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Vol. V MARCH 4, 1930 No. 4

BOXING

Armour's first boxing exhibition held last Tuesday in our local gym definitely established this branch of sport as the most popular of Tech's athletic activities. Over one hundred and fifty spectators were on hand at this time, about four times the number of rooters who were in attendance at any of the basketball games this year.

In the past the boxing team has labored against great odds, travelling to foreign rings for matches, and having decisions rendered by hostile judges. Add to this the difficulty of battling before a crowd, sometimes numbering over three hundred, of rooters for the opponents and you will have some idea of the odds our boys have been up against.

In spite of these difficulties, a squad has been developed which was able to defeat the Y. M. C. A. State Champions last Tuesday, by a 3 to 2 score. The last time our squad met these men out at South Chicago, Tech lost every bout. This is surely definite proof of the advantages which are to be had by fighting in our own gym.

Let's have more of these matches at Armour, and give our team a chance to develop further the talents which the men have shown to be present!

THE WEATHER

It seems to be a certainty that when all other forms of conversation languish, the weather is a flourishing topic. This past week the market for weather discussion has risen rapidly, and no one, including the official forecaster seems to be able to answer the riddle of whether or not spring is here.

It might be possible for learned meteorologists to sit back and chuckle at the antics of the weather, but these vagrant actions of Ol' Man Nature are going to bring gray hairs to our heads. The eternal question is here, and with these days of spring and winter intermingled, one hesitates to take the fatal step; shall we wear a topcoat or an overcoat.

Furthermore, this weather is raising havoc with the joys of the week end. These warm Tuesdays might well inspire one to make a date for the ensuing week-end; no sooner is the date made than an arctic wind and torrents of rain serve to dampen one's spirits. As yet, President Hoover has not appointed a committee to investigate this, but various rumors are abroad.

A. B. A.

Men give me credit for some genius. All the genius I have lies in this: When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I have made is what people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought.—Alexander Hamilton.

THE SLIPSTICK

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

And Toss the Ashes to the Winds, Too

Lives of great men all remind us
As their pages o'er we turn,
That de're apt to leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn.
D. C.

If this isn't the acme of something or other we don't know what is—A couple of lads BORROWED our paper last week and then went on to criticize the contents. Of course, this column came in for the most of it, but the only comment we can offer is that they don't appreciate good humor.

And the cry of the maidens of the Nile is:—"Egypt me."
Micro Mike

A Losing Race

Dad: "You're behind with your studies, son."
Son: "Well, how could I pursue them if I weren't?"

A knapsack isn't a night gown. J. M.

Surely Not—Six Months

Judge: "Prisoner, the jury finds you guilty."
Prisoner: "That's all right, judge, I know you're too intelligent to be influenced by what they say."
Walt

Only the hen can make money by laying around. Joe

"Has your brother come home from college yet?"
"I guess so, or else the car's been stolen."

You perhaps read that very excellent and timely editorial by our very good friend Al, (he ran this column last year), concerning humor. After we saw it ourselves we thought, well, that contribution box, (there is one on the main floor), will surely be full tomorrow. Then came the dawn (it always does in the squawkies) and the box contained—one contribution. Success. Congratulations, etc., etc.

Or Just Give Him the Air

The girl who goes for a ride with a "flat tire" should not forget to take a little "jack" along. R. S. F.

Johnny: "What was your sister angry with you about?"
Willie: "She sent me to the drug store to get some cold cream, and I got a cone." Dick

No, dear children, a boomerang was not invented by a Scotchman.

Or a Doorknob

Joe: "Where did you get that black eye?"
Blow: "That's a birth mark."
Joe: "A birth mark? How come?"
Blow: "Sure, I got in the wrong berth."
Charley B.

QUIZ

Ques: A fellow went into a restaurant and ordered a bowl of soup, apple pie and coffee. How did the waitress know he was a sailor?
Ans: Next Week. Ted

We might as well make a contest out of this. The best answer for the above will receive an indicator glass for a slide rule (This is chipped only in the corners). Second prize, a well worn sheet of carbon paper. Third, one well erased data sheet (only two holes in it). Get busy now.

"What's the matter over there?"
"A Boy Scout did so many good turns he got dizzy." Chester

Many a mathematician's daughter has problems of her own.

Light

Heard in Soph E. E.
"Define a watt."
"A watt is an inquisitive pronoun." B. B.

A Lifetime Pen

"This pen leaks," said the convict, as the rain came in through the roof. Micro Mike

No Tact
Playing "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More," at the Umbrella Manufacturers' Convention.

OR JOIN THE GLEE CLUB

1): "Where did you get that voice?"
2): "That's a gift."
1): "You better send it back." Charley B.

Joe inquires if a chap takes a correspondence school course in boxing, does he pick a fight with the post-man for his homework.

Idle Pastime—Guessing the insides of chocolates.

Poor Golfer: "Well, how do you like my game?"
Caddie: "I suppose it's all right, but I still prefer golf."

All good things must come to an end. K. K.

Professor Arthur Howe Carpenter

(A Biographical Sketch)

BY P. EMIL SEIDELMAN

Arthur Howe Carpenter, Associate Professor of Metallurgy, was born at Georgetown, Colorado, October 19, 1877, where his father, the late Dr. Franklin R. Carpenter, was a mining and metallurgical engineer. While still a lad, his father became President of the South Dakota School of Mines at Rapid City and it was there he grew up and had his early schooling. In 1894 he entered Ohio University and from this university obtained his Master's degree in chemistry. He spent two years of his college life at Northwestern University, Evanston, where he was a member of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity. He returned to the Black Hills and was chemist and assistant superintendent of the Deadwood & Delaware Smelting Company. In 1901 he and his father formed a firm of Consulting Mining Engineers, in Denver, Colorado, dissolved ten years later by Dr. Carpenter's death. During these years he had wide experience as a mining and geological expert. This practice covered all of the western mining states. He was with the American Smelting & Refining Company as metallurgist three years and spent seven years in Pittsburgh, Pa., and in Colorado as research metallurgist for the American Vanadium Company, coming to Armour in 1920.

June 5, 1901 he married Margaret Lucile Evans, daughter of David J. Evans, who was for almost 50 years Professor of Latin at Ohio University. There are three children, Franklin D., an alumnus of the University of Chicago and now a newspaper representative of Small-Spencer & Levings of Chicago, Mrs. Dale M. Dutton, an alumna of Ohio University, of La Grange, and Mary Elizabeth, a student in the La Grange high school.

Besides Delta Tau Delta, Prof. Carpenter is a member of American Institute of Mining & Metallurgical Engineers, American Chemical Society, American Association for the Advancement of Science, Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, Pi Gamma Mu, Sons of the American Revolution and American Association of Variable Star Observers.

His hobby is astronomy. He discovered a comet at fifteen years of age, and has made two reflecting telescopes, one of them 10 inches in diameter. He proved the presence of platinum in certain meteorites—especially the one at Meteor Crater in Arizona.

Freshman Receives Peru Scholarship

Joseph A. Luzquinos, M.E., '33, is the first of a number of students to be sent to Armour from the "Escuela de Artes y Oficios," at Chiclayo, in the department of Lambayeque, in Peru. As its name indicates, the school is what would be called a technical high school in the United States and intends to send its most deserving student to Armour every four years, with all expenses paid.

Luzquinos won the first award and came to the United States a year ago, arriving in February, 1929, to learn English.

Chiclayo is a town of about 25,000 population and is located on the coast of Peru. The "Escuela de Artes y Oficios" is the town's high school, supported by the government, and has about six hundred students.

Inquiring Reporter

Question:—Would you like to see more boxing matches presented at Armour?

W. H. Larson, Arch. '33—Armour has some scrappy fighters but we need more. The difficulty in seeing the match lies in the place of presentation. The match at the Belmont Y and the one at the South Chicago Y were so distant as to make them difficult to get to. Let's have more matches at Armour.

Paul Boestler, Ch.E. '33—There is no other form of competition that causes a greater feeling of good fellowship than boxing. This not only applies to competitors but to the spectators as well. Anyone who has observed the absolute lack of formality at a boxing match will appreciate this. Thus I say—more boxing matches at A. I. T.

Milton Kuether, C.E. '33—Although boxing is considered a minor sport in the College calendar, I believe it is very interesting. I wish that Armour could and would hold more boxing matches in our gym.

Carl H. Foedtko, C.E. '33—Boxing is one of the highest forms of athletics and should be given its proper place at Armour. The fellow that boxes always has to be fit and has to practice very much to obtain the best results. The fellows should realize this and support the team.

W. R. Tognitz, Ch.E. '30—The last bouts were certainly a success and an indication that we should have more of them.

Before President Coolidge left office he said that when he was out he expected to do a bit of whittling. Perhaps he knew how many pencils those magazine articles would use up.

“Meinholtz, the Times Wants You - - -”

FRED E. MEINHOLTZ of the New York Times sat in his home on Long Island, listening-in on a radio press dispatch from the Byrd expedition. Someone on the Times staff wanted to reach Meinholtz on his home phone. And quickly! But the receiver there happened to be off the hook.

Radio science was equal to the occasion. The Times radio operator sent a request to the fur-clad operator at the other end of the world. And Meinholtz was quickly made aware of the situation by a radio message from Antarctica saying: "Meinholtz, the Times wants you to hang up your receiver so that they can call you on-the telephone."

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