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THIS ISSUE IN CHARGE OF DAVID T. SMITH

Two Basketball Victories

The Armour basketball team defeated Northwestern University's McKinlock Campus team by 28 to 19 and Y. M. C. A. College by 29 to 23 in games played week before last. Thereby hangs a tale. Usually when a team has suffered a string of defeats, the men get discouraged and lose heart. The tendency is to say, "Oh, what's the use. We already have a bad record, we might as well lose a few more."

In the face of a string of defeats, the Armour team battled courageously to win these two games by close scores. Such spirit is worthy of commendation. Any body can play a hard game when the season is going fine, but it takes real courage to fight to the last when discouraged by successive trouncings.

A struggle in the face of disheartening losses often reveals strength of character and "intestinal fortitude" better than many victories. No matter what the loss and win record, the spirit of "never say die" displayed by our team and our coach deserves the praise and support of the whole student body.

Dean Monni's Letter

We consider it a rare privilege with this issue to publish a message to the student body from our former Dean, Doctor Louis C. Monin. The juniors and seniors, who remember Dean Monin, since he left only two years ago, will see in the letter the same sparkling enthusiasm, the refreshing wisdom, and the same loving personality that endeared him to the students when he was here. May the freshmen and sophomores, in reading the message, catch the identical spirit, and be imbued with that sense of comradeship which distinguishes our student life.

It is our hope that sometime in the not too distant future, Professor Monin will again favor us with such an inspiring message.

One Hundred Per Cent Perfect

Two great tests in mental discipline are accuracy and honesty. It is far better to master a few subjects thoroughly than to have a mass of generalizations about many subjects. The world will have little use for those who are right only a part of the time. Whatever may be the standards of the class-room, practical life will require something more than 60 per cent or 70 per cent for a passing mark. The standards of the world are not like those set by the faculty, but more closely resemble those set by the student body themselves. They are not at all content with a member of the musical organizations who can strike only 90 per cent of the notes. They do not tolerate the man on the diamond who catches only 80 per cent of the balls. The standards which the student body set are high. They want accuracy that is well-nigh complete. They apply the same standards to candor and honesty. Bluff and pretense may be permitted in the classroom; but in their relations with each other students regard such practices with contempt, and those who resort to them are properly considered to be cheap. They may be willing to view with considerable tolerance those who break the rules of the school, but they will not fail to mete out condemnation and penalty to those who break the rules of training. When the world holds its examinations it will require the same standards of accuracy and honesty which student bodies impose upon themselves. Unless the mind is brought under such training and discipline as will enable it to acquire these standards at an early period, the grave danger increases that they may never be acquired.—President Coolidge.

Book Reviews

"The New Universe,"
by Baker Brownell

In this book Baker Brownell tackles a subject which is too big for him, or for any other man. He tries to explain life, and misses the mark miserably. If life is no more than he would have us believe, ours would at best be a sorry and hopeless existence.

"All life," says Brownell, "can be explained on the basis of physical fact. Life is a struggle, and the competition often is intense, but it is no less chemical in its last analysis, so far as science is concerned."

Last analysis, indeed! If life is chemical in its last analysis so far as science is concerned, why cannot science produce life, or even so much as see the possibility of producing life? Science has to make many more analyses before it can presume to say it has reached its last, and has definitely settled this mystery!

Baker Brownell continues: "Life is a part of a large evolutionary process, a small, insignificant part at that. All living is chemical reaction. An ounce of tallow takes up the same amount of oxygen, sets free the same amount of heat, and produces the same amounts of water and carbon dioxide, whether fed to a dog or burned in a candle. In scientific terms, life is metabolism, which is, in short, the ability to transform matter and energy. This ability is not unique to life, however. Fire can do it; so can a turbo-generator, or a waterfall."

Which all sounds very scientific and authoritative, and is absolutely true, so far as it goes. But let's read on.

Somebody brings up the argument that life is different from the ordinary chemical process in that it possesses the power of sensitivity, the ability to perceive its surroundings, and to react to them. In the term "sensitivity" is included emotion, thought, consciousness, as well as the five physical senses.

In answer, he brings up the "behaviorist" idea. "All sensitivity consists of stimuli and their responses. From without come stimuli that we call the outer world, and from within, from all our muscles and viscera, come other stimuli which govern our reactions. As to conscious control of our reaction, bah! Emotions from this point of view are predominantly glandular and visceral reactions which have not been put into words."

In other words, he's trying to make us believe that all living is mechanistic,—its metabolism, its reproduction, its consciousness, its emotion, and its intelligence. All are reactions to stimuli, reactions that we cannot control, reactions meaningless and purposeless. And if we ask of what use is life to the individual when he cannot control the external world, the future generation, or his own behavior, and when he has no prospect for continued existence after death, Brownell goes on to say, "However dismal the prospect of life may be under this theory, it is better to react uselessly than not to react at all, for death is a discontinuity, similar to that of any chemical change, and though we usually try to avoid it with much earnestness, it is the natural end to a metabolic process."

Well, as to Baker Brownell, all we've got to say is that we sympathize with him. His must be a dreary and monotonous existence, with so depressing a philosophy. And with due regard to his learning, we doubt if modern youth will fall for his speculations on life, for speculations they surely are.

We have always believed that the first goal in life was the attainment of true happiness. That being the case, we prefer to accept the teachings of Jesus Christ as our conception of life, and believe them to be far more logical, and far more satisfying, than the wide guess which Brownell has made. —J. H.

SIGMA KAPPA DELTA

Probation week is now being held, to be followed by initiation Saturday, Feb. 22, and a banquet at the Brevoort Hotel. The following men are on probation:

Edward Stehno, '31.
Barton Roffee, '30.
Raymond Mills, '32.
Henry Fox, '31.
Charles Link, '31.
Guy Cornwell, '31, is back in school again after being away for a year.

A Greeting To The Students of A. I. T.

By Dr. Louis C. Monin
Retired Dean of Students

At the invitation of Mr. John Hommes, editor-in-chief of the Armour Tech News, to send a line of greeting to the students of A. I. T., I herewith gladly comply with his request, and walking quietly through the hall of the Main Building into the Library, I permit myself to say to the assembled young men who are crowding the Library tables: "How do you do, boys? How are you getting along? How is everything? Are the professors behaving as you expect them to do? Is dear A. I. T. taking hold of you so that you are steeped in wisdom and learning,—and good behavior? And how is the young lady?"

You have no idea how fortunate you are compared to students of other lands. Of course, young men with red blood, healthy hearts, and good minds survive in any climate and triumph even over physics and calculus. Yet what gives your college career an especial value and significance is that you belong to a COLLEGE OF COMRADESHIP.

The outstanding and glorious characteristic, the best and most important feature of the college course in A. I. T., besides the thoroughness of the work, the zeal of research, the acquisition, theoretical, and practical engineering knowledge, is the inspiring, hopeful, invigorating atmosphere of comradeship between student and student, between faculty and students, between the college and its alumni. It is the most precious asset of our "old school." See to it that you are worthy of it!

Whenever I explain it to my friends here, to students or professors of this country, this feature of our American student life has their unqualified admiration.

No snubbery, no class distinctions (except on the day of the Freshman-Sophomore rush!), no aloofness of professors and instructors, no foolish, exaggerated self-importance of the students with "the audacity of their ambitions":—all work together in amicable rivalry—even the fraternities most of the time—and throughout the entire concern, students, faculty, and alumni, there is the all-pervading spirit of good fellowship and helpful mutual understanding.

This close companionship of faculty and students is utterly lacking in European colleges and universities except where the personality of a great teacher may bring about harmony and cohesion of interests.

My congratulations, therefore, students of A. I. T.! What an approachable, sympathetic President, lenient with all your endeavor,—what upright, fine, understandable Deans,—what helpful Professors and Instructors! Let me call them your friends. Be worthy of such friendships! Remember the saying, "As you shout into the woods, so the echo will come back to you." It is "up to you" to make the most of this fine spirit of comradeship in the class room, on the athletic field, in the fraternities and clubs, in your daily intercourse with fellow students and faculty members. This spirit will help you in later years to win trust and appreciation,—to win friendship and love, to make your life rich and significant for yourself and those dependent on you.

And thus I see you advancing through the four years of college life and finally graduate, not as "one who has risen from nothing, but as one on the top who means to stay there."

Wherever this spirit of comradeship, of tolerance and helpfulness, prevails, there is happiness and true civilization. It is still the curse of European conditions that class hatred prevails here. No true and lasting peace can come to the world unless nations and individuals perceive and understand that only the spirit of comradeship can sustain mankind in the tremendous travail of cosmic change. Has man no friend in the Universe? No, except another man,—or perhaps his dog.

It will be easier and profitable to understand this spirit now that we are again approaching toward spring. For

"In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to songs of love—"
(I hope I quoted this correctly).

Let it be not merely "songs,"—but thoughts and deeds of helpful teamwork in play, in study, in the affairs of every day.

Three cheers for the A. I. T.—this College of Engineering and Comradeship!

The thirty-three years of work in and through this spirit have brought to me the solace of old age, the bright and cheerful sustaining power of life. May you also find and keep it. And God bless you.

L. C. Monin

Zurich, Switzerland, Jan. 15, 1929.

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

To My Sister

If I had a wish,
And wishes came true,
I'd dream for a sweetheart
A dream girl like you.

A pal to laugh with,
To tease,—never sore.
And always forgiving,
Can sweethearts do more?

—Andy R. W.

As All of Us

Frosh: When do you do your hardest work?
Soph: Before breakfast, always.
Frosh: What do you do?
Soph: Try to get outa bed.

'Tis Their Salvation, Verily

Dear Al:
You know this infinity thing (oo) lets a lot of instructors out of many a tight corner, doesn't it?

—I. O. N.

You're so dumb you don't even know what a mayor is. Don't kid me, of course I know a mayor is a horse's sister.

—F. B. A.

They're Real Antiques, Too

With the price of antique furniture what it is, it is reported that Stanley "Dough" is having a huge sale on log tables.

—Bill.

Just a Matter of Opinion

Where's your roommate?
Well, if the ice is as thick as he thinks it is, he's skating; if it's as thin as I think it is, he's swimming.

This Futuristic Stuff

Goldman: Vell, Ikey, I hear you had a fire sale in your store last Tuesday night.
Silverman: Shhh. Not so loud. It's next Tuesday.
—Freddie.

One of the seniors was home over Lincoln's birthday and the old folks had a little gathering in his honor. Picking up a beautiful silk shirt, he was showing it to his friends. "Isn't this keen? And to think that it came from a poor, little insignificant worm."
His dad turned and wearily said, "Yes, and darn it, I'm that worm."

Close To Home

Where is the capitol of Illinois?
Springfield.
That's right. Now where is the capitol of Africa.
Thirty-First and State.

This naturally leads to the story of the colored chap who was in a cell sleeping off a good spree. The jail was rather dark, and the desk sergeant peered into the cell to try and see the inmate. "Are you colored?" he called in. "No sah," was the reply. "I was born this way."

Tobacco is a dirty weed,
It satisfies no normal need.
It makes you thin, it makes you lean,
It takes the hair right off your bean,
It's the worst stuff I've ever seen,
I like it.

The Blunderer

Senior: Tough luck, old man, I hear your girl got married the other day.
Grad: Yeah.
Senior: Purty tough.
Grad: Yeah.
Senior: Who did she marry.
Grad: Me.

A fellow waiting for a train kicked a dog quite viciously. The owner rathfully demanded an explanation. "Why your dog is mad," the fellow explained. "Mad! Mad! Why you double dyed blanket blank fool, he's not mad." "Oh! Isn't he? Gosh, I should be awfully mad if any body kicked me like that."

My, How Subtle

Do you think you could ever care for a fellow like me? Yes, if he wasn't too much like you.

Inquiring Reporter: Are you faver of clubs for women?
Cynic: Certainly. Clubs, sandbags, or any other weapons that are handy.

In answer to Dr. Scherger's question in a History of Civilization quiz: "What are the Five Great Races of Mankind," Iverson wrote, "The 100 yard, the hurdles, the quarter-mile, the mile, and the cross country."

The Acid Test

One: He seems to be very clever.
Two: Yes indeed. He can even do the problems that his children bring home as homework.

Active: Did you take a bath?
Pledge: No, is there one missing?

'Sno use tryin'. The last humor issue has just about worn out the last lines, and with the weather as it is, we're completely baffled.