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More About the "Honoraries"

The article in this column last week entitled "Honoraries or Cliques" was followed by a heated, but muffled discussion, which seemed to indicate that everyone was interested but no one dared voice their opinion on the matter. The only action taken was in the form of a letter which we print in the "Letter-Box" of this issue.

If the letter above mention represents the opinion of the society, which society is supposed to represent the best minds in its department, it simply bears out the truth of the assertions made last week. We have only to ask if the author's flat denial of our charges applies equally to the deplorable state of affairs which existed in his very society a year ago, and if he can offer any guarantee that the same favoritism will not again crop up next year.

The facts regarding last week's article are incontrovertible. These facts were presented not merely because they happened to be the private opinions of the editor, as the author of the letter would imply, but because they are the basis of a condition which has been a subject of common discussion and criticism among students, and faculty as well.

The injustice of the present situation is that while those who hold the keys receive their rightful honor, those who are refused the keys, however deserving they may be, are looked upon as unworthy by everyone not fully acquainted with the true facts.

Now, if we may not look with any hope for a correction of this state of affairs on the part of the honoraries themselves, in order to honor those who have honored themselves and A. I. T., and will continue to honor A. I. T. with their scholastic attainments, we should suggest that the Institute give some award, by a fitting recognition of that achievement which is the goal of all educational institutions of character, namely, scholarship.

Therefore, in the absence of any honor thus shown, or shown only in particular cases, to remove the stigma placed on one by a rejection to membership in an honorary fraternity, and to show justice to those who have been thus refused, we should suggest that A. I. T. attach to its degree some measure of the students ranking, which in the case of a superior student, would be equivalent to the degree with "Summa cum laude" as awarded by many institutions.

Don't Mind Them Finals

Y' call 'em quizzes until the end of the semester rolls around. Then y' call 'em finals. There really ain't a bit of difference between the two. Oh, of course, you get one or two more questions and twice as much time on a final as you do on a quiz, if y' want to call that a difference.

The only reason you fellows are scared of the finals is that the profs have got you bluffed into thinkin' they're gonna spring a stiff set of questions that'll floor you right off the bat unless you're a super—A student. Don't believe it, gang. Take it from me, a grad that's been through a lot of finals in my day, they're pie!

If it's a final in Strength, or Structural, or Concrete, all y' gotta know is that S equals Mc/I, and if it's Mechanics, just remember that summation Y equals summation X. And if you think you're stuck in Physics, why just put down that what y' started with is the same as what y' got left, except for the losses. In other lingo, just know the fun-damn-entals and yer all set. With one exception. If it's a final in History or Civ. or in Poly Sci, or Economics, why just write 'till the ole book is full, and then you'll get an A. But be sure that you write so that it's hard to read, 'cause then you'll always get the benefit of the doubt.

—Spirit of '76.

"THE SLIPSTICK"

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

THE WAIL OF THE COLLEGE MAN

I.
 A macaroon
 A cup of tea
 An afternoon
 Is all that she
 Will eat. . .
 She's in society.

II.
 But let me take
 This maiden fair
 To some cafe
 And, then and there,
 She'll eat the whole
 Blamed bill of fare.

In the Limelight

Tramp (knocking on the farmhouse door): Lady, I'm dying from exposure.
 Lady: Are you a tramp or a member of the Sanitary Board?

"Is that you, dear," said the young husband over the phone. "I just called up to say that I won't be home to dinner tonight, as I am detained at the office."
 "You poor dear," answered the wife sympathetically. "I don't wonder. I can't see how you can manage to get anything done with all that orchestra playing in your office." Click.

Prof. Leigh: Do you know why they have the screen door on the lunch room in the winter time?
 Class: We'll bite, why?
 Prof. Leigh: To keep the snow flies out. —Freddie.

BREAKING THE NEWS GENTLY

Son: Say, dad, remember the story you told me about the time you were thrown out of college?
 Dad: Why, yes.
 Son: Isn't it funny how history repeats itself? —Freddie.

A certain sophomore should be awarded the prize for the most useful contribution to suffering humanity. He has discovered that by wearing colored glasses, ostensibly to protect his eyes from the glare, that he can doze in class without the professor seeing that his eyes are closed.

Seniors, Please Note

Bride: Aren't you the same man I gave some biscuits to last week?
 Tramp: No, mum, and me doctor says I never will be again. —F.B.A.

The bell rang. Slowly he rose to his feet and shook his clenched fist toward the clear January sky. The sun shone brightly, and the snow lay sparkling in the foreground. All the world lay a sordid, broken bubble at his feet. All seemed shrouded in darkness; there was no ray of hope. There was no justice. For the first time this semester he had come to class prepared, and the professor was sick.

Relativity

Soph: Waddya get on the calc. quiz?
 Nother: Zero, but that's nothin' to me.

McTavish (this is a Scotch story, you know) went into an antique shop to purchase a pair of antlers that had struck his fancy.

The haggling went on, but Mac was unsatisfied and voiced his complaint:

"Mon, mon, are they no' awfu' dear?"
 "Of course they're off a deer," roared the dealer, "did you think they came off a rabbit?"

Reservation Gossip

Indian: Let you and me go on the warpath.
 Chief: Not a chance; it just been paved. —F.B.A.

Just goes to show that it may be a path to an Indian but it's a highway to a civil.

Amusing Dialogue Between a Very Tight Man and the Ambitious Boothblack

Shine yer shoes, sir?
 No, snapped the man.
 Shine 'em so you can see your face in 'em?
 No! I tell you!
 Coward, hissed the boothblack.

Doctor Scherger speaks quite frequently out of school, and so, one day, he was pleased to have a student come up to him and say, "Say, Doctor, I want to tellyou how much I enjoyed your lecture last night. I certainly did." The doctor was pleased, but as the affair was at a private club, he was curious as to how the chap had gotten in. "Oh," says he, "I was calling on my girl; her parents went to hear you."

Overheard in Woolworth's

Floorwalker: What did that Scot who just left want?
 Salesgirl: He wanted to know where the shoe department was.

The gyroplane, the new airplane, is said to go right up and come straight down. That's old stuff; we've always avoided airplanes for just that reason.

Here's wishing you the best of luck — and you'll need more than luck next week. Al Auerbach.

Book Reviews

By JOEL M. JACOBSON, '29

Edna St. Vincent Millay—Poetess
 Edna St. Vincent Millay, one of the best known of the modern poets, was born at Rockland, Me., in 1892. Her early years were spent in this and other New England towns where her talents were soon recognized by a small circle of friends, one of whom became sufficiently interested to send her through college. Since her graduation from Vassar college in 1917 she has lived in that section of New York which has become famous as Greenwich Village. Her first real recognition as a poetess of note came with the publication of "Renaissance" in 1912. Written when she was only 19, it is still considered her best work and it is in this, her first poem, that Miss Millay has shown her real talent, that of putting into words that awe of the grandeur of nature which mos of us have felt but found difficult to express. This is clearly evident in a later poem, "God's World":

"O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!
 Thy winds, thy wide gray skies!
 Thy mists that roll and rise!
 Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
 And all but cry with color! That gaunt crag
 To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
 World, world, I cannot hold thee close enough!"

Miss Millay has many sides and though she can be thus loftily spiritual and imaginative she can also be bitterly ironical. This little sonnet embodies her whole philosophy of life:

"My candle burns at both ends;
 It will not last the night;
 But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends
 It makes a lovely light!"

Louis Untermeyer, poet and critic, thinks of this poem and others like it that "Miss Millay seems to have exchanged her birthright for a mass of cleverness." Miss Millay, however, no matter how "cynical and ignoble" Mr. Untermeyer may term her verses has here expressed her whole Epicurean philosophy, about which the editor of the Poetry magazine says; "wilful, moody, loving and forgetting, a creature of quick and keen emotions, she has followed her own way and sung her own songs." Edna Millay puts all her life, her emotion, her passion, her very being into her poems. She has no regard for her own feelings and less regard for ours. There is no poem of hers that one can read without sensing that here is Miss Millay herself, speaking of her own emotion and from the depths of her heart whether the poem carries the "sophisticated smirk" of "A Few Figs from Thistles," or the "concentrated ecstasy" of "A God's World." Louis Untermeyer places Edna St. Vincent Millay with Elinor Wylie, Jean Starr Untermeyer, William Rose Benet, and a few others, in a group he names the "lyricists." Were I writing the criticism I would place her alone and call her the "Emotionalist." Both her life and her work would fully bear me out.

LETTER-BOX

To the Letterbox:
 In his editorial on "Honoraries," J. H. in the general denunciation includes several fraternities of which he is not a member and with which he is totally unacquainted. Among these is Eta Kappa Nu, represented at A. I. T. by Delta Chapter.

Delta Chapter wholly and flatly denies any of the accusatory charges made and sincerely invites anyone at the Institute, student or faculty member, to show publicly or privately that election of members is made on any basis except that of merit.

If the editor has any debate with Tau Bate over the failure of some of his pet proteges and others to "make" the organization and desires to use the NEWS as a mouthpiece, that is his privilege. Under no circumstances, however, is he justified in maliciously condemning fraternities about which he knows practically nothing. I think an apology is in order.

R. J. GUENTHER,
 President, D. of H.K.N.
 (Editor's note: See Editorial column.)

OUR PREXY



DR. M. H. RAYMOND
 (Biography)

By T. J. LEARDI, '29

Dr. Howard M. Raymond, President of Armour Institute of Technology, popularly known to the students as "Doc," was born on a farm in Grass Lake, Mich., receiving his grammar school education in a little red schoolhouse, without which no description of a rural community is complete. After the completion of his grammar schooling, he went to the village high school, from which he graduated in 1889. He took part in several of the school activities, being a member of the baseball team,

and editor of the school paper. After graduation from high school, he entered the University of Michigan, from which he graduated in 1893 with a degree of B.S. in E. E. While in college he became a member of Phi Delta Theta fraternity, played baseball with the Engineering and Fraternity teams, became a member of several engineering societies, and dramatic clubs.

During the college vacations he worked on his father's farm. After graduation, he faced the economic problem of finding a job in his chosen profession, something hard to find at that time. He made a connection in the engineering department of the Rockford Electrical Manufacturing Co., where he stayed a year, after which, feeling the need of still higher learning, he returned to the University of Michigan for post-graduate work in Physics and Electrical Engineering during the years 1894-95. He was then appointed Director of the Manual Training School at Ishpeming, Mich., but resigned to accept a position as instructor in physics at Armour in 1895.

Since then, his rise at the Institute has been rapid. He was given an honorary membership in Tau Beta Pi, was appointed Associate Professor of physics in 1898, Principal of Armour Scientific Academy in 1900, Professor of Experimental Physics and Dean of Engineering Studies from 1903 to 1922. In 1921, after the death of Doctor Gunsaulus, he became Acting President of the Institute. On May 23, 1922, he was elected President of the Institute. He is also a Trustee of Armour Institute of Technology, and President of the Board of Trustees of Armour Mission. In 1922, he was given the honorary degree of Doctor of Science from the Colorado School of Mines. He holds membership in the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, and is a Fellow in the American Association for the Adv.

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