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OPEN HOUSE NIGHT

Colleges are handicapped by the lack of a means of articulation save through the spoken word; the achievements of the most of them are known to the general public only as a series of athletic contests which the country-wide publications feature. However, Armour has found a means of self expression and appeal through its Open House Night.

On this occasion, the school lays itself open for a most thorough inspection, and exhibits gladly each and every phase of its work that can be accommodated. Laboratory demonstrations of all natures, ranging from the simplest observations in chemistry to the most complex in physics are laid before the visitors' eyes; shops are under way, and the vivid glow of the molten metals mingle with the impressions of the mighty engines.

The embryo engineers that may visit us will probably remember the more spectacular of the exhibits, and the huge spark of the Tesla coil will leave a far more lasting impression than the sign of a man laboring over some delicate piece of apparatus. Yet, whether it may seem so or not, the true engineer is interested enough in his work so that even if the procedure may seem a little monotonous, he will gladly bear with it for the sake of the results that he knows the machine can yield under careful usage.

It is this spirit that has made Open House Night the success that it is, and it is this spirit that makes us eager to praise it. Fully half of the men working that night are doing so without any additional credit in their courses; and nearly all the men are actually interested in their work to the extent that they will give enthusiastic replies to all the questions asked. Armour men are proud of the chance to show others of their ability and the type of training that they have received here.

Engineering is a hard field; it demands much preparation and untold work. The exhibits on display at Open House are merely the lighter side of the phases of it, and the casual visitor may not realize the long hours of preparation preceding and following the work. Yet despite all these apparent faults, the actual work is always so interesting and intriguing that the courses have never lacked applicants. The secret of it all is that no matter what phase of engineering you are engaging in, the work and the solution of the project is never the same; engineering is probably the only livelihood that never approaches monotony.

A. B. A.

"The Slipstick"

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

TIME TO RETIRE

A motorist sat in the mire
Changing a punctured tire;
"Having trouble with your tires blowing out?"
Asked the second driver in a shout.
"Naw," said the other, without waste of time,
"No trouble at all; they blow out fine."

A man living in Mexico claims to be 107 years old.
He is assumed to be bullet proof.

Dollar Bill.

Economics Comeback No. 1492

Monney is dat wich everybody works fer an no-buddy hez. Monney is classed as pennies and nikles and sometimes often always it usually includes Canadian dimes most of ths time sumtimes. Little is known by the averdudge purson about higher sums sech as fifty-tree scent pieces. Not everybody can make monney, an those dat do dassn't git caught. Long time ago injuns pulled there teeth and used them fur monney. A molar tooth was only a nikel. Extra roots were werth a pennie, and were oftun thron in to make a bargin. But wen a injun wanted a six-toob radio, he had to make a down payment uv seven molars wich is more then sum of them had in which case they had to give false teeth and gold crowns. This wuz known as extensionery credit, wich means that a injun kiddo did not haff to pay fur his lolly-pop but he sed "charge ut." This will be the topik of my nex lekture.

Gents, youse is at liberty.

The Bongineer.

Prof. Leigh says the vandal who is taking the books from the library must also be taking the chalk from the rooms to make his mark in the world.

O. R. S.

"What kept you late?"
"The train was late."
"You're later than you should be at that."
"I missed the train."

You can hammer a nail
You can throw a custard pie
You can step in a wash pail
But you can't wear a railroad tie.

Once upon a time there was a certain ice-cream man—well, you know who I mean.

She Don't you think sheep are the most stupid creatures living?
He: Yes, my lamb.

OH YEA

A weekly paper is a great invention—the school gets the name, the printer gets the money, and the staff gets the blame.

If we print jokes, folks say we are silly.
If we don't, they say we are too serious.
If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety.

If we are rustling news, we are not attending to business in our own department.

If we don't print contributions, we don't show appreciation.

If we do print them, the paper is full of junk.
Like as not some fellow will say we swiped this from another paper.

And we did.

Customer: "I would like to see a good second-hand car. One that will do about seventy an hour. You know, a pretty little cream-colored roadster for about fifty dollars."

Salesman: "So would I."

Some students don't seem to have any difficulty at all. They get along with E's.

A SAD POEM

There was a stude
Who played in the "lab."
And now his place
Is marked by a slab.

It is quite evident that the back-slapping salutation is slowly passing out of season. From now on it's "Shake!"—Oow, my back!

O. R. S.

The flapper was showing her maiden aunt about the city and stopped for lunch in a Bohemian cafe. As soon as they were seated the flapper pulled out a package of cigarettes, lit one and offered one to aunty. Aunty was horrified.

"Why, Mabel," she gasped, "I'd sooner kiss a strange man."

"Heck, who wouldn't," said Mabel, "but where'll we find one?"

A lame joke is a slow traveler.

Honest, fellows, we think this humor column is, by far, the best in this whole paper.

Phil J.

Exhibits Mark Open House Night

(Continued from page 1)

thing one-sixth their regular size will be explained and demonstrated to the public.

Another feature will be a deluge system which can be operated.

The exhibit will be in the Physics Lecture Room, and the Senior Fire Protects will be around ready to operate and explain at any time.

Architectural Exhibit

There will be an exhibit of architectural drawing in the foyer of the main building consisting of a considerable number of plates done during the year.

Experiments in Physics Lab.

The action of liquid air, electromagnetic operations by a thermocouple, the discharge of electricity through gases at reduced pressures and the demonstration of neon signs will be shown in the Physics Laboratory, first entrance Chapin Hall. About fifteen or twenty regular experiments will be worked on by students in addition to a demonstration of the photo-electric cell and refrigeration by evaporation.

In Science Hall, located on the third floor main building, there will be performed an experiment showing the characteristics of the five meter radio wave and other physics experiments.

Shops Have Many Displays

The Armour Tech shops, which are located in Machinery Hall at the N. W. corner of 33rd and Federal Streets, will all be in operation. The four shops, Foundry, Woodworking, Machine and Forge have displays which demonstrate the fundamentals of craftsmanship.

The Foundry, located on the top floor of Machinery Hall, should particularly interest visitors. Here at 8:15 P. M. a heat will be started in the cupola. At 8:25 P. M. the molten iron is scheduled to come down into the waiting ladles of the students, who are to pour the molds. The showering of sparks hither and yon provide great excitement for those watching. Bevel and spur gears are among the molds to be filled from the great quantity of molten iron which totals to about 1800 pounds. In addition to the heat, an exhibition of coremaking will be shown.

The Wood and Machine shops, located on the third and second floors respectively in Machinery Hall, will have their machinery running. Lathe work will be prominent in both places. The glass cases in the corridors depict graphically the work of the student in both of these departments.

Acetylene and thermit welding will be demonstrated in the Forge shop, which is located on the first floor of Machinery Hall. A number of forges will be operated by students who are engaged in the forging of crane hooks, tools, and ornaments.

Packard, Liberty, Hispano, and Suiza motors will be on display in the Automotive Laboratory, located north of Machinery Hall. A Chrysler Red-Head engine will be on test and the Whippet chassis, which was donated to the school for instructive purposes, will be on display. However, the exhibit which will probably attract most attention is the New Type Engine which is rated at 325 H.P. and uses a gallon of gasoline per hour. In addition to these exhibits, an 80-1 Jones gear reducer will be on test.

The Mech Lab located in the basement of the main building will be the scene of much activity, Monday Night.

Compression test of concrete will be run, friction and viscosity test of oil will be demonstrated. A Packard motor will be on exhibit. Motor fuels will be distilled.

Machines will be busy in the process of making bending and fatigue tests of steel. The tensile strength of the steel will be determined.

Jones Reduction Gears will be run so that their efficiency may be shown.

"Bumming" as a cheap means of transportation will cease to be cheap at the University of Georgia because of a ruling which declares it a nuisance punishable by a \$25 fine.

FRATERNITY NOTES

PHI KAPPA SIGMA

The three active chapters, and the Alumnae Chapter, in Chicago have made arrangements for a Father and Son's Banquet to be held May 23rd at the Hotel La Salle.

The Phi Kaps have completed plans for the finale of the spring semester, and are waiting patiently for the Senior Formal and the annual picnic.

KAPPA DELTA TAU

May 11 will see a dance to be held at the Bismarck Hotel in the Dutch room. The dance is open to the active members and the alumni of Kappa Delta Tau.

The annual spring formal dinner dance will be held at the Edgewater Beach Hotel on May 24.

SIGMA KAPPA DELTA

Sigma Kappa Delta wishes to announce the pledging of Robert L. Newton '32, M.E.

TRIANGLE

The Senior Farewell was held at the Chapter House last Saturday.

followed by attending "The Time, the Place, and the Girl" which was playing at the Harris Theatre.

Roger F. Waindle has been elected vice-president, and Raymond Dufour, Librarian.

Jim Thomson, '33, Ch.E., and Ed. Runge, '33 Arch.E., are going through Probation Week.

RHO DELTA RHO

Rho Delta Rho wishes to announce the election of officers for the coming school year:

Irving Berger President
Merton Moskovitz Vice Pres.
Joseph Aaron Treasurer
Harold Slavitt Rec. Secretary
Sidney P. Schwartz, Corr. Secretary
Max Morowitz Sgnt. At Arms

DELTA TAU DELTA

A dance was held Founder's Day May 10, in honor of the graduating Seniors.

BETA PSI

A farewell party for the departing seniors will be held May 24 at the Chapter house. The dance will be a summer formal and the last social event for the seniors.

Beta Chapter also announces the pledging of Paul E. Trevor, Ch.E., '32.

Experiment No. 32

By E. J. Wiltrakis

A Short Story

I've decided to stay up and almost commit suicide. I'm seated in a kitchen with all the doors, leading out, tightly sealed with paper and rags to keep the gas, which I shall use, in this room alone. In another room I have placed an alarm clock and a note.

At 5 A. M. tomorrow morning the alarm will waken the other members of this household and warn them of what I have done. Then they can get help and revive my unconscious body back to its normal condition. I shall take care that the gas does not succeed in overcoming me too long a time before 5 A. M. lest I never gain consciousness which is not what I seek but rather the impressions of a suicide awaiting his end.

The room is quite empty; I made it so. The other people think I am about to make a great scientific experiment. I am, but not of the kind they think. I'm trying to find out what a man undergoes mentally under these certain conditions.

There is a table with a small lunch on top, a gas stove, and two chairs in the room. One of the windows is slightly open so that I will remain conscious until shortly before five when I shall shut it. I just got up and turned on the gas. It is coming out very slowly and its odor has faintly pervaded the room.

The girl next door just came home with her steady. I can hear them talking and laughing together. Yet here am I, almost next to them, daring death while they play.

Death is an ugly word at times but I shouldn't be afraid of it. I'm not dying yet. But can something happen and end all for me? No! No! that's impossible. I arranged everything perfectly.

I had to open the window a little more. I caught myself drowsing. I don't want to go off yet. There are still several hours before help will arrive.

I just had a funny thought. If I were really ending my life, what would I be thinking of? Would I call back memories of the past? Or think of what I should have done or might have done? Or would I be cursing a terrible world that was making me do what I was?

The world may be hard at times, but when one thinks of all he received from it—it's our own fault that we don't end up as we wish. What if we do work harder than some other people? Can they enjoy life more than we do?

There must have been an automobile accident out in front. I heard a crash, a few screams, and now there seems to be several persons arguing with each other. Let them argue, I'll have something to eat.

I've been dreaming mental dreams for about the last hour. I thought of the day I took out my first girl. I was about fifteen and June was, I think, fourteen. She and I had a wonderful time and I fell madly in love with her. At least, I thought it was love. A dose of castor oil from my mother.

Mother, my mother! I wonder what she's doing now? Is she watching me from up there above where I know she is and anxiously hoping nothing happens to me? I almost feel like closing the window so I could be with her. I've been terribly lonesome since she left. I don't seem to have found anyone to take her place.

I've had lots of friends and still have them; but I haven't any real friends. My brothers and sisters, that live here with me, think too much of themselves to help me. I've gone out with girls trying to find the right one. I either don't care for them or they don't care enough for me. Sometimes I feel like ending it all and not just experimenting.

It's four o'clock now. The room is full of gas. I have to sit close to the window or my mind becomes dulled and I fall away.

Another half hour has gone by. I've been listening to an occasional auto pass on its way somewhere. Just a 'swish' and it's gone. That's just about how much a life affects the world. A little longer 'swish' for the great men; a tiny one for such as myself.

I'll be closing the window in a few minutes now. Did I? Yes, I'm pretty sure—I know that I wound the clock tight and tested it for a while before I placed it in the other room. It will go off. It has to.

The window is shut. My stomach seems to have fallen away and my eyes are whirling. The room has quieted down a bit. Everything's like before. My experiment will soon be over. I'll write afterwards about how I felt.

My throat is dry but I can't reach the water. I tried for the window but my legs collapsed under me. I'll soon be unconscious. but I'll write as long as I can.

The room is getting darker. Something must be wrong with the lights. I want a drink. a drink! The light is out altogether. I can't see where I write.

My head is heavy. My hands can hardly move and it's hard to write. That clock! What happened to it? Mother, help me. I don't want to die yet. Mother! mother!

June, will you marry me when you grow up? Will you be true to me until then? Gee, I'm happy. Mother, come over here. I thought I'd come to see you.