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Meat For Students in the Inaugural Address

Of particular interest to the engineering student was that portion of President Hoover's Inaugural address which had to do with education and future opportunities.

"Although education is primarily a responsibility of the states and local communities, and rightly so, yet the nation as a whole is vitally concerned in its development every where to the highest standards and to complete universality. Self-government can succeed only through an instructed electorate.

"The more complex the problems of the nation become, the greater is the need for more and more advanced instruction. Moreover, as our numbers increase and as our life expands with science and invention, we must discover more and more leaders for every walk of life. We cannot hope to succeed in directing this increasingly complex civilization unless we can draw all the talent of leadership from the whole people.

"Ours is a land rich in resources; stimulating in its glorious beauty; filled with millions of happy homes; blessed with comfort and opportunity. In no nation are the institutions of progress more advanced. In no nation are the fruits of accomplishment more secure. In no nation is the government more worthy of respect. No country is more loved by its people. I have an abiding faith in their capacity, integrity and high purpose. I have no fears for the future of our country. It is bright with hope."

A country which is in need of responsible leaders, and one in which opportunities are greater and more luring than ever before anywhere in the world's history. That is the prospect which Hoover presents to the rising engineers of this country.

Thirty years from now will see the present members of the student body of Armour Tech well established in their respective livelihoods. Their activities will be more than livelihoods. The day when the main purpose of a man's vocation was to earn his bread and butter is past, particularly for those who are engaged in the professions. The first class engineer of today, and of the future, will be one of the most active factors in the matter of service to his community.

Just how the present enrolment of the Institute will avail themselves of these alluring opportunities of the future would be fascinating knowledge, if we could but look thirty years into the future. Such knowledge is denied us, however. Nevertheless, attainment to the highest position in the land of a full-fledged engineer, a practical man, is an inspiration to technical students, who may now set no limit on the extent of their ambitions.

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

Poetry is a gift, but most editors won't even take it for that. However, we're easy to please.

Have you heard the one about the lecturer who was inspired by the sign on the door as he entered the auditorium? He eulogized on the wonders that it performed; made any man succeed. Then the audience tittered. For, on the inner side of the door, was lettered "PULL."

And, as all good sophs know, for every push there's a pull.

Musta Been a Blind Date
She: It's very good of you to ask me to dance.
He (suffering): Don't mention it. It's charity.
—Freddie.

The Outcast
I haven't a friend in the world.
Which league did you umpire in?

Professor John Schommer has a new hat. At least, he thinks it is a hat. But, confidentially, it high hats anything on campus. It makes you realize how Macbeth felt when he saw a green forest come toward him, only this green is more violent. Stanley is laying in a supply of blinders. Six architects died trying to mix the shade in paints, and Phil Kjellgren broke his best lens by photographing it. Yes, it is rather distinctive.

A new standard recently released:—
Strong? One drink of it makes you want to go upstairs and rob your own trunk.
—F. B.A.

She: How dare you. My father said that he would kill the first fellow that kissed me.
He: And did he?

Bet This Guy Becomes a Cynic Now
Al: I've waited all my life for such an excuse; namely, the "L" breaking down. Last week it happened. But when I got to class, I found the instructor was on the same train.
—I. O.N.

Scotch: Are you the barber that cut my hair the last time?
Barber: I don't think so, sir. I've only been here six months.
—Freddie.

William J. Locke, a noted author, has tucked away in one of his books the following definition of Einstein's theory:—"He says that the rays of light which we once thought so straight are all bent and warped like the processes of the female mind."

She: Can you drive with one hand?
He (hopefully): And how.
She: Here. Have an apple.
—Branham.

Says the senior taking bacteriology, "I ain't got no manners, but you should see my culture."

Let's have some ginger ale.
Pale?
No, a glass will do.

Speaking of Jawn Schommer's emerald hat recalls the latest Ford joke. "You know why the new Chevy's are painted green, don't you?" "No." "It's so they can hide in the grass when a new Ford goes by."

Purely a Case of Oversight
So you're going to work for your dad?
Yes, I guess so.
Well, I hope you'll be of some service to him.
Oh, I hadn't thought of that.

Mr. Kelly comes forward with the weekly Scotch story of the one who, seeing a penny in the middle of the street, rushed forth to secure it, with the result that he was run over and killed. The jury brought in a verdict of "Death from natural causes." But then again, on the other hand, we believe that the one about the Scotch fisherman marrying the girl because she had worms still ceps first place.

The great problem of the ages has been solved. The riddle of how to get up in time for an eight-thirty has been explained. 'Tis simple. Don't go to bed. Na charge.

Typical Jobs of Armour Grads
Bond Salesman
Selling Bonds
Securities Salesman
Selling Securities
Stock Salesman
Selling Stocks
None

"Woe unto you," said the farmer to the runaway horse.

First Frosh: How many are in the chemistry lecture class?

Even Dumber: I don't know, but I can tell you a swell way to find out.

First Infant: How?
Dumber: Take half the number in the class and multiply it by two.

The surprise of our lives. We opened the contribution box, and there actually, without any bunk, were three.
AL AUERBACH.

Log-Cabin To Dean



DEAN C. I. PALMER

(A Biographical Sketch)

By STEPHEN JANISZEWSKI

Today the ARMOUR TECH NEWS presents the biography of Claude Irwin Palmer, Dean, Professor, author, and arbiter.

Dean Palmer was born near Battle Creek, Michigan, May 31, 1871, coming from an old Yankee family. He was the son of Clark Hubbard and Martha Thompson. His boyhood was spent down on the farm near Lakeview, Montcalm County, Michigan. For five years he lived in a log cabin and still recalls the garret next to the roof where he slept and where the snow sifted through on blustery nights. In reminiscing of his youth, Professor Palmer dwells most on the

memories of his life on the farm. There his experience varied from milking cows to pulling stumps, and mowing hay with an old-fashioned scythe.

He had to walk four miles to high school. When thirteen, his mother died and from the age of fourteen he earned his own living.

Prof. Palmer began teaching in district school when nineteen. He attended the Ferris Institute at Big Rapids, Michigan, and graduated from the Normal Department there. After teaching eight years in public schools he entered the University of Michigan, where he graduated in 1903, receiving his A. B. degree.

At the time of his graduation from Michigan, he was married, was already a proud parent, and furthermore was \$1100 in debt, a situation which would dishearten almost any man. But Professor Palmer's confidence in his future, his genius for mathematics, and his determination to come out on top were his salvation during that critical period.

Immediately upon receiving his degree he joined the faculty of Armour Institute of Technology, teaching in the summer school. Prof. Palmer attended the University of Chicago doing post-graduate work for a number of years.

In 1910 he was appointed Associate Professor of Mathematics, and on the retirement of Dr. Campbell and Dean Monin in 1927, he was made Professor and Head of the Department of Mathematics and Dean of Students.

Dean Palmer married May Belle Hill of Marlette, Michigan, and is the father of four children, three daughters and one son. He is also a proud grand-daddy of two grandchildren. His son attends the University of Illinois.

The first textbook of Dean Palmer, Practical Mathematics, was developed

in Evening Classes at Armour through eight years of teaching. He has since written eleven books on mathematics, and a statement from his publishers says that the copies of his books had reached a grand total of over half million on Jan. 1, 1928.

Prof. Palmer is a member of the American Mathematical Society, the Mathematical Association of America, the American Society for the Advancement of Science, and the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education. He likewise is a member of the University Club, Midway Athletic Club of Chicago, and the National Arts Club of New York. Dean Palmer is an elder in the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago.

Prof. Palmer has traveled over much of the United States and Canada by automobile. His favorite hobby is fishing each year in Northern Wisconsin.

Those who have come in contact with the Dean have come to know the genial and charming personality of the man who listens to the troubles and complaints of the students and adjusts their difficulties. In his office of varied duties is evidenced his sense of justice along with a character never ruffled, always cheerful and always more than willing to co-operate.

"It has been the custom in the past and is still somewhat true today in German schools, that the student who fails either commits suicide or emigrates to the United States," says Dr. Evans, addressing a Y. M. C. A. Council at Ohio State.

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