

## Armour Tech News

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## Engineers Are Human

Science, one reads, is remaking the world. In the person of the engineer, it has come to all of us and made our lives easier and better. It has lessened our labors, given us swifter transportation, made our cities safer and more healthful, given us better homes, cheaper necessities, more luxuries, better entertainments, and more time to enjoy them. Moreover, these things are not static; we are in a veritable frenzy of progress.

It all started, one learns, about two hundred years ago, with the introduction of a few improvements into the textile trades. It was hard work to get these innovations accepted—the world didn't want them—and it was a long time before the trade guilds became mechanized industries. First, there had to be a source of power: the steam engine; although it was not long in coming, again there was the problem of getting the world to accept it. And thus it went: the steamboat, the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, electric light and power; all met with ridicule and hostility upon their introduction; all had to be "pushed" or "promoted" before they were accepted. Then, quite suddenly, as such things go, during the later years of the last century the world became progress-conscious. Science came out of the cloister, and engineering became a profession.

The new engineer brought with him the automobile, radio, and the airplane in swift succession, and the world only laughed at the cries of the reactionaries. It soon called for more, and the engineer produced. Industry demanded his services. Progress was the watchword; speed, power, and efficiency the method. Soon he was taking over the reins; he dropped design to assume control. He went into selling and finance; he wrote books about his works, and even went into politics. Today, after Chicago's Century of Progress, he definitely "rules the roost."

All this, remember, comes from the pens of the idolizers. That the engineer is human has entirely escaped their attention; it remains for the pessimist to propose a few questions. What, he asks of the engineer, of the large slum areas surrounding those prided industrial centers? What has been done toward their improvement? And what of the traffic problem—the annual sacrifice of thirty thousand human lives to the motor vehicle? Where does engineering science go when faced with the problems of government—with the fact that every political unit in the nation is seamed with corruption, and that more than one fourth of every American tax dollar finds its way eventually into the pockets of grafters and political parasites? And what of the crime problem? And what, finally, of the

## "The Slipstick"

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

Some of the finest jokes extant come through the fact that the printer's finger slips.

A Buffalo paper in describing the scene when Roosevelt took the oath of office as President said it was a spectacle never to be forgotten when Roosevelt, before the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and a few witnesses took his simple bath.

Also what would happen if the printers ever left the "c" out of Faculty Club and called it the Faulty Club.

This is a prosperous week and the prosperity has gone so far as to inspire these suggestions to the perplexed seniors while ordering stones for their jewelry:

Washwoman.....Soapstone  
Policeman.....Cobblestone  
Soldier.....Bloodstone  
Broker.....Carbuncle  
Tchawk.....Gridstone

In the middle of a lecture  
When you're trying to conjecture  
Whatnail the stuff is all about.

From afar comes a rumble  
And your thoughts go a-jumble  
With the passing of the N. Y. C. R. R.

In the balance room one sits  
Severely having fits  
While perched upon the little wobbly stool

For if the floor does shake  
Another weighing he must take  
And time moves on.

Noises from without  
Make our librarian shout  
At the clamorous din  
Of the dropping of a pin  
From within.

Anne: My, how hard your heart is beating; it sounds like a drum!  
Koko: Yeah, that's the call to arms.

Sad Story—Car, Caress, Careless, Carless.

Did you hear about the guy who got a new car and has to wipe it off every morning because there's so much due on it?

Since CALC has been my cruel fate,  
My brain has ceased to calculate.

Organic Chemistry would fain  
Enslave me in a carbon chain.

Oh! Physics, what a task are you  
I would that all your facts I knew.

While F. I. S. is not a drink  
It drives me to the very brink.

In ENGLISH how I try to free  
The thoughts that do arise in me.

Alpha: When the teacher asked me to give him a quotation I said, "And Judas went forth and hanged himself."  
Beta: What did the teacher say?

Alpha: "And now another."

Beta: So!

Alpha: I answered: "Go thou and do likewise."

Francis.

A certain F. P. E. calls his sweetie "Wheat" because she is easily shocked, and there's a Chemical who calls the one he was out with the other night "Roast Pork" because she was chiefly apple sauce and dressing.

This week the Slipstick is going to shock you by a simple statement of fact. Hold tight. How many of you know that the initials B. V. D. on men's underwear are derived from the names of the manufacturers, Beverly, Varie, and Day? And furthermore, how many of you even care?

You may be a fine, upstanding, respectable citizen, but to a banana skin you're just a big flop.

First Farmer: I've got a freak on my farm. It's a two-legged calf.

Second Farmer: Yes, I know. He came over to call on my daughter last night.

And so, fond readers, this is the last and final issue of the Slipstick while under the guidance of J. A. B. With deep appreciation and grateful acknowledgement of all loyal contributors The Slipstick passes into the hands of the next Slipstick who name you will soon learn. May he find the pleasure in it that I enjoyed.

J. A. B.

fact that, but twenty years after the worst war the world has ever known, the nations of this world are preparing again to leap at each other's throats in the same colossal folly?

## STUDENT MUSINGS

Editor's Note: This column is intended to contain such original student literary effort as is deemed worthy of recognition in this manner and of genuine interest to the student body.

### LIGHT READING IN SPARE MOMENTS

Do you ever have a few spare moments during the day when you wish there was just something to do to pass the time? For instance those boring read week on your chemistry, tomorrow's physics lesson, the interesting novel, or that terrible weekly theme for just about the time you would be settled down and interested, you would have to leave. And what is the result? Your spare moments go to waste.

Did you ever think of doing some light reading in moments such as these, and further, did you ever think of the possibilities of your dictionary in supplying the material for this light reading? I suppose not, for if you are an ordinary individual, you use a dictionary only to learn the meaning, pronunciation, or spelling of a word. If you are a student, you use your dictionary only to use your dictionary just as little as possible; you shy clear of all unusual words in your speech, you hurriedly skim over unusual words in print, and in writing, you simply misspell or eliminate entirely those words whose spelling is unfamiliar to you.

The Dictionary Has Possibilities. Until a short time ago I was just one more of those ordinary persons as far as a dictionary was concerned. But one day, I had a thought which was something like this: "Why could not I learn something from the dictionary in those odd moments when I had nothing else to do? Here was a compilation of a great part of the knowledge of the world. What is more, this information was arranged in a very concise form, ideally adapted to my particular need. The definitions provided material which could be read through quickly, could be left at a moment's notice, or could be followed up one after another interminably just as my time and fancy permitted." With this in mind, I tried the following experiment.

Opening Webster's Collegiate Dictionary at random, I happened to turn to the last page of words beginning with "F", where my attention was arrested by a very unusual word at the end of this division. It was the word "fytika", pronounced "fil-to", a noun meaning the "swastika", "Swastika". I repeated to myself. Certainly there was a word pertinent in the affairs of the world today, as everyone who is familiar with current events well knows. But what I did not know about the swastika? I had a vague idea that it was some kind of a symbol of good luck, but I knew nothing about its derivation (which I unsuspectingly thought must be Chinese because of its appearance), nor was I absolutely sure of the correct pronunciation. So of course the next logical thing to do was to clear up a few of these difficulties by looking up this word.

Hot on the Trail. I soon found that the correct pronunciation was "swastika", that it could also be spelled "swastika", and that it was of Sanskrit origin, derived from the word "suasti", meaning welfare (su, meaning well; asti, meaning being). Well I had been pretty right about its being a good thing, for it was a symbol of well being. The dictionary went on to explain that it was a symbol or ornament of great antiquity, many modified forms of which exist, while various decorative designs such as the Greek fret, are derived from, or are closely associated with it. It is sometimes called the "victrol" and "gammadion". I could very easily have stopped right where I was, but being naturally curious, and having spent only about two minutes so far, I next turned my attention to the new word "gammadion".

This word I found, is pronounced "gamma-dion", is spelled "g-a-m-m-a-d-i-o-n" in the plural, and was described as being a cross formed of four capital gammas, especially in the figure of a swastika, or in that

of a voided Greek cross. It was now evident to me how the symbol of the swastika originated, just what it means, and by what other names it is sometimes known. Moreover, I now knew how to pronounce it correctly and with assurance. Certainly some addition, be it ever so small, had been made to my store (or—better maybe—lack) of knowledge. In these three or four spare moments I had gathered information which would hereafter make the swastika sign a little more significant to me, which would give the Greek gamma some meaning to me other than its being one of the symbols of secret collegiate orders, etc., and which taught me the difference between a Greek cross and other crosses. What is more, I had not nearly exhausted my search, which could have continued indefinitely from one new or unfamiliar word to another.

To read this, one would think that I was advertising dictionaries for a book publishing firm, but if I were doing this, I might say it in some such fitting terms as these: "How do you occupy your spare moments? Read this wonderful book which tells you how to be interesting and entertaining to your friends, how to succeed in business, and how to be the kind of person who always has something interesting to say. If you are a student, it will teach you those little things not taught in the classrooms; if you are a business man, you can learn to talk about something besides office, stocks, and bonds; if you are a doctor you will learn of things other than the hospital or your patients; and if you are a housewife, you will find in it things of interest outside of the routine duties of the household. In short a wonderful book which everyone should have—the ideal book for light reading in spare moments."

But as I said before, I am not advertising anything, much less a dictionary. I am merely giving you a sample of the possibilities of using your dictionary for light reading in spare moments. G. O.

What to do about "burping" in these days of beer was one of the questions propounded to the authors of the new etiquette book recently published at Marshall College. The following answer was suggested by a bright young student: make beer stronger so that one will not have to forcibly retake it to discover whether or not he has been drinking slightly rancid dish-water.

## LETTER BOX

Dear editor:

In the last year or so, many changes have been made at Armour. In particular, the school colors are now black, red, and gold; also a new course in engineering science is being given. I would suggest therefore, the following changes as indicated—I have made them verbally before: in the *Armour Fight Song*, from "Raise up the black and yellow higher" to "Raise up the black, red, and gold higher," and in the *Arch-Mech. Yell*, from "Arch-Mech. Civ. Elec-Chemicals-and-Fire Protect" to "Arch-Mech-Civ-Elec-Science-Chem-and-Fire Protect." Note that no change in the number of syllables is involved.

One more suggestion. The *Armour Song*, particularly the *Armour Fight Song* and the beautiful *Armour Alma Mater Song* ought to be popularized. That is, popularized to the extent that at least Chicagoans not only recognize but sing the *Armour songs* on a par with the songs of the nearby prominent private state universities. Nothing could please me more in this respect than to go to dances and parties and hear the *Armour songs* in the occasional college medley.

The student body can put this idea over. Consider just the *Armour Fight Song* and the *Armour Alma Mater Song*. First of all they should be made available in the following forms: (1) record, preferably one record having the *Fight Song* on one side and the *Alma Mater Song* on the other; (2) piano sheet music; (3) dance orchestrations. Then, if during the next few years, the *Techawks* would spring these songs in one form or another on their friends at every opportunity, the *Armour melodies* would become just as well known as the songs of the neighboring universities.

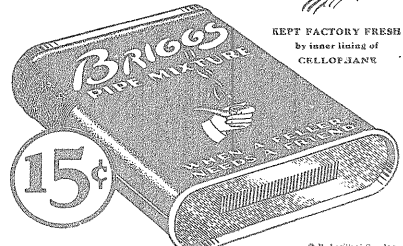
While this condition is being put into effect, *Armour Institute* will receive much subtle advertising and publicity. What the *Stein Song* did on a large scale for the University of Maine, the *Armour Fight Song* and the *Armour Alma Mater Song* can do on a small scale for *Armour-Institute*—provided every effort is made at the start to furnish high quality musical accompaniments for the melodies.

A Soph Chemical.

## "WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"



When you're handed the raspberry before your honey . . . puff away your grouch with genial BRIGGS. Its savory prime tobaccos are tempered and seasoned for years in the wood, 'til they're mellow and mild and minus all bite . . . The truly bitless blend . . . the friend a feller needs.



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