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WHEN THE STATE IS MOST CORRUPT, THEN LAWS ARE MOST MULTIPLIED.

—Tacitus.

Re The Forthcoming Valentines

(Addressed to the Freshmen Only)

Obligingly, the Deans' Office has maintained a policy in the past of issuing a kindly warning to students who are failing in certain subjects, to save them the unpleasant experience of finding out the sad fact after it is too late to apply a remedy. These warnings, so-called "valentines," come regularly in the middle of the semester, and are now distributed.

If they serve only the purpose of informing the student of his low standing, these notices are of little avail, for it does not require any uncanny ability for a person to judge accurately for himself whether or not he is failing.

If, however, they simultaneously produce an incentive for harder study in that subject, then they are of value.

By no means do these notices predict who shall end up as "flunkers" in a given class. Many students fail at the end of the semester who stood high at the ten-week period. Others attain higher than average grades at the end who received "valentines" at the mid-semester.

The greatest difficulty of the Freshmen is to become thoroughly acquainted with and used to the customs and methods in vogue at Armour Tech. Probably more than anything else he misses the monthly report from the instructor of his grades at that time, under which system he was more than likely brought up at his high school. If such is the case then the notice of his low standing may be a shock to him.

The Thanksgiving holidays, coming next week, will afford a timely opportunity to regain one's footing. Laboratory reports, study assignments, back problems, can all be made up at that time. With the slate once clean, to keep it so should be comparatively easy. As Al Jolson would sing "It all depends on you."

A Man's Thanksgiving

God of commonsense, I give Thee thanks for the heavy blows of pain that drive me back from perilous ways into harmony with the laws of my being; for stinging whips of hunger and cold that urge to bitter strivings and glorious achievement; for sleepiness and roughness of the way and staunch virtues gained by climbing over jagged rocks of hardship and stumbling through dark and pathless sloughs of discouragement; for the acid blight of failure that has burned out of me all thought of easy victory and toughened my sinews for fiercer battles and greater triumphs; for mistakes I have made, and the priceless lessons I have learned from them; for disillusion and disappointment that have cleared my vision and spurred my desire; for strong appetites and passions and the power they give when under pressure and control; for my imperfections that give me the keen delight of striving toward perfection.

God of common good and human brotherhood, I give Thee thanks for siren songs of temptation that lure and entangle and the understanding of other men they reveal; for the weaknesses and failings of my neighbors and the joy of lending a helping hand; for my own shortcomings, sorrows, and loneliness, that give me a deeper sympathy for others; for ingratitude and misunderstanding and the gladness of service without other reward than self-expression.—Arthur W. Newcomb.

Let me offer you a creed—the creed of work. Young men, work! Life has no other reason for being, and each of us is here only to perform his task. I have always distrusted chimeras. Illusion is bad for a man or a people. The only strong men are the men who work. Work alone gives courage and faith. —Zola.

Great nations write their autobiographies in three manuscripts—the book of their deeds, the book of their words, and the book of their art. —Ruskin.

"THE SLIPSTICK"

Cleave to "The Slipstick"; let the Slapstick fly where it may.

FLEAS

I think that I shall never see
An insect awful as a flea.

A flea whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against a man's great hairy chest.

A flea that bites and runs away
To live to bite another day.

A flea that does at all times dare
And spares not either hide or hair.

A flea that loves a juicy vein,
And intimately lives with pain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But what can bite just like a flea?
—Mm By Gosh.

Famous Accidents

Cop: How did this accident happen?

Motorist: My wife fell asleep in the back seat.

—Freddie.

Seems that Professor Palmer and his big Franklin (air-cooled) were in the park last week when a nasty smash-up took place. The driver that caused the accident shot away and the motorcycle cop was questioning the other motorists if they saw the license number of the offender.

Professor Palmer owned up that he had seen it, but that he couldn't remember what it was. Then, brightly, he said to the cop, "Oh, yes, I remember now that the cube root of the license number multiplied by fifty equals the sum of the digits reversed."

Putting on Airs

Student in the Cafeteria: Hey, I've found a tack in this doughnut!

Heller: Why, the conceited little thing! It must have thought it was a tire.

I am pleased to announce that the Slip-Stick has persuaded the celebrated scientist, Doctor G. X. Goobar, B.B.R. Ph. F. A. B. C., and other degrees, to answer questions asked of him by the curious. This feature will brighten your lives at spasmodic intervals.

Dear Doctor Goobar: My new super squeal "Iodine Six" has not of late brought in much DX. Please advise.

Anxious.

Answer, by Doctor Goobar: Try connecting the left grid to the middle leg of the parlor couch, and in series with a 10 volt baby carriage, using a length of pie dough. (Modulus of elasticity .000009756463). Massage the condensers and transformers daily with a 0.1 normal solution of Sloan's Liniment flavored with garlic (must be C. P.) Also try rejuvenating your batteries with Hodkin's original Swiss-hyena gland extract, known to the initiated chemists as mono-braino, delta 1-3-5 dihydroxy 4-7-signals over-hike- of the basic yapititi acid. If no better results are then obtained, any night between the hours of one and four, push the darn thing out the window.

—J. G.

Have You?

What kind of a car have you got, Bailey?

I got a Wreck.

A Wreck?

Yeah. Every time I park it a dozen people come up and ask me if I've reported the accident yet.

Ambition

Student: I've added these figures ten times, sir.

Prof. Doubt: Fine, that's a good check.

Student: —and here's the ten answers, sir.

Say, Mr. Editor, how come the Inquiring Reporter is stealing my stuff. Here last week he goes and runs a lotta jokes about Armour grads getting rich.

And say, Mr. Editor, have you heard about what happened to the first of that infernal species? Seems he was interviewing Methuselah and asked him to what he attributed his old age. Methuselah thought a minute and then said, "Well, the fact that I was born over nine hundred years ago might have something to do with it."

A Brief Tragedy

Ruth rode in my new Buick

In the seat in back of me;

I took a bump at fifty-five

And rode on ruthlessly.

The Local Salutation

What struck you the first time you saw Chicago?

A blackjack.

Dere Al.

i wuz rEadin the eNgineerin news rekord in tha li-braRy aNd i cum across one uf tha Most vigerus oBjections tHat pasSed a censor. it sez:

DON'T WANT ROAD

BY DAM SITE

—westErner.

Professor Wilcox says as long as we put up monuments to the unknown dead in Arlington cemetery, it would be a good idea to put up a tablet to the unknown inventors of the wheel and the discoverer of fire. A good idea, professor; how would Science Hall do for a cemetery?

—F. S., Jr.

Despite all worries, cheer up—just a week and we get a vacation, to say nothing of a little turkey 'n' trimmings.

—AL AUERBACH.

Book Reviews

By JOEL M. JACOBSON

"Old Man Dare's Talks to College Men"

By Howard Bement
(Fleming H. Revell Co.)

It takes the sudden jar of a flunk notice to make a college man realize that it is about time to take stock of his position at school and make some radical changes in his study habits. Since the little printed reminders are about due, it is perhaps, the proper time to go over a little volume, newly arrived in the library, which may offer some valuable suggestions. Naturally, such a book as "Talks to College Men" is directed mainly at the freshman, the upper classmen being, in general, so fixed in their study habits that it is well nigh useless to attempt a change.

"What are you here for?" asks Old Man Dare. What is the average man's reason for attending college. Sports and social activities in the main, thinks the author, and scholarship on the side. College as a whole should have a triple purpose. It should develop the students' stamina, sympathy, and scholarship; "guts, heart, and head." Its success in so doing, is, however, dependent on the individual. "Not one of you," says the Old Man, "ever thought out the three fold function of college, and ever aimed at a well rounded character. . . . The top floor with most of you is not built up at all; it's only a rough-hewn attic stored with useless lumber and junk which you have lugged in from a lot of college courses into which you put neither the stamina of persistent effort, nor the heart of sympathetic understanding."

After sustaining a continual bombardment for a full chapter, the college student, battered and torn, may well ask, "Why study at all?" Old Man Dare begins a second barrage of facts and figures gleaned from statistics from numerous American colleges. "Because success in college means success in business life; because success as a freshman means success as an upper classman, and so all along the line."

It is my opinion that here at Armour we generally realize the need for study and probably do plenty of it even to the exclusion of social and athletic events. But the most efficient way to use our study time is as much of a problem at Armour as in other schools. Howard Bement gives

LETTER-BOX

A DEFENSE OF ARTHUR TRAIN To The Letterbox:

In a recent review of Arthur Train's latest novel, the reviewer began by confessing that he knew naught of Arthur Train and ended by condemning him. For so brief and probably short acquaintance, the judgment is severe.

Arthur Train is most widely known for his lengthy and popular series of stories wound around the character of Ephriam Tutt, lawyer. These stories have appeared in well-known magazines and also in book form. The surprising feature of the entire set of stories is the fact that the author can take a most technical legal case and make it interesting and absorbing, as well as educational. I readily confess he can sink a legal fact in your mind and leave it there for your use. His stories are always with an element of humor.

Every author has a dream of writing something different than his regular line, and I think "Ambition" is but the outbreak of it. Furthermore, I have spoken to people who have

us a whole chapter entitled "How to Study." It should be "How Not to Study." Barnyard animals may seem to us far removed from college students, yet Old Man Dare gives us an interesting comparison. . . . "ole hen, she race dis-a-way, an' den data-away; an' den she turn an' run to de lef', an' den she turn and run to de right, an' den she turn an' run plumb under de wheel. . . . Some ob yo' studies like dat. Yo' rushes at sub-jec' an den yo' rushes away from it, workin' like de debbil, an' jes' gettin' nowhere but under de wheel." Good advice it is true, but I am doubtful as to how much of it will do any good. Study habits are, after all, an individual problem and each man must work out his own case for himself. The problem will not be solved by observing a series of don'ts or following some set rules. Reading Howard Bement's little volume will not in itself change a flunker to an "A" man. Concentrated, earnest, and well directed effort are necessary in addition and it is my opinion that the student possessing such ability has no need of the book. On the student who cannot study properly, "Talks to College Men," can only impress the need for such effort, but can give but little concrete help.

If he wins, he loses. That student pays his money to gain certain knowledge, certain training of mind and character from the Armour Institute of Technology. Then he deliberately tries to keep the institute from delivering the goods for which he paid.

If a man is dishonest in school, he will be dishonest out of school. Engineering, of all the professions, except perhaps that of medicine, demands the highest standard of integrity. If a man is not trustworthy in all things, he is unfit to accept the responsibility of being an engineer.

We can stop this state of affairs by student disapproval of such acts. If a student thinks there is no loss of social prestige, that his school mates will wink at such acts, he may cheat. But if he realizes that he will be looked upon with scorn by his fellow classmates then he is going to think a long time before he deliberately commits a dishonest act.

—S.T.D.

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