

Armour Tech News

Student Publication of the
ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Published Weekly During the College Year



2.00 Per Year Single Copies, 10 Cents Each

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Vol. XIV OCTOBER 16, 1934 No. 4

An Engineering Slant on Life

Why come to Armour? Is it to become a trained engineer who is ready to take over involved technical jobs immediately upon graduation from the four year course? Maybe! Is it to become a college graduate who appreciates the finer things in life and is fitted to mingle and talk with the higher levels of society? Maybe! Is it to acquire the ability to meet and overcome the everyday problems of a mechanized, throat cutting business world? Maybe! It depends largely on you—your abilities and your goal in life.

Many a man has come to Armour just for the specialized training; and has received it in the classroom and laboratory. He has gone out after graduation and made good as an engineer.

Others have spent just enough time on the curricula to give their minds a normal development, giving the rest of their time to making friends, delving into the important social problems of the day, browsing around in the store-rooms of the literary masters, and otherwise filling their college lives with valuable activities. They then go forth and become integral parts of the civilized state we live in, having happy families and many friends.

Still other Armour men go in for the extra curricular activities which build up ability such as will help them meet the business and executive men in the world, and will keep them in physical trim. They go out with their store of technical knowledge, business experience, and sporting ideas to make their impression on the world in some line of endeavor.

You too have to start your life here at Armour—and finish it after you graduate. Unless you are interested only in the working end of engineering, your life at school should also take in extra-curricular activities—either with the established groups at Armour, or on solitary branches of your own choosing. It doesn't matter much what particular activities you choose, as long as you give to those selected amounts of your time proportional to the importance you expect those fields to play in your post-graduate life.

Intramural Athletics

Varsity and interclass competition are the main sources of athletic competition at Armour. These games, however, only allow the better athletes, a small percentage of the total number of students, to participate. To give opportunity for wider athletic participation an intramural system should be sponsored by the school. True that there are scheduled tournaments, but they could be handled far more effectively by means of an organized system. Intramural athletics have been a worthy experiment in many colleges and merit consideration by the athletic board of any up-to-date school.

"The Slipstick"

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

*A drone of a voice
The students sleep well
The time creeps slowly on
The hour's end draws near
The voice stops
For an assignment to give
"Now for tomorrow we will have a quiz."
The students wake up
A QUIZ????
'Who-ho is us.*

Two student brakemen stood before a veteran conductor in the caboose on the start of a run. "Which of you two is older?" roared the conductor. "I am," said one. "Alright, you scrub up this caboose." Turning to the other brakeman, he barked: "You couple all the hoses from here to the engine and when you get there tell the engineer, "All right." Doing as he was told, the younger student got to the engine and said to the engineer, "All right." "All right for what?" asked the engineer. "Why turn on the water," came the answer, "They're gonna scrub out the caboose."

And then there was the boy who called his girl friend "grapefruit" because she always hit him in the eye when he started to spoon.

Dumbelle Pome No. 2
*Jack and Jill went up the hill
Something to eat for to get:
Jack fell on his safety razor—
Gillette.*

My First Impressions of Armour
Upon entering Armour Institute, I immediately had occasion to form a very favorable opinion of all the instructors I came into contact with. Adorned with a cap of defiantly-verdant hue, I forthwith proceeded to pull as many "boners" as only a "bone-puller" of long standing can. Yet through all the din, confusion, and mix-up that is the inevitable "side-kick" of an entering Freshman class, the instructors bore up with a fortitude and sympathetic assistance that was nothing short of angelic. But the Sophomore class—ah, that's the fly in the ointment. Their irrepressible sense of humor, coupled with their overpowering numbers and superior organization, did, and still do, everything in their power to make a Freshman's life miserable. Having suffered the indignity of being "de-pantsed", and being shaved of my four-weeks old moustache by a Sophomore gang of moronic tendencies, who, by the way, do not belong to the Barber's Union, I feel that I'm in a position to speak authentically on such subjects. Or, to indulge in a poetic relapse:

Last week was a week of weeks,
with sighs a joy to behold,
With Freshies running 'round in shorts,
in flaring pastels bold.

With moustaches being shaved to left,
as well as to the right.
And to avoid all chance of monotony,
indulgence in a fight.

Respectable people, passing by,
are shocked at the sight of such strife.
And with wagging heads are heard to say,
"So this is college life".
Edward J. Pleva.

Lines from Life

Two ladies stopped at a livery stable and asked for a gentle horse to drive. The liveryman brought out one, saying: "This horse is perfectly gentle so long as you don't let the rein get under his tail." Three hours later they returned. "How did you get along?" the liveryman inquired. "Oh, we got along just fine. Had a couple of showers while we were out, but we took turns holding the parasol over the horse's tail."

*First Drunk: "Gosh, I'm wobbly. Mush be'n earthquake 'round here."
Second Drunk: "Land Shakes!"
First Drunk: "You shaid it, pal!"*

Then there was the fellow who promised his girl a castle when she married him, and after they were married she found out it was only a stall.

*Simple Sophomore met a Freshman
Going to Armour Tech.
Said Simple Sophomore to the Frosh,
"I'd like to break your neck."
But Freshie wise just blinked his eyes
And proffered "yeah?"s and "can't"s.
So little sophomore compromised
And took off Freshie's pants.*

*Bob:—Every time I kiss you it makes me a better man."
Babe:—"Well, you don't have to try to get to Heaven in one night."*

*He—"You've a faculty for making love."
She—"Oh no—just a student body."*

DICTIONARIA

Love—To hang around doing nothing. Also the way bread comes.
Adore—Smell, scent.
Devine—To describe.
Sweet—A Scandinavian. Also what Odorono is supposed to suppress.
Worship—What our gobs fight on.
Sentiment—A spice, sentiment rolls, sentiment toast.
Faithful—A mouth completely filled.
Lace—The bugs that get on dairy pipples.
Heart—Wounded—"My feelings are heart."

*If you can write
Then drop a line or two
In the always empty
Contrib box
Goodbye.*

R. H.

WHEN YOU'RE TOO TIRED TO THINK—

GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!

RICHARD VOIGTLANDER '38, says: "Studying electrical engineering takes as much out of me as the hardest physical effort you'd put into an active outdoor sport. I'm a Camel smoker. The harder I work the more I like to smoke, because Camels help me to keep alert and full of 'pep.' I enjoy Camel's milder flavor, and they never frazzle my nerves."

SPORTS WRITER. (Left) Pat Robinson says: "I've been smoking Camels ever since they were put on the market. I find they erase that 'done in' feeling quickly and restore my 'pep.' I smoke at least two packs of Camels a day and I find that they never interfere with my nerves."

EXPLORER. (Right) Capt. R. Stuart Murray, F.R.G.S., says: "It's great to be back! I was in Honduras—Mosquitia Territory—10 months. Fortunately I had plenty of Camels. They always give me a 'pick-up' in energy when I need it. I prefer Camel's flavor, they never upset my nerves."

TUNE IN! CAMEL CARAVAN with Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra, Walter O'Keefe, Annette Hanshaw, and other Headliners—over WABC-Columbia Network.

TUESDAY . . . 10 p.m. E.S.T. | THURSDAY . . . 9 p.m. E.S.T.
9 p.m. C.S.T.—8 p.m. M.S.T. | 8 p.m. C.S.T.—9:30 p.m. M.S.T.
7 p.m. P.S.T. | 8:30 p.m. P.S.T.

ALL TOBACCO MEN KNOW:
"Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."

CAMEL'S COSTLIEST TOBACCOS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!

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