

ARMOUR TECH NEWS

Student Publication of the ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Published Weekly During the College Year

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OUR FIRST BIRTHDAY

It is to say the least a thrilling experience for us, members of the staff, to commemorate the first anniversary of the founding of this school newspaper.

During the past year the staff has worked hard. It has endeavored to the best of its ability to present a publication which would approach the high standards demanded by the exacting reading public to which it caters, the students and faculty of Armour Tech.

In this endeavor the staff has succeeded passably well, but it realizes, more so than the readers themselves, that it has far from attained the ultimate. Many mistakes have crept into their work, some of them quite serious, others only humorous. Many news items of importance were missed. Frequently less important write-ups were given undeserved prominence.

But we hold that such mistakes were not due to carelessness or to slovenliness; they were the result of lack of organization, improper management of our time, or other causes that are inherent in the fact that the paper is new and without precedent. As such they will be eliminated with time and with increased experience of the staff members.

One factor which will insure a maintenance of a high standard for the News is the fact that subscriptions to it are purely voluntary. The response to our subscription campaign will always be a direct barometer of the approval with which the News is being received.

The Armour Tech News is now a "going concern". It has proven its right to existence by refuting all arguments held out against it when it was first proposed. The student body has demonstrated that it wants a newspaper, since it subscribed to the extent of about 70 per cent for the present semester. The faculty has always supported it 100 per cent. The present staff of under-graduates, during the several weeks just passed, has demonstrated that it is capable of putting out the News without aid from the graduating seniors. All indications point to an exceedingly prosperous future for this newest of Tech's publications.

Publishing the Armour Tech News has been a pleasant experience for the staff. It would not have been so were it not for the unstinted support of the 900 in the community of Armour Tech. The members of the staff sincerely hope that in the future the support it receives from its reading public will be at least as generous as it has been in the past.

Swan Song

Exactly a year ago today it was that I experienced the indesirable thrill of seeing the first school newspaper in Armour Tech's history distributed to the student body, after having been prepared under my editorship. Since that memorable day, memorable to me at least, the same thrill, though perhaps in somewhat lesser degree, has been experienced some thirty odd times, as each number of the News successively appeared.

I dare say I have worked hard to produce a presentable weekly chronicle, one which would be not only of interest, but also of value to the readers. I have, so far as circumstances permitted, subordinated my every other interest in order to concentrate my efforts on the News. For a year it has constituted my major industry. All this I have done because of a sincere belief that no other influence can do more toward co-ordinating the interests of the student body, toward localizing them to their alma mater, than a well-conducted school newspaper. And, save

THE SLIPSTICK

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

Dedicated to the Week

Little sheets of paper
Stacked up in a heap;
Little sheets of paper
How you make me weep.
Notice from a meany prof.,
Oh, why are you mine?
Notice from a horrid prof.,
Curse you! Valentine. —Allah.

The Great Fuel

Abie: Vot is de idea of raising de price of gasoline all de time?
Garage Man: What do you care? You haven't a car.
Abie: No, but I got a cigar lighter.

A certain report was turned in, and the student had it returned to him the next day with a notation scrawled on the margin. The chap tried to puzzle it out, but he couldn't, so he brought his report back. "I can't quite make out what this is, if you please, sir." "That, sir," said the professor, "why that says, 'I cannot read your writing.' You write illegibly; a very bad practice."

Bet He Flies Right Off the Handle

Passenger: Doesn't this flying game get on your nerves?
Aviator: Yes, it makes me soar every time I hop off.

And then:—

The mechanical engineer who wanted to take his nose apart to see what made it run.

Frosh: What makes a man always give a woman a diamond engagement ring?
Senior: The woman.

Gnaw, Really?

What are those holes in the fence?
Those are knot-holes.
They are too holes.

Prof. Leigh is always telling a story about some dumb break made in his classes, so we feel perfectly at ease to tell this about him. Seems while he was on a fishing trip, the men agreed that the first one to catch a fish must treat the crowd. Prof. Leigh complained that while both of the men had a bite, they were too mean to pull them up. "Did you lose, then?" we asked. "Oh, no," said Prof. Leigh, "I didn't have any bait on my hook."

You'd be a fine dancer if it weren't for two things. What are they?
Your feet. —Freddie.

Just Her Chance

Gossip: I just heard an awful story about your husband.
Wife: Tell me at once. I need a new dress.

April. A queer month, too emotional, spending most of its time weeping. It is like a stock company gold mine . . . mostly prospects. But remember, the first big league game is near . . . woe to the fatal afternoon classes and the teams in town. —Al. Auerbach.

the thorough training of its men in their chosen professions, nothing is of greater importance for the continued good name and financial success of an educational institution of the nature of A. I. T. than the turning out of graduates who possess affectionate interest in and unflinching loyalty to their college.

Realizing that were it not for the large measure of help that has been given me on all sides I could not have even begun the production of the newspaper, I ask the privilege of voicing an appreciation or two.

First of all, to Professor Walter Hendricks, faculty advisor, for the acquisition of whose friendship alone the work to me has been more than worth while, who first prompted the founding of this news sheet, and who, by his encouragement, and generous donation of time and advice, has inspired the staff to carry on.

To Frederick B. Farrell, managing editor, who has been on the staff from the beginning, and who, though unknown to me until a year ago, has proven a friend indeed. Many an issue would never have made the grade for a Thursday morning appearance had it not been for his tireless and capable efforts.

To the junior, sophomore, and freshmen members of the staff, for their unflinching loyalty, which has removed from my mind all anxiety as to the future welfare of the News.

To the business staff, and to Russell E. Johnson in particular, who has successfully managed the financial end of the concern.

To the student body (which really deserves first mention, since its support is indispensable to our existence), which has been enthusiastic about the publication, while being lenient of its too frequent mistakes.

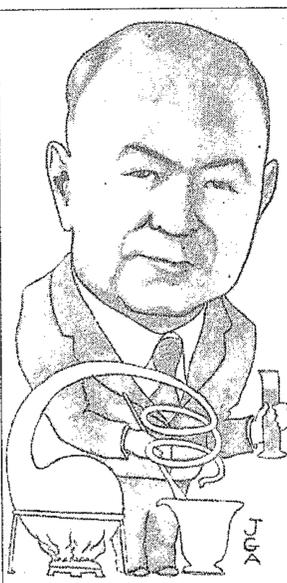
To the faculty, who have backed the News to a man, and in particular to Dr. Raymond, who, since the founding of the News, has been its best friend.

To Mr. Allison, for his invaluable advice to us in matters of business expediency, and for generously providing us with a roomy office.

And lastly to our three score or more alumni subscribers, who have willingly given support morally and financially.

To all these, my deepest appreciation for their vital contributions toward a successful year for the News.

John Hommes



Professor Harry McCormack

(A Biographical Sketch)

By STEPHEN JANISZEWSKI, '30
Professor Harry McCormack was born on a farm near Spencer, Iowa, September 7, 1876. His early boyhood was spent on the farm and in a small town in northern Iowa. Most of his time was passed in hunting, fishing and swimming, but incidentally, he attended school, graduating from the local high school at the age of fifteen.

In 1891, Prof. McCormack entered Drake University at Des Moines, Iowa. He was laboratory assistant in chemistry for three years prior to his graduation and graduated with the class of 1896. While in college, he participated in football, baseball and track. He played on Drake's first football team and was captain of the team for two years in succession.

In recalling some of the most interesting memories of college, Prof. McCormack dwells most on certain experiences which he had while he played on the baseball team. This period antedated the "lily white" period in athletics. In making a trip with the baseball team, to play against five other teams, there were found to be only three men on the team who were really doing any college work. Among the players were Fred Clarke, afterwards manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates for many years, and Herm McFarland, who later became an outfielder on the Cubs' team, playing with them for several years.

Prof. McCormack entered the University of Illinois as a graduate student in 1896, where he pursued courses in Chemistry. He taught the next year, returning to the University of Illinois as a fellow in the Department of Chemistry in the autumn of 1898. There he received his master's degree in Chemistry with the class of 1899.

Following his course at the University of Illinois, he taught in high schools and worked in commercial laboratories during the summers for the next five years, coming to Armour Institute of Technology in 1904, where he has taught since that time.

In addition to his duties as a teacher, during the past twenty years, Prof. McCormack has been actively engaged in a consulting practice in Chemical Engineering. He was an early member of the Chicago Section of the American Chemical Society and took active part in this organization during that period of time when it was struggling for existence. He held the office of treasurer, vice chairman, and chairman and also was for several years a councillor representing the Chicago Section in the National Council of the American Chemical Society.

For eight years, Prof. McCormack was editor of "Chemical Engineering." He was elected a member of the Institute of Chemical Engineers the year it was organized. He also holds membership in the American Electrochemical Society and the American Society for Testing Materials. He is a member of Tau Beta Pi, Phi Lambda Upsilon and Phi Beta Kappa.

Prof. McCormack has contributed many articles on chemical and chemical engineering topics to

REVIEWS

Homer in the Sagebrush, by James Stevens. (Alfred Knopf & Co., \$5.00)

To my mind, there is no author just exactly as quaint, amusing and totally fascinating as the inimitable James Stevens. His newest release is "Homer in the Sagebrush," a collection of short stories well worth ranking with the more widely known epic of "Paul Bunyan," as set down by Stevens.

Stevens' style is awkward to describe; it is not ridiculous, but a case of pure humor developed by sheer exaggeration. The tales told are all fantasies created partially from legends current among the laborers in lumberfields and fisheries on the western coast, and partly by a most vivid imagination.

Adjectives are handed and massed into a well drilled troop of words as no other author can. Paragraphs are replete with them; at times they constitute the major portion of the thought. They are not the puny, underfed adjectives

the professional publications. He has the distinction of having organized and administered the first course of laboratory work in Chemical Engineering ever offered in any college. He has brought with himself to Armour his spirit of sportsmanship evinced by his work as coach of the Armour track team for six years.

The original of the portrait used in connection with the biography feature of the Armour Tech News is presented each week to the professor whose biography appears. These portraits, which are drawn by the staff artist, J. G. Attwood, '29, are highly valued by the members of the faculty who have received them.

that are used to death by most writers, but a new, dynamic set of them.

The tale range from the dance hall fight of the drunken lumberjacks to a race between two side-wheelers, the pilots of which are of the tribe of river-smellers. These men steer by smelling the rocks and bars, as contrasted to the river-hearers, who can hear the rocks, and bars. Enough to tempt anyone from a dry dose of homework.

It is appropriate to say a few words about the older book. "Paul Bunyan." Anyone interested in logging, or the North Woods has, no doubt, heard of the fifty-foot logger and his blue ox, Babe. Stevens has collected these tales and formed a book that follows the trials and tribulations of the logger.

In all his writings, Stevens resorts to a most subtle irony. Though he never brings the issue out point-blank, many of his writings, particularly his magazine articles, are ironic farces against some popular issue, as prohibition, or the ex-anti-cigarette law in Kansas. The Anti-Saloon league was ridiculed most effectively in a sketch called, "The Shaggybears and the Guzzle-nots," in which the characters are all animals personified. I have rarely enjoyed a bit of writing more.

"Homer in the Sagebrush" can be obtained in the Chicago Public Library or its branches as a seven-day book. —A. A.

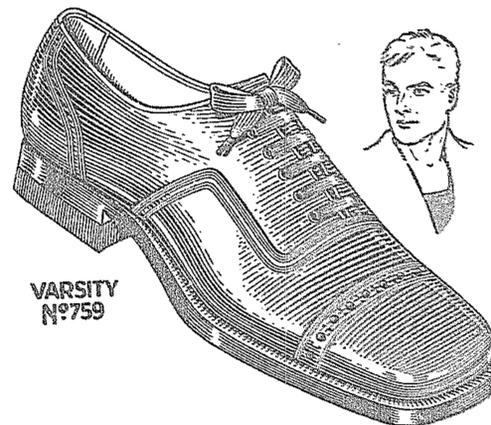
Students at the University of Kentucky have taken the enforcement of the Volstead Act at their university into their own hands.

Any student caught drinking at a dance, social, or any other affair dealing with campus life, is brought before the Men's Student Council and tried. If found guilty the offender may be shipped. The movement on the part of the students has just about put an end to all drinking at the University of Kentucky.

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