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Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom and well chosen. — Bacon.

JUNIOR WEEK

Junior Week has come again, been celebrated in its usual peppy manner, and passed into Armour's history as another week of reawakened college spirit, leaving behind it only the usual number of bruises and bumps, valuable souvenirs of a pleasant-to-remember, even if exciting, week.

Perhaps some of the fun was carried a bit too far. Perhaps the white washed symbols on the Ogden Field fence and about the Institute do not add to the natural aesthetic beauties of the surroundings. But if during this one week of the year the students relax completely, get the devilment out of their systems, so that they can return to their work with renewed vigor, is not the result worth the cost? The rain will quickly wash away the white-wash, but the newer feeling of comradeship and brotherhood fostered by last week's activities will remain.

Armour as a technical school ranks among the best in the nation and in this fact we take considerable pride.

However, too many students are what are sometimes known as "day-doggers." They arrive in the morning, are exposed to their studies, and leave as soon as their classes are through for the day. They enter no activities, have no interest here except for the technical training received.

It is for students like these that Junior Week has its greatest value. One who enters an event like the frosh-soph rush comes out of it with a greater respect for his fellow classmates and a feeling of brotherhood in common with the rest of the school.

That the spirit at Armour is changing is evidenced by the increase in activities this year. The binding together of men with common interests is conducive to the better development of the individual. The organization of the Armour Players and its successful presentation of two productions is one example of this change in spirit. The debating society, still in a nebulous state, is another step in the right direction. The Philatelic Society and the re-organized Musical clubs all tend to the development of a well rounded individual.

Only memories remain now of last week's fun but already some of us are anticipating next year's Junior Week. Junior Week is past. Long live Junior Week.

"The Slipstick"

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

ME AND THE DISHES

I am just a little brother,
Age nine years and one half,
And I's pose when you hear my tale,
You'll have a hearty laugh.

I don't like my sister's boy friend,
And when I tell you why,
I know you will agree with me,
That he's a real nutty guy.

When it's time to do the dishes,
He calls up on the phone,
Then while she talks, poor little me,
Must wash them all alone.

Absent-minded Dentist (going under the hood of his car with a pair of pliers): "Now, this is going to hurt just a little."

The size of a man to suit his gun, but his personality.

Chemist—"What compound has the formula As_2O_3 ?"
F. P. E.—"Gee, what I have it on the tip of my tongue!"

Chemist—"Well, spit it out quick—it's arsenic!"

She—I don't want to see you dancing with that blonde again.

He—It's my business when I dance with.

She—Ahl A gigolo. —Benny.

THAT'S ODD

Ma—Willie, the canary has gone!

Willie—But ma, it was there just now when I was trying to clean his cage with the vacuum-cleaner.

A charming young singer called Hannah
Got into a flood in Montana.
As she floated away,
Her sister sang out,
Accompanied her on the guitar. —M. J.

Evidence Is Good

She—"Anybody would think I was nothing but the charwoman!"
Her—"Especially if they saw this toilet!"

CONGRATULATIONS

Brother Dan White

Whelan Tell

Frosh—"Must I pay my tuition in advance?"
Mr. Kelly—"Yes."
Frosh—"But how do I know that you can teach me?"
—M. J.

Just His Type

Wife (to returning husband at seaside resort): "Oh darling, I'm so glad you've come. We haven't had some-thing like you here for a long time, and I felt sure to miss you."
—The Red.

VIVID DESCRIPTION

Caller: "I know all of your family except your brother Ed. W. Which side of the house does he look like?"
Small Brother: "Oh, the side with the bay windows."

NO REST FOR THE WICKED

Doc: "When that hitting I gave you hurt me all and?"
Son: "Yes, but you can sit down and rest."
—Unknown.

And Send Back a Post Card

The congregation was slowly filing out of the church, after being dismissed, when the minister hurriedly gripped the pulpit, held up his hand for silence and announced in a loud voice: "If anyone in church has had a black handkerchief, please go to Helen Hunt for it!"

He—I am burning with love for you.
She—Oh, don't make a fool of yourself.

A Word to the Wise

Always laugh at professors' jokes,
No matter what they be,
Not that they're ever funny,
It's just good policy.

EFFICIENCY

"Doctor, don't you find it inconvenient to travel way out here in the country to see me?"

"Oh, no; I have another patient near here, so I kill two birds with one stone."

Active: Hey Pledge! What's that noise in the library?
Pledge: Must be history repeating itself.

Doc: Now you go home and relax.
Patient: But I can't, Doc. We've got antique furniture.

Too Proud

The horse you sold me last week appears to be a fine horse but I can't make him hold his head up.

Oh, that's pride, he'll be all right as soon as he's paid for.

As the first bricklayer on the pyramid said to the second: "So long; I have a pile of work to do."

Diamond.

ARX NEWS

If you architects will promise to come back to school tomorrow you may read what "Time Magazine" (May 9, issue) says about jobs:

JOBS—Ohio State University last week issued an employment survey of the 1,400 students who will be graduated in June. Because Ohio is an average state and the university a land grant institution (as opposed to a rich, private college), the following forecasts might be taken as typical of the U. S.:

If you expect to gain a Ph. D. degree you have the best chance of any at a job. But Ph. D.'s go into highly specialized work.

Schools of Commerce and Administration expect a "fair" percentage of students to get employment. About half of the teachers, about one-fourth of the electrical engineers, will find places. Industrial engineers, if they find work at all, will start off at \$80 a month.

In Manhattan, reported Columbia University last week, the outlook for lawyers is better than it was a year ago. Depression has increased the number of lawsuits, chiefly for non-payment of bills. Architecture is worse than ever. Most of last year's class are out of work. This year's class of 30 means "30 more architects out of work." The Journalism School expects to place half of its graduates, although Manhattan newspapers are hiring fewer than last year.

And speaking of jobs, with the Seniors working on about four different problems at present, don't you think they should conserve their energies for the pursuing of problems this summer?

Poe, Palmo, Somerville, Vango and Tompkins have turned in some beautiful fantasies in color on their lighting problems. Incidentally, there's a \$700 prize awaiting the victor. (Here's hoping!)

Julius Sandstedt still walks in a kind of daze. It was the mention on his "Water Tower" sketch that did the damage.

With Douglas Fairbanks shooting lions in Africa and the Martin Johnson's bagging elephants in the Zulus, we find the hunting call answered by none other than our own

ON THE LAKES

Victor Rimsha

LAST INSTALLMENT

We came on deck as the ship was clearing the Indiana Harbor light-house and pointing north for Mackinac Straits. With hardly a minute for a glance around we were put to work closing up the hatches. These were made of large leaves of thick steel which slid over one another like a pack of cards and were pulled off and on by means of steam winches. Our job was to hook the cables to these hatch covers and when shut to walk the precarious ledge between the hatches to the next cover. This is especially a dangerous job on the out trip when the hold is empty and a slip would mean a fall of fifteen to eighteen feet to the bottom of the hold. I was cautioned to be careful with my hands and not get my fingers between the cable and the hook.

Everything Washed

Hatches all on and wedged for heavy weather; we called the engine room for water and connected the hoses. The deck was washed clean of the ore dust which covered almost everything and everybody. A shower removed some of the rust from my face and ears although it stuck to the skin like rouge on a coat. Due to the way my hours were arranged I was now free until midnight when my watch came on. All the boats have split watches, some four-on eight-off, this one six-on-six off.

By the time I had changed to clean clothes supper was called. There were about twelve in the mess-room, deckhands and firemen, eating fast and furious and consuming just truckloads of feed. A day later I was eating the same way, filling up to the high water mark, just clearing the door sill as I left and hungry as a raven in a half hour.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES FOR YEAR ENDED BY JUNIOR FORMAL

Another Junior Formal has been completed and it will, beyond doubt, pass into the history of Armour Institute as one of the most successful affairs ever staged. The dance was held in the beautiful Gold Ballroom of the Drake Hotel last Friday evening, May 13, and lasted until two o'clock in the morning.

Music for this occasion was supplied by Johnny Maitland and his orchestra, and it was generally agreed that his rhythmic syncopation was of the best and ideally suited for dancing.

Time passed very quickly amid the colorful setting of the Gold Ballroom, and the genial crowd present made the affair one which will not be easily forgotten. The attractiveness of the affair was shown by the large number of seniors and alumni present. Their presence helps swell the crowd attending.

The dinner served was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and the fact that dancing was held between courses added zest to the meal.

The chaperones for the affair were Professor and Mrs. Heald and Professor and Mrs. Schommor.

The Junior Formal was the highlight of social activities at Armour Institute for the current year and brought to a fitting climax junior week and the entire social season at Armour.

Bill Davies. And what was it this time? An enormous, black tailed, green eyed mouse. Every bit of three inches in length. We suggest that Bill tie a heavy chain to it so that the "rattle" be heard when prowling about the Institute.

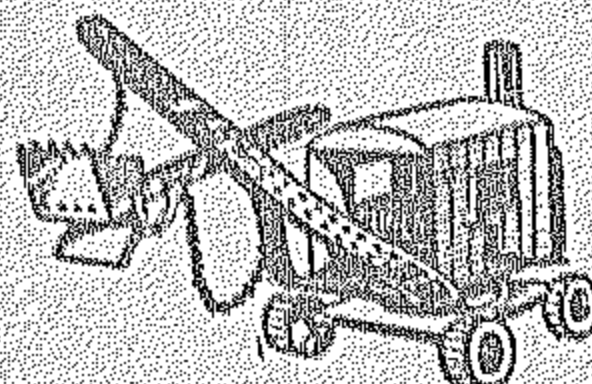
If Shanks finds a lotta money this summer he intends to do some travelling this summer. Well who wouldn't? Don't forget Nebraska, Adolph, if it's still in the Union.

FRESHMEN PLEASE NOTE

The Armour Architectural Society will hold its initiation Thursday, May 26, in Lincoln Park. Start making those paddles now!

On the morning of the Interfraternity Track meet Prof. Spears' class went on a Scotch picnic—all of the boys' minds were wandering.

THE STEAM SHOVEL



When the class rush continued fifteen minutes instead of ten, a professor (name on request) ran about looking for a gun to stop it. We didn't think such harsh measures were necessary.

The Sophomore chemicals have discarded one of their favorite expressions. It has been modified to the following one: "20 chemists and Krauss, Dase, and Marty."

W. K. tells us that Henko and Auge were swimming in the lake off the Thirty-first street pier recently. They had an audience of about 200 fishermen. The temperature of the water was 32.1 degrees F.

Benny Freud and Chuck Tibbals have been completely mystified by the fact that the daily wash bottle water skirlishes in the soph lab have been discontinued. They blame the depression for the discontinuance of the old, time honored custom.

George Bonvallet, our orchestra leader is all there. It is due to his efforts that the orchestra sounded so good last Wednesday night. Despite all his hard work he has received little credit, except from those who know. Bonvallet stars in other activities as well as in orchestra work.

Ron Dohson's L car (sometimes referred to as "L of a car") has been carrying 88 pounds of bricks in the tool box to hold it on the pavement.

Mullane, Kapecki, and Goldman have been dubbed "The Tittering School Girl Trio".

Nova has just leaked out that Harold Percival Goldman, the Adonis sophomore chemical has his comely brown tresses marcelled weekly.

Sh—a little scandal, Sorenson and one of the librarians have been seen riding to school together several times.

Sam Milevsky is accumulating a short wave set. If the set works all the senior electricals who have lent him the parts will claim joint ownership.

Otto Robinson has finally succeeded in getting those F. P. E. reports turned in—even Scanlan's.

galley we went the length of the sleeping ship to the forward end where we were to work. The work on the midnight watch was very light, in fact all we had to do was to sweep and mop a room fifteen by twenty, and call it a night. The job was how to make this work last the six hours from midnight and appear busy all the time in case anybody happened to saunter in. About once an hour we would walk the length of the deck to the galley for another cup of coffee.

Walking the Deck

Out on the deck I experienced one of those thrilling moments that come but a few times in a lifespan. The sky was moonless and starless and the darkness felt like a heavy black shroud over the dead. The rest of the world might be a million miles away for all we knew for beside the twinkling light at each end of the ship and the low thro of the engine there was not a sign of life anywhere. After a while we sighted two pin points of light in the planeless darkness and we knew it for a ship like our own. It was like a dream of meeting a fellow traveler out in the darknesses of space. From the majesty and immensity of scenes like this religion and poetry are born. There comes that undefinable and unsatisfiable feeling in the heart that denotes the mysterious and romantic. If you have ever had this feeling you know what I am talking about; if not, description is useless.