

I think we decided was dolomite. We were sort of awe stricken and in this condition we were nearly run over by a charging machine which is a very ingenious affair which picks up a car and dumps a whole carload of the charging material into the furnace at a time. They are small cars, however, holding about a thousand pounds of material. They were charging with scrap steel while we were in there. While we were in there a chemist made an analysis of the steel for carbon. I say he was a chemist because he took a sample, cooled it down, cut in two, give it the once over, and reported .250% carbon. Of course I don't know how near right he was but we took his word for it.

From this place we walked down a beautiful little avenue past some small mountains or piles of raw iron ore, which was piled up near the water edge, and into another building. In this building the main thing to look out for was overhead cranes. They were frisking around to and fro and one never knew when he was going to be smacked up the side of the head with a brilliant red ingot. We weaved around and thru a conglomeration of machinery and past some soaking vats. In these vats were a number of large ingots being heated to a constant temperature, for rolling. Next we went over and watched the rollers work. These ingots were rolled out into long square bars about 6x6 inches and then cut up into about six foot lengths. The most interesting thing about this place was the machinery and the remarkable skill of the workmen in juggling those long bars which were carried along on rollers. Those workmen could steer a large bar thru a small hole every time. After looking this place over pretty well, we went to another rolling device. This time they were rolling the ingots out into sheets about three-quarters or an inch thick and about six feet wide. This operation was the same as the first except that they had a series of explosions for our benefit by throwing salt and water on the sheet and then running it thru the rollers. One peculiar feature of this building was that while we were there there was a continuous screeching of whistles; it kept us busy looking around for fear that something was going to run over us. We passed on by where they were straightening the sheets and cutting them into the sizes that were wanted. From here we went into another building where they were also rolling out large ingots. This time they were being rolled out into narrow sheets and about two or three inches thick and were cut into lengths of about three feet. These sheets looked like a different material than that of the first sheets and the bars, but I never found out if it was different or not. These sheets were piled up about six in a pile and carried by a very cleverly built crane to a small car. From here we hurried on and went past several other buildings a few of which had the door open and we got a glance in, but could not determine what was inside. We walked past one place where there were several stenographers in view but alas we were hurried on past. The first thing we knew, we were where we started and after getting our belongings, we bid adieu to our guide, called it a day, and started home.

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"Here's a story of a motorman who sustained, six-thousand volts and still lives".

"Oh well, he was a non-conductor".

To the instructors—

Frosh:—"Pardon me but I didn't understand you?"

Soph:—"Will you please repeat the question?"

Junior:—"What Sir?"

Senior:—"Huh?"

Smoke and the world smokes with you—Die and you smoke alone.

"You are the first girl I ever loved!"

"Huh! Who wants an amatuer".