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"Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it."
—Washington Irving.
Born April 3, 1783.

The Vandals Are at Work Again

Students at Armour are a select group chosen from a large field of applicants. They have been selected not only because they have, through scholastic standings, given considerable evidence of possessing intelligence but also because they have given the impression of having good character. The Institute has always made the effort to make sure that each accepted man should measure up to the high standard set when the school was founded. By signing the enrollment card the men themselves say that the administration was not in error when selecting them, for they agree "to obey—the unwritten rules of courtesy, manliness, and honor."

And now, in spite of this appeal to honor and in spite of bringing the matter to everyone's attention last year, the library again reports loss and mutilation of books. Repeatedly the attendants find book and magazine pages torn and in some cases marked with disgraceful insinuations or suggestions. Again and again the librarians are asked for books, which they cannot supply because some vandal has walked off with them or has taken the volume without charging it.

That books should appear mutilated and torn and should turn up missing in a school where high moral character is required is a difficult situation to explain and a hard one to cope with. Perhaps youth is becoming modern, in the ugly sense of the word, for previous to two years ago loss and destruction of books was negligible.

However, it is more likely that vandalism is practiced only by a small minority. A minority comprised of beings who have no regard, because of their neglect and carelessness, for the rights of others or for the time, money, and effort spent in maintaining the library. They call themselves men, these vandals; but they're not. They are more like counterfeit coins that pass on their fellow's gold basis but are rotten in core, their rottenness prompting them to be unmanly.

E. W. C.

"The Slipstick"

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

SPRIGG SOGG—

(Wud verse of which is pritted every sprigg.)

'Tis sprigg, 'Tis sprigg
'Tis beautiful sprigg,
Whed da robid is oud od da wig, tra-la-la,
Whed da robid is oud od da wig, tra-la-la,
'Tis sprigg, 'Tis sprigg
Yes wudderful sprigg,
Ad da cows are begiddig to sig, tra-la-la,
Ad da cows are begiddig to sig, tra-la-la,

We were talking to Newt yestidday A. M. when he pipes up:
"Gee I wish I had my desk here."
"How come?" sez us.
"I left my hydro homework, two reports due today, and my slide rule in it."

After an orgy of spending the last shekels on this, that, and the other textbook for this, that, and the other course, we find that American citizens spend an average of forty cents each per year for books.
Personally we don't belie—, but what's your reaction. Our is acid.

"Pop, what's an advertisement?"
"An advertisement, my son, is a picture of a pretty girl eating, wearing, holding, or driving something that somebody wants to sell."

Has Possibilities

Pigmy golfer (to proprietor): "Say, this is a great idea. Why don't you do it on a larger scale?"
Mebbe that gawfer didn't know his gawf but at any rate we'll concede that one advantage of the micrometer links is that when you lose a ball you can pick up the course and shake it out.

They say walking is becoming a lost art. We are not afraid of this ever being true as long as the house and garage are separated by a few steps.

CORN CENTERS ITEM

Ezry sez thet tha politishuns wuz mutch wurse back in kulonial daze. He sez it's so becuz he heard thet a bunch of guy framed the Constitution wunct.

We might offer the information to the freshmen at this time that a Tau Bete is a student who can call a professor "mister" and get away with it.

PARADOX

At the present time it is not possible to telephone from a submarine, but it is not impossible to tell a phone from a submarine.

"Have a smoke?"
"Nope, quit smoking."
"Sworn off?"
"Nope, quit entirely."

More Statistics

There are 32,000,000 connected telephones in this and other countries. If you spent 24 hours per day, making three minute calls it would take you 61 years, according to telephone engineers.

Any person interested in the position please see us. Part time and summer workers please do not call.

What ho! They found out (long ago) that electricity and lightning are one and the same thing. But it has been said that you don't have to pay for lightning.

Are quit lookin'. Your name ain't here!!!

SAX JOKE NO. 546,673

"Yeh, he paid \$400 for a new saxophone."
Gee that's a lotta money to blow in."

Well, well, the suggestion has been offered that warden feed yeast cakes to their prisoners to keep them from breaking out.

Come on, you seniors!!! Where is your pride, your self-respect? Where is your class spirit? Why do you allow a bunch of plebeian frosh and a handful of no-account sophomores to occupy your specially reserved tables in the Tech cafeteria? You ought to be ashamed. DO SOMETHING!!!

ON A DIET?

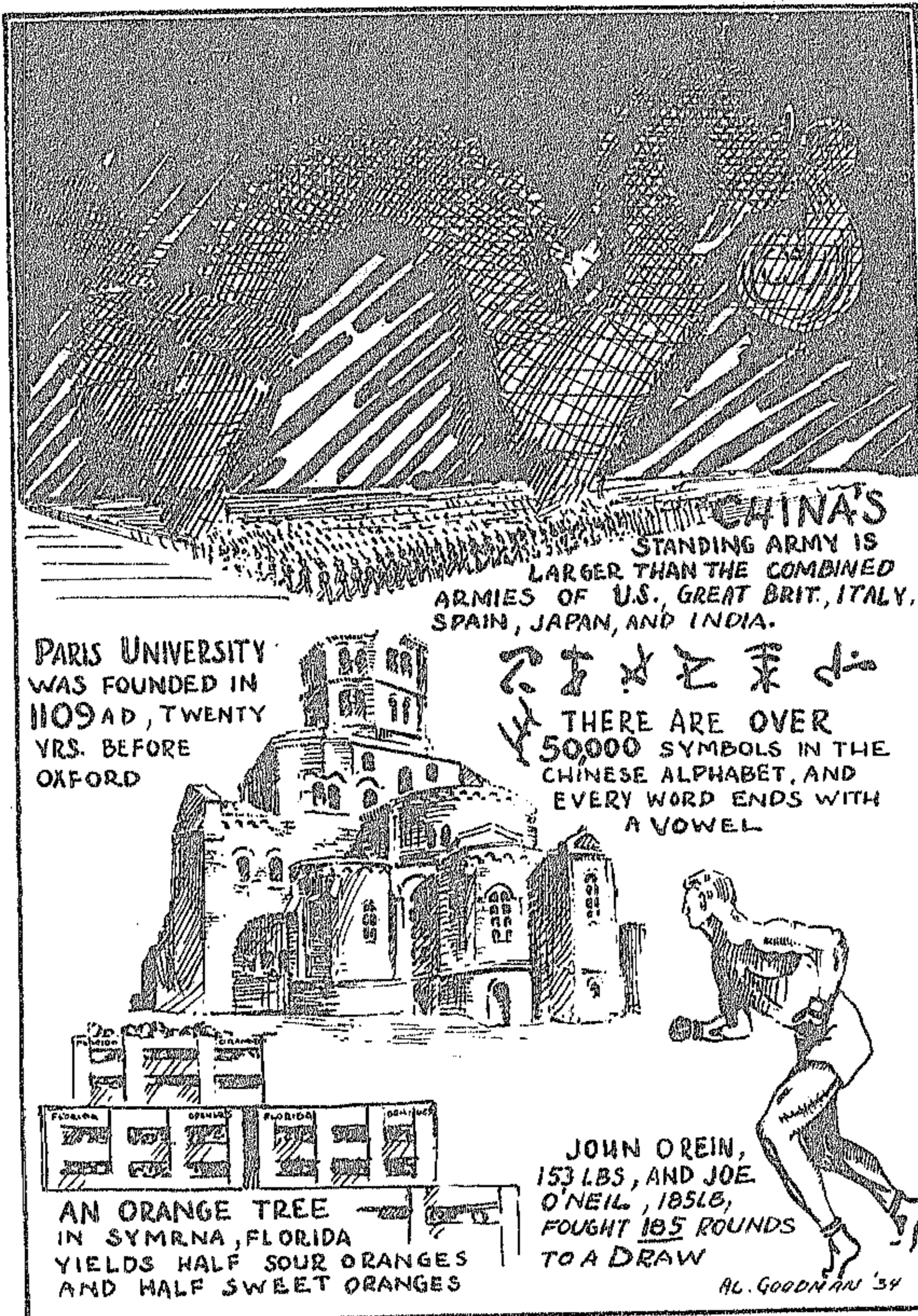
"Where you gonna eat?"
"Let's eat up the street?"
"Aw naw, I don't like asphalt."

That was some slugfest up in the gym last Friday. You certainly missed something if you weren't there.

—The Bongineer.

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

By AL GOODMAN, '34



BUNKHOUSE NIGHTS

By Henry L. Gibson

A spurt, a glistening missile hurtles through the wreaths of heavy smoke curling in the reeking air; the impact, a bubbling mass shoots a puff of sizzling steam into the ruddy glow. More spurts, more sizzles—the siege is on. Troy withstood the intermittent onslaughts of the Hellens for ten years, and made history, but the rusty little old stove in the bunkhouse has held up for twenty years under the mighty barrage of tobacco-juice poured upon it by the lumberjacks of Ladder Lake, and has received no recognition in the world of men.

Just taken as a matter of course by the attackers yet passively radiating vital warmth about them, the buckled red-hot plates and hay-wire doors have been like the essence of comfort to the sub-zeroed woodsmen as well as the target of each carefully premeditated stream of nicotine. With every whiff of steam that jumps from its glowing sides to flavor the already rank atmosphere of the bunkhouse, the place grows more like home to the motley crowd chewing or smoking and talking here after a day in the frozen muskeg. The hard work is forgotten; no matter that they will have to turn out before dawn to-morrow, or that the top of the mercury is stepping point by point down the scale of the thermometer like someone crawling down a ladder, tonight, for an hour before getting under the blankets, they circle the radiated warmth of the fire in irregular rows of rugged contentment.

The front rank is of necessity given over to the chewers. They sit, almost motionless, upon empty pails, boxes, or rolled-up mackinaws. An occasional change of quid from one whiskey cheek to the other forewarns of another broadside directed at the red-hot stove; their deadly aim is not in the least impaired by the dimness of the yellow light of the sooty lantern, for years of practice have made them experts. Apart from this activity and an occasional reload with chewin' or Copenhagen, usually accompanied by a dry comment or two, the chewers are a quiescent and thoughtful clan.

Behind them, sprawling on the edge of the bunks or squatting on boxes, are the smokers. These are the talkers of the bunch. Not needing to use either their minds or their jaws in pleasant rumination, they are able to use them for the diversion of their mates and themselves. While one rolls himself a

cigarette—for they all roll their own here, indeed a man rash enough to light up a tailor-made would be one of that certain class of people which steps in where angels fear to tread—the other carries on the conversation, so that an undertone of voices is characteristic of the scene.

No high faluting phrases color their talk; rather it is toned with the hearty expressions used by men who never have had the misfortune of restraining their speech to meet the conventions of the "elite" society. The charms of certain ladies of their summer-time acquaintance are discussed, with a frankness that would make the ears of those young women burn mighty red, were it not for the fact that they too cannot be bothered with the finer details of society's rulings. Or the potency of Long Jacques' home-brew is discussed, with an appreciation that would make the government agent in the beer-store green with jealousy, were it not for the fact that he too prefers Jacques' stuff. And the tightness of lumber kings who won't pay a man a better rate on ties, is often discussed, with an aversion that would make that gentry purple with apoplexy, were it not for the fact that lumber barons cannot afford to be apoplectic anyway. Perhaps, the inclemency of the fifty-below-in-the-shade weather is cursed, with a fervor that would make Jupiter Pluvius pink with rage, were it not for the fact that this gentleman has listened to complaints regarding his service ever since the dawning of mankind. Thus goes the list of colorful topics, arranged in order of predominance, that usually flavors the talk around the bunkhouse stove.

Men whose experiences and opportunities are limited by hard and steady logging in the Saskatchewan muskies during the winter, or by just as hard work on the wheat farms in the summer, with only an odd fortnight's spree in the city now and then, are not prone to discuss, say, interstellar regeneration, or Lord Algy's Recupérations, or somebody else's latest ode to a cauliflower.

But do not get the idea that their's is a dull uncultured existence. There are two occasions at least when the bunkhouse is animated with lively native wit and local talent. One is the advent of a tyro—less elegantly but more expressively: when a greenhorn hits camp; the other when the effects of Long Jacques' fire-water are at their height.

What happens "when a greenhorn hits camp" will be told in the continuation of this story in the next issue of the Armour Tech News.

ARX NEWS

And another project is finished. After a struggling week-end, a hectic night on Monday in which many of the seniors and their "niggers" didn't hit the pillow until those wee small hours, Tuesday noon rolled around and they were done! And just as suddenly as they began those soon-to-be-graduates grabbed the first express homeward to a nice warm comfortable bed and slumber. (Much needed, too.)

The reason for the excessive commotion was the fact that this was a competition for the Fountainbleau Scholarship and hopes are strong. The plates, a fine looking bunch, were all sent to New York to be judged. Sixteen of the problems took the coveted trip to the country's biggest port and that is a high percentage. Good luck to you, Seniors.

Who's going to be our next Mayor? There are murmurs floating around saying that the efficiency of the Donkey Engine in the laboratory experiment is much greater than that of the Mammoth one.

Four of the architects, sophomores to be a little more explicit, have hopes of earning a berth on the baseball team this spring. We've had representation in nearly everything, so it's up to you boys to keep up the good work. (Hint. Davie Bush needs a few bench warmers, as Howie and Big Moose do all the work, now.)

Note: For the benefit of the layman a "nigger" is one who helps another, a return engagement promised, on a project. The "nigger" inks, draws lines, and does any minor details that are necessary.

Senior Civil Class Able Characterized

Smoke and hot air, always an inseparable combination, characterize one well known class—namely: Seniors.

There are some classes, some subjects, and even some particular hours which jar upon the complacent senior and bring him down to earth from his lofty, if not insecure pinnacle but Seminar is to the senior civils what the rope is to a drowning man, what a reprieve is to the lifer, or what a blindfold test is to Old Golds.

Lest there be a misunderstanding, Seminar holds its exalted position by virtue of two important factors which probably also account for the popularity of such subjects as General Literature and Dr. Scherger's history lectures, first, the subject does not call for strenuous mental gymnastics, a form of exercise which is highly recommended but not generally favored, and second: Seminar does not call for a heavy expenditure of time which might well be spent in such pursuits as gazing at the moonlight or pursuing the pill over a miniature golf course.

There is, of course, a catch in this, just as there always is when the man at the door offers you something for nothing, and this catch lies in that only civils can enroll in this panacea for all scholastic ills. This is only natural because, as we neglected to say when we began this discussion of a Seminar, the course consists of a free for all discussion of the latest literature on Civil Engineering.

Junior Fire Protects Have Informal Party

Enmass, the Junior Fire Protects turned out for a most informal gathering at the Delta Tau Delta House last Friday, March 26.

The Junior Fireos felt that they would like to know each other in environments that do not have the school flavor. (No offense meant.) Therefore, being good students and energetic gentlemen of good faith, they made plans and they carried them out.

Cigars and cigarettes were furnished by someone and everyone played cards (bridge), listened to the radio (there is one), and bulled.

A road house near the University of Colorado has arranged for students to ride in taxis free of charge to dances there.