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"Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order."

Francis Bacon,
Born January 22, 1561.

OUR PRIVILEGE: TO CONTINUE

Once again the *Armour Tech News* has acquired a new set of leaders. At this time the *News* has changed its organization as something that has proven itself. The question of whether or not a weekly publication could exist at Armour has been decisively answered in the affirmative.

The work of the preceding staff included the publication of two six-page issues. Although it was decided not to do this as a regular feature, it has been definitely proved that such a procedure is within the scope of the abilities of the men working on the paper.

The aim of our predecessors has been to give the school a newspaper that reflects in its make-up and its contents the high aims and ideals of the Armour Institute of Technology. In their policy the editors have always striven for fairness in all their articles.

Through the years of its existence the *Armour Tech News* has shown great forward strides. It has grown both in size and in quality. Many improvements have been made from time to time in the past; many more will be made in the future.

We, the members of the new managing board, came upon the scene anxious to carry on the good work that has been done. We are determined to be firm in our editorial policies of presenting the news of the week in a clear and fair manner. Because the *Armour Tech News* has come to be looked upon as a leader in the school activities, our task is even more difficult.

There are many problems that present themselves. A fraternity plays host to a national convention. This news is of primary importance to that particular fraternity. They ask for space on the front page, and are quite disappointed when they are refused.

If through lack of foresight or for want of material, fraternity news were printed on the first sheet, other organizations would feel slighted. Please would follow in increasing number until the paper would be swamped. Live news, important to the school as a whole, would be submerged.

The above example may be slightly exaggerated but it contains the essence of fact. Our policy will be one of conservatism. Changes will take place, but every feature connected with the paper will be accepted on merit alone and then, only after due consideration.

We ask the cooperation and support of the student body in our future work. Criticism of a constructive nature is always welcome and may be delivered to any

"The Slipstick"

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

The Chemist's Waterloo

I wanted to be an engineer
And probably I would have,
But I got mixed up in A. C. juice
And almost croaked in the lab.

Wires were here and wires were there
And motors cluttered the floor;
And the only thing I worried about
Was the shortest route to the door.

The kindly prof. was so engrossed
In the problem he had at hand,
That he did not seem to know or care
That I'd left his studios band.

Never again will I venture near
The place known as Dynamo Lab.
For the good old prof., he flunked me out
And that's all I have to blab.

YE SENIOR CHEMIST.

Come again, Ye Senior Chemist, this is awful, but you may improve.

THE WHY OF IT

"Farm products cost more than they used to."
"Yes," replied Farmer Cornstassel, "when a farmer is supposed to know the botanical name of what he's raisin' an' the zoological name of the insect what eats it an' the chemical name of what will kill it, somebody's got to pay."

COMFORT PLUS

His relatives telephoned to the nearest florist. The ribbon must be extra wide, with "Rest in Peace" on both sides, and, if there is room, "We Shall Meet in Heaven." The florist was away and his new assistant handled the job. There was a sensation when the flowers were delivered at the funeral. The ribbon was extra wide, indeed, and on it was the inscription:

"Rest in peace on both sides, and, if there is room, we shall meet in Heaven."

Steno. No. 1: "What did you have for lunch today?"
Steno No. 2: "Oh, I had a double malted milk with an egg."
Steno No. 1: "Yeh? Who was the egg?"

GRAVED COMPANY

The director of the local zoo was away on a holiday when he received the following letter from his chief assistant:
"Everything all right except that the chimpanzee seems to be pining for a companion. What shall we do until you return?"

"Come on, zhere, let's go to da Fair."
"Zhey ain't no Fair today."
"Yesh dere ish a Fair."
"Who told you?"
"It shays in de paper, on da front page, 'Fair today.'"

The Truth Will Out

"Did you hear about the defacement of Skinner's tombstone?" asked Brown a few days after the funeral.
"No, what was it?"
"Someone added the word 'friends' to the epitaph."
"What was the epitaph?"
"He did his best."

ANYTHING TO PLEASE

A man who was entirely bald except for a rim of hair just above the collar line, went into a barber shop and asked:

"I'm in a great hurry; can't you cut my hair with my collar on?"

"Sure," was the reply, "I can cut it with your hat on, too, if you like."

Say, men, honest, we didn't have even a slight notion that all the question marks pertained to the Junior Dance.

Now that it's out, let's make arrangements to go to this big doing of the Junior Class.

It's going to be held at the Knickerbocker Hotel, which is getting to be the usual dance palace for Armour functions.

The young bludz wat are waring them glorious kordury pants got to look out. A bunch of senyurs is threatenning to dy the pants without remooving the occupants.

And now that the new staff has taken over the reins of the *Tech News*, it just means that we'll have to please a new editor.

And it also means that the retiring editor will have a chance to read the excellent jokes which are forthcoming and really to appreciate his old humor assistant.

The rain it falleth on the just
And also on the unjust fella;
But chiefly on the just, because
The unjust steals the just's umbrella

We'd still like to hear from a few more aspirants to the News Humor Columnist. See me anytime.

THE BONGINEER.

member of the staff. We are prepared to publish your paper, the *Armour Tech News* to the best of our abilities and in keeping with our best judgments.

O. T. R.

REVIEWS

DOUBLE DEALER

By Professor Walter Hendricks
(This is a recent review by E. Merrill Root, one of the greatest of the contemporary poets and critics.)
The weary reaction of those who examine books of contemporary—and often contemptible—verse, is to marvel that so many people can open and shut their mouths over echoed, derivative, third-hand (or rather, third-mind) words. "Vox," we exclaim with Virgil, "Vox et praeterea nihil!" And indeed modern verse is a mere ouija-board for conjuring up the feeble and incoherent spooks of poetry; false, derivative, lingual, it is sound and scurry, signifying ambition. "Where" (we sometimes ask ourselves), "Where is the poet who can be himself; who will write not with words and ideas, but from reality; who in all his poems,—even in those where he makes aesthetic blunders,—will write not because his tongue moves but because his spirit lives?"

Walter Hendricks is such a poet as we desire. *Double Dealer* is not aesthetically perfect (nor was Shakespeare), it is sometimes reminiscent of Robert Frost in method of approach, in idioms; it is sometimes flat; it sometimes (as in the very fine *Next Friday*) weakens a good poem by continuing it beyond its close. But it is always Walter Hendricks; it comes out of life and reality: whoso reads this book, touches not a mere brain—but a man. Thus it is one of the original and real books of modern poetry, standing on the other side of that limbo where the myriad shadowy volumes of mere verse are blown idly to and fro, and on the firm height of authentic poetry.

Hendricks is a symbolist, who selects some facet of Nature to be his image *not* for its own sake (though he loves also to make it beautiful in its own right), but for the sake of its freight of spiritual suggestion and significance. Whimsical, ironic, gay, sad, colorful, observant, he drifts or darts over the world like a dragonfly over a lake—here flashing rainbow wings in the sun, there poising on an ivory-and-gold lily. Swift-glancing, deft-choosing, he poises above the world; notices the phase of earth that promises most as a symbol of his own meaning; selects and shapes this, now with pungent humor, now with iridescent fancy. Such—a deft symbol of the wonder and romance of the world—is the charmingly lovely *In a Fish Store*,

Members of A. I. Ch. E. Hear Lecture on Law

Bruce K. Brown, a patent attorney for the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, discussed the intricacies of patent law at the A. I. Ch. E. meeting held last Friday, January 15 in Science Hall.

He traced the growth of the governmental patent law department from the time of its introduction by Thomas Jefferson until the present time. At present, this department is divided into sections for each branch of engineering with about 800 men alone in the chemical department.

The need for patent law was stressed by Mr. Brown, in addition to some of the undesirable features. If a suit is started by one company against another, supposedly infringing upon their patent, the final decision is handed down by a judge who knows nothing whatever of the particulars of the process.

He placed particular emphasis on the difference between patent laws and our exact laws of science. The consideration and granting of patents introduces an element of human nature and sometimes has the taint of politics present.

In order to be granted a patent by the United States government, the particular invention or improvement on another process must be an entirely new one which has not been obviously covered by another patent. It is to the discretion of the departmental head that this ticklish job is assigned.

If a patent is desired on a new invention, the person must have a good attorney to formulate it. It should be made up so that outside interests will not be able to pick loopholes in the patent, and vary the process, thus obtaining another patent.

written by an elf of poetry whose pen was dipped in fluent magic.

"Here in arrest lies a worldful of motion . . .
Suddenly taken from lake and from ocean.
Fish that have swum over coral strands,
Finned their way strangely by mystical lands . . .

Filmy eye, fishy eye, what have you seen?

Watery lightning, O, where have you been?

Isn't it silly how stilly you lie!
Isn't it odd to be kippered and dry!"

And thus he realizes for us those isolationists, the fence-posts that hold men (and nations) apart—"a brotherhood of blockheads" on whom winter sets deserved dunce-caps of snow; that stony field, the world, which teaches the spirit to watch lest its scythe-blade be blunted or broken; the yellow pencil of our bodily life (and perhaps the unique poem of the book, sadly profound) that we have to watch wear down in the hand of the spirit; the black cat, beautiful symbol of the mystery of the world, that seems "a piece of the night." Thus, in these and many other images, like a whimsical mystic of poetry he gives us clues to a pungent wisdom—and a lost Eden.

There are in the world plenty of ideas and idealists, plenty of words and poses and theories: the world's need today is *incarnation*—the word become not brains, but *flesh*. We do not need men who think, we need men to make thoughts *real*. And it is refreshing to find in poetry what we lack there even as in our lives: the word become not phosphorescent intellect, but sun-fire of spirit. In poetry as in life we need *life*: and we have it here. Walter Hendricks touches the depth, his poetry is real.

Electrical Show Held This Week

Demonstrations of a system of avoiding noises which sometimes mar good radio reception will provide one of the many features of the "Chicago Radio—Electrical Show" at the Coliseum this week. The exhibitions are highly educational and of wide interest in the radio and electrical field.

This will reveal, in one form, the victory that has been won in the long drawn out battle waged by the radio and electrical industries, the radio public, and the public service companies against their persistent enemy—man-made static.

Methods of tracing the extraneous noises will be revealed to radio show visitors, who also will be shown what progress has been made in overcoming them. The noises will actually be created in the demonstration booth, and the effect of a filter box subduing them will be made apparent.

Mayor Anton J. Cermak, of Chicago, because of the importance and nation-wide interest in the event, has issued an official proclamation, setting aside the entire week of January 18th-24th, for special observance as "Radio-Electrical Week."

Television is a subject which is on everyone's lips. At the show, the Sanabria Television Corporation will produce giant movie-size television pictures. The master of ceremonies during the daily Sanabria Television presentation will be Carveth Wells, who made the first transcontinental broadcast from the United States to England and other Continental countries.

The Institute of Radio Service Men will meet in their annual session. Included in the program will be the "National Trouble Shooting Contest", which will determine the fastest and most accurate diagnostician of the ills of radio sets.

The winner of the Chicago competition will meet Geo. Parker of Newark, N. J., eastern champion, for the national title.

The American Radio Relay League has an exhibit of short wave apparatus in the show, and will also receive wireless messages for free transmission anywhere in the country.

R. C. A.-Victor Company, as a show feature, has a record making studio, where visitors are invited to make records.

A limited supply of "2 for 1" tickets are available to Armour students. Admission will thus be 25 cents.

Theatre

This is a rather late date to report it, but *Three's a Crowd*, now in its last week at the Erlanger, is just about the best revue to get to Chicago this season or last; in fact the best since the first *Little Show*, which featured the three stars of the current show—Clifton Webb, Fred Allen and Libby Holman.

The production is slick and swift, the tunes and lyrics brisk and clever, and the sketches, while typically Broadway, are different and are funny. The score is by Arthur Schwartz, comparatively a new comer, who is winning a place for his name alongside Gershwin, Kern, and their kind; he since has done *The Band Wagon*. Howard Dietz, who next to George's brother Ida Gershwin, and maybe Cole Porter, writes the best lyrics of anyone in the business, also did many of the sketches and had much to do with the production.

The opening scene gives an indication of the originality to follow in the rest of the show. It starts out to be an ordinary bedroom scene, but Fred Allen steps in with the statement that "There Ain't Gonna be No Beds"; whereupon stagehands remove that objectionable (and over-emphasized) bit of stage scenery, and the rest of the cast takes up Allen's order, chanting it in unison. Clifton Webb and Tamara Geva then proceed however, to resume the show—in a bathroom! Miss Holman, most indigo of torch singers, has no numbers as good as her "Moanin' Low" and "Can't We Be Friends" from her preceding vehicle, but does well with "Something to Remember You By" and "Body and Soul". "Yaller" comes closest to packing the same wallop as "Moanin' Low". Tamara Geva does some excellent dancing, and could have been more in evidence without wearing out her welcome. Allen's drollery is inimitable. As Rear-Admiral Allen, he tells of returning from the South Pole with "His Gallant Boys", able to answer all questions except that of a pesky little boy who wants to know why he went down there. He also razzes the telephone company in effective fashion. The suave Mr. Webb is present in such good numbers as "Out in the Open Air", "The Moment I Saw You", and "Right at the Start of It", as well as the weirdly staged and effective speak-easy sketch "Night After Night". The most novel and artistic thing in the show is his dance with Tamara Geva to "Body and Soul", with modernistic lighting effects created by Hassard Short, famous, if my memory doesn't deceive me, for his connection with the *Music Box Revue* series. You won't see a better revue 'til *The Band Wagon*, the arrival of which is problematical. Some of the best shows of the past five years have never come to Chicago, notably *The New Yorkers* on which Cole Porter and Peter Arno collaborated, and Ziegfeld's *Three Musketeers*, a Friml piece starring Dennis King, which ran over a year on what Winchell calls the "Hardened Artery". *Three's a Crowd*, the *Third Little Show*, and *Three Little Girls* seem to make up for any deficiency of the trios.—By Robert B. Tague.

ARX NEWS

Something new for the ingenious Archs, at which to try their skill is the soap competition now being promoted by the Proctor and Gamble Company. The architectural award in the soap sculpture is \$50 for a single design, such as a doorway suitable for a building of the contemporary style. The competition closes in May, 1932. For full information, write National Soap Sculpture Comm., 80 East 11th street, N. Y. C.

The Charles M. Higgins Company of 271 Ninth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., is issuing a folder covering the fundamentals of rendering with drawing ink. There are six plates prepared by Arthur Gupitll. Perhaps Roy Phalack, '33, could give Mr. Gupitll some pointers on pen and ink renderings after he has finished his archaeo.

Though we may be a bit tardy in announcing the good news, we wish to call attention to the fact that D. Braun, J. Navratil, and J. Palma rated 2nd Medals on their Emerson Prize problems, "A Memorial to Thomas Edison."