

ARMOUR TECH NEWS

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TRUTH, COURAGE, HONOR, MAKE FOR ACHIEVEMENT

Wanted: Literary Men

Don't let that word "Literary" scare you too much. Here at Armour the word "literary" applies to anyone who works on our three publications, even including the typists.

The publications need more men. THE CYCLE, Armour's yearbook, is in need of assistants, preferably sophomores, to aid the departmental editors, who are juniors. These sophomores will be eligible for the departmental positions next year. The editor-in-chief is chosen each year from the junior editors.

THE ARMOUR ENGINEER, quarterly technical publication, can also use more assistants. The main staff positions are filled by seniors, but to aspire to these jobs one must have served at least one or two years as an assistant. The editor-in-chief and the business manager of the ENGINEER receive scholarships for their senior year.

THE ARMOUR TECH NEWS can use again as many men as it now has. Its positions are open to all classes alike. Freshman and senior have equal chances for a job on its staff.

The teams, the musical clubs, and other organizations have all made their bids for new blood. Now the publications offer their inducements.

There is no excuse for students at Armour to abstain from extra-curricular activities. No one can truthfully say, as he finishes his course, that he had no chance to serve.

Press Club will hold a meeting next week, the time and place to be arranged and announced soon. The editors and business managers of all the publications will be present to explain the vacancies in their departments and receive volunteers.

Success

HE HAS ACHIEVED SUCCESS—

Who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much.
Who has gained the respect of intelligent men, and the love of little children.
Who has filled his niche and accomplished his task.
Who has left the world better than he found it—whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul.
Who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty—nor failed to express it.
Who has always looked for the best in others—and given the best he had.
Whose life was an inspiration and whose memory a benediction.
—Author Unknown.

"Remember," he said, as we parted at the corner, "there's a way laid out for you. In God's time it will lead to every good thing you desire. Don't try to pass any milestone 'for ye've come to it. Don't mope. Keep yer head cool with philosophy, yer feet warm with travel, an' don't worry 'bout yer heart; it won't turn t' stun if ye do keep it awhile. Allus hev enough of it about ye t' do business with. Good-by!" —"Eben Holden."

BOOK REVIEWS

By JOEL M. JACOBSON, '29

"The Story of Everest," by Captain John Noel

"There are many people who look upon mountaineering adventures and activities as a preposterous waste of human energy, involving unnecessary risks to life and limb. They are entitled to their opinion and may be left to lead their comfortable lives and to die in a bed. The fact remains that there are other men who feel an urge to the high places, men whose spiritual natures are drawn to them, irresistibly, and who there gain the spiritual sustenance their souls crave."

The Story of Everest is of these men. It is a story of mystery and excitement, of an ancient people confronted with upstart Westerners eager to conquer their magic mountain. Perhaps the tale of struggle and hardship that Captain John Noel tells is a history of useless human endeavor. For all that it is still a thrilling one. The highest mountain on the earth, 29,000 feet above sea level, the real top of the world—no wonder over fifteen men gave their lives in useless attempts to reach its summit. It is so high that the air becomes too thin to support life and oxygen tanks must be used. Such was the courage of these men, however, and such was the strength of their desire to reach the top that, when the oxygen failed, two men climbed to 400 feet of the top unaided by artificial means. Then came the culminating tragedy of the next attempt, the death of Mallory and Irvine who disappeared in the clouds 300 feet from the crest of the mountain and have never been found.

Captain Noel was the official photographer with all the expeditions. He knows the men who made the daring climbs, he knows the country and its people, and he knows Everest. He illustrates his narrative throughout with personal touches, intimate views of all three elements in his history.

The adventurous, carefree men who did the work were his personal friends. Of Mallory, the leader of the last expedition, whose death is still clouded in mystery, the author says, "He was always young at heart and fond of a game. In America after his sensational climbs of 1922, a photographer caught him climbing a fire escape at a New York skyscraper hotel, but not in the manner the builders intended. He was going up underneath the steps, hand over hand, sometimes upside down."

Tibet is an ancient country. It has hundreds of gods and goddesses, good and evil, whom the natives worship devoutly. One of them is Everest, the holy mountain. Numerous pilgrims come for long distances to the monastery at its base in order to gain merit in the eyes of the god. "These devout and simple people travel sometimes two thousand miles, from China and Mongolia, and cover every inch of the way by measuring their length on the ground. They prostrate themselves on their faces, marking the soil with their fingers a little beyond their heads, arise and bring their toes to the mark they have made and fall again, stretched full length on the ground, their arms extended, muttering an already million-times-repeated prayer."

Captain Noel's word pictures of the people and the mountain are surpassed only by his photographs which are spread profusely throughout the book. They show nature at its grandest, vast heights of ice covered rock with the Tibetan monasteries perched precariously at the top. They show intimate pictures of these peculiar people who say hello by sticking out their tongues. Interesting pictures, too, of the men who made the climb.

Whether or not the climbing of Mount Everest is a useless feat, whatever we think about the men who climbed it, the fact remains that the story is more interesting and thrilling than the best of novels. This is a book well worth reading.

didates would be given an opportunity to make a five-minute stump speech. Handbills and circulars would be distributed by organizations who were advocating the election of certain candidates. It was perfectly great "stuff." At the election proper, a complete list of all men eligible to vote is made, and kept at a central polling place, where each man would mark his ballot and be checked off the list.

—I. KATZ, '30.

LETTER-BOX

(Ed. Note: This column is open to opinions of any students who care to write a signed letter. No anonymous mail will be honored, but the name of the writer may be omitted in the NEWS if so desired. Articles may be on any topic, but should be limited in length to 250 words.)

SOME MORE "VAUDEVILLE"

Letterbox:

The annual classic is now over. To express a remark heard on the Campus following one of the class elections, "It would do justice to Tammany Hall."

It was my privilege to have been in contact recently with a few of the universities and colleges in the Missouri Valley. One of these in particular had a method of conducting its elections which was not only very popular but also most successful in achieving the aims of the election. This type of election, with the necessary slight modification to meet the needs of the individual school, has met with success in most all of them. The success and the popularity of this type of election where it has been tried speaks well for its value.

The essential features of the system are briefly this: Each candidate is nominated by a petition signed by fifty students. These petitions for nomination must be in the hands of a faculty adviser at least two weeks before the date of the election. Then all the candidates for the various offices are placed on a ballot of the Australian form. Immediately after the time limit for petitions, regular election campaigning begins. For example, the candidate for president announces publicly what his platform is, and outlines his plans for carrying on the class business for the coming year in a successful manner. On the day before the election, an assembly would be held, at which time the can-

Letterbox:

I heartily agree with "One of Them" in his attitude towards the Physics Laboratory work. Over the past week-end I spent nearly six hours in preparing a preliminary, calculating results for a final and doing the required work in "Precision of Measurements."

I find on consulting other students that they have difficulties similar to my own and, in consequence, doubt very much if that amount of work can be performed in two hours by the "average student." If we must put in that much time I think that we at least should get credit for it in semester hours under the present system.

—C. E. M.

To the Editor:

Here's a good motto for your Letter-Box. It was clipped from the "Chicago Normalite," which uses it for its "student opinion" column. The motto is credited by them to James Bruce, though whoever he is I don't know:

"Put old institutions to the test of reason, question 'mildewed conventions, suggest revisions in the official regulations and curriculum, and avoid pessimism and dry-as-dust platitudes."

Would we be guilty of a plagiarism if we adopted it for our use?

—D. B. R.

"THE SLIPSTICK"

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

A danza
A data
Perchanca
Out lata
A classa
A quizza
No passa
Gee whizza!

—Ray.

Professor Krathwohl has very kindly announced that he will gladly call up your best gal and tell her that your calc. is suffering from her raids upon your precious time. Don't rush, boys!

Many years ago there lived an Irishman who owned a goat, and another Irishman who, as a tax assessor, taxed the goat at the sum of four dollars.

The owner of the goat took the tax assessor to task in vigorous fashion: "What do you mean, taxing my family pet at four dollars?"

"That is strictly according to the rules in such cases made and provided," responded the assessor. "Show me!" demanded the indignant owner.

The assessor thereupon read the rule to the bewildered owner: "All property abutting and abounding on the public street shall be taxed at the rate of two dollars per front foot."

I hate classes.
All of them are pests and
None of them are good.
They start with eight o'clocks,
(General Sherman never went to
An eight o'clock)
Which, God knows are bad enough,
What with getting out of a warm bed and all.
And they get worse through the day.
Lord deliver us from all eleven
O'clocks. You know the type.
"Snore, snore, five functions of
"Snore, snore, please, Mr. Blah,
"Snore."
And so on, far into the hour.
But the gilt-edged lily goes to
The afternoon session,
Darned if it don't.
Afternoon classes are of questionable
Parentage anyhow; they weren't
Decently born or they would have
Been on the morning schedule.
And you sit through them, with
Your eyes glazed, and your mind
On anything, positively anything
But the lesson, so that if you've
Read it sixteen separate and distinct
Times, you'd rather mumble "unprepared"
Than break your sleep with a recitation.
Cuts?
My God, a guy ought to get a degree
For having sense enough to stay away
From classes.
—"The Bachelor," Wabash College.

Professor Scherger: "How about these unexcused absences?"
Stude: "Stop me if you've heard this one. You see—"

An optomist is a student who crawls lingeringly from his bed these chilly mornings, sayin, "Well, old bed, I'll be back in you in nineteen hours!"
The pessimist thinks: "Gosh, just been in six hours!"

For JOHNS' Sake!

JOHNbarman
JOHNgamble
russellJOHNson
JOHNhommes
JOHNedstrand
JOHNtarman

—The Staff.

I went to the Radio Show. Furniture salesmen stood in the booths demonstrating the virtues of their set . . . this cabinet would match your furniture . . . press this button and a secret panel discloses a bottle and glasses . . . hand carved . . . a real outfit . . . what circuit . . . I don't know; ask that chap, perhaps . . . a real need in your living room . . . Hard-faced, painted blondes handing out literature, relieved at intervals by stout men smoking big cigars . . . ice-cold lemonade . . . get it while its fresh. But at last I found it—an exhibit of radio.

You tell 'em, graduate—you've senior days.

People have been asking us whether Smith would make a good president.
In reply to all of them, remember: It took two of them to make a coughdrop.