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The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year.
Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown
and sear.

William Cullen Bryant
Born November 3, 1794.

The One Hour Lunch Period

For the last several weeks the subject of the proposed full hour lunch period has been under discussion in various official and unofficial groups in the student body. The idea was suggested at the Freshman Handshake and has been talked of, more or less, ever since.

Stated in a few words, the proposition is this: that the first morning class start at eight o'clock rather than eight-thirty and the extra time thus gained be added to the lunch period. According to this, the fourth class of the day would be dismissed at eleven-fifty. With such a schedule the fifth class could start either at one-ten, as it does now, or at one o'clock, still leaving one hour and ten minutes for lunch or an increase of twenty minutes over the present allotment. If this latter plan were adopted, the last class of the day could be dismissed at four-fifty instead of five o'clock.

We feel sure that a majority of the students will agree that such an addition to the lunch period would be a distinct benefit. It is probable, however, that many will feel that, with a little more care, the department schedules could be arranged so that students having eleven-thirty classes would not have any at one-ten, and vice versa. This would obviate the necessity of starting the first class at eight o'clock and would still give sufficient time for lunch. We have consulted with the authorities on this point and have been assured that such a plan is impossible. The office of the Deans, in making out the schedules, is already doing all that it can to arrange them in the manner suggested above. Whenever it is possible, the programs are so designed that the eleven-thirty and one-ten classes for any one group meet on different days, but, because of the complications involved in making the programs of students and professors dovetail, it is often impossible to achieve this ideal condition.

It is probable that the only objections to the idea of starting the school day earlier would come from those who commute from a distance and who share in the universal aversion to getting up.

If you who read this have any comments or suggestions to make on this subject, you are cordially invited to write them down and put them in the contribution box of the *Armour Tech News* in the school store. If you do not wish to have your name published, you may add a note to that effect and your wishes will be respected. However, all contributions must be signed with the name of the sender even though the name is not to be published.

Think it over, fellows. What are your opinions on the "lunch hour" subject? Take advantage of this opportunity to express your views to the entire school.

"The Slipstick"

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

Tech Band Needs Bass Player



Don't tell me that there is a bass horn player running loose in the Institute! If there is one send him right over to the band. We can't for the life of us see why a person could want to play such a thing as a bass horn. Now take a saxophone, for instance; you can get real music from it, but a bass horn, we just can't see it. We will admit, however, that a bass player does get all wrapped up in his work.

WHICH ONE SHALL IT BE!!

"There is a movement to bring the theater to Armour" according to last week's News. We thought the Senior Mechanicals had gone out and hog-tied one and dragged it here, until Hal told us about the Dramatics movement. We can't offer our services as a performer but we'll sell popcorn or rent opera glasses if that will help.

And if the freshmen who were nearly hurt in an accident, as reported last week, had been wearing Empress Eugenie hats, they would have wanted to display them, would not have been riding in an auto, and as a result no accident would have occurred.

Moral: Freshmen, get and wear your Eugenies now!! Prevent accidents.

Somebody swiped Virgo's car!!! Well, we just hope that Virgo either gets the old one back right soon or gets a new one. We certainly would hate to ride the street car to the Senior dance.

They tell us (alho we hate to believe it) that Proprietor Livingston of Ye Armour Booke Stalle has now a supply of graph paper that actually takes ink.

This news will be a blow to the freshmen who have been forewarned that they may save money by buying talcum powder and Artgum in carload lots for preliminary graph paper treatment during their next four years at Tech. Personally (this is the only column in the News where one is allowed to get personal) we were getting used to it and might have perfected an automatic grease eradicator had the incentive not been removed.

And if the Frosh had been wearing Eugenies, there would have been a crowd of them in the middle of Federal Street, and those two initiates to the Schmier Chemiker Society would have been at the window throwing chalk at them, and as a result no explosion would have occurred.

Moral: Freshmen, get and wear your Eugenies now!! Protect Property.

Jacques Pierre, we are surprised at you. May we state here in public that Jacques wrote us a letter in answer to our request for barnyard poetry, which carried a poem which had the tone of one making love.

We cannot tolerate such trash, but want good barnyard style poetry. Hope we didn't scare you, Jacques, come again.

Another story in last week's News says that "There wasn't enough excitement in the lives of the sophomore chemicals—the result being—a piping hot fire."

Moral: Freshmen, get and wear your Eugenies now!! Create excitement and thus prevent fires.

Say, we have a complaint to make. Some goodfornothing imp sent in an unsigned contribution with the following joke:

"Jimmy, does your father know any new funny jokes?"

"No, he's a newspaper columnist."

This little message has all the earmarks of, well, you know what I mean.

Step-Hen pens us a line saying that (at the Chi-Yale game) "One time the 'mighty Atom' got smeared and they had to delay the game while they picked up the protons and electrons." We wonder if the charge that caused this ionization really did occur on the Grid.

He also recalls that one man got up during the game, and, pointing to the Akron which was flying overhead, exclaimed:

"That's my idea of a good five cent cigar!!"

Crabgoof: "Here, Joe, try one of these cigars my wife gave me for my birthday. They are the best things out."

Joe: "Yeh? How are they when they're lighted?"

Well, well, well!! He's now a full fledged member, president, and treasurer of Schmier Chemiker, Incorporated. Are congratulations in order?

And if there had been a few freshmen wearing Eugenies on the sidelines of that basketball game, the one freshman would have noticed them and would not have tripped and been hurt.

Moral: Freshmen, get and wear your Eugenies now. Save a life!!

Well, all we can say is that we sure are downcast now that we know that this year the sauerkraut crop is but 30,000,000 pounds as compared to last season's 440,000,000 pounds. Sauerkraut was our favorite fruit.

The Bongineer.

REVIEWS

THE THEATER

In writing the first theatrical column to appear in the News this season, the natural way of starting is by trying to add something to the volumes already written about *The Green Pastures*. It is the one new production of the season to merit an unqualified recommendation—and get it. Shows may come and go, but hardly more than once in a lifetime will one come that is more worthy of attention than Marc Connelly's interpretation of the simple faith of the southern Negro in a friendly, personal Deity who wears a swallow tail coat and accepts "ten-cent seagars" from an ebony-hued angel Gabriel.

Have no fear from the above, however, that the play is irrelevant; you will not only have a pleasant evening at the Illinois, but will come away with a better understanding of human nature and of religion. For when Marc Connelly adapted the play from "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun", a series of Old Testament sketches by Roark Bradford, he added a spark of sympathetic genius to the original. The Bradford book was good, but it was merely amusing—not irreverent, but somewhat irrelevant.

Richard B Harrison gives a dignified and powerful characterization of de Lawd. Other important members of the cast are Samuel Davis as Gabriel, who appears at the Celestial Fish-fry shouting "Gangway! For de Lawd God Jehovah"; Tutt Whitney as Noah; Daniel Haynes as Adam; and Alonzo Fenderson as Moses. The Heavenly Choir deserves praise for its rendition of Negro spirituals at intervals during the performance.

Green Pastures was the first of two September openings. The second was Lou Holtz in the unfortunate two-week flop, *You Said It*. Chicago theatre-goers treated this musical comedy more brutally than it deserved; its failure to draw the crowds is still puzzling our rialto. Holtz, producer and star of the show, was funny, and Lyda Roberti, the "Sweet and Hot," platinum-haired Pole scored a first-night triumph in her Chicago debut. It was, in my opinion, a better show than *Crazy Quilt*, which is selling out almost nightly at the Apollo. This revue, considering its stars—Fanny Brice, Phil Baker

American Chemical Society Convenes

An interesting lecture on "The Chemical Constitution of Celestial Matter" was given by Professor Lemon, of the University of Chicago, at the regular meeting of the American Chemical Society held on Friday, October 23, at 7:30 P. M. in the City Club of Chicago.

Many new discoveries of the composition of celestial matter were presented which bring the study of its intricacies within our present knowledge. All of his research discoveries were made with the aid of the spectroscopic, which has opened up many new lines of research. His development of the spectra-photometer has facilitated research work in astrophysical phenomena.

Lectures on a variety of subjects were given in the committee rooms immediately following that of Dr. Lemon.

The process of obtaining lubricating oils with new properties from paraffin wax was explained and illustrated with the lantern by Vanderveer Voorhees of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana.

J. W. Glatfield, a professor of chemistry at the University of Chicago, explained the composition and reactions of "Saccharose", a new methyl pentose.

The enormous development and importance of the distillation processes in all petroleum industries were recalled by D. J. Bergman of the University Oil Products Company.

An interesting and new bit of research work was revealed when A. B. Hastings, professor of biochemistry at the University of Chicago, discoursed on his biological studies of the halides in the blood.

Karl P. Schmidt, an assistant Curator of Reptiles in the Field Museum of Chicago, explained some of the applications of research chemistry in Museum technique.

and Ted Healey—is disappointing; most of the so-called humor displays bad taste, and is raw without being very funny. And I am not a reformer, as I liked the well publicized *Sketch Book* immensely.

Another victim of this city's unpredictable theatrical taste was Noel Coward's intelligent and sophisticated *Private Lives*. The few who saw this clever British offering liked it.

The Third Little Show at the Great Northern, is a smart, satirical and sophisticated revue that includes contributions by the above mentioned Marc Connelly and Noel Coward. It moves somewhat slowly, but there is compensation for this in the presence of the gifted British comedienne, Beatrice Lillie. Miss Lillie, known to English society as Lady Peel, first appeared in this country in the famous *Charlot Revue* of 1924, along with Jack Buchanan, and the star of the New York production of *Private Lives*, Gertrude Lawrence. The tunes are above standard, and include "Falling in Love", "Say the Word", "You Forgot Your Gloves", and "When Yuba Plays the Tub".

Another musical show that deserves your attention is *Girl Crazy*. A brilliant score by George Gershwin, some clever lyrics by his brother Ira, and the hardest working chorus seen on Randolph Street in years—those are the high spots. The book, which is nothing out of the ordinary, deals with a rich playboy, who, when exiled to an Arizona ranch, makes Broadway bloom on the desert by establishing a dude ranch. The part is taken by Allen Kearns, who, with Frances Upton (remembered from *Whoopie*) sings "Embraceable You," one of the well worn tunes that are nevertheless well worth rehearing. Blossom Seeley puts across the equally well known "I got Rhythm," "Boy! What Love Has Done to Me," and a new classic torch ballad, "Sam and Delilah". "The Foursome", a cowboy quartet, sings "Bidin' My Time" in a delightfully quaint, colloquial manner.

The best individual dancing is that of Floria West, in the "Barbary Coast" number, but the chorus really steals the terpsichorean honors. Benny Rubin, known to you for his work in pictures, takes care of the humor, and nearly stops the show early in the second act. Gershwin, great master of modernism, conducted the overture at the opening, and received a thunderous ovation.

This production was put out by a Chicagoan, Gregory Ratoff, and is said to have been backed by Dick Morris of this city, owner of the good three year old Spanish Play. The orchestra was provided by the Windy City's Old Maestro, Ben Bernie.

—Robert B. Tague.

THE GREAT ASTRONOMERS

By Henry Smith Williams

SEVEN MILLION MILLION—

No, not the war debt, but merely the astronomer's yardstick for measuring distances in this universe of ours. Distances so great that they are measured in light-years, with light traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, are common in this cosmos, of which we are such a minute part.

In "The Great Astronomers" appear all of the things about which you have wondered: the multitude of stars seen in the skies every night, how far away they are, how big they really are, what they are composed of, and how they affect this world of ours. It comprehensively covers the development of astronomy from its primitive beginnings during the time of the Alexandrian astronomers to the most recent theory advanced by Einstein. Though there are many books on this subject, the reason that this book is outstanding is that even the most technical researches have been translated into untechnical and interesting prose.

Here is a chance to understand all of the strange and unique features about the world in which we live and its relation to other worlds. Through the pages of this book, you may become acquainted with the romantic figures of those famous men whose active minds were ever searching farther and farther into space for other worlds to investigate.

A narrative of achievement telling the story of what astronomers have contributed toward a true conception of the universe is worthy of the attention of all.

Raul H. Frye.

ARX NEWS

It was on a dark and dreary night. The portals of the Art Institute were alone in their glory. A lone guard was dozing just inside the massive doors when a hideous shriek rent the artistic atmosphere! Awakened from his slumbers the guard carefully found his way to the room whence the sound had come. A light beamed forth to break the inky blackness. What was here? Could it be vandals? Had some poor creature been lured here to be tortured by gazing at students' water-colors? Cautiously he opened the door that he might peep in. And disappointment! Only the junior architects were there chattering on an archeology. The shriek? Oh well, Sydney Morris does make funny noises anyhow!

And the graduates do come back. Last Saturday was esquisse day for the seniors on their first project. And some of the boys from '31 put in their appearance. Henry Sevenhouse and Ray Nelson walked in closely followed by Tom Carter, Boris Stamm, and Tom Doane. Along about 8 o'clock who should put in his appearance but Louie Costanzo. (Incidentally don't ask the boys what they're doing).

Don't forget fellows! There's a smoker on the 23rd! The tax is two bits. See your massier at once.

And the Smoker was a great success! Last Friday, October twenty-third, the Armour Architectural Society gave a Smoker in the Club Room of the Art Institute. Despite the rain and parking troubles, over eighty were there. Mr. William Jones Smith, of Childs and Smith, Archts., was the speaker. He gave a talk on "The Architect in Relation to Business." The points that he brought out were excellent and furnished material for further study. A "mock" judgment, that is, a take-off on a real one was given and seemed to be the main show of the evening. Roy Phlak, George Terp, Walter Andersen, Julius Sandstedt, and Frank Dubsy were the gentlemen in the cast. They certainly deserve credit for the way they put it over. Music was furnished by Ralph Scafuri, a friend of his, Charley Sommer, and Bill Janssen. Refreshments were served and all left the Club at ten o'clock not at all reluctant to admit they had a wonderful time.

The Seniors have just finished a problem and the results of the local judgment have been made known. Three second medals were given, Tonsager, Petersen, and Palma. Petersen received a first medal—Beaux-Arts this summer and it looks like he's headed for more honors. Congrats and good luck to all three of you.

Civil Upperclassmen On Joint Inspection

(Continued from page 1)

give the clearance under the span which was required by the United States Government Engineers.

The portion extending across Goose Island from the River Bridge to the Bridge across the North Branch Canal consists of a reinforced concrete viaduct with a 78 foot roadway and two fifteen foot sidewalks.

The improvement crosses the Canal on a two leaf trunnion bascule bridge, with two trusses in each leaf. At this point the structure is so high that the clearances could be neglected. The roadway is 60 ft. wide between curbs with two sidewalks 12 ft. wide, making the overall width of the bridge 84 ft.

The improvement will cost around five and one half millions of dollars and will require 31,000 cubic yards of excavation, 17,500 cubic yards of sand fill, 108,000 cubic yards of concrete, 14,360,000 pounds of structural steel, 4,600,000 pounds of reinforcing steel, 8,750 square yards of pavement, 30,000 square feet of sidewalk, 308,500 board feet of lumber, 4,062 lineal feet of sewer, and 38,640 feet of conduit.

During elections, the students of the University of Aberdeen in Scotland, still clinging to old traditions, formed two teams and waged a royal battle with "ripe" eggs, tomatoes, and paper bags filled with flour.