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Time for a Change

The Armour Players are to present, next Friday, a program of one act plays. It is to be hoped that those who attend will realize the value as souvenirs of the printed programs to be distributed on this occasion, and will, when they leave the room, carry with them the playbill that was given them when they entered.

A guest of the Players and the Institute on this occasion will be a talented young actress, and our appreciation for the decorative effect she will produce on our stage should not overshadow our desire to let her do a little acting on it.

The Armour players deserve a great deal more appreciation from the student body than they have received in the past; next Friday's performance should show that a majority of the students have come to realize this.

Class or Classy Dances?

An admirable understanding apparently exists among the four Armour class social chairmen. As far ago as last fall, the *News* announced that they were planning to conclude an agreement whereby, in return for the service of "boosting" one another's affairs, every member of their committees would receive a free bid to each Armour class dance.

But beyond that, their opinions on the nature of the duty they owe their classes are strikingly similar. Their aim has been to present dances that will be note-worthy for their elegance, their exotic settings, and the novelty of their bids and programs. Their adherence to this opinion has meant that the cost of Armour dances of late has been consistently higher than it should be, so high in fact that it has kept away many students who might otherwise have attended.

There has even been a suggestion that this is a desirable state of affairs; that it is better not to have too large a crowd at a dance. There might, of course, conceivably be circumstances in which the crowd could get too large, but never at a class dance.

A class dance, after all, is for the whole class, and not only should the price be such as to exclude no one, but the ballroom should be large enough to accommodate the crowd.

Moreover, while class dances are an established feature of college life, and are recognized as practically necessary, there is no precedent for class drinking parties. Drinking at class dances is ordinarily nothing to get alarmed over, but there is no reason why it should be encouraged to the extent of providing so much space for the serving of drinks that dancing is not only discouraged but made well-nigh impossible.

Armour students deserve a great deal of credit for the way they behaved under rather trying circumstances at the last dance. Perhaps now they've had enough of the high life, and would welcome an ordinary dance at a price within the reach of all.

"The Slipstick"

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

We are certainly living in a fast age. These are the days of jazz, gasoline, static, white mule, wild women, whoopee, baloney, dominated by flaming youth, brilliant colors, and high speed. In order to keep up with the times, you have to be triplets, and work in eight hour shifts. The old order sure doth changeth. The old fashioned business man used to marry his stenographer with the idea of dictating to her after they were married. Today, if they try to sell him a typewriter, he will say, "No, I am still paying alimony on the last one." The old fashioned girl was harder to kiss, but it wasn't so dangerous. The parlor sofa wouldn't smash into a tree. She used to hang mistletoe over her door, now she puts a parking light on her roadster. Formerly the price of a good time was eternal damnation. Now it depends on where you go. They used to say that he who dances must pay the piper. Now you start off with the hat check girl. It used to be "Wine, women, and song." Now it's "Gin, janes, and jazz." The other day a man was running down the street, and bumped into a lady. He apologized by saying that he was trying to get home with his wife's new hat before the styles changed. What's it going to be like in fifty years from now?

An old rooster out in California got out of his own yard, and into the yard of an ostrich. He discovered an ostrich egg, which he rolled back into his yard. He called all his hens around him, and said, "Sisters, I'm not telling you what to do, I'm only trying to show you what can be done."

IN MEMORIAM

Lay him down gently, peace to his soul.
Here lies a student, gone to his goal.
Two hours on Monday, Tuesday one.
No sleep on Wednesday, Thursday none.
A quiz on Friday, a Saturday date,
Woke up on Sunday much too late.
Went to school Monday with aching head.
Three quizzes on Tuesday, Wednesday dead.

An artist who was employed to retouch a large painting in an old church in Belgium rendered a bill for \$100. The Church trustees, however, required an itemized bill, and the following was duly presented and paid:

Adjusting the stars	\$ 2.06
Brightening the flames of hell	.60
Cleaning Balaam's ass	5.06
Cleaning moon	1.10
Correcting ten commandments	6.10
Decorating Noah's Ark	6.50
Embellishing Pilate	3.02
Enlarging Goliath's head	2.03
Extending Saul's leg	2.05
Mending shirt for Prodigal Son	.35
Painting silver dollar on poor box	.80
Putting earrings in Sarah's ears	30.00
Putting new tail on the devil	1.50
New tail on St. Peter's rooster	4.18
Rebordering the robes of Herod	1.43
Removing soot from Vesuvius	3.12
Restoring lost souls	25.00
Renewing Heaven	1.00
Taking spots off Tobias	1.00
Washing feet of the high priest	3.10
Total	\$100.00

PHONE PROVERBS

Where there's a will, there's a law suit.
Early to bid and early to raise makes a man a—bridge player.
It's better to have loved and lost—much better.
He who—who he—who who—he—aw, skip it!
A miss is as good as her smile.
A bird in the hand is bad manners.
Familiarity breeds attempt. (Get this, you gals.)
All are not girls that giggle.
Love is blonde.

Pessimistic Philosophy

Man comes into this world without his consent, and leaves it against his will. When he is little, the big girls kiss him. When he is big, the little girls kiss him. If he is active in politics, it's for graft. If not, he's no good to his country. If he makes a lot of money, he is dishonest. If he is poor, he is a bad manager. If he needs credit, he can't get it. If he is rich, everybody wants to do him a favor. If he is religious, he is a hypocrite. If he doesn't go to church, he's a hardened old sinner. If he gives for charity, it's for show. If not, he is a stingy cuss. If he is affectionate, he is a soft specimen. If he doesn't care for anyone, he is cold-hearted. If he dies young, there was a great future in store for him. If he lives to a ripe old age, he missed his calling. If he saves money, he is a tightwad. If he spends it he's a spendthrift. If he has money, he is a grafter. If he hasn't got it, he's a bum. So what's the use?

I used to be a wall-flower, but after I began to tell jokes, they began asking me out. In fact, the other night I had only told two jokes, when I was asked out.

'Twas midnight in the parlor,
'Twas darkness everywhere;
The silence was unbroken—
There was nobody there.

Isn't it strange how a man will chase a girl until she catches him? Anyway, marriage is like a cafeteria. You take the first thing that looks good to you, and pay for it later. Many a man who is a big bug at the office is only an insect at home. When you see a pretty girl you stop, look, listen. After you're married, you just listen.

BOOK REVIEWS

By Martin J. Hodes

Gold's romantic story is very well known to all of us, probably because of the glamour which is attached to the metal itself. But how many of us have ever given a thought to the metal copper, and how many realize that it, too, has had a history fraught with greed, ambition, comedy, and tragedy? For the story of copper is amazingly dramatic, and in "Romantic Copper, Its Lure and Lore," Ira B. Joralemon has fully caught the glamour of the story. The lusty life of the mining towns, the noisy dance halls, and the gambling hells all enter for their full share of glory.

The opening chapters deal with the ancient history of copper and the accident which reopened the hidden wealth of Cyprus after it had remained in oblivion for almost two thousand years. Fate decided that one evening the girl of the hour, whom young D. A. Gunther was to meet in the public library before going to the theater, should be late. Idly turning the pages of a book of archaeology, a reference to the use of copper by the Phoenicians caught his eye—and his mind. "Where had these ancients found their copper?" Before the evening was over (and he was a most unattentive swain that evening) a plan of campaign was made. The final result of a tardy date, the right book, and a theory was one of the world's greatest copper mines.

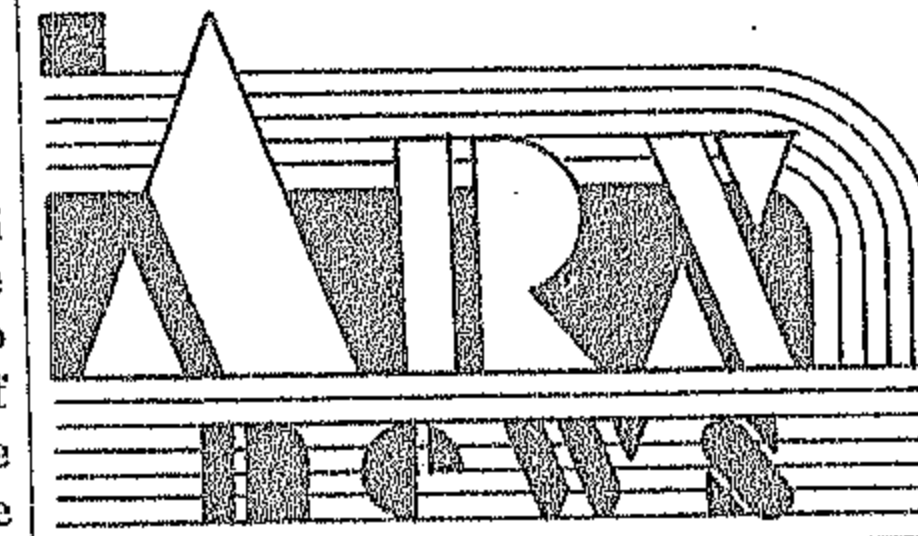
No less picturesque is the tale of the discovery of one of the greatest ore bodies in the Lake Superior Copper Country. This time a lowly pig is given credit for falling into an old Indian mining hole and leading a hard working surveyor to a lode of conglomerate copper which had much to do with the development of the electrical industry because of its effect on the price of the metal. Another version of the discovery omits the pig but upholds the accident theory. Whether the pig or science was at the bottom, however, the story is an excellent example of the role Fate has played in the development of copper mining.

However, all was not accidental in the early days of mining. Much of the business was in deadly earnest, as exemplified by the chapter of the story on "The Richest Hill on Earth," Butte, Montana. Ethics seemed to be unheard of. One case involving mining rights stretched over a period of six years, involving in the meantime many legal battles and actual underground warfare between the rival factions. In the courts, bribery was openly resorted to. Decisions would be handed down; the higher courts would reverse them; they would be openly violated. For every case that finished the slow round of the higher courts three or four new ones sprang up. It was a hopeless tangle. Legal costs and injunctions, acting together, finally brought both groups to a point where there was no end in sight but bankruptcy. The inevitable settlement was brought about by consolidation, and eighty lawsuits involving \$100,000,000 were dismissed. With the end of the battle, romance at Butte was dead, efficiency and dividends coming to replace it.

In the final chapter Mr. Joralemon states that from a longer range point of view the discoveries of all the new copper mines have come just when the added supply was most needed. As a proof, he reviews the cycles of "fashions in mines" from the beginnings of the Copper Country to the present day. The word which would most fully describe this volume is "lively." In his rapid, robust, picturesque style, Mr. Joralemon is slightly reminiscent of Paul De Kruif, an asset to any writer. The author has not, however, sacrificed accuracy for interest, for being a consulting engineer, he has carefully authenticated all his material from an engineer's viewpoint.

Sikorski, famous airplane designer, is now a member of the faculty of Rhode Island State college.

Purdue university colors, old gold and black, will be used on the Indiana license plates for 1937. The cream and crimson colors of Indiana university will be the color motif of the 1936 plates.



Just another dizzy charette, and you can take it from yours truly that the seniors, with a few exceptions, don't know whether they're coming or going. And maybe it doesn't make much difference, because it will all be over this p. m. that is, the Illuminating Engineering Society Prize.

Do you suppose anyone would mind if we didn't mention that Mrs. GRANGER's little lad, STEWART S. rated a mention on the R. K. O., with his buddies, FARO, FORSYTH, and SIEGAL rating half mentions? But if we failed to make a note of the baffling mystery of who sent GRANGER a Valentine, signed VIRGINIA, we would certainly be scoffed at.... It seems that stooges are all the rage these days, and who are these ARX not to be up to the minute with everything?... You answer that... But seriously, it has gone so far that even Jack ALLEN has WANDMAYER stooging for him in Concrete.... and not to be out done Mr. BAKER of the frosh has his classmate... WOOLSEY... that chap with the INEVITABLE p i p e... shadowing him.... And from Bill CONCOLINO we learn that the ARX inter-class basket-ball tourney is about to get under way.... Boy, is there competition for that coveted lead pipel!

You'll pardon us, we hope, if we return to the stooges for a moment. Just to get this straight: Is Bernie NOBLER haunting the SCHREIBERS or is it vice-versa?... But for some unknown reason Gus KVAJIL, the sport-page athlete, and 2H SLAVITT rate a super-stooge,

Fisher to Continue Series On Duehring

Literary minded students of German classics have asked Professor Haans Fischer to continue the lectures on Eugen Duehring, which he began last Thursday. Since most of the members of the club who were present at the last meeting were chemicals, a request has been made for Duehring's scientific works in chemistry and physics.

Professor Fischer gave a brief autobiography of the famous man and his works on philosophy, religion, mathematics, chemistry, physics, and mechanics.

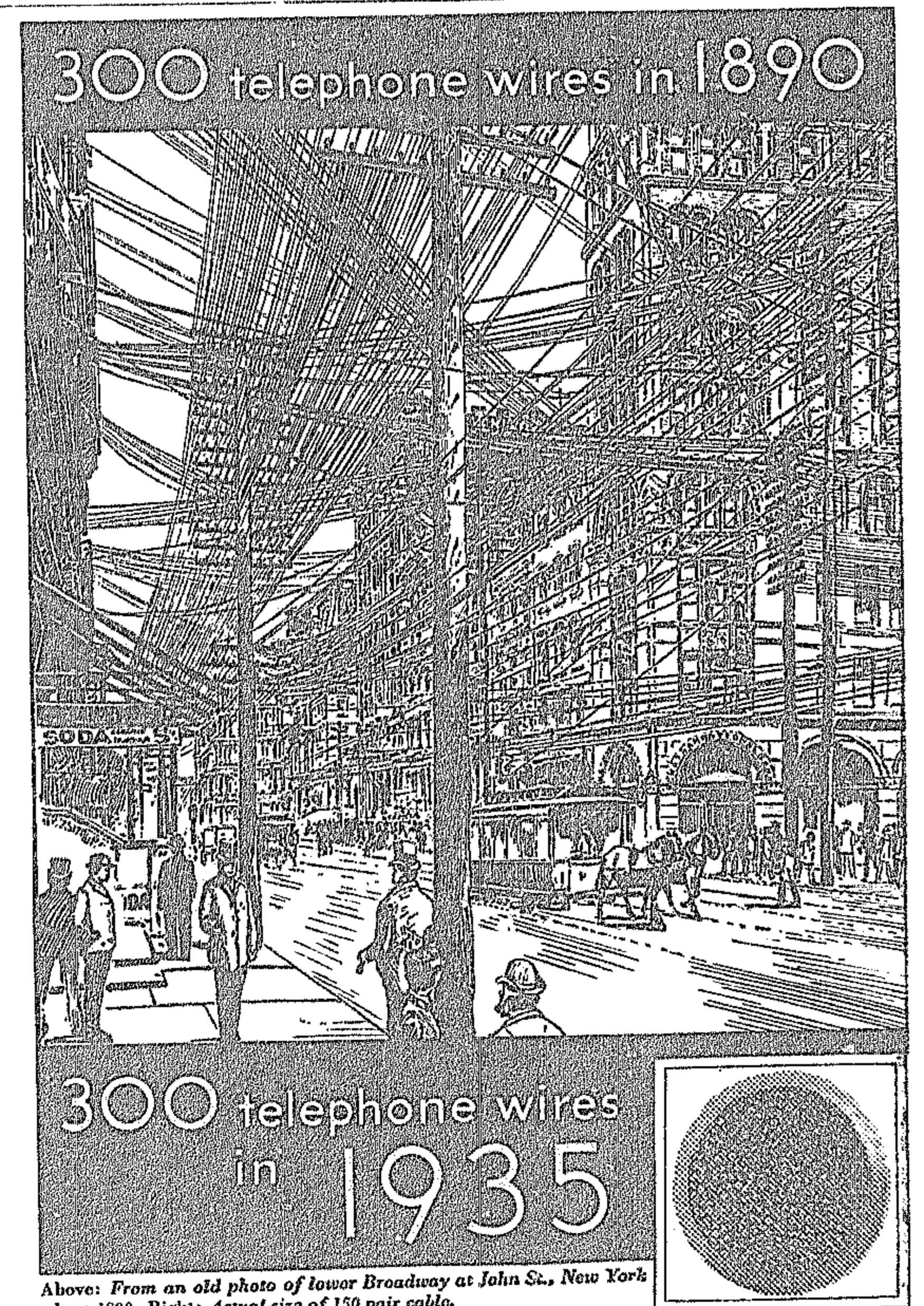
who happens to be Ted HOFFMEISTER. Ted did a neat bit of designing and drafting for these men, as well as a good deal of general criticisms to the rest of the boys.

Mal FORSYTH, since letting his hair grow, has created a new pastime in an old game. His latest hobby is hair-pulling.... sounds a bit effeminate.... but not the way he plays.... after he gets through with you, your head feels like a pin cushion.

Let's we forget, ere one of the juniors tears out our hair, we must mention that they also "chipped in" for Mrs. GOODMAN's farewell gift. Also apologies for not mentioning that first mentions were awarded Kohn, Pfendt, Van Scoyoc and Viche-Naess in their "Open Air Museums".... Mr. BENTLEY's history class received a gift last week when HARRY HOWE very considerably postponed the sketches for a week.... (today's 'he day').... This was done so that 'he class could attend the two lectures given by Mr. C. Grant LA FARGE.... a prominent New York architect....

Editor's note: Any synonyms for the word stooge will be greatly appreciated, since it has been repeated no less than (....) times. (Some dope is sure to count them).

EAGLE EYE.



Above: From an old photo of lower Broadway at John St., New York about 1890. Right: Actual size of 150 pair cable.

Bell System engineers long ago began to work out a way to clear city streets of overhead wires. The first telephone cables were crude affairs—a few wires drawn through a pipe. Continuous research brought forth improved designs, better manufacturing methods, cables of smaller size yet far greater capacity. The cable with the greatest number of wires today—3636—is 2½" in diameter.

More than 94% of the Bell System's wire mileage is now in storm resisting cable—one of many developments to improve service.

Why not drop in on home tonight — by telephone. For a lot of pleasure at bargain rates call by number after 8:30 P. M.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM