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WHAT YOU ARE SPEAKS SO LOUDLY
I CANNOT HEAR WHAT YOU SAY.

—Emerson.

Study Vs. Intensive Study

Recently, considerable discussion was aroused among the sophomores and juniors now enrolled in Physics Laboratory concerning the number of semester-hours of credit allowed by the bulletin for this course. Several letters were sent to the NEWS on the subject, and some of them appeared in the Letter-Box column.

In response to these comments, the Deans' office and the Physics department have made statements explaining the situation, believing that the students themselves were not fully aware of all the facts of the matter. These explanations appear in a news item on the first page.

The gist of these statements is that the students being allowed 5 hours a week for the course, for 16 weeks, have available 80 hours of work. The standard requirement is 12 experiments per semester, which gives 6 2-3 hours for each experiment, 3 in the laboratory; and 3 2-3 for writing the report. It certainly does not take an average student more than that length of time to write up a report which will grade "B."

True enough, to make an "A" in the course more time and more intensive study will have to be devoted to the reports. Furthermore, "below average" students will also find it necessary to devote an additional hour or two every week.

Students are too prone to calculate the time required to write a report, from the moment when it was begun until the moment it was completed. They fail to subtract the "times out" taken at regular intervals, to smoke a cigaret, to read a newspaper, or to listen in on "Mike and Herman" on the radio. They forget that the figures in the bulletin represent time to be devoted to INTENSIVE study, which so few students are capable of doing.

To our mind the explanation referred to is an adequate one, and should satisfy any who have felt that they were being imposed upon.

Press Club

Today at one o'clock, the first Press Club meeting of the season will be held. All students who are in any way interested in publication work are being urged to attend. At that meeting, those in charge of Armour's three publications will solicit the aid of additional men for work on the various staffs.

Press Club was organized in 1924 by a petition of Sphinx, honorary literary fraternity, for the following reasons:

(a) To secure the services of freshmen and sophomores for publication work, as well as those of juniors and seniors.

(b) To give potential candidates for staff positions who are well suited for the work by natural ability and former experience an opportunity to make their capabilities known, thus opening competition for staff positions to the whole school instead of limiting it to a few "on the inside."

(c) To insure better continuity of effort from year to year in the administration of the publications, by providing preliminary training and experience to underclassmen before they are required to assume the more responsible staff positions.

In these purposes, the Press Club has been very successful so far. Its continued success in this function will depend on the response of the student body to its meetings.

BOOK REVIEWS

By JOEL M. JACOBSON, '29

"Red Rust," by Cornelia James Cannon

Having but recently completed Willa Cather's book, "My Antonia," a story of the Swedish settlers of the Minnesota and Dakota wheat lands, I picked up "Red Rust," a study of the same people at about the same time in their history, with genuine interest. If I expected to enjoy it as much as "My Antonia" I was very much disappointed. At no point throughout the entire story did I feel any real enthusiasm or deep feeling for the characters the author manipulates. The manipulation is too evident and too gross, the people of New Sweden too obviously acting the writer's playlet instead of their own lives to fill me with any sympathy. How differently two persons can see the same thing! Willa Cather knows these people and writes of them with a deep and all forgiving love. They are "her people." To Cornelia James Cannon they are so many marionettes which wobble uncertainly at the end of her not too certain guiding strings. Whom, in this imaginary town, do I really know? Do I understand Nils Swenson or Brigitta? They seem to be only necessary adjuncts to the play fulfilling no purpose that I can see. As people, living realities, they are strangers. The indistinctness of the characters is, I believe, the chief fault with the story and it is a point about which the whole book hinges. Matts Swenson, his mind alive to the meaning of the natural forces around him, is contrasted with the apathetic Swedish farmers. He experiments with wheat, crossing and selecting his seed to produce a perfect specimen, a wheat plant which will successfully withstand the ravages of the "red rust," a wheat disease which leaves the plant yellowed and seared, worthless for food or seed.

As the perfect wheat of Matts

Swenson is impervious to the attacks of the red rust so is Matts Swenson, himself, untouched by the dead and leaden people about him. Are these Swedish farmers as dull and uninteresting as Cannon wishes us to believe? Are these people, to me the most energetic and progressive in America, really so unintelligent? During the last summer I had the pleasure of making personal acquaintance with the Minnesota farmer. It was not, of course, as intimate or extended as I would like but sufficient to show me how wrong Cornelia Cannon's characters are. They are not the open-handed cowboys of the western plains who meet friends and strangers with the same hearty greeting. Quiet and unassuming, it is true, unfriendly and even suspicious to strangers, yet with a community life and spirit that makes the little towns scattered through the Minnesota farmlands models of beauty and efficiency.

The author has changed the character of the people, has forced them into the mold he has prepared for them. The only object is to make the reader, by brute force, if in no other way, to see the analogy between the experiments on wheat and the human growth in which the experimenter is himself an experiment subject to the same selection and variation. What the conclusion is or what the moral of the tale is, I cannot fathom, unless it lies in Matts Swenson's unwritten epitaph, "I wasn't thinking of what he did. I was thinking of what more he might have done. He didn't complain. He got lots out of life. It's the rest of us who are the losers. . . I'll never be satisfied with my country for all its boosters until we take time to pick out the really great ones in our midst and give them a chance. I'm tired of our pampered mediocrity."

REAL MEN

A real man never talks about what the world owes him, the happiness he deserves, and the chances he ought by right to have, and all that.

A real man is just as honest in the dark in his own room as he is in public.

A real man does not want pulls and favors. He wants work and honest wages.

A real man does not want something for nothing, so the get-rich-quick people cannot use him.

A real man does a little more than he promises.

A real man is loyal to his friends and guards their reputations as his own.

A real man cannot hurt a woman, physically or morally.

A real man minds his own business. He does not judge other persons beyond sure knowledge—not presuming to "search hearts."

A real man is glad to live and not afraid to die. —Iowa Engineer.

Dean Penn Explains Physics Lab. Credits

(Continued from page 1, column 5)

He further elaborated on the question by adding that what he thought was the chief difficulty of the students was their inability to study intensively. "We are looking for intensive students," he declared. "We like to have the kind that can sit down to their work, be absorbed by it, and not stop until they have thoroughly completed the task. If the work is truly done in that fashion, the 3 2-3 hours is ample time."

All the classes in Physics Laboratory this week were given this explanation.

The Sigma Kappa Delta basketball team has arranged with the Englewood Baptist Church, 62nd Place and Stewart, for the use of their gymnasium for practice, so as to be in top condition when the interfraternity basket hostilities begin.

Senior Dance Chat

By Chuck Jilson

With the beginning of each school year at Armour Tech we all look forward to those class dances which are always evenings of great enjoyment leaving happy memories to those who attend. This year the Senior Class starts the ball of fun a-rolling with an informal dance that promises just a few more hops than all preceding ones.

As announced last week, Nov. 16 is the date. Now don't forget, give the girls a break and make your dates now. The dance will be held in the main ball room of the Lake Shore Athletic Club, which in the past has been the scene of two very successful class dances.

And now a bit about the orchestra. Yes, we have engaged that great novelty pianist, Zez Confrey, and his New York Night Club Orchestra. Zez, and all of his boys will be plenty hot when they play "Kitten on the Keys,"

"Stumbling," and "Dizzy Fingers," those well known numbers of which Zez is the composer. Come and hear him play them as they should be played.

All new Armour students are especially invited to attend this dance and become acquainted with the social life of Armour Tech. Tickets are now on sale for the mere sum of \$2.50 per couple. See one of the ticket representatives early, and purchase your guarantee for a wonderful evening.

The entire population on earth, according to the League of Nations, is 1,906,000,000 persons. In the calendar year 1927, the Transit Commission of New York City reported total passengers carried on all surface cars, rapid transit buses and Hudson-Manhattan tubes as 3,202,800,000—50 per cent more than the earth's population.

"THE SLIPSTICK"

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

FAMOUS FEARS No. 1

By the I. R. (Inquiring Reporter)

It happened in the gym
When the lights were growing dim;
Johnny Manz had stroked his chin
When the I. R. happened in.

The I. R. is always where
He never gets the air
It's his to do or dare—
That's why he happened there.

He questioned Johnnie why
He looked so dark in eye.
The answer came with a sigh
As Johnnie started to cry.

"Our team ain't got a chance," he said;
"This basketball's a flop.
I wish that I was home in bed
Enjoying a lollypop."

"Come on now, let us know
Which way the ill winds go,—
If our team has no show,
We'll help you stand the blow."

"All right, all right, I'll tell, I'll tell—
Don't say a word or I'll catch h—
Our hopes are blast by our coach's "blue"—

Krafft Fears Purdue!!!

—J. F. F. H.

We Employ Union Labor

Frosh: "Hey, you, is this the Press Club's headquarters?"

Ye Ed: "Yes—anything?"

Frosh: "Yeah, fix up these pants in a jiffy. I gotta take a quiz next hour."

—J. H. A.

Well, Well, Water Coincidence

"Pa" Phillips: "How much water does it take to put out a fire?"

Libanoff: "Six hours."

"Pa": "Right."

ASK ME ANOTHER!

Professor: "Are there any questions?"

Frosh: "Yes, sir. How do you calculate the horse power in a donkey engine?"

—A. J.

I d-don't stutter when t-talking,

Just w-when I rhyming;

It helps f-fill the meter out

And c-corrects the timing.

Prof. Smith: Morgan, how does it happen that you have hill No. 20 here where valley No. 13 is supposed to be?

Morgan: Merely a topographical error, sir.

Voice: Is this the weather bureau?

Weather Man: Yes, sir.

Voice: How about a shower tonight?

W. M.: It's all right with me. Take one if you need it.

Packed in the oval was the colorful crowd, jammed in with scarce room to breathe. Row upon row, layer upon layer, the crushing mob was packed in—packed in, some would say, like sardines.

And the funny part of it was that they were sardines.

SERVICE

Lady: Is this milk fresh?

Milkman: Half an hour ago, madam, it was grass.

PAGING MERRIAM AND WEBSTER

A car may be defined as a place to go when the park benches get too cold.

Don't Scramble

George Arlington Heights Kloefer, of the present class of '29, wishes to announce that he will bet any professor, doctor, or Mr., an "A" in any senior civil course that he, G. Arlington Kloefer, is able to throw, hurl, or project a standard egg (hen) against the imported Spanish sepia brick wall of the lunch room without breaking it. Mr. Kloefer's program is in the Dean's Office for the reference of all bet-takers.

MAYBE

Well, said the { 1. frosh } just thirty-one more weeks
{ 2. soph }
{ 3. junior }
{ 4. senior }

and I'll be a { 1. soph }
{ 2. junior }
{ 3. senior }
{ 4. grad }

—A. J.