

Armour Tech News

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"Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time,
that is the stuff life is made of."
Benjamin Franklin
Born Jan. 17, 1706.

Finis

A year has passed since the direction of the *Armour Tech News* was placed in our hands. It has been a pleasant year for us and we feel sure that it has been pleasant also to the other senior members of the staff who were appointed to their positions at the same time. There is a distinct feeling of satisfaction that comes with the completion of an appointed task—a feeling of having accomplished something—almost a feeling of having kept a promise.

This issue is the last one to be published under the direction of the present staff heads. By next week the seniors will have stepped out and their places will have been filled by juniors. That these new men can handle the work of the *News* we have no doubt. They are fully qualified and are well acquainted with all that the publication of the newspaper requires.

In this, our final editorial, we wish to thank each and every member of the staff for the work he has done during the past year. Each one has contributed his part to the production of the *Armour Tech News*. Each one has been of service—senior, junior, sophomore, and freshman. Their loyalty made the *News* possible.

It is now almost a full year, also, since the *News* first received the united financial support of the student body. That aid has made the paper a stable institution. The increased circulation thus obtained has increased the prestige of the paper as a distributor of news and its value as an advertising medium.

The year 1931, the fourth year in the life of the *Armour Tech News*, is marked by two innovations. The first is this: that an entire year has been completed without the use of a single headline. We feel that this is an improvement in that the commercial value of headlines, the real reason for their existence, is lacking at Armour. If an occasion should arise calling for the use of a headline, such a feature would be made even more effective by the long abstinence.

The second change introduced was the publication of the first six-page issue of the *Armour Tech News* ever printed. This was not intended as a regular feature, the plan being merely to publish such an issue from time to time as occasion demanded. Two were brought out during the fall semester.

In closing we wish the incoming staff heads and their co-workers all the good fortune possible. We feel certain that all the senior members join with us in the sincere hope that the new men and their successors may improve the *Armour Tech News* to such an extent that its present standards will seem poor by comparison.

"The Slipstick"

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

Courage

The night was dark and stormy,
It was perfect for the deed,
'Twas just the type of evenin'
For which he was in need.
He gazed up and down the street
The passersby were few,
He had the courage to do it now
That much he felt was true.
He stepped boldly into the storm
He felt no glaring eye,
At last he'd worked up nerve enough
To wear his Christmas tie.

D. S. D.

We just couldn't pass this one up, fellows, even at this late date. And we may now say that the parade of the Xmas ties (as if any one had enough cash left to buy loud ties for his friends) is over, and we may settle down again to our calc and organic, and prepare for our beloved friends, the finals.

And while we are on that subject let us air our opinion on the idea of final examinations. We note that many prominent educators have agreed that they are not a fair test of one's ability. Let us all put in a kick. Call, write, or telegraph your congressman, and vote "NO," (and then see if it does us any good.)

COLUMNIST WANTED!!!

About this time of the year the *News* columnist comes out with the call for a successor to his position, an aspirant to the position of humorist-in-chief, and scandalizer of the Institute activities. We are sorry we cannot keep the job for another year, but you know how it is.

Any person, male or male, between the ages 16 and 60, white, pink, or purple, unmarried or unmarried, who has an overstuffing of fun system may apply (get that—may apply).

A junior is preferred but let's hear from you whether you're a post grad or an entering freshman. I may be reached in my office during the hours of 12:00 A. M. to 12:00 P. M. and from 12:00 P. M. to 12:00 A. M.

"Help your wife," says a famous domestic expert; "when she mops up the floor, mop up the floor with her."

GOOD REASON

Staunch Captain "Now then, my hearties, fight like heroes till your powder is gone, and then run. On account of the rheumatism in my leg I'll have to start now."
Kidido.

Jim: "Do you know that in all history they never hung a man with a wooden leg?"
Jack: "And why not?"
Jim: "Because they always use a rope."
Rad.

Receive any cutlery, lemonade pitchers, coffee cups, table silver, etc., for Xmas? Look up your friends; they gottem at the corner gas station with one buck's worth of gas or oil.

First soph: "We've got it at last!!"
Second ditto: "Got what?"
First yokel: "Perpetual motion—I can't stop."
1935er.

1932: (Giving a lecture to frosh): "Very often in my freshman year I would sit up studying until I felt as if I couldn't keep my eyes open."
1935: "And yet you plugged and plugged away?"
1932: "No, then I went to bed."

Yep, we gottem!! What we wanted was a pair of spats. And we got a pair of real pearl-buttoned, alligator-leather strapped, sterling buckled, gray spats. And they came wrapped in moisture-proof cellophane, you know, guaranteed fresh. We at least appreciate the fact that we got a fresh pair. Wish we could show 'em to yuh, but we burned 'em up day after Xmas.

NATURALLY

"Have you seen the last word in books?"
"Nope, which one is it?"
"Finis, you nut."
D. S. D.

And with these lines we officially go into the new annum. A bit late to wish you all a "Happy New Year" but not too late to discuss our prospects for the new year.

We hope to have bigger, better, and more jokes this year (for the rest of our term) and we hope that you, our dear reading public, will respond as well as you have in the past to our begging for "hewmorous nooze."

Of course we do not make resolutions, for obvious reasons, but we have decided:

- To tune out each and every philosophizing radio announcer,
- To be in class on the 1st day of the baseball season, regardless,
- To do more daily homework than we did during the Xmas recess,
- To get A's in every subject next semester (oh yeahh!!)
The Bngineer.

REVIEWS

MANSIONS OF PHILOSOPHY

By Dr. Will Durant

Here at Armour Institute certain over-earnest students have made a theme song of the theory that we should have more liberal education along with our engineering training.

If they are thinking of studying more history, economics, social sciences, or ethics, perhaps the difficulty can be overcome by reading courses as suggested by the public libraries and by our own faculty members. However, if you are one who has been losing hair over worry because our heavy programs deprive you of most of your reading time let me recommend "Mansions of Philosophy" by Dr. Will Durant. This book is not medicine; read it to enjoy it.

Dr. Durant has been getting a critic's "Bronx Cheer" for his efforts, possibly, because he begins by promising too much. He admits that he is attempting to pass all knowledge in review and to draw from his inspection some consistent principles which represent the best human wisdom. This has been tried before. However right the professional reviewers might be in criticizing the Doctor's ambition, there are few men who could handle the project with as much appealing originality and clearness. His style is fast moving; he does not bore you with insignificant or doubtful theories.

Each chapter is a mansion of philosophy. Durant is the understanding guide. He leads us through history, economics, politics, religion, love, marriage, socialism, and more besides pointing out, as an impersonal observer, the high spots.

In his chapter, "The Meaning of History," he gives four different ways of looking at the subject. In-

stead of an essay, it is presented as a dialogue between men historically famous for their intelligence and common sense: Aristotle, Voltaire, Nietzsche, Anatole France, Buckle, Marx, in addition to a supporting cast of lesser figures.

He treats religion in the same style, using the first names of men who have won their fame in the present day. For example, "Clarence" is Clarence Darrow, the agnostic. These men discuss religion pro and con by explaining the principles in which they have put their faith.

Dr. Durant portrays "The Modern Woman," giving us a multitude of reasons why she is different from her grandmother: "These pretty slaves began to talk about freedom . . . To smash windows . . . Now we cannot beat them anymore, they will not cook for us any more, they will not even stay at home with us in the evening. Instead of worrying about our sins they are busy with their own. They have acquired souls and votes; they smoke and drink and think, while the proud males who once monopolized these arts are at home tending the nursery." Sounds almost like poetry.

On love he seems old-fashioned. He believes in it; it will cure our ills and add to our personalities. He would advise the Armour man not to forsake love, but the Armour man had best be wise enough to use his own judgment.

In the chapter headed "On Life and Death," he traces a course of existence as performed by the average human being. It is by no means complete, but in only sixteen pages he has packed a lot of life.

Take the book home with you over some less busy week-end. Thumb through the index and find the chapters which appeal to you. Once you have started reading this work you will dare anyone to take it away.
By Harold Monger.

LETTER BOX

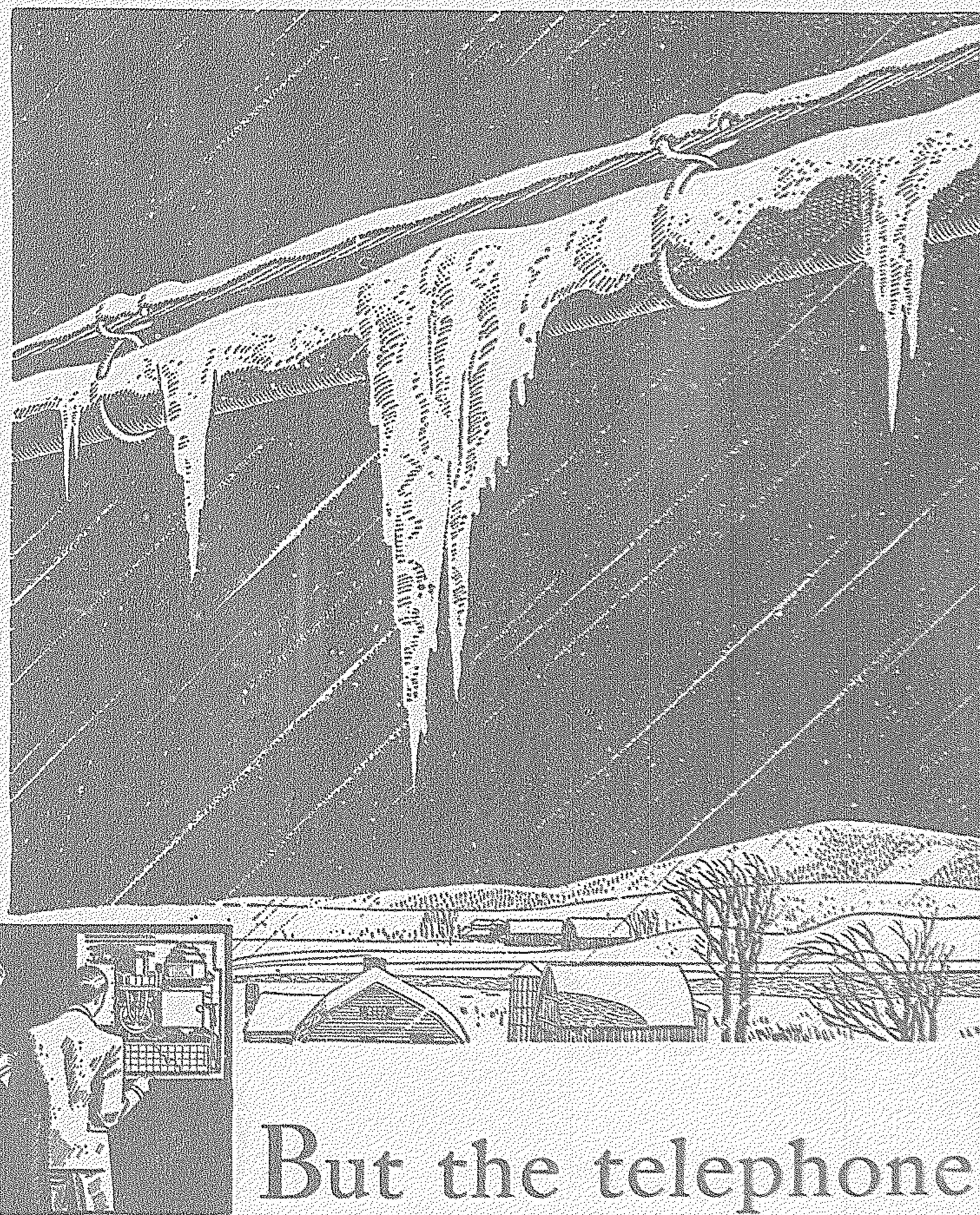
December 18, 1931

Armour Tech News:
Two things prompt this missive. First: You asked for those interested in other subjects than those now presented at the Institute. I would be glad to include a course in public speaking in my program, if it could be arranged.
Second: Why not have a bit more spirit at the athletic contests? If there are no good cheerleaders here at school, then, I am willing to get out and lead the cheers at the games. Could you help by publishing a list of Armour yells (if there is such a list), or by sponsoring a contest to originate a group of yells? This seems to me to be one method of reviving a dormant school spirit. How about it?
Geo. A. Nelson, '34.

Mr. Nelson also submits the following code which is hung in the bedroom of King George of England:

THE KING'S CODE

"Teach me to be obedient to the rules of the game."
"Teach me to distinguish between sentiment and sentimentality, admiring the one and despising the other."
"Teach me neither to proffer nor to receive cheap praise."
"If I am called upon to suffer, let me be like a well-bred beast that goes away to suffer in silence."
"Teach me to win, if I may; if I may not, teach me to be a good loser."
"Teach me neither to cry for the moon nor to cry over spilt milk."
The Truss Club held a smoker during the Christmas holidays on Monday, December 28, 1931. It was well attended by the active chapter.



But the telephone conversation must not freeze

A sudden cold snap might seriously interfere with long distance telephone service were it not for the studies made by Bell System engineers.

They found that temperature variations within 24 hours may make a ten-thousandfold difference in the amount of electrical energy transmitted over a New York-Chicago cable circuit! On such long circuits initial energy

is normally maintained by repeaters or amplifiers, installed at regular intervals. So the engineers devised a regulator—operated by weather conditions—which automatically controls these repeaters, keeping current always at exactly the right strength for proper voice transmission.

This example is typical of the interesting problems that go to make up telephone work.

BELL SYSTEM



A NATION-WIDE SYSTEM OF INTER-CONNECTING TELEPHONES