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The "Engineer"—and Something Else

Announcing that consideration is being given to a plan for widening the scope of the *Armour Engineer*, an article of great importance to every *Armour* student appears in this week's *News*. The *Armour Engineer* has long been a source of considerable puzzlement to many of us. We line up eagerly to receive our copy on its publication date; we admire the bright new cover; and we skim through an interior obviously the product of much patient care. But somehow, we don't ever seem to get around to reading it.

The members of the new managing board of the *Engineer* now propose to do something to give their publication a little more interest to its readers. And it is obvious that if they succeed in making it of interest to 2,000 alumni, they will have taken care of its student readers as well.

However, although we may anticipate from the proposed changes in its form a considerably more readable *Engineer*, we must not lose sight of the advantage a quarterly publication reaching all of *Armour's* alumni would be to the school. The whole idea is a fine one, and Harry Nachman and Howard Milleville, who head the new *Engineer* board, are to be congratulated for their progressive spirit in championing it.

Today, the entire student body, theoretically, becomes acquainted with the proposal to revamp the *Engineer*. What will its reaction be? Sad, indeed, to tell, but there is little difficulty in answering that question considerably in advance. Student reaction will be neither positive nor negative, rather it will be nil.

Armour sometimes appears to harbor in its bosom as phlegmatic a group of young men as could be assembled anywhere. They take no interest in their athletic teams; a bare fourth of them are able to tear themselves away from their pinocchio or report writing to do honor at a much-heralded assembly to those who have represented them on the playing field. Their interests are not cultural; so vital a question as whether or not they are to be soaked fifty cents for an annual musical concert can evoke even an expression of opinion from less than a third of them. They care not for politics or world events; peace strikes and red uprisings rage about them while they knot their brows over calc problems. The tiny voice of the *Tech News* attempts to arouse a little feeling, anywhere, of any kind, about anything, and the best it can do is draw poisoned darts from a few social committee members whose own corns have been slightly stepped on.

Well, well, we've stepped on everybody's corns now, and if the student body is not really and truly as lifeless as it seems, we shall, at any rate, get a few letters to the editor this week without having to assign a reporter to write them.

"The Slipstick"

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

"No, Dora, 'The Red Robe' is not what Little Red Riding Hood wore."

Armour Men may get flying course, reads A. T. N. headlines. As if all the courses here don't keep us up in the air.

Three hours of math, an hour of chem,
No sleep, and then a quiz.
To be an *Armour Engineer*
This weary lot was his.
He studied long, he studied well,
He studied all night through.
He thought it wrong, he thought it hell
That this he had to do.
Then came the dawn, he went to class,
He took one final look.
His luck was gone, he didn't pass,
He'd studied the wrong book.

SPRING FEVER

An *Armour* freshman wanted to sue a doctor who operated on his father, for opening his mother's male.

Guy: Is that candy pure?
Druggist: As pure as the girl of your dreams.
Guy: Gimme a package of gum!

To live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To those hallowed halls where each shall take
His rightful place in that lofty realm of Thespis.
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach the usher—
Showing thy thirty-five cent epistle of admission,
Lest thou be heaved upon thy ear, and thus
Misseth THE RED ROBE.

By William Cullen Bryant and E. J.

"I once sold my most embarrassing moment to the
Daily Bugle for \$2.00."
"Have you had any more since then?"
"Oh, yes. There was the one when my wife found it in
the Daily Bugle."

The reason that some houses are so damp is that there
is so much due on them.

VOICE OF EXPERIMENT

Dear Voice of Experiment:
Can a man tell if a woman loves him?

Doubtful.

Dear Doubtful:
Yes, but he'd be a darn fool if he did.

Did Mike Pantone really kill old man Goyetche? See
"The Red Robe."

"There was a hanging at the jail the other day but
they couldn't find the rope. While they were waiting all
the prisoners started singing."
"How touching. They sang some hymn, I suppose."
"No. They sang 'The Lost Chord'."

What does Sydney Miner know about Pantone's girl
friend? See "The Red Robe."

ANOTHER THING THAT COVERS A MULTITUDE
OF SINS IS A TABLOID REPORTER.

Believe It Or Leave It

This *Armour* student loves to work,
His duties he will never shirk.
He likes to spend long hours in lab,
About assignments he won't crab.
You ought to see him do his trig,
His math with him goes over big.
He even likes a long exam,
Long hours for it he will cram.
All night long at Chem. he'll go,
He prefers it to a show.
In classes he is sure a wow,
He knows the answers, boy and how!
He turns in papers by the ream,
That's no student—that's a professor's dream.

Where did Professor Hendricks get that lipstick on
his collar? See "The Red Robe."

First Pickpocket: Watch out Bill!
Second Pickpocket: Yep. Now for the wallet.

He came in and sat down alongside of her. He was a
clean-cut, athletic, good looking young chap. She smiled
at him. The place was deserted. In a low tone he said,
"Please give me what you gave me last night." She
hesitated, looked wildly about her and then in a loud
voice suddenly called out, "Sunnyside up on toast anna
cuppa cawfee."

Junior: I just got a check from home.
Senior: Pay me the five dollars you owe me.
Junior: Wait 'till I tell you the rest of my dream.

Are all politicians dumb? See "The Red Robe."

CON-FU-TSE.

Fraternity Notes

DELTA TAU DELTA

Delta Tau Delta extends congratulations to Beta Psi fraternity on its installation as Alpha Phi Chapter of Pi Kappa Phi. We trust that their future history as a chapter of Pi Kappa Phi will be as illustrious as their past history as a chapter of Beta Psi has been.

Final plans are being completed for our annual Founders Day Banquet celebrating the granting of a charter of Delta Tau Delta at *Armour*. The banquet will be held May 10 at the Architect's Club. Our inter-fraternity athletic teams are rounding out their practices in preparation for the coming inter-fraternity contests. Brother Schorling, graduate of last year, has just obtained a position as chemist with the Wilson Western Sporting Goods Company of Chicago. Brother Schorling was formerly with Swift's.

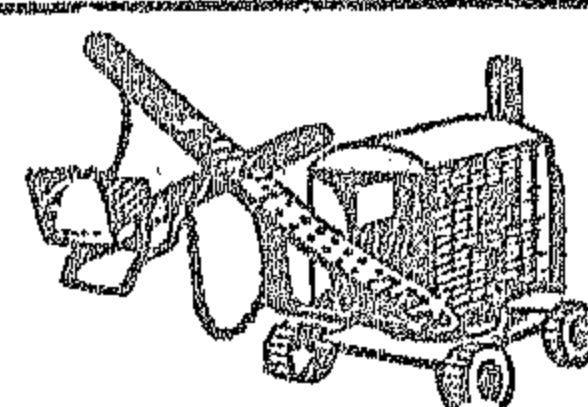
PHI PI PHI

Saturday night, May 4, the Phi Pi fraternity held their dance at Thorne Hall on the McKinlock Campus of Northwestern University. It was one of the biggest and best dances of the year for the fraternity. This was the first time that any fraternity on the campus has held an open dance; apparently it was a success, for one hundred couples were present. The music was furnished by Jack Blair and his orchestra.

PHI KAPPA SIGMA

At a recent election the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:
William Harrison Fogle... President
William Harrison Savage...
..... Vice-president
Louis Lange Jr. Secretary
Irby Murrey Hughes... Treasurer

THE STEAM SHOVEL



If you have your fears about being able to stay married, see "THE RED ROBE" and learn from Mike Pantone. It's the fourth time that Mike and one Mary Russo played husband and wife together... and they're not divorced yet.

Mary is also making a habit of it. In almost all of the plays she has taken part, her role has been one connected with death. In the "TALE OF TWO CITIES" she was murdered by Mike and in the play this weekend she will kill the examining magistrate.

Yessir men, real live girls again. No more will we have to contend with hairy, muscle-bound legs protruding from a silk or velvet skirt.

"STRONGARM" BERNSTEIN always (?) a gentleman, certainly knows how to assist women off the stage. . . . He probably got the cut on his chin while rehearsing his act. . . .

After this, CLIFF CARSTENS will be more careful about the kind of water (???) he uses when he plays "church on fire." . . . Anyway he helped the clothing business a little.

Harold Heidman got a nifty bump on his knob. He claims a window is to blame. . . . most likely a bedroom window.

BOB WORCESTER got himself a "drag" by playing nursemaid to SAMMY BIBB'S daughter. . . . and she's seven, not seventeen.

Prof. Vagtborg says that if all the bacteria in a stein of beer moved in the same direction, the stein would move. From the looks of things, they don't travel in straight lines after being "downed."

BEG YOUR PARDON

It was erroneously stated in last week's *Steamshovel* that BILL GRAY chauffeured a trustee around. It was the trustee's mother-in-law and now BILL will probably get flunked out of school.

Senior Chemicals See Cement Manufacture

Last Wednesday, the senior chemicals inspected the Universal Atlas Cement Company at Buffington, Indiana. The group was conducted by three company guides and Professor Barr.

The company makes special cements as well as portland cement. The whole factory covers 200 acres and has a pier 60 feet wide which extends a mile out in the lake. The Chemical and Physical laboratories were also inspected.

Most interesting of all were the battery of rotary cement kilns, which are the largest pieces of rotating machinery in modern industry. They are longer than a residence lot, large enough to drive an automobile through, and weigh more than a million pounds. If erected on end they would be as tall as a 20-story building.

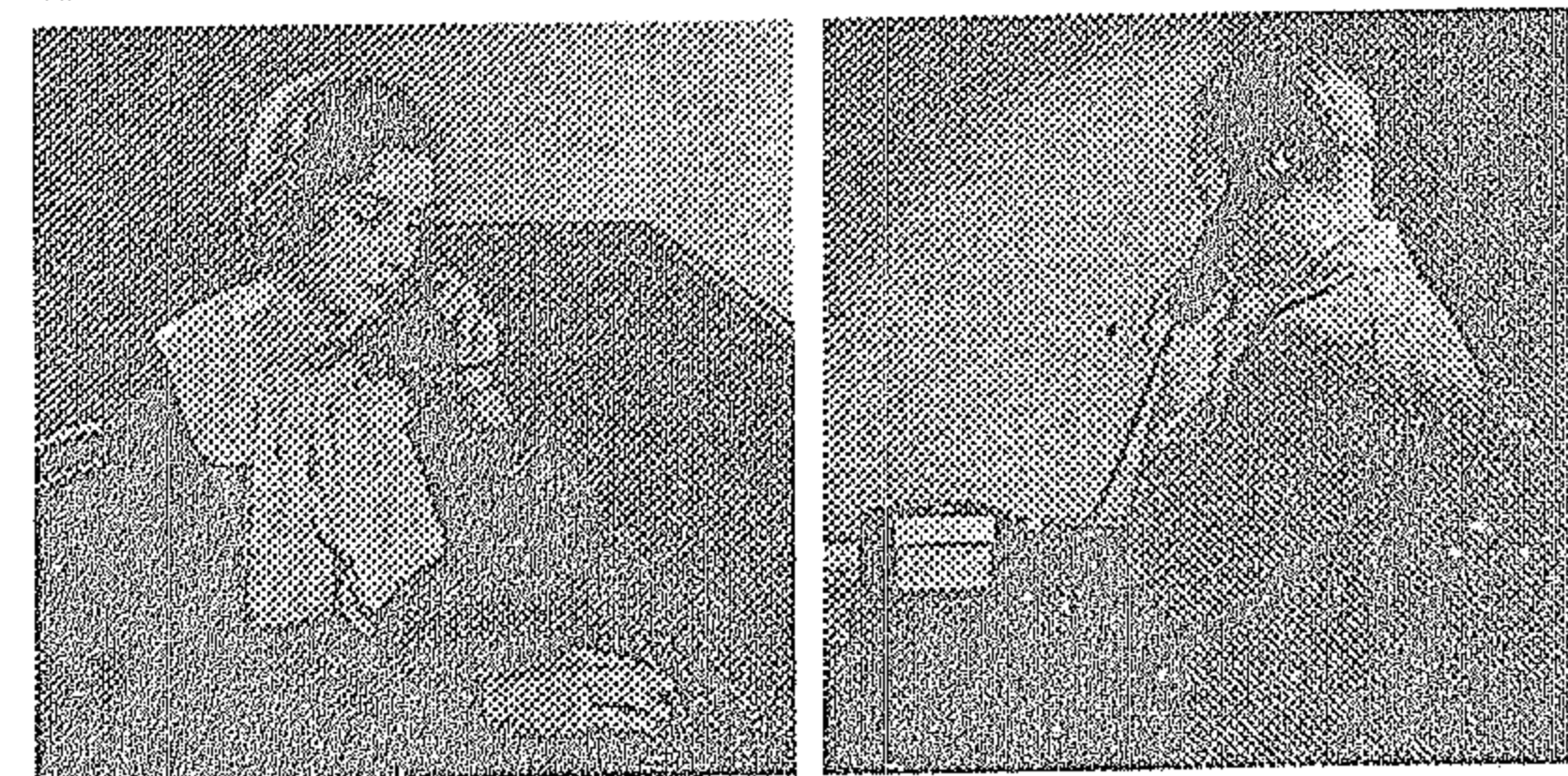
Rare Volumes Loaned to Evanston School

Fourteen volumes from the *Armour* Institute of Technology library "Rare Book Collection" have been loaned to Evanston Township High School for exhibit during its celebration of the tercentenary of secondary education.

The books loaned are from a collection of early books in mathematics and science. Among the books are four works of particular interest described by the British Museum Catalog.

To Stanley Bernstein and Gus Freund we extend our congratulations. Gus was recently pledged to Sphinx and Stan received his fourth athletic sweater award for swimming at the last assembly.

"When will nud be done?"



This young lady records the meaningless syllables spoken by the man.

AND, "How does kib like that?" Such questions sound senseless — yet they play an important part in making articulation tests on new types of telephone apparatus at Bell Telephone Laboratories.

In making these tests, 6336 meaningless syllables are spoken — while observers record what they hear. Comparison of sounds actually spoken with those heard, shows how well the new apparatus reproduces the many sounds of which speech is composed.

Such thoroughness is typical of Bell System methods. Years of inventing, improving and testing have led to the apparatus which transmits your words so clearly.

Why not say "Hello" to Mother and Dad tonight? Bargain rates on station-to-station calls after 8:30 P. M.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM