to leave off studying some evening to see a show (something which has happened quite often of late).

To predict a bright future for this worthy is superfluous. For with his fund of good humor, his excellent chemical knowledge, and his practical insight, what else may be expected of him who is already a member of the American Chemical Society?"

"Let His Lack of Years be no Impediment to Let Him Lack a Reverend Estimation."



P. L. Bradford

Electrical Engineering.

Prepared at Fullerton and Anaheim High Schools, California. Polytechnic College of Engineering (Oakland) and University of California.

A. I. E. E.

Class Baseball (4).

Occasionally we strike a person who is really so interested in his work that he has eyes, ears, or thoughts for little else. Such an earnest stude is P. L. Bradford, and his particular and only hobby is electricity. Practically all of his past time was, and surely his future will be, devoted to the study of the intricacies of the mystic "juice." He has already enrolled in the General Electric Company's Student Engineering course.

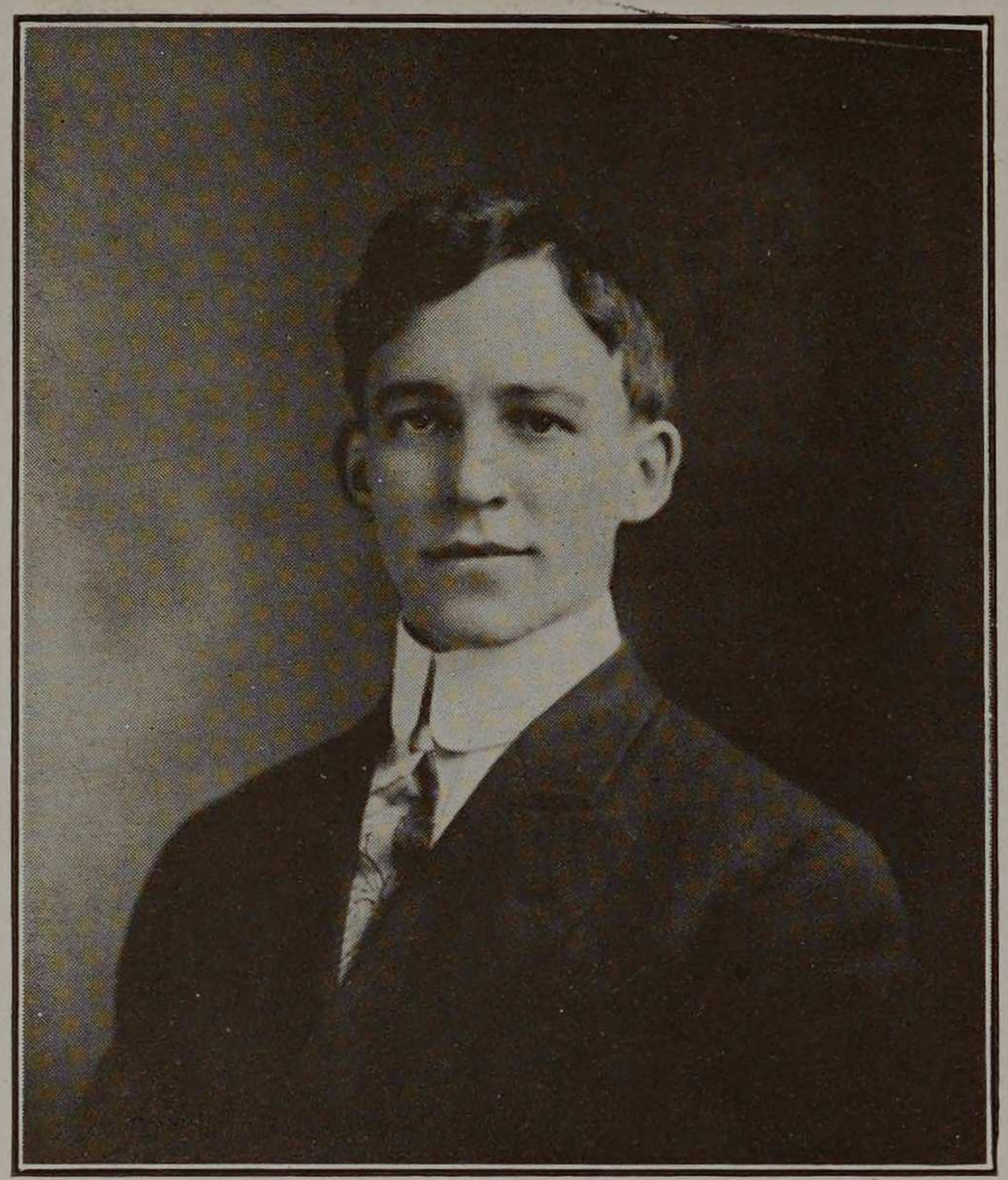
"Brad" is a simon-pure, all-wool-and-a-yard-wide, Yankee from New England. He was born at Winchester, Massachusetts, on June 15, 1885, so, you see, he really does not look his age. When he was at the tender age of three, his folks migrated to the land of sunshine, California. Mr. Bradford, Sr., is the proprietor of several orange orchards in the neighborhood of Fullerton in Southern California, and it is amid such pleasant surroundings that the fair-haired boy grew up.

The "Peerless Leader" has been mixed up with several colleges, besides engaging in telephone construction work and power plant operation. Not satisfied with results, he decided to take a course in a real technical school, and joined us just in time to help demolish the Freshies. Bradford has toiled hard and accomplished much. We need but recall the Bradford System of Automobile Lighting (Patented).

Having become convinced that a direct current rotary transformer which would really transform would be a considerable addition to the sum total of electrical achievements, "Brad" has been busy since last summer in getting such a machine to operate, or in trying to at least. Together with his shadow, "Jimmy" Fletcher, he has dismantled and rebuilt an old D. C. machine and made it perform a variety of stunts, so as to present a thesis on them to the Powers That Be. From what we know of these two embryo engineers we predict a successful issue to the venture.

"With But a Single Aim in Life."

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Al. E. Bredlau

Civil Engineering.

Prepared at Goerlitz Realgymnasium and Medill High School.

Thesis Subject: Design of Trunnion Bascule Bridge.

Class Bowling (2).

Class Basketball (4).

C. E. S.

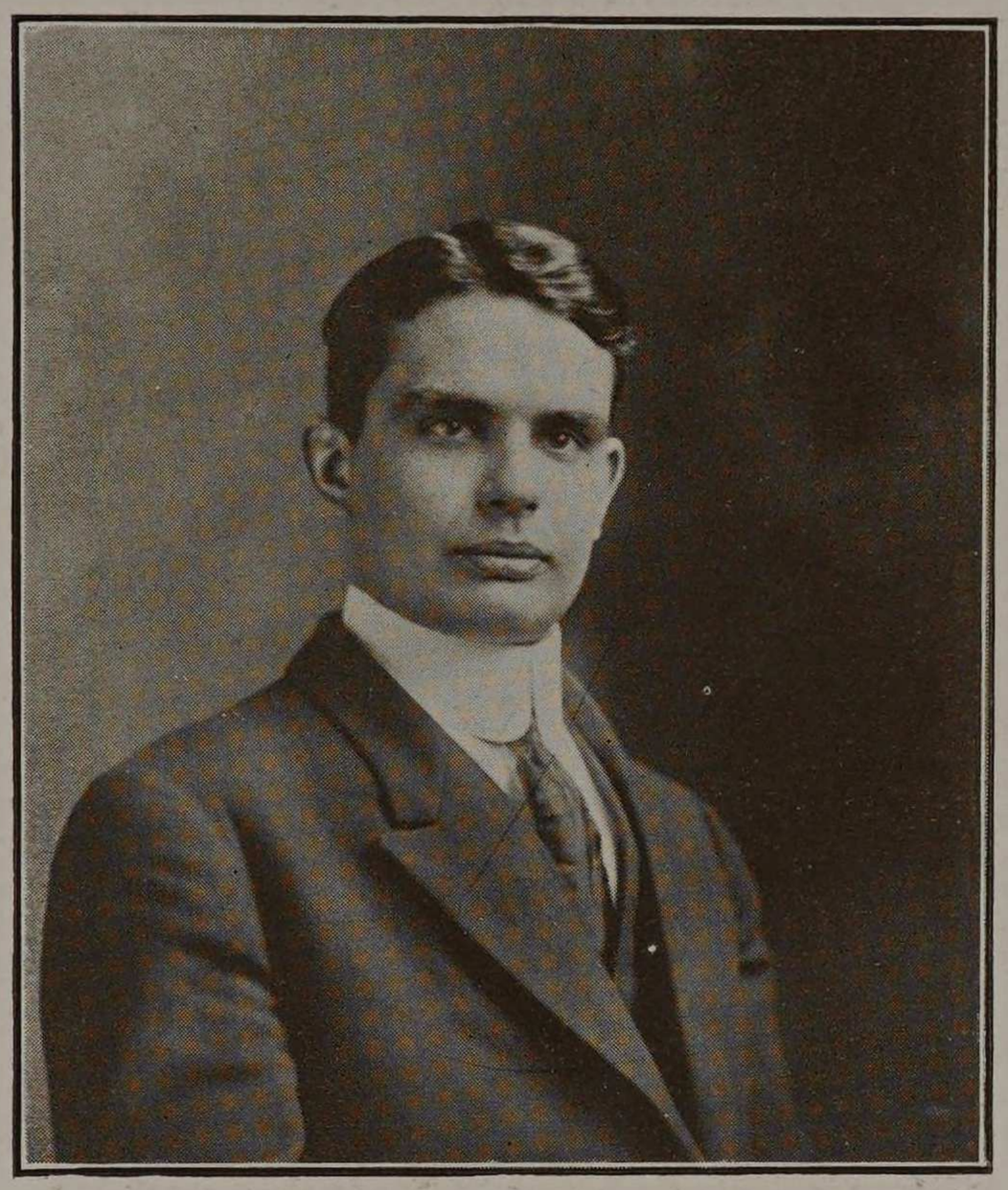
Born in Berlin, Germany, on April 5, 1889, Bredlau came to this country in 1905. Meanwhile he had acquired all that the Realgymnasium of Goerlitz had to offer, and coming here, he completed his work at Medill High School in 1907. Known to all as "Sophy," his years at Armour have served to make him one of the essential figures of the Civil Class.

Bredlau is an athlete of renown and a man of many accomplishments. He supported the Class Bowling team in 1909 and the Class Basketball team in 1911. Though it is not generally known, Bredlau is a wrestler of merit. He is the proud possessor of a silver medal awarded to him as champion of the 135 pound class several years ago. On the night on which he won the medal this young Samson threw no less than six opponents, succumbing to the seventh. This was at the Einigkeit Turnverein.

Those too who have heard him play a violin have only this criticism to offer, that he has not been more generous in permitting us to enjoy his musical talent.

Bredlau is richly endowed with that gift known as "nerve"; for instance, after three years' training at civil engineering, finding nothing in his direct line, he went to the Western Electric Company last summer and secured a position as a designing engineer, while a former Armour graduate traced his drawings!

"Never in a Hurry."



H. L. Butler.

Civil Engineering.

Prepared at Libertyville and Highland Park High Schools.

Thesis Subject: A Reinforced Concrete Arch Rib Bridge on North Sheridan Road, Waukegan, Ill.

Omega Lambda.

C. E. S.

Is it not a strange coincidence that a person who is fitted with a roving nature and love for freedom should be born in such a place as Libertyville? But this is what befell Horace Butler. He arrived at this fair spot in our grand old commonwealth in 1889, a time when the followers of the speedway directed their attention there. However, this form of sport did not appeal to him; but instead he inclined to the grandest of all pastimes, namely those of fishing and hunting. He would rather tramp the woods and fields in search of game or go after the bass and pickerel for a day than work the choicest problem Professor Wells could originate.

For his preparatory training, Horace was not satisfied with all the Libertyville High School could offer him, and thought if he could get in a year at Deerfield Township High School, he would be better equipped to take up the strenuous course at Armour. He appeared with the rest of us on that notable day in September, 1907, and while still innocent was induced to register in "Doc" Campbell's classes, for which act he had occasion to express many regrets in that this wily native of Scotland took especial delight in springing quizzes on him when least prepared.

You are entirely mistaken if you form the opinion that this chap is as shy as his conduct seems to indicate, for there is many a chorus girl who has been unable to resist the charms of those rosy cheeks and dark romantic eyes. As a form of diversion in vacation periods, Horace turned his attention to subdivision work about his home town, at which he gained considerable reputation as a surveyor.

"In the Black Eye's Sparkling Spell
Mystery and Mischief Dwell."

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Y. H. Chan.

Mechanical Engineering.

Prepared at Armour Scientific Academy.

Thesis Subject: Construction and Calibration of a New Type of Pressure Gauge.

A. S. M. E.

Class Baseball (4).

Class Basketball (4).

This, gentlemen and ladies, is not the Emperor but a life-like reproduction of the future Engineer General of the Chinese Empire. Yoke was born in Canton, China, on September 12, 1883. He came to America, Illinois, and Chicago, when quite a small boy, and was educated in the public schools and Armour Scientific Academy.

Chan's greatest ambition is to become a mechanical engineer, and he certainly made the right start by entering as a freshman in the Mechanical Department of the Armour Institute of Technology. Yoke has been in this country for some time and, indeed, seems quite Americanized; his English is perfect. He says next year will find him back in his own country and helping in the great engineering work now being started in the vast Empire of China.

Our brother from the Antipodes has paid the greater part of his expenses at school himself, and may be found Saturdays and Sundays at the King Joy Lo Restaurant. He drinks nothing but tea, is a baseball fan, is never going to get married, and does not believe in woman's suffrage. He never gets "sore," always wears a happy smile, and is full of mischief. Chan gets slightly fussed at times when called upon to tell what he knows in Power Plants or Thermodynamics, which may be readily observed by the delicate blush over his ears and cheeks.

Chan is a good fellow, always willing to lend a hand, and well liked by all his classmates. If he really carries out his intention of returning to his mother-country, our best wishes will accompany him, and we hope sincerely that the parting will be temporary, not permanent.

"A Man he Seems of Cheerful Yesterdays
And Confident Tomorrows."

Thane G Cleaver

Civil Engineering.

Prepared at Robert A. Waller High School.

Thesis Subject: Waterproofing of Concrete by Addition of Patented Compounds.

Delta Tau Delta.

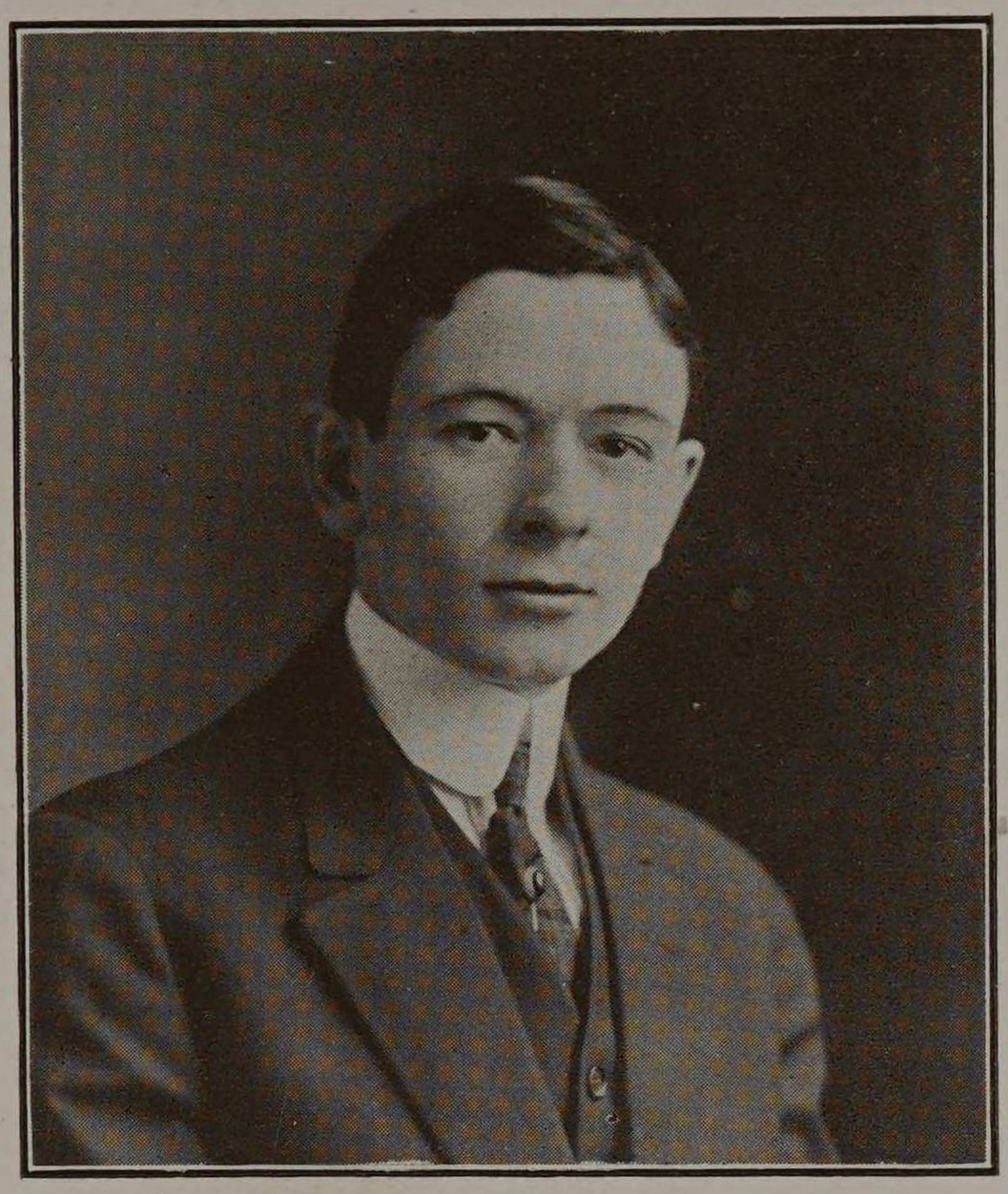
Radical X.

C. E. S.

Mandolin Club (1), Leader (3), (4).

Sphinx.

Senior Class Book Staff.



Thane Cleaver was born in Chicago on the 9th of June, 1889, his ancestry tracing back to Wales. He graduated from the Robert A. Waller High School with the Class of 1907, and straightway came to Armour.

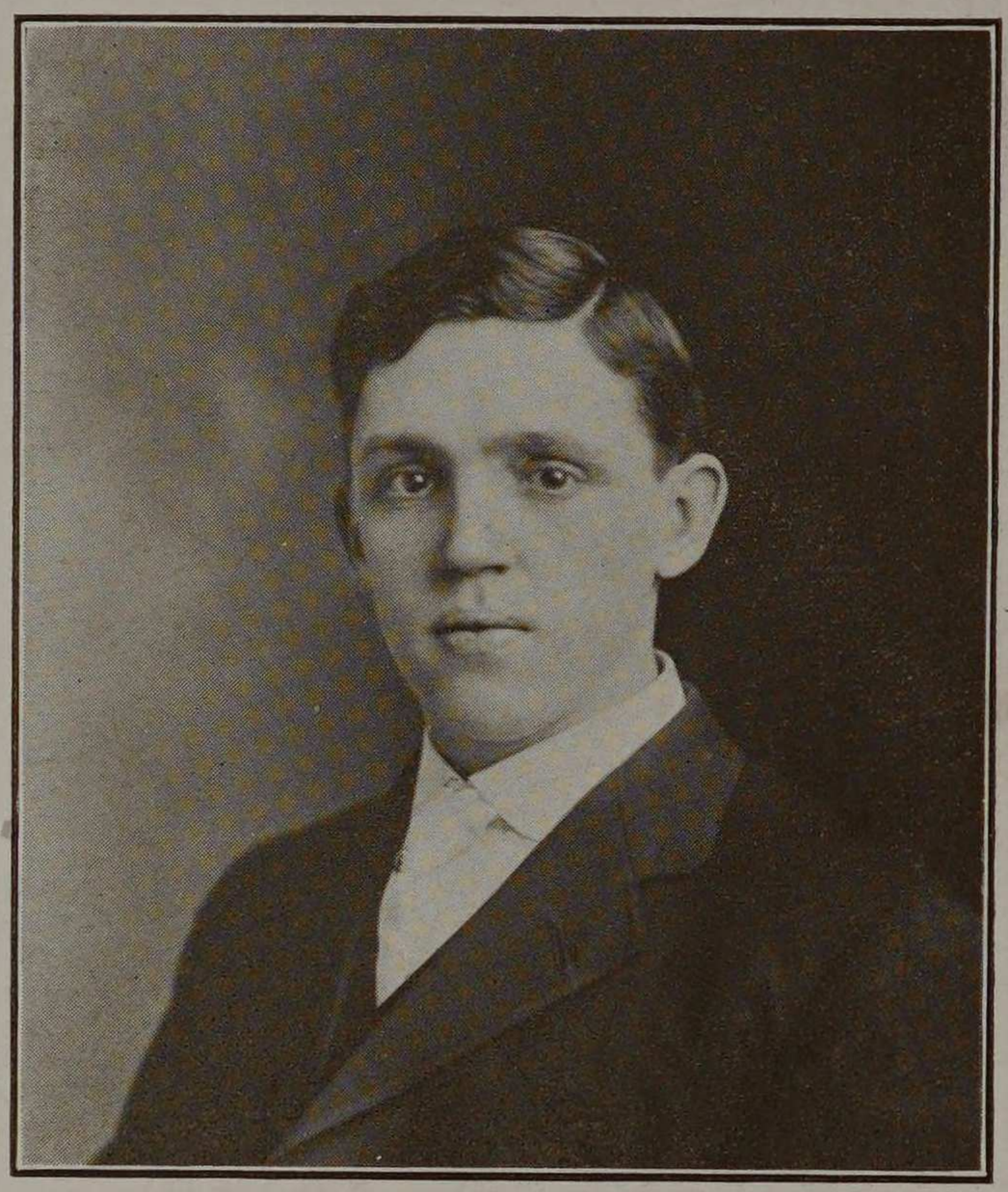
From the start Thane has won and retained the respect of his classmates. He is a man who has little to say, but that little worth much. Conservative along all lines, he has, nevertheless, been closely allied with many of the school's affairs. He is a member of Delta Tau Delta, the Sphinx, Radical X, and the Civil Society. He has done considerable work on the Fulcrum and the 1911 Integral. Cleaver's name has long been associated with the Mandolin Club, having been one of its expert players through the seasons of '07-'08, '09-'10, and '10-'11, being also its leader in '09-'10 and '10-'11. The Club owes much of its success during the last two of the above seasons to his able and intelligent leadership.

Thane was a member of the banner Summer Camp of 1908. Finding the work greatly to his liking, he has made practical use of the training gained under "Pa" Phillips' tutorship on that memorable trip by acting as instrument man for the Union Pacific during the summers of 1909 and 1910.

Cleaver belongs to a class of men, whom the school would be better for having more of. Not only an able and conscientious student, but also active in many of the school and class doings not directly connected with his educational tasks, is Cleaver. He has done his share and a great deal more in the cause of fostering a proper college spirit at the Tech, for which we owe him a vote of thanks. He will go far and perform great things in the engineering world, after he leaves us. Our hopes are all with him.

"Versatility and Ability Linked with Reticence."

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G. F. Cummins.

Mechanical Engineering.

Prepared at Omaha High School.

Thesis Subject: Determination of Wear and Deterioration Effect of Assembling a Large Centrifugal Blower.

A. S. M. E.

Nebraska Club.

While it is not customary in our democratic institution to "Mister" any one except "heap braves" and "big chiefs" we believe no mistake has been made in the case of Mr. Cummins. He surely is "heap brave," for 'tis just two years since he leaped the chasm of bachelordom and began to bravely paddle the canoe of connubial bliss.

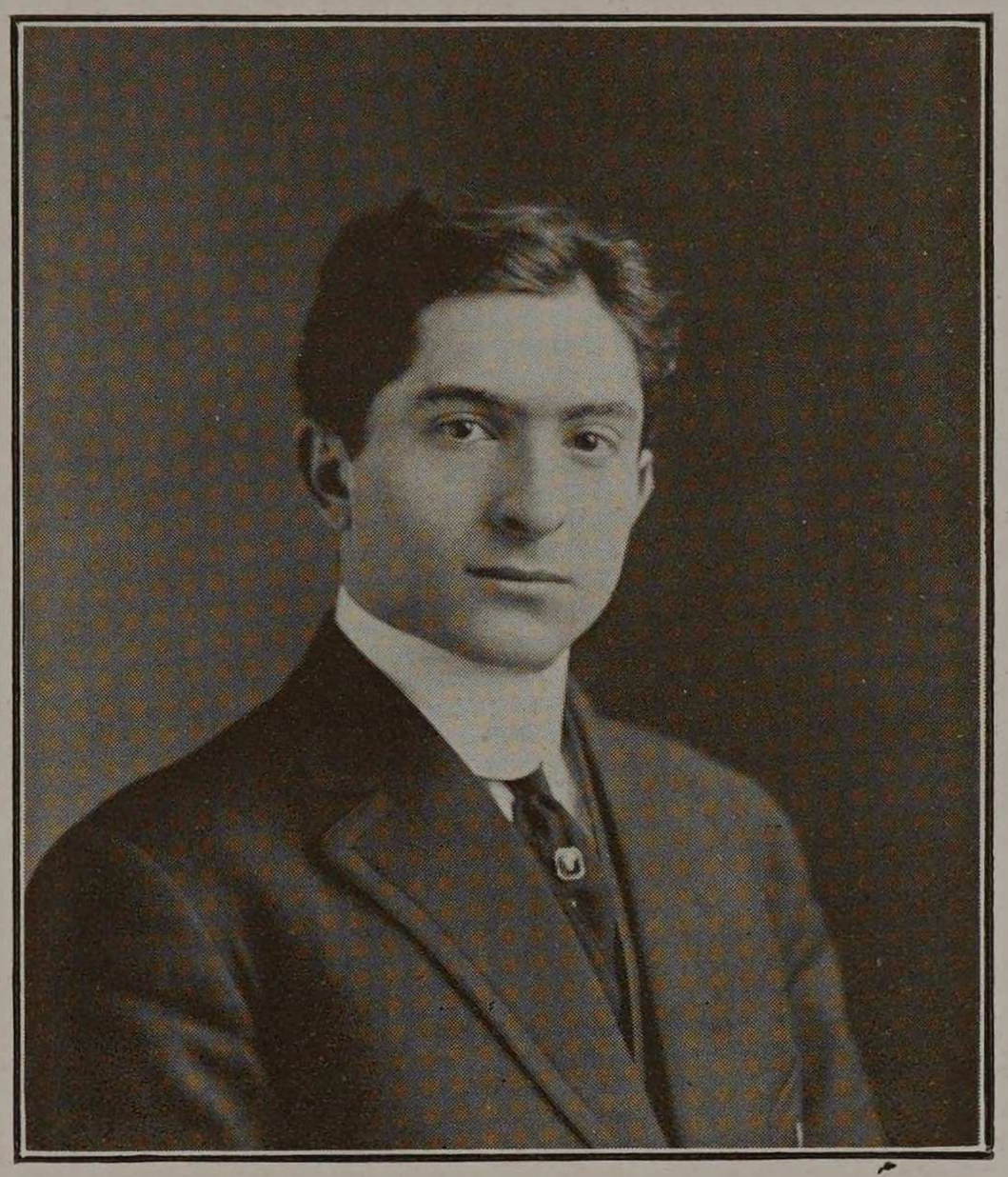
On January 17, 1885, Fred surprised Pawnee City, Nebr., with his sudden appearance. The world at large, however, did not hear of Mr. Cummins until some time later when he again suddenly appeared, as a student in the Omaha High School this time. From then on his entire life has been just one event after the other.

It is said that in these days of rapid transit and communication no man can live in Omaha long without hearing of Chicago, and Mr. Fritz Cummins was no exception. The attraction proved so strong that September 1907 found his name on the list of those newly enrolled at Armour, where he has remained until this day, when he holds the exclusive title of Hon. Senior Mechanical Non-Bachelor.

There are a few noteworthy things about Mr. Cummins. In the first place, he is an advocate of woman's suffrage. Perhaps it is because he is married, or perhaps he was always of that conviction. He is fond of buttermilk, and claims sleep as his favorite pastime. Concerning the latter item, we certainly take issue with our friend, for surely sleep as a pastime finds no place on the program of a man carrying forty-four hours without batting an eye.

Fritz, as he was known before he was married, is a most agreeable fellow even now. The only time he was known to become the least bit fussed was when Libby chided him for being late one morning.

"He Hath a Heart as Sound as a Bell."



Harry I. Dalsey

Architecture.

Prepared at Joseph Medill High School.

Thesis Subject: Design of a Synagogue.

Atelier.

Harry I. Dalsey, the real and only "Little Jeff," was born in Chicago, May 4, 1889. Little Jeff is one of a large family and it fell to his lot to earn a good deal of his educational expenses. He has succeeded well and certainly appreciates what he has secured thereby. Harry went to one of Chicago's many grammar schools and after completing it attended the Medill High School. During his four years here nothing exciting happened to make our Little Jeff famous so he just naturally graduated. Having decided to study architecture Harry entered Armour Institute in the fall of 1907.

His Sophomore year came and went and our Little Jeff was mixed up in daily encounters with the Milwaukee "Pretzel." Neither one extinguished the other, so he entered his Junior year with courage undaunted. Now Harry became famous. He, being a clever draftsman, "copped" onto the first mention in the Annual Traveling Scholarship Prize. He also became famous for wanting everything which he saw in drug store windows. Harry is sure a connoisseur when it comes to the girl question, for he always has "some doll" at the social affairs.

It is in the Senior Drafting Room that Little Jeff is at his best. Here his impersonations of "The Kid who Built the Pyramids" and other choice antiques are most fully appreciated. There is nothing small about Harry except his stature and that is well made up for by the noise he creates.

"What a Spendthrift is He of His Tongue."

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E. C. Dobbie

Electrical Engineering.

Prepared at Salida High School, Salida, Colorado.
Thesis Subject: Retardation Test of Generators.
Tau Beta Pi.
Omega Lambda.
Eta Kappa Nu.
Class Treasurer (4).
B. B. Club.



E. C. Dobbie, the eminent treasurer of the Senior Class, is from Colorado, Salida, Colorado, to be exact, and he is proud of it. This breezy bit of Western strenuosity first blew into this world on September 11, 1887, at Salida, Colorado, of course. Surrounded by the mountains of this state he developed into quite a likely lad with a way about him which was all his own. After finishing his course at the local high school, Salida again, he hied him hitherwards to learn all there was to be known about electricity, in order to go back home after his graduation and have a say in the vast hydro-electric and transmission line enterprises for which his home state is justly famous.

Ed has very decided opinions about everything, and he lets every one know what they are too. He speaks right out in meeting, and there is never any doubt as to where he stands when he has finished. A plain, outspoken, forceful man is he. Dobbie seldom loses time in going after what he wants. His record shows that he secures results, and there is no beating about the bush about it either. Recognizing these good qualities, the Seniors honored him with the position of Class Treasurer at the election last fall.

Never before has the exchequer of the 1911 Class been in such a flourishing condition, never before have the individual members been so willing, almost eager, to settle their obligations to the Class, and all because of the Dobbie "Big Stick." His greatest grievance, let us mention here, is that the Architects WILL not contribute to the Class funds. The Class has legislated time and again in reference to the Class dues of the Architects, who were always supremely indifferent. Even the threats and persuasions of Dobbie availed nothing,—they remained obdurate. Thick-skinned? Oh, very.

But to get back to the original proposition, Dobbie is from the West, big, bluff, energetic, firm in his opinions, and outspoken,—especially outspoken.

"O, young Lochinvar is come out of the West."

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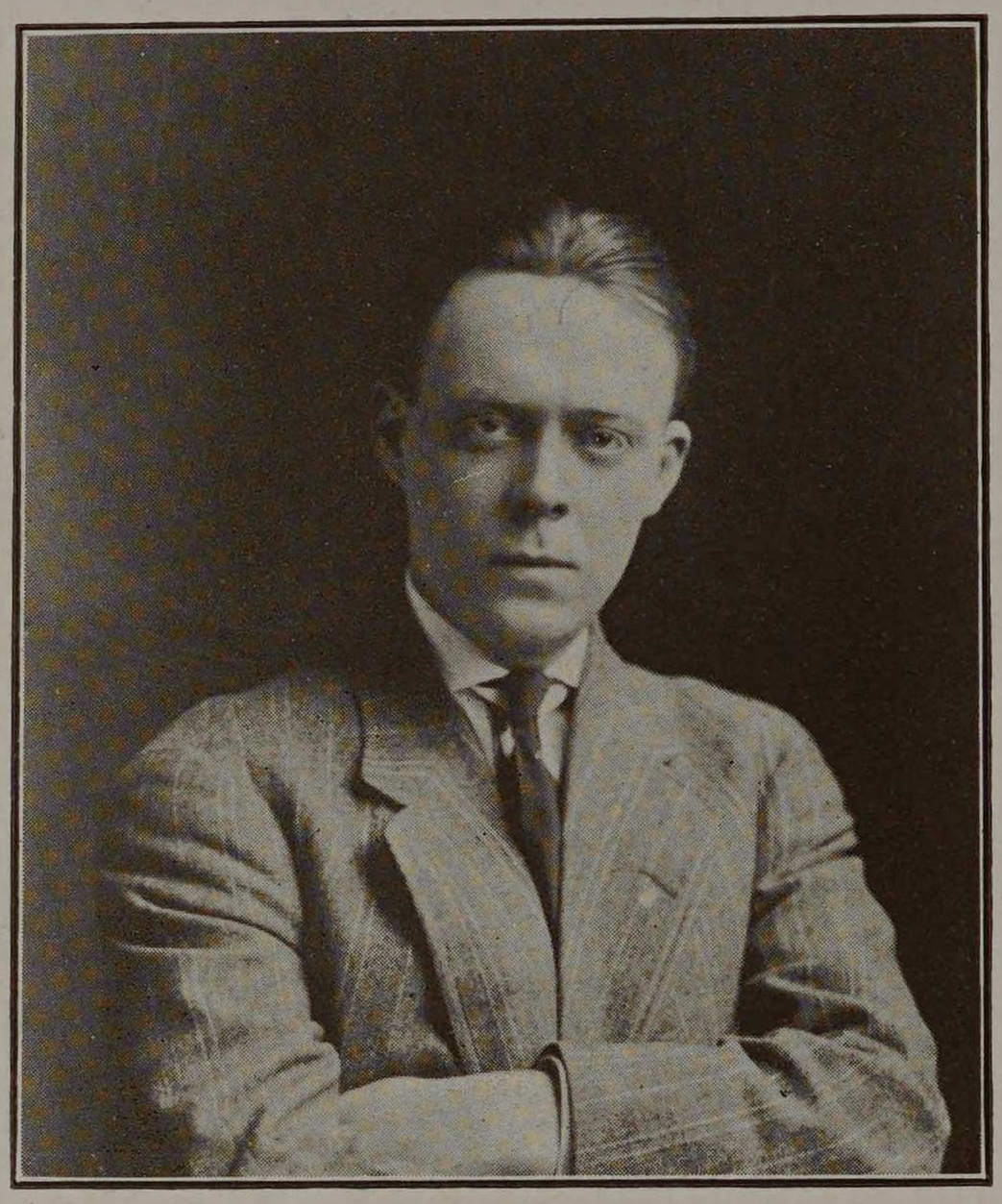
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"O, young Lochinvar is come out of the West."

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THE SENIOR CLASS BOOK
1911



W. W. Drew.

Electrical Engineering.

Prepared at Tomah High School, Tomah, Wisconsin.

Tau Beta Pi.

Omega Lambda.

Eta Kappa Nu.

Class Treasurer (3).

A. I. E. E.

On the night of June 29, 1886, a small boy was seen running through the streets of the town of Highmore, S. D., shouting to all the inhabitants, "Walter White Drew, the great electrical engineer, was born tonight." And such, indeed, was the case. Walter was destined to become an expert on matters electrical in nature, and he has kept faith with his destiny.

Walter, or "Torchy," as he is sometimes called by his affectionate friends because of his sunset crown, received his high school education at Tomah, Wisconsin, which city still claims him as a home product. After graduating with highest honors, he looked about for new worlds to conquer. He knocked about in various capacities, chief of which was probably that of motor tester with the Mechanical Appliance Company, Milwaukee.

"W. W." has always distinguished himself while here as a thorough-going, hard-working, independent sort of a cuss. A student in the best sense of the word, but also a jolly good fellow who delights in a good joke as much as anyone and who can tell a story with the best of them. He passed Physics and Math with ease, and had no trouble making Tau Beta Pi in his Junior year. Drew has added the Omega Lambda and Eta Kappa Nu frat pins to his collection since.

A number of generators are being subjected to a so-called "retardation test" under the watchful eyes of the demon Drew and his Omega Lambda pals, Dobbie, Williams, and Williams. The results are calculated to astonish the scientific world when they appear in thesis form.

"Call Him Wise Whose Actions, Words, and Steps are all a Clear BECAUSE to a Clear WHY."

Philip Eickenberg.



Electrical Engineering.

Prepared at Lake View High School.

Thesis Subject: Efficiency Test of Mabbs Electric Elevator.

Chairman 1911 Smoker Committee.

Business Manager 1911 Class Book.

A. I. E. E.

Chapin Club.

Our genial "Phil" was blown into this Windy City of ours on a tempestuous summer's day, the 7th of August, 1890. He evidently found the surroundings to his taste, for he has remained loyal to "old Chi" ever since. The Lake View High School had the high honor to prepare him for the more arduous duties of a college student, although he did not suffer a nervous breakdown caused by overwork. Lake View was always known for the beauty of its co-eds.

This extremely young and inexperienced youth entered the portals of A. I. T. with his good friends and boon companions, McCague, Fenn, and Snow, which makes him a 1911 man. Phil has maintained the consistent policy of preventing all danger caused by excessive study,—he has ever been one of the Electricals' best men in every way without unduly exerting his well-developed natural faculties. At studying he always was a dilettante, choosing his subjects and devoting the necessary time to them with an air of languid ennui. He is on the Smoker Committee's activities.

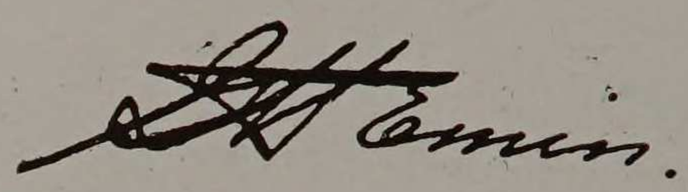
The Class, and in a larger sense the school, owes Phil a hearty "Thanks, old man" for his disinterested and successful management of the 1911 Smoker. Never again, unless it be in the report of the 1911 Class Book Publication Board, will the Class hear such an accurate and careful report as Eickenberg presented on the Smoker Committee's activities. He has amply proven himself a capable business as well as technical man.

Phil is an authority on switchboards. He designed these vital parts of an electric installation for Henry Newgard and Company throughout his Junior year. In a few years we expect Phil to be one of the country's leading switchboard experts.

"Clever Persons are always the Best Encyclopedia."

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Civil Engineering.

Prepared at Crane Technical High School.

Thesis Subject: Bond Stress of Lap Reinforced Concrete Beams.

Business Manager Armour Engineer (4).

Sphinx.

C. E. S.

Checker Champion (3).

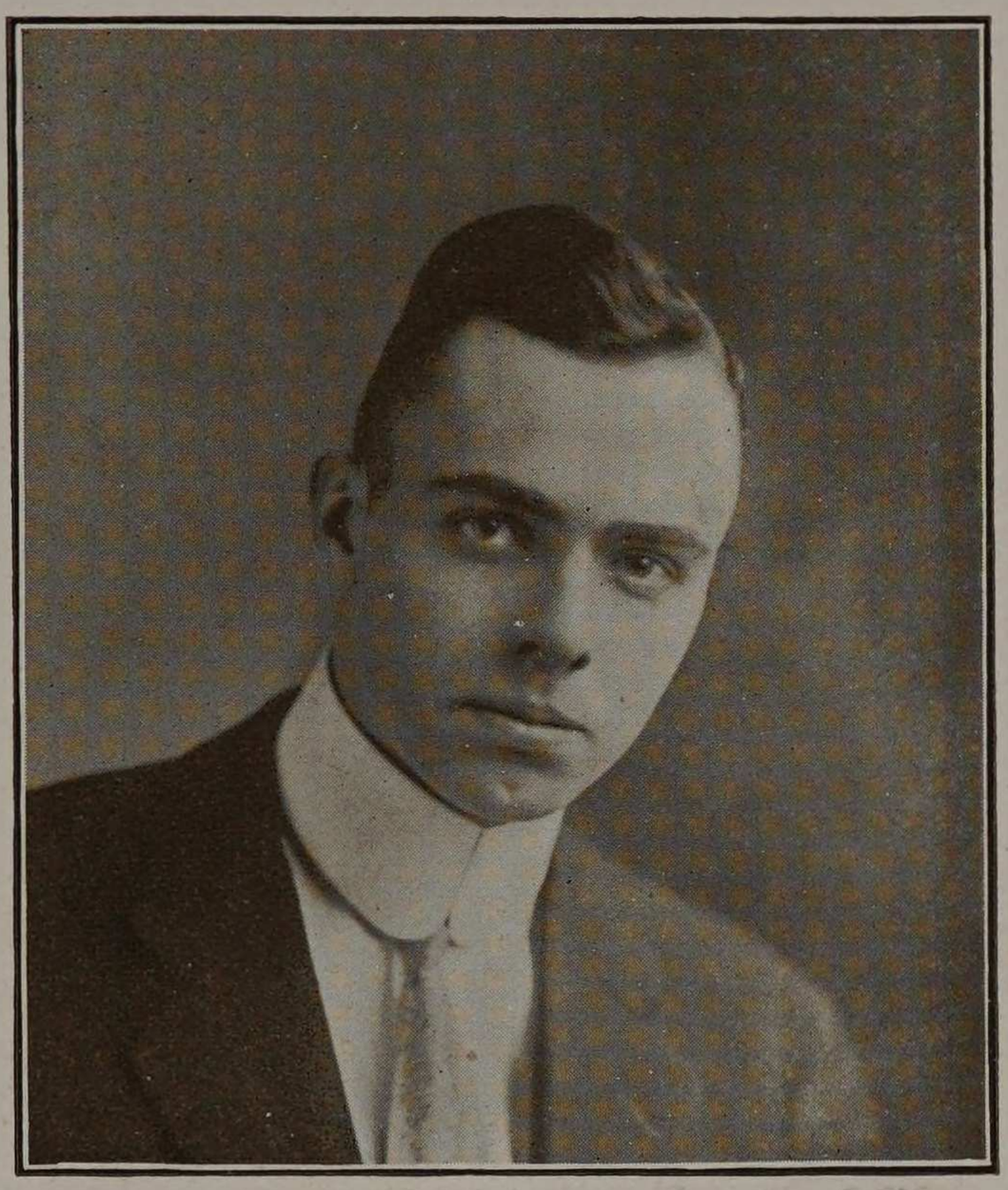
"Gussie" need not look for engineering work on leaving school. He will get hold of the steel or sugar trust or some such organization, establish himself as business manager, and be riding around in a 600 HP. automobile, while we are sharpening our ruling pens and buying tracing cloth preparatory to seeking a position.

The "Owl" was born in Chicago on May 23, 1888, took all that Crane High had to offer, and came here for a year of Academy before entering with us in 1907.

Gussie started his college days by convincing the Freshmen that it is impossible to be a live stude without stocking up on pennants, fobs, and other decorations. Then the calling of the stage became so strong within him that he could resist no longer. He turned into a George M. Cohan in his Junior year to compose and produce the catch of the season in his Professor X, which has equalled the record of all runs at the Tech. The following year we see his name attached to the business end of the Armour Engineer. With such ease did he persuade manufacturers and engineers that his publication was the best medium to bring results that the question arises whether another could have increased the amount of space devoted to "ads" three-fold, which was done under his efficient management.

"People will Talk, there is no Preventing it."

L. Emmons.



Electrical Engineering.

Born at Jersey City, N. J., May 18. 1888.

Prepared at University High School.

Eta Kappa Nu.

Alpha Chi.
A. I. E. E.

"Gib" Emmons is the prize talker of the Electricals, so much so in fact that we are inclined to think that his nickname might well be changed to "Glib." He can talk at any time, for any length of time, about any subject, electrical preferred. The best part of it is that he is able to mix facts and fancies in such a bewildering manner that he soon "gets anybody's goat." If he does not talk himself into fame and fortune after he leaves school, we greatly miss our guess.

Emmons has been dubbed "Steinmetz" by his brethren, and an appropriate epithet it is. Gib is right there when it comes to anything in the electrical engineering line. It comes natural to him, and what he cannot figure out himself he can pick up from others with the greatest ease. Not to insinuate, however, that he assimilates facts or theories without digesting them.

Gib last year was one of the operatives of the North Shore Electric Co., working nights, and in this capacity not only showed his fellow-workers a thing or two about running frequency-changer sets and throwing alternators in parallel, but incorporated in his store of knowledge many of the facts to be gleaned only from actual operating experience. Ever since he has posed as an authority on all questions pertaining to such matters, and has often cast the deciding vote in controversies about some disputed point or other in Snow's Operation and Testing.

Emmons is lending his multifarious talents to the design of a turbine plant, which he, Sam Todd, and Bill Tellin are preparing as a thesis to be presented to the Electrical Department.

"Glib of Tongue and Quick of Wit."

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Oscar R. Erickson

Civil Engineering.

Prepared at Hyde Park High School.

Thesis Subject: Design of a Six-Hundred Span Highway Suspension Bridge across the Great Miami River at Dayton, Ohio.

Corresponding Secretary of Civil Society (4).

"Shorty" is a Cleveland, Ohio, product, for here it was that he entered into this cosmos on the twenty-fourth of June, 1890. He chose Hyde Park High for his prep work, and while there in his Senior year he filled the position of Business Manager of the Hyde Park Annual. In this capacity he acquitted himself of his duties with vigor and integrity. Here at Armour he has served the Civil Society as Corresponding Secretary in 1910-'11, a position which he also filled with great circumspection.

Erickson's star work, aside from correcting the Junior papers, appears on the drawing board. The products of his drafting pen are the envy of every man in the Class, and the combination of natural ability and plenty of plugging which he possesses is bound to give results in the future.

Oscar is one to whom his classmates go with any question which perplexes them, and he is usually able, as well as willing, to answer them.

Before finishing, be it recorded that he is a "Swede" and is proud of it. If all his compatriots are as much of a good scout as "Erick" we would be pleased to meet more of them. None of the Civils surely will ever forget him. Keep your eyes on this rising young engineer. Nothing less than a great future awaits him.

"In Stillness Talent forms Itself."

THE SENIOR CLASS BOOK
1911

J. Grant Fenn

Mechanical Engineering.

Prepared at Englewood High School.

Thesis Subject: Installation and Test of a Three-Ton Ice Plant.

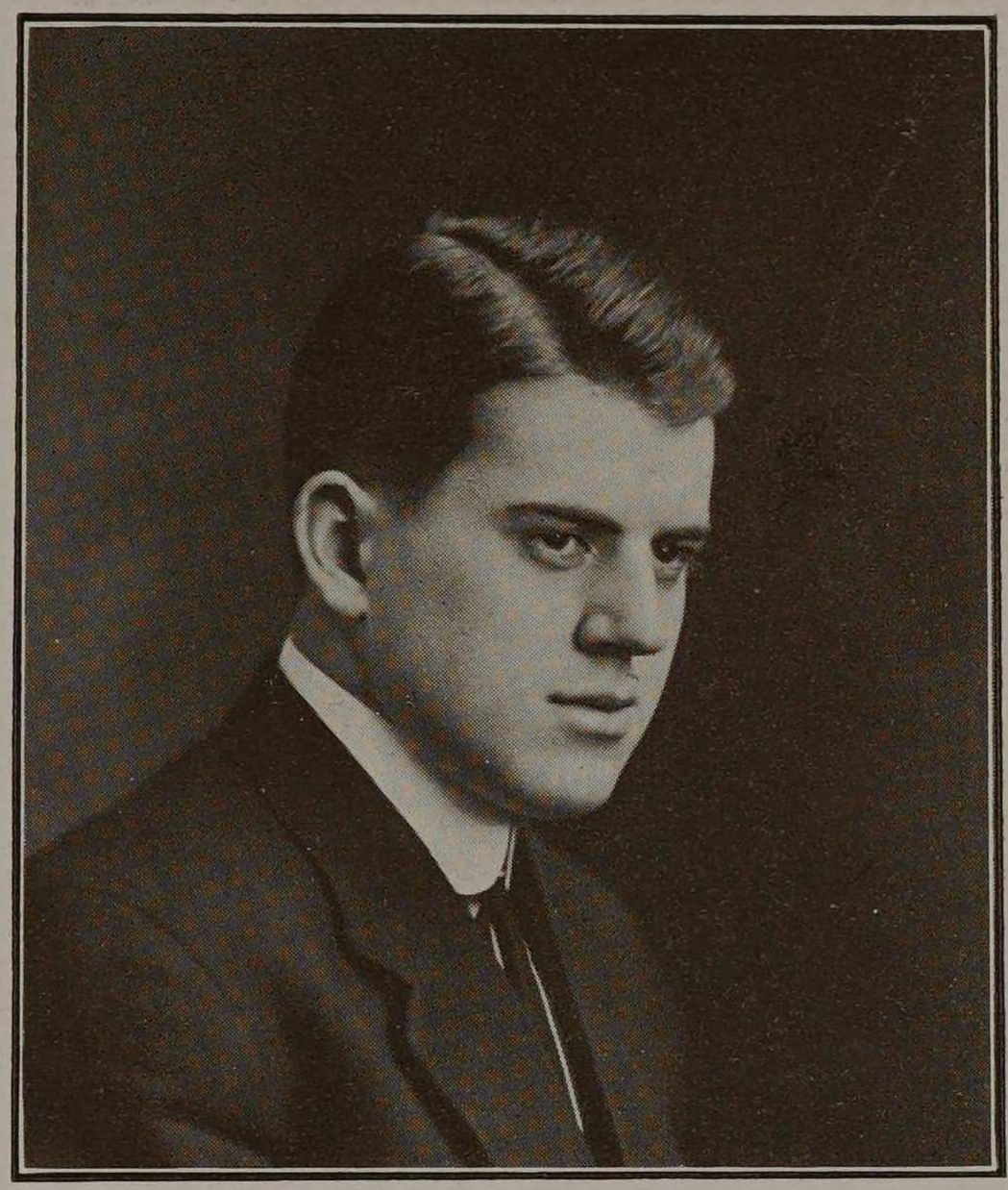
Tau Beta Pi.

Vice-President A. S. M. E.

Sub-Marshal, Junior Week.

Class Baseball (4).

Class Basketball (4).



J. Grant Fenn, better known as "Tubby," commonly referred to as "Chief Disturber" and "Champion Heavyweight Rough-houser of the Mech Lab," came to earth December 16, 1890, at a place on the map called Chicago. He has been living here ever since as nearly as can be ascertained, was graduated from Englewood High School, and entered Armour Institute in the fall of 1907.

Fenn's greatest characteristic is excessive energy, both applied and misapplied. When it is applied to good purpose, we often get a glimpse of the smoldering flames of a great engineer. When misapplied, we get a glimpse of mangled bodies and broken necks. Ask McCague. 'Tis a bit of fact not generally known and made public here for the first time, that our beloved Class President, while assisting J. Grant Fenn to carry a very heavy board for construction purposes at the Ice Plant, was deliberately pushed into a small crevice adjacent to the concrete cooling-water tank and the heavy board willfully and intentionally dropped on his neck. But for the timely assistance of C. E. Beck, Mac might have fared very badly.

Fenn is quite a billiard shark, can win a game of chess now and then, and drinks only pure Michigan straight. He denies that the thought of marriage ever entered into his head. From a better personal knowledge of this chap, however, we are inclined to think that his expression concerning matrimony is quite opposite to his feeling. He is known to have numerous friends among the fair sex, and it is just those most emphatic about this matter who are always the first to fall for the old marriage gag.

"Mischief, thou art Swift to Enter into the Thoughts of Men."

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THE SENIOR CLASS BOOK
1911



Tirrell J. Ferrenz

Civil Engineering.

Prepared at Springfield High School, Springfield, Ohio.

Glee Club (3), (4).

Y. M. C. A.

C. E. S.

If you have ever happened into the Civil Drafting Room during the last three or four years you have probably noted that small, quiet, little fellow,—a man who says little but does much. It is Tirrel J. Ferrenz. For the sake of a little variety he came from Springfield, Ohio, becoming one of her proud sons on July 18, 1889. He was in the 1907 graduating class of the Springfield High School.

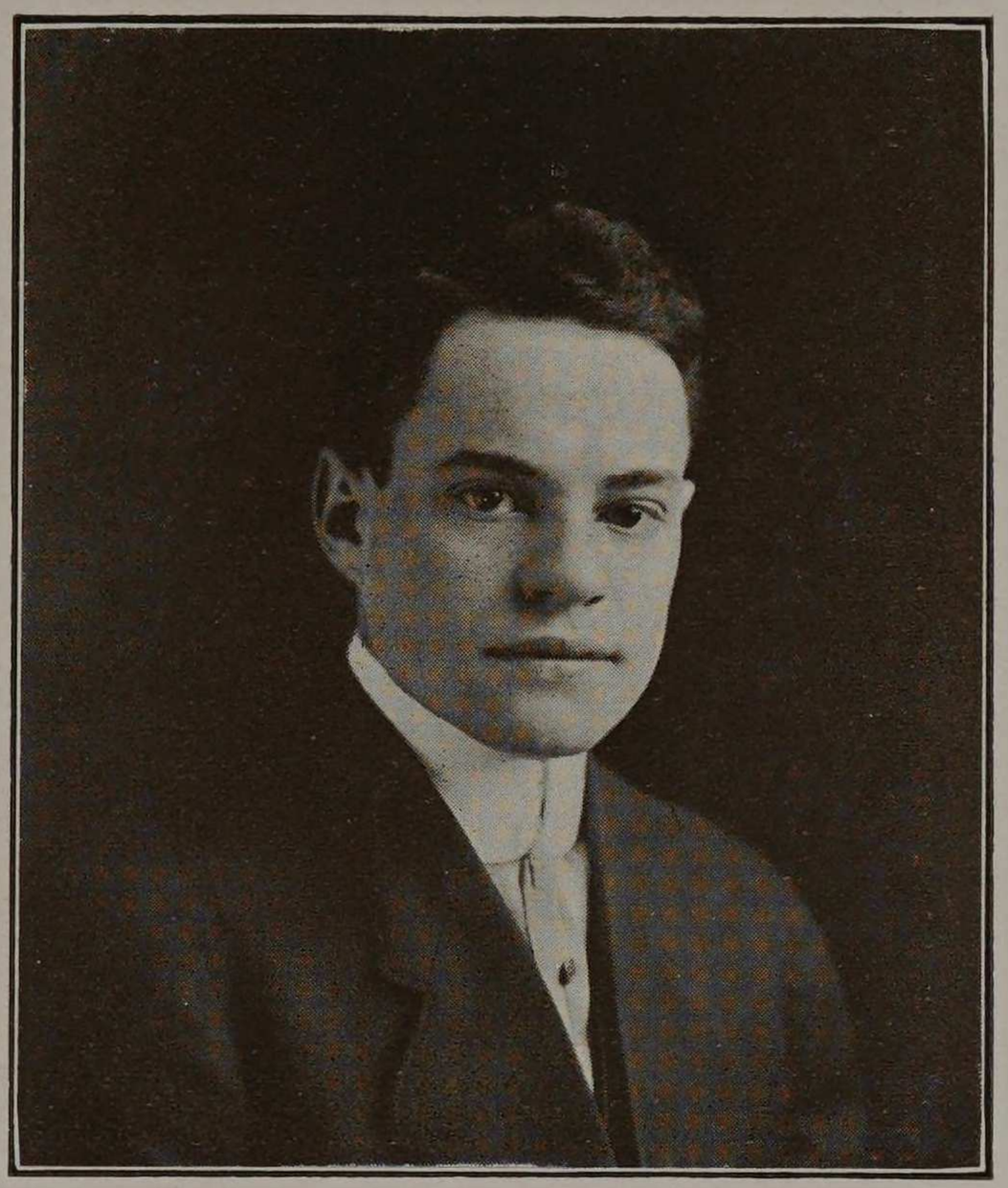
The first thing about "T. J." that attracts one's attention are his large, expressive, soulful eyes. Consequently it was no great surprise that we all learned that he was making such a conquest among the fair sex, along with that lady-bug, Johnson.

The tales and adventures of Laura Jean Libbey have always been most interesting to Tirrel, and in fact he made the statement that she is by all means his favorite writer. He is also an ardent supporter of equal rights for women. He is certainly strong for the fair sex. Although of immature years he has made his mark as an artist and cartoonist. This spring Tirrel passed a two-days' examination for Aid in the Government Coast and Geodetic Survey. He was appointed to the Washington, D. C., Post.

Ferrenz is an earnest worker in the Y. M. C. A. and was also a member of the Glee Clubs of 1909-1910 and 1910-1911. He always did aspire to be a songbird. In the "Glue Club" he found an outlet for his talents in this direction. He shines as one of Professor Leigh's most gifted baritones.

We will all have to take our hats off to Tirrel for tackling a thesis like his alone, for he has chosen nothing short of a "Proposed Outer Harbor for the City of Chicago" as his subject. We wish him good luck.

"Music hath Charms to Soothe the Savage Breast."



James H. Fletcher

Electrical Engineering.

Prepared at Wheaton, Ill., and Walla Walla, Wash., High Schools.

Thesis Subject: Rotary Transformmer for Direct Currents.

Eta Kappa Nu.

Secretary and Treasurer A. I. E. E.

Assistant Business Manager 1911 Class Book.

A rosy-cheeked youngster made his appearance in the Fletcher household at Wayne, Ill., on September 11, 1888. It was none other than our "Jimmy." He was evidently fond of the environment of his baby days, for he has made his home in that vicinity ever since. "Flick" attended Wheaton High School for three years altogether, all but his Junior year. This found him far out West, in the Walla Walla High School in the state of Washington. The co-eds there were not up to the Wheaton standard of feminine beauty, which explains the fact that Flick returned to the scene of his former triumphs to end his prep school career in a blaze of glory.

Fletcher is one of the most popular chaps among the Electricals. He is a great hustler and makes an agreeable impression on all by his energetic manner. He performed his duties as secretary and treasurer of the Armour Branch of the A. I. E. E. with great conscientiousness, and the way he has worked early and late in the interest of this volume is highly appreciated by his classmates. None has done more than he to insure its success.

Flick toiled many days last summer in the employ of the Aurora and Elgin Railway, and learned much about the behavior of the synchronous converter as it is applied in railroad work.

Our little friend does not allow his preparation for the position of an engineer to stand in the way of his fussing too much. He is an able exponent of the "game of hearts." A brisk, cheery, handsome "broth of a boy" it is. We all think highly of him, and predict a successful career for him, for none is more capable of taking care of himself than "Flick" Fletcher.

"A Human Dynamo."

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Ralph N. Friedman

Architecture.

Prepared at Bronson (Mich.) and Hyde Park High Schools.

Class Track (2).

Atelier Baseball (1).

Massier of Atelier (4).

Massier of Class (2), (3), (4).

Ralph Friedman made his debut on March 10, 1890, in the little village of Warren, Ill. After he had been graduated from the grammar school he attended the local high school until the Friedman family moved to Chicago, where Ralph became a member of the 1906 Class at Hyde Park.

Friedman's first two years as an Armour Architect were spent in hard study. One of his chief aims was to earn an "A" in every study, and by the record in the Deans' Office he must have succeeded. In the Sophomore year of our career Ralph was elected Massier of his class at the Art Institute, and he has held this office down with credit for three consecutive years. Some record, what? If Roosevelt comes to Chicago, he ought to get acquainted with Ralph and get some pointers on the third term system.

In athletics Ralph won honors for the Atelier by helping to win the Atelier baseball game in 1907. He further distinguished himself in his Junior year by blossoming out as a fusser. He became famous in another way by passing the State Board examination and is now a full-fledged architect.

In his Senior year our Massier became "Professor of Architecture" at the Chicago Technical College. In this position, like in all of his others, he has made good. "Irish" is somewhat of a politician, and we hope to live to see the day, when he is an Alderman. His ability at electioneering ought to gain him such a great honor.

Friedman's thesis is "A Design of a Hotel in a Winter Resort." He has had considerable experience in designing, and his study of state entrances will help him vastly in this undertaking.

"He Ruled them with a Rod of Iron."



M. E. Gault.

Electrical Engineering.

Born at Winfield, Kans., Nov. 3, 1883.

Prepared at Winfield High School.

Tau Beta Pi.

Eta Kappa Nu.

A. I. E. E.

Kansas is the state from which the simon-pure, triple-action insurgents come from, and Armour has one of its best specimens. Gentlemen, the Hon. Mark E. Gault, the Gentleman from Winfield. Didn't know he was an insurgent? He looks meek and harmless enough? So he does, we admit. We would not think he would harm a fly, although he does claim to be an anarchist by political persuasion. Then why this designation as an insurgent? Harken, it is a long story:

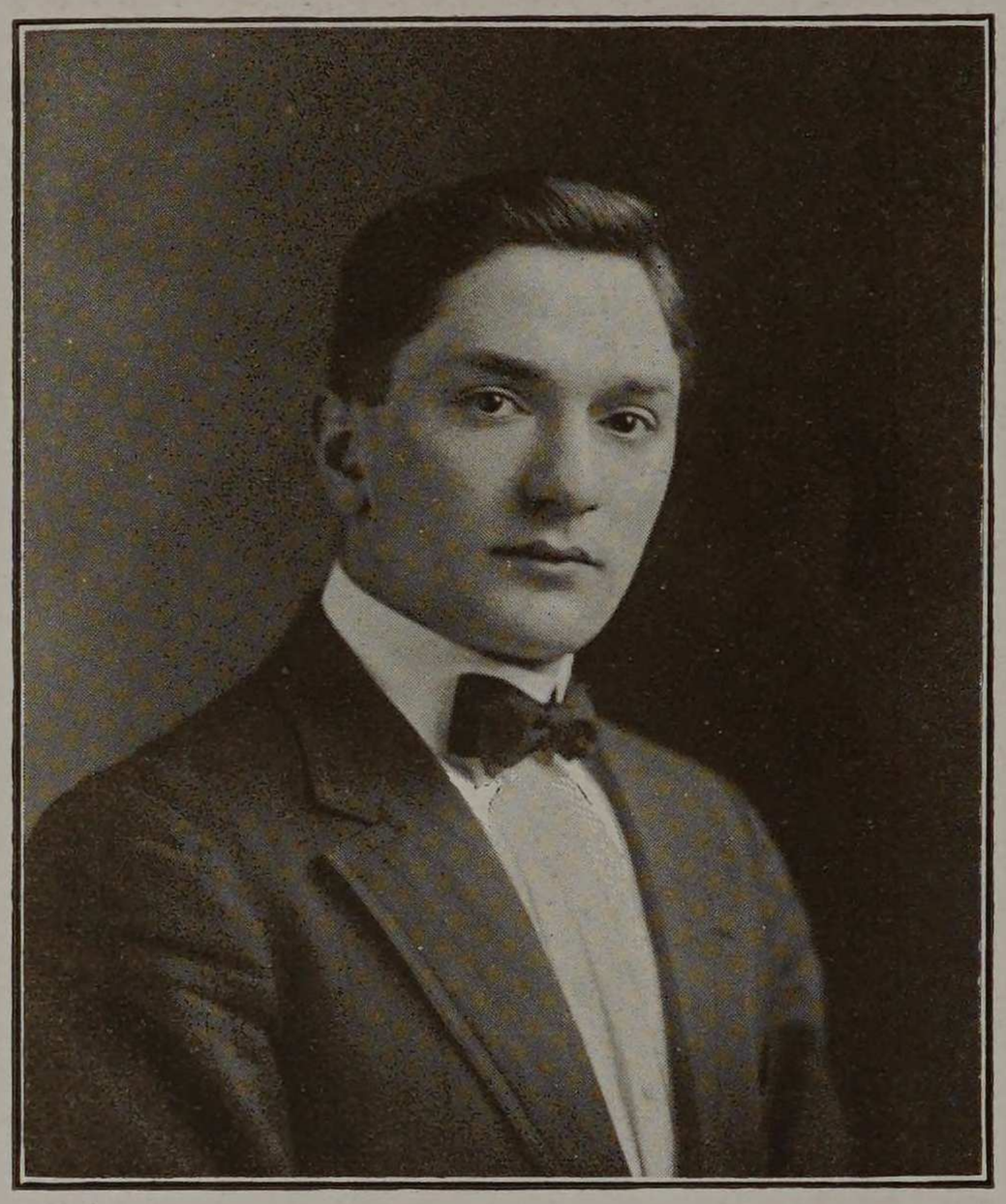
Last summer Mark was greatly surprised when returning from luncheon one day to find his desk in the Chapin Hall Drafting Room piled ceiling-high with cylinders, cross-heads, and other cast iron implements. The flighty Juniors who had played this joke on him laughed with glee and dubbed him "Chief Cast Iron Mover." But they laughed too soon. Here is where the insurgent part comes in. Gault put down his foot, and it was the joy-convulsed jokesters, whose names are withheld by special and urgent request, who did the moving. That's the sort of a man Gault is, good-natured and pleasant, but do not infringe on his rights, or presto, he turns insurgent.

The Class boasts of a large number of humorists and near-humorists, but Gault is one of the few who are really possessed of a genuine, wholesome fund of humor. The especial kind he affects is the slow, drawling, Yankee brand. But do not imagine that joking is his only occupation,—Gault is a Tau Bet and a great deal of an authority on electrical studies with which we are burdened.

At odd times in the past year Mark has been amusing himself by cracking the insulation off enameled wire, thus killing two birds with one stone. The "birds" were a remuneration from the company for which he performed these tests, and the thesis which he hopes to receive on the 25th of May, a remuneration also, but of a different sort.

"Good Humor is the Health of the Soul."

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David Goldberg.

Mechanical Engineering.

Born August 17, 1888, at Chicago.

Prepared at Wendell Phillips High School.

Thesis Subject: Automobile Transmission Test.

A. S. M. E.

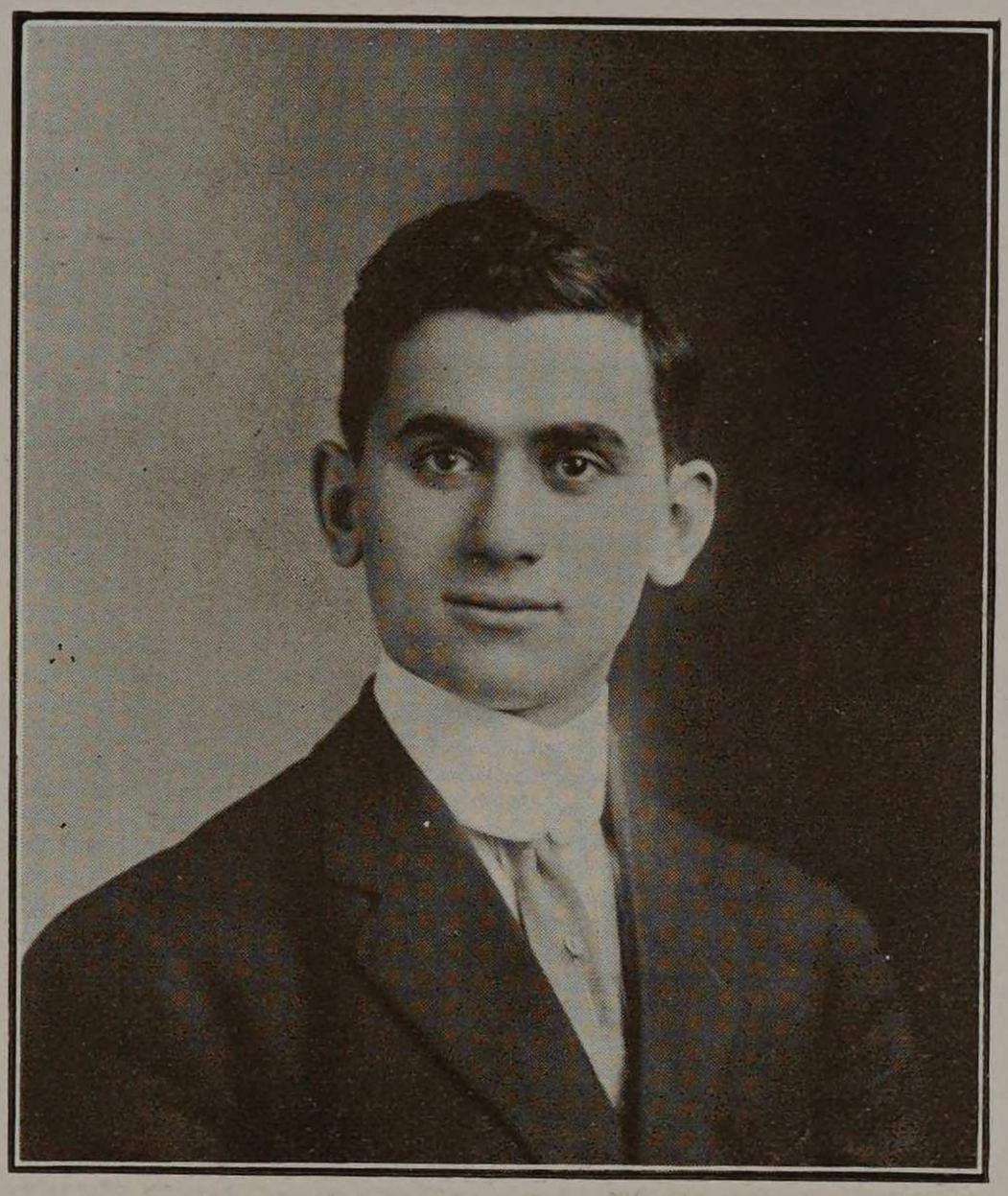
Goldberg came from the Wendell Phillips High School, a half year late. Perhaps this explains why he always gets to "Thermo" at 8: 45. He has the distinction of being one of the few to start behind and catch up with the rest.

Goldberg has a hobby that is going to surely make him a rich man some day, if he lives long enough. You see, he knew that if he got started in the adding machine business he could multiply his money faster than any ordinary mortal; he also sees the necessity of dividing it with another in about six years. He has recently invented a kind of ink that will carry an electric current. His idea is probably one of considerable value in catching bad bank clerks or accountants. Goldberg intends to hook up a bank ledger in such a way that if a clerk tampers with the figures he will get a tremendous shock. Dave will soon have it arranged so that when you write down a column of figures and want to add them up, all you have to do is to connect the top and bottom figures in series with a Goldberg Electric Summeter, and you will have the sum indicated and recorded immediately.

Unfortunately, however, this was not a suitable thesis subject for Dave: the prospect of some joy-rides on the Halladay car caused him to defer work on his adding machine. He is living in the Machine Shop now until he gets his dynamometer built. Then he and Parsons will take us for some of the most exhilarating stationary rides that we ever dreamed of in our worst nightmares. If our imagination has been well developed by descriptive geometry, we can see ourselves flying past fence-posts, cheering crowds, and even Barney Oldfield.

Dave will be a second Thomas Edison if his adding machine does not subtract from his life.

"An Inventor of Something Besides Excuses."



J. Goldberg

Electrical Engineering.

Prepared at Medill High School.

Hertzian Society.

Chicago claims this rising young telephone expert as its own. It is on the Great West Side that "Goldie" was born, the date being July 29, 1889, it was here he grew up, it was here he attained his preliminary education. He attended Medill High School, and after being graduated from there, enrolled at A. I. T.

Goldberg has worried through his Tech work some way or other, he was forced to, for he had little time for study. He has been a "trouble man" for the Chicago Telephone Company for a number of years, and it is his evenings which he devoted to locating and disposing of the thousand and one sources of trouble and annoyance with which a telephone system is blessed. Being quick of perception this occupation was merely child's play for him, and in addition it served to teach him a great variety of facts relating to telephones in general and the local Bell system in particular, so much so that he could give even Professor Moreton pointers on these matters. Goldie did not think discretion the better part of valor during the recent strike,—he stuck gamely to his post. Noble Boy!

Goldberg and Sackheim are making tests of wattmeters here, there, and everywhere about the electrical laboratories. We have no doubt that these numerous experiments will serve to unearth some very valuable facts, which will result ultimately in a sheepskin for these two cronies of the Electrical Department.

If our friend Goldberg continues to meet and master every problem placed before him as he has in the past (and he has enjoyed some mighty interesting tilts with "Doc" Campbell) we feel safe in predicting a successful career for him. And let us hope that the gentle art of bluffing acquired at Armour will also be of assistance to him.

"He Who Seeks Trouble Never Misses It."

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R. L. Gray.

Electrical Engineering.

Prepared at Whangonui Collegiate School, New Zealand, and at Armour Scientific Academy.

A. I. E. E.

In our glorious Class many states and countries are represented, but the man who has come the farthest to become one of us is without a doubt Gray. He hails from the Antipodes, having been born in far-off New Zealand as early as 1882, no closer information as to the date being given. The name of his birthplace sounds sufficiently New Zealandese, it is Waiohika Gisborne. Gray has offered us considerable information recently adding to and amplifying the remarks of our Australian friend, that delightful Englishman, Mr. Logue. He has been sufficiently peaceful around these parts, however, as long as we have known him. Gray has restrained his natural ferocity, and nobody has been boomeranged by him.

At Armour Gray has allied himself with Robert Hay,—sounds well, doesn't it, "Hay and Gray"?—both in power plant design and thesis work. For the latter these two have chosen a tough proposition, viz. the Design and Manufacture of the Rotor of a Boucherot Induction Motor. The theory of the induction motor is no child's play, you will admit. Not to say, however, that this proposition will not be handled adequately by these gentlemen, Hay and Gray.

Gray has not had time to take part in a great deal of School activities, for he is on the staff of the Commonwealth Edison Co. Besides he is a married man, with several hopefuls, and naturally the charms of his own home greatly outweigh any attractions which Armour could possibly offer. A great hobby of his is to sail through the spotless streets of our city on his fleet motor cycle.

In person Gray is a quiet, modest, unassuming fellow,—a good deal of an Englishman, and a credit to the Class.

"And Melancholy Marked Him for Her Own."

G. Vernon Green

Chemical Engineering.

Prepared at Kearney High School and Kansas State Normal School.

Thesis Subject: Production of Iodine and Potassium Salts from Seaweed.

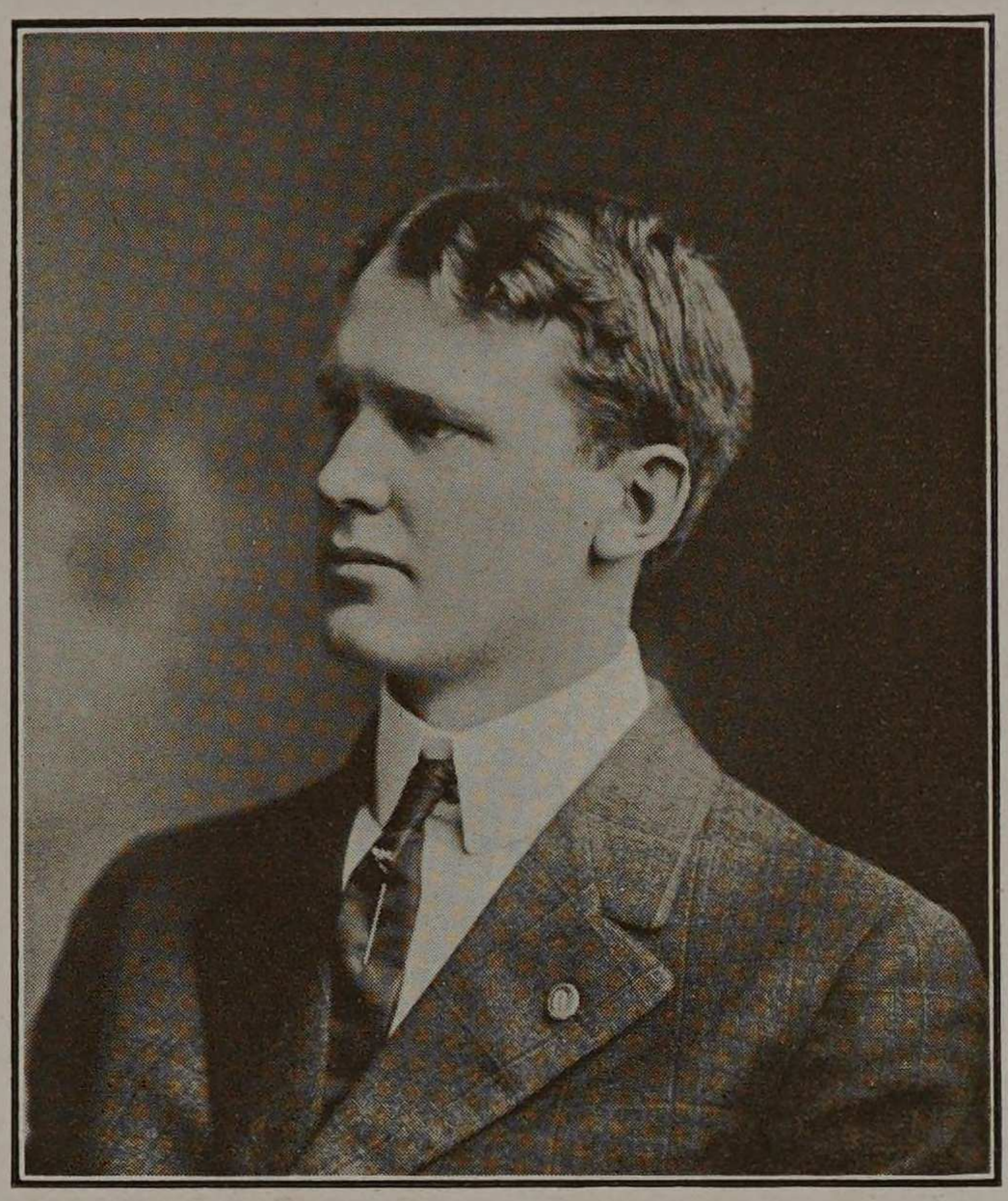
Tau Beta Pi.

President Chemical Club.

President Nebraska Club.

Glee Club (1), (2), (3), (4).

Senior Class Book Staff.



On February 5, 1887, "Farmer" Green for the first time sized up the natives in the town of Old Stanley, Nebr. As far as we know his boyhood days were peaceful and quiet. Attendance at church socials and prayer meetings furnished most of his excitement. He early became a pillar in the Methodist Church and attained prominence in the town by playing the organ for the church choir.

This sort of life proving too restful, he went to the Kearney High School. Here the social life was stagnant, and our friend migrated to the Nebraska State Normal School, where there were co-eds a-plenty. Having looked the town of Kearney over thoroughly, he transferred his activities to the more interesting field of Chicago, and here he has been looking ever since.

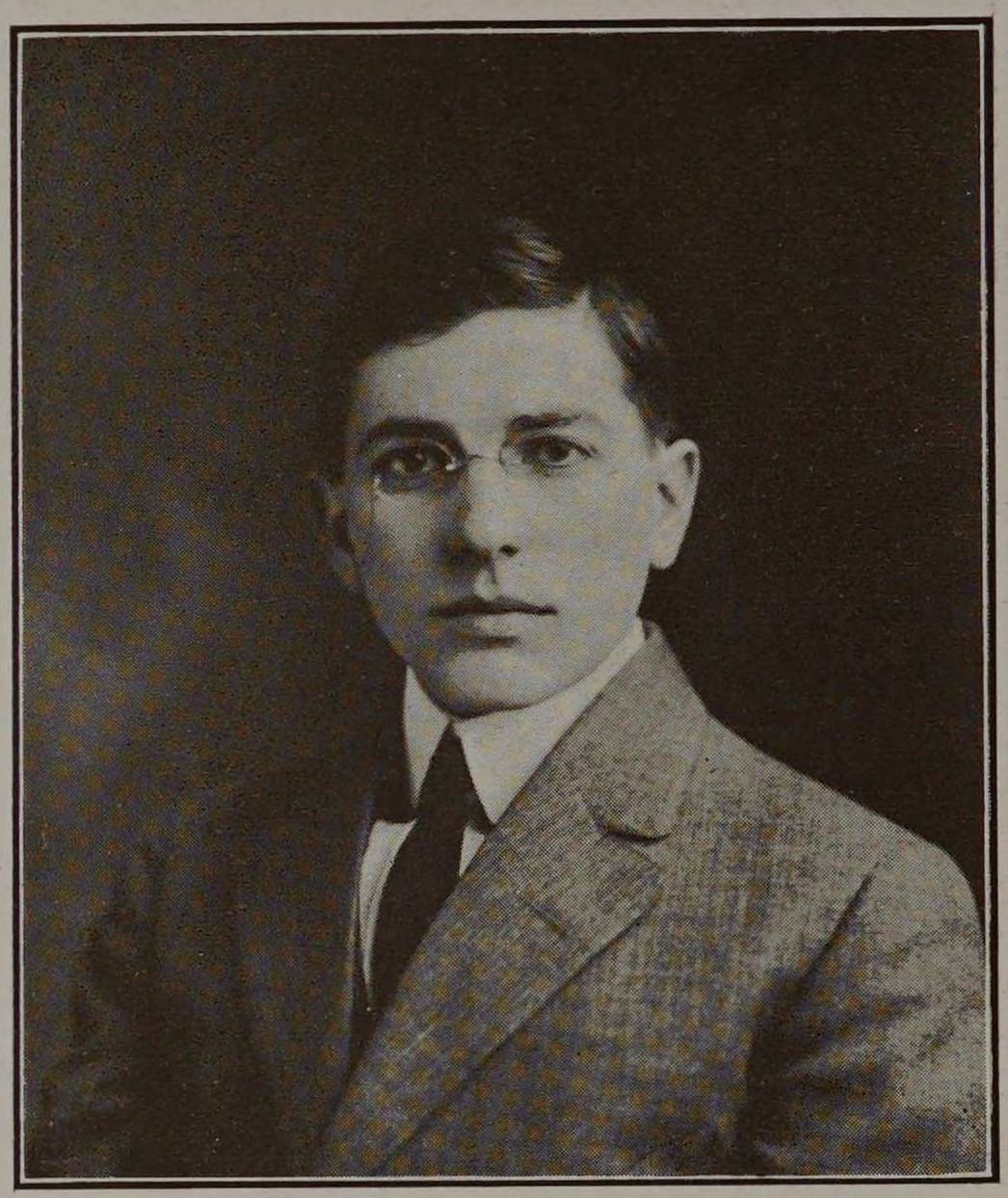
On arriving at Armour, Mr. Green was promptly given the name of "Farmer," which name now overshadows the "G. Vernon." In a noiseless manner Farmer Green has taken unto himself the presidencies of two organizations and the managership of a third. In addition he has cleared the high hurdles of Math, Phiz, and Mechanics by a good foot, for which prowess he received a Tau Bet medal (notwithstanding the mystification caused among his friends).

During four years at Armour George has become a very worldly man. He goes to dances in taxicabs, sleeps all day Sundays, and occasionally goes to such shows as the "Follies," where he clamors for a front seat.

It would be a captious person, indeed, who would find fault with our friend "Georgie" and a veritable demon of bad temper who could draw him into a quarrel. He is never seen without a genial smile radiating peace and good humor on his immediate vicinity. He has established himself a universal favorite, not only among the Chemicals, but also throughout the entire student body.

"Good-Nature, that Benevolent and Amiable Temper of the Mind."

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B. C. Greengard.

Architecture.

Prepared at McKinley High School.

Thesis Subject: A Design for a Mansion for the President of the United States.

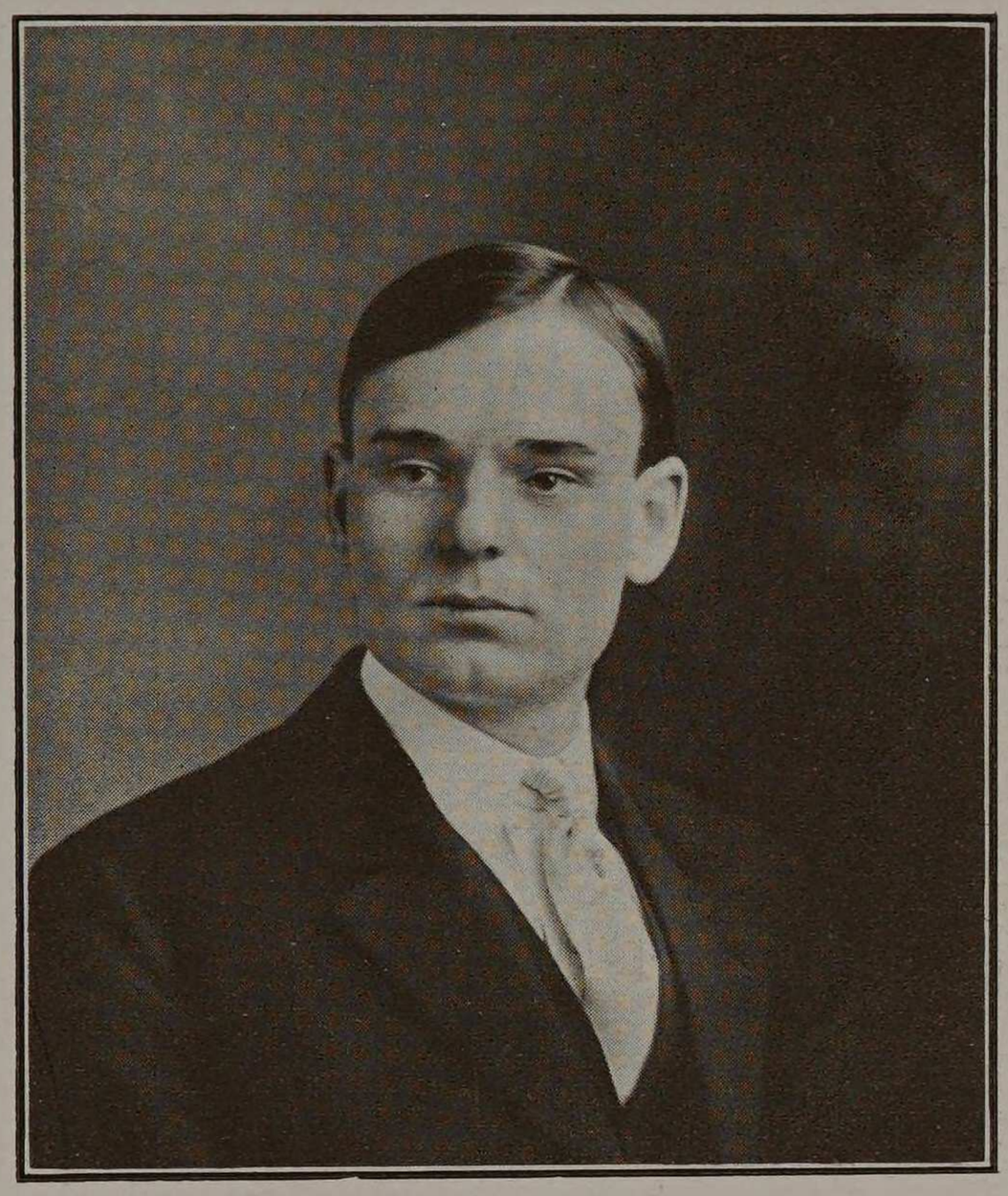
Atelier.

Bernhard Greengard was born in Germany, Nov. 24, 1888. Bernhard's early schooling was all in Germany, and it was here that he first got the base-ball fever. This laid such a hold on the poor boy that he came to America in 1904, and he has lived in dear old "Chi" ever since. Bernhard attended the McKinley High School and after graduating entered Armour Institute in the fall of 1907, registering in the Architectural Department.

Anybody going through the Freshman Drafting Room in those days would notice the little man around the corner, for he was distinguished from the others not by looks, but by his studiousness. He never cracked a smile at the "rough-house" going on around him, but paid strict attention to work. This gained him the nickname "Oblivious," but in the springtime Oblivious struck off on a tangent, and was one of the most enthusiastic of rooters at the base-ball park. Did we cut to go to the games? Of course not, we just went, and ten chances to one our teacher was there before us.

Bernhard had little to say in his Sophomore and Junior years, but was very industrious and turned out some mighty fine pieces of work. This early training showed to advantage in his Senior year when he walked off with the annual "Travelling Scholarship Prize." There is none more deserving of it than he, and the Seniors and Juniors all wish him "Bon Voyage." Greengard showed his appreciation by entertaining the Seniors and Juniors with a dinner at the Tip-Top Inn. Bernhard is exceedingly clever with the cartoonist's pencil, and scarcely anyone escapes this one devilish element of his make-up.

"The Architect of His Own Fortunes."



F. H. Griffiths.

Mechanical Engineering.

Born October 19, 1885, at Rockford, Ill.

Thesis Subject: Efficiency Test of a Blower.

Secretary A. S. M. E. (4).

"Griff" belongs in Lincoln's state, as you might know by his rugged countenance. It is hard for us to believe that Griff ever went to a high school, but he did; he has all the appearances of being a self-made man, one of the kind that learned the three R's while he stoked in a Rockford boiler room.

Ah! how well we remember his melodious voice as it soared across the Drafting Room so many times, "Fritz, have you got a nickel? Canman's going for pie." That is only one incident in a wondrous school career. If he was not calling for pie, he was arguing with someone about some figure in the fourth decimal place. If someone made a statement that the product of two numbers was 256.7, Griff would step it off on his complex stick and get 256.6899.

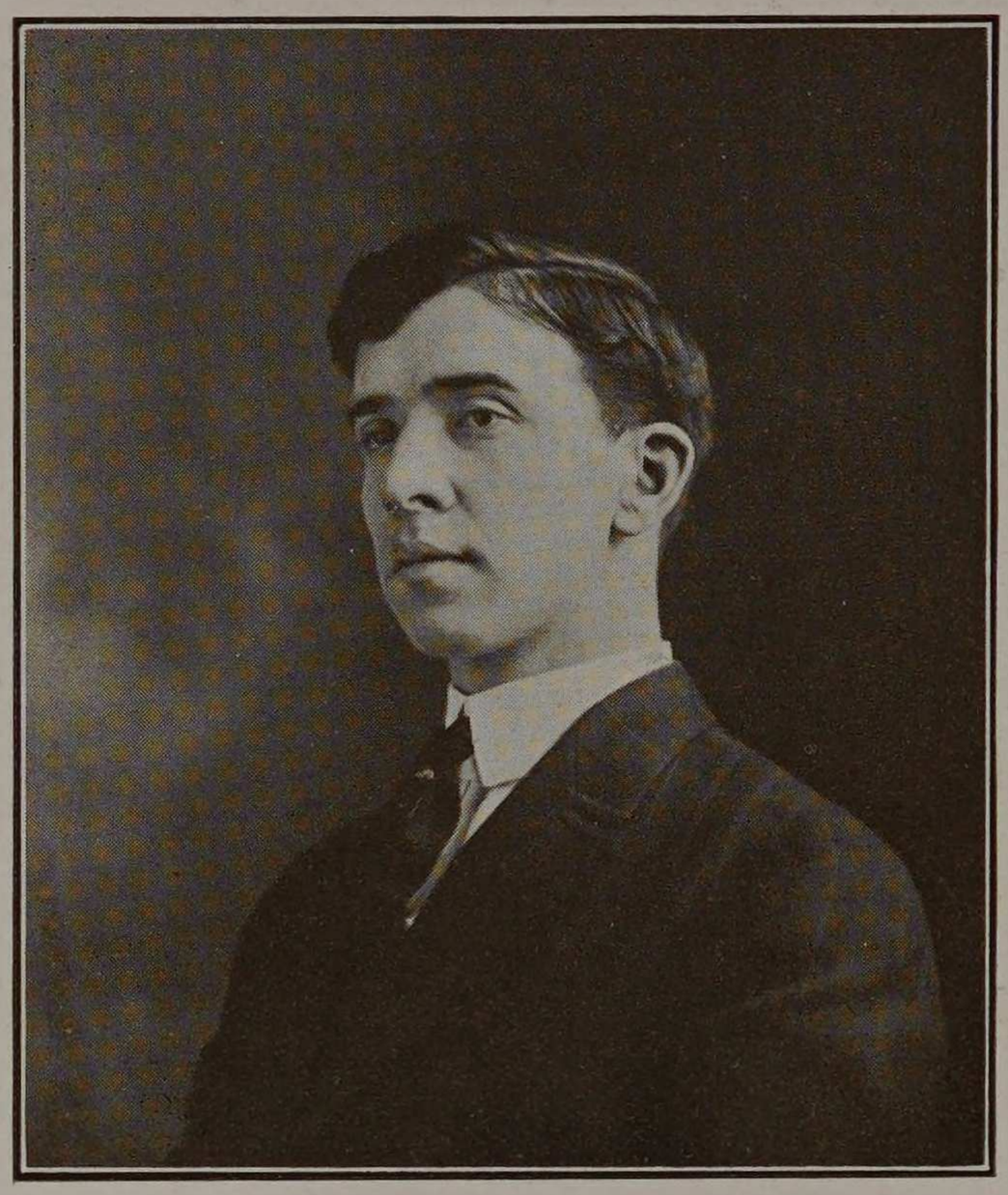
Frank is a great authority on air, that is, cold air. He gives you more than enough cold air to make up for it's not being hot. His stories are to be taken with lots of salt. Griff is also a crank on pumps and electric motors. When we go to heaven (or rather "if"), something will be missing if we do not see Griffiths and Cummins on their hands and knees trying to calibrate a motor at low speeds.

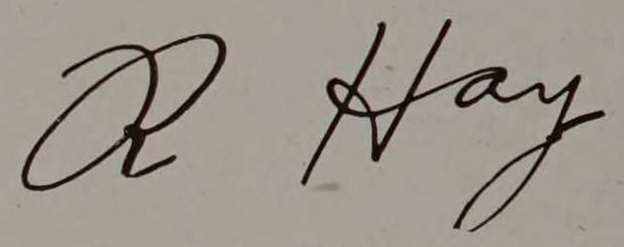
Griff knows so much about blowers that report has it that he has already turned down three jobs because he knows that he can build a better blower than anyone else, being an excellent "blower" himself.

Francis is enamored of a certain very fine young lady, and we are told he intends to stay in Chicago. Maybe he will be the first to leap the gap. How we envy him!

"He that hath Patience may Accomplish Anything."

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Electrical Engineering.

Prepared at Armour Scientific Academy.

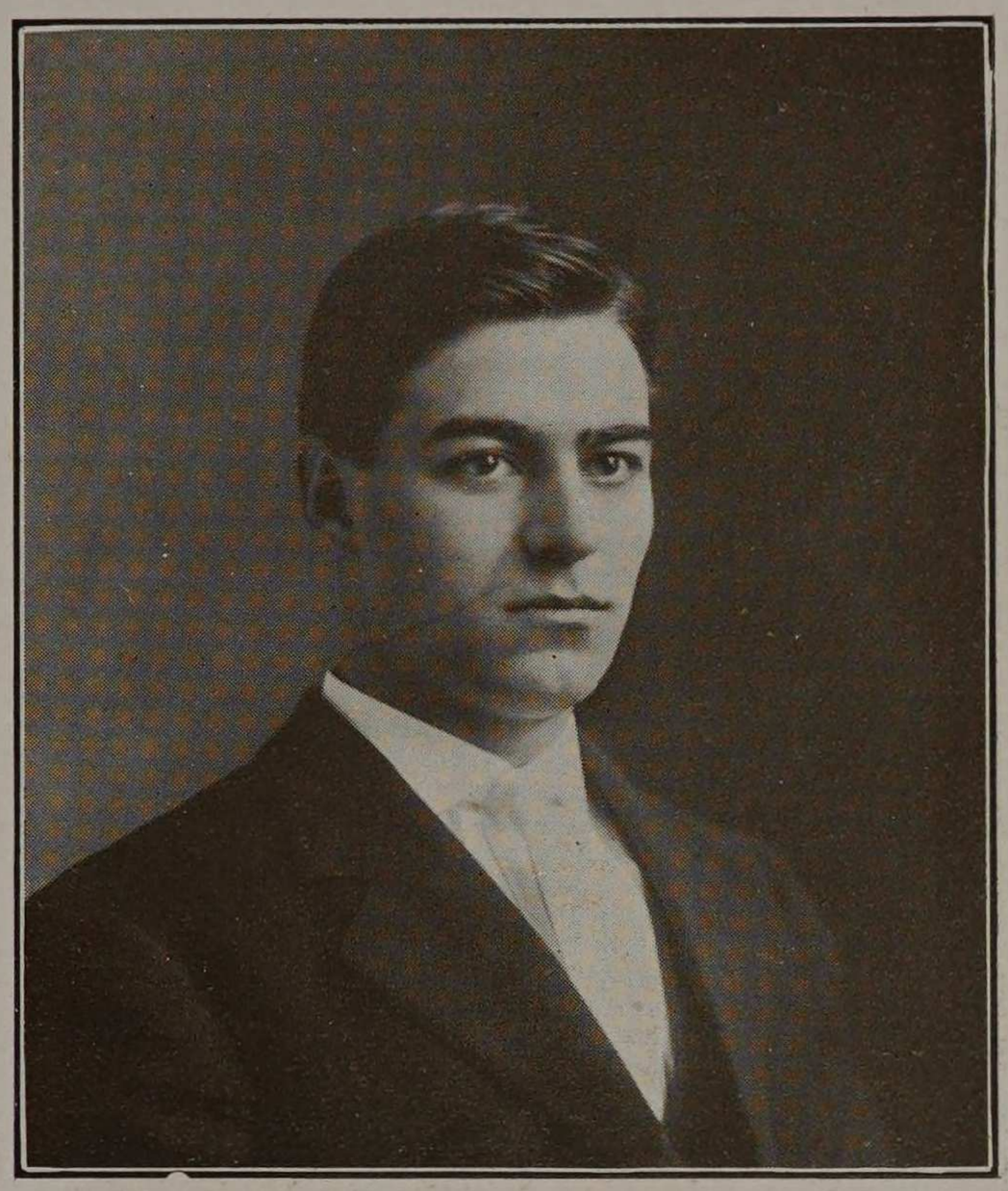
"Hoot, mon, dinna ye ken that we have a Scot amangst us?" Certainly, we have. A Scotchman through and through is Robert Hay, as Scotch as Harry Lauder himself. He was born in Stewarton in bonnie Ayrshire, Scotland, on Nov. 24, 1885. It must have cost him an awful wrench to tear himself away from the glens and rocky crags of the land of Burns, but the separation was accomplished and Bobby found himself a native of the mountain-bound West of our own great country. At the present time Mr. Hay Sr. is the owner of a large ranch near Rock Springs, Wyoming, which all goes to show that the transfer of the Hay family from Scotland to the United States was not unprofitable, at least in a material way.

Robert found a great inclination towards a technical career stirring in his bosom, and nothing short of departing for Chicago would satisfy him. He arrived at Armour and immediately joined the Scotch Society, of which such celebrities as "Doc" Campbell, Dr. Colledge, "Jimmy" Little, are prominent members. At one time Robert and the author of Campbell's Calculus promised to become warm friends.

Hay has shown himself capable of handling about everything the Faculty could provide in the cause of prevention of sleep. He does not make much of a fuss and goes ahead in his own way, and he is generally "in at the finish." Electricity has been his special hobby, as it should be, and he has imbibed a great deal more of useful information than many of his more pretentious classmates.

Robert has been making a close study of induction motors. He and Gray are designing one of the pesky things, the "squrl cage" type at that, and they are in great hopes of making it run if ever it should be built.

"A Man's a Man for a' that."



Walter C. Heitner.

Electrical Engineering.

Prepared at Wendell Phillips High School.

Thesis Subject: Comparative Test of Mercury Arc and Murphy Rectifiers.

A. I. E. E.

Secretary of Hertzian Society.

Chapin Club.

Assistant to Allen.

Chief Insurgent of Senior Class.

"Immediately to your right, ladies and gentlemen, you behold the famous possessor of the 'smile-that-won't-come-off,' the man who can abuse you with terrific indictments and at the same time wear a beatific smile, never meaning half of what he says, the intrepid leader of the notorious 'Heitner Gang,' Chief of the Senior Insurgents, President of the Don't-Worry Club, charter member of the Sons of Rest, and leading agitator for the Anti-Peace Society!"

Look at that calm, peaceful, visage,—it is our own Walter Heitner, who considers his presence at the Tech indispensable. Has he not guided the first toddling steps of the Freshies over the hard places in the Forge Shop for two years along with that other noted Irish educator, Professor Mique? And has he not helped Chief Engineer Allen "start up the big machine" many a time in the last few years?

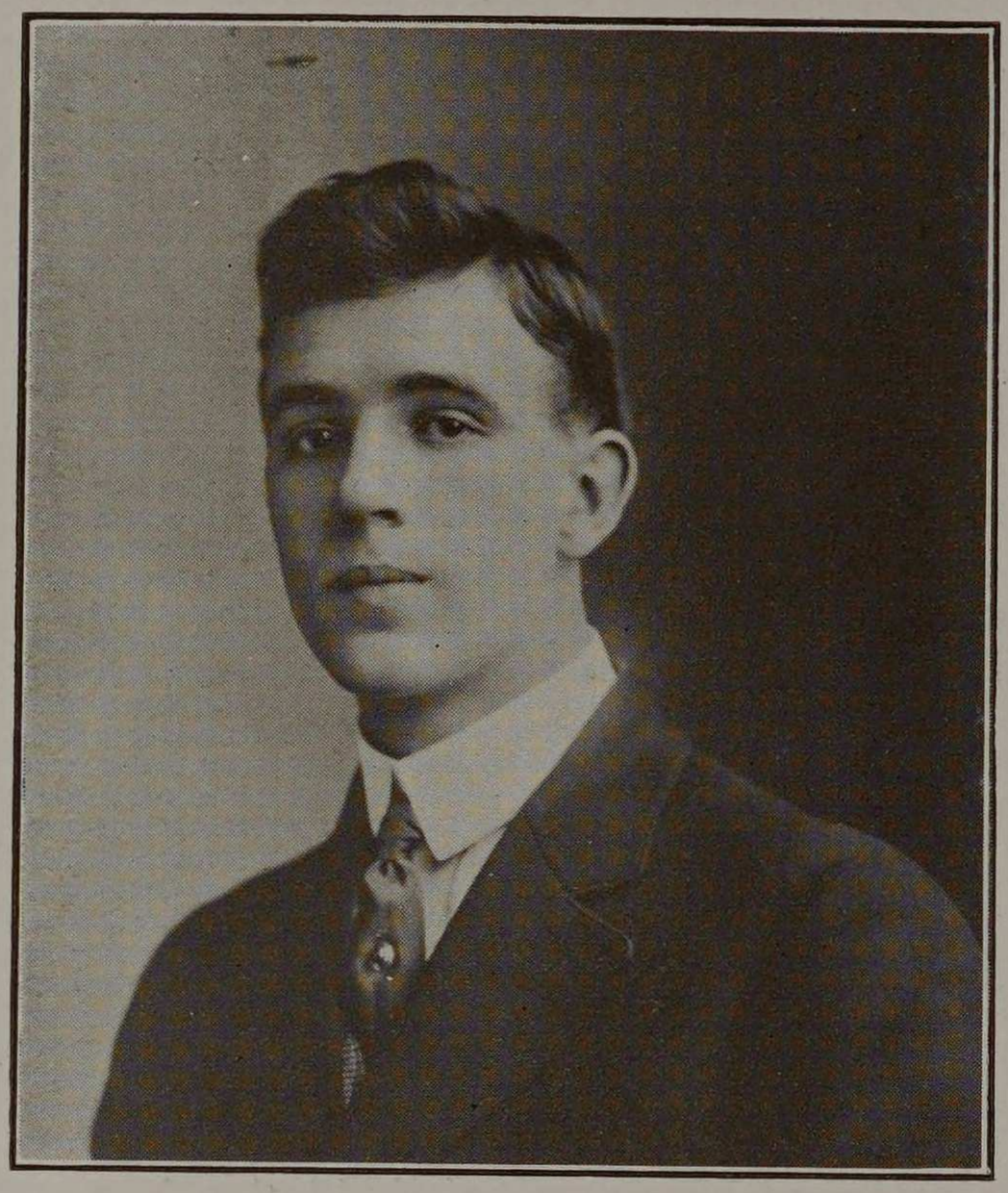
Walter smiled his first sunshine-distributing smile on April 6, 1888, and Chicago is the place which he selected for this high honor. Chicago and he have been inseparable ever since. At the tender age of seventeen he entered Armour with the Class of 1910. His aforesaid activities in the "smithy" and his well-defined policy of taking things easy are the cause of our having the privilege of counting Walter among the crew of 1911.

Heitner is without a doubt the possessor of the sunniest temper and the greatest capacity for mischief among all the Seniors. Anything that he and his fellow-insurgents, the Mild German and the Wild Irishman, do not perpetrate is not worth bothering about, it must be dull, tame, and unprofitable.

Still, beneath all the devil-may-care exterior of this youth, there is a great deal of genuine ability waiting only to be stirred up. Let him have a worthy cause of inspiration and he will accomplish great things.

"He is so Full of Pleasant Anecdote."

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G. B. Hills.

Civil Engineering.

Prepared at Maine Township High School, Des Plaines, Ill.

Thesis Subject: Waterproofing of Concrete.

Tau Beta Pi.

Omega Lambda.

C. E. S.

Senior Class Book Staff.

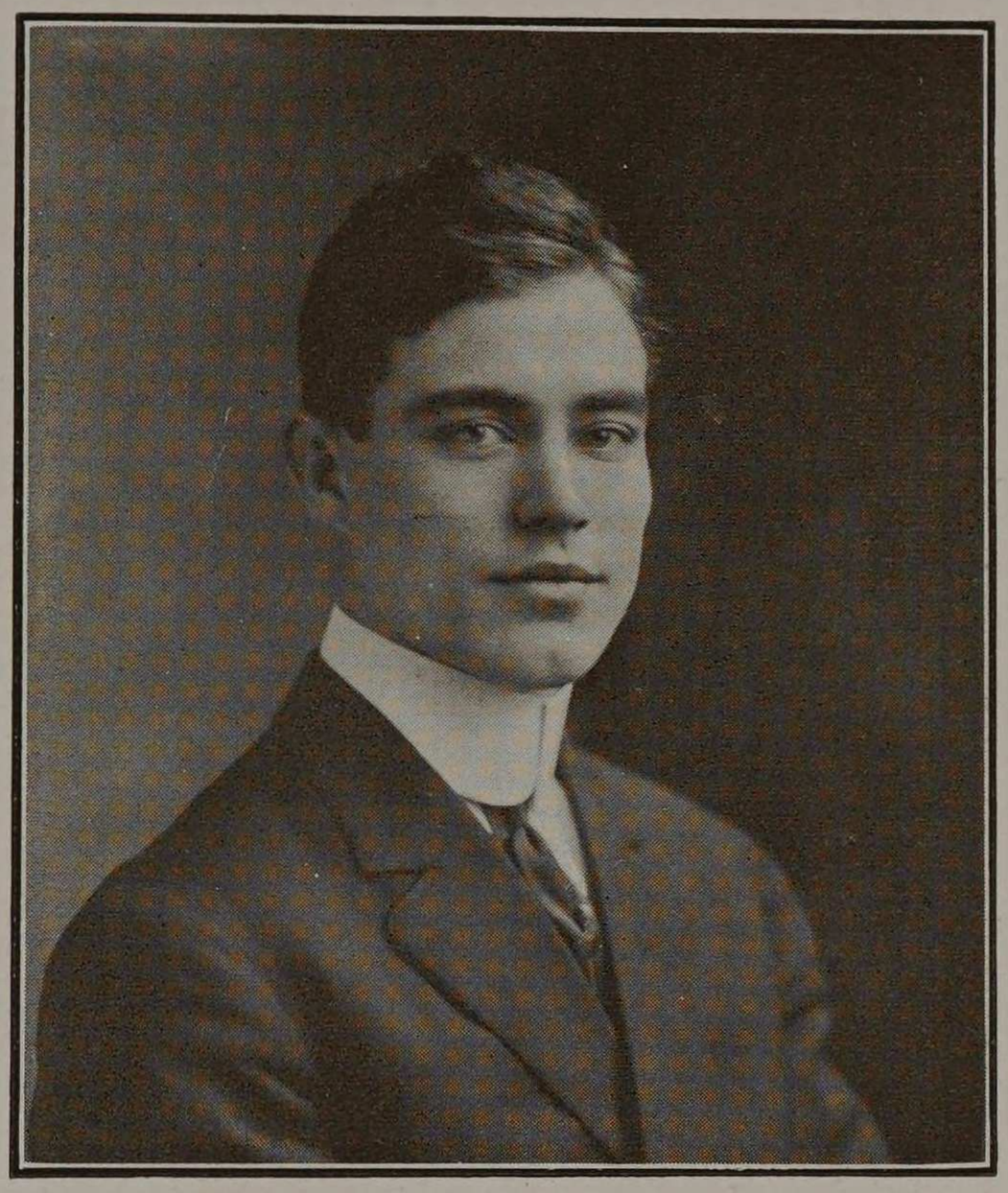
It is a great surprise to most of us to hear that this large manly fellow is so young and yet possessed of so much experience and knowledge of affairs. Although barely twenty-one, for "Bubbles" was ushered into our little world on May 5, 1890, he has the manner and bearing of a man of years,—a true Senior.

Before George came to us some had a vague idea of having heard of Des Plaines before, without being exactly able to place it, but now the home town of this "live wire" has become world-renowned. Surely those village fathers ought to award him a paving contract or the like for his fame-attracting ability, when he gets out into the world.

To resume: Hills received his preparatory training at the Maine Township High School, located at Des Plaines, Ill., graduating with the class of 1906 and entering the Tech the same year. During his Sophomore year George was forced to remain out of school and owing to that fact he is now in the ranks of 1911.

As a student "Bubbles" holds an enviable record, which fact is attested by his election to Tau Beta Pi in his Senior year. He is full of original ideas and is a thinker,—a good hand at getting to the bottom of everything. In addition, he is one of the few who can put their book learning and theory into practice, as his record with the Chicago Subway Commission will show, in other words, a well-balanced man.

"Skilled in Debate and Logic."



Percy R. Hynes

Civil Engineering.

Prepared at Armour Scientific Academy.

Thesis Subject: Design of a Trunnion Bascule Bridge.

Secretary of Civil Society (3), (4).

Class Basketball (1), (2), (3).

"Pickles" is a simon-pure Chicago boy, having been born here on March 29, 1890. The West Side fervently believed itself possessor of a prodigy, when at the age of three this precocious infant showed himself a master of the piano. "Pickles Heinz" is well able to deliver more than "fifty-seven varieties" if he is placed in front of anything with ivory keys.

Hynes entered Armour in 1907 after three years of prep training, one of the eight Seniors who were graduated from the late-lamented Academy.

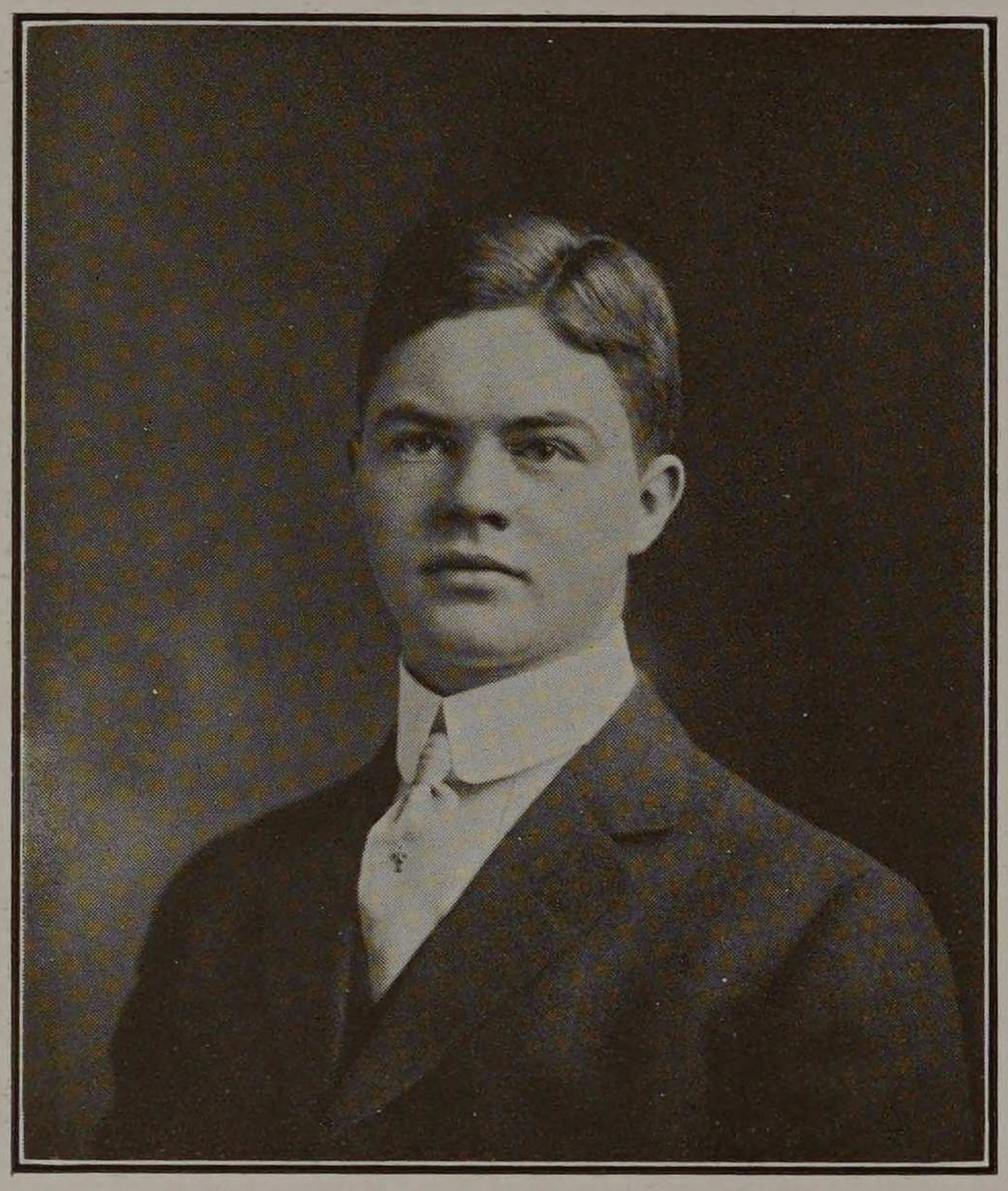
Hynes is one of the few exponents of basketball, "as she is played," of which the Class can boast. For three years his well-set-up form was a valuable cog in the Class basketball machine. He was a mighty good player, as scrappy as his Celtic name would lead one to believe.

Up at summer camp in 1909, "Heinzy" held the enviable position of the small boy whose cousin has a candy store, for from some generous source there came to him a supply of cookies and cakes that made him a much sought-after person.

Four years of Armour have shown him to be one who came for business, but still kept in view other things beside the grind. The trunnion bascule bridge which "Heinz" and his inseparable friend and companion, "Pomp" Johnson, are designing is a work of art and a source of gratification to them as well as to the Civil Profs.

"Well Versed in Ye Gentle Arte of Musicke."

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Garrett B. James

Chemical Engineering.

Prepared at Armour Scientific Academy.

Thesis Subject: Wood Tar, Its Properties and Utilization.

Tau Beta Pi.

Radical X.

Treasurer Chemical Society (4).

Class Baseball (3), (4).

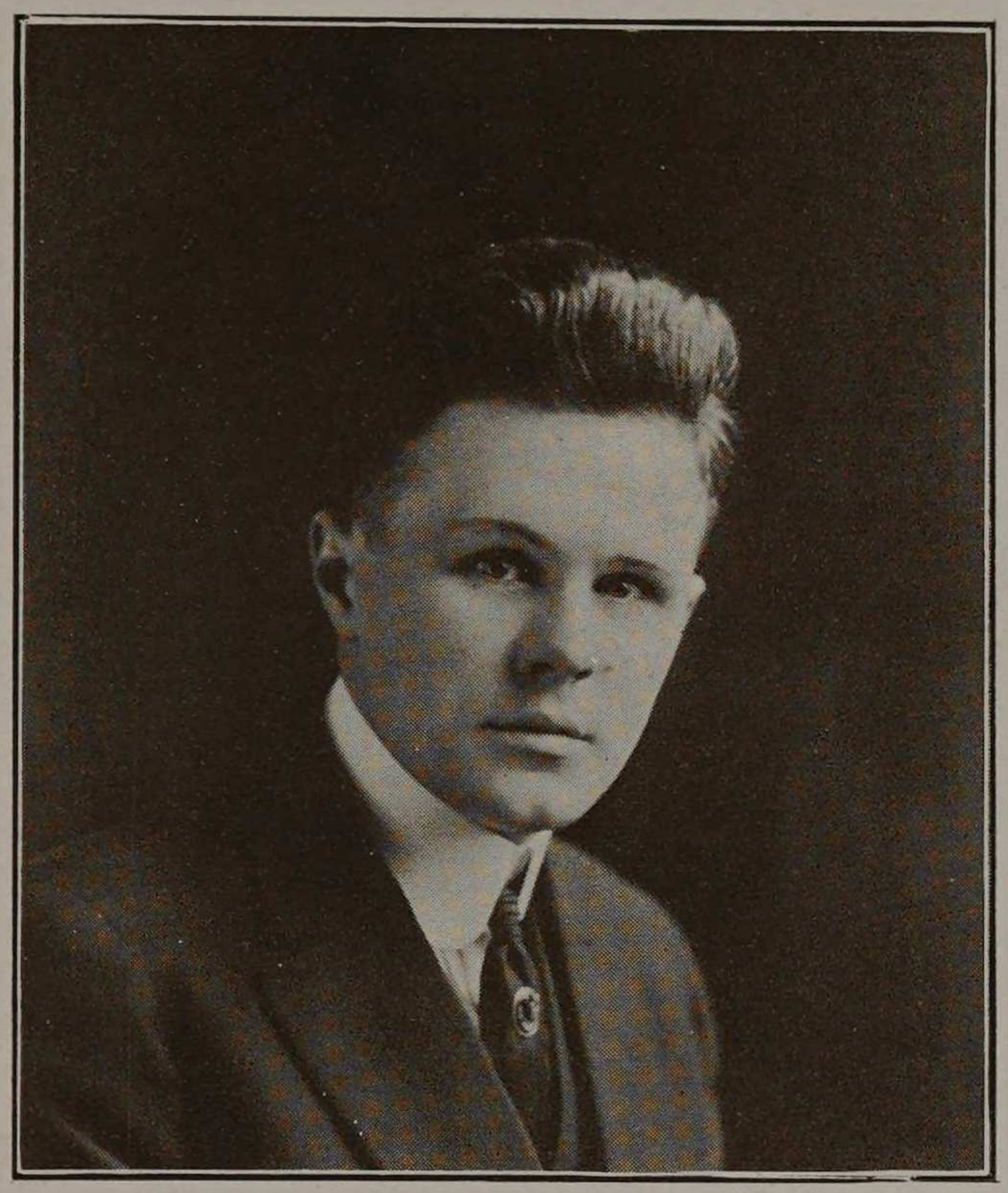
Assistant Editor 1911 Integral.

Garret Bell James—no matter what way you arrange those words you will have a very aristocratic appellation. James was born in the Windy City somewhere between the lake-front and Joliet along in 1890. Of his grammar school training we know but little, a fact observed in all great men. His prep training was acquired at the Armour Scientific Academy, hence we see that the total time which he has spent around the 'Stute has been some seven years. If one could get a moving picture of the development of Garry from the youngster of Academy days to the wise (worldly?) Senior of 1911 one would note not a few changes. He always had a habit of never missing a class. He has gotten over that to a considerable extent this last year, strange to relate.

It was the day of the Freshman Rush of that memorable year '07-'08, that we were first introduced to "Scot." Time—about 8: 15 A. M. to 9: 36 A. M. Place—one of the trees in front of the Mission,—Garry tied there by some fiendish Sophs and compelled to miss two classes. Horrors! He could then and there see the hopes of his winning Tau Beta Pi laurels fading away in the dim distance.

Garry's activities in school affairs were rather limited until near the end of his college career. Of course, we knew that he was a story teller of no mean ability, that his prowess with the driver and putter was above the average, and that he indulged in such exciting excursions as Thomas Orchestra concerts. But it was not until he became a Junior that we realized his true worth,—he was made a Radic and was summoned as a Tau Beta Pi. His favorite diversion in good weather is to don a Prince Albert and silk hat and swing down the avenue, twirling a gold-headed cane.

"His Wits—Sharper than a Serpent's Tooth."



R. J. Jensen

Civil Engineering.

Prepared at R. T. Crane High School.

Thesis Subject: Spandrel Braced Reinforced Concrete Arch.

Omega Lambda.

With us Jensen is simply known as the "Dane," as wild and crazy as even Hamlet himself could possibly have been. Although Chicago claims him as one of her sons, which claim, by the way, dates from January 7, 1888, he is true and loyal to Denmark and stands upon his chair and yells whenever the Danish National Hymn is played.

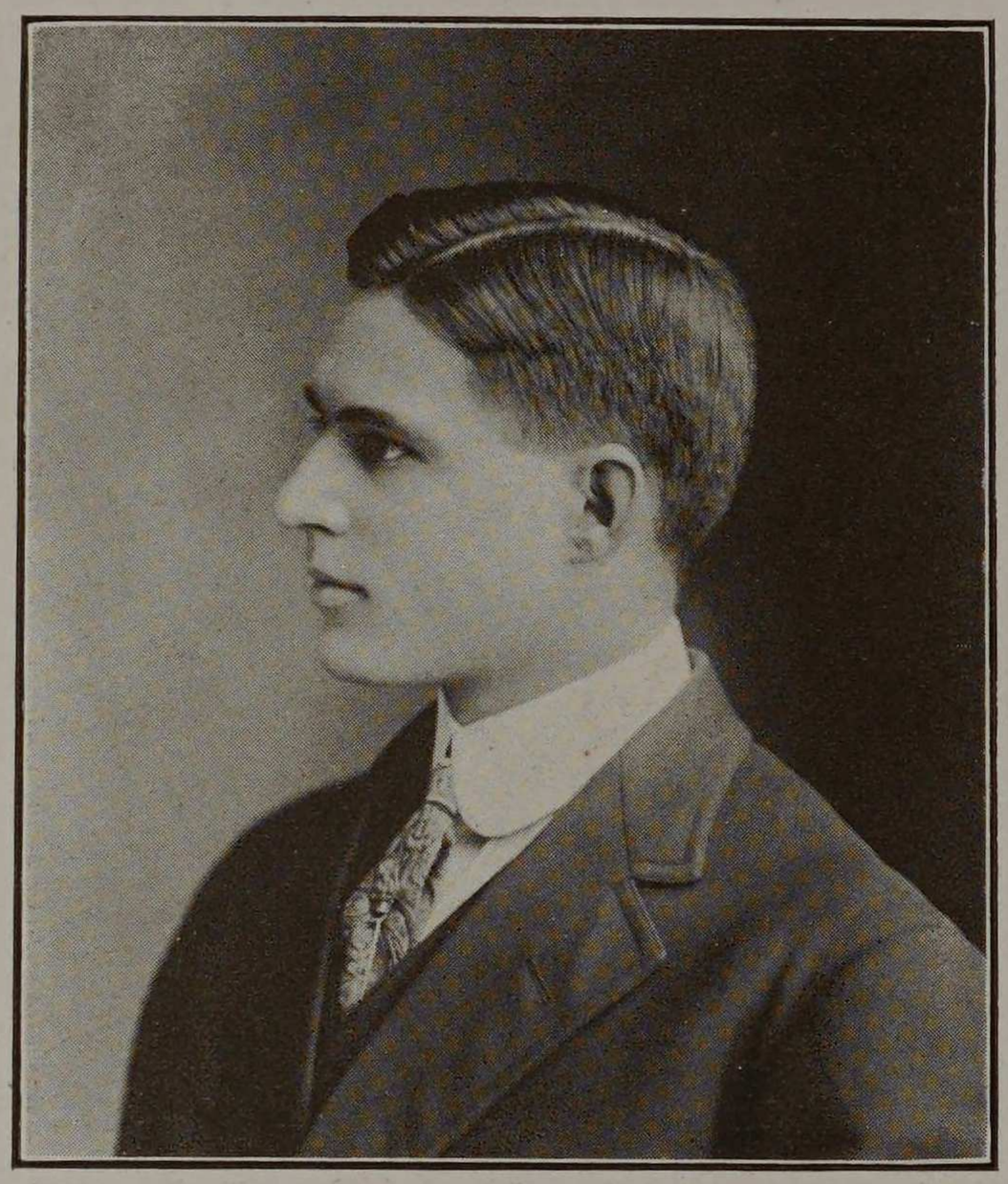
Jensen came to us in 1907 from the Crane Technical High School, Class of 1906, after working as draftsman for the American Bridge Company for one year. As a natural born comedian the Dane is a winner, he always has plenty of his quaint sayings on tap. He has even been known to carry his comedy far into the night when others wanted to sleep,—ask Mandler, "Slivers," or "Si,"—they all slept in the same cage at Summer Camp, 1908. "Jens" is one of the "show-me" kind of fellows that has to see everything before he believes it, and if he cannot see it, he owns up to it instead of putting on a wise look and bluffing a Prof.

The Dane even had enough nerve once to try to raffle off an old fiddle for the benefit of a Danish Old People's Home, and at this school, too,—can you beat it?

When it comes to turning out good drafting at a 2:40 clip, Jensen is "strictly thar,"—good work at record time is his chief ambition. We might add that he is also quite a drummer, especially such drumming which can be adapted to Danish dancing.

"The Melancholy Dane."

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Harold S. Johnson

Chemical Engineering.

Prepared at Sioux City (Iowa) High School, Lake Forest College, Iowa State Agricultural College.

Thesis Subject: Production of Iodine and Potassiumm Salts from Seaweed.

Junior Play.

Radical X.

Phi Kappa Sigma.

Vice-President Chemical Society (4).

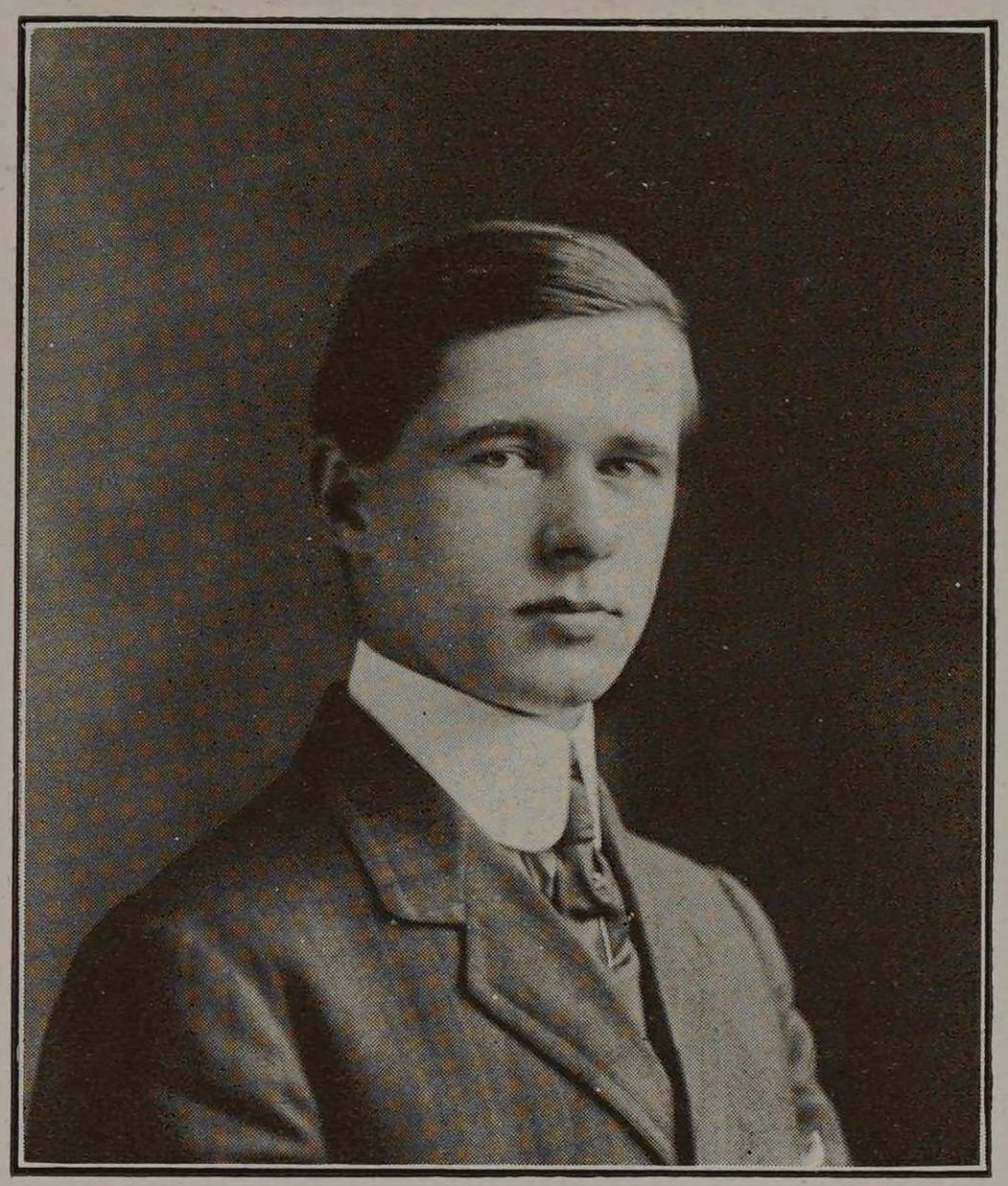
Behold another Westerner in the likeness of Harold S. Johnson, born way back in '86, on May 23, at Storm Lake, Iowa. Now we know why his career has been somewhat "stormy," and why he came to this "lake" town.

John has certainly encountered many colleges in his life-time. After graduating from Sioux City High School he concluded to become a good Presbyterian by attending Lake Forest. This, however, did not agree with him, so, after one year, he went to the Iowa Agricultural College, where he hoped to learn scientific farming. That was all very well, except that he had to get up too early in order to milk cows. The next summer "Johnny" spent in working at the Sioux City Stock Yards, getting acquainted with the animals, hogs especially.

Sam first got the "chemical bug" in his noodle back in his high school days, and kept it there, allowing it to grow, until he finally decided to come to conquer the chemical course at A. I. T. Needless to say, it was quite a change for such a tender youth to step from the easy times at Lake Forest and Iowa "Aggie" to the stern realities of Armour life. Nevertheless he has stuck to it, and has had a very good time besides. To tell the truth about it Johnny's "good times" were quite often more in evidence than "study times," yet he always managed to pull down the goods.

Johnson's love for amusements is well evidenced by the fact that he has seen the Merry Widow eight times. It might be justice to him to say that he has given over the frivolities of under-class days to become the staid sedate Vice-President of the Chemical Society.

"Get Money; Still Get Money, Boy,
No Matter by What Means."



J. B. Johnson

Civil Engineering.

Prepared at Armour Scientific Academy.

Thesis Subject: Design of a Trunnion Bascule Bridge.

Civil Engineering Society.

"Johnny," who was born of American parentage on the twenty-ninth of March, 1890, at Wilmington, Illinois, and took his prep work in our departed Academy, finishing in 1907. He has been fortunate in accumulating nicknames, answering either to "Johnny," "The Duke," or "Pompadour John."

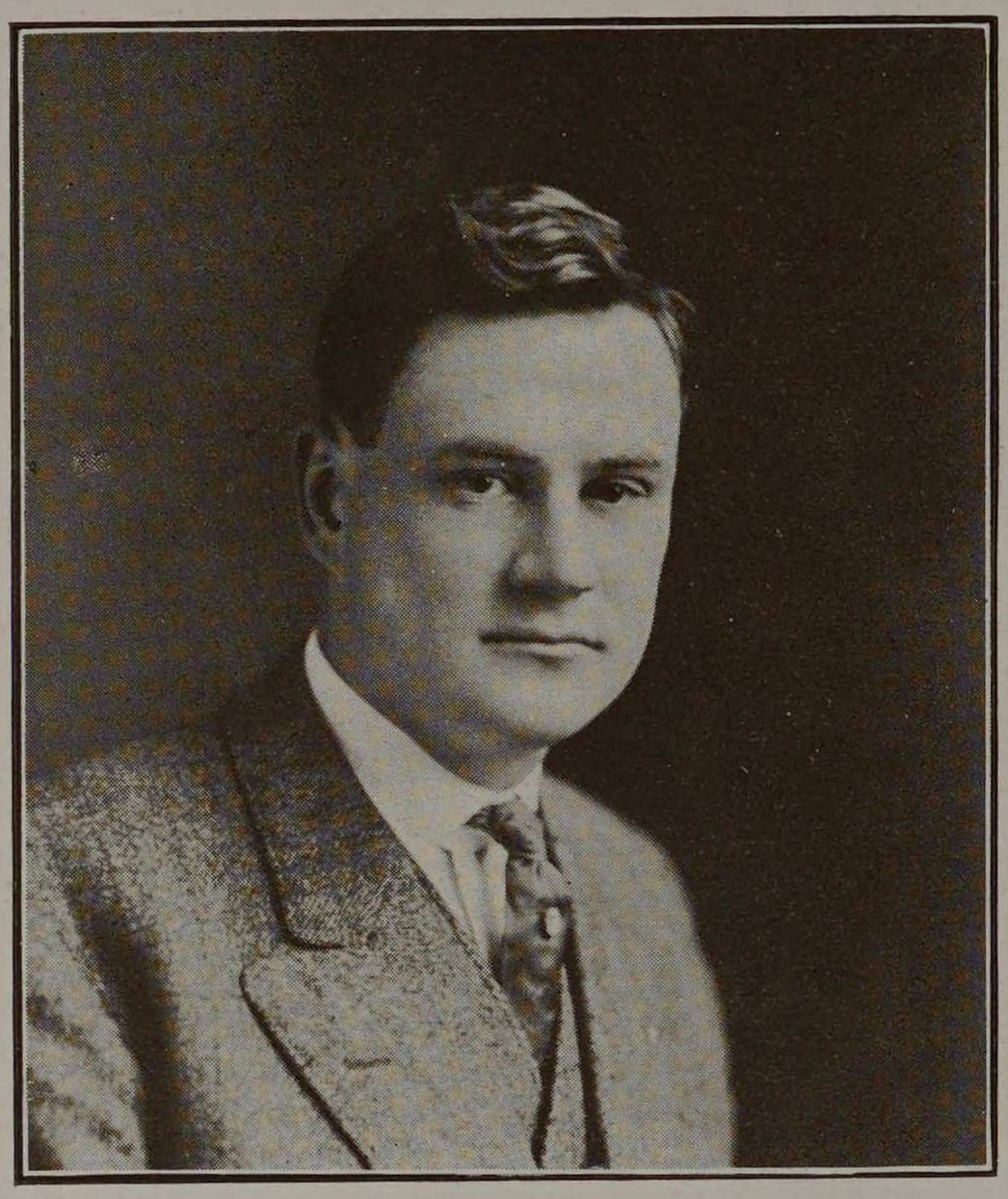
At present young Johnson is forced to divide his time about equally between his thesis and in evading the attentions showered upon him by the fair sex. He is the accepted Beau Brummel of the Civil Department: anyone in the Drafting Room who may feel the need of a mirror or a manicure set will be fitted up by Johnny upon request. To him also belongs the credit for the introduction of the custom of using a daintily scented talcum powder in the place of chalk on tracing cloth. It is far more genteel. By keeping his spare thumb tacks in an empty perfume bottle, he has a drawer and drawing board that along the olfactory line will easily outclass any lady's boudoir.

But after all is said, Johnny is a hustler and a hard worker, and usually has his work just a little ahead of the rest of them. Good-natured and always willing to oblige, he has always done his share inside and out of his class work.

"The Apparel oft Proclaims the Man."

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THE SENIOR CLASS BOOK
1911



H. Wjones.

Civil Engineering.

Prepared at Marinette High School, Marinette, Wis.

Thesis Subject: Hydroelectric Development on Big Salmon River, Idaho.

Class President (3).

President of Civil Society (4).

President of Radical X.

Phi Kappa Sigma.

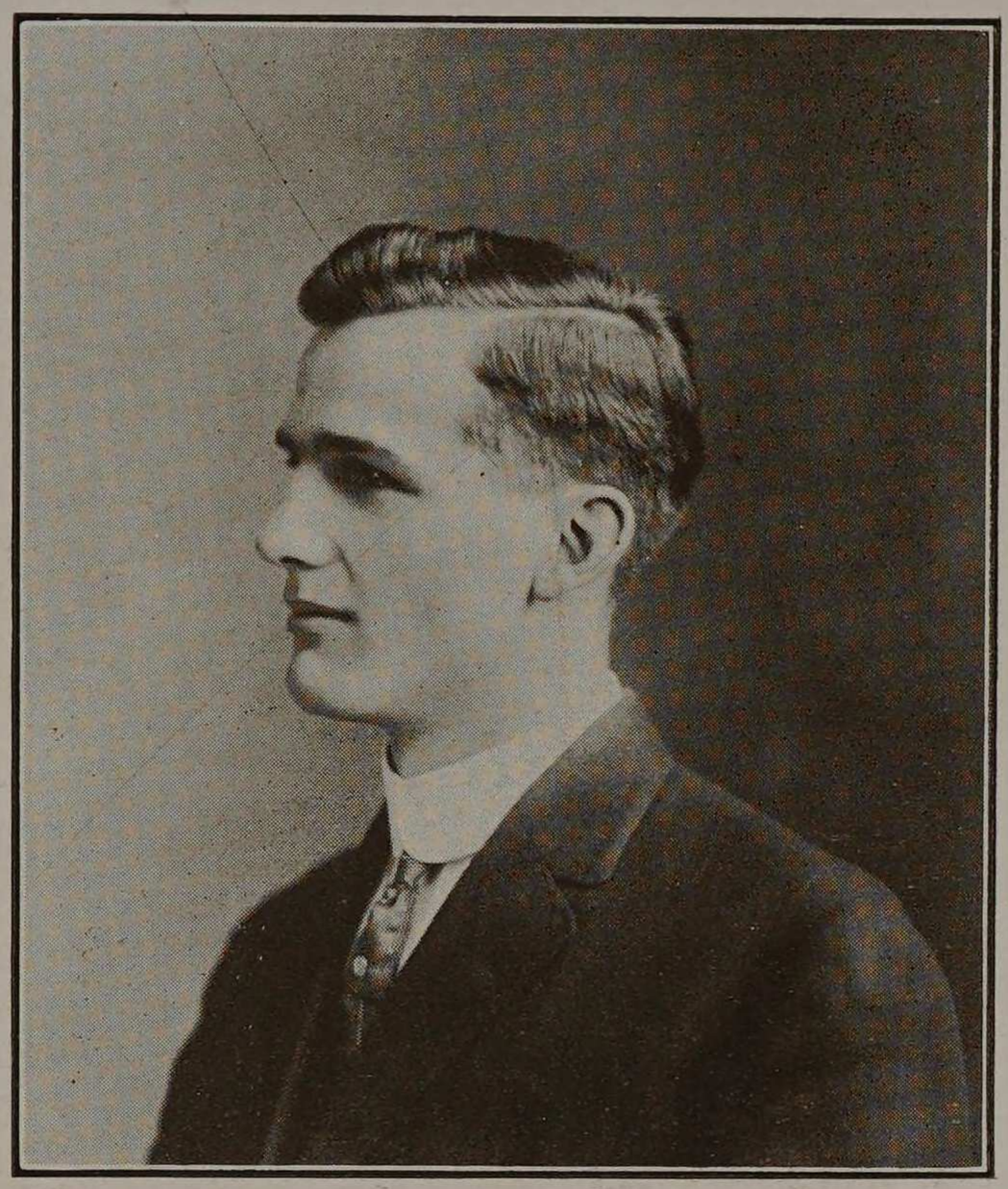
On the ninth of February, 1885, a stork of Welsh descent left "Harvey" in Neenah, Wisconsin. Common report in the Badger state has it that the first word he used was "Sir?" with a rising inflection.

Jones finished his prep work in the Marinette High School in 1902, and between that year and 1906 developed state-wide fame as a lumber-jack, river-pig, and the mainstay of the Wisconsin Telephone Company.

Harvey entered Armour Academy in 1906, and has been chasing knowledge ever since. He has made a great record in his studies and a still greater one outside of them. Harvey is our favorite candidate for president of anything from a ward organization to the United States, for he has often shown his aptitude for such a position. At present he is not running at his full capacity, for he is the chief officer of only two bodies, the Civil Society and the Radical X. Last year he showed his level head and perfect knowledge of the ubiquitous Robert's Rules of Order by subduing exuberant Juniors and untangling the involved affairs of our '09-'10 organization time and again. The Class owes him an undying vote of thanks for this Herculean feat.

"Jonesy" is not a noisy sort of a chap, especially regarding himself, but for valid reasons there are few in the Class who are as well known among Armour men as he is. He is quick to acquire the friendship of those who come in touch with him, and the significant part of it is, he retains it.

"A Depth of Sense, of Justice, of Courage."



E. W. Kaiser

Electrical Engineering.

Prepared at Dallas City High School, Dallas City, Ill., Lewis Institute.

A. I. E. E.

Eta Kappa Nu.

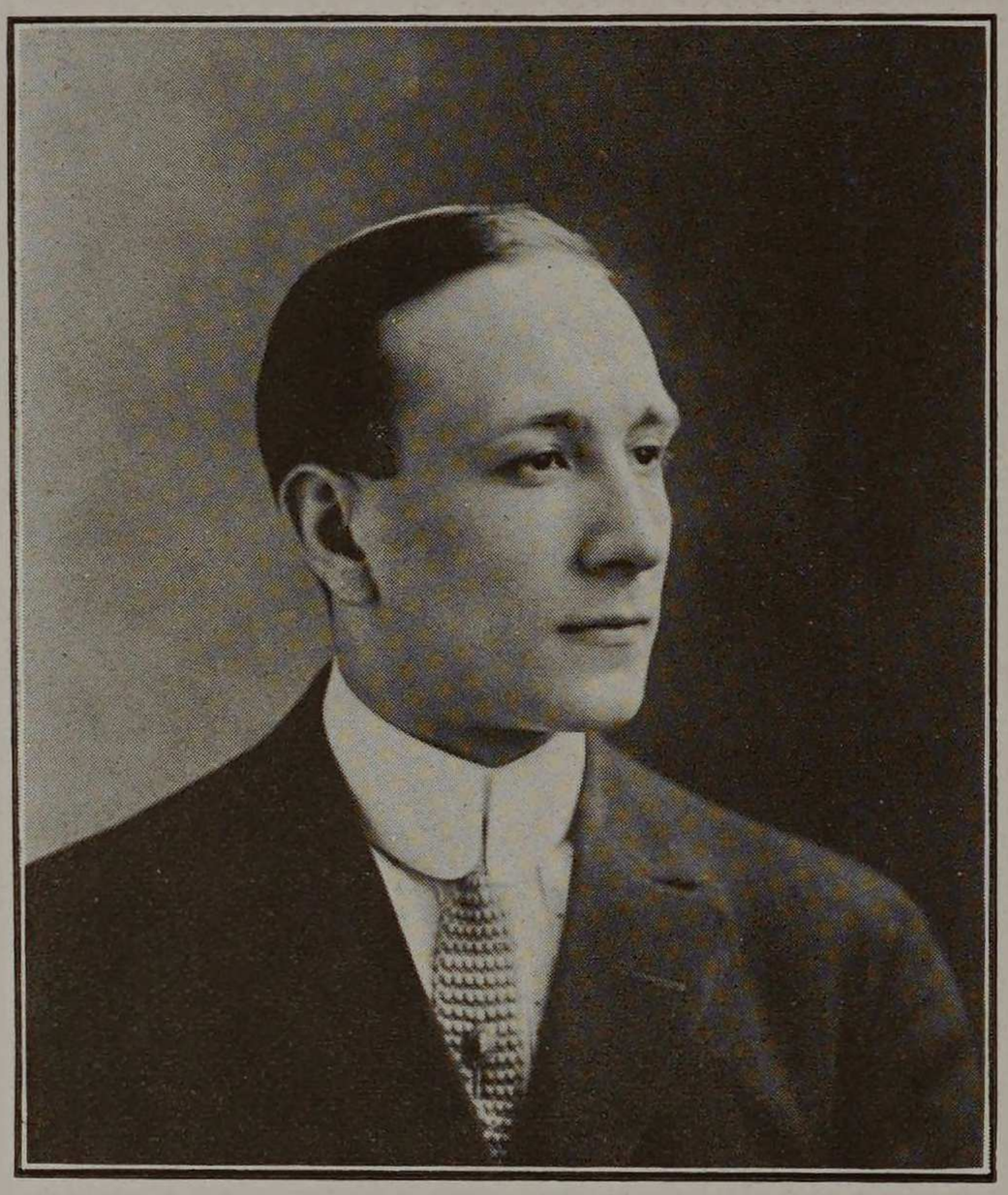
"Who is that tall, broad-shouldered, good-looking fellow?" is a question which we have often heard around the school, whenever we have visitors, and the answer in every case is "That's Kaiser." Every time we contemplate that firm jaw, those massive shoulders, that huge frame, we drop a silent tear for that departed glory, football at Armour. What a fullback gone to waste!

But do not be led to infer from this that Kaiser is a fierce warlike person. For he is not,—he is the soul of easy good nature and modest companionship. But these are not his only good qualities,—no, indeed,—Kaiser is the bright particular star of the Freeman School of Philosophy. Coming to us last fall fresh from Lewis where he had attained highest honors as Junior Technical Class President, he showed his mettle by finishing the semester the only one of thirty-six to annex an "A" in Alternating Currents. "Praise from Caesar is praise indeed." And there was not one of the remaining thirty-five who did not concede that Kaiser had earned it legitimately. Which all shows his great ability and popularity. "Hoch der Kaiser!"

Bible Grove, Missouri, is the birthplace of this prodigy, and it was the twelfth of August, 1888, when he conferred this boon on it. His prep training he took together with his good friend Meyers at the Dallas City, Illinois, High School. The friendship then begun has prevailed until now, for we always find these two together,—whether it be at ordinary routine school affairs or thesis work or working at the Fisk and Quarry Street Stations of the Commonwealth Edison Company. And everywhere they go, they make their presence felt.

"He was a Man, Take Him for All in All."

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Otto R. Kellner.

Civil Engineering.

Born at Chicago, Aug. 30, 1888.

Prepared at Armour Scientific Academy.

Thesis Subject: Two Hinged Spandrel Braced Steel Arch.

Tau Beta Pi.

Radical X.

Civil Society.

President Chapin Club (4).

Board of Athletic Control (3), (4).

College Track Team (1).

Kellner has been a "name to conjure with" for the last five years around "Armour Scollege,"—two world-famed brothers of that name, Walter and Otto, have forever endeared themselves to all who hail the name Armour as their Alma Mater. Otto began his illustrious career together with his brother and the others of that matchless gang of Roughnecks, the 1910 Civils, but owing to the fact that he spent a semester elsewhere he has been able to become one of us.

Otto is a German from the "Nord Seite," where so many of our Civils hail from. Daily he takes great delight in a perilous journey over the "Through Route 22" line to and from his place of toil (?x—!). He is a great favorite among the Civils and besides is some splash around the school, as already stated.

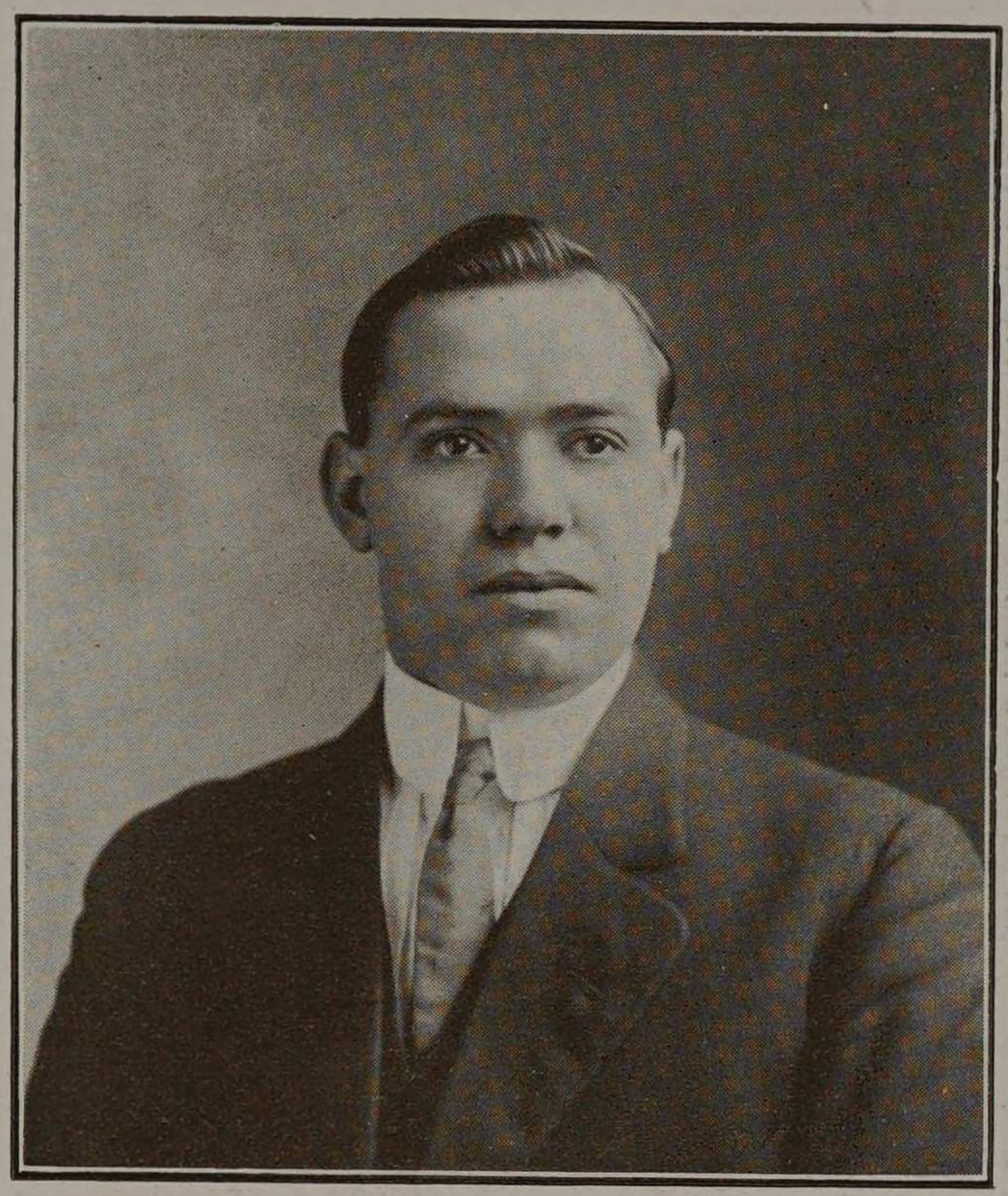
In athletics the lithe Mr. Kellner has been a dominating factor, not only in track work, but also as a member of the Board of Athletic Control. The Kellner family has been represented on the Board for three consecutive seasons, Otto having been a member two years.

As a drawing card at the dramatic enterprises pushed by Armour interests Otto has earned undying fame. During the course of the Musical Bun, the Junior Play of 1909, Kellner's original parodies "What D'ye Think O' That?" sung in an inimitable manner made an indelible impression on our young minds.

Otto's great popularity was further proven by his election as President of Chapin Club this year. Among his other marks for distinction we can mention his election to Tau Beta Pi and the Radical X.

Kellner is the idol of the Civils, and can have about anything which he wants from them. His vein of humor is inexhaustible, and his general all around ability stamp him as one of the fellows who are really worth while.

"An Ounce of a Man's Own Wit is Worth a Ton of Other People's."



F. Konicek Jr.

Electrical Engineering.

Prepared at Lockport High School, Lockport, Illinois.

Thesis Subject: Design of a 30,000 K. W. Central Station.

A. I. E. E.

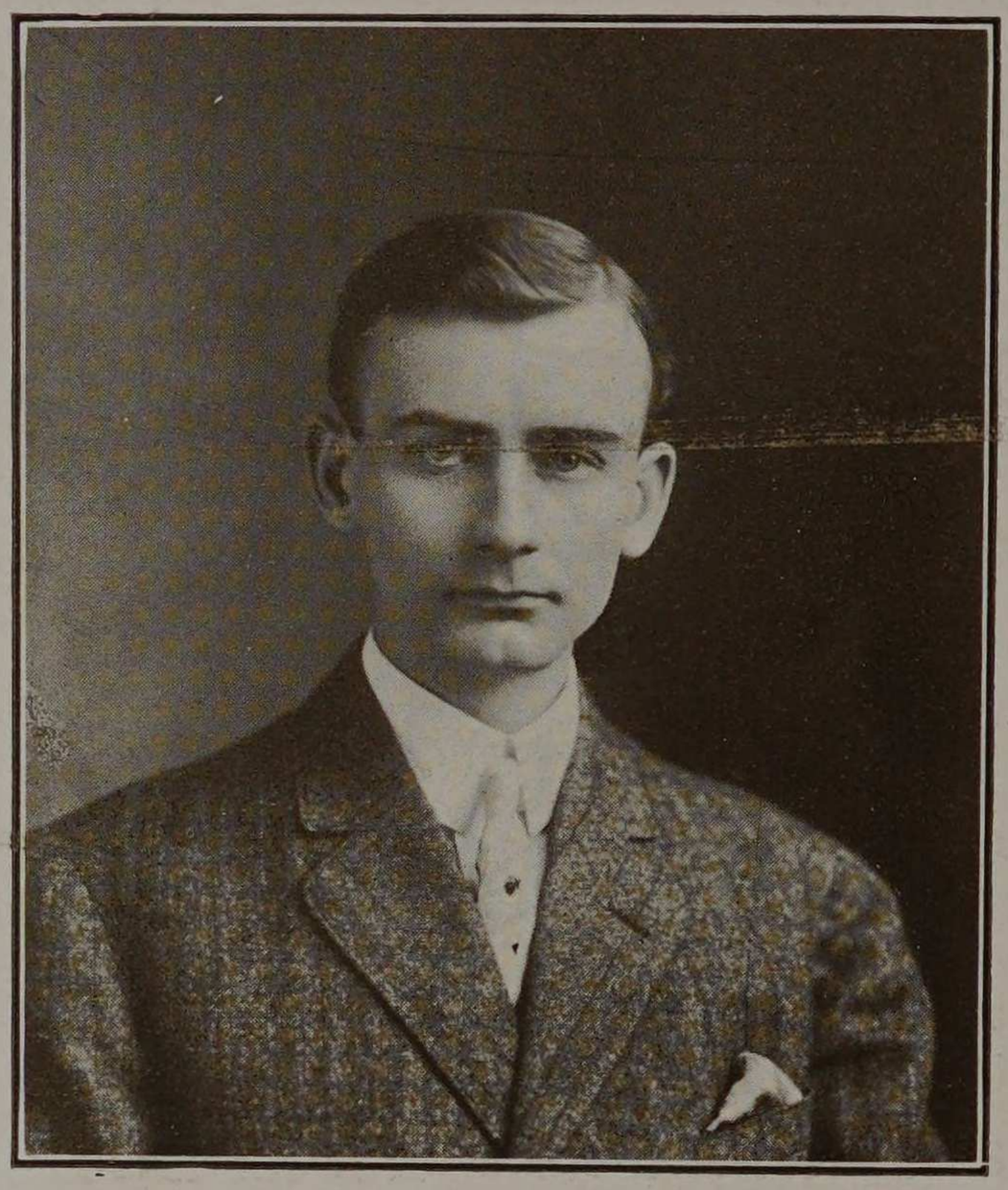
Ever since the year 1888 the hamlet of Homer, Illinois, celebrates the third of December as a holiday. It was this day on which "Conny" decided to honor the town by being born there. A noiseless infant, he was intent only on keeping out of harm's way. Early in life he evinced an uncontrollable desire to get to the bottom of things, even if it was only a jar of mother's jam. This love of investigation has stuck with him ever since. A very shy, good-natured lad is Frank, but he is a good student, a conscious worker, and an investigator into hidden mysteries.

Speaking of mysteries "Conny" could find nothing which would so fully occupy him as the cryptic current. To fully probe into the nature and workings of the "juice" he embarked for Chicago and Armour after completing his prep work at the Lockport High School, eager to absorb all the A. I. T. faculty could offer along technical lines.

In the due course of time "Conny" allied himself with a celebrated crowd of electrical experts, and the partnership of Bloomfield, Eickenberg, Mabbs, Konicek, and Witte was formed. This was early in the first semester of this year. This combination of talent has the art of working and "working up" experiments in the Dynamo and Mech Labs perfected to an exact science. The division of labor is apportioned to a nicety by this group of geniuses,—"Phil" the directing engineer, "Wit" the mathematical engineer, "Jake" the data man, etc. But always you will find Konicek in the fight where the firing is heaviest, always doing his share and doing it well, and always ready to do more than justly comes to him. That's "Conny" all over.

"Speak but Little and Well if You Would be Esteemed a Man of Merit."

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J. Herbert Kuehne

Electrical Engineering.

Prepared at Gowanda High School, Gowanda, New York.

A. I. E. E.

Gowanda, a name to conjure with, a name which has music in it. Gowanda, N. Y., it is where one of our studious little Electricals, J. Herbert Kuehne, was ushered into this world. The date of this auspicious event was May 16, 1886. Evidently liking the euphony of the town's name, this youngster remained there long enough to obtain a high school diploma.

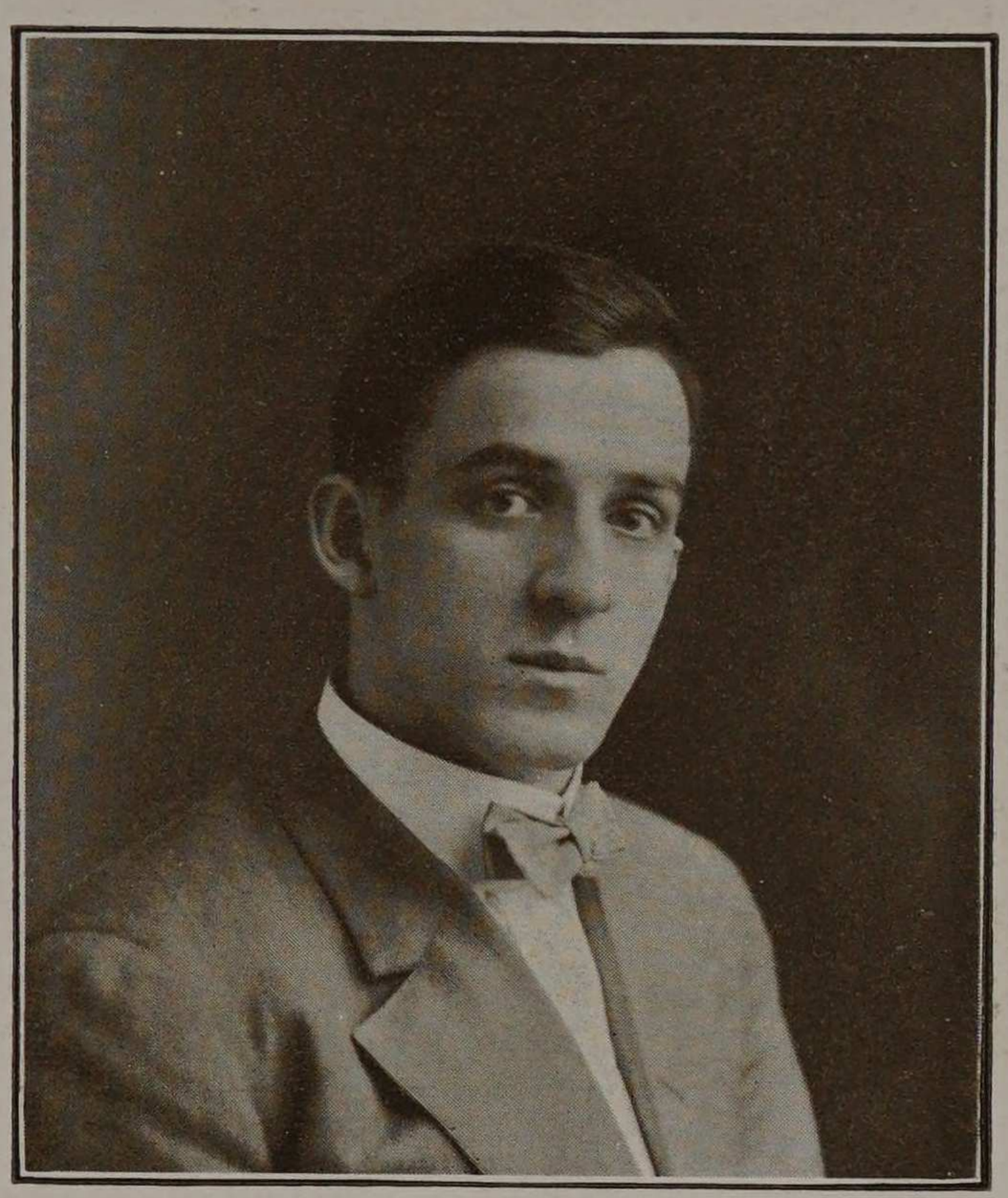
As an Armour man Kuehne has had an intermittent career, if you will pardon the expression. It has been a case of "off again, on again" with him, and for this reason: J. H. believes in the theory of acquiring practical and theoretical training in about equal proportions. Hence his record of three years' experience in actual testing of electrical appliances.

In person this son of the Rhine, (No, Bernice, Kuehne is not a Celt,—he can even wrestle successfully with the Zeitschrift) is tall and attenuated, in manner quiet and reserved. He likes his work and is tremendously interested in all matters electrical.

When the Edison storage battery appeared on the market not very long ago after years of experimentation and exploitation by the Great Inventor, this enterprising young man decided to investigate the matter thoroughly and see if the article lived up to its advertisements. Accordingly he inveighled "Andy" to cast his fate with him and make a series of tests on the new-fangled battery which would settle the matter for all time to come.

We feel confident that the reward will be duly forthcoming for Kuehne deserves it, he is so unobstrusive, earnest, studious, and NOT fussy,—anything but that.

"Silently Thinking, Silently Working."



H. Laskey

Civil Engineering.

Prepared at Medill High School.

Thesis Subject: Bond Stress of Lap Reinforced Concrete Beams.

Class Baseball (2).

C. E. S.

Herman was born in Chicago back in 1889, on the 22nd of February. He took his prep work at Joseph Medill High School, being graduated from there in 1906. He entered Armour in 1907, and has been a regular member of our Class since then.

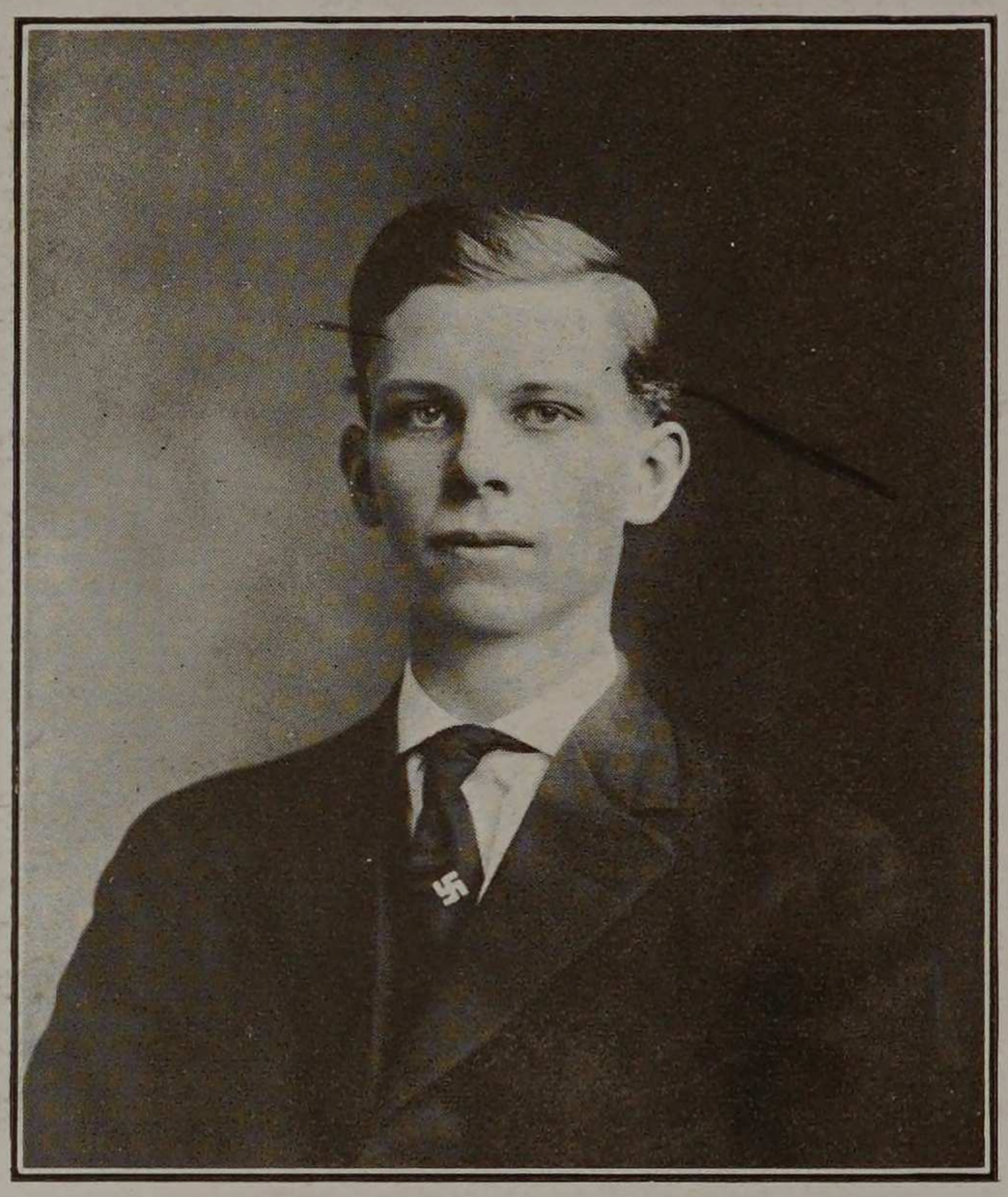
A good earnest worker, he left his books long enough to help our Class ball team make good in 1908 and later in 1910 he helped add to "Pa" Phillips' gray hairs at summer camp. Mention of his name in the local society circles of those northern woods stills draws a flutter of excitement from the ladies.

Herman is one of the Civil pool sharks, and at times the arguments between him and "Sophie" Bredlau, his hand-fast companion, grow fast and furious. His greatest worry in life is helping Bredlau secure his naturalization papers and to prevent his friend from falling into the clutches of the avaricious politicians from the City Hall. Only his innate modesty prevents him from claiming the credit for his pal's success as an amateur Gotch. Herman was his trainer and confidential adviser throughout Bredlau's career, and after piloting him through several mat tournaments induced him to restrain his desire to go on with the game, and brought him to Armour.

Herman likes a good joke and a good story, and his presentable record stamps him a good student,—another one of the Civils' list of all around good scouts.

"A Youth of Labor and an Age of Ease."

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Alfred C. Lohse.

Electrical Engineering.

Prepared at Elmhurst College.

Class Baseball (4).

A. I. E. E.

A. C. Lohse,—what sort of a picture does that name conjure up before you? A tall, lanky youth, with a face decidedly German in cast, eyes as blue as the sea, and a shock of golden hair, the whole a young lad over whom hovers the very spirit of innocence. But that is as far as it goes, it merely hovers there. For "Al" is always up to some deviltry when not engaged in coining facetitious remarks apropos the subject at hand or something Dean Monin has said or nothing at all.

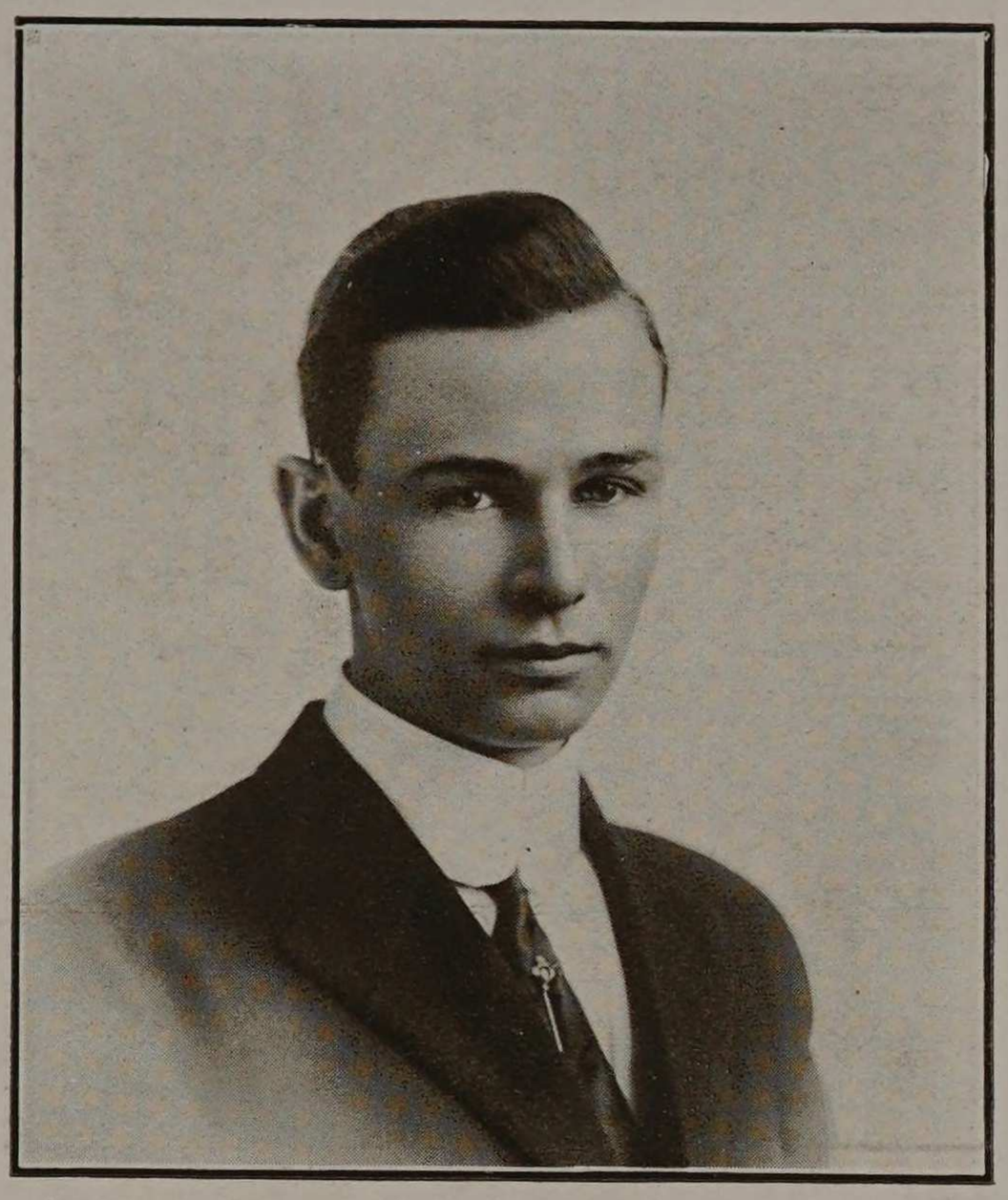
This fair-haired child dates his history back to the fifth of November, 1888, when he arrived in this wicked world of ours. In the course of time he grew up,—and there is doubt as to his having ceased growing even now,—and after driving several school teachers to d—istraction he matriculated at Elmhurst College with the remote idea of becoming a minister. The idea was too remote, however, and Al decided that a man with his initials owed it to himself to take up electricity. Result: He joined the other votaries of this science who blossom out in cap and gown this spring.

As long as he has been with us Lohse has studied as much as necessary and has had as much fun as possible. But in spite of all his fooling and gallivanting about there is some real ability in this young man, and, mark our word, he will distinguish himself yet. His greatest concern just now is to find out the "workin's" of a Murphy Rectifier. The only excuse offered by the German part of the firm handling this test, consisting of Messrs. Heitner and Lohse, is that the Irish are represented by one W. Patrick McGuire. Hence the Mercury vs. Murphy Rectifier. We have no hesitancy in predicting a signal triumph for the latter. Three cheers for the Germans and their good friends, the Irish!

"A Fellow of Infinite Jest, of Most Excellent Fancy."

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THE SENIOR CLASS BOOK
1911



Jno. A. McCague.

Mechanical Engineering.

Prepared at Austin High School.
Tau Beta Pi.
Radical X.
Delta Tau Delta.
A. S. M. E.
Y. M. C. A.
Class Baseball Manager (3).
First Marshall of Junior Week.
Class Secretary (2).
Class Vice-President (3).
Class President (4).

J. Alvin McCague, chief politician of the Class of 1911, landed in Rochester, Pa., on January 12, 1890. This is a deplorable circumstance, because most of the great men of our country came from Illinois. But "Mac" was wise,—he took Horace Greeley's advice and came west, for which we are duly thankful.

Ever since that time Mac has been coming up in the world. He was president of his class at the Austin High School when he graduated. He is chief executive of half a dozen clubs and societies; it is that darling smile and those baby-blue eyes that did it. Here our hero has an unparalleled record behind him. There is only one thing missing,—he should have been Treasurer from '07-'08 to make the ladder perfect.

Mac is almost a model man; he has only one bad point. When St. Peter opens the Gate to him, he will say, "You will have to leave your pipe outside, the smoker is below." But that habit has its virtue, nevertheless; it keeps him from being overcome with ammonia at the ice plant. Mac never said anything in his life that could not be repeated among those fifteen girls in the Primary Department of his Sunday-School, unless it was when Fenn laid him out in the ice plant sump and then dropped a board on his neck. We have heard that he said nothing (he couldn't), but he might have thought it.

Our Mac says he likes "lovin'" as well as or better than the rest of us. He surely ought to be pretty well versed in it by this time; most of us are glad to love and be loved by one. Can you imagine what it would be to multiply that by fifteen!

In spite of all this, Mac is a very studious person. He is some shark in the Mech Lab and simply dotes on ice plants.

Gentlemen, His Excellency!

"I Dare do All that may Become a Man."

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Wm. P. McGuire

Electrical Engineering.

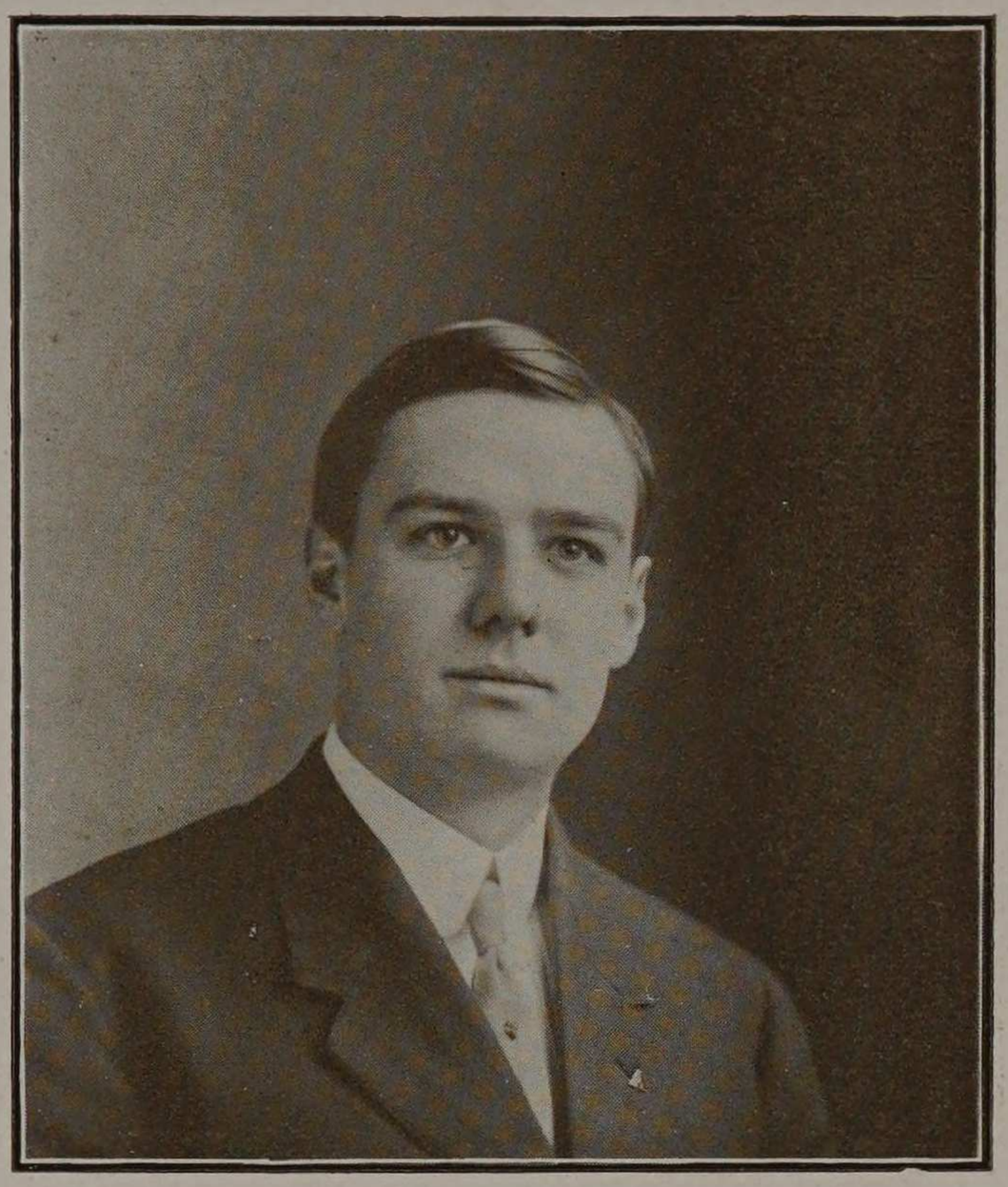
Prepared at McKinley High School.
A. I. E. E.
Treasurer of Hertzian Society.
Chapin Club.

Wm. Patrick McGuire, alias, "The Wild Irishman," alias "Mendacious Mack," is one of that select coterie who embark daily on a perilous trip to and fro on the Oak Park L, of whom the other "Mack," (J. Alvin), "Billy" Schultz, and "Chet" Snow are figures famous in song and story around the Tech. But none more so than "Molly" McGuire. To look at him one would think he never cracked a joke in his life and smiled only at set intervals. But here as elsewhere appearances are deceiving. Just when "Mac" looks most introspective, he is busiest planning some prank or other, and his "brothers in misfortune," "Al" Lohse and Water Heitner, are sure to be the victims of his cogitations. What a blessing for the rest of us that these Soldiers Three are kept busy amongst themselves,—it saves us a great deal of trouble and anxiety.

McGuire was always a Chicago boy and it is to this fact, perhaps, that we may attribute his love of doing forbidden things. He enrolled in the world's army as early as March 10, 1887. McKinley High School and A. I. T. were the schools which he graced with his presence, and at which he has acquired an education.

On Saturdays "Mac" has had the habit of fitting the hoof of the proletariat into some of Cutler's $2.50 shoes. (Better than any other. Buy now. Adv.) His natural fund of blarney cannot but have added to his persuasive powers as a salesman. He has also been assisting Hill and Andy at electrical work around the school. What these two like best is killing time while putting in new cables in the venerable elevator presided over by our blond friend "Wilfred." In the meantime "Mendacious Mac" is putting in some hard licks at the Murphy Rectifier as a part of the gang. McGuire and Murphy ought to hit it off well together at any rate. Two grand old harps are they.

"Sober of Mien, Yet Full of Mischievous Intent."



J. K. Mabbs

Electrical Engineering.

Born in Chicago, July 3, 1889.
Prepared at Austin and Lake View High Schools.
Tau Beta Pi.
Eta Kappa Nu.
A. I. E. E.
College Basketball (2), (3), (4).
Class Basketball Capt. (2), (3), (4).
Class Baseball (4).

Among the few athletes of which the present Senior Class can boast there is one particular bright light, a basketball artist par excellence, John Kenneth Mabbs. For three successive seasons he has been valiant leader of a forlorn hope, meaning the 1911 Class basketball team, against the lusty athletes from other classes. Many a hard battle was fought in the gym, and many is the game which he and his cohorts almost won. In one of his Freshman years ("Jake" enjoyed two because he suffered a long siege of protracted ill health in that time) "Mabbsy" played center on the Academy team, and his record was a very good one indeed. Later he was a member of the college squad, and many is the time we have contemplated his lengthy form flitting about the floor, tossing goals with great eclat.

One look at Kenneth makes plain his great predilection for the great indoor game which the Germans call "Das Korbballspiel," for this youth is built on the general lines of a match, his figure being slim and elongated not to say sylph-like. Yes, indeed, "Jake" is one of our dandy little basketball stars.

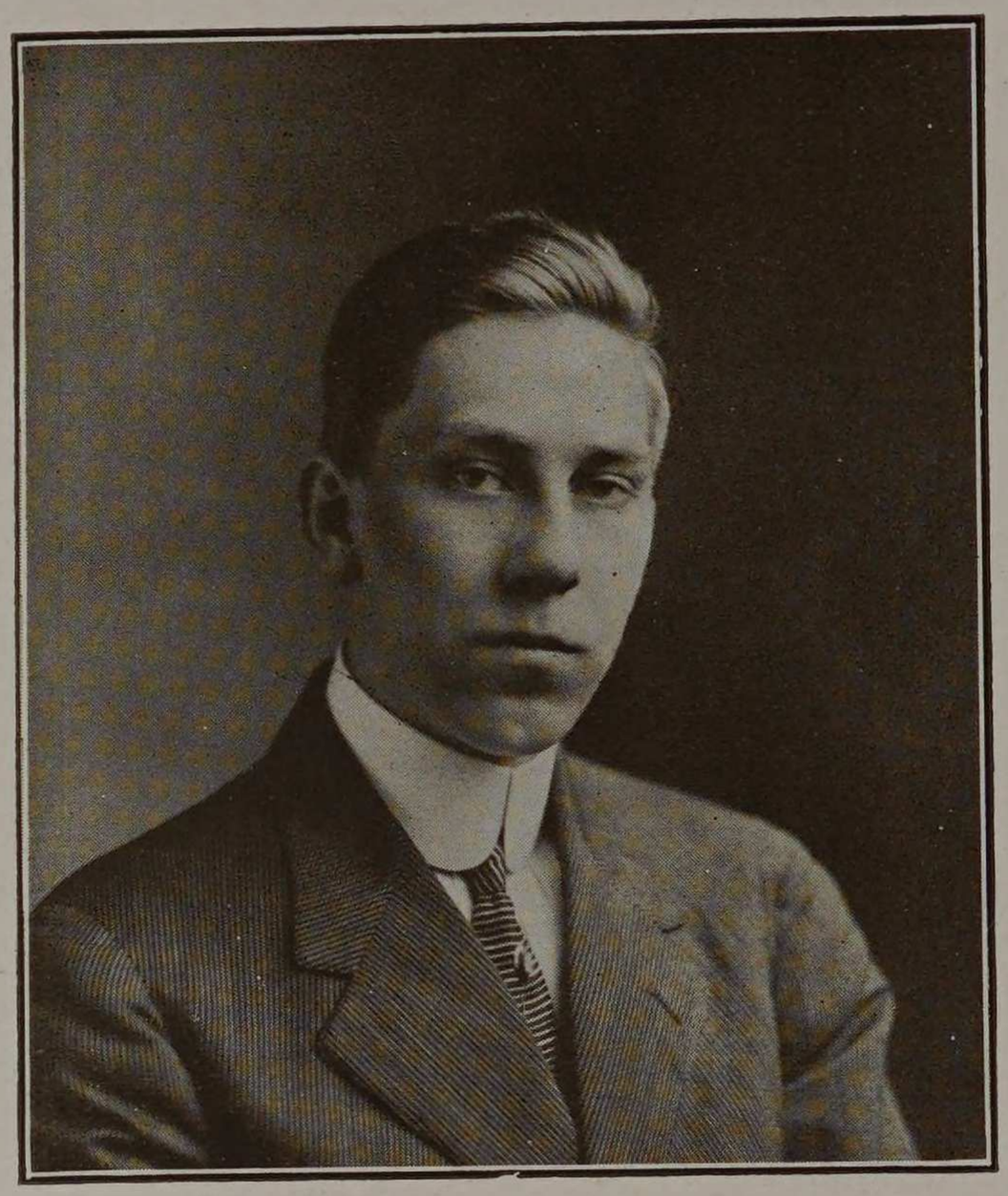
"Jake" is also a draftsman of renown. Every summer vacation he amuses himself with a T-square and triangles, incidentally earning pin money. He has been an inveterate co-worker with "Phil" Eickenberg, and what these two North-Siders cannot draw up or "dope out" simply does not classify as essential.

What is worrying them at present is a test of the Mabbs Elevator in the Board of Trade, Chicago. This is an elevator designed by Mr. Mabbs Sr., not our "Jakey," his achievements have not reached such a stage, at least not yet.

Kenneth has a happy disposition,—he is seldom seen without a broad smile illuminating his countenance. As the 1910 Integral so aptly expresses it, he is a Charter Member of the Joy Club and the Holder of the World's Championship in the Running Broad Grin.

"With a Smile that was Childlike and Bland."

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E. O. Mandler

Civil Engineering.

Prepared at R. T. Crane High School.

Thesis Subject: Reinforced Open Spandrel Concrete Arch.

Class Bowling (2), (3).

C. E. S.

Chapin Club.

This tall light-haired chap is one-half of the Swedish-Danish Alliance, with "The Dane" the other half, for wherever Jensen is, there is Mandler. Also vice-versa. The records show that "Ameal," which, by the way, is the Dane's pronunciation, was the cause of the congratulations showered upon the Mandler family on November 28, 1888.

Emil thought he could make a good start for Armour by taking his preparatory work at Crane High School, but was only partly through his course, when the spirit of the former institution stirred so mightily within him that he could resist no longer and changed to the Academy in search of relief. He graduated from here in 1907, and was one of that motley crowd who entered the College in the fall of that year.

It was at the 1908 Summer Camp that Mandler made a name for himself as a swimmer. Here he and Simons had great sport swallowing the Menominee River by the quart and grabbing mud off the bottom. Their mates had to tie small scows to them to keep them on the surface, much to the amusement of the Dane. However, Mandler redeems himself as an athlete by his prowess at pool and billiards, for he is some shark, and it is usually the other fellow that pays for the fun in the Kelly game. The particular sport at which he shines is that of bowling. At this pastime he can easily hold his own in fast company, which was shown by the way he swept the alleys in the Inter-Class series of former years.

You ought to drop into the Civil Drafting Room sometime and hear our walking music box,—it's Emil, for he can whistle any popular music that ever hit Chicago.

"Ah, Why Should Life all Labor be?"

THE SENIOR CLASS BOOK
1911



C. H. Marx

Civil Engineering.

Prepared at Armour Scientific Academy.

Thesis Subject: Open Spandrel Reinforced Concrete Arch.

Glee Club (1), (3), (4).

C. E. S.

Michigan seems to be quite a popular place for some of our Civils to set sail from, although we think that Charlie should have picked a livelier place than Jackson to start his first New Year's celebration, in the year 1889. He was a member of the 1906 graduating class from A. S. A., but did not enter the Tech until the fall of 1907.

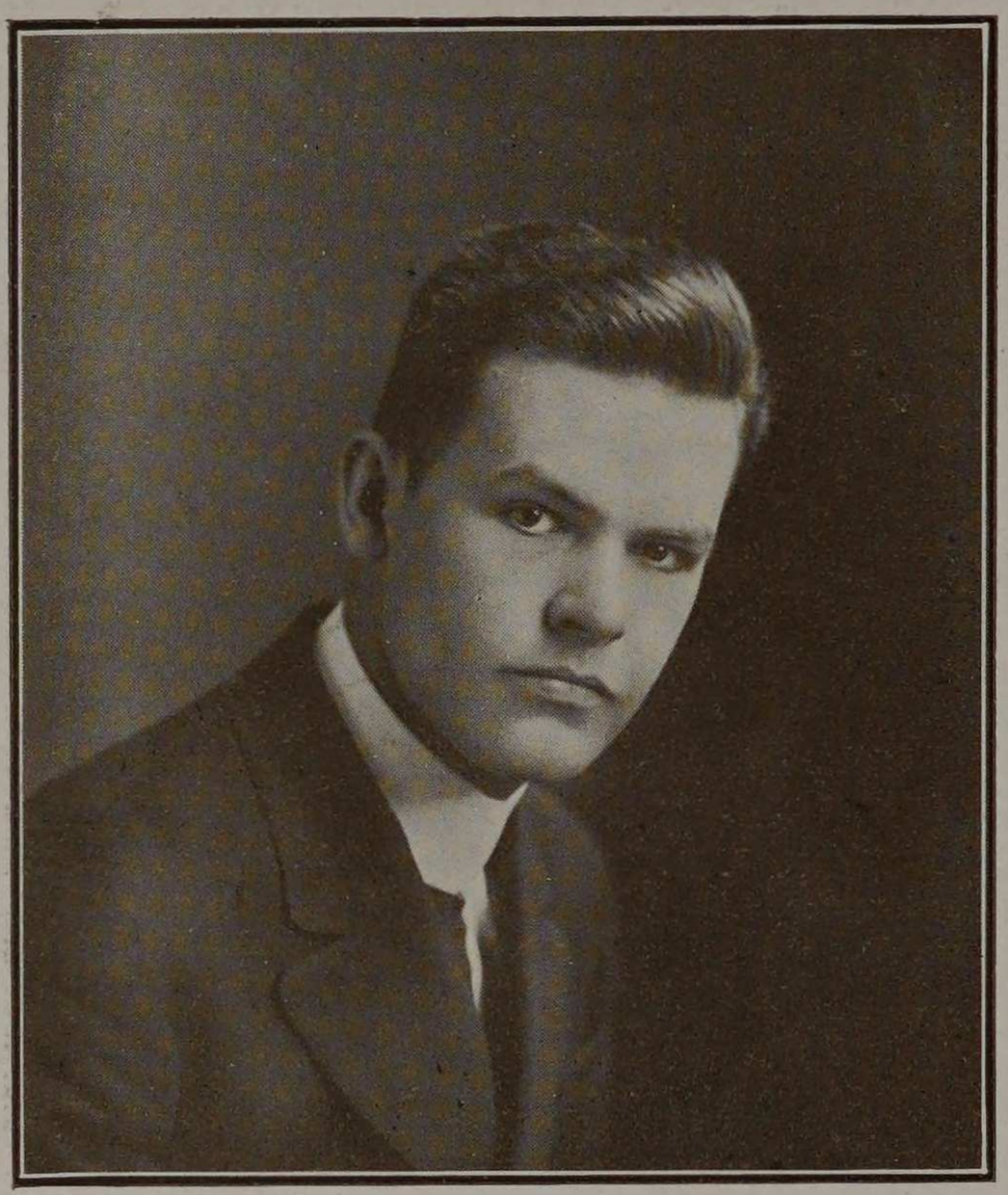
Charlie is a sweet singer of world renown. For three years he has been the mainstay of the Glee Club's first tenors, and the melodious outpouring from his melodious throat floating above the rumbling rabble of lower-pitched voices has been a source of joy and delight to the Club's audiences. He practices his art elsewhere, too, in a—whisper it,—church choir. A first-class vocalist? Undoubtedly,—you said something.

The best example for the adage that appearances are deceptive is found in this young man. Charlie, to judge him from his looks, seems to have an ingrown perpetual grouch of monumental proportions. But there you are wrong, this is where the deceptive appearance comes in, he is an extremely good-natured, at times even jovial, person.

Marx is often greatly annoyed by being mistaken for a direct descendant of his namesake, the father of Socialism, Karl Marx. This is a fallacy, however, for Charlie denies stoutly that he is a Socialist. Some of his companions have been inclined to believe him until very recently when the oft-repeated rumor received strong support. The reason for this revulsion of feeling is his stand on the "Votes for Women" question.

"Work like a Man, but don't be Worked to Death."

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Harold. Merriman.

Architecture.

Prepared at Los Angeles High School.

Thesis Subject: Design for a Café Concert Hall.

Omega Lambda.

Atelier.

Manager Art Institute Informals.

1911 Integral Board.

Social Editor Fulcrum (3), (4).

Senior Class Book Staff.

Harold A. Merriman was born on a farm at or very near Grass Lake, Mich., the birthplace of another celebrity,—Dean Raymond, on the 22nd day of October, 1890. That "A" in his name may stand for Aloysius, Adonis, or Andrew. But it is immaterial, as he will not disclose what the middle name to his appellation is. Just H. A. or Harold A. for him.

When Merri was still a mischievous chap in knickerbockers he journeyed West, finally settling in Hollywood, Los Angeles, California. (Please pronounce the "g" hard.) Here he completed his prep school training in the Los Angeles High School, receiving with his diploma from this institution the degree of M. F. and D. A. M. F. (no swearing meant). The first is the degree of Master of Fussing and the second that of Doctor of the Art of Making Friends. Merri has made good in both.

For four years Hal has been the pet of the Architectural Department and during this time has caused more fights for his favor among the fair artists,—and others,—than will ever happen on account of all the men in the engineering departments taken together.

Merri never worries, never keeps a social date on time, never is in love with less than six girls at the same time, and never fails to count every acquaintance a friend. He plays when he plays and when he works (for he does work), he applies his whole soul to it and accomplishes something.

Merri graduates this year, and if we were not in the same fix, we would sorely regret seeing him go. Armour would not be Armour without him. After his departure those whom he leaves behind him will realize how much he meant and what a distinctive part of Armour life he filled.

"And when a Lady's in the Case,
You Know all other Things give Place."

Fred W. Metz



Fire Protection Engineering.

Prepared at University School, Louisville, Kentucky.

Tau Beta Pi.

Class Baseball (4).

Assistant Editor Senior Class Book.

We have with us, ladies and gentlemen, the Gentleman from Kentucky, the Hon. Fred W. Metz. But who would ever think of calling him Fred W.? "Freddy" Metz it has been and is, and that appellation fits him to a T. When the now sedate Seniors assembled for the first time as freshmen from the four corners of the earth, it remained for "Freddy" Metz to inject local color from the South into the newly-founded class. He hails from the picturesque Pewee Valley in "old Kaintuck," a Southerner of the old school.

As a source of joy and sunshine Metz has served for four years to keep "Billy" Schultz and the other members of the few but famous Fire-Protects in good humor. His inimitable dialect, soft and drawling, never fails to amuse those worthies, especially when he encounters something like "foh hundred and fohty-foh." But he is perfectly good-natured about it, he does not mind the fun poked at him by his pals, and gets even with them later on.

Not the least susceptible part of Freddie's Armour (Ouch!) is the name of his home,—Pewee Valley, Kentucky. It is easy to see that this gem of nomenclature must be alluring bait for any amateur wag to sharpen his wits on. All of which does not phase our Southern friend a particle. Pewee Valley is his home and it is also his birthplace, for "Freddie" opened his eyes upon that balmy valley in the year 1887 A. D.

The preparatory education, which necessarily precedes a man's training in the interest of diminished fire losses, Metz assimilated at the University school, Louisville, Ky. Armour has known him for "foh" years now, a highly intelligent, able chap.

Enleagued with the voluble Schultz and the immaculate Moore, "Freddy" has been penetrating into the mysteries of the Time Lag of a Dry Pipe System. What odds that the mysteries will not be solved?

"The Good Old Name of Gentleman."

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Philip F. Miller

Chemical Engineering.

Prepared at South Orange High School, South Orange, N. Y.
Delta Tau Delta.
Tau Beta Pi.
Radical X.
Chemical Society.
Glee Club (3).
Class Baseball (3), (4).
Class Bowling (1), (2), Manager (2).
Assistant Editor 1911 Integral.

"Phil" is another of those who have come from a distance to join hands with the destinies of those of the Class of 1911. From his very first appearance in Brooklyn, April 23, 1890, his greatest ambition has been to soar, as has been evidenced in many ways. When in high school at South Orange, N. J., he made himself the boy hero of the town by shinning up the flagpole and floating Old Glory to the breeze when the ropes did not work. When he came to Armour in the second semester of our Freshman year, the first thing he did was to join the bowling team, and he made good too. In the spring he tackled the discus and almost made the missile dizzy. Just now his greatest ambition is to own an aeroplane.

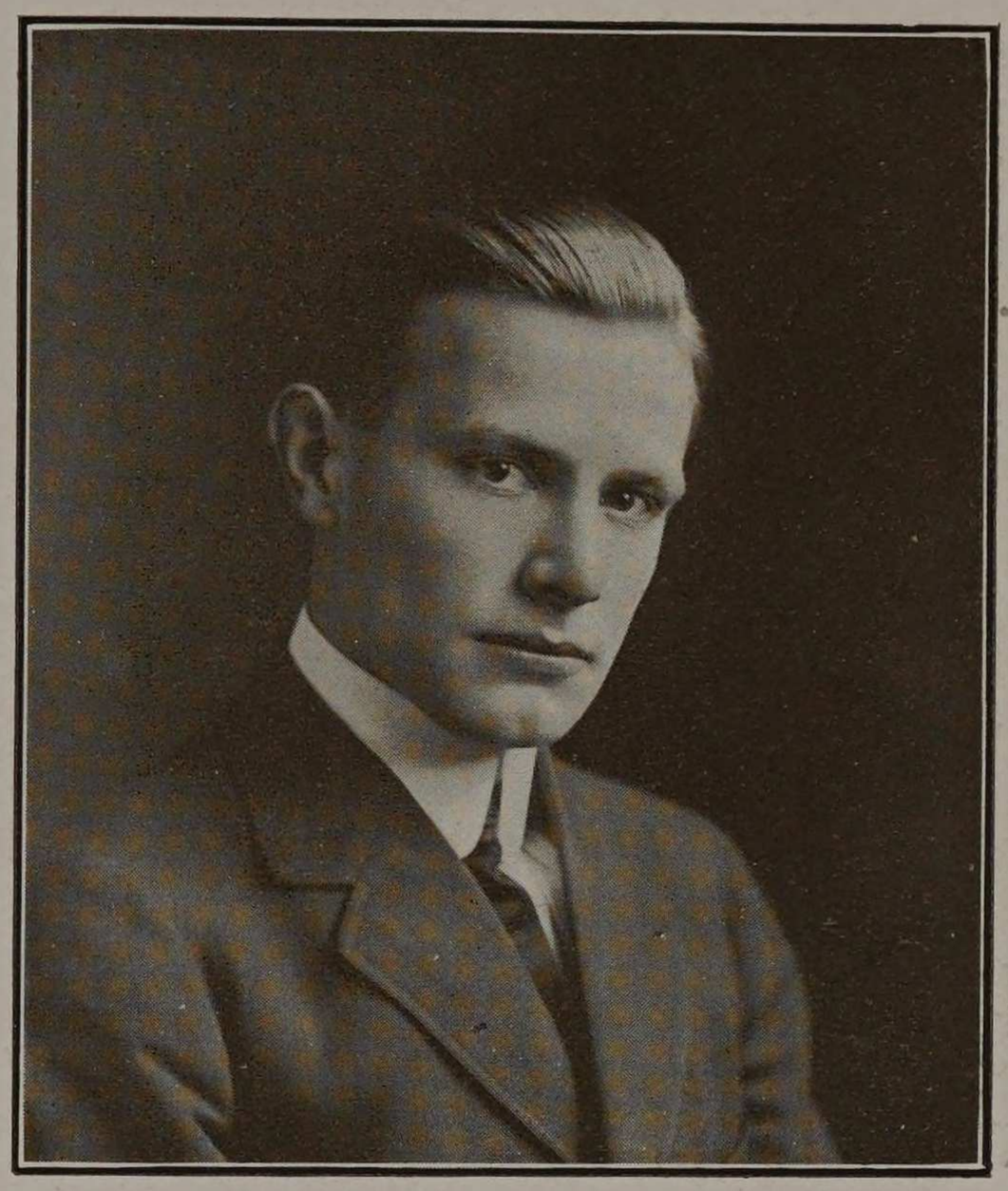
During his whole school career it has been one social or scholastic triumph after another for Phil. For a man to be in the chemical course and still be the "jiner" he is, certainly speaks well for his versatility, although the real secret of his conquests of late lies in that superb "pomp" which he affects.

The greatest puzzle of Miller's whole life is why he chose the Chemical course. He says that he must have had a lapse of reason when it happened. Yet he has succeeded very well in pulling the wool over the Profs' eyes to so great an extent that they have allowed him to pass in all of his studies with a minimum amount of energy expended.

The coming of spring was brought to our notice by Phil's restlessness and his frequent allusions to "cow-pasture pool." Hence we were not surprised to find him teeing-off for the opening of the Jackson Park links.

Our fusser brother exhibited no little good sense in selecting a thesis in which chemistry is a minor detail. Even at that he does not object if "Borny" does the analytical, and permits him to do the photographic work. We expect great things from this combination.

"Good Breeding is the Blossom of Good Sense."



Wm. Moore

Fire Protection Engineering.

Prepared at Evanston High School.

Chairman Commencement Committee.

Class Basketball (3), (4).

Phi Kappa Psi.

During the year 1888 there transpired in Detroit an event that is destined to become important in the annals of history, for during this period there came into existence the personality whose aim in life is nothing short of becoming Sultan of Turkey. "Shorty" Moore was born in the city-by-the-lakes, and moved to Evanston while still in his younger years. He entered the Evanston High School, graduated in due time, and then spent a year at Northwestern before registering at Armour. While at the institution on the North Side he became a member of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity and also developed into one of the greatest fussers on record.

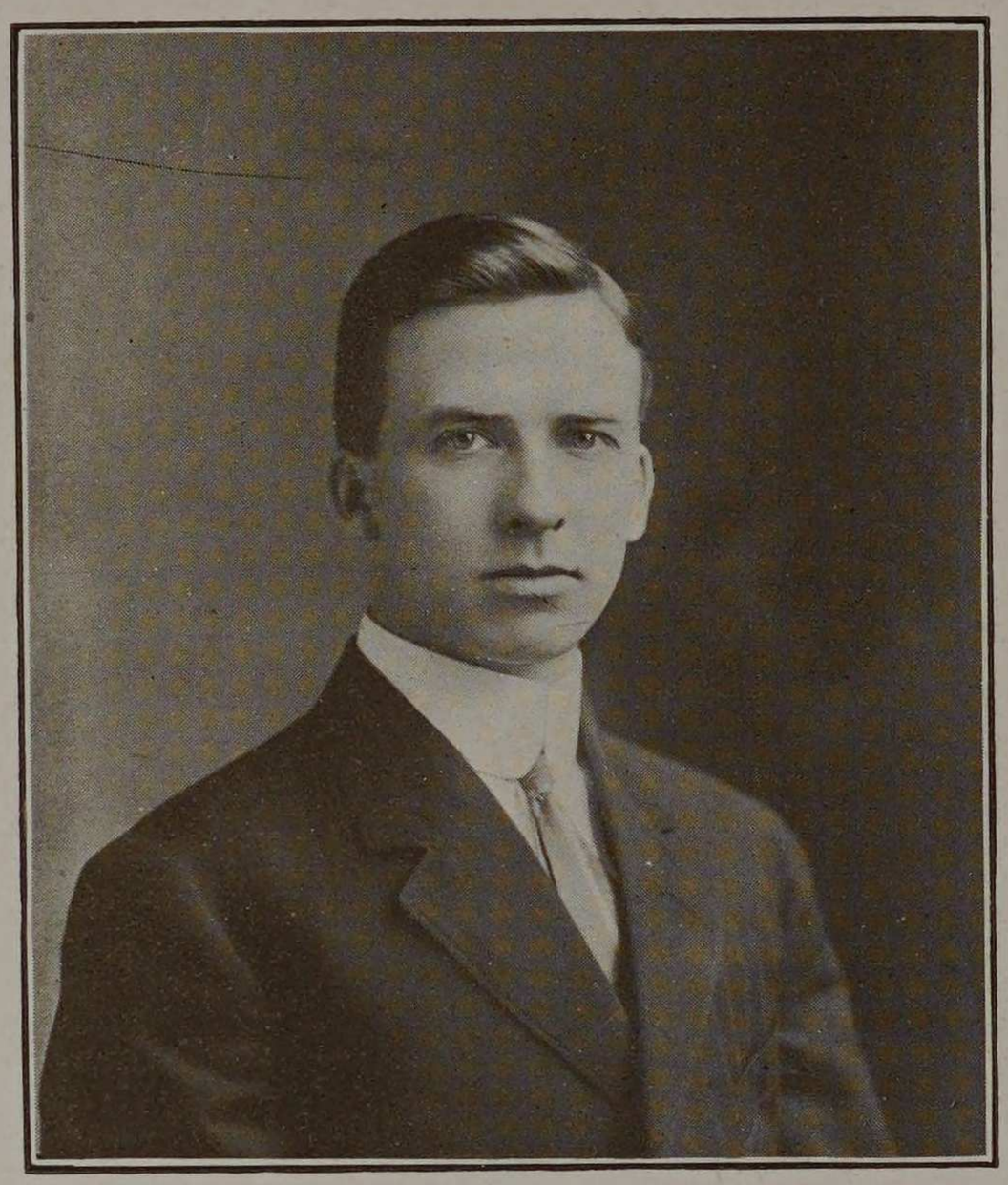
Shorty impresses a person as one of those good-looking, open-faced, companionable fellows who are so well liked wherever they are found. He is a great favorite, and especially so with the ladies. The "fairies" of Ferry Hall (which, as you know, is the most vital part of Lake Forest University) consider themselves fortunate when they can lure Shorty away from his studies for a night to take them to a dance or some other social function. His rose-leaf complexion, hazel eyes, golden hair, and pleasant smile make him a fit prey for their wiles.

"Moory" while in our midst has taken an interest in all things pertaining to college life. He has been a member of different athletic teams, has shown spirit in Class meetings, and has always managed to land a majority of "A's" in his studies.

At present Shorty is engaged in finding "The Time Factor of a Dry-Pipe Sprinkler System." When this is completed and his college career ended, he will enter the insurance field, and, unless all indications fail, there will be a future company with his name at its head.

"How Far that Little Candle Throws his Light."

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Frank E. Myers.

Electrical Engineering.

Prepared at the Dallas City (Ill.) High School.

Lewis Institute.

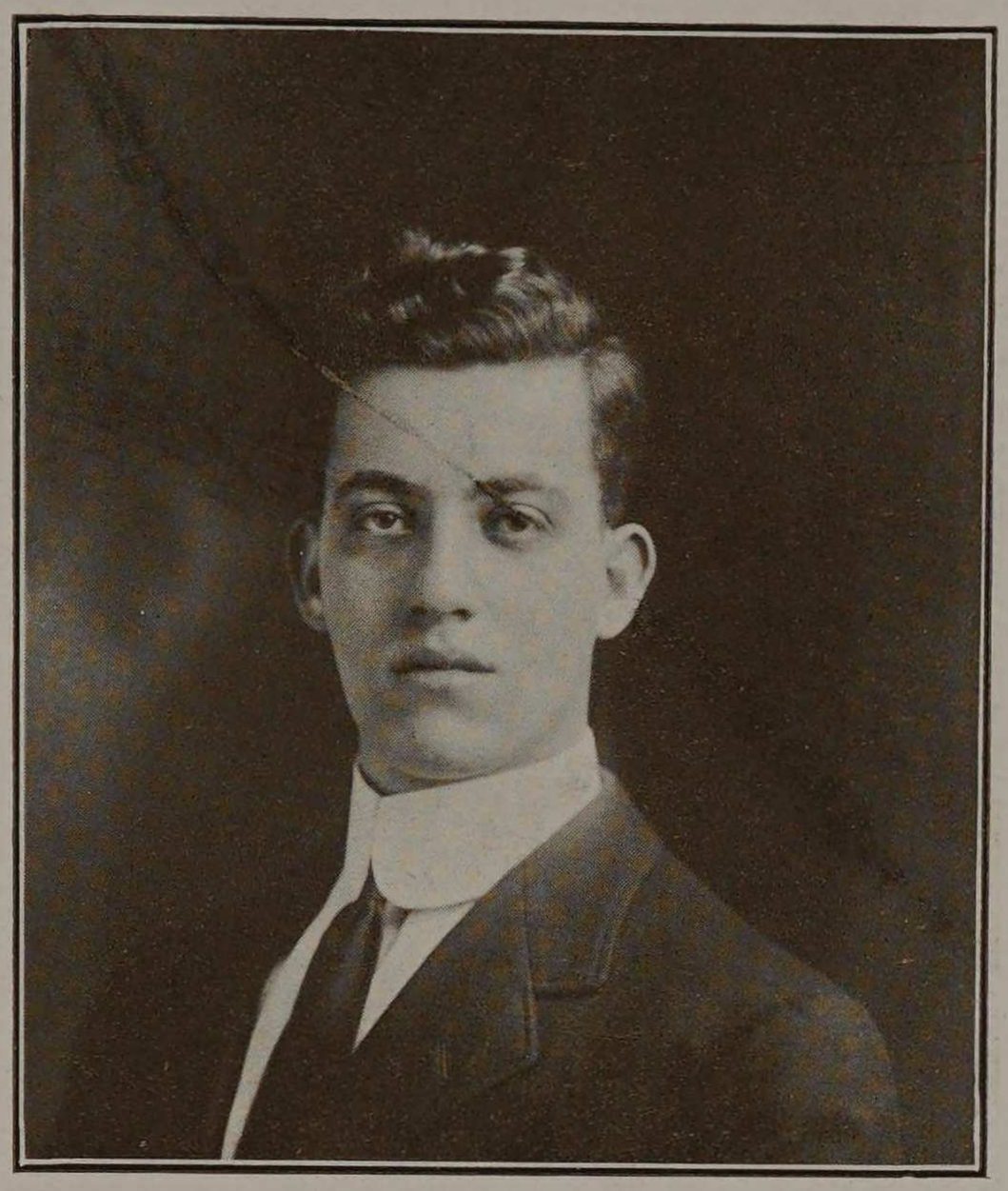
A. I. E. E.

This discerning youth chose Moulton, Iowa, as a landing place for his first appearance, on Jan. 11, 1885. Being of a migratory nature, he was discovered some years later as a student at and in due time a graduate of, the Dallas City High School. Later we find him in our very midst, in answer, no doubt, to the call for a wider field for his unquestioned talents.

Myers, along with his "Landsmann," Kaiser, decided to round out his college career at "Armour's College" on the South Side. To this end he deserted his former Alma Mater, our hated rival, Lewis, in time to become a member of this year's Senior Class. The West Side school loses two valuable men by this transfer of affections as surely as we South Siders gain two genuine assets in these two Germans. Though new to our ways, Myers soon established himself solidly in the good graces of Professor Freeman, which in itself is no mean achievement. Throughout the year he has carried off a large portion of the laurels accruing to the proficient in the intricacies and profundities of alternating current theory. To cap the climax, Myers and Company (meaning Kaiser) are making some extended inquiries into the nature and behavior of neutral currents in three-phase, star-connected alternators and transformers. Sounds formidable enough, at any rate.

Evenings Frank is engaged in the operating department of the Commonwealth Edison Company, and at the world-famed Fiske Street station at that. Here he combines theory and practice, and in odd moments cons his next day's assignments.

"The Power of Thought, the Magic of the Mind."



Arthur M. Newhouse

Electrical Engineering.

Prepared at Wendell Phillips High School and Armour Scientific Academy.

A. I. E. E.

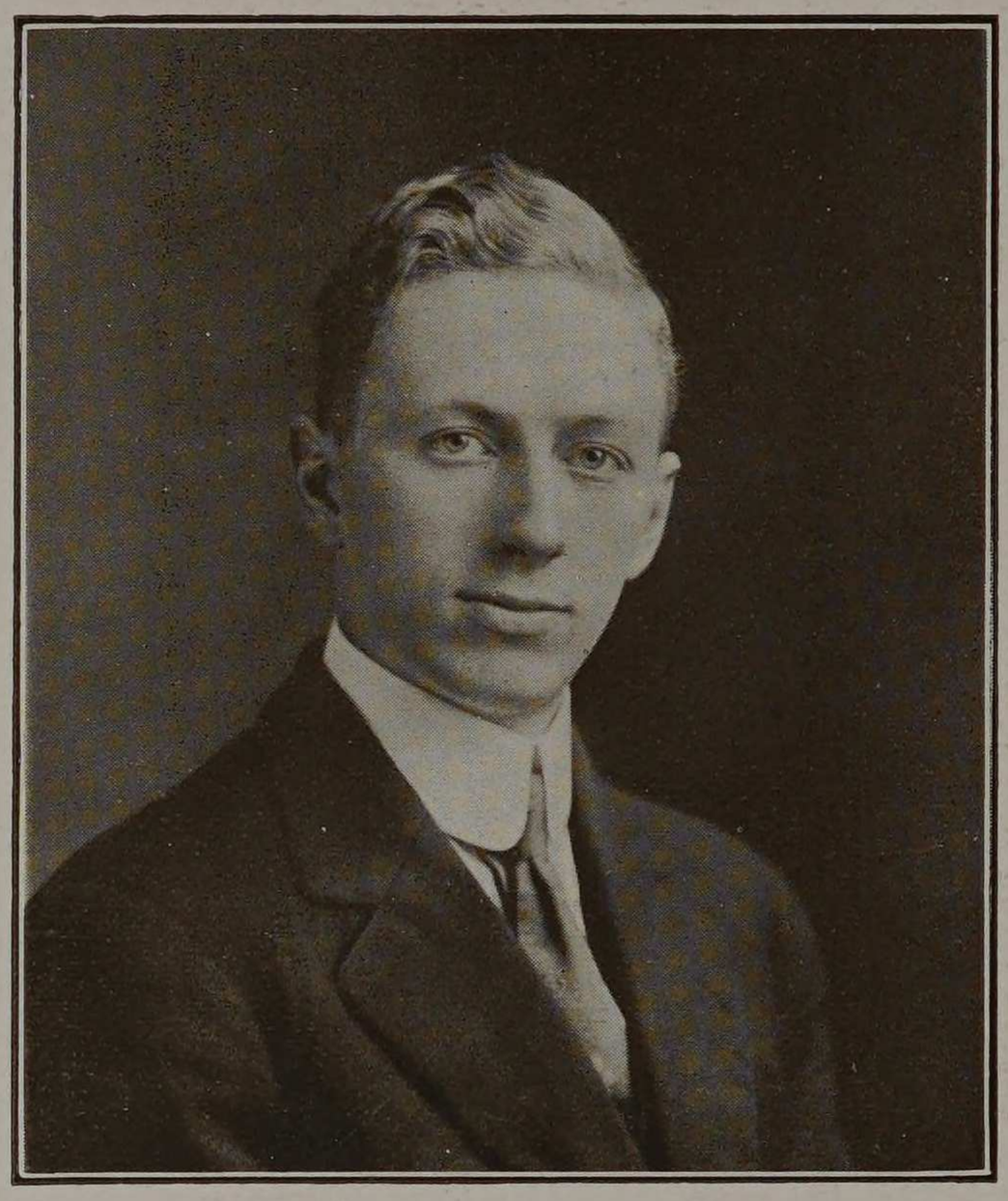
"Art" Newhouse was born, the place was Chicago, and the year 1890. These facts are vouchsafed by himself. As to the date there seems to be a profound mystery. Either it is not considered to be important enough to be recorded, or it is really unknown, or the hero of our sketch has forgotten it, being of a very tender age at that time. No matter, the indisputable fact remains, the said hero has graced this more or less complex world of ours since 1890. A mere infant of twenty-one he is at best,—a child in arms as it were.

It is an energetic person whom we have to deal with in this throbbing tale taken from life. This is already shown by the fact that he completed his preliminary bout with higher education by two rounds of fussing at Wendell Phillips and one of work at the Armour Scientific Academy. In the Tech proper he has richly fulfilled this early promise. "Art" has boned early and late and his chief ambition seems to have been to complete every assignment before anyone else. His success along these lines is undoubted. In the narrow confines of our halls of erudition the very name of Newhouse has become a synonym for rapid execution. He has pulled "A's" in most of his subjects. If he should care to "count them over one by one" Newhouse would have a good-sized Rosary. In no other way, shape, manner, or form has Arthur attempted to distinguish himself,—his thoughts were ever on excellency in his studies. Everyone must admit that he has succeeded. During the past year Newhouse has been the guardian angel of the Physics Lab. We envy him the job,—not.

The Power Plant Design which Messrs. Pettibone and Newhouse intend to work up into a suitable thesis will owe much of its grace and finish to the designing ability and draftsmanship of "Lil' Artha" Newhouse.

"This Physic but Prolongs Thy Sickly Days."

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A. Herbert. Packer.

Electrical Engineering.

Prepared at Mechanic Arts High School, St. Paul, Minn.

Thesis Subject: Design of a Light Pre-Payment Car.

University of Minnesota.

Mandolin Club.

A. I. E. E.

There are some members of the noble Class of 1911 who are conceded to be the bright particular stars, and one of them, as far as the Electricals are concerned at any rate, is A. Herbert Packer. At all stages of his career he has shown such a consummate mastery over any subject in which he chose to interest himself that there can be no question of his true ability. We expect him to add to the renown of Armour when he leaves to become a real engineer.

This infant prodigy first saw the light of day on April 29, 1889, in the city of Toledo, and in the home state of many U. S. Presidents. The reform atmosphere of Toledo was too much for Packer, causing a removal to St. Paul. Here his natural bent for activity led him to engage in business, both as a newsboy and a cigar clerk. He attended the Mechanic Arts High School at St. Paul and later the University of Minnesota. He entered Armour in '08, and—this is the wonderful part of it,—WITH CREDIT FOR THE PHYSICS LAB.

Packer has continued to distinguish himself ever since he embarked on the perilous waters of a course at this institution, and he accomplished this without ostentation. No one has ever heard him cuss even under the most trying circumstances. Silent, studious, efficient is Packer. It was a considerable jolt to the Tau Bets when Packer wore the little brown ribbon, so fervently coveted by many, for a while and then ruthlessly discarded it. But then that is his self-reliant way. Besides he has not been especially active around the school. He is an expert pianist and plays the mandolin with the Mandolin Club. Last fall A. Herbert had designs on the School tennis championship, but the demon McMullen (of the Faculty) beat him to it.

"The Cold, Clear Light of Reason."



Harry N. Parsons

Mechanical Engineering.

Prepared at Omaha High School.

A. S. M. E.

Baseball Manager (3).

On September 20, 1889, there was born in the city of Omaha, Nebr., in the person of Harry Parsons one of the most famous soloists that ever sang in an Armour drafting room. It was then that he commenced to sing, and he has since sung his way into the hearts of his fellow-classmen.

Parsons did not make his talents so evident in his Freshman year as he has since. He probably was then still in the wood age. Now he has advanced to the metal age, for only a short time ago he cast his beloved wooden watch fob in silver, of which feat he is very proud.

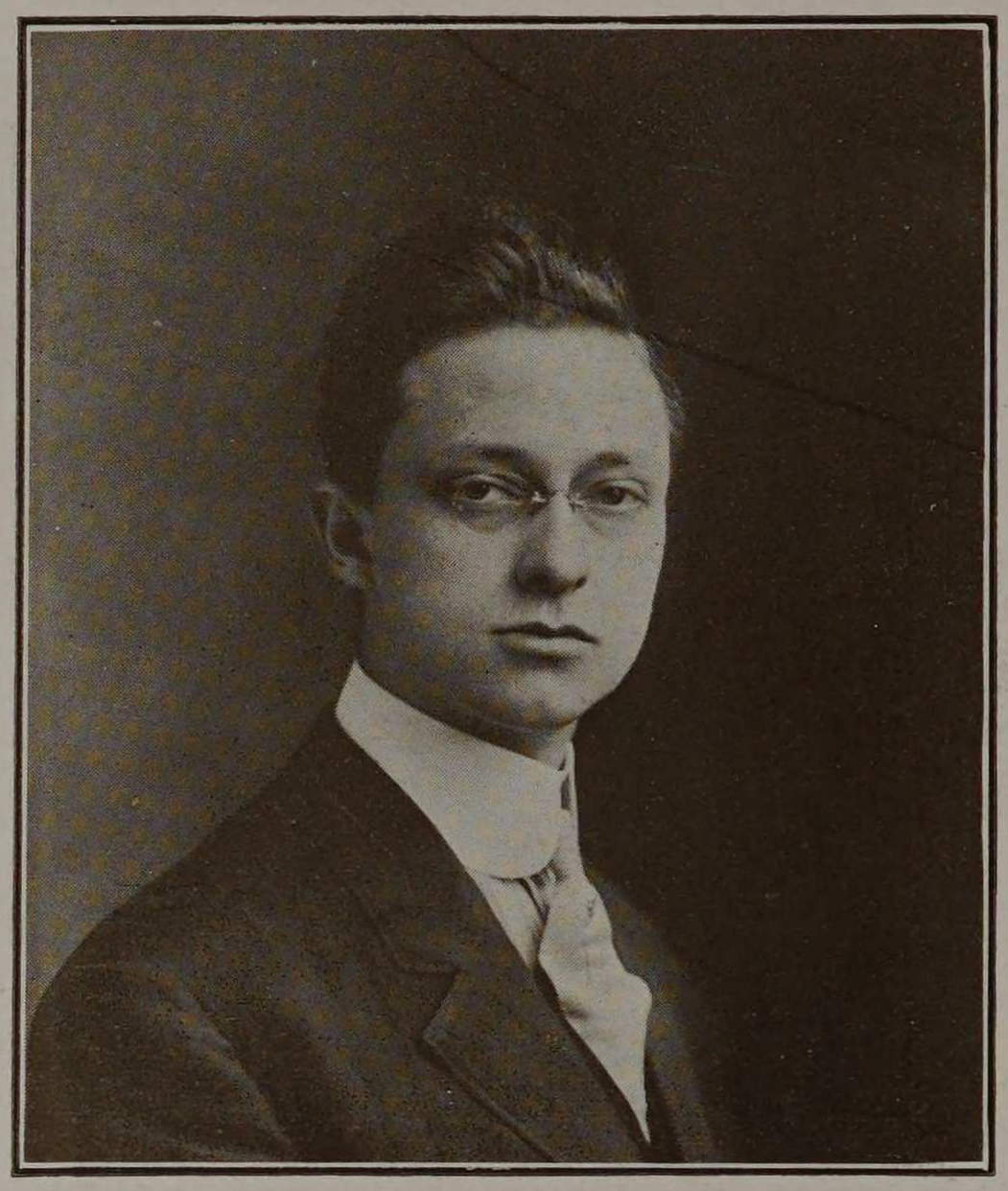
Soon Harry commenced his liking for baseball, and he liked it so well, that they made him Grand Mogul of the 1909-1910 team. This was a very great achievement on his part, for the Mechanicals rarely have time to do their work and indulge in some baseball besides. He is a past master in the art of mixing work and play in the right proportions; the only time that we ever see him work is in the drafting room when he either sings, eats pie, or plays ball with Ambrose, that is, when Perry is not nigh.

Like a certain Mechanical Professor he wears a hat that makes him look like a desperado; it is probably the western air that affected him that way. He must pose for some magazine advertisement, for who ever heard of such a big fellow feeding and fattening on malted milk except in an "ad"?

After all has been said and done, Parsons has the highest honor in the Mechanical bunch,—he was the first to complete his power plant drawing this year. He is positively bughouse on the subject of automobiles. He and Goldberg are a good pair for running the great auto test, for neither will hesitate to lick the other, if occasion arises.

"Let Gentleness my Strong Enforcement be."

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G. O. Pettibone

Electrical Engineering.

Prepared at Armour Scientific Academy.

Associate Editor of the 1911 Integral.

President of Hertzian Society.

A. I. E. E.

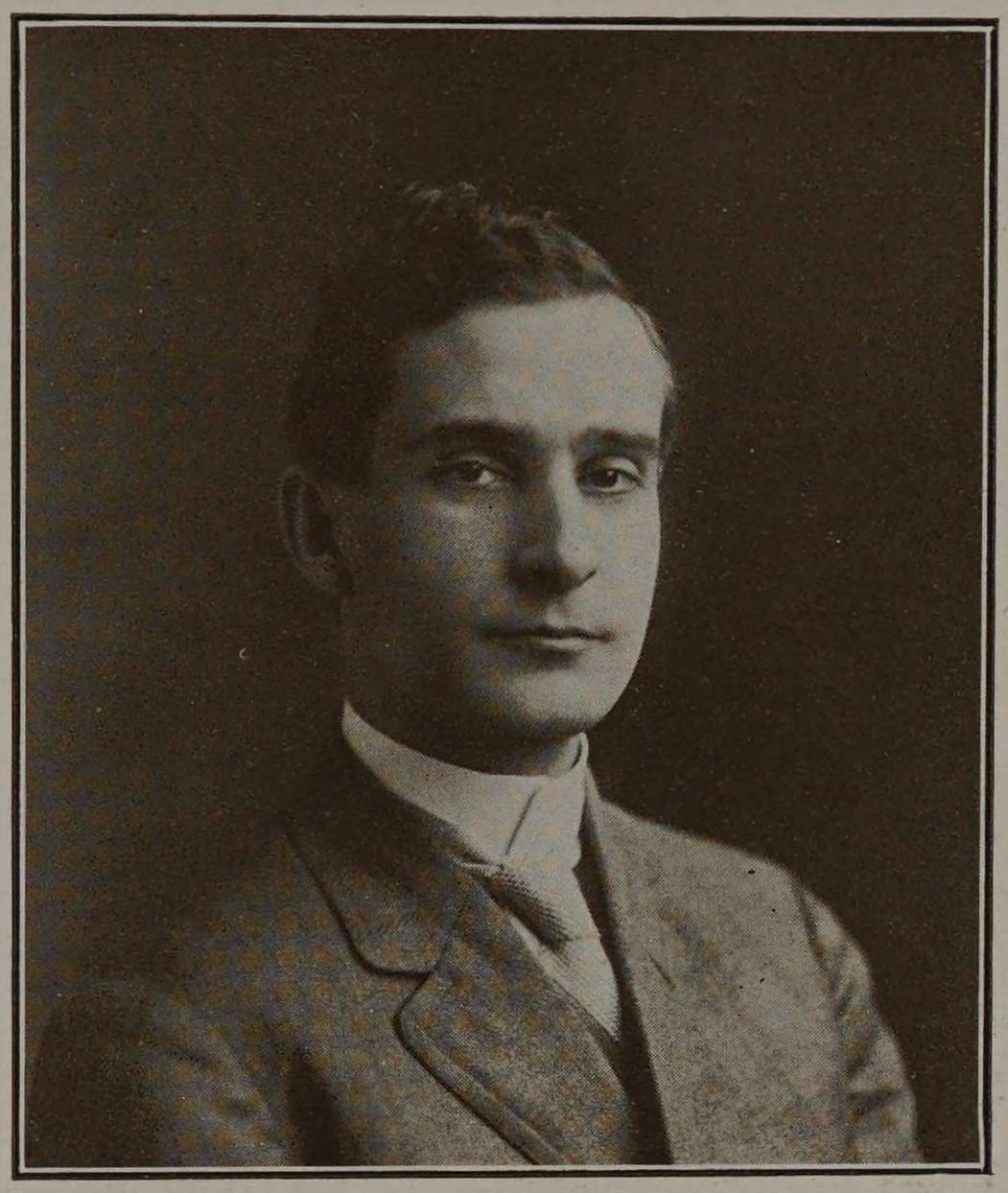
Pettibone has been considered a Chicagoan so long that it will surprise many to hear that he hails from Freemont, Nebraska, originally. It was there that he was born, the exact date being October 14, 1889. The Cornhusker State could not hold such a lively chap very long, Chicago was destined to be his home, at least as far as his present history extends.

Of the eight tried men and true who were graduated from the Armour Scientific Academy in 1907 and who after four years of drudgery in the treadmill will be rewarded with the title of B. S., "Pet" is one of the most prominent. He is a stand-patter viewed from this aspect. Otherwise, however, he is highly progressive, for he surprised us greatly by joining the ranks of the Benedicks and keeping it a secret for three months. The Thanksgiving holidays suffised this young man to have the nuptial knot tied in Michigan, the home of the happy bride. Several of his classmates, emboldened by his example, are planning to follow suit.

As an Armourite "Pet" (what an appropriate nickname for a married man, by the way) has never believed in letting his studies interfere too much with his pleasures. Not to say, that he has not acquitted himself creditably, for that would be untrue. He has generally lent his dignified presence to the Armour dances and other social affairs. His greatest distinction lies in the associate editorship of the 1911 Integral, the last, alas, of its race, in which capacity he wielded the pen mightily and to good purpose.

The well-known partnership of Pettibone and Newhouse has been busily planning an extensive hydroelectric plant lately, the design of which is calculated to net them a diploma.

"What is there in the Vale of Life
Half so Delightful as a Wife!"



John S. Reid Jr.

Electrical Engineering.

Born at Rome, N. Y., on Aug. 5, 1885.

Prepared at Ithaca (New York) High School.

Captain Armour Mission Signal Corps.

That serious raven-haired young man whom you see around the school so much is not a theological student strayed from his seminary but none other than our own John S. Reid, Jr. An earnest student he is, and he carries himself with a martial air which is decidedly becoming. This military atmosphere is a result of a year or two's attendance at Cornell, where his father, John S. Reid, Sr., was for years head of the Machine Drawing Department, and where our John was drilled in the student corps. Finding the results salutary, Reid decided to establish a signal corps of his own. The drill of the Armour Mission boys in the gym under his able direction is an inspiring sight and an accomplishment to his credit. The aspiring young soldiers are doubtlessly greatly benefited by the drill in the developing of will power and manliness of spirit.

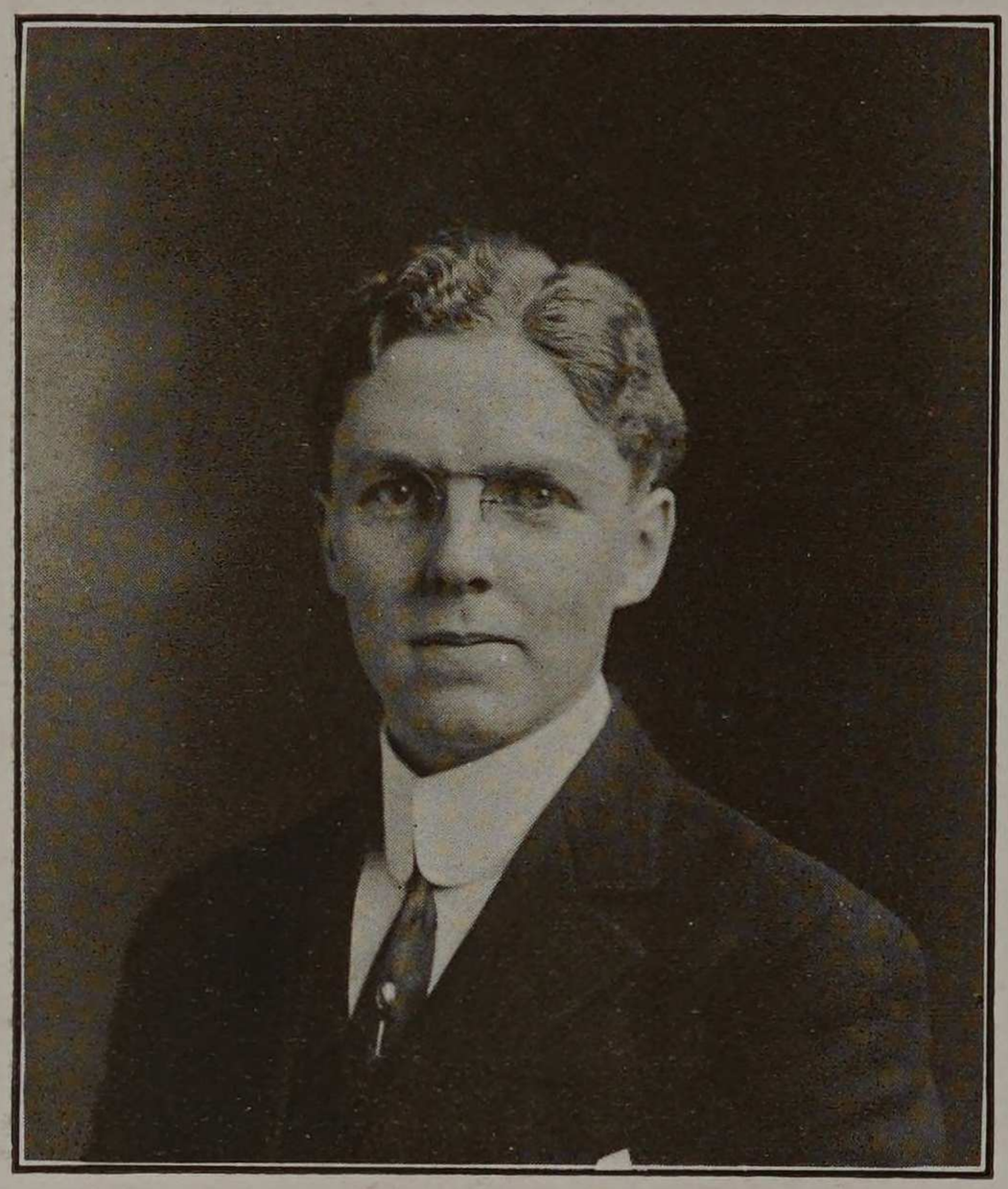
Cornell University although it does furnish the students a reasonably hard course did not satisfy Reid completely, so he entered our ranks at the Tech. Here we presume his thirst for work has been fully appeased.

Reid is greatly interested in electrical studies and especially Alternating Currents. He revels in the labyrinthical depths of McAllister and at intervals surprises us with learned recitations regarding the delectable theory therein set forth.

The all-absorbing occupation of this young man at the present time is a minute investigation of the characteristics and performance of a potassium chlorate signal cell. The report will, we hope, aid the railroads in perfecting their signal systems and besides will form a very presentable thesis.

"Worth Makes the Man."

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J. Albert M. Robinson

Mechanical Engineering.

Preparatory Training: American School of Correspondence.

President Y. M. C. A. (4).

A. S. M. E.

Sergeant-of-Arms of Class (4).

Senior Class Book Staff.

"J. A. M." is that small fellow whom you observe continually taking dimensions with a measure-stick and eternally digging for choice bits of pipe-fittings to the great discomfort of "Mike" Moloney. We firmly believe that he matriculated in the school of life on the eighteenth day of February, 1890, for the express purpose of showing that mighty smith the errors of his ways. It is true, he first appeared in the town of Decatur, Ill., but as he grew to stature and manhood his star of destiny drew him to this great metropolis. His preparatory training was gleaned under the direction of the American School of Correspondence, and in the fall of 1907, he entered as a freshman at the Tech.

From the start his scholarship was always high, but his unsophisticated innocence proved too much for his worldly-wise classmates. Robbie was determined, however, to become a noble Senior, wear a cap and gown, and show Mike Moloney that he (Mike) might still learn a few things about pipe-fitting.

At the beginning of this year Robinson was assigned one-half in the installation and test of the new gas producer for thesis work, the site of which is directly beneath the palatial office of the good fairy of the Forge Shop. At last a life-long ambition realized!

Robbie claims to be slightly inclined to atheism, thinks a great deal of rifle shooting, and is extremely fond of the fair sex. In four years he will be open for engagements.

"Jam's" pet ambition is to beat Barney Oldfield at his own game. Something of a speed bug he seems, still we are inclined think it is mostly imagination. On the whole, however, Robbie is a very agreeable sort of chap, a first-class student, and a crank on system and accuracy.

"A Look of Intelligence in Man is what Regular Features is in Women."



Sol. Sackheim

Electrical Engineering.

Prepared at Medill High School.

A. I. E. E.

The Electrical Department boasts of the most diminuitive of all the graduates in Sol Sackheim. Who does not know Sackheim, of Perry's Power Plant fame? What would we do without little Circus Solly?

You would not believe it possible that this mite of humanity was not a native of this proud city since the beginning, but he is not. He commenced his existence in the far-off Moscow, Russia, on Nov. 20, 1887. A good wind blew him to more pleasant shores five years later. Since then "Sacky" has been loyal to his adopted home, Chicago.

Medill High School furnished Sackheim with the knowledge of those essentials which the Deans demand of those aspiring to become students of the Institute over whose destinies they preside. Armour has seen more or less of this luminary for the last five years or so, "Solly" working a half a year outside the school.

If there is one thing which Sackheim delights in more than any other it is an argument. Messrs. Marsh, Perry, Barrows, and other Faculty representatives can testify to this without perjuring their immortal souls. However, be it said to his credit, Sol has restrained his natural proclivities in this direction, and throughout his Senior year he has studied diligently. The Senior Electrical curriculum as well as the tests of different wattmeters, of which Goldberg and he are performing a great number for thesis purposes, have served to fill his time profitably.

"Brevity is the Soul of Wit."

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Meyer J. Salomon

Civil Engineering.

Prepared at Robert A. Waller High School.

Thesis Subject: Design of a Reinforced Concrete Dam.

C. E. S.

"Solly" is another Chicago boy. Chicago was pleased to record the arrival of another "Future great" in this youngster who missed his first Fourth of July celebration by one day, the year being 1889. When the time came to enroll for high school work Meyer chose Robert A. Waller, at that time achieving great honors in athletics under the old name of North Division, but now degenerated into a girls' seminary. Our hero created quite a stir among the susceptible hearts of the fair North Side maidens, and his departure undoubtedly started the above high school on its downward path.

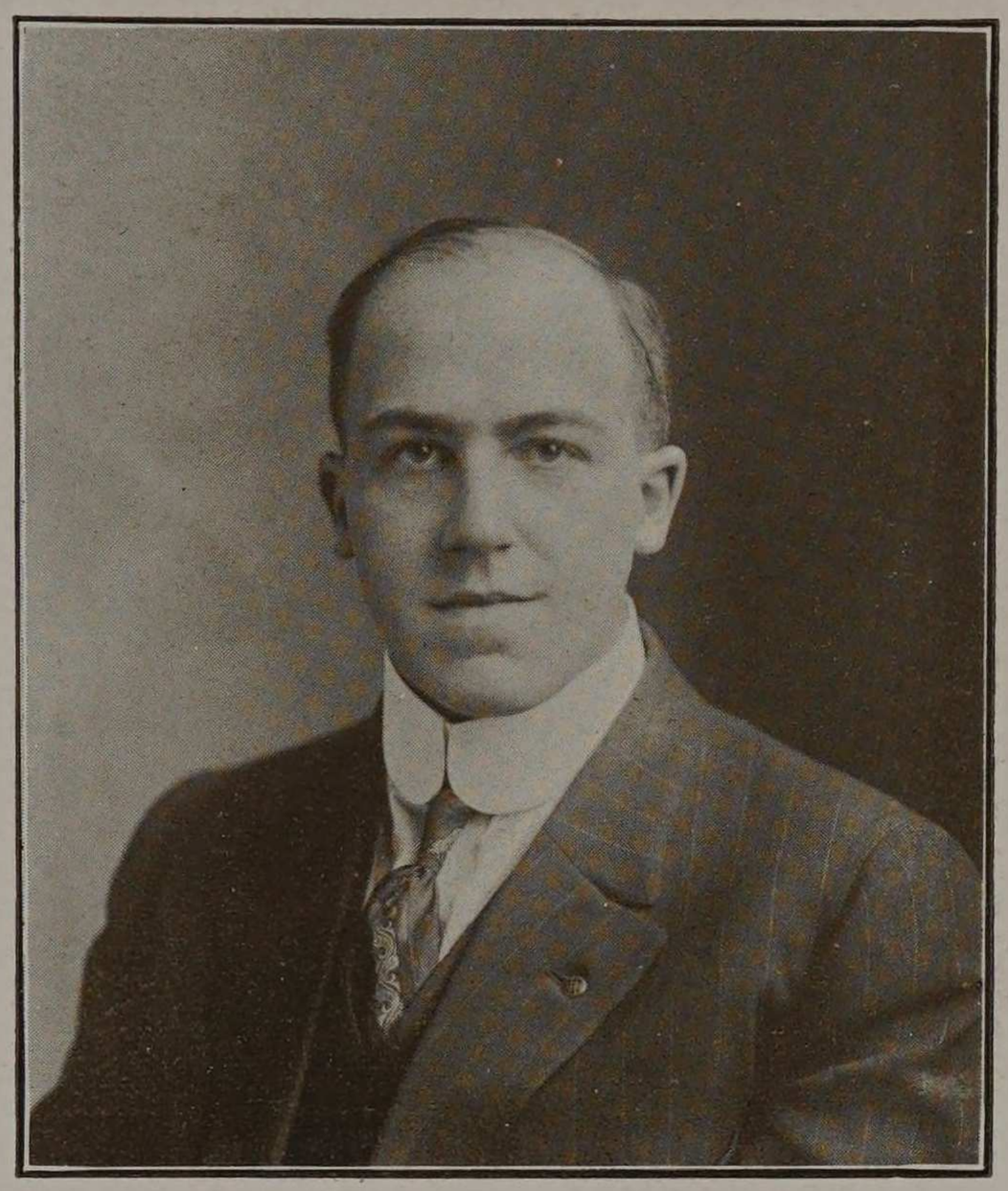
Since entering Armour he has done track and wrestling work for the Y. M. C. A. During his summers he has been connected with the government Geodetic work and the C. R. & P. R. R. They say that Solly passed the exam for computer in the Geodetic Survey with such perfect ease that he greatly astonished the government examiners. Every position which he has held he has filled with great credit to himself.

Salomon has a strong leaning towards inventing and mathematics. In Math especially has he shown himself a gem of "purest ray serene." He ought to be the president of the Amalgated Order of Math Sharks, if there were such an organization.

Since the hoyden days of his Y. M. C. A. athletic prominence Salomon has eschewed most diversions of the rougher sort. When not wrestling with a complicated problem in higher mathematics or in the range of C. E. subjects, he loves to sit in a quiet nook and read an interesting book. He is more of a student, less of a mixer.

"Reading Maketh a Full Man."

Emil J. Schmidt



Electrical Engineering.

Prepared at Concordia College, Milwaukee, and Association Institute (Central Y. M. C. A.)
Class baseball (2), (3), Manager (4).
Class bowling (1), (2).
Glee Club (4).
A. I. E. E.
Chapin Club.
Editor Senior Class Book.

On a balmy day in the month of roses, the 25th, 1889, a round, rosy, good-natured infant arrived in the town of Crystal Lake, Ill. It was none other than Emil Schmidt. Finding the possibilities of this village too restricted, he decided to migrate with his parents to the Mecca of all the live ones, viz. Chicago. This was in the year of our Lord 1897.

When the time came to choose a career, this youth hit on the clergy, and toward this end he embarked for Milwaukee to attend a Lutheran prep school there called Concordia College. He remained here four years. When Emil decided to become an engineer instead of taking up the more sober duties of the cloth, he found it necessary to acquire the remaining necessary credits for admission at Armour, in another year's work at the Day School of the Central Y. M. C. A.

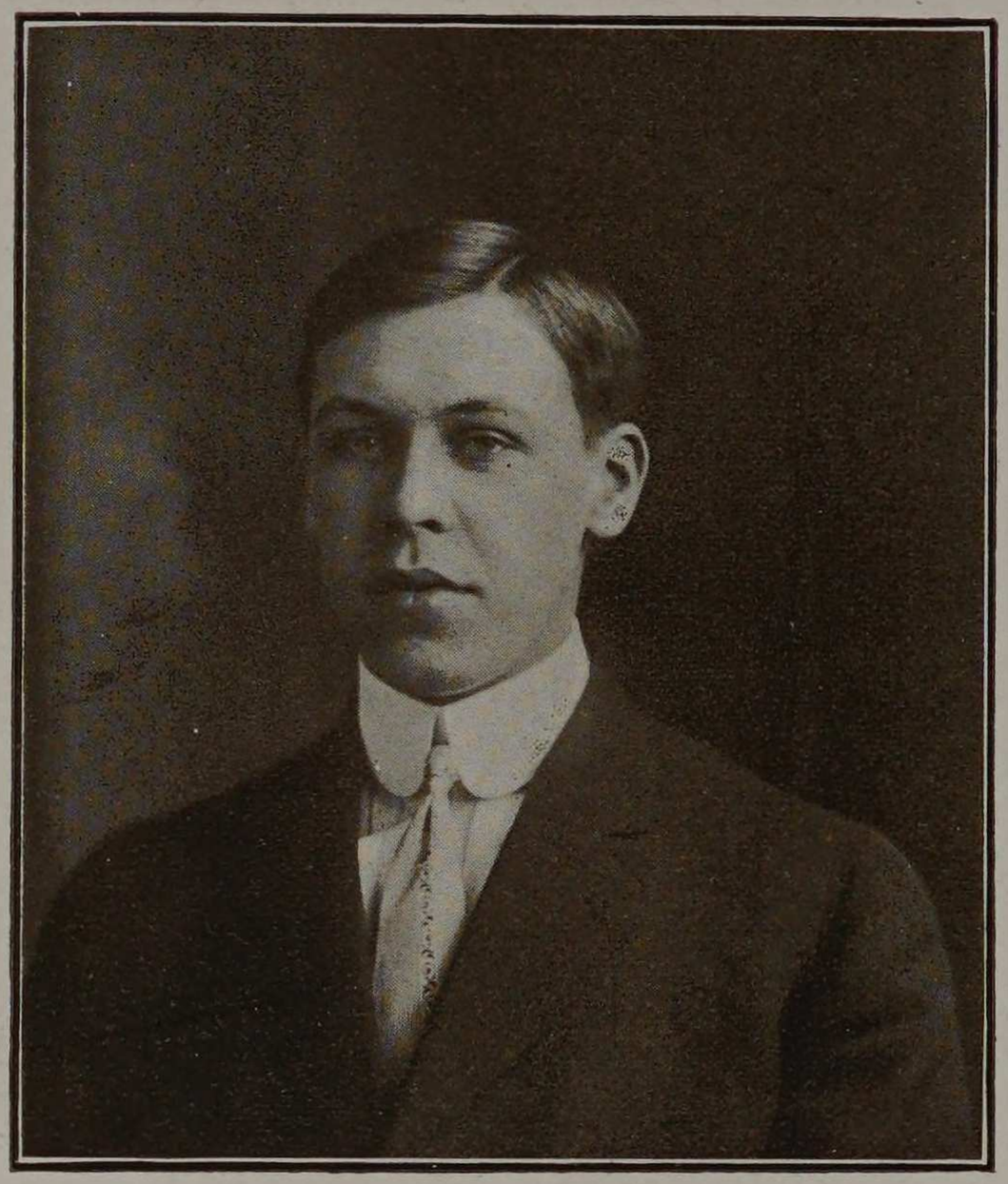
At Armour "Schmidtie" has not attempted to distinguish himself particularly beyond keeping out of the clutches of the Deans and playing on the Class baseball squad. Under his leadership the Seniors almost won two games last fall. Emil declined the editorship of the 1911 Integral two years ago, but saw fit to undertake the supervision of the publication of this book recently.

As a target for nicknames the subject of this sketch was particularly unfortunate. We need but to mention "Germany," "Fanny," "Yeast-cake," "Fatty," "Tiny," "Baldy," etc. He is best known, however, as Emil.

With DeLos DeTar he has been delving into the mysteries of public utility finance trying to find out how the public utility commissions regulate rates, in the hope that the results will induce the authorities to grant him a diploma.

"He's Fat and Scant of Breath."

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Wm. E. Schultz

Fire Protection Engineering.

Prepared at Northwestern Military Academy.

Thesis Subject: Time Factor of Dry Pipe Sprinkler System.

Committeeman Extraordinary.

Eata Bita Pie.

Fli Gamma.

Class Baseball (4).

"Bill" saw daylight in Chicago back in 1889, and has always made it his business to call this place his home. At an early age he showed an inclination towards things warlike, but after spending four years at Northwestern Military Academy he concluded that a soldier's life was entirely too tame for him and accordingly "showed up" at the Armour Institute one September's morn, looked over the courses scheduled and decided to spend his future in fighting the flames.

During the years of his undergraduate work Schultz exhibited such remarkable knowledge(?) of physics and kindred sciences that he came to be known by the soubriquet of "Lord Kelvin." As a dispenser of hot air Billy has no equal. He is capable of talking on any subject any time whether he knows anything about it or not. As a bluffer, he is a distinct success. Only once has he been worsted,—when Peterson called him for making a foot-rest of a lathe. His chief hobby is to outrun bluecoats in his "buzzwagon" and then settle with the judge the following day. He complains of a lack of sleep, but when you consider the number of hours he carries, you wonder if it possibly can be overwork that is responsible for it.

Bill's athletic prowess consisted in forming the delivery end of that famous German battery which participated in one of the Senior games during the fall series of 1910. After pitching rings around his opponents for seven innings he was relieved of further duty in hopes of saving him for the Faculty-Senior game before some major league magnate heard of his phenomenal hurling and signed his name to a contract.

It is feared that Schultz has lost his heart to a fair maiden by the name of Minnie Volinski, and if such is the case, she has gotten one of the best chaps that was ever turned out at the Institute and a "prince of a fellow."

"Words, Words, mere Words."



Herbert Peck

Chemical Engineering.

Prepared at Francis W. Parker School.

Thesis Subject: Wood Tar, Its Composition and Utilization.

Tau Beta Pi.

Secretary of Chemical Society.

This exponent of unceasing labor first pulled off his coat (with his shirt sleeves already rolled up) on the third day of August, 1890, right here in this Windy City of ours. Since that time his one aim has been to keep busy and you will nearly always find him so.

Herb's prep training was acquired at the Francis W. Parker High School on the North Side. He was one of the very few youngsters who escaped the arts and darts of the coy high school maidens, and he has kept up his record until quite recently.

Though a modest unassuming chap this good-natured "Deutscher Mann" is after all somewhat of a fusser as is attested by the number of formals he is attending of late. It was during the Christmas holidays of this year that he diapated something awful,—as many as four formals! Just ask him how he likes taxis—see his right hand go up.

Throughout his eventful life "Yarb" has had some little hobby generally evinced in his desire to "raise something." He has run the gamut from guinea-pigs, pigeons, chickens, Belgian hares, to building an auto with the aid of his brother Bill. Nor did his desires stop here. Since the time of the building of the auto he has started a Bug Lab of his own at home. Here he may be found during what would otherwise be idle hours growing cultures, making slides and counts of the bacteria in tanning liquids.

Though not a great mixer in school affairs, Herb is a fellow well worth knowing, and his ability is unquestioned. His future success is more than assured, as he is certainly one of the very best chemists whom Armour has turned out. His capacity for work is unlimited, his scientific knowledge far above the average, and his practical instinct is exceptionally well developed.

"Extraordinary in His Excellence, but Ordinary in His Display of it."

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W. Sieck

Mechanical Engineering.

Prepared at Francis W. Parker High School.

Thesis Subject: Installation and Test of De La Vergne Oil Engine.

Tau Beta Pi.

A. S. M. E.

The "little one," contrary to most opinions, is a native of Chicago. Nevertheless we can continue to call him "Germany," for he has visited the Fatherland. The date of his birth is June 12, 1888.

Sieck's first show of originality was evidenced when he designed a hoist and passed a shaft between the arms of a gear wheel, in his Sophomore year. He has had the idea patented.

When William became a Junior he was asked one day by one of the laboratory professors if he wrote his reports with a tooth-pick! Really, now, don't you see that is the Dutch of him, his ink is like his blood, thick and stein-like in nature. It is peculiar that, being Dutch, he does not like refinement; as a consequence, he hates the Physics Lab like—the second decimal place.

Sieck is another one of the gas bugs, or hot air bugs, just as you prefer. This does not mean that he is in love with Professor Frith's "coffee mill"; although he would like to run Fisk and Quarry with gas engines. Last summer he was chief hunky on an installing crew,—can we wonder why it is that he knows so much about gas engines?

Bill is a master machinist. He built an Alden Dynamometer for his engine and did such good work that he did not have to make it over again. When there is anything going on in the Gas Lab, you may be sure to find Sieck there. He can give more advice to the square inch per second than anyone could carry out in a month. He surely is there with the advice, real or imaginary, whether you want it or not.

It will surely be a sad day when we can no longer see him drinking that stuff at Cap's that spoils his beautiful complexion.

"Knowledge is Power."

C. J. da Silva

Civil Engineering.

Prepared at Crane Technical High School.

Thesis Subject: Design of Brick Pavement for Woodstock, Illinois.

Radical X.

Civil Engineering Society.

College Baseball (1), (2).

Manager Class Baseball (2).



Da Silva Sr. was pleased to pass cigars and receive congratulations on the twenty-fifth of January, 1887. The reason for this was "Slivers." He was born in New York City and claims himself an American of Portuguese descent. He came to Chicago in time to take his prep work at Crane, finishing in 1906.

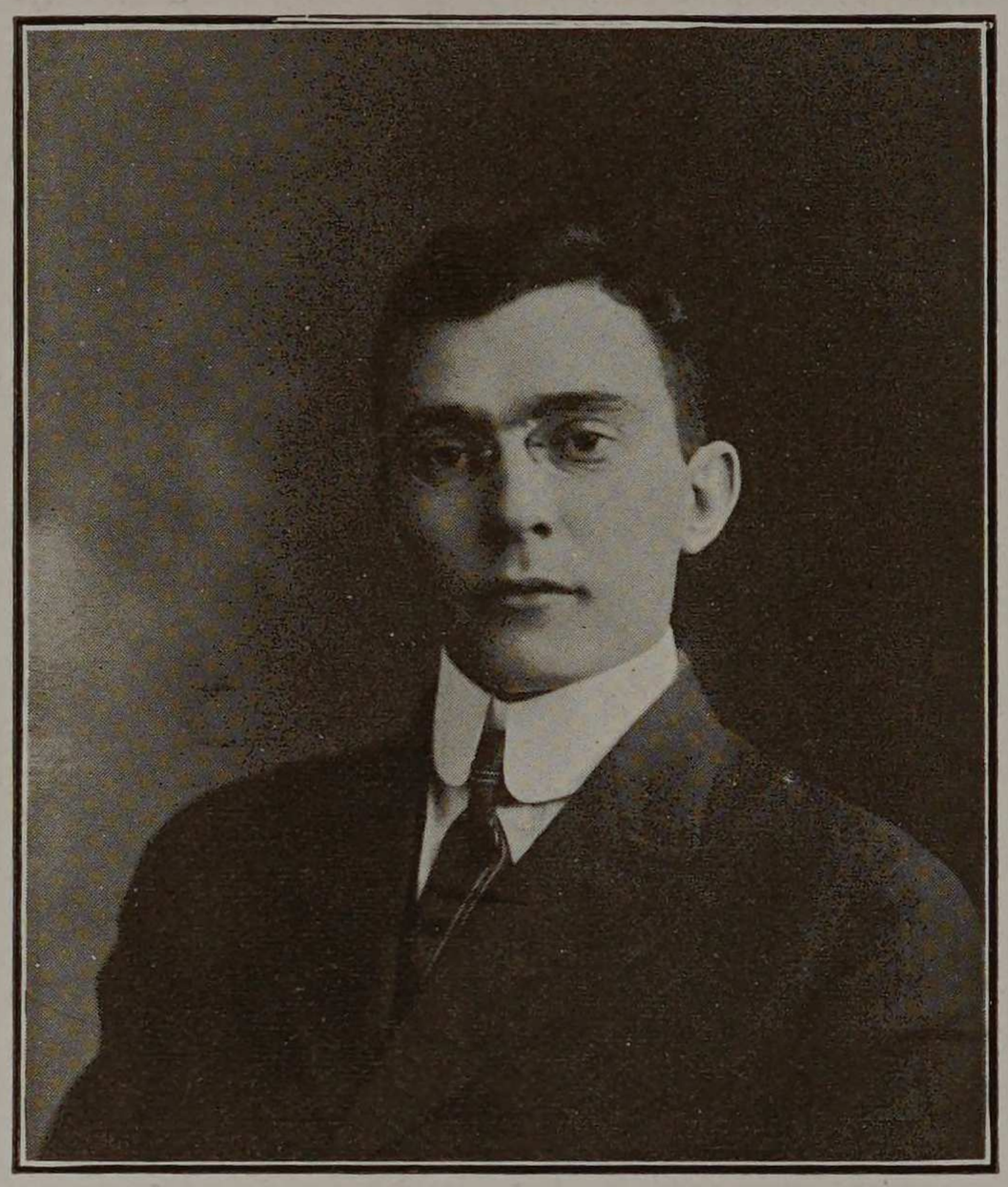
Da Silva's greatest distinction is that he is the only wearer of a baseball "A" in the entire Class. He had always been mixed in athletics, and holds to his credit four years of baseball and three of football in prep school. He graced Coach Smart's nine for two seasons, and his particular specialty was spearing liners off the spikes of the fence which encloses Cap Larsen's pasture, cutting off fleet runners at the plate by rifle shots from deep outfield, and breaking windows along Armour Avenue with liners driven from his trusty war-club. He was one of the mainstays of the team.

Claude has shown the knack of getting down to the practical side of engineering: during his vacation he has received mail addressed both care of the C. B. and Q. Engineering Department, and to the Resident Engineer of Sewer Construction at Harvard, Illinois.

Slivers is a hard and earnest worker and his future success in his chosen profession seems assured.

"Brawn and Brains, a Matchless Combination."

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L. Simons

Civil Engineering.

Prepared at R. T. Crane High School.

Thesis Subject: Design of Spandrel Braced Arch.

Treasurer C. E. S. (4).

"Si" is not a rube by any means, as some might judge by his nickname, for he is a typical Chicago "kid," born here on April 14, 1884. After graduating from R. T. Crane High School way back in 1902, Si drifted into the wild and woolly West and if you have not heard him tell about his cow-punching and sheep-herding on some of the Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana ranches, where he spent all of three years of his young life, make him spin a yarn or two. It would be worth while, although it might be a hard job, as he is very modest and retiring.

When called upon once to speak at an occasion his modesty overcame him and he begged off, claiming that he had not been shaved! Which is our idea of the limit. At any rate he and Kellner are always willing to give their little Irish vaudeville sketch entitled "Mary, are ye hurted?"

With Si as treasurer the Civil Engineering Society has never before experienced a more prosperous year. This fortunate state of affairs is due entirely to his untiring efforts in chasing the fellows with his little receipt book.

Si claims that he has no schoool achievements other than that he "expects to graduate." We know that he has made a host of friends, and that is quite an achievement in itself,—we all vote him "a good goat just the same."

"Go West, Young Man."



Ralph E. Smalley

Architecture.

Prepared at Mechanical Arts High School, St. Paul, Minn.

Thesis Subject: A Civic Theatre.

Secretary Atelier (4).

Ralph Emerson Smalley, or our "Esma," was born October 26, 1887, in Caledonia, Minnesota. When he opened his baby blue eyes upon the unsuspecting world his first thought must have been one of reformation. His later years proved this for he tried to "slip one over" the Ancient Greek Architects by inventing a new moulding. Of course it is nothing to us to know that the same moulding had been invented before the Pyramids were ever conceived.

"Esma's" early education took place in the Webster Grammar School and the Mechanical Arts High School of St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minnesota. He graduated in 1906 and after a year of recreation started to study Architecture at the Armour Institute. Esma has been a "crackerjack" at Design, but "Oh, you Math." We give it to him there, for he is a sticker. Three times and out has no charms for him for he has just killed Calculus on the fifth shot.

Smalley says that his chief ambition is to go on the stage. Now for this he is getting excellent training, as we see the same slight form every night in a super's part on the Auditorium stage during the grand opera season. We do not know whether he wants to be a grand opera star or the "villain" in a melodrama. Whichever it is, he will be great at it.

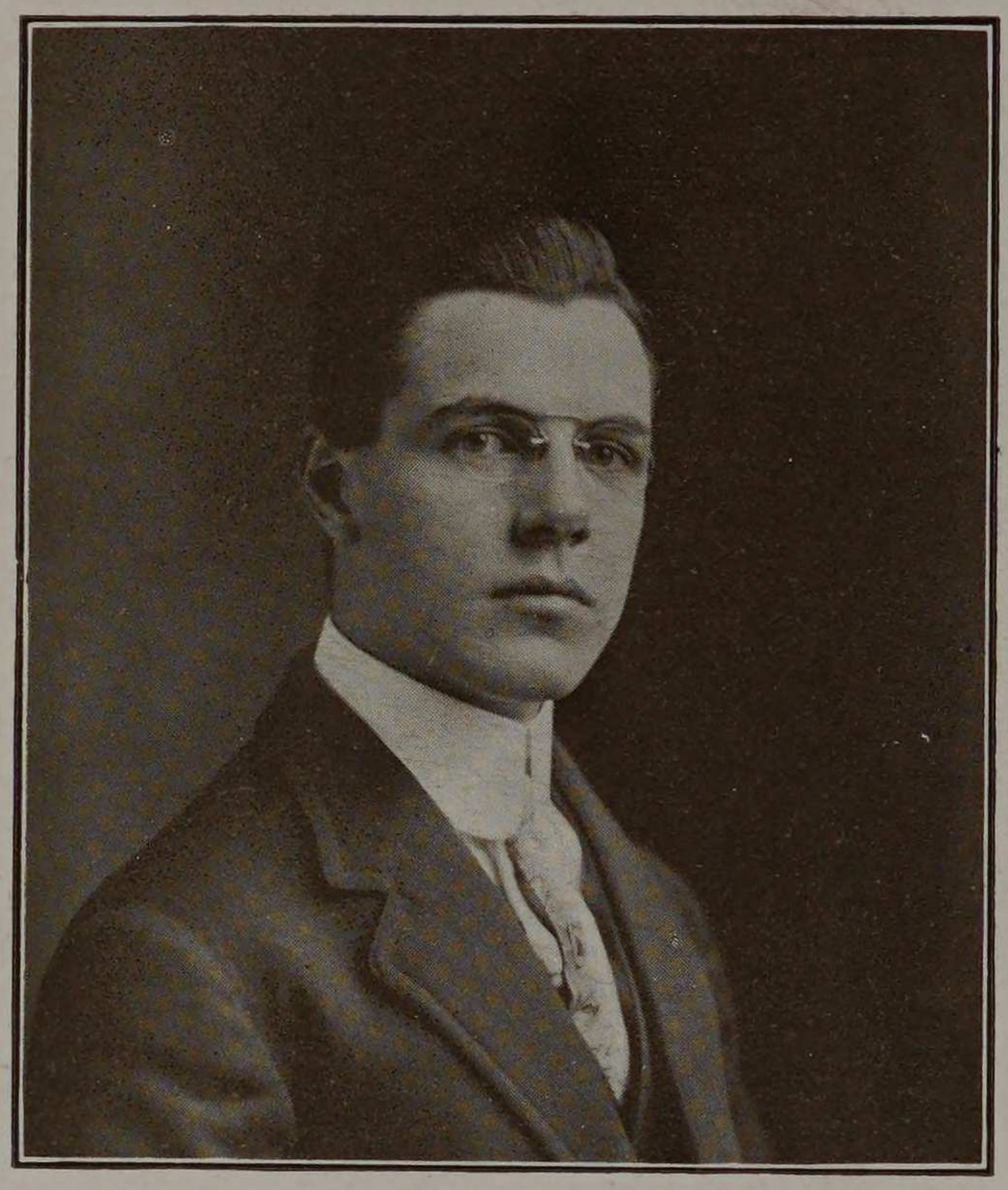
Ralph has taken advantage of the exhibition and lectures more than other Architects, and it is this development that has been such an inspiration to him. This is plainly seen from his designs, for all show the classic influence. In his Sophomore and Junior years, Esma developed into an idealist and even Rebori himself has not been able to break the spell.

Let us hope that when he returns to his home town the inhabitants will honor him by building the Civic Theatre which he is designing for their benefit as his thesis.

"All the World's a Stage."

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THE SENIOR CLASS BOOK
1911



Schuyler McSmith

Civil Engineering.

Prepared at Hyde Park High School and Armour Scientific Academy.

Omega Lambda.

C. E. S.

"Smithy" came into being on April 21, 1888, at Manchester,—no, not England,—Michigan, for he is a full-bred American, as he says. He started his preparatory course at the Hyde Park High School, but this fussers' paradise being no place for a prospective engineer, he deserted it and enrolled in Armour Scientific Academy, graduating in 1906.

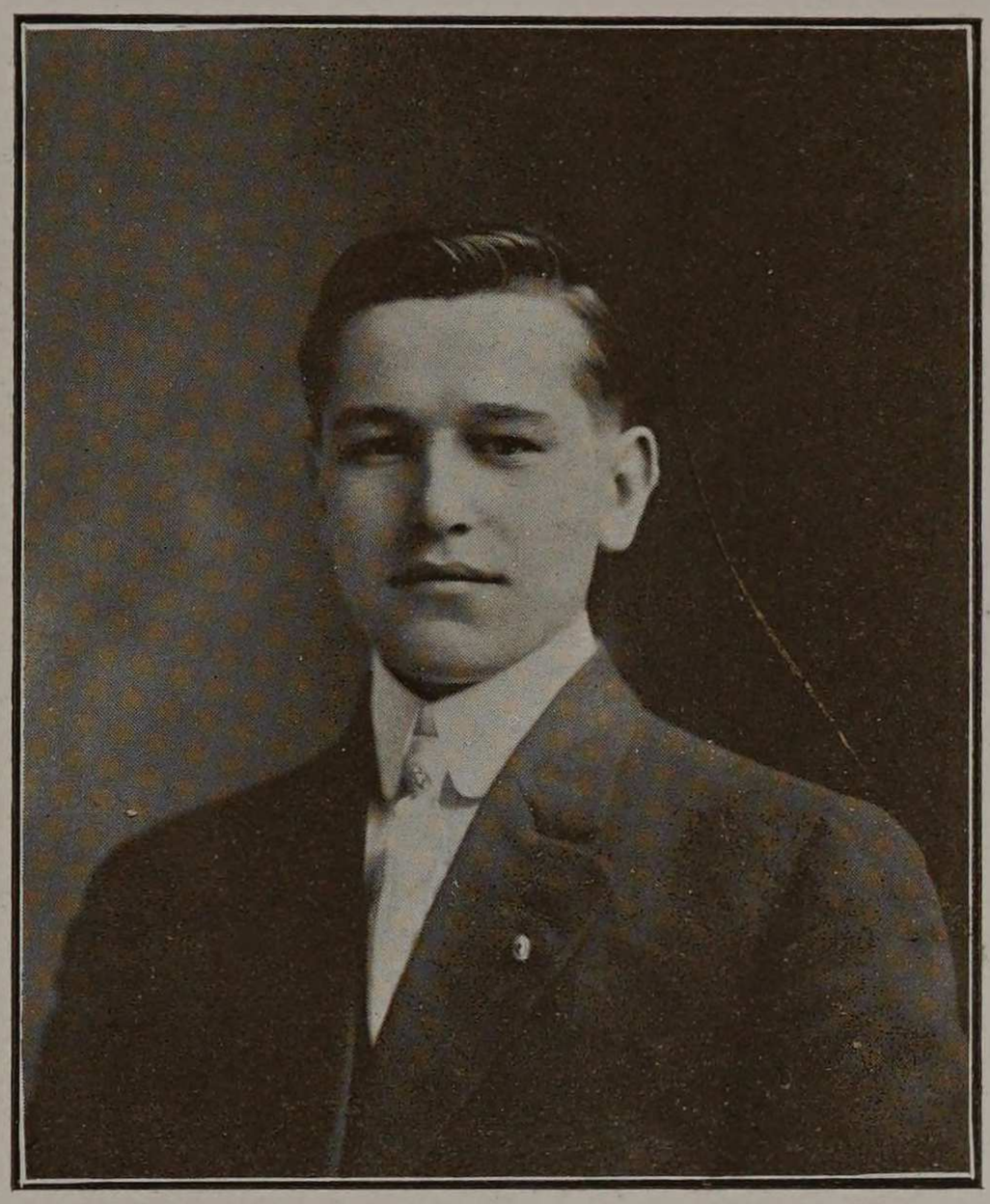
Schuyler is one of those tall, distinguished-looking, gentlemanly fellows that always takes things easy,—a cool and collected man. To say the least, Smithy is an energetic and hard worker, and keeps the best of them "humping themselves" to keep up with him. We have often wondered why "Schuy" is such a confirmed bachelor, for we feel sure there is nothing about him that would make a girl run, but for some reason or other he is not much of a society man. Maybe it is because Smith is such a lover of music and devotes so much of his spare time to concerts and lectures, a course which might be wise for some of us to look into.

During the summer of 1909 Smith was connected with the engineering department of the C. M. & St. P. R. R. in South Dakota and in 1910 with the C. & N. W. R. R. in Wisconsin. His work with these corporations served to give him some much-needed experience besides putting money in his purse.

Along the line of thesis activities Smithy is working diligently at a "Design of a Proposed Arch Rib Concrete Bridge for North Sheridan Road, Waukegan, Ill." That ought to keep him and his companion, Horace Butler, busy for a while, and if erected should prove a distinctive ornament for that highly ornate thoroughfare.

"Wisely, I say, I am a Bachelor."

Ignatius L. Szeszycki



Civil Engineering.

Born July 26, 1888, at Chicago.

Prepared at Wendell Philipps High School.

Thesis Subject: The Arch Dam.

C. E. S.

Y. M. C. A.

"Napoleon" entered Armour after wasting several years among the feminine attractions of Wendell Phillips, from which high school he was graduated in the short time of three years. Armour became his destination and a civil engineering diploma his object in life. Szeszycki is quite harmless despite his warlike name, for he is a prominent member of the Y. M. C. A.

Szeszycki claims his favorite sports to be checkers and golf; it is rumored, however, that these take second place to examinations. He just glories in examinations, literally fattens on them.

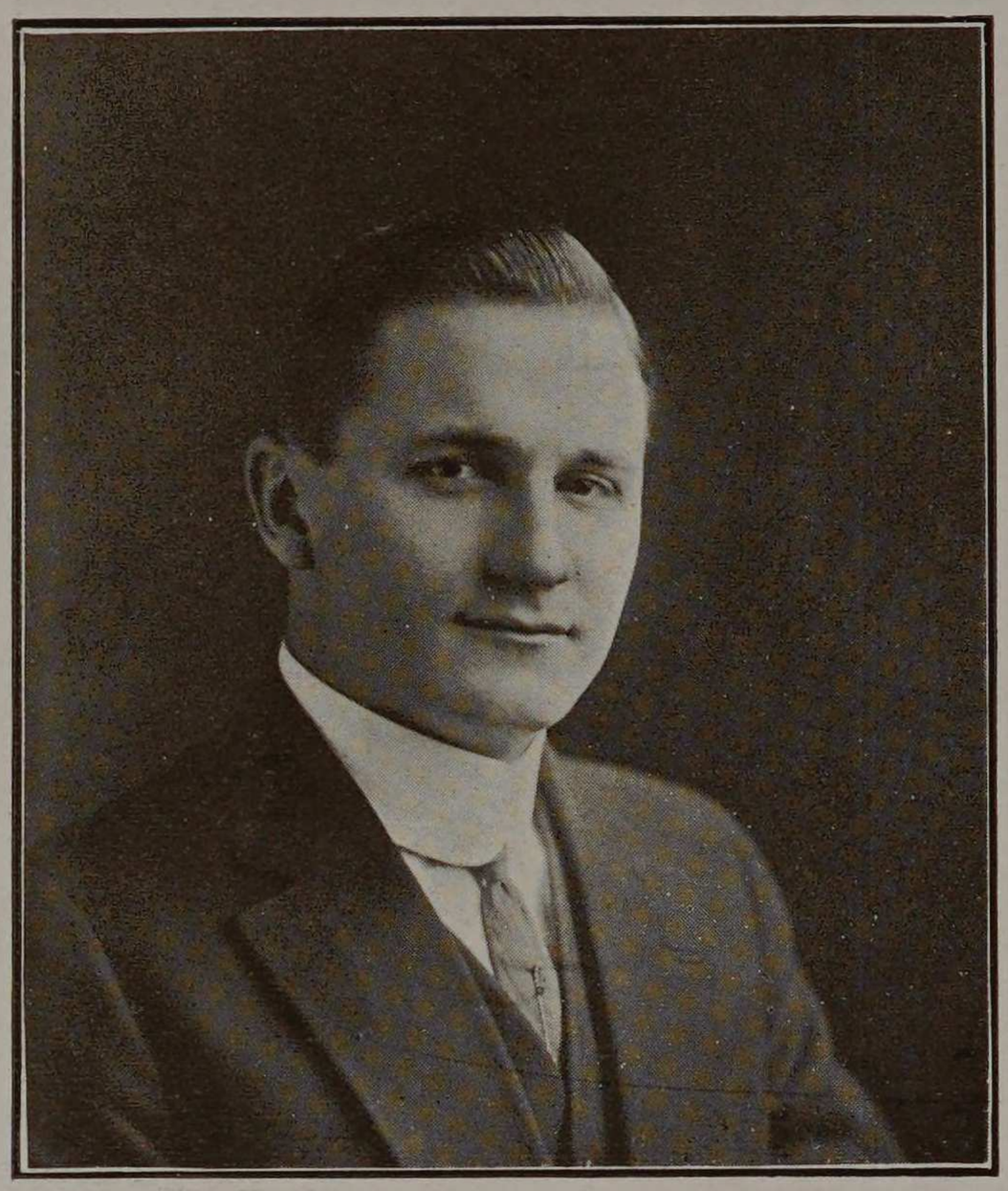
As an example of the broad training that one may derive from the course in civil engineering, Ignatius passed with equal ease city, state, and government exams for positions ranging from sewer inspector to light-house tender, not to mention chief civil engineer and master mechanic. They all look alike to "Ignatz."

During the 1908 summer Camp someone fastened the name of "Whiskey" on this unsuspecting lad. However, let it be said to his credit, the only virtue this appellation has over his real name is its simplicity. As a matter of fact, plain unvarnished H_2O is the strongest liquor which Szeszycki inhales into his system. Abas "Whiskey."

Leo has spent the past two summers in establishing an excellent reputation for himself with the Bridge and Building Department of the C. M. & St. P. R. R. He hopes to not only live up to this "rep," but to add to it, in his capacity of civil engineer after he has shaken the dust of Armour from his feet.

"What's in a Name."

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W. S. Tellin

Electrical Engineering.

Prepared at Kansas State Agricultural College.

Thesis Subject: Design of a 20,000 K. W. Turbine Power Plant.

Delta Tau Delta.

Tau Beta Pi.

Eta Kappa Nu.

Radical X.

Chairman A. I. E. E. (4).

Asst. Editor Armour Engineer (3).

Not one of our Seniors will deny that the Tau Bets showed great discrimination when they selected "Bill" Tellin for the highest scholastic honors which it is possible to obtain at the Tech, for he was chosen as the 1911 "honor man." Bill is our conception of everything that an honor man should be.

The queer part of it is that Tellin is extremely modest regarding his own ability. Not even with a magnifying glass would it be possible to locate a bump of self-importance on his highly intellectual sconce. His signal success has not turned his head one bit,—on the contrary, Bill is as affable a chap as we ever hope to meet.

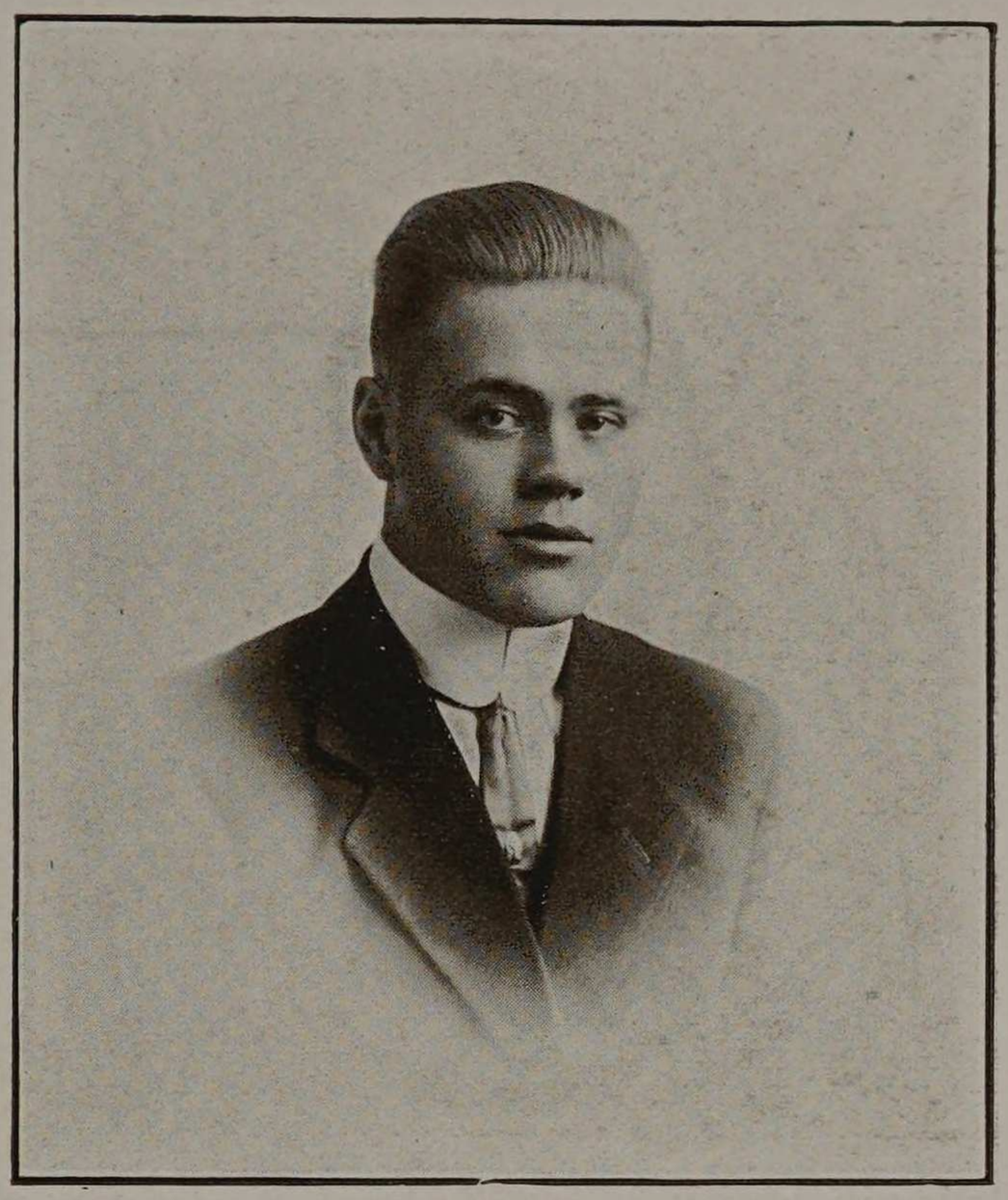
The beginning of this "phenom's" terrestrial career occurred at Nickerson, Kansas, on February 4, 1885. He states that two years suffised him to secure the necessary preparatory training at the Kansas State Agricultural College. Just ponder over that, you fellows, who dallied four years over your high school work(?). Bill then turned his attention to learning the machinist's trade. He soon developed into an expert valve-setter, acquiring most of his experience in an apprentice course in one of the Santa Fe Shops out west. In his capacity as journeyman mechanic, he lined up valves in all parts of our great country.

Bill "made" two other frats along with Tau Beta Pi and since that time has not devoted nearly so much time to his studies as in his first two years. Now he devotes much time and thought to social exploits of different sorts, and his invariable companion is the elongated "Gib" Emmons. A great pair these two make when they toddle down the street arm in arm.

A long-headed, cool, able, easy-going, good-looking man is Bill Tellin, our ideal of what a true engineer should be.

"True Ability begs no Praise."

W. R. Tobias.



Civil Engineering.

Prepared at Calumet High School.

Thesis Subject: Bond Stress in Reinforced Concrete Beams.

Delta Tau Delta.

Radical X.

C. E. S., Treasurer (3).

Sub-Marshall Junior Week '09.

Junior Play.

Smoker Committee (4).

Business Manager Glee and Mandolin Clubs (3).

"Tob" started on his wild and eventful career on May 6, 1889, at Adrian, Mich. This would go to prove that unlike things attract each other, for why should a person like Tob want to start his climb towards fame from a "burg" like the above-mentioned? Although we have not the "straight dope," it was probably his longing to be among the people who do things that brought him to "Chi." When next heard of he was being prepared at the Calumet High School in the class of 1906.

Apparently Tob's wish for something doing was gratified. Wilfred is quite a society man, and when not busy dodging "A's" he may be found financing some dance or some fussing expedition.

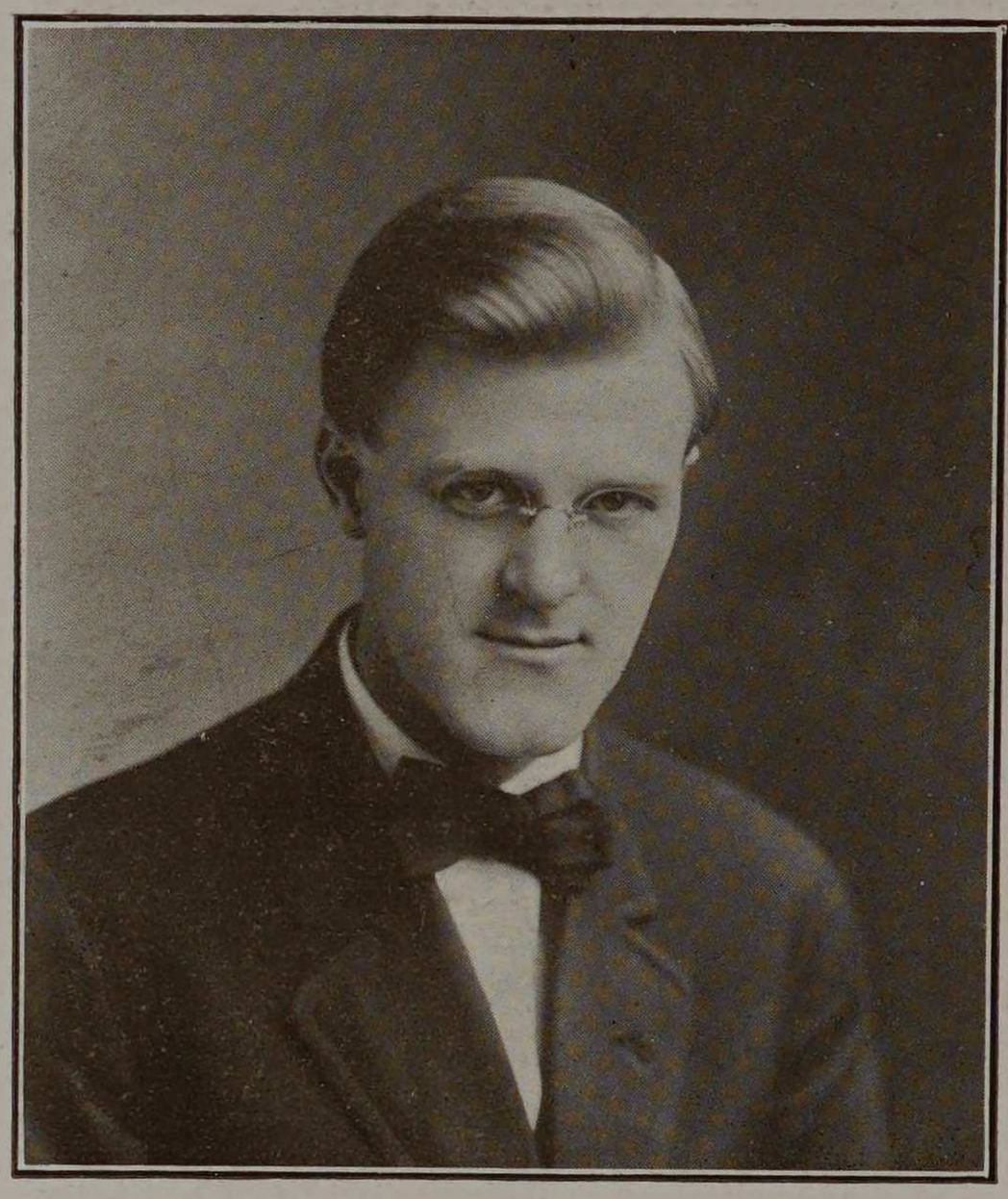
Tob is our own Julian Eltinge,—both in the Musical Bun and Professor X, the respective Junior amateur (very much so) theatrical productions of the 1910 and 1911 Classes, he masqueraded in feminine garb. His slim shape, sky-blue eyes, and fair complexion greatly aided in the delusion. A story went the rounds last year about this time, and found ready believers too, that Ray walked through the streets and was photographed clad as a lovely young girl without the deception's being detected. This rumor has, however, not been fully confirmed.

Tob is without a doubt the fashion plate of the class. He is always faultlessly groomed and his ties are the despair of the other "swell dressers" around the Institute.

It will seem rather queer around the school without "Bob," for he has come to be a regular landmark, and something must be radically wrong with the person who has been to school within the last generation and does not know Wilfred Ray Tobias.

"A Queen in Jest only, to Fill the Scene."

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Guy E. Williams

Electrical Engineering.

Prepared at Duluth Central High School.

Omega Lambda.

Eta Kappa Nu.

A. I. E. E.

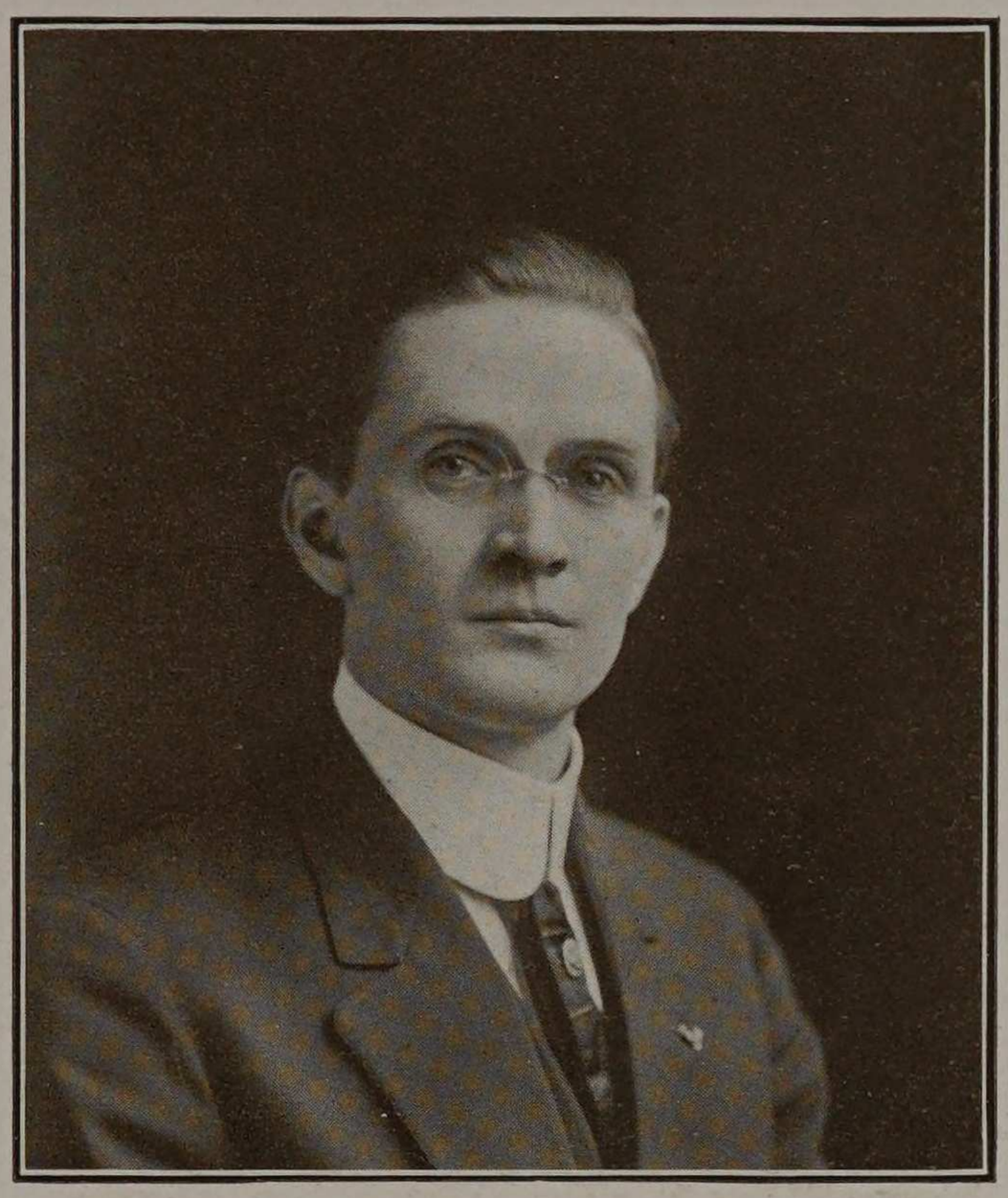
Duluth, Minnesota, is the home of this mild-mannered, light-haired representative of the Williams clan at Armour. Guy first dawned on this thriving city of iron ore and lake commerce on August 4, 1886, and here he determined to make his home. He likes to be associated with live propositions, hence this resolve. Hence also the resolve which brought him to A. I. T. in the fall of '06. You know, Guy started out as a '10 man, but not being particularly enamored with the environment, for which we cannot too greatly blame him, spent the year between his Freshman and Sophomore courses in wiring residences and the like in Minnesota, incidentally picking up a large number of stray crumbs of knowledge.

In 1907 Williams became a full-fledged 1911 man together with such celebrities as Witte, Mabbs, Heitner, Bradford, Wiederanders, and others. To remark that he has pushed himself to the front rank, would be stretching the truth, for Guy is modest and unobstrusive. Nevertheless he has accomplished wonders and has made an excellent record. As a shark in electricity he proposes to bow to no man in the Class, and he certainly holds up his end well. The questions which he asks, both in class and at the A. I. E. E. meetings, invariably show a deep insight and careful thought about the matter at hand.

Williams and Williams (sounds almost like a vaudeville team) designed, drew, and traced a jewel of a hydro-electric plant in the record-breaking time of two weeks this spring. Which is going some.

As regards thesis activities, Guy is engaged in the Retardation Test with the other Williams and another well-known firm, viz. Dobbie and Drew.

"Be Calm in Arguing."



Lytle L. Williams.

Electrical Engineering.

Born October 28, 1886, at Deer Lodge, Montana.

Prepared at Granite County High School.

Thesis Subject: Retardation Test of Generators.

Manager of Chapin Club (3).

Vice-President of Class (4).

Tau Beta Pi.

Omega Lambda.

Eta Kappa Nu.

A. I. E. E.

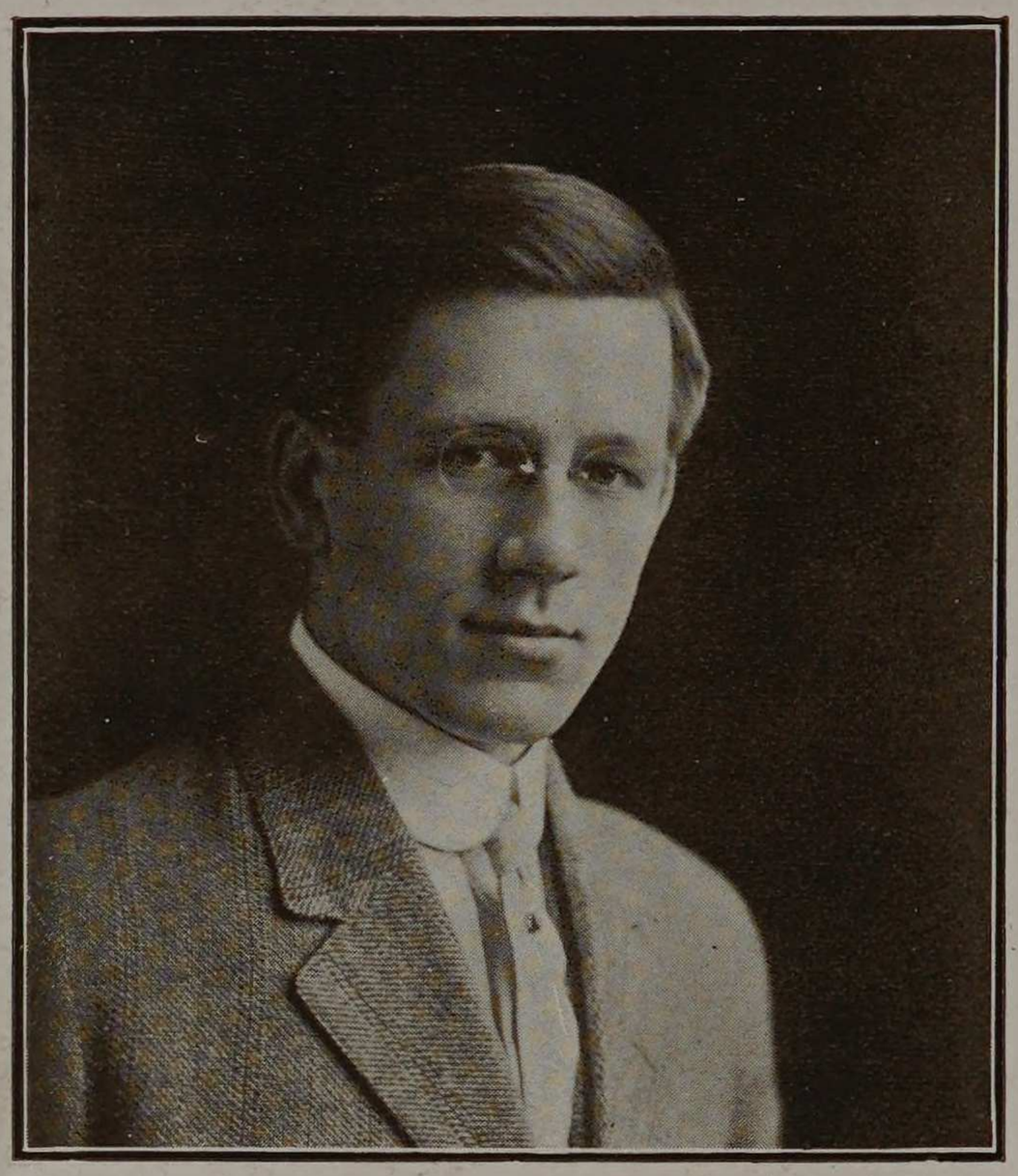
From the broncho's saddle to an electrical engineer. Such is the romance of Lytle Lytton Williams, our honored vice-president. From far-off Montana, where this ambitious youngster was wont to chase the festive bovine over the prairies and to convert the broncho from its unregenerate ways, to the peaceful sessions in Business Law is a far cry. But it is a transformation which Lytle accomplished without batting an eye-lash.

A cheerful, hustling, handsome Westerner is Williams. Wherever there is something doing, he want to have a hand in it, and he certainly takes a more than passive interest in the affairs of the School and Class. As King of Chapin Club he has broken up innumerable "crap" and "Kelly pool" games. He has lectured before the select audiences that attended the lectures given under the auspices of the A. I. E. E. Lyceum Bureau. He has "made" three Greek letter organizations, Tau Beta Pi, Omega Lambda, and Eta Kappa Nu. He can induce anything to run, from one of Professor Snow's motors in the Dynamo Lab to an automobile or a motor boat. As a fusser he excels; not a dance has he missed despite his strenuous School activities, and many is the soft heart he has caused to flutter. And who can blame the dear girls? Just look at those rosy cheeks and that twinkling smile and listen to the line of talk which he can, and does, hand out! Also gaze at that string of many-hued neckties which he affects!

But not only with the feminine sex does Lytle make a hit, he is well liked by his fellow-men also. A wholesome, jovial chap like he is is always welcome wherever live ones congregate. If you have not made "L. L.'s" acquaintance, that is your misfortune.

Williams, like his namesake and boon-companion, will make a cracking good engineer unless all signs fail.

"The Ladies,—God Bless 'em!"



O. A. Witte

Electrical Engineering.

Prepared at Wendell Phillips High School.

Chicago University.

A. I. E. E.

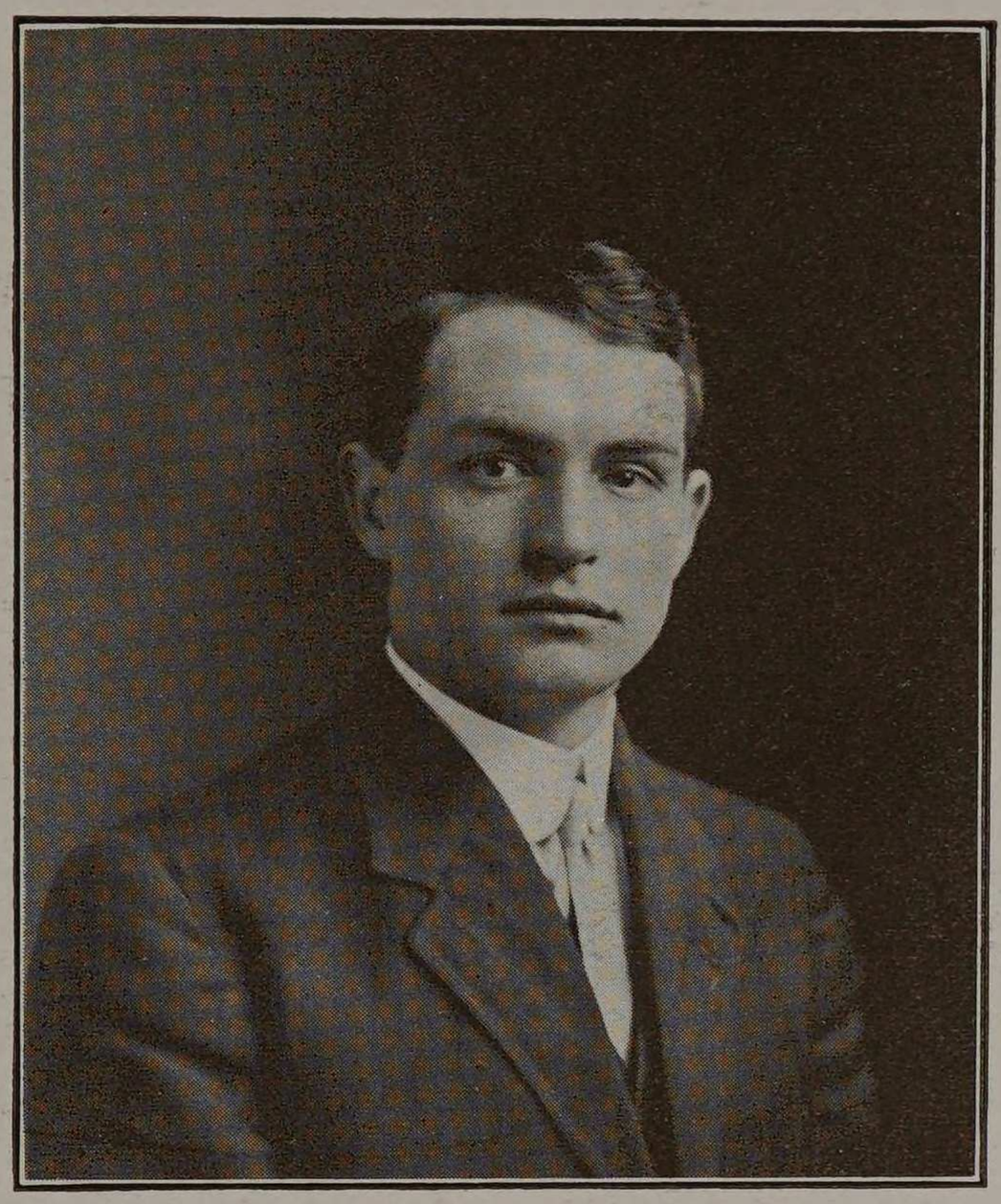
Herr Otto Witte made his initial bow, not in the "Vaterland," as some might conjecture, but at St. Louis, Mo. The date of this interesting occurrence was August 8, 1888. Finding the climate unsuited to his precocious spirit of "hustle," Otto came to Chicago soon after. Here he attended Wendell Phillips, which claims so many of his classmates as its products, at least as far as high school education is concerned.

Having decided on a scientific career, "Witt" spent two entire semesters amid the classic surroundings of Chicago U. But his constitution did not agree with the comparative indolence which the Maroon students affect, nor did the doings of Coach Stagg's demon athletes appeal to his prosaic nature. What more logical thing could he do, then, than to wend his footsteps towards the goal of all the midnight-oil destroyers, Armour? Here, we venture to say, Otto has had enough to occupy himself with at all times.

Nor has he been idle. Witt just glories in perplexing studies and nothing pleases him more than to put in some good hard licks at them. Results have not been wanting, for Otto is one of the stars of the Electrical Department.

You do not see much of this industrious chap of late,—reason: he is busy drawing up plans for his 30,000 K. W. steam central station, which he and his "bunch" consisting of "Conny" and "Bloomy" are designing, both for their Senior power plant and thesis. They will brook no interference in striving for this object, as can be seen from the fact that, to be perfectly undisturbed, these three have rented a room in the Flats from Frank. Here no upheaval among the drafting boards or ribald roystering by irresponsible Seniors can upset their equilibrium.

"I am Nothing if not Critical."



R. R. Zack.

Civil Engineering.

Prepared at Fremont College, Neb.

Secretary of Class (3).

President Nebraska Club (3).

Vice-President C. E. S.

Manager Chapin Club (4).

Tau Beta Pi.

"Railroad" is another standing argument of what Nebraska can do. Of German descent, he was born on Sept. 15, 1886, in Columbus, Nebr., where he divided his earlier years between farming and country school. Later he spent three years completing the course at Fremont College, and then spent a year laboring as a lumber-jack. Tiring of such unadventuresome work, he came east and entered Armour in 1907.

Since he has been with us Zack has established himself as one who says and does what he firmly believes to be right, and his views generally are right. "Zackie" is a level-headed, solid man who would lend distinction to any class. He is capable in every sense of the word and a credit to the Civil Department.

Few would suspect oratorical possibilities in this reticent chap, but he surprised us all agreeably at the Junior Banquet by his witty and original speech on "Moments Taken about the Minute Book." But then he probably acquired some of his idol's rhetorical ability. We refer to the Peerless Leader, William Jennings Bryan.

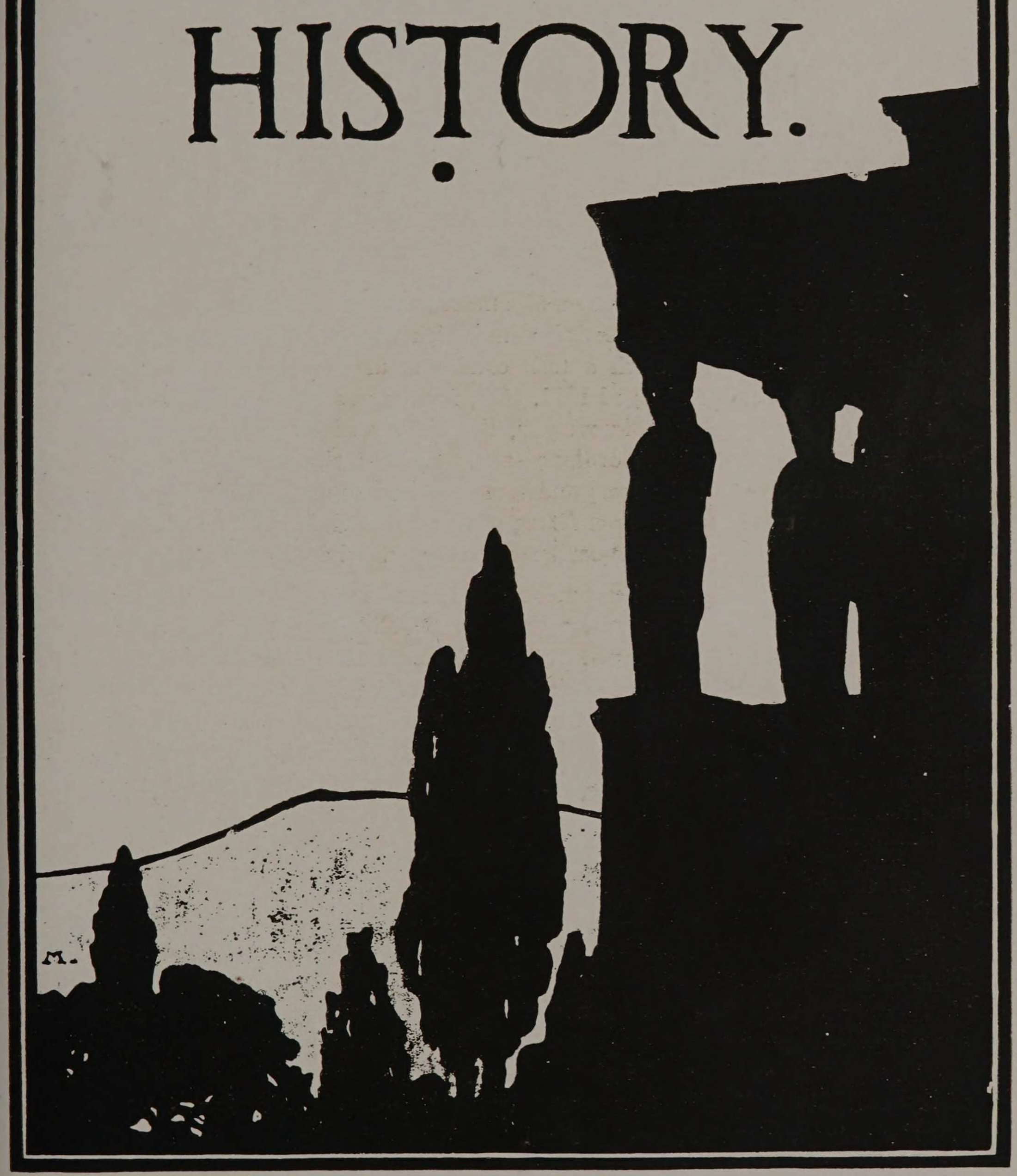
Zack has handled diverse difficult propositions, but he admits that the occupation which has caused him most of his gray hairs, hypothetically speaking, is curbing the boisterous element of Chapin Club. As manager of this exclusive club he has done all that can be reasonably expected to preserve law and order, peace and tranquillity, in that select refuge of the persecuted. A great little "Law and Order League" is Zack.

"With Eloquence Innate His Tongue Was Armed."

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HISTORY.





SOME HISTORY

Ingeborg Christina Johnson

There are times when we stand amazed, dumfounded in our impotence, horrified at the "poverty of words" with which we attempt to depict matters of world-wide importance. Such a task confronts us now in the chronicling of the history of the noble Class of 1911. Oh, for the pen of a Dumas to do justice to this great subject! For, know you, the history of this aggregation of fire-eaters and book-worms is no ordinary one. Epoch-making events have marked its progress throughout the long and tortuous curriculum provided by the Faculty for its especial benefit. But let us not anticipate. If this is to be a chronicle, the chronological order must be observed. So here goes:

On a bright and cheerful summer's day in the dim distant past, the sixteenth of September, 1907, to be exact, a number of diffident young men, verdant as to experience and meek as to manner, matriculated at this abode of the learned. This number was two hundred and fifty-eight, and they presented two hundred and fifty-eight variations of awkwardness, timidity, and false bravado. Innocent little Freshies,—little did they know that they were to develop into a howling mob of ruffians, and a "brilliant array of scintillating genius," as a well-known Math Prof puts it.

Within a few days after these disciples of science had enriched the coffers of the Institute they were filled with dire distress at wild rumors about plans for their utter annihilation, which were being formulated by the blood-thirsty Sophs. A hurried meeting was called and the Class was organized. The General Manager of Athletics spoke soothingly to the panic-stricken yearlings. Plans were prepared to meet, and beat, the self-declared enemy at their own game, and in this great hour the raw recruits recovered from their stage-fright, "got together," and prepared to give the supercilious Sophs (sounds like one of those awful poster epithets, doesn't it?) the surprise of their young lives. Said surprise consisted of a large "'11" flag floating proudly from the flagstaff of the Main Building on the second Monday of the semester. The Sophs were

paralyzed, flabbergasted,—they could only gaze and wonder. First blood for 1911!

During that day, that night, and the following morning there were innumerable skirmishes between the hostile parties, during all of which our boys acquitted themselves creditably. Tuesday afternoon the entire school assembled on the Field to witness the Rush. (As I said this was in the dim distant past when we still were permitted this form of insanity.) The Sophs, led by the redoubtable "Vic" Cole, triumphed in the first clash, due to the lack of organized effort on the part of 1911, but the dauntless Texan, who eats 'em alive, Mr. Angerstein (now a captain in the insurgent forces in Mexico) rallied the scattered forces of the Freshies and they proceeded to wipe up the Field with the Sophs. Only the intervention of the Seniors, who called it a "draw," saved our ornamental iron fence from destruction.

THIS WAS THE LAST RUSH AT ARMOUR, AND 1911 VIRTUALLY WON IT.

It remained for the Freshman dance to set a new precedent at Armour. Nothing less than the largest hall of the Lakeside Club, and such features as a unique program, Lawrence's Orchestra, frappé, and eight-foot Class numerals emblazoned in colored electric lights, served to prove to the large attendance that the Class of 1911 was a record-breaker.

1911 rested on her laurels until the next school year.

Sophisticated Sophomores

After a long period of rest, the 1911 Class reassembled in September, 1908, filled with the desire to annihilate the newly-arrived Freshmen. One meeting served to organize the "'11" veterans and establish a plan of campaign. These same veterans were to meet foes worthy of their steel, however, for the Freshies organized and plotted comprehensively for the coming pleasantries. They put over one or two banners on us (this being history, ye historian must record unpleasant as well as



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pleasant facts), but not a poster, not a drop of paint did they succeed in attaching to the property and vicinity of the Tech. This feature was monopolized entirely by the "Yea 'Levens." The Freshmen did not come near enough to 33rd and Armour to do any damage for this reason: By virtue of the deep-laid plot hatched by Captain Kiley the unwary Freshies were kidnapped and tied up, not in a barn, nothing as commonplace as that, but in an old scow on the lake front (the *Examiner* had them floating, helpless and all but drowned far out at sea!). A bitter clash occurred at Prairie Avenue and 33rd Street between some forty-five Sophomores and eighty Freshmen. Only the arrival of the cops broke up this love feast in which our boys had by far the best of it, though outnumbered. The pirate crew and captives were not so fortunate, however, for they were taken by the bluecoats, seventy-seven of them, five being Seniors and Juniors, to the Stanton Avenue jug. It was some night, believe us.

1911 WAS THE LAST CLASS TO TIE UP ANYBODY PREPARATORY TO A RUSH AT ARMOUR.

The Rush which would have followed the next day,—the above were only the preliminaries,—was not held because of the untimely (or timely?) arrival of Dr. Gunsaulus. In the greatest oratorical effort we ever heard, he put a final absolute quietus on all Class "scraps" and "rushes."

The trial of the seventy-seven was an interesting affair. Judge Girten gave the boys a terrific lecture and imposed a solid fine on them. But it was worth the money. (We notice, our friend the Judge has since been defeated for re-election—can it be because of the Armourites' antipathy to him?)

The next occasion at which the Sophs gave vent to their pent-up emotions (animal spirits, as our friend, Alderman Foreman, so happily expresses it) was the annual Smoker. Resolved to outdo all others, particularly the hated Freshmen, they armed themselves with brass cymbals preparatory to attending the Smoker. The result was a tremendous triumph for the Eleven men,—no one else's yells or songs need have been uttered as far as their being heard was concerned. Great little idea, those cymbals, what?

P. S. THIS WAS THE LAST ARMOUR SMOKER HELD AT THE OLD TURNER HALL.

The success of the 1911 Freshman dance was repeated in this year with the addition of leather card case programs and a silken 1911 banner which was floated upward by a multitude of small balloons, revealed by a spot light. The man responsible for these doings and the Class' prominence along social lines in general was "Billy" Hills, the chairman of the social committee.

In a turbulent Class meeting a little later on this gentleman was chosen business manager and L. D. Kiley editor of the 1911 Integral.

THE SENIOR CLASS BOOK
1911

Jolly Juniors

The third year of our existence as a Class was ushered in very quietly. There was not the semblance of the usual Freshman-Sophomore festivities,—the most exciting event that loomed on the horizon was the Freshman Hand-shake, promoted as usual by the Y. M. C. A. roughnecks. And no smoker in view! What a dreary prospect!

This famous Armour institution was served up later in a greatly diluted but still highly enjoyable form. The Class gave a very successful dance, and things went along placidly. This being a good time, let it be noted that the boys were studying hard at the Junior stuff, having survived calculus and physics. This merely by way of parenthesis.

About the middle of the year the Seniors began to make arrangements for the reproduction of their classic features, according to the usual custom. And then things began to happen:—The Senior picture committee recommended Mr. Gross and the Integral Board insisted that Mr. Walinger be given the contract, for the latter, they claimed, would make a cheaper price both for the Integral and the Senior pictures. It was war to the hilt, merciless, cruel, horrible. The Juniors were dragged into the fracas and,—held a Class meeting. Shades of Demosthenes and Cicero, it was some meeting! Every boy orator of the Class made a speech or two,—nothing could restrain them, not even the cool, calm Harvey Jones and Robert's Rules of Order. And they say women like to

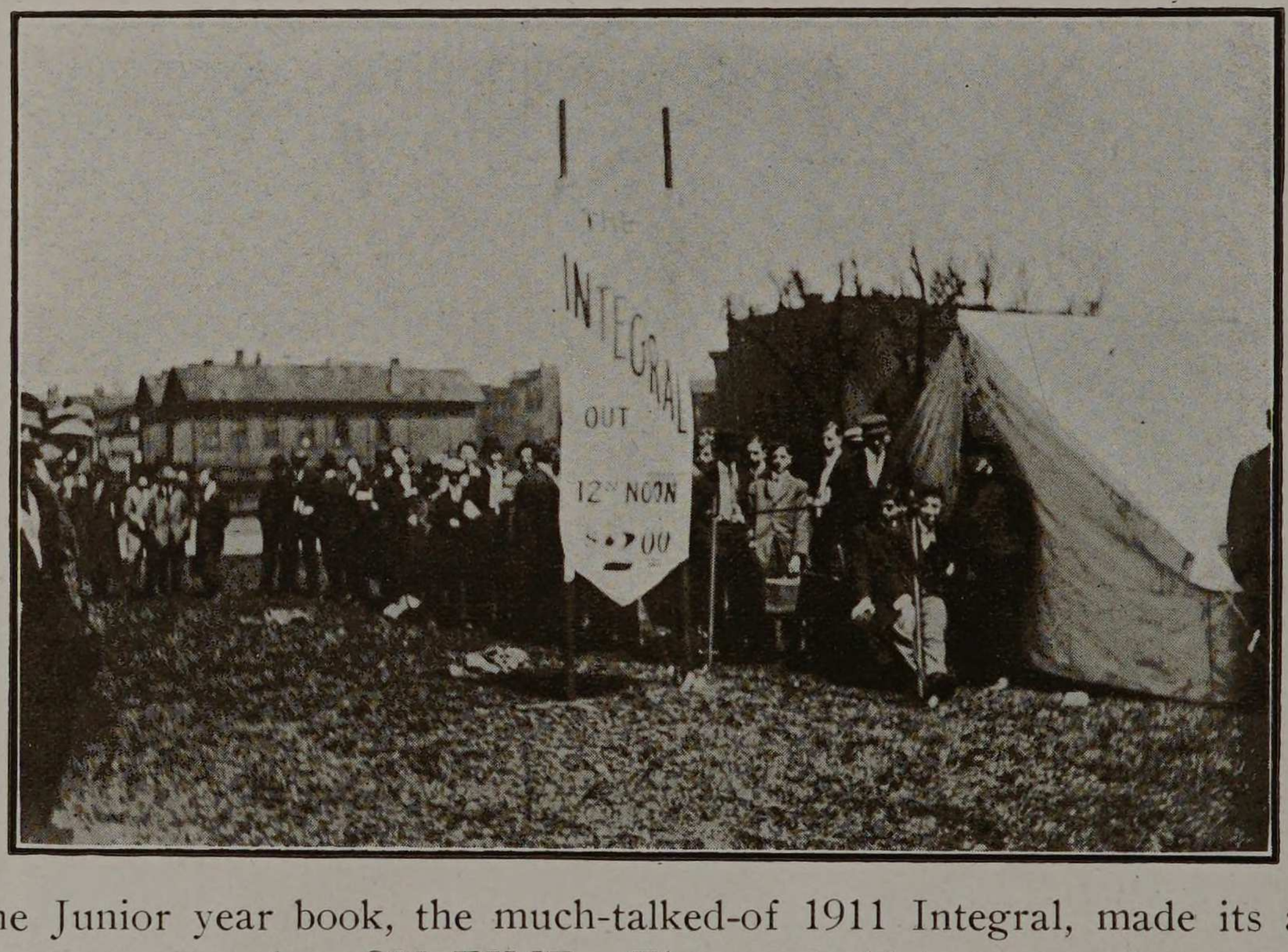


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talk! The net result of the two hours' harangue was a resolution endorsing the Integral Board. Thus ended the great battle of words.

After a month or so the "Jolly Juniors" found it absolutely necessary to have another eruption of some kind to blow off surplus steam. They found an outlet in the Junior Week doings. They decided to turn actors, and produced a play. The subject matter was a college skit, slightly reminiscent, but interspersed with plenty of local color, for instance, "Ogden Dormitory" (Oh, happy dream!). The author-producer was "Gussie" Emin, and the chief Thespians were Messrs. Ambrose, H. S. Johnson, "Billy" Hills, Tobias, Miller, and Langstaff. The Mission was crowded to overflowing by the Armour undergrads and co-eds, especially co-eds, and the many witty sallies were hailed with shouts of glee. Wonder of wonders: it was not the poor old down-trodden and maligned Math Department which was picked out for general slaughter (we believe Math has been read out of the school annually for the last decade or so at these love-feasts) but another well-beloved flunking institution. The Physics Department? Yep,—correct at the first guess.

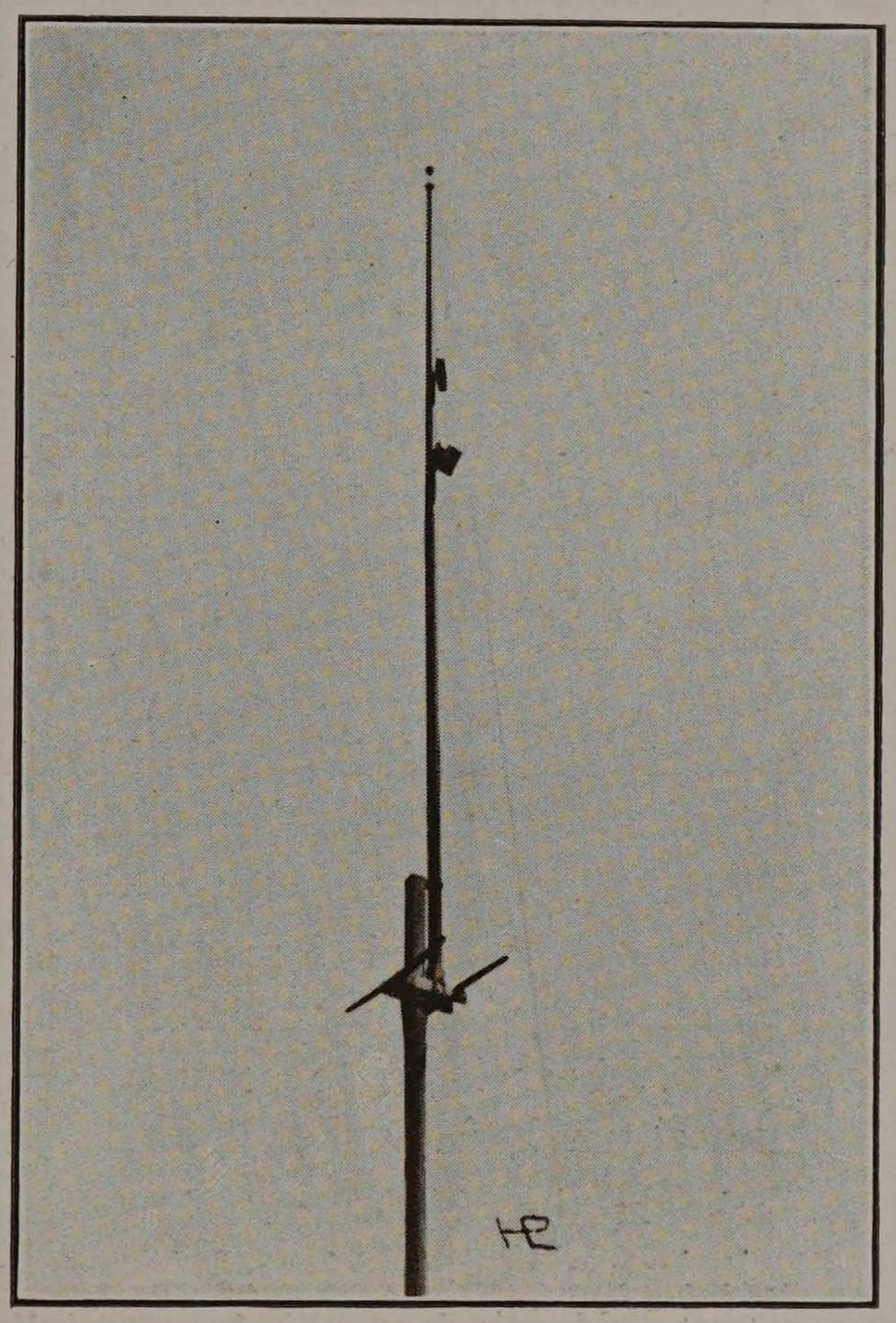
THE CLASS OF 1911 WAS THE FIRST TO HAVE PITY ON THE MATH DEPARTMENT.



The Junior year book, the much-talked-of 1911 Integral, made its appearance the very next day, ON TIME. The same old tent was put up as usual, and the studes were lined up and kept waiting, as usual also. The Champion roughhousers of the school,—and 1911 has always been well supplied with them,—whiled away the time for these early birds in many hilarious ways. Never will we forget the team work of "Chet" Snow and DeLos DeTar in bowling

over the patient " waiters." DeLos with the end of a long rope in hand and galloping gallantly across the greensward mowed them down in rows. Another part of the mob captured two suit-cases and hoisted them proudly to the top of the then spotlessly white flagstaff. There they flaunted themselves amid the tumultuous plaudits of the populace,—a fitting emplem of the drudgery from which the Integral had freed them for a day to make a Roman holiday.

The book was hailed with great acclaim, although the Seniors may not have been so greatly edified with their photographs. The 1911 men were quite satisfied, and were glad to hear that the business management under Todd, who had succeeded Hills, had been so successful that there was not only no deficit, as had been the invariable rule in other years, but a balance on the credit side. The Board deserved some reward for their efforts.



ANOTHER PRECEDENT!—AN INTEGRAL WHICH PAID FOR ITSELF!

The Junior Banquet also occurred in this memorable week. Almost the entire Class assembled and sat down to a " feast of reason and a flow of soul," and other things, chiefly culinary in nature. Dean Monin and Dr. Scherger, who were our honored guests, entered into the general spirit of camraderie and added greatly to the success of the occasion by their humorous after-dinner remarks. Their duty done, they left us to ourselves. A seemingly inexhaustible fund of stories told by the members of the Class provoked untold salvos of laughter. A glorious time was had by all.

Junior Week was a bright spot in " 1911's " career. Big things, ably handled, thanks to " Smiling Al " McCague, the First Marshal, mark it an achievement to be proud of.

Sedate Seniors

When we assembled for our last college year in September, 1910, we found ourselves suddenly grown quite dignified. Frivolities and foolishness seemed to be a thing of the past. When the veteran band of eighty assembled in the

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Class meeting the first time, it showed its accession to dignity and sense by rewarding the one member of the Class who had served it faithfully, patiently, unselfishly, in many different capacities, with the highest honor which it could bestow,—"Al" McCague was elected Class President.

The Senior Class took the initiative in regard to the Smoker. The committee, headed by "Phil" Eickenberg, ran things in great shape,—large attendance, cracking good program (no rough edges), first rate pipes, jolly songs and stirring yells, all served to make the Smoker a representative college affair, forever a pleasant memory in our minds. Dean Raymond, Prof. Coffeen (who would NOT tell his celebrated "Cheese Story"), and other vaudevillains, told stories, and Professors Leigh and Smith offered some delightful selections. During the course of the evening the engagement announcement of Emil Schmidt was hailed with great acclaim and resulted in his triumphal (?) procession to the stage.

When it was announced that the Integral had been abolished, at least for 1911, the Seniors were a surprised lot of students. It was finally decided, in order not to sacrifice too much dignity, to leave the matter in the hands of the Alumni and Junior Class. It was left.

THE CLASS OF 1911 WAS THE LAST TO PUBLISH AN INTEGRAL.

Rather than be defrauded of their vested right of a Senior picture and write-up the crafty "'11's" decided to attempt a book of their own. The authorities gave their consent gladly, all of which explains this souvenir book.

Not much happened to mar "the even tenor of their way," i. e., until spring. Then about everything wonderful and memorable happened; class picture, year book, thesis, baccalaureate sermon, graduation, the history of which must remain unwritten here.

Such are the chief events in the career of the Class of 1911. Take it all in all, it is a peculiar Class. It has never distinguished itself in athletics to any extent. Yet it has aided materially in upholding and supporting sport at the Tech.

As students, the "11" men have made good. "There is no doubt about it." As a whole they are good, hard, conscientious workers,—yet not miserable, sickly bookworms. The Class has managed to stir up a hornets' nest in about everything it has undertaken. There was always something doing, where 1911 was concerned. Socially quite prominent, the Class consists of a bunch of jolly good fellows.

May they ever look back with pride, and perhaps later on with good humored indulgence, on the exploits of the Class of 1911, and may they all be a credit to their Alma Mater, A. I. T.!



THE NINETEEN-ELEVEN ARCHITECTS

RALPH E SMALLEY · 1911

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Architectural Department

The Chicago School of Architecture is larger than ever this year, as a large number of last year's students returned and the Freshman class numbers sixty. This is the largest class in Architecture on record and is also remarkable in that the two year course has been discontinued and all of these men are preparing for a four year course.

Professor C. H. Hammond gave up his position as professor of Architectural Design and A. N. Rebori of New York has taken his place. Mr. Rebori's training in the Boston School of Technology and abroad makes him an admirable man for the position. Prof. Tallmadge is giving his lectures on Architectural History and also relieving Prof. Shattuck of some of his classes in construction. Mr. Robert Ostergren, an '08 Armour man, is assistant professor in Architecture. Out of the sixteen in the last year's class only seven returned to complete the Senior year. These are Beaudry, Merriman, Sailor, Friedman, Greengard, Smalley, and Dalsey.

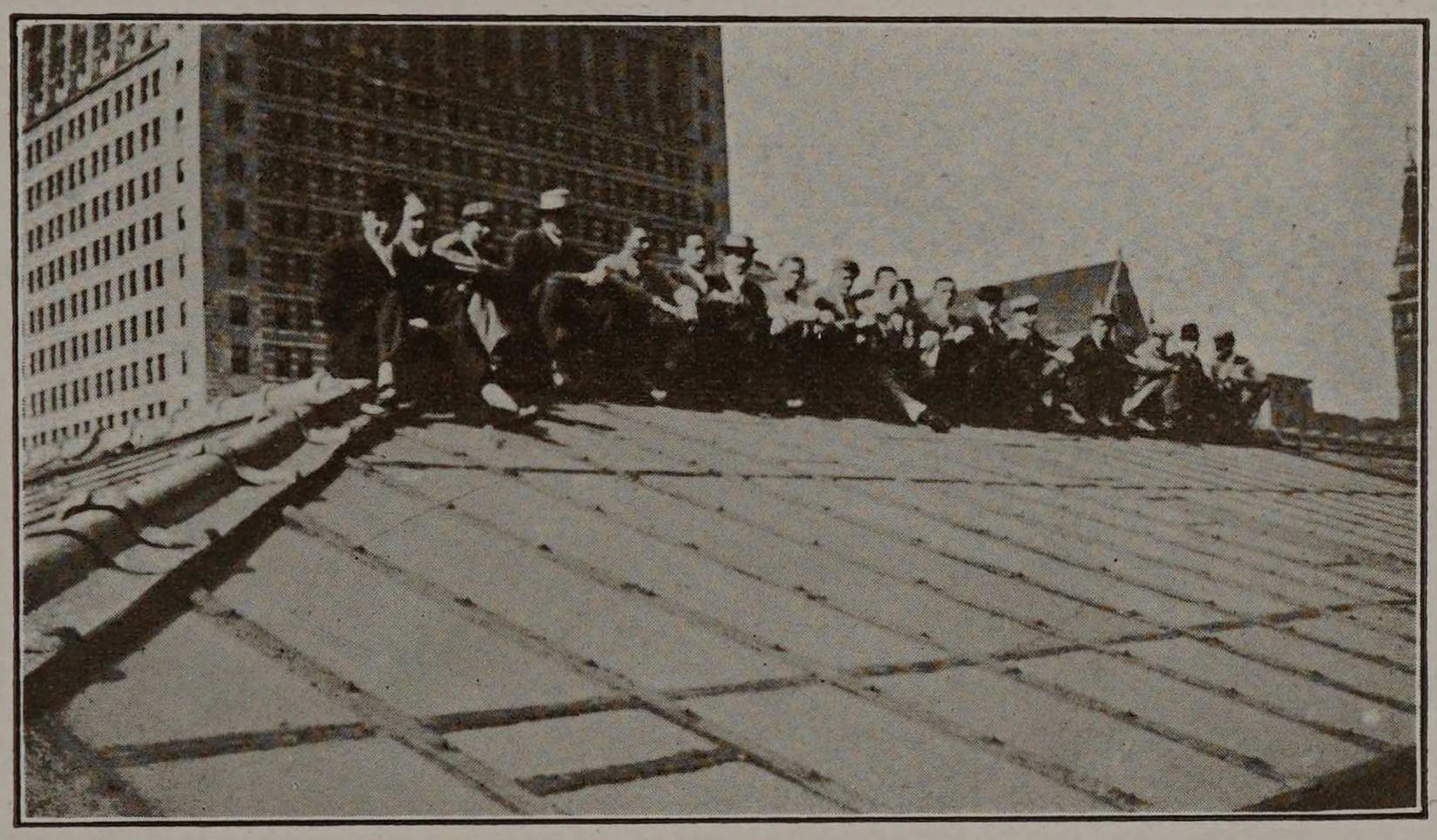
The social life at the Art Institute has been very strenuous during the school year. The upper classmen entertained the Freshman Architects with an informal smoker in the Art Institute club rooms the second week in October. A program consisting of several musical selections and talks by Rebori and Ostergren helped pass the evening. A bountiful supper was served and a number of last year's Seniors related their experiences in Europe during the summer. After the supper, everybody entered into the games and then paraded through the loop district.

The second Atelier Smoker was as big a success as the first. This was right after Thanksgiving, and the evening was spent in an appropriate manner. Professor Shattuck could not be at the first smoker, but canceled an engagement to be present at this one. He gave a very interesting talk and gave the boys some good advice. The event of the evening was the relay races. Sincere distinguished himself by running through a glass door and " Merri " did a " Dance " that was worthy of Mary Garden.

Right after Christmas, the biggest smoker of the year came off. This was a big supper and smoker combined. The tables in the Lunch Room were arranged so as to face a big head table. During the supper courses, the fellows were entertained with Vaudeville. After the supper and program, they adjourned to the American Music Hall.

There have been quite a few Architect's Informals in the Club Rooms this year. Mr. Baxter has played each time and judging from the large number of Armour men and Architects that have attended, they have been raging successes. During Lent, they were discontinued, but were renewed with a greater interest later on.

The annual Atelier Dance was held February 25th in the Blackstone Hall of the Art Institute. The Annual Travelling Scholarship drawings were hung up in the grand stairway hall, and a reception was held here before the dance. Blackstone Hall was beautifully decorated. Black and yellow streamers and huge dragons were used profusely. The grand Stairway Hall was decorated in the same gorgeous manner. Promptly at 9: 30 Mrs. Shattuck on the arm of Mr. Hal Merriman descended the stairs and led the Grand March. The dance was on and it was regretted that the closing hours came so soon.



The Annual Atelier Banquet was held this year at the Auditorium Hotel, April 15th. It was one of the most successful banquets ever given and surely speaks well of the Architects as hosts. The honored guests of the evening were Dean Raymond, Dean Monin, Prof. Shattuck, Prof. Rebori, and Mr. Ostergren. A large number of the Alumni turned out and helped make it a success. The tables were beautifully decorated and the program was of the best. Mr. Rebori filled the toastmaster's chair with credit. After the vaudeville the fellows ended the evening's program by singing "Auld Lang Syne."

History of the 1911 Architects

"Come Seven, Go Eleven" means a lot to us Architects, only there were about fifty of us who came, and seven who are going to go the last of May. It was some bunch of "ginks" that paraded down Michigan Avenue that bright sunshiny afternoon in September, 1907. After registering at Armour, they proceeded to explore their prospective quarters in the Art Institute.

The Freshman side was filled to overflowing with men, ambitious to follow the call of "Pa." The first exciting thing to happen was to take part in the famous 1911 Rush and see how many could get tied up and not be able to get

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to classes the next day. The next important thing on the program was the first Atelier election of class officers. George Herlin was made Massier, and Hal Merriman Social Representative. These two steered the class through the year with great success. Chas. Herrick Hammond had his hands full keeping the class from trying to carry off all the loose objects around the Art Institute. The Freshman class were not slow in getting acquainted with the fair damsels of the Art Department. The afternoon informals were well patronized as well as were the matinees of the popular theaters in the loop. Every circus that came to town carried away good Architectural money. In the Sophomore year, we decided to run the Atelier and we surely did. At the Atelier class meeting, R. Friedman was elected Massier, F. Sharpless, Social Representative, H. Cheney, Treasurer, and H. Merriman, "Fulcrum" Representative.

That year we accomplished great things. George Herlin won the Home Traveling Scholarship Prize and an "Architectural Department" was established in the Fulcrum. One of our men drew the frontispiece in the year book. Hal Merriman was made manager of the informals and they have been managed by him ever since.

The Junior year dawned as serene as any of the others, but failed to be such. The '11 Juniors did not have much love for their Design Prof and between pranks played on him and afternoons off, the year was mighty lively. This year at the Atelier election, we did the same stunt of carrying off the majority of offices. Friedman was reëlected Massier, Rube Frodin, Social Representative, George Furst, Secretary, H. Sailor, Treasurer, Hal Merriman and H. Cheney, Integral Representatives and the former also Fulcrum Representative.

We started in to eat up the town. Did we do it? Well, I guess. We kicked the Seniors out, and plastered their faces with cream puffs, locked the Junior water color teacher out, and made more than one guard climb the wire fence. Not stopping at this, we one day hung a pail of water over the door and wet thirteen men, and gave "Pa" Shattuck a shower bath. Not satisfied with these minor pranks, we took off the majority of the honors of the Home Travelling Scholarship Contest. K. Saam won the prize and two others of our men received mention.

The last year of our famous regime is now at hand. This year we have held strictly to our former policy, and have carried it through to the end. The class and Atelier officers are R. Friedman as Massier for his third term, Hal Merriman, Chairman of the Social Committee, and R. Smalley, Secretary. This year we again captured the honors in the Home Travelling Scholarship Contest, Bernhard Greengard being the winner. It is with pleasure we step out May 25th and surrender ourselves to the oncoming men. May they fill our places with as much credit as we have.

The Architect'sMuse

Esma rose among six thorns,
Pure as Mary's lamb;
Profanity he ever scorns,
Though sometimes he says—(slam!)

Now behold our Homer G.
Peer to none at repartee;
Ever ready to give proof
Of his powers as a "goof."



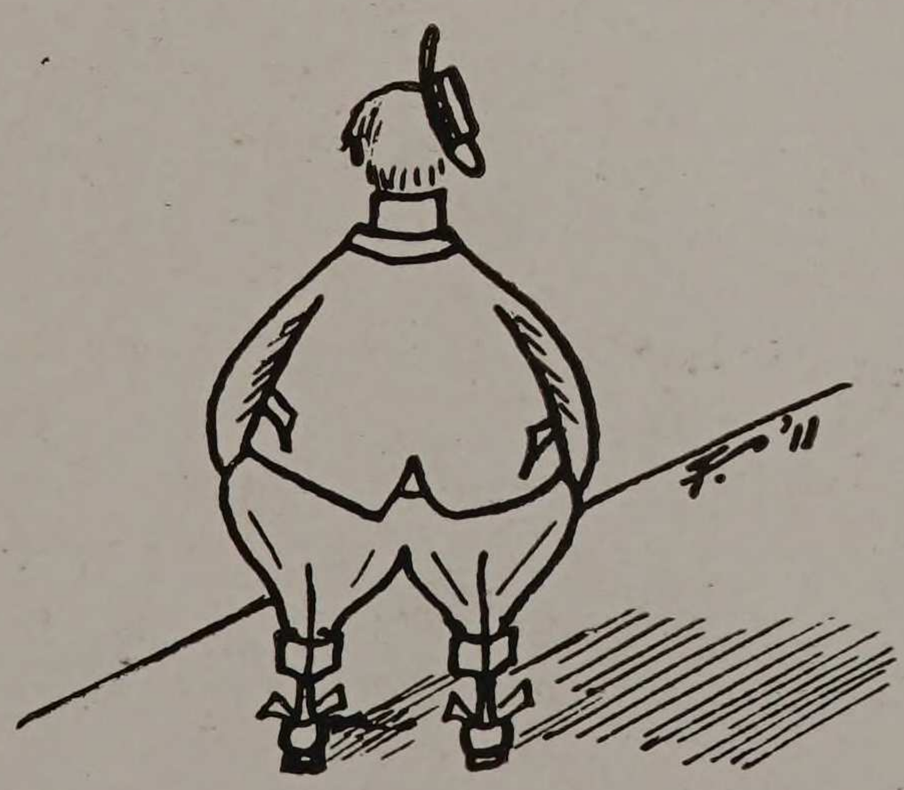
Merry Merri lost his heart
To a girl named Sadie,
Merry Merri likes the part,
For he loves the lady.

An Art Club in a Medaille book
Doc thought great enough to hook;
The Prof the plan knocked all to pieces,—
Now Doc's looking for a thesis.

Little Harry whenever alone
Up at the office, grabs a 'phone,
Calls up a dame he never knew,
Makes a date, and then he's through.

B. C. Greengard is his name,
An Architect who will win fame;
First Mentions always come his way,
For he works thirty hours a day.

Sophomores a vengeful score
Attacked the sinful Seniors' door,
Of cream puffs sweet they had been robbed,
The Seniors seven they would have mobbed;
But Ralph the brave stood at the gate
And shielded us from their mad hate.
Leonidas the Greek of old
Scarce equalled R. N. F. the bold.



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THE STATISTICIAN

THE SENIOR CLASS BOOK
1911

Yearly Enrollment of Class of 1911

Department	1907-1908	1908-1909	1909-1910	1910-1911
Electrical Engineering,	77	55	42	29
Civil Engineering,	58	44	36	23
Mechanical Engineering,	47	22	23	11
Chemical Engineering,	16	13	10	6
Architecture,	55	37	24	6
Fire Protection Engineering,	7	7	6	5
Totals	260	178	141	80

Birthplace

Illinois is easily the favored birthplace of the members of our graduating class: almost one-half of the total number call the Sucker State their own. Michigan and New York dispute second place, with thirteen other states and five foreign countries trailing along. Below is the complete list:

Illinois,	39	Michigan,	6
New York,	6	Nebraska,	5
Ohio,	3	Iowa,	3
Germany,	2	Minnesota,	2
Kansas,	2	Wisconsin,	2
Colorado,	1	Kentucky,	1
Missouri,	1	Montana,	1
Pennsylvania,	1	Massachusetts,	1
Russia,	1	China,	1
New Zealand,	1	Scotland,	1

Preparatory School

No less than twelve of the 1911 Class attended the Armour Scientific Academy in their prep school days. Wendell Phillips is foremost among the other Chicago high schools with six of its graduates in the ranks of those who receive Armour sheepskins this spring. The Class contains five men each from the R. T. Crane and Medill High Schools.

Age

The average age of the 1911 graduate is exactly 23 years, 6 months, and 2 days. Bornstein is the baby with nineteen years, and Gray bears the distinction of being the most aged of us, for he has twenty-nine summers to his credit.

For the purpose of compiling vital statistics the Seniors were asked to fill out question blanks, which they did with the following results:

1. *What is your nationality?*

Sixty percent of the Class are Americans by birth, 17.4 percent have German and 11.6 Jewish blood in their veins. Other nations represented are China, Scotland, New Zealand, Poland, Russia, Switzerland, Sweden, and Bohemia. This proves how cosmopolitan we are.

2. *What is your religion?*

Isn't it strange that the same percentage of the Class which is American is also Protestant in religion? 29 percent of these are Presbyterians, 14.5 Episcopalians, and the remaining ones are divided between Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists, Lutherans, etc. 4.35 percent are Catholic and 11.6 Jewish in their faith. Then the Christian Scientists claim one, deism another, while there are free-thinkers, nature-worshipers, pessimists, and others of a great array of freak beliefs. One-fifth of the Class profess no particular religion.

L. L. Williams says he is a Democrat.



3. *Are you married? If not, do you contemplate marriage?*

Four of the Seniors are Benedicks. Of those who still enjoy the state of single blessedness little more than half have serious thoughts of changing their blissful condition,—the exact proportion is 54.5 percent. Some set an exact time when they expect to "get hooked," such as 4, 5, 6, or even 10, years, others are very vague. One says concisely in answer to the second part of the question, "I contemplate," another wag states, "Yes, with fear and trembling." One poor fellow relates that he "got the frosty mit," which is all that prevented his joining the ranks of the henpecks. On the whole, the Class of 1911 seems to be woman-haters, judging from the emphatic manner in which some of them disclaim all thoughts on this all-important question. Beware, girls!

4. *Who is your favorite author?*

"Doc" Campbell is the most favored author among the 1911 highbrows, second place being divided between Laura Jean Libbey, McAllister, and Elinor Glyn, all the undisputed authorities in their widely-diverging fields of activities. An honorable mention is awarded to Gebhardt, Beatrice Fairfax, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Charles Dickens, and Winston Churchill. The remaining honors are divided between a long list of literary lights, a few of which are: Edgar Allan Poe, Jules Verne, Bath-House John, Schiller, Hek, Barrows, Tennyson, Dumas, Hoyle, Steinmetz, Walter Camp, Washington Irving, "Bill" Shakespeare, Scott, Henry James, Nick Carter and Frank Merriwell, B. L. T., Rex Beach, Mark Twain, Macaulay, Kiley, Conan Doyle. What a variety of tastes is represented here! A certain Kentuckian fancies John Fox, and a Hoosier by taste if not by birth, finds James Whitcomb Riley's leisurely romantic poems greatly to his liking. One of the Civils picks Sienkiwicz, while Kuehne says his favorite author is Anderson on Thesis.

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5. *How many schedule hours do you carry?*

The average member of the Class carries exactly 30.4 hours on his program card. The Architects each claim to put in 48 hours, which is a trifle hard to believe, and only a small difference exists between the Mechanicals and the Chemicals. Glance at the table:

Department	Schedule Hours
1. Architecture,	48
2. Chemical Engineering,	36.1
3. Mechanical Engineering,	35.9
4. Fire Protection Engineering,	33
5. Electrical Engineering,	24.6
6. Civil Engineering,	24.3

6. *How many hours do you study each day?*

The Electricals claim to study more than the representatives of any other department. The least studious are the Civils, the average for each man being but 1.25 hours per diem. Here are the horrible details:

Department	Daily Amount of Studying per Man
1. Electrical Engineering,	3.5
2. Mechanical Engineering,	3.2
3. Architecture,	3.1
4. Chemical Engineering,	2.4
5. Fire Protection Engineering,	1.8
6. Civil Engineering,	1.25

The average 1911 man puts in just 2.02 hours at studying each day.

7. *To what political party do you belong?*

Fully 44 percent of the Seniors claim to be Republicans, more or less progressive, 27 percent are affiliated with no party, and but 11.4 percent are "Dimmycrats." As for the rest, we have 3 Prohibitionists, two Socialists, two out-and-out grafters and one plain Lorimerite, and one lone Anarchist. One abandoned wretch says that party is his which pays the most. Then there is a private in Coxey's Army besides one Insurrecto. What a conglomeration!

8. *What is your pet ambition?*

Would you believe it, several of our class-mates actually have serious thoughts of developing into successful engineers? A few more earnest young men have such worthy ambitions as, "to teach electrical engineering," "to study farther," "to become a worthwhile American," "to be worthy of the confidence of those whom I come in contact with" (This might be construed to mean "to become a confidence man," but we refrain to infer anything of such nature). We grieve to state that there are only a very few with such lofty ideals.

Many of the boys hope to graduate, get a job immediately, and "make a lot of money." No less than 36 percent of the Class have no ambition whatever. How deplorable! A certain Electrical hopes to "hang one on Perry." Among the others let us mention these few: To loaf, to have someone to boss, to own an aeroplane, a square meal, to kilowatt-hour with the Electric Club, to get away from here, to go on the stage, to get my diploma and win "Edna"!



9. *Do you favor Woman's Suffrage?*

The suffragettes' cause is lost among the 1911 Armour graduates, for 69 percent are opposed to votes for women. Not a few think, "Yes, let them suffer!" A noticeable feature is that the married men are all for woman's suffrage.

10. *What is your favorite drink?*

To the old familiar question, "What will you have?" the average 1911 man will reply in a firm, clear tone of voice, "Water." Incredible as it may seem, this is the favorite beverage of fully 42.5 percent of the Class; the alcoholically inclined form only 28 percent of those who would commit themselves on this all-important question. Just let your glance rove over the vote which is recorded below:

Non-Alcoholic		Alcoholic	
Water,	26	Beer,	8
Ginger Ale,	3	Pumpenheimer,	2
Coffee,	3	Dry Martini,	1
Buttermilk,	3	Whacker Special,	1
Tea,	2	C. & G.,	1
Lemonade,	2	Tom & Jerry,	1
Milk,	1	King William,	1
Cider,	1	Old Log Cabin,	1
Malted Milk,	1	Peruna,	1
Egg Chocolate,	1		
Postum, (There's a Reason)	1		

Cap's lemonade and "Chicago solution alias coffee" are accorded special mention.

11. *Who in your opinion has done most for the Class?*

Al McCague is by far the most popular man in the Class,—37.5 percent of the men under his rule are firmly convinced that he has furthered the interests of the 1911 body more than anybody else. Harvey Jones received 10 percent of the votes cast,—but what's this? He is tied by Cupid who is held in affectionate esteem because he "raised the entire Class." The Architects choose Friedman as their "big gun." Others highly thought of are Dean Monin, Bloomfield, Eickenberg, Kiley, Dobbie. (A few had the temerity to mention "ye Ed's" name in the hope of bribing him into giving them an especially fine eulogy!) A great many of the Seniors were overcome with modesty and refused to answer. On the other hand, three hopeless egoists have the audacity to say that they are responsible for the Class' prominence,—their names are withheld.

Several volunteered to tell who had done most *of* the Class, but that information is ruled out as immaterial.

12. *What do you consider the greatest event in your career at the Tech?*

The occasion which evokes the greatest enthusiasm in our breasts is the last thing which will happen to us here, graduation. Immediately succeeding this epoch-making event, the Seniors find themselves divided among the following as the greatest achievements in their school life: Passing Physics, finishing Physics Lab, Registration Day(!), getting through Calculus.

The revered, not to put too fine a point on it, Physics Department is seen to be easily foremost in our thoughts. Two of the Seniors were most proud of "killing Freshman Math." The remainder is scattered over a wide range: Making the college baseball team, breaking a Beckmann thermometer, passing Illumination, finishing thesis work, getting out of Zorn's clutches, the first ride on the elevator, are all considered noteworthy mile-stones in the career of one or the other of our graduating Class. We almost forgot this one, "Getting rid of Perry." (Guess who said it.)

13. *What do you consider the greatest event in the career of the Class?*

The famous old 1908 Rush wins this in a walk, 50 percent of all the votes cast show how proud we are of this world-famed achievement. Next in line are the reopening of the Senior Drafting Room and the 1911 Integral, with 10 percent each, but 8 percent think it was a still greater stunt to have that battle-scarred old warhorse put out of existence. (One of our irrepressible humorists calls it the Dis-Integral-tion of the Class. Not bad, eh?) Among the honorable mentions we cite Robinson's "Purity in Politics" speech in the spring of 1909, the Architecture Senior-Junior cream-puff scrap (a devilish affair), Junior Play, "when we were fined and jugged." Let these suffise.

14. *What is your favorite sport or pastime?*

The great American game is as popular among the red-blooded sons of Armour as it should be (one normal condition at last). The attractions of white "pants" are potent,—look at the tennis enthusiasts! Oh, deah me! Below is reprinted the entire vote,—comment is unnecessary.

Baseball,	16	Tennis,	10
Football,	4	Studying,	4
Swimming,	3	Golf,	3
Boating,	3	Sleeping,	2
Fussing,	2	Wrestling,	2
Rough-house,	2	Theater,	2
Matching pennies,	2	Joy riding on through route cars,	2
Lounging,	2	Poker,	2
Hunting and Fishing,	2	Grand opera,	1
Trips on Lake Michigan,	1	Rifle-shooting,	1
Basketball,	1	Working on Thesis,	1
Reading,	1	Music,	1
American Music Hall,	1	Kodaking,	1
My little pipe,	1	Billiards,	1
Seven-up,	1		
Saving burnt matches and bent pins,	1		

15. *What has your technical training cost you?*

The average 1911 man estimates the cost of his education at Armour at $1,887.14. Some took the question flippantly,—"It has cost me hours of torture," "time and money," "my reputation," "a lot of worry," etc. One chap figures that his attendance at Armour had cost him $2,878.61, one heart, and much sleep.

16. *How much of it have you earned yourself?*

Nine hundred nine dollars and fifty cents or almost one-half (48.195 percent to be exact) of what his training cost him was earned through the individual efforts of the 1911 man, which emphasizes the fact that our Alma Mater turns out many self-made men. An even dozen earned every cent of what they paid for their college education themselves. Hats off to them, boys!

17. *What feature of your technical training do you consider to have been most beneficial to you?*

Dean Monin's lectures are held in high esteem by a large proportion of the Class. Physics, Mechanics, and Mathematics are mentioned appreciatively.

Taking them by departments, we find the Chemicals divided between indus- and organic chemistry besides Mech Lab, the Electricals are partial to Freeman's A. C., the Mechanicals just love their Power Plants, the Fire Protects play no favorites, the Architects think twice as much of Robori's criticisms as they do of Architectural Design, and the Civils favor Stresses, Hydraulics and Steel Design.

Take a slant at some of the irrelevant replies to the above query,—Cap's lunch, Dean Oehne's billards, "my association with bright minds," all, none, bluffology, "acquiring a systematic way of thinking and doing things," (Help!!), also American Music Hall.

18. *What the least?*

In general the most unpopular studies among the Seniors are German, Business Law, Physics Lab, and Lectures on the Greek Drama.

The Electricals do not seem to think much of Perry's Power Plants, McAllister, or Electric Railways, the Civils' pet abhorrence is Stereotomy, the Fire Protects do not care particularly for Electrical Measurements, the Chemicals refuse to accept Power Plants as their little brother, the Mechanicals are most outspoken of all against the beautiful language of Goethe and Schiller, and the Architects have little use for electrical studies or Physics, which they are supposed to assimilate at Thirty-third and Armour.

One unrelenting chap still hates "Descript," another is unkind enough to suggest that Cap's lunches have done but little in nourishing his tender carcass, a third loves to rise early in the morning,—NOT. And so on. Each has his little grievance, but the greatest of all is this, "Silence in the Library."

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THE EDITOR



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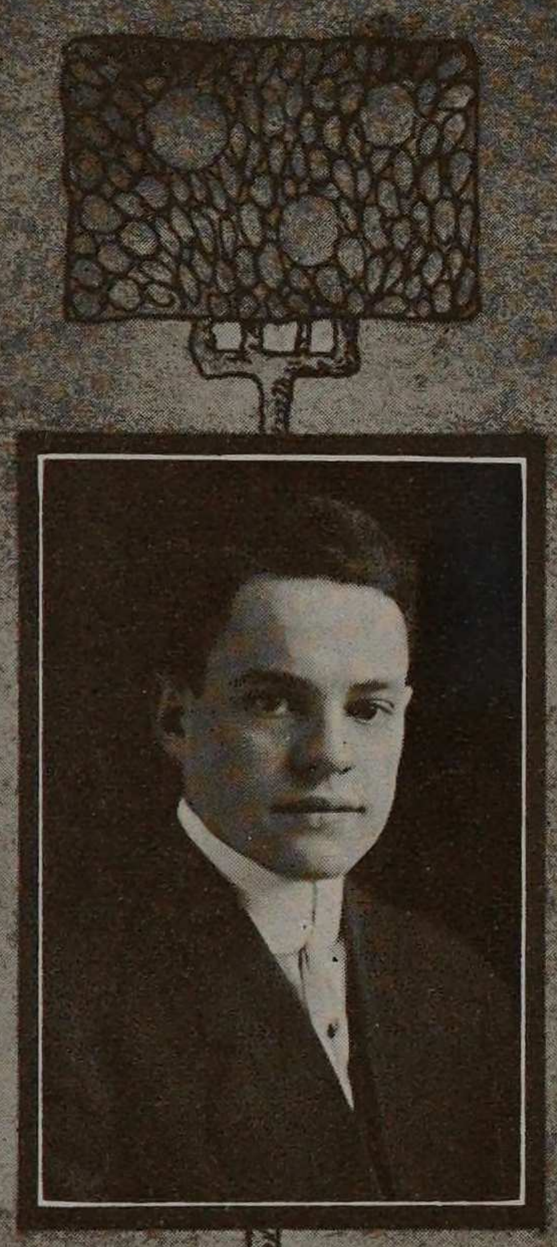
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EDITORIAL

It is to a peculiar sequence of circumstances that this volume owes its existence. Bickerings and misunderstandings occurring last year between the Integral Board and the 1910 Senior Class embroiling also the Junior (1911) Class came to the attention of the Deans, all of which, coupled with other factors, led them to peremptorily abolish the Integral, the time-honoral annual of our school. This was a heavy blow to the students, most of all, however, to the Seniors. The graduating men always regard the annual published in the same year which sees the severing of ties, formed by mutual association between students and faculty and strengthened by four years of growth, with a peculiar esteem. The shadow cast by the approaching parting causes a halo of fond and sorrowful reminiscences to hover over the affairs of the Institute. Nothing pleases the graduate more than to have pleasant reminders of his college career. The year book is "the thing" for him, because it serves to recall, in a later period of his life, the many occurrences of his last and best-remembered year at college to his fancy whenever he finds himself in a retrospective mood.

It is this reason, and not merely the vainglorious one of having photographs and biographical matter published about their own persons, which induced this year's Seniors to consider the project of an annual for and by the graduating class. Still this volume must fall far short of the ideal of the 1911 man's last and best-loved year book,—it can touch only on what affects the members of the Class, all else does not exist for it.

The Seniors must satisfy themselves with this fragment of an annual, and what is offered to the under-classmen? Nothing. No gaily decorated chronicle beckons to them to while away an idle hour in contemplating the prodigious feats accomplished at their school either by themselves or their fellow-students.

In view of all this, we venture to humbly suggest with all due deference to the authorities that the following Senior Class be given a wider scope and more time in preparing their souvenir book, in case they publish such a volume, and that eventually the Integral be reëstablished. An annual is essential for any college, or it is considered so by the students, therefore, since the Class of 1911 has expiated its sins, let Armour once more enjoy this boon as in bygone days.

If there is one underlying thought which we wish every Senior to experience as he glances through these pages, it is this, "'Tis a poor thing but mine own," as that famous Shakesperean clown, Touchstone, said of one of his jests. We want every Senior to feel that this is his book,—it was published entirely and solely for his benefit.

The brilliant Disraeli, to whom Doctor Scherger introduced us so delightfully, said once, "Apologies only explain that which they cannot alter." We shall not make many apologies, principally for this reason. Still, if any of our class-mates should find many things worth criticizing and seeming evidences of careless or inaccurate work, we merely wish to suggest to such a one that this book was published in an extremely short time and under adverse conditions. Perfect freedom from suspicion and lack of criticism is a "consummation devoutly to be wished," but alas, one which is seldom achieved in the management of any responsible undertaking. We realize this and say simply, "We have done our utmost to give you a book of which you need not be ashamed. Let the result speak for itself."

The most beloved and respected character with which the graduating class has come into contact is without a doubt Dean Monin. He has instilled a love for the true, the honorable, the beautiful, in our immature young minds. He has moulded strong, self-reliant, ambitious men out of the clay of the Sophomore's self-importance and inflated conception of his own knowledge. Professor Monin has weekly brought great thoughts to us and presented them in a guise at once so authoritative and instructive as well as absorbing and at times even amusing that we have been charmed out of ourselves and filled with broad-minded views and noble resolutions. The Dean has placed himself on a level with us, talked to us like a father or rather like an older brother, and gradually led us to a higher appreciation of the gold of this life, making the dross appear unworthy and repugnant. His talks were interwoven so largely with his own personal experiences that we unconsciously formulated our preceptor as our example, and made the exhilarating optimism of his vigorous mind our own.

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THE SENIOR CLASS BOOK
1911

If the Senior of the present school year develops into a manly, well-balanced engineer, a truly educated man, with thoughts for other affairs than the mere sciences which are the tools of his work, the credit will be due largely to Dean Monin, without disparaging the splendid help received from the other representatives of the Institute in any way. The graduating class realizes this fully, and desires to assure him of its sincerest appreciation for his efforts in its behalf.

PUBLISHING BOARD

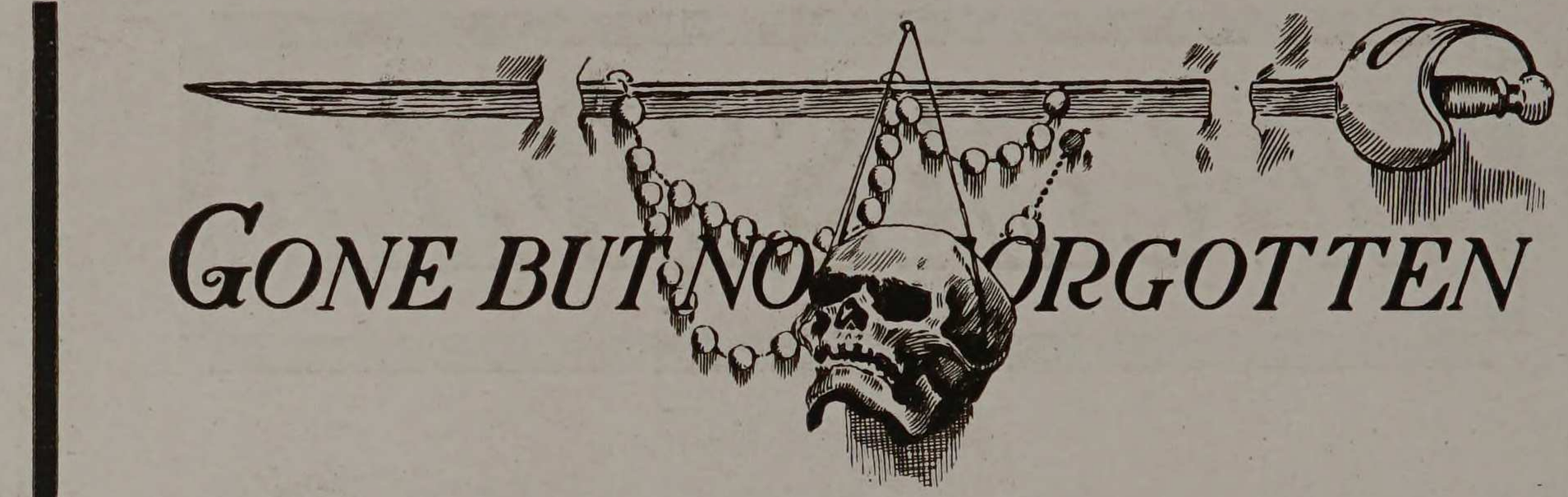


Hills Green Merriman Cleaver
Fletcher Metz Robinson
Ambrose Schmidt Eickenberg

UNCLASSIFIED



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GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

The graduating class contains a large number of talented and able men, and as a class we consider it one of the greatest ever turned out at Armour. Still there are many, at one time or another members of our illustrious class, whose interesting personalities would add greatly to the general excellence of the 1911 graduates, were they still our class-mates. A list of their names would include among others:

Earl Aldrich, chess promoter of Chapin Club at one time, now a prosperous farmer in North Dakota, Cheney, the great basketball player,—best center Armour ever had,—Gustafson, his side-kicker, Herlin, an Architect who won the Travelling Scholarship two years ago, Hooper, Arch. representative to the Tau Bets, McEwing, the premier bowler of the class, Schwartz, the irrepressible German, Jack Taylor, of immortal baseball fame, Pirrie, "Nomenclature Pete," a shark in all of his studies, now a prominent member of the technical staff of the Post Co., Geissler and Buckingham, both one-time class presidents, Lotz, the noiseless, Dick Powell, ditto, Dormitzer and Hatch, who have distinguished themselves as A. C. sharks at Illinois, Hall, Casey, Perkins, Beach, Hull, Wheelock, Brown, Egloff, Hubschmann, all of Chapin Club, 'nuff sed, Van Slyke, the demon draftsman, Goodmansen, the champion "tickler of the ivories," "Red" Smith, the journalistic, dramatic, and musical wonder,—is the list a long one? Cheer up, there are more to come.

There is Gonzales, the mild mannered Mexican (Can it be possible that he took any active part in the late revolutionary mix-up down there?), "Billy" Hills, some social lion, now a patent attorney, Piowaty, Ferderber, and Mautner, of the Freshman firm of Newhouse & Co., Carlson, the telephone man who emigrated to Cuba, King, of Sunday-School fame, an authority on all branches of knowledge, Tillitson and Sharpless, Architects and good scouts both, good old smiling George Dinse, who still visits us occasionally,—

Any more? Sure,—listen: Remember Steuer, who tried to assassinate Dean Raymond with one of the old blue-printing frames? And who could forget "Gas" Shafer, an intimate friend of Professor Wilcox (of the Physics Department), Hutton and Nelson, electrical experts (The former was married recently at Rockford, his home), Burke, Cooper, and Lawrence, "three of a kind," viz. fussers, Benson and MacKenzie, the Oak Park members of the Brothers of Rest, "Zim," whose favorite subjects were Freshman Chemistry and College Algebra,—he recently sustained a fracture of the leg while broncho-busting on his father's Montana ranch,—Donn, the mercenary chemist, Gugis, the great Russian engineer, Gougler, quiet and expert in drafting work, Strawbridge, the billiard champ, the jolly Wiederanders, at present with the Troy Laundry Machinery Company, A. J. Weber, a hustler if we ever saw one, Paskiewiecz, of a literary turn of mind, "Dutch" Angerstein, versed in the rules of procedure in parliamentary law, immortal for his valiant efforts in our Freshman Rush, and many, many more.

Truly, quite an array of illustrious people. Together with those of the original Class of 1911 who for some reason or other will not graduate until next year, and the graduating members they make up a record-breaking list of celebrities who would surely set the world afire if turned loose on it all at once.



AN ORIGINAL 1911 MAN ON HIS OWN FARM.

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Sonnets of a Senior

[Penned during a Period of Aberration by a Pensive Senior.]

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a last and fond farewell;
Your remembrances we treasure,
And the reasons here we tell:

Physics, Graphics, and Mechanics,
Drawing, Chem Lab, other panics,
Mysteries of Kinematics,
Many kinds of Mathematics,
Served to burden our poor brains;
While we struggled on, on, on,
Through a vast unending throng
Of the piffle and the spiffle,
Through the piffle and the spiffle that they've fed us
Oh so long,
While we wondered and we pondered why we always were in wrong.

Oh, the Stresses and Strains
That gave us such pains;
Much dope theoretical
And oft hypothetical
Fuddled our brain
All in vain.

Dear old Physical Lab
Almost made us a crab,—
Oft assailed by a Doubt,
We had many a bout,
With the bugaboo of the third year,—
Getting rid of it brought us good cheer.

How we scrambled, how we floundered
Through the many paths of lore,
Which were held for us in store.
Still we fought and strove to please,
If but our minds to set at ease.

Sonnets of a Senior

(Continued.)

Now we've vanquished, we can view
All our efforts with regret,
And begin our life anew,
Thankful that we can't forget
The great benefits of bonin'
Mingled with advice from Monin.

Alma Mater! You have taught us
To prevail 'gainst foes who fought us,
To be patient and unfearing
Of hard labor, persevering
To the end.



SOME OF OUR GOOD FRIENDS.

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The Crime of the Year

Not so very long ago some few idle Electricals (it must have been students from this department, according to the Mechanicals, for who ever heard of an idle Mechanical?) decided that a change would do the old humdrum Drafting Room good. So by dint of tremendous exertions, and right after Dean Monin's warning, too, to "beware of useless motions," they managed to change around about every one of the large tables used by the Seniors of the two above-mentioned departments in their design, substituting chaos for cosmos. What a lark it was! How they hugged themselves in glee over the huge joke which they had put over on their compatriots! But in their childish innocence the arch conspirators had transferred one desk from its point of vantage near the window to an obscure corner, not knowing that it contained the records, catalogues, and other paraphernalia of one of the well known Profs of the Institute! Innocent(?) bystanders who were among those present state the eruption which ensued was terrific. If old Pete Bartzen could have been there to witness it, they say, he would have joined the Carnegie Peace Society in despair. Result: the Drafting Room was closed thereafter during the noon hour, which was the time at which the outrage had been perpetrated.

The Class, sitting as a Ways and Means Committee, decided to appeal the case, with a promise of future angelic behavior. Some of the non-Mechanicals and Electricals, not being interested, firmly declined to back such a rash promise. A heated discussion followed, until finally one of the non-interested ones, none other than our own George Vernon Green, won the plaudits of the multitude, meaning the Mechs and Elecs, by proposing a vote of confidence. This was passed amid the wildest scenes such as can be found duplicated only in great political meetings.

How a courageous band of perfectly innocent youths, Messrs. J. Albert M. Robinson, W. W. Drew, and Walter Heitner, braved the wrath of the Deans in this noble cause, how they finally secured the opening of the Drafting Room and the resoration of old relations, is a matter of history.

Are we a Progressive Class?

The Civils completed a year's work on their drafting boards before the Christmas holidays, the Electricals have already performed 15 or 20 more experiments in Dynamo Lab than any other class, the Mechanicals are doing phenomenal thesis work, such as the automobile, refrigerator plant, and gas producer tests, the Architects are accomplishing wonders under Rebori, their newly-discovered idol, and the Chemicals and Fire Protects can boast of forming the most brilliant collections ever turned out by these departments respectively. 1911 does the work. What do you say, boys?

A Memorable Trip

About a year ago the then Junior Mechanicals and Electricals undertook an elaborate inspection trip, arranged by Professor Libby, to the Allis-Chalmers works in Milwaukee. A special car was chartered from the Chicago and Milwaukee Electric Railway, carrying the sixty odd Armourites from North Evanston to the heart of Milwaukee and back. The Allis-Chalmers people proved themselves splendid hosts, not only showing and explaining every interesting feature of their mammoth West Allis works but providing an elegant dinner besides.

The trip itself was one that abounded in yells, songs, and all sorts of good-humored roughhouse. The main feature was the organization of the Nautical



Club, initiations into which were made at frequent intervals under the able supervision of "Doc" Langstaff. When our special had returned us to the bosom of dear old Chi again, every one except the faculty representatives and the car crew had become duly accredited members.

Messrs. Libby, Freeman, Snow, Clifford, and Fornhof, of the Faculty, accompanied the boys and helped to elucidate many of the things observed at the factory more fully besides acting as chaperons. The latter was no bed of roses exactly, for several of our Teutons were strongly for adopting Beertown, the paradise of the Germans, as their home immediately.

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Extra! Extra! Extra!

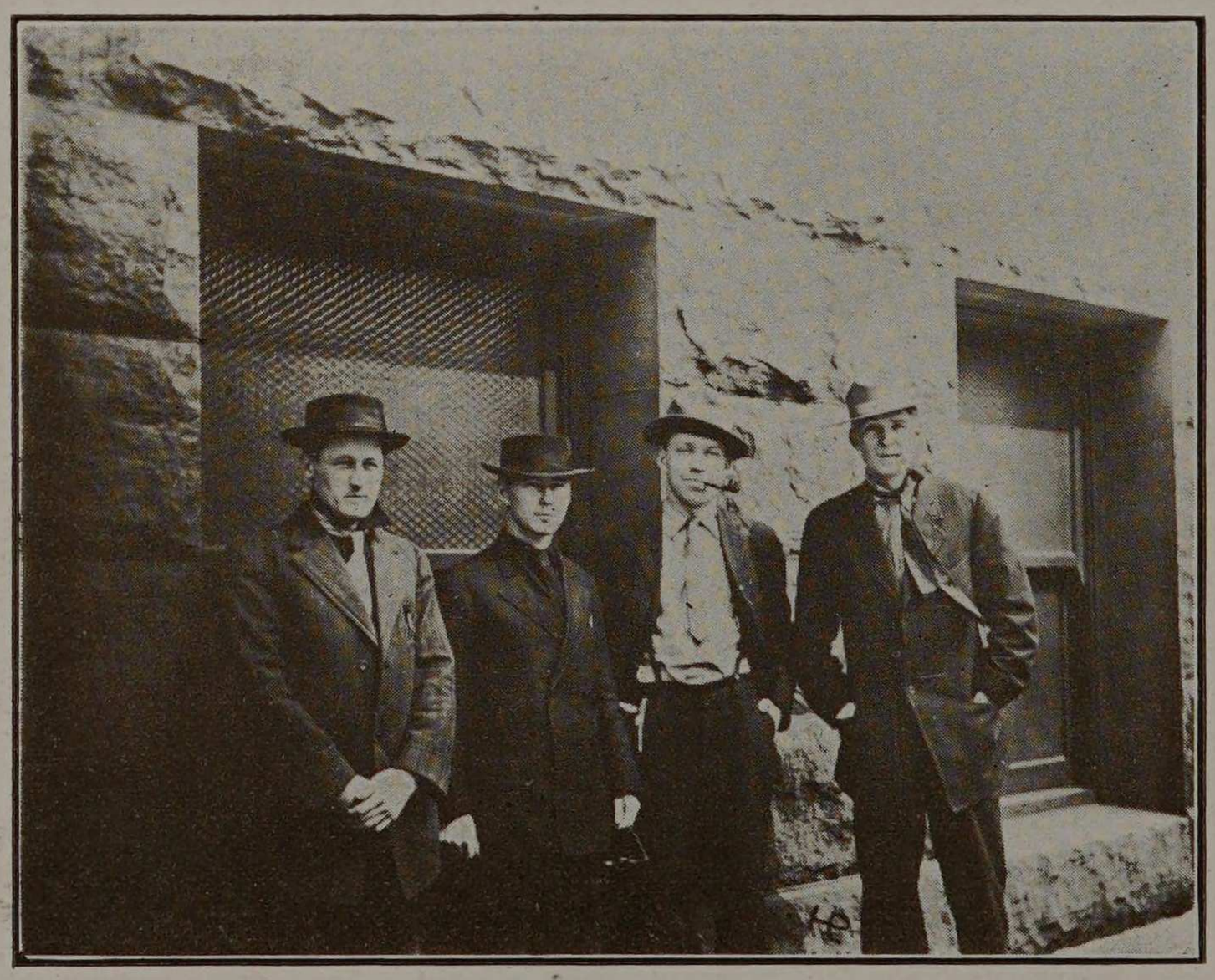
Treasurer Absconds with Funds--Flees to Canada to Get Married--Leaves no Clue

Such might have been the glaring head lines in the Daily Tech on the morning of March 1st, 1911. "Ed" Dobbie, the Class Treasurer, had left precipitately the night before and according to his pal "Elel" Williams, his destination was Toronto, Canada,—object matrimony. The rumor spread like wildfire and found ready believers amongst the Seniors. The stock of 1911 began to act bearish. Pessimists declared that all was lost and the Class was bankrupt.

But on the following Wednesday Dobbie bobbed up, serene as ever. He was showered with congratulations, which he declared unwarranted. His brother Electricals sang the Lohengrin Funeral March with great feeling in his honor. Professor Freeman appeared at this moment with the questions for a McAllister quiz and held up his hand in horror, as if to say, "Cease this levity at such a solemn occasion," referring of course to the quiz.

Our congratulations are heartily extended, nevertheless, Dob old top, think of them when the time comes! This may not be so very far away at that, for quoth Edward, "No, boys, I'm not foolish enough to get married at this time,—not saying though that I wouldn't like to be!"

Thus the mystery was unravelled, and yellow (or should we say "black and yellow"?) journalism received another black eye.



The Daffydil Club

Chapter O (O-mike-run).

Most Exalted Ruler and Punster Extraordinary .....A. Herbert Packer
Sample: Vote for Pettibone, Prof. Marry-'em!
Supreme Magnificent Preserver of the Quip Courteous .....G. D. Pettibone
Highest Grand Royal Court Jester .....A. C. Lohse
Most Eminent Plenipotentiary of the Treasury and Jokester in Ordinary .....Arthur M. Newhouse
Premier Daffydillist .....J. Casca Bloomfield
Specimens: If Oscar is King of Sweden, of what is Stock-king?
If the boome-rang, will the build-ding?
If Ralph Boettcher a dollar, how much would Alpha-bet?
Watchword: "Officer, he's in again."
Club Song: "Who's loony now?"
Colors: Sear and Yellow.

During the last few months an epidemic has swept over the school and has wrought most fearful havoc, especially among our Electricals. It is known as "daffydillitis," a species of pseudo-joke making (hand forged), which originated in the esteemed, "to put it mildly," American. The disease is caused by a tender little germ called the daffydil—"daffy" meaning daft, silly, light-headed, and "dil," from the Sanskrit, meaning to dally, to waste time. Once inoculated by this germ, there is no hope for the victim. He will rack his brain and search every sentence, every word, which he encounters for a daffydil. Let the above, who are chronic and incorrigible cases, serve as horrible examples for all.



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Limpid Limericks

With all due apologies. Yes, officer, we have our license.

Inductance, capacity, and hysteresis,
The Dynamo Lab, a Junior thesis,
Not to mention A. C.,
As Elecs say we,
How happy are we that this drudgery ceases.

Power plants, gas engines, Perry's Valve Gears,
Are all perturbations no Mechanical fears,—
Taught by Coffeen
To design a machine,
He's been trained as M. E. these four years.

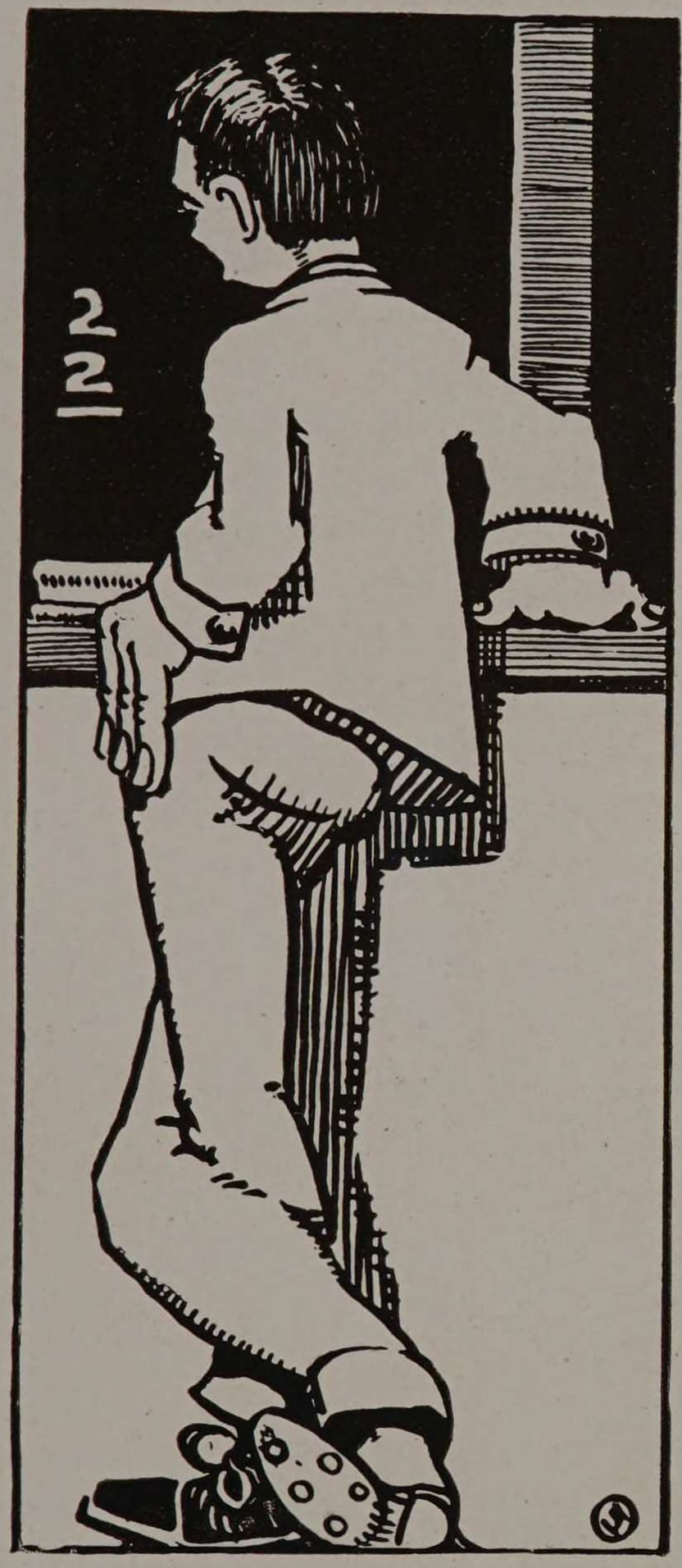
The best recreation is fighting the flames,
At least according to Fire Protect claims,
And meanwhile they're blest
With plenty of rest,—
Insurance concerns, make a note of their names.

Tell me, O Muse, so wise and profound,
Where are the Civils, the diligent, found?
O'er a bridge design bent,
All their powers are spent
In the Drafting Room all the year round.

Organic, electro-, and others a score
Of chemistry's depths are a pleasure and more.
Careful analysis,
Also catalysis,
To us who are Chemics makes life less a bore.

Dances, receptions, the study of art,
Rough-house and fights, an occasional dart
From Blessed Dan Cupid
(The dear little stupid)
Serve to gladden the Architect's heart.

The Charge of the Math Brigade



With apologies to "Alf" Tennyson.

"Onward the Math Brigade,
To the blackboard," he said.
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the Freshies knew
That they had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to bluff, to try.
Up to the board black as night
Strode the half-hundred.

Comments to right of them,
Comments to left of them,
Knocks from behind them,
A blank space in front of them,
They stood and they wondered.
Knowing it was a sell,
Boldly they tried,—oh, well,
'Gainst such a fearful spell
Nought could avail but the bell
"Saved," sighed the half-hundred.

In Dynamo Lab

Instructor:—"Now we'll cut out one leg of the three-phase transformer and run it as a V instead of a delta combination."

A Student:—"Which limb of the transformer did you say we should remove?"

Guess who said it.



An Uplifting Force

It is thanks to this guardian of the lift, as our English cousins term it, that we have been saved from the waste of many thousands foot-pounds of work. This blond person, built on the architectural lines of "Jakey" Mabbs and "Gib" Emmons, glories in a multitude of aliases. Some of them are "Jim," "Slim," "Cupid," "Wilfred," and "Angel-face." He answers to all of them and is always on the job.



ELECTRICITY LECTURE ROOM. A PROMISING PUPIL FOR PROFESSOR FREEMAN.

Speaking of Hard Luck

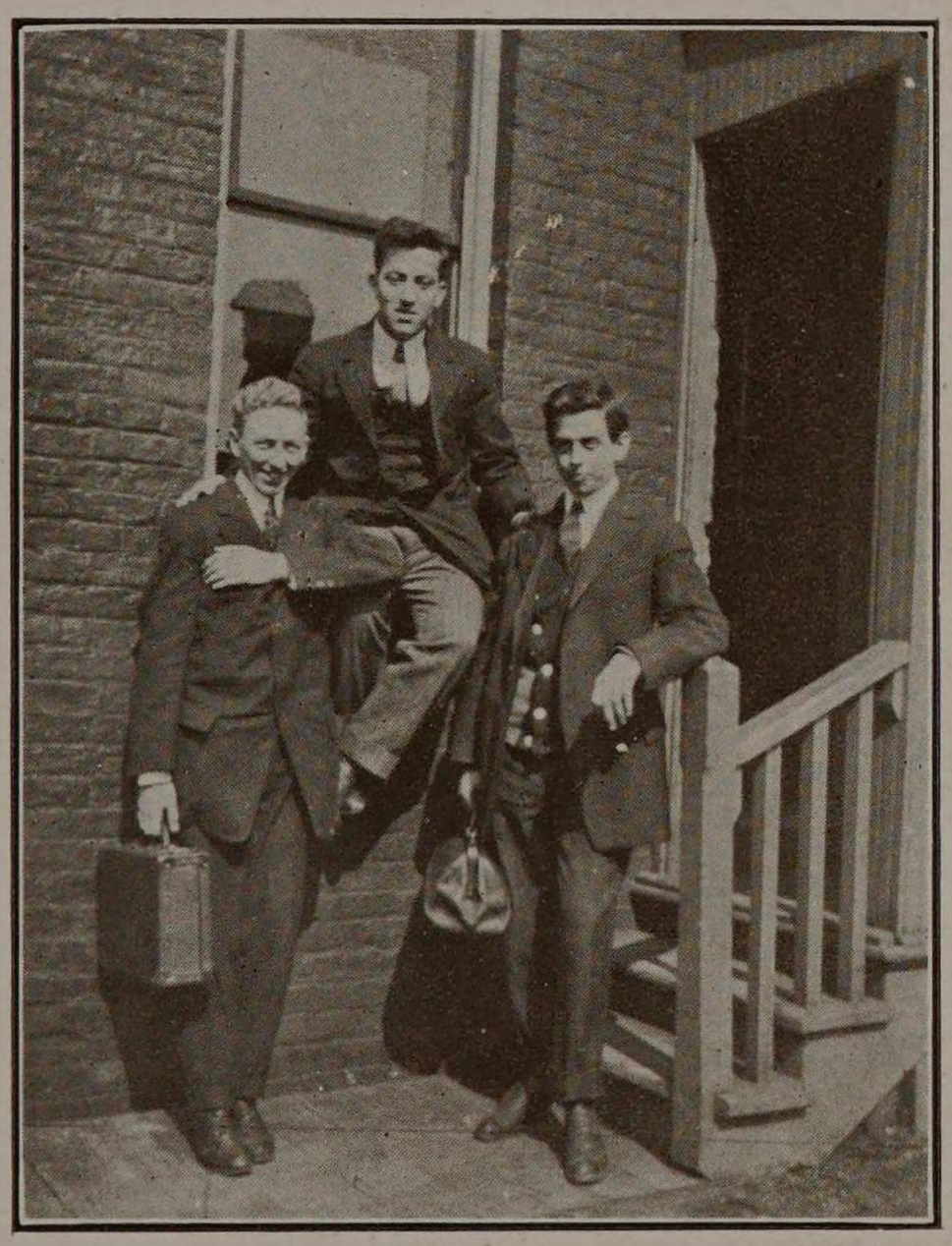
The Senior Electricals are asked to prepare abstracts weekly of the articles in the current periodicals. Professor Freeman assigned the "Elektrotechnische Zeitschrift" (a German publication) to one of our promising Teutons and related the following experience of a former Senior:

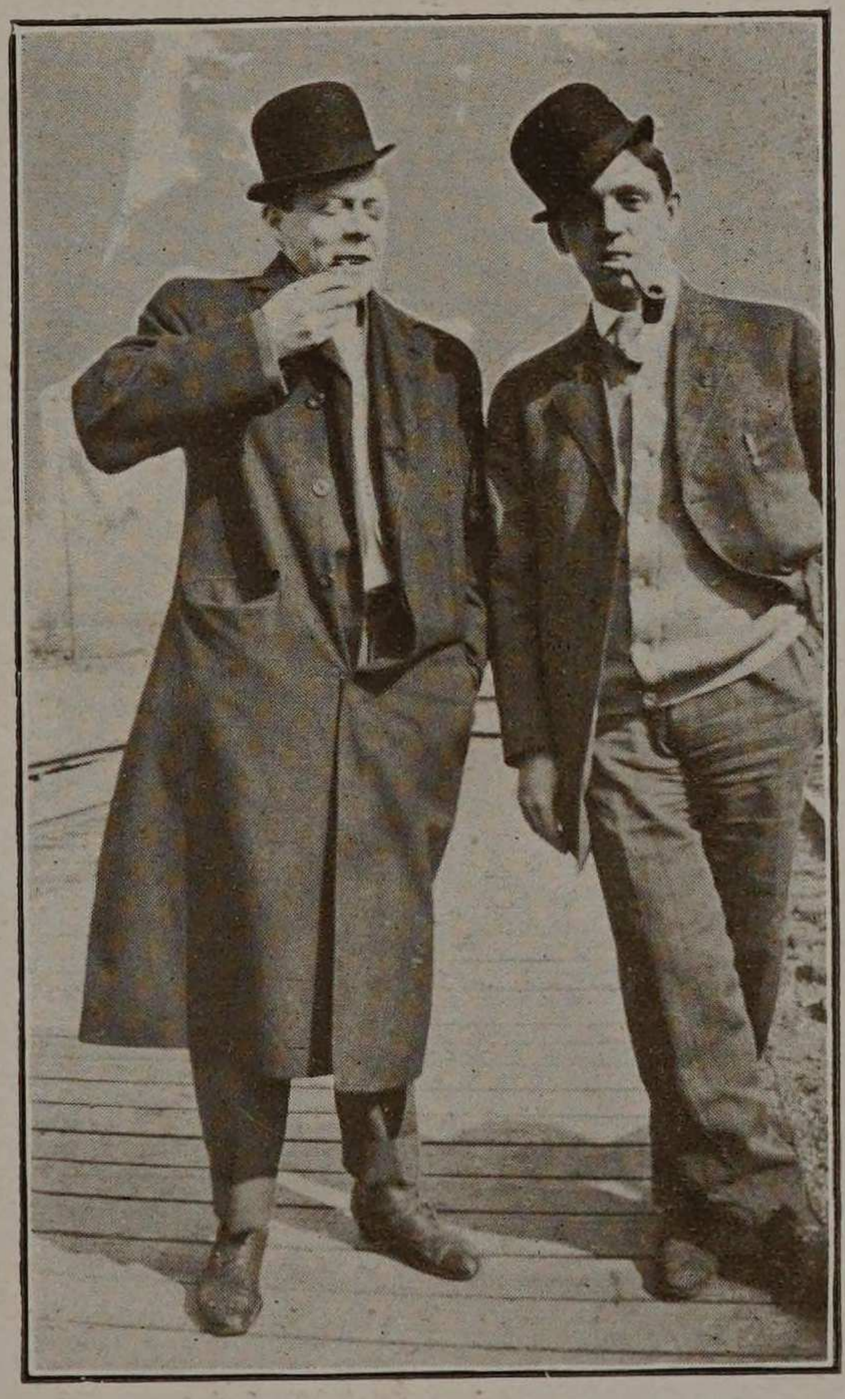
This unfortunate had been slated for this same task and, being but an indifferent linguist, had struggled laboriously with a lengthy article in the "Zeitschrift." After many trials and tribulations he succeeded in translating the whole of it, only to find that it was a translation of an article which had been published in an American Journal!!!

This student was *not* A. C. Lohse.

During a discussion on street car rates, Sackheim argued thus: The time element should be considered in fixing fares. For instance, some of the boys live twice as far from the school as I, and yet get here twice as fast,—I walk!!

Some Unconventional Portraits





Ever notice the pose an author or actor affects when being photographed? Just take a peep at page 54 and behold the thoughtful attitude of the Author of the Junior Play.

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Immortal Definitions

"A boiler consists of a safety-valve and a whistle."
"A drafting room is a place where cheap orators get their chance."
"Education means a drawing out. (Just think of all the effort it costs me to educate some of you fellows even a trifle!)"—Freeman.
"The prince of rough-housers,—Fenn."
"Electricity is when,—" (Sit down!!)

Favorite Expressions of Well-Known People

DREW: Why ———
PROF. FREEMAN: I know that's not in the book, but ———
HEITNER: Said she smiling brightly ———
PROF. LIBBY: You see,—it's perfectly simple.
MCALLISTER: It is quite evident ——— (Is it?)
PROF. SNOW: At the present moment I can see no reason why that wouldn't be true.
DEAN MONIN: So, please, I come to you wiz zis plea ———
DR. GUNSAULUS: Classes will resume immediately.
SCHMIDT: I wish to withdraw in favor of someone else.
PROF. NACHMAN: It's not five o'clock yet.
PROF. DOUBT: You are ——— weeks behind in your reports.
BLOOMFIELD: (Any catch phrase of the hour.)
PROF. PAUL: Apply Bernoulli's Theorem.
PROF. SMITH: ———is it not? ("Yes, it is not."—Andy.)
PROF. FRITH: Just so.
BILLY SCHULTZ: You see,—you understand,—I tell you,—it's just like this———
ALLING: Pipe the peach, kid.
FREDDIE METZ (Reading voltmeter): Foh hundred and fohty-foh. Did y' see that babe pop? (When the circuit breaker blew.)
BRADFORD: Yes— that's so.
ART INSTITUTE GIRLS: He's a darling. I simply fell in love with Mr. Merriman. Just the cutest ever.
DALSEY: I am the kid who built the Pyramids.
MERRI: Isn't it nearly lunch time?
SMALLEY: I think I have a new idea.
FRIEDMAN: Some criticism.
SAILOR: Get the gloves.
BEAUDRY: Is that Dago coming?

Our Own Employment Bureau

Now that Andy has turned instructor what is the matter with these: Our nomination for the Stall Professorship in Bluffology.

CHESTER A. SNOW
B. S. by general consent.

Holder of world's record for pure stalling (no ponies or horses) of ten minutes. The entire department of Junior Fire Protection Engineering. Complete test of New York high pressure system with Professor Taylor. Circulars regarding Lyceum Course on request.

For Instructor in Machine Tool Works, the noted educator,
L. L. WILLIAMS

Now employed in this capacity at Armour Institute of Technology Night School. Perfect system, theory and practice combined most excellently, good-humor thrown in. Can teach even non-English speakers with marvellous results. Also B. S. in Hydro-Electric Engineering.

For Professor of Business Engineering,
GERSON H. EMIN
B. S., A. I. T. 1911.

Now business manager of Armour Engineer. Brought unparalleled prosperity to this well known technical journal. Can sell anything from a membership in the Civil Society to a life subscription to the Engineer. Leavell Scholarship for long-distance talking. Indorsed by the Armour Civil Engineering Society.

For Larsen Chair of Food Chemistry,
GARRETT BELL JAMES
B. S., A. I. T. 1911.

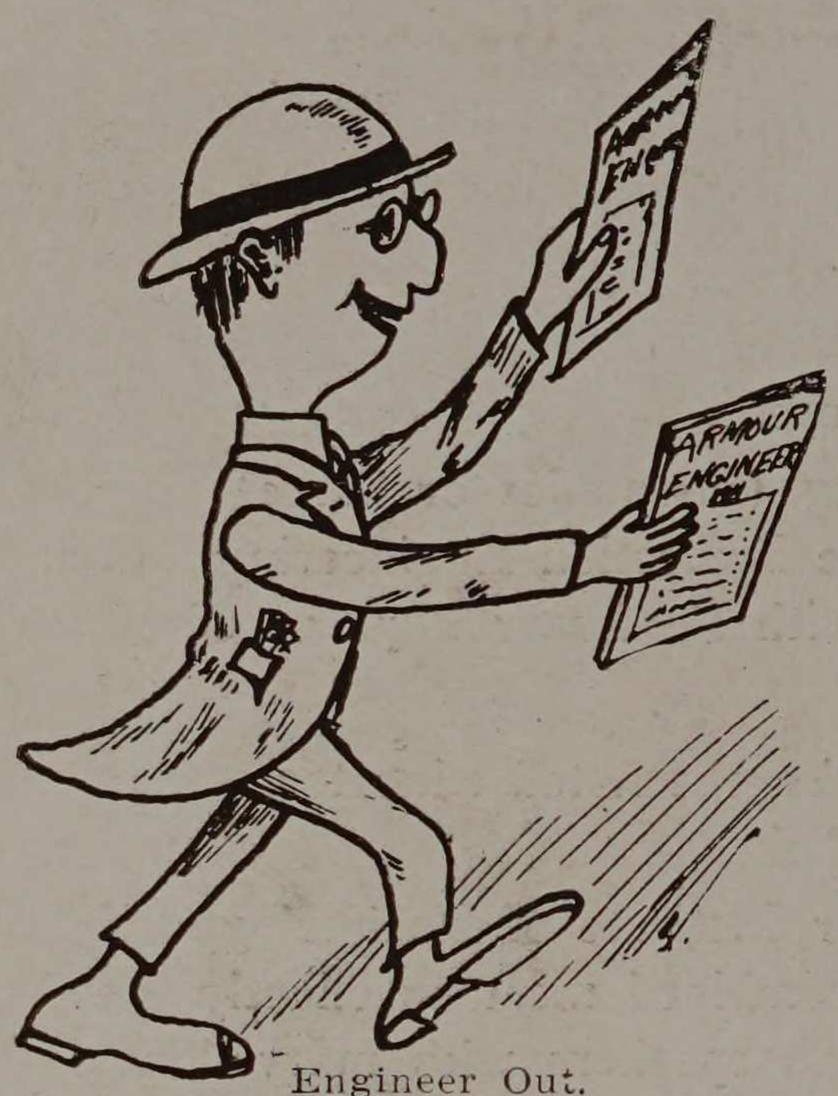
Can trace every fraudulent bean in a plate heaped with hundreds of them. Analysis of ice cream starches a specialty. Research work in Bug Lab. Expert Lecturer. Highly indorsed by Armour Branch of Bug Chemists.

For Instructors in Gas Engineering,
WILLIAM SIECK, JR., J. ALBERT M. ROBINSON

Experts in gas motive power. Important work in Frith Gas Engine Laboratories. Gas producing an especial feature. Brilliant lecturers, wide knowledge, fertile imagination. Satisfaction guaranteed. Both received B. S. degree.

Our eligible list includes 77 more names. If we have shown you our high standard by these few samples, send for booklet giving complete information.

Address Armour Society for Promotion of Engineering Education, Room J, Chapin Hall.



Engineer Out.

Did you ever detect a look that was gloomy
On the faces of Heitner or Bloomy?

Neither did we.

P. S. "The White Sox will surely win the pennant this year." (Authentic interview of J. Comiskey Bloomfield.)

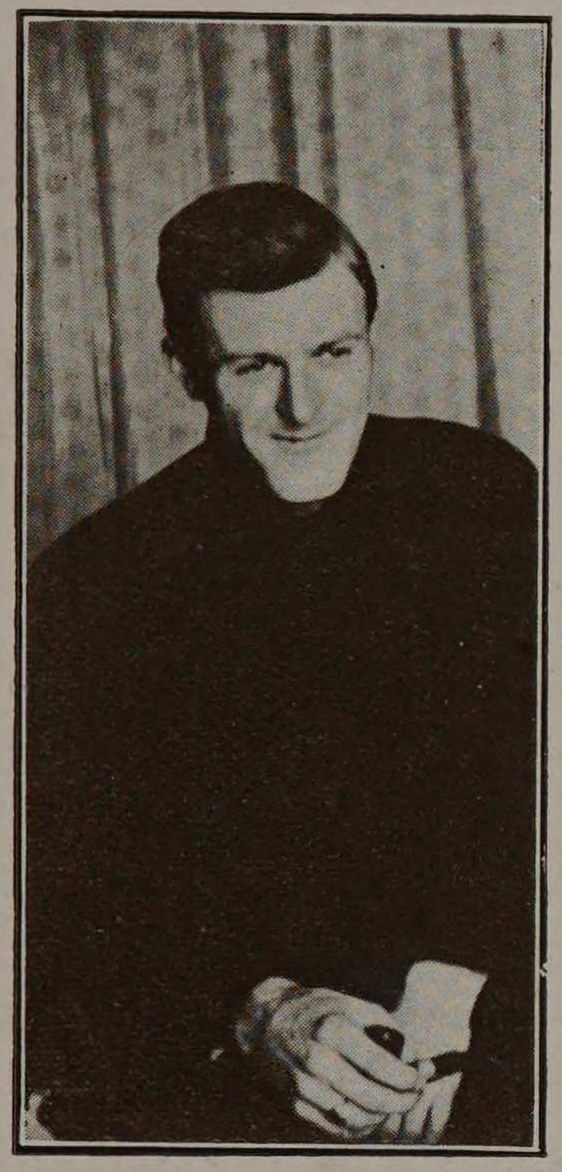
Visitor: "What is that fearful commotion? Is someone being assassinated or is it a civil war?"

Guard: "Oh, no, that is merely the Men's Life Class trying to make a plaster cast of Merri."

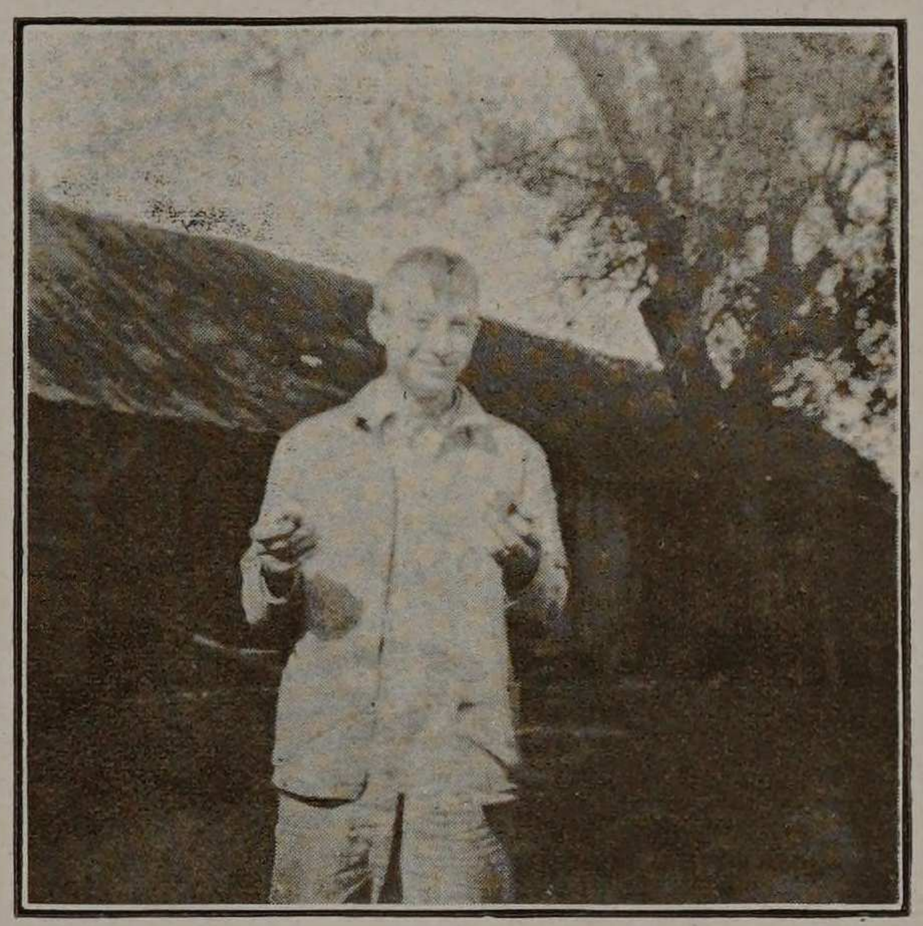
On the level, can you form this picture in your mind: Andy teaching the "young American idea" how to handle a compass, splashing red ink with reckless abandon over a raft of beginners' attempts (oh, sweet revenge!), calling the roll, and subduing rough-house? Surely, a picture no artist can paint. Yet if you would travel to Sioux City, you would find this portrait, as it were, brought to life. We tremble for the heart of the fair high school teacher, little does she reck of Andy's prowess as a fusser. Or has he sworn off? We are curious to know.



Some Unconventional Portraits



"TOUGH" WILLIAMS.



THE MAN IN THE OVERALLS.

A Look Into the Future

We often wonder how that matchless array of "pomps" so advantageously displayed in our picture gallery will appear to us years later, when the styles in hair-cuts will have changed. Here is where a certain few will have cause to rejoice, for the kind of hair-cut which they affect never changes in style. We refer to those who need not remove their hats when they are to be denuded of their hirsute shrubbery. There is no cloud, etc.

When we gaze lovingly and admiringly at the photographs of ourselves and brethren which are reproduced elsewhere in this volume we are prone to think sorrowfully of the future, when those rugged, handsome features will become shrouded in fat, or become still more bony, when those slender youthful forms will become rotund in appearance and duck-like in gait, when those noble brows will expand in area until they embrace the entire cranium in one vast glossy surface, when the fire in those bright eyes will be extinguished and they will no longer proclaim a free soul (the possessor having taken unto himself a wife), —but we refuse to ponder further. Let the curtains of the future remain mercifully closed, the present is horrible enough.

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The Notion Counter

(With apologies to B. L. T.)

Our notion of:

Nothing said,—A conversation between Billy Schultz and Chet Snow. Also a political argument by Gussie Emin.

Nothing to get excited about,—Operation and Testing.

Nothing to sustain life,—A lunch of Cap's beans, pie a la mode, and an eclair.

Something to be awaited with awe and trembling,—Final exams (by a Freshie).

Nothing to worry over,—Final exams (by a Senior).

No place for a friendly chat,—The Library.

A one-sided debate,—Commodore Perry vs. anybody else.

No place to look for sympathy,—Armour.

An instrument from which to evoke divine harmonies,—The Chapin Club piano.

Undesirable criminal disturbers of the peace,—The Fulcrum Quartette. (Have you ever heard it perform?)

The most tiresome bore whom it would be a blessing to shoot,—The chap who corners you and explains at great length the mistakes he made in a quiz. Pass the chloroform.

Getting stung,—Interfering with Snow's theater dates (Signed,—Eickenberg, Schultz, McCague).

The paternal system of government,—Machine Shop.

A good example of the proverbial bull in the china shop,—The Civils in Dynamo Lab.

Ditto the Mechanicals.

Ditto some Electricals.

The last person in the world to fear,—Dr. Scherger and his "unexcused absences" (In your Senior Year).

A fool-killer's paradise,—A Freshman Class-meeting (or any other Class-meeting).

The surest way to go broke,—Backing Bloomy's billiard form.

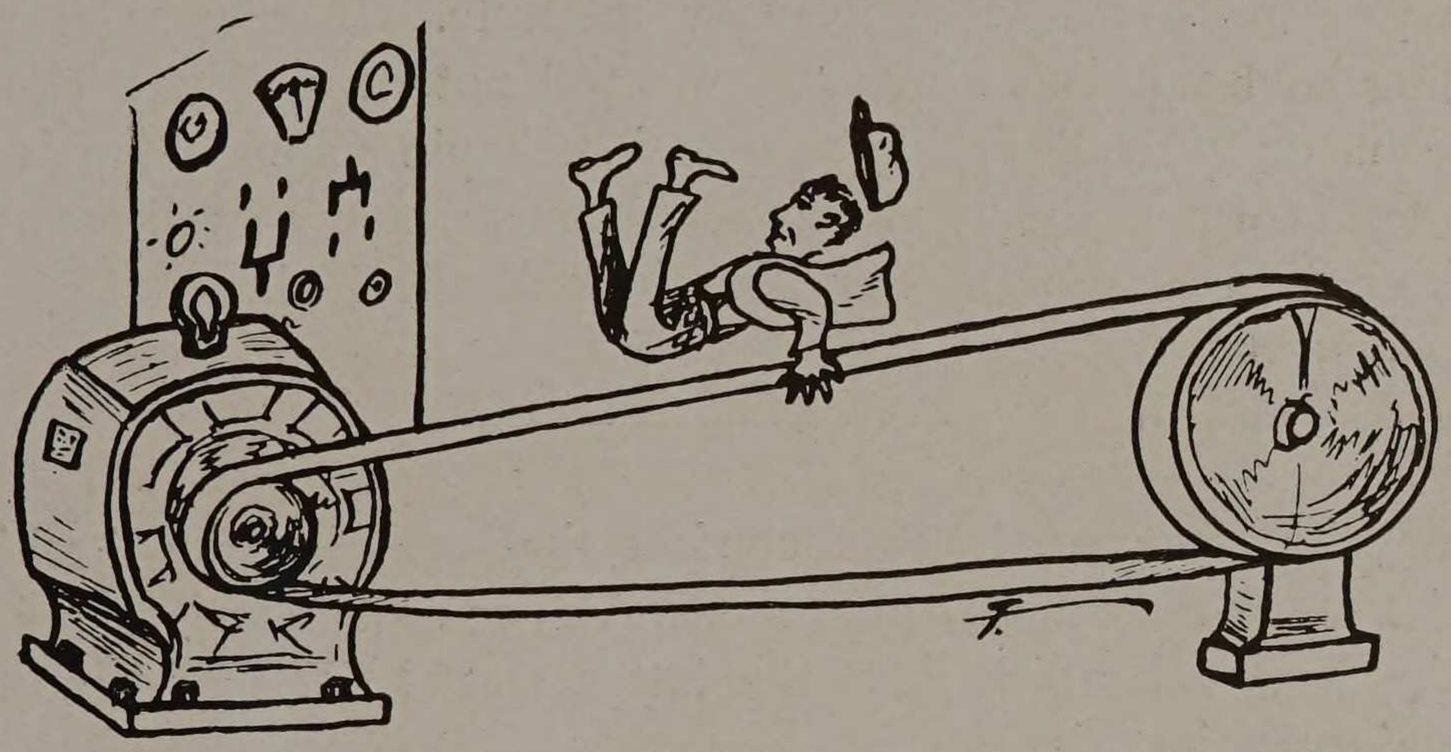
A monumental waste of breath,—Trying to talk Prof. Wilcox out of a "D" in Physics.

The only rival of the Chemicals' odor-producing activities,—Fenn's pipe (Came over on the Mayflower, and vaporizes only home-grown cabbage leaves).

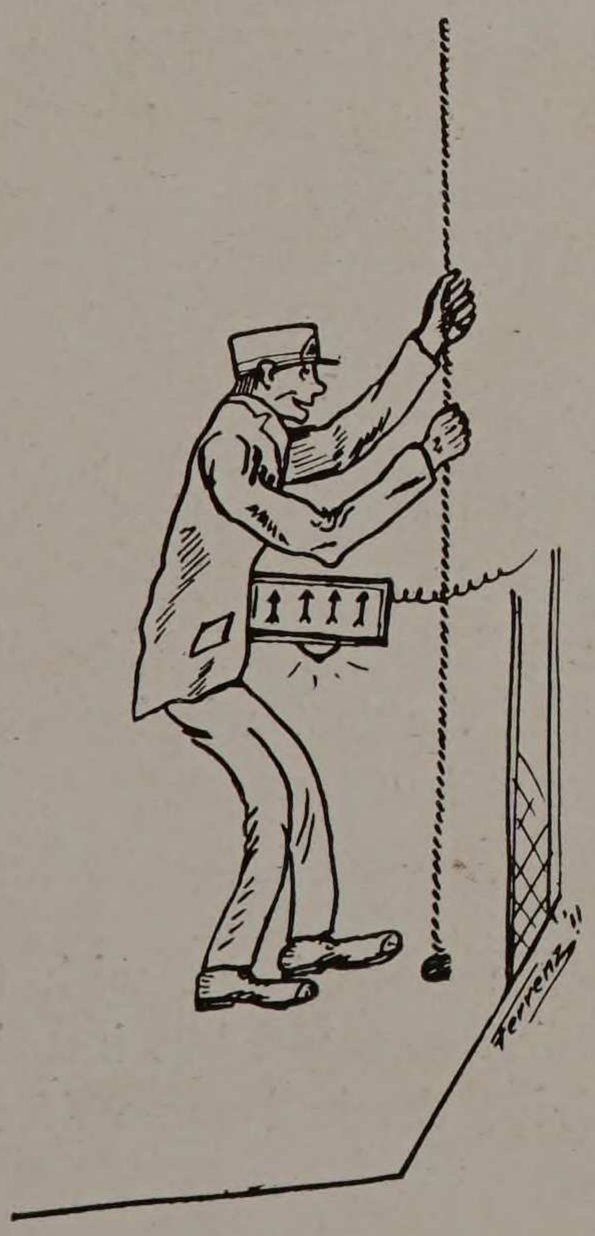
Professor Wells' idea of an unmitigated public nuisance,—The crowd that gathers in the Senior Drafting Room every noon.

Some Want Ads

Wanted,—Immediate employment by one-half of the team of Eickenberg and Bloomfield. Plain and fancy dancing of all kinds, especially the Highland Fling. Vaudeville features of every description, every one an immediate sure-fire hit. The "Eickenberg Flop" devised and executed by me never fails to bring down the house. See cut. A genteel, well-dressed, nobby, up-to-the-minute act assured.—Phleickenberg, c. o. Hotel Reighvens-wood.



Wanted,—A purchaser for a choice collection of ponies, slightly used, also a large assortment of Mech and Physics Lab reports, frat pins, dance programs, flunk notices, billets-doux, etc. Very reasonable rates, or willing to exchange for a ten-dollar-a-week income, or what have you?—R. Moore Grad.



Wanted,—At once, a Job. Address A. Senior, A. I. T. 1911.

Some Senior Subjects

(Seen on 1911 Program Cards.)

Freshman English

Spelling

History of Recent Times

Machine Tool Work

Freshman Drawing (Very popular)

Physics Lab. (A universal favorite)

Casual Comment

Going to give Her a copy of the Year Book?

So are we.

No, Fleurette, American Music Hall, which you hear mentioned so often. is not the College of Music of Armour Institute. If it were, it would not be so well attended as it is. However, we will not deny that a course in "The American" is quite as desirable as one in Chapin Club Billiards under Dean Oehne or Professor Kelly in giving an Armour man a well-rounded training. Oh, we think a great deal of our American Music Hall.

We may be ignorant, but we confess that some of the Architeeks' terms are beyond us,—how DO you pronounce Atelier and Massier, and what in the name of the King's English does the latter mean? We are frantic to be informed (and play it twice).

What did it hurt you most to give up money for? Dobbie says, being docked $8 apiece for two Beckmann thermometers which he had the misfortune to break. Someone else cannot forget the fifteen cents he was mulcted for a syllabus on business law. From another quarter we hear a voice call, "Taxi-fare ($10.98) for a girl who was perfectly willing to ride home on a car after a dance." And what a shower of names of text-books! Don't crowd, gentlemen, one at a time.

It was after a series of balls and other social functions that H. S. Johnson appeared in Chem Lab one morning looking just a little sleepy. Chief McCormack saw him and said, "Johnson, if you would see a little more of the daytime and a little less of night you would not look like the last whisker of a mis-spent youth."

This spring Bornstein acquired the golf habit. He started out with the intention of making the course under bogey the very first attempt, but imagine his surprise when the best that he could do was to drive the ball some fifteen yards!

A Matrimonial Item or Two

The following item which first appeared in an Ypsilanti paper and was reprinted in the February Fulcrum created a sensation in Armour circles recently:

Ypsilanti, Jan. 25, 1911.—Another normal romance has just come to light in the admission yesterday of Miss Edith Baughman of Watervliet that she was married during the Thanksgiving recess to G. D. Pettibone, a student at the Armour Institute of Technology at Chicago. The marriage was to have been kept secret from the bride's parents, but while Mr. Pettibone was visiting his wife, a word inadvertently dropped put the other co-eds at the rooming house wise, and the two pleaded guilty.

The groom returned to Chicago and Mrs. Pettibone has been kept busy receiving congratulations. She awaits the time when her parents shall hear the news with trepidation.

We extend our heartiest best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Pettibone, for we are sure that he has chosen wisely and we know that she has. May they "live happily ever after!"

Just a few days ago the recent marriage of another 1911 man became known, the happy groom being Kaiser. He was married to the "best girl in the world," formerly known as Miss Mabel McNeil, on March 19. Heartiest congratulations, old man.

As we rush to press, we hasten to deny the rumor that Mr. J. Grant Fenn, '11, has married an heiress, a million-heiress in fact. That goes too for any other Senior until May 25. For actions after that date we absolutely refuse to be responsible.

"It's a mad world," sighed Dean Raymond as he removed newspaper clippings, announcing the engagement of Emil Schmidt to Miss Rosa Lean Frank and of William Schultz to Miss Minnie Volinski, from the bulletin board.

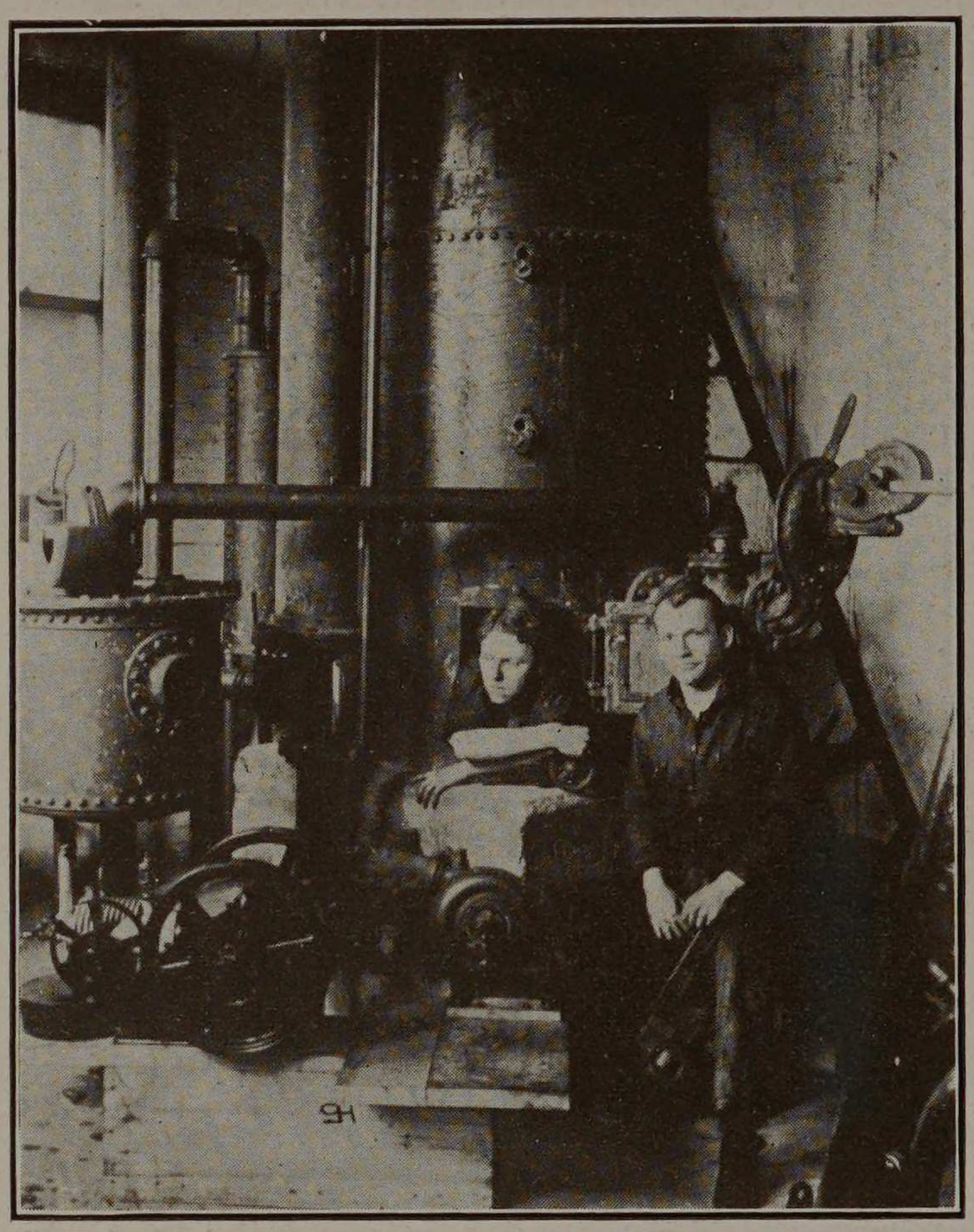
As You Mentioned the Subject of Hard Luck

One of the few Seniors who thought they could be improved by having some light on the subject (meaning themselves), in short one of Barrows' Illumination Class, had the bad luck to fail in a quiz. Taking it over, he perspired and worried through a two-hours' masterpiece and presented it to the hard-hearted Prof. Imagine his chagrin, when he was told, "You can keep it, I have no use for it!"

Another subject for commiseration,—the poor fellow who could not take a final because he had carelessly left his book at home.

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Unconventional Portraits



ROBBIE, ROY, AND THE GAS PRODUCER.

How Dean Monin does love to muddle us hopelessly during the course of his lectures in Logic and Psychology. His prize question is,—"Zeno says, 'All Greeks are liars,' but Zeno was a Greek. Did he or did he not speak the truth?"

The Argument: "Now, if Zeno spoke the truth, all Greeks were liars, therefore, he was one too; if he lied he told the truth and if he told the truth he lied," etc.

Class: (feebly) "Assistance."

Mrs. Aitech:—"Oh, I am rully much older than my looks would indicate. Why, do you know, I have a son who is an aluminum of Armour Institute."

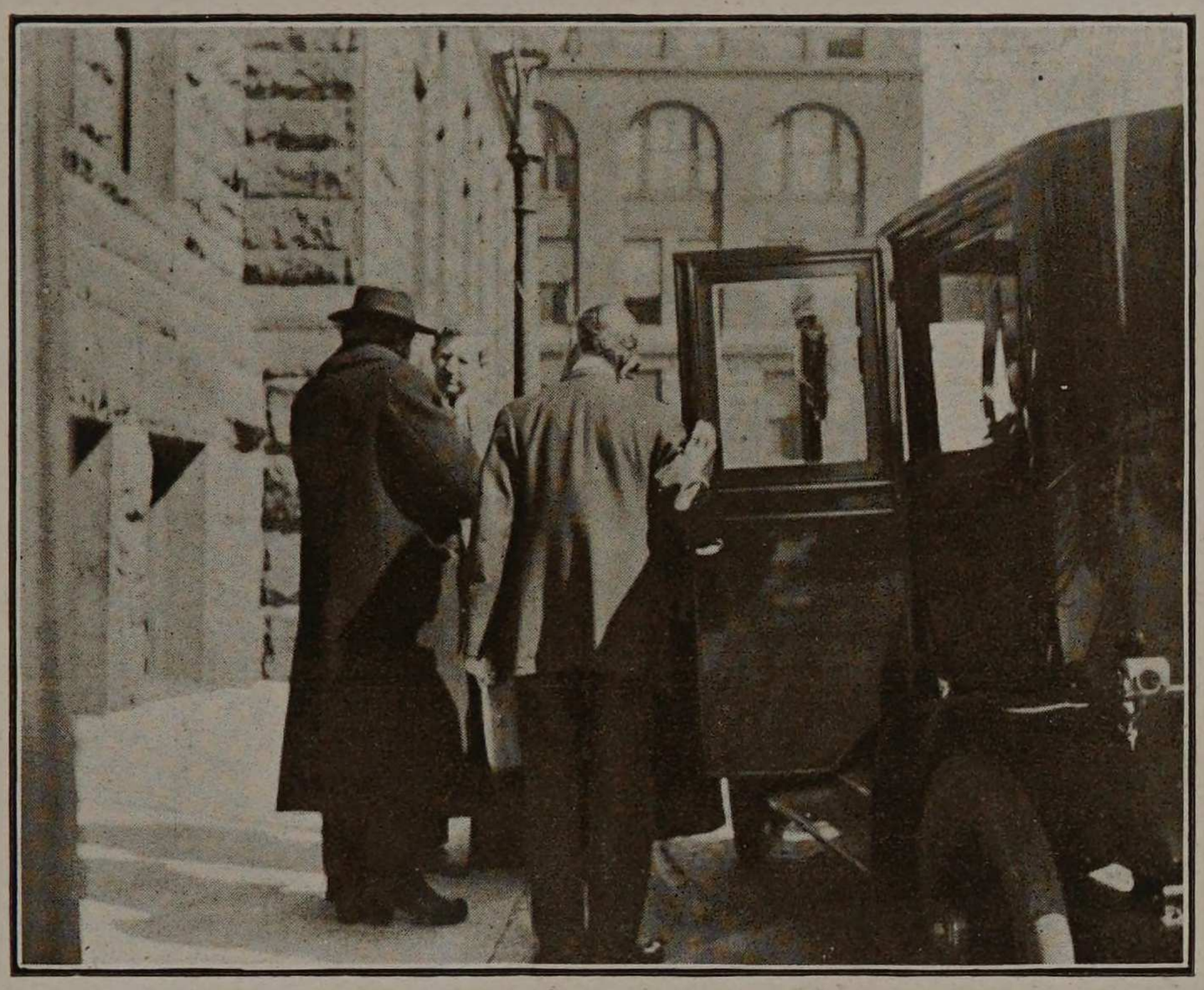
To paraphrase the famous old line,

What is so rare as a quiz in the second semester of the Senior year?

Answer,—nothing, unless it be an Armour co-ed.

THE SENIOR CLASS BOOK
1911

Some Unconventional Portraits

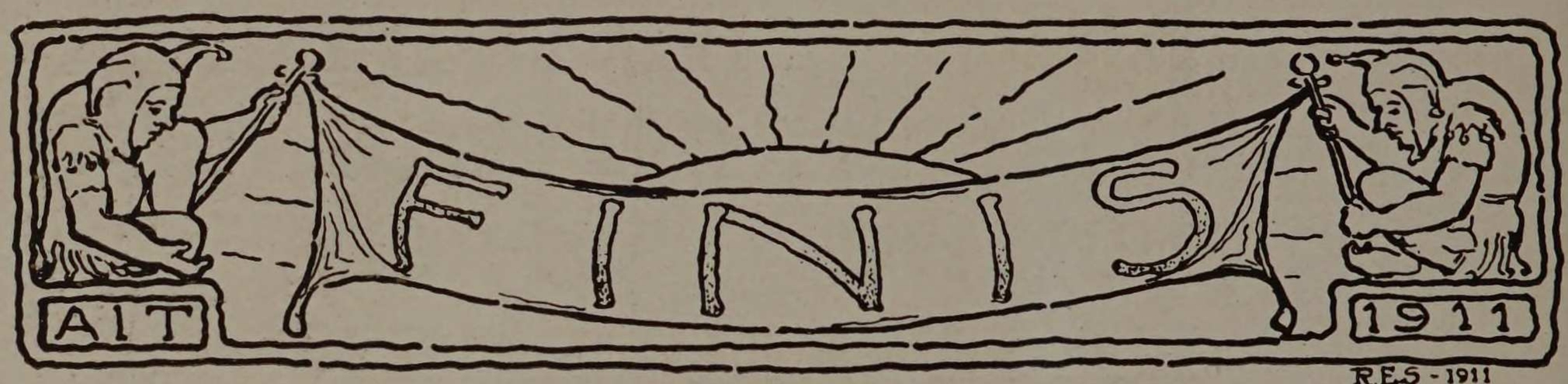


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TO THE NINETEEN
ELEVEN MAN
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CHEERFVL OPTIMISM
AND HEALTHY
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HAS FOREVER EN
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GRIM BATTLEFIELD
OF LIFE



R.E.S - 1911

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