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BASKETBALL

With the blowing of the starting whistle tonight at the Varsity-Alumni basketball game, the 1929-30 college season officially opens for Armour. For the past four weeks Coach Krafft and his men have labored diligently to build up a team that will come through the season in a victorious manner.

A long and difficult schedule has been arranged, calling for fifteen games, seven of which are away from home. It is no easy task which confronts the team. However, a spirit of grim determination pervades the squad this year, a spirit which means that every game will be a battle from start to finish. Last year, several games were lost by heart-breaking margins of one, two, or three points. These losses were due to one, and only one, thing—lack of student support. That desperate last minute rally, put forth at the stimulus of a crowd of cheering students, was lacking. How can a team feel like putting forth its best efforts when the student body does not even care enough to attend the games?

This year Armour is going to have a fighting team, a hard-playing team, one which will furnish thrills a-plenty. Their success is going to depend upon the support they receive. Let's all be out there on the side lines backing the team at each and every game. Now is the time to start. Tonight is the first game; be at the Armory at four-thirty o'clock.

FLUNK NOTICE

Some people become discouraged when things look dark for them, others settle down to fight harder. Those that are easily discouraged lose out, those that keep plugging away win. Last week the mid-semester distribution of "flunk" notices was performed. Students took these little slips, read them, and reacted, each according to his own nature. One said, "Good gosh, lookit all these subjects I'm flunking in. I'll be on probation next semester if I flunk those. In a bad way. What will my folks think?"

However, another said, "Doggone, lookit all those subjects I'm flunking in. This won't do. I bet I can pass all of them or maybe all but one if only I work a little harder. Anyway I'm going to pass or bust a leg trying."

Maybe the second man will not pass all his work, but he will probably pass most of it. It is a "cinch" that the first man will not pass his work; at least if he continues with his present attitude. Don't be like the "good gosh" man, be like the "doggone" man. There are nine weeks left to raise the old average. An engineer is never a quitter.

:: "THE SLIPSTICK" ::

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

THE PSALM OF RADIO

Radio is my hobby! I shall want no other.
It maketh me to stay home at night,
It leadeth me into much trouble.
It draweth on my purse—
I go into paths of debt for its name's sake.
Yea, though I understand it perfectly, it will not oscillate.

The different kinds of notes—they comfort me;
Yet it will not work in the presence of mine enemies.
I anoint the coils with shellac,
But the tube spillleth over.
Surely the radio bug won't follow me all the days of my life,
For if it does I will dwell in the House of Poverty forever!

SLIPSTICK

If you never saw that kind of dancing,—it's collegiate.

Clerk: "Did you get any of those moths with those moth-balls?"
Mrs. Doe: "No, I tried for five hours, but I couldn't hit one."

Garlic Too

Joe says, "eating onions is the secret of long life;" but we wonder how it could be kept a secret.

Tourist: I want accommodations for a trip around the world.
Clerk: Yes sir. One way?

Now Is That Nice

Frank: You know that Chester is a nice lad.
Wallace: How come? I don't think so. I saw him treating his girl friend as I wouldn't treat a dog.
Frank: I don't believe it. What was he doing?
Wallace: Kissing her.

The recent trip of the Radio Class to the Majestic plant was very instructive (or destructive). More interest was shown in the operators than the operation.

Or Any Drug Store

Autoist: "Where do you get auto parts around here?"
Native: "At the railroad crossing."

"Oh, mamma," said little Ophelia, "I saw the funniest thing when I was coming home. There was a man sitting on the sidewalk talking to a banana skin."

A filing cabinet is a place where letters can't be located.

Freshman: "Where have you been?"
Soph: "In the hospital getting censored."
Freshman: "Censored? What do you mean?"
Soph: "Oh, I had several important parts cut out."

This is the season for naming an All American Football Team. Why not Notre Dame?

DEC. 2ND

School was resumed after a welcomed vacation during which everybody caught up on reports, problems and sleep. Flunk notices were out; were you disappointed by not getting one. Another session of Congress opened; who cares?

Par Four

Lawyer: "He claims his wife was intractable, your honor, so he beat her into subjection with a golf club."
Judge: "In how many strokes?"

"It is as hard to satirize well a man of distinguished vices, as to praise well a man of distinguished virtues."

Jones: "Sorry, old man, that my hen got loose and scratched up your garden."

Smith: "That's all right; my dog ate your hen."
Jones: "Fine! I just ran over your dog and killed him."

The difference between luxury and a necessity is twelve payments.

We were taken quite seriously about our Funny Fraternity. Now we want a name for it. We welcome R. S. F. this week. In the future three hits make you a member—Wasn't the snow delightfully damp?

Polly: "The photographers never do me justice."
Molly: "You want mercy, not justice, dear."

They usually have butlers in a mystery play so that the audience will have somebody to suspect.

"What hit you, a steam roller?"
"No. My wife wired from Hot Springs, saying she'd lost half her weight in a month and wanted to stay longer. I told her to stay another month."

Penny gum machines were invented so that tight-wads could gamble.

Did your radiator freeze up last week? It won't be long till New Year's Eve. Do your shopping early.



Professor Charles Austin Tibbals

(A Biographical Sketch)

BY P. EMIL SEIDELMAN, '31

Charles Austin Tibbals, Professor of Analytical Chemistry, was born in Brooklyn, New York, on July 23, 1881. He received his early training at private schools and his high school education at the Public High School of Warwick, N. Y. For the three years following his graduation he attended Columbia University School of Mines, where his athletic participation consisted of track and lacrosse.

In 1902, he went to the University of Wisconsin, as an Assistant in Chemistry, where he remained six years. While at this college he received his B. S. degree in 1904, his Masters in 1906, and his Doctors degree in 1908.

Prof. Tibbals came to the Institute in 1908 as an Assistant Professor of Chemistry. He was promoted to an Associate in 1910, and to Pro-

fessor of Analytical Chemistry in 1928.

In 1908, he married Miriam Reed of Madison, Wisconsin. They have two children, one son, who is now attending Howe Military Academy, and one daughter, who is a Junior at Lake Forest.

During the late war he served for one year as Captain, Ordnance Department, U. S. A. engaged in research on high explosives and projectile loading.

Prof. Tibbals besides giving instructions in the mystery of acids, also includes a detailed account of the lob and back hand. His ability in this latter direction is aided by the fact that he is coach of the Armour tennis team.

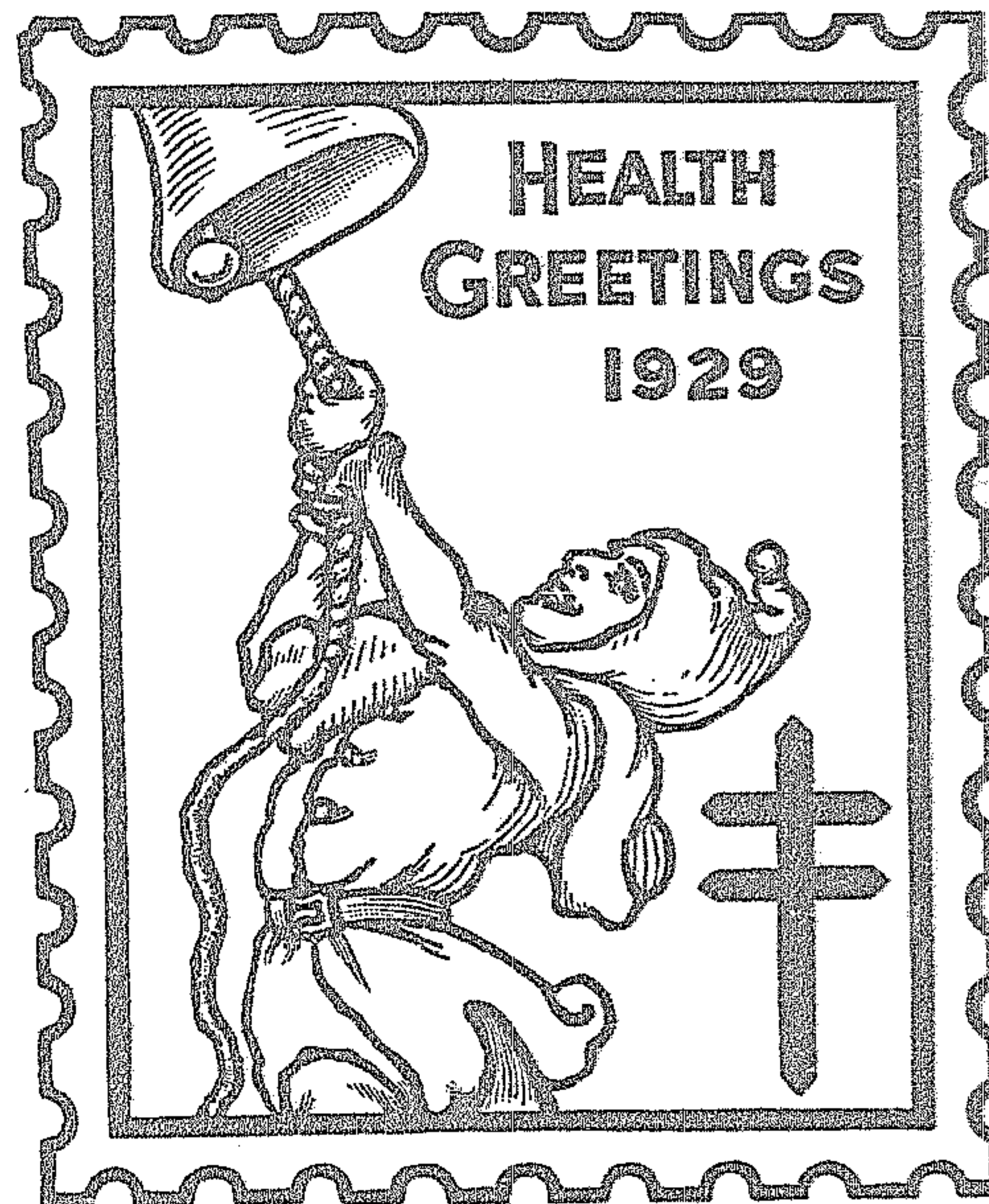
Prof. Tibbals is an Officer of the

Organized Reserve, a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a member of the American Chemical Society, The University Club of Chicago, and the University of Wisconsin Club of Chicago. He is also on the staff of Underwriters Laboratories, acting as a Special Chemist.

Prof. Tibbals is the author of numerous papers connected with the Chemistry of Fire Protection and Fire Prevention. Also, with E. D. Gill, the author of a textbook of Quantitative Analysis.

His chief recreations are golf, tennis, fishing and camping.

A wedding is where the groom begins kissing the bride and the other fellows stop.



Telephony knows no barriers

Telephone lines must cross natural barriers. This means construction methods must be flexible, readily varied to peculiar local conditions.

Special problems arise, too, in telephone laboratory, factory and central office. How to protect poles from insect attack? How

to develop more compact equipment for use in manholes? How to assure a sufficient number of trained operators? How to build long distance business?

It takes resourcefulness to find the answers, to surmount the barriers. There is no stereotyped way.

BELL SYSTEM

A nation-wide system of inter-connecting telephones



"OUR PIONEERING WORK HAS JUST BEGUN"