

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. XV

May 21, 1935

No. 13

Radicalism

In the recent investigation of radical influences at the University of Chicago, it was triumphantly brought out by the accusers that the university had encouraged its students to ask "How do we know our system is the best one?" All good Americans are apparently expected to hear this with shudders of consternation, but somehow, we don't seem able to qualify.

In fact, it seems obvious that we can't know that our system is the best one; we may believe, and strongly so, that it is, and we may, without being treasonable or traitorous, disbelieve it, so long as we do not advocate overthrow of the government by violence.

It is clear, of course, that the University of Chicago is really charged with teaching that our system is not the best, and with advocating another. But President Hutchins has said that it is not so, and we can place far more reliance in his integrity, and in his judgment, than in that of some of the gentlemen who are peddling their newspapers by getting purple faces over the red menace.

President Hutchins has stated the position of the university, and his statement leaves no room for supposing that his school has any object other than to seek dispassionately whatever truths it can find about government and society. If it attempted to teach belief in any political creed whatever, it would not be an educational institution at all, but an institute of propaganda.

Then if the University of Chicago teaches its students to ask, "How do we know that our system is the best one?" it does no more than its duty as an institution of higher learning. We might ourselves ask that question, and we would have to answer that in all probability it will be replaced in time by a better one. Certainly it is not perfect; certainly men are worrying over its imperfections and seeking for ways to mend them; certainly no government has yet shown signs of lasting unchanged forever.

It is incredible that with all the evidence of history as to the impermanence of man's institutions, men should still cling to the old "whatever is right" idea, or admitting that things are not as they should be, should shrug their shoulders hopelessly and say, "It will always be so." It has not always been so; we are far happier, more comfortable, and more secure today than we were a hundred years ago. That progress will continue.

Of course it is clear that much of our recent advancement has been in realms scientific rather than political. But there have been political changes before; if they are needed they will come again. Certainly when we know so much about how to produce, we will be able to find some way of utilizing our knowledge to the full for the good of all. When it will come no one knows, but somewhere on the horizon a golden age is dawning.

"The Slipstick"

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

There are many, many things I hate.
I hate some more than others.
I hate a flat-foot toe-dancer,
And a hair-lipped guy that stutters.

But I save my most tremendous oaths
To heap on the addled pate
Of the pickled Frosh who late one night,
Ruined that '38!!

The story is going around about a football player in a small college who was unusually dumb. To the surprise of everyone he passed all of his work, including a rather stiff chemistry course, thereby becoming eligible for the big game.

One of the instructors asked the chemistry professor how it was possible that he passed chemistry. The chemistry professor said: "I decided that I would let him pass if he answered 50% of the questions correctly."

"I asked him two questions—one he answered wrong, one he answered right. Therefore, I let him pass."

"The first question was: 'What color is blue vitriol?' He answered, 'Pink.' That time he was wrong.
"The other question was: 'How do you make sulphuric acid?' He answered that he didn't know. That time he was right."

The first hermit was really a Scotch golfer who sliced his ball into the woods.

WHEN TWO "RASSLERS" GET TOGETHER

Schuman: Who's going to pay for the meal tonight?
Schmidt: I'll toss you for it.

Gas Station Attendant: How's your oil?
Negro motorist: Ah's fine. How's yo' all?

E. J.

Fraternity Notes

PI KAPPA PHI

Junior Week, with all its furious revelry and intense competition, is over. The gang is smacking their lips in anticipation of the ice cream promised by John T. "Butch" Even for every cup won by the house.

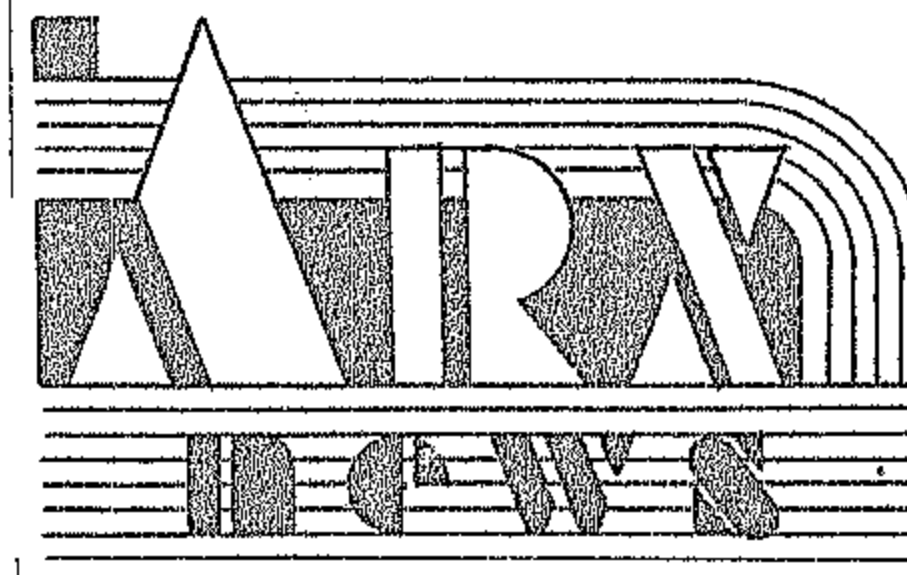
The Interfraternity Sing produced the first cup due to hard work by the Brothers under the leadership of Orv Hampton. Congratulations are in order for the house track team who came in a strong second next to the Phi Pi's, and also for Curt Bristol, our high point, versatile trackman. The culmination of the week brought us the coveted cup and skin of the Circus Day Pageant. "Mike" Stevens and "Em-Cee" Hampton are to be commended. We are now pulling hard for the tennis and golf awards.

We were glad to have with us last Thursday night Mr. Leake, our National Executive Secretary, at which time plans for the Alumni Smoker, to be held on the evening of May 26, were discussed.

Now for the ice cream.

DELTA TAU DELTA

We wish to congratulate John Davis on his recent appointment to the editorship of the *Cycle*. Last week found our chapter quite busily engaged in the various activities of Junior Week. Preparations are in progress for the remodeling of the Shelter during the coming summer vacation. The Architects of the house have drawn up plans and bids have been received for the remodeling. Brother Laise spent an enjoyable week-end at the Beta Upsilon Chap-



Let's start out with a little news about the Freshmen. Two of them made first mentions on their composition renderings, and a few did not fare so well. The two bright and shining lights of Prof. SUTER'S gang are Wiley THOMAS and "Uncle Herman" LACKNER. The frosh are at present at work again on a new problem which is an Analytique called, "A Tomb for a Bishop."

And then there is the case in which Phil FARO has made a mark for himself in design. As one of

ter of Delta Tau Delta at Illinois University. Our tennis team won their first match in the interfraternity tennis tournament by defeating the Kappa Deltas.

RHO DELTA RHO

Officers for the coming semester were elected last Friday at the meeting of the active chapter. The following men have been elected to hold office: Pres., Bob Simons; Vice pres., Abe Mandelowitz; Treas., Al Krause; Rec. sec., Bernard Nobler; Corres. sec., Leonard Kaplan; Sgt. at Arms, Rubin Horwitz; and Soc. chairman, Harry Stern.

After their period of pledgeship the following men were informally initiated into the fraternity last

the members of the jury remarked, Phil was the only man in the class who had the "guts" to do something a little different on the last senior project. Mind you, he was duly rewarded with a second medal, and we were not the only ones to be elated over his success. The trouble with Phil is that he is such a darned modest guy that you'd probably never hear it from him, so we have to broadcast it for him.

A few more of the seniors who hit the ball on the nose on the last project were Al BURNES, Larry DAVIDSON, and Bob SAMUELS. All of these lads likewise received second medals on the Hydro-Electric Plants, and they too are the kind who could do with a little free advertising.

Milt KOHN tells of his experience as a private detective. (Which proves that size doesn't mean a thing). At a certain rummage sale Milt caught two culprits red-handed. One of them was a gent who tried to walk out with a pair of shoes under his coat. That reminds us of the story of the drunk who leaned over the bar to his buddy and said, "Pst, don't look now, but there's a fellow walking out with your hat and coat." (If that strikes you funny, forgive us, because this is not primarily a humor column). (As if you didn't know).

EAGLE EYE.

Wednesday: Edward Paradise '38, Sidney Rabinowitz '37, Irving Seidenberg '38, and Simon Zevin '36.

Our most sincere congratulations to our champion baseball team. Here's hoping that our teams make a habit of winning championships in the future!

"THEY DON'T GET YOUR WIND"

ATHLETES SAY

So mild, athletes smoke as many as they please—and that's real mildness!

Of course you want mildness in a cigarette. And the athletes—to whom "wind," healthy nerves, "condition" are vitally important—insist on mildness.

Lou Gehrig, baseball's "Iron Man," says: "Camels are so mild they never get my 'wind.'" George Barker, intercollegiate cross-country champion, says: "Camels are so mild, they don't cut my 'wind' in any way." Bobby Walthour, Jr., star of the six-day bike grinds, says: "I've got to have 'wind' in bike racing. For my cigarette I long ago chose Camels."

Tommy Armour, speaking for the golf stars, Bruce Barnes for tennis, and Betty Bailey for the aquatic sports—all agree: "Camels don't get your 'wind.'"

What this mildness means to you!... It means you can smoke as many Camels as you please. Athletes say Camel's costlier tobaccos never disturb your nerves—never tire your taste—never get your "wind."

TENNIS
BRUCE BARNES
13 Tennis Championships

TRACK
GEORGE BARKER
Former Intercollegiate Cross-Country Champion

DIVING
BETTY BAILEY
Fancy-Diving Champion

GOLF
TOMMY ARMOUR
Winner, the British Open, U. S. Open, and P. G. A.

BASEBALL
LOU GEHRIG
"Iron Man" of Baseball

SIX-DAY BIKE RACING
BOBBY WALTHOUR, JR.
Winner of 6 Six-Day Races

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SO MILD

YOU CAN SMOKE
ALL YOU WANT!

Camels

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

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[Signed] R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.