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Actions Speak Louder Than Words

This is the week; Saturday is the day. At four o'clock in the afternoon, in the University of Chicago Field House, Armour Tech opens its Sixth Annual Invitational Relay Games. This, the last indoor meet of the season, is the big event in Armour's athletic year. Last year, four thousand spectators saw twenty schools competing for the honors; six records were broken; Armour, as the host, had over two hundred athletes as guests. This year's games promise to be even a greater spectacle. The big track stars of the middle west will be there; a full card of track and field events has been arranged. Thrills and excitement will be the order of the day; they are yours for the attending. Be there.

Starting as an invitational meet for smaller colleges, the Relays have grown each year until today they are viewed as one of the major events of the track season. This growth, in the face of the gloom of business adversity during the past few years and the universally decreasing funds available for college athletics is a fitting symbol of Armour's progressive spirit.

Since it is through the Relays more than through any other school activity that the name of Armour reaches the public eye, Armour is proud to have the Relays bear her name.

Perspective

There is no better tonic for an inflated ego or for a tendency toward self-pity than a few moments' meditation on the immense universe in which we are immersed.

The Great Nebula M-31 in Andromeda, as it is known in the catalogues of the astronomer, appears on the photographic plate as an elongated oval, solidly white at its center and thinning into gossamer haze at its fringes. When one reflects that the light that etched its photograph was sped on its way at a time when the first mammals were roaming the earth; when he realizes that this cloud of light is in reality a great uncounted mass of individual stars, each comparable in size to our sun; and when he realizes that within our ken there are thousands of such island universes, he is likely to find the petty problems of the day fading into insignificance.

We take ourselves too seriously. We magnify our minor accidents until they appear to be catastrophes. Toothaches and business depressions, "valentines" and indigestion, all seem as we experience them to be the ultimate in human woes. As we recede from them, however, their importance rapidly diminishes until we see them more nearly in their true light. If we could more easily grasp the relative insignificance of our daily trials, in relation to the full scale of human life, we could find much less to grieve about than we now do.

"The Slipstick"

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

Now after a week of inspection trips we can settle down to a bit of serious work, for example we can do experiment No. 13 in our spare time. The procedure is as follows:

1. Place a number of ingots of babbitt metal, zinc, lead, etc., in a large crucible.
2. Heat vigorously. When white hot dip forefingers of right hand into the solution to estimate the temperature—obviating the use of a thermometer. Withdraw finger slowly.
3. Look those present in the eye while testing temperature to show them how you can take it.

Report:  
How many things did it take before you could write again and how many fingers have you now? Give your testimonial for Unguentine for minor burns.

\* \* \*  
A danza  
A data  
Perchance  
Out lata  
A classa  
A quizza  
No passa  
Gee whizza!

No Obstruction

He hadn't been out in the world much, and he was deeply impressed with the girls' clothes at the dance. "Some of the ladies' clothes I see here," he said, "plumb puts me in mind of a barbed-wire fence."

Somebody asked him why. "Well," said he "it's this way. They appear to protect the property without obstructing the view."

\* \* \*  
Gypsy: "I'll tell your fortune, mister."  
Techawk: "How much?"  
Gypsy: "Fifty cents."  
Techawk: "Correct!"

\* \* \*  
Look Ahead  
Plan Ahead  
Keep Your Head—  
And You'll  
Be Ahead!

"Where is the capital of Illinois?"  
"Springfield."  
"Where is the capital of Africa?"  
"Cairo."  
"What State?"

Sad Cases

The timid athlete who bought a checker board so he could learn how to jump.  
The banana peddler whose business was beginning to slip.

The undertaker who was worried because he didn't have steady customers.

The half-wit who wouldn't go to the insane asylum because the people were far below his mental level.

The Scotchman who got double pneumonia at one time, so he could save time and money.

Francois.

\* \* \*  
(Maybe, the Techawk who found himself without any homework for the next day.)

\* \* \*  
Andy: "What is Bill doing for a living?"  
Bob: "He's selling lamps to optimists so they can see the bright side of life."

Francois.

DICTIONARIA

Phrase: That part of a steers' anatomy immediately above the collar-button.

Wrench: A steers' playground, a Westerner's back yard.

Symmetry: A bone-yard.

Groin: Getting bigger.

Loan: To accumulate knowledge.

\* \* \*  
It was evening. A freshman approached a motorist. "Sir," said he, "your beacon has ceased to function."

"Sir?"  
"Your illumination, I say, is shrouded in unmitigated oblivion."

"Beg Pardon?"

"The effulgence of your radiator has evanesced."

"My dear fellow?"

"The transversal ether oscillation in your incandescence has become discontinued."

Just then a passing senior yelled, "Hey, mister, your lights are out!"

\* \* \*

Agent: "Don't you want your office furniture insured against theft?"

Manager: "Yes, all except the clock. Everybody watches that."

\* \* \*  
FAMOUS LAST WORDS  
"As foolish as putting an alarm clock in a church steeple," as stated by Professor Paul.

And so, fond readers, the Slipstick ends until next week. I appreciate the numerous contributions of Francois. Wait! Here is something to worry about until next week, besides your much needed contribus. What is three-sevenths of chicken, two-thirds of cat, and one-half of goat?  
R. H.

OTHER CAMPUSES

A likely candidate for the title of "meanest person in the world" is a professor at Syracuse university, who, while recovering from an appendicitis operation, gave lectures in bot to his chemistry class with the aid of a microphone, the telephone exchange, and a loud speaker. Other close seconds in the race for the title are those professors who insist on keeping classes overtime. We all have at least one.

Students at the Lee-McKee college of North Carolina turn the dormitory into an inn in the summer months. Home economies majors wash the dishes; football huskies hustle bags.

Football has been discarded for rodeo sports at the Cheyenne school at Colorado Springs. Bucking horses and wild steers are considered less dangerous by Dr. Lloyd Shaw, superintendent.

Rochester university has abolished eight o'clock classes, because it prefers to have the students sleep in bed rather than in class. Why not set up beds in the classroom instead?

Columbia university granted a Ph. D. to the author of a manuscript on "The Duties of a School Janitor."

A junior in the college of engineering at the University of Nebraska accumulates enough revenue repairing watches to put him through school.

Candidates for student offices at the University of California at Los Angeles have to be guarded heavily by police in order to protect them from kidnapping by rival factions.

Forty-two varsity players and twenty-six freshmen reported for tennis practice at the University of California.

Many Texas Christian university students magnificently flunked an exam given on the simple and obvious facts of the campus. Among the things not known were the initials of the president, the name of the library, the number of schools in the Southwest conference, the number of buildings on the campus, the name of the editor of the Horned Frog, the name of the captain-elect of the football team and the identity of the president of the student body.

The Michigan Daily mentions a man who was released from an intoxication charge on the plea that he had "water on the brain and was taking an anti-freeze solution."

Dr. Herbert Evans of the University of California had better guard his claimed secret for controlling the growth of human beings or every school may have a 6-foot 7-inch basketball center.

To show how futile petitions are and how glibly the students are who sign them, the Akron Bucklebite of the University of Akron circulated a petition the signers of which promised to decapitate themselves on a certain date. Only three per cent of those approached failed to put down their names. Even the names of faculty members appeared on the petition.

A trained nurse for the college book store is being planned by Westminster College. Her duties will be to quote prices and administer smelling salts. There should be six nurses here, don't you think?

A student at Alberta University is suing the college for \$56,000 damages received during "Hell Week."

Plans are under way at Loyola to secure material for their exhibit at "A Century of Progress" this year. Their exhibit was so popular last year that it has been decided to enlarge it about ten times.

Reports from Stanford have it that coeds must pass a physical examination before they are allowed to stay out until 12 o'clock on week nights and until 1:30 on Saturday nights.

For the second time in two years, students at the University of Maryland have rified an instructor's office for examination papers.

STUDENT MUSINGS

HOPE

The word "civilization," as applied to our own mode of existence, has always reminded me of a man who thrusts his thumbs under his armpits while wiggling his hands in an ecstasy of self approval. I cannot define civilization, yet, even so, it has a meaning for me. This much can be said about it: It is the limit of a state of being or existence as that state approaches the maximum of healthy satisfaction to the individual.

I often wonder where we are all blindly racing. As Charles Beard would have it, "Whither Mankind?" Sometimes I pray to myself that it is in the right direction. Frequently I visualize civilization as a tiny target buried at the bottom of "all knowledge," beyond all vision, beyond all mind. George Soule shows how we, during the past ten years, have discharged at that infinitely distant objective scarcely anything in the way of a worthy projectile. We have shot our arrows all about us and let them fall where they would. We have performed our experiments in the slop jar. Our artists have done their painting with brooms. The poets

PSALM TO AN ENGINEER'S SWEETHEART

Verily, I say unto you, marry not an engineer.

For an engineer is a strange being and is possessed of many evils. Yes, he speaketh eternally in parables which he calleth formulas, and he hath only one Bible, a handbook.

He thinketh only of stresses and strain, and without end of thermodynamics. He showeth always a serious aspect, and seemeth not to know how to smile, and he picketh his seat in a car by the springs therein and not by the damsel.

Neither does he know a waterfall except by its horsepower, nor a sunset except that he must turn on the lights, nor a damsel except by her live weight.

Always he carrieth his books with him, and he entertaineth his sweetheart with steam tables.

Verily, though his damsel expecteth chocolates when he calleth, She openeth the package but to discover samples of iron ore. Yes, he holdeth his damsel's hand but to measure friction thereof. And he kisseth her only to test the viscosity of her lips. For in his eyes there shineth a far away look that is neither Love nor longing — rather, a vain attempt to recall a formula.

There is but one key to his heart, and that is Tau Beta Pi, and But one love letter for which he yearneth, and that is an "A". When his damsel writeth of love and smyth with crosses, he Taketh these symbols not for kisses, but rather For unknown quantities.

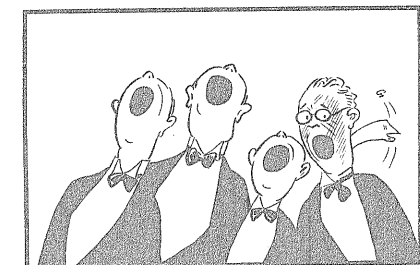
Even as a boy he pulleth a girl's hair but to test its elasticity.

But as a man he discovereth different devices; For he counteth the vibrations of her heartbeatings; and

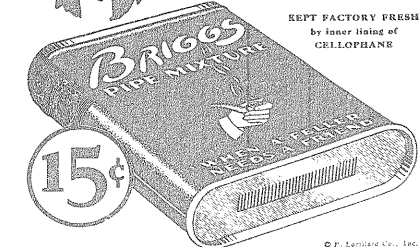
He seeketh ever to pursue his scientific investigations, even his own heart flutterings he counteth as a vision of beauty, and enscribeth his passion to a formula.

And his marriage is as a simultaneous equation involving two unknowns, and yielding diverse results.

"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"



When a collapsible collar makes you look pretty silly... forget it, son, with a pipeful of BRIGGS. This tranquil tobacco brings peace after panic. Long seasoned in wood, its rare, spicy tobaccos are tempered to mildness. There's not a bite in a barrelful of BRIGGS... the blend a feller needs.



KEPT FACTORY FRESH  
by inner lining of  
CELLOPHANE

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