



The Armour Architectural Society

SPENCER COWLES	<i>President</i>
ALFRED T. SCHIMECK	<i>Secretary</i>
LEN A. GLIATO	<i>Treasurer</i>
WILLIAM E. DADY	<i>Purchasing Agent</i>

The A. A. S., like all other patriotic organizations, did its bit to lick old “Bill,” and in doing so underwent harsh treatment under the regime of the S. A. T. C. It was not until the latter part of January when the old men, who had been in service, came back to finish up, that the Society got back to its own.

When Cowles got back and was elected President, and Dady returned and took up his duties as P. A. things began to hum and they have been humming ever since. The ever popular Architects Informals re-appeared and the social life of the Institute began to flourish.

If you will only look at the Honor Roll out at Armour you will realize why it is that the Archi are so proud of their service record. If numbers and rank mean anything to you, you will get the reason very quickly. Of the men who have been in regular service and are back at school we have five Lieutenants and an Ensign (a gold striper, too), as well as our Gob, Harry L., who for the last eighteen months, has been entertaining the women of Charleston, S. C.

Next to the Prize Problem, which we are working on now, our greatest task of the year was the decoration of the main staircase for the Mardi Gras held March 4th. It was SOME piece of work, take it from one who knows. In former years we helped and received little or no credit. This year we did the whole thing, even to the pageant, which was written by our “E. H. R.” That bit of construction at a dizzy height was enough to make any engineer envious. With Patricia, our chief electrician, back to take care of the lighting, and Dad and the Gob to see to the construction and Eric, Som and Shemi to look after the designs we were able to do a real nifty job of it. Was it a success? Ask any of the trustees of the Art Institute.

Immediately after the Mardi Gras came the initiation and banquet. We Archi always have believed that, “In union there is strength,” and every man in the Architectural Department is a member of the A. A. S. Even “Som,” who leaves in May, came through and joined though perhaps it was because of the two honorary members—Coeds! We leave it to the initiator whether they were received warmly. As for the banquet it was a credit to any mother’s son, and Eric sure knows what comprises a good feed. The talk on Landscape Architecture by Mr. Jens Jensen was unusually interesting. Now that the Lenten season is over, Eric is planning on another smoker and that social event of the season—The Architects’ Dance.

“Come seven, go eleven,” means a heap to us Archs, only there were about thirty who came and eleven who will be going the last of May. It sure was some bunch of ginks that paraded down Michigan Avenue that bright sunshiny day in September, 1915.

DADY, '19
Pres. Rep.