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The Relays

To those on the staff of a school newspaper, the regular succession of annual events with which they are in constant contact, but which rarely changes from year to year is apt to become a little boring after they have been through it all once. But there are two annual events at Armour that never fail to impress even the newspaper men with their importance. One of these is, of course, Junior Week, the other is the Armour Relays.

That the Relays should be considered of great importance by the *News* is, after all, not very surprising, for it is considered so by all Chicago daily newspapers, and by contestants from universities and colleges throughout the Middle West.

One of the penalties Armour must pay for being a small college with few spectacular activities is a scarcity of popular recognition. We hear the "butcher college" joke too often. The Relays very definitely places Armour in the public eye, and in association with more highly publicized schools, and for this reason alone, if not for the fact that it is a really good show, Armour students should attend it. It is a duty they owe the Institute, and one that is not very hard to pay, since the price of admission has already been collected from every student and it only necessary to muster energy enough to hie oneself to the University of Chicago field house next Saturday evening.

More Pep, Please

A noticeable characteristic of Armour students is the frequency with which they use the phrase "I haven't time. Of course, where there's smoke there's fire;" holding the pace in scholastic work at Armour does require a great deal of time. But considerably more than half the men in school find additional time for sports, clubs, publications, and the like. Why can't we all?

There's no use attempting to explain it by saying that some need more time for their work than others; some do, of course, but they by no means comprise exclusively the group who belong to no team, club, or publication staff, but who, night after night, pack up their books and depart, to be seen no more until their next class.

Lack of interest, rather than lack of time, explains this thing, and it is not a lack of interest that is prompted by a true appreciation of the littleness and unimportance of college activities, but rather, one that comes of being innately phlegmatic.

College may be a little puddle, but experience has shown that the best men will take a good swim anyway.

"The Slipstick"

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

The freshman chemistry class missed a lecture last week, because of that Boulder Dam talk. Several of them were complaining that if it keeps up, they won't get their proper sleep.

The Armour Players put on a play about a dress "reversal." They can't fool us. All they did was to go through a rehearsal for their next play.

Regarding the fellow who has been seen around these parts in a black shirt:

*I always wear a black shirt,
I think I always will,
It doesn't show a bit of dirt,
It saves the laundry bill.*

SCENE FROM LIFE

"My girl has almond eyes and chestnut hair, and her name is Hazel. Boy, she's the nuts."

"Well, my girl walked seven miles last night."

"For goodness sake!"

"Yes."

My girl's grandmother was a Daughter of the American Revolution. The family's been dizzy ever since.

She's got a face that looks as if it had worn out four bodies. I call her Gold Medal, because she's been through the mill. She's a postman's daughter, and I guess I'll letter alone.

PHONEY PROVERBS

"Where there's a will, there're relatives."

"Oily to bed and oily to rise is the fate of a man when a fliover he buys."

"He who laughs last is an Englishman."

"Take care of your pennies and the Dollars will take care of themselves."

"A snitch in time saves doing time."

*Little Bo Peep,
She lost her sheep,
And didn't know where to find it.
She went out on a date,
And came home very late,
It must have been about four o'clock.*

HOTEL ME PRETTY MAIDEN

While traveling last summer, I stopped at a hotel in Yahoopittsville, Mich. I asked the clerk if Mr. Dibijic was in. He said, "I'm sorry, sir, there's no one home in the top floor." I said, "Oh, excuse me, I'll ask someone else."

Then I asked him what his rates were. He said, "First floor, four dollars, second floor, three dollars, third floor, two dollars." I said, "I'm sorry, I don't think I'll stay here." He said, "Are our rates too high?" I said, "No, your hotel is too low."

When I looked around, I saw a sign reading:

"Hotel—No cover charge. We furnish blankets free. This hotel runs automatically with all modern conveniences. All rooms bathless. Hot and cold running water. Hot in summer, cold in winter. Rates after we look 'em over. Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they will not be disappointed."

In the morning, I spoke to the old colored waiter who brought my breakfast. I said,

"How are the eggs?"

"You can't beat them."

"How are the tongue sandwiches?"

"They speak for themselves."

"How many calories are in this oatmeal?"

"Now, this is a clean hotel."

"This napkin you gave me is full of holes; it's too old."

"Yes sir, it's on it's last lap."

It sure was some hotel.

I asked the clerk if there was water in any of the rooms. He said "There was, but we fixed the roof."

"What is the effect of turning down the parlor light on Sunday night?"

F. P. E.—It increases the danger of fire, due to red-dened cheeks.

Civil—It causes greater compressive stress on the bridge of the nose.

Ch. E.—It causes a precipitation of white powder, which is generally collected on the shoulder.

M. E.—It causes an increased flow of super-heated steam which is allowed to exhaust into the atmosphere as noiselessly as possible.

E. E.—It increases the excitement, consequently causing a greater fluctuation in heart frequency.

Judge: "What were you doing in the place when it was raided?"

Locksmith: "I was making a bolt for the door."

Radio Voice: "We will now hear from Professor Jones on the Advantages of a College Education."

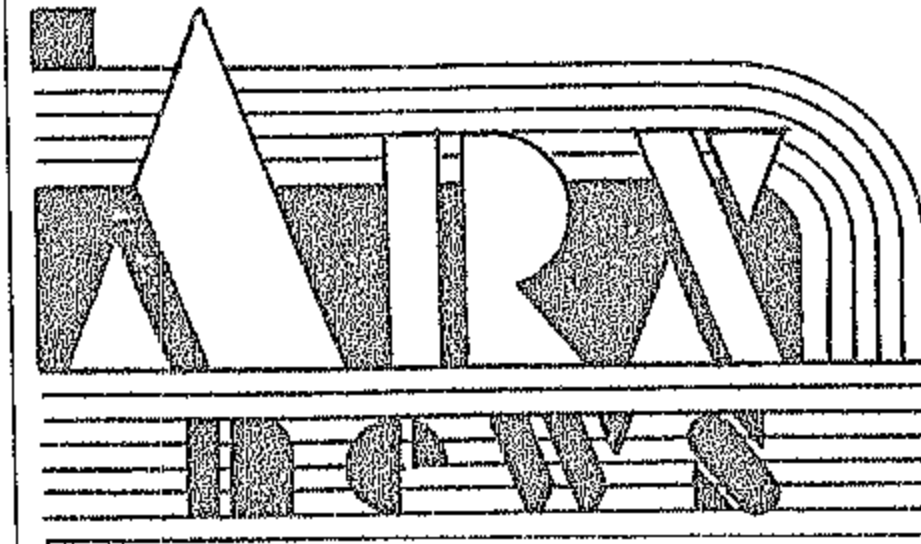
Listener-in: "There they go with another one of those damn mystery stories."

*Don't worry if your job is small,
And your rewards are few.
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut like you.*

"Darn those Lifebuoy ads," said the president of the B. and O. railroad.

Then take moments about "B"~

CON-FU-TSE.



It happened during the last ten minutes of the senior charette for "A Bank for Savings". Charlie SIEGAL is the man up for discussion. And, of all people—Charlie ali but threw in the wet towel. Nothing seemed to click for him that night, and we don't doubt that he was thoroughly disgusted. Well, he actually pulled his hair and sat down on the floor in a fit of desperation. There is no doubt about the fact that if he could that moment have perched on the top-most pediment of the Art Institute, he would have given vent to his pent up nerves and screamed to the ultimate.

The whole incident is quite paradoxical since the very next day a jury, composed of faculty members, Mr. FAULKS, an illuminating engineer, and Mr. NEDVED, of the firm of Hamilton, Nedved, and Fellows, awarded Charlie a second medal.

McL GROSSMAN and Wally SOBEL also breast the tape for a second medal apiece.

One of our more ambitious fellows is Dick "One-pinch" LISCHER. If you won't take this columnist's word for it, just try to recall the classy scenery you've been seeing at the recent Armour Players' productions. Yep, he can really sling a mean cal-somine brush.

FLASH—from New York—Milt KOHN rates a mention on the "Open-air Museum" project, and his fellow class br'ers CONCOLINO, KAPLAN, PFENDT, Van SCOYOC, and VIEHE-NAESS cop half mentions. And now they, and the rest of the juniors, are at work on a new project entitled, "A Kindergarten," which is no child's play.

Ralph EDMUNDS was elected by his class-mates to be massier of the junior class. Ralph was sous-massier last year, and his election was to fill the vacancy created when Ralph PRIESTLEY left school. Consequently, Chick SCHREIBER was made the new sous-massier. These are the boys who will be responsible for giving the department the forthcoming smoker, banquet, and, we hope, another of those sensational ARX dances.

As usual, sincere resolutions were made by the seniors to start out and hit the ball immediately on the new project, "A Research Hospital". It seems that we've heard such determinations before. This time Mr. SUTER even suggested that wouldn't be a bad idea, and that the fellows should try to give themselves at least an even break.

Johnny KOSSUTH claims to be a pitcher of some ability, and therefore intends to give Coach Krafft's regulars some competition. Good luck to you, KOSHY; but don't forget that you're an architect, which means that you have two strikes on you before you start. Still, we can remember when Charlie SOMMER and "Dutch" MORELLI did proudly for ye olde ARX.

EAGLE EYE.

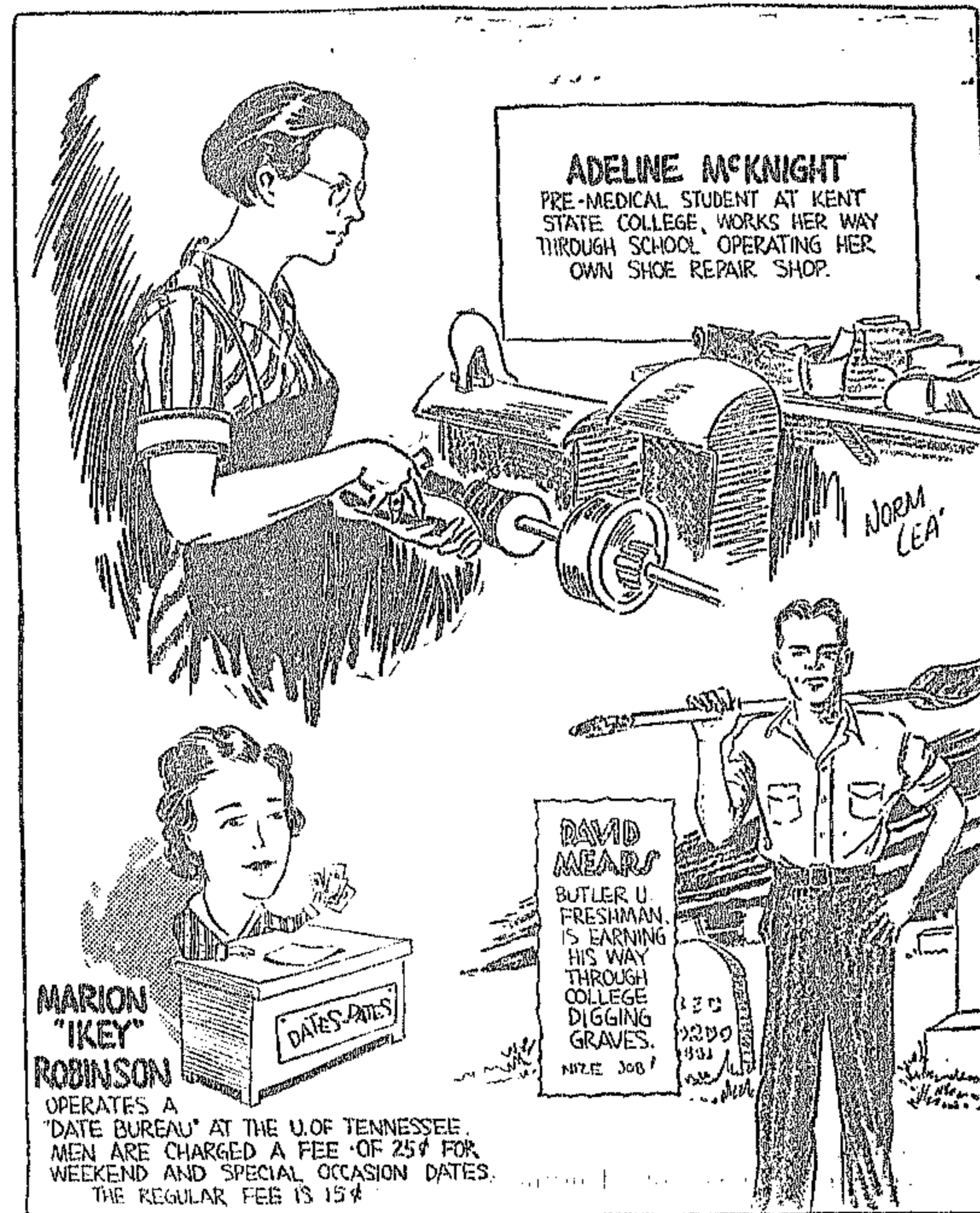
To Hold Campus Club Initiation on Friday

Initiation of new members of the Campus club will be held Friday, March 15, in the Campus club rooms. Those pledges who are to be initiated are: R. Beardsley, J. M. Birdsong, K. Endert, I. Evanoff, Felt, J. Haase, R. Magnuson, Richter, G. Stober, J. Styrsky, C. Vendley, and F. Westerman.

All students, including freshmen, are eligible to join, and all those joining will be initiated Friday evening. The initiation fee is two dollars, and the dues are one dollar per year. The initiation committee is composed of W. Waite, E. May, J. Galandak, and N. Dushek.

A professor of Psychology at Boston university has banished notes in his courses, declaring that they substitute the hand for the head and in the end offer a very poor reproduction of the lecture.

CAMPUS ALBUM



Contest Winners to Be Given Cash Prizes

Several cash prizes, which range as high as 50 dollars, await ambitious literary artists. These awards are to be given for the best themes on the subject, "The Value of German in Research." This contest is sponsored by the University of Chicago, and all students are eligible to compete. The theme should not exceed 3,000 words in length and may be written in either German or English. Intentions to compete in the contest should be filed with Professor Fischer, who will impart further details, not later than Wednesday, March 13.

STUDENT MUSINGS

LAWYERS

This essay is going to be a great rebuke to the lawyers, because it is going to tell all about them in 400 words; whereas, a good lawyer cannot get through the preamble of an indictment for chicken stealing in less than 1,000 words, many of which are as long as a bull snake.

A lawyer is a passenger to prosperity on the wheels of justice and he usually rides alone. He is the only man who can examine a law and tell what it means without making a chemical analysis. This is because all of our laws are made by lawyers. A lawyer gets \$7,500 a year more or less, and mileage for making laws, and \$50,000 a year for telling what he meant when he wrote them. And if he is a particularly fine lawyer he can afterwards earn \$200,000 a year by demonstrating to the Supreme Court that they are no good anyway.

It is a lawyer's business to protect mankind against villains, reformers, justice, injustice, and other lawyers. For this he receives a retaining fee which is a sort of financial tie rope to keep him from going over to the other side. After the case is over he receives another fee. This is not fixed by law, but it is rarely more than the client should be able to pay in a lifetime if he practices economy and does not go to law again.

Lawyers are wise and use hundreds of heavy imported words which the ordinary man could not even lift. Law books are written in large percheron words which prevent common people from meddling with them and reading what doesn't concern them. The Bible was originally published in this manner but was translated later, and this is what will happen to the law books some day. When this happens, lawyers will no longer be able to stun a trembling client with a certiorari, mandamus, res adjudicata and other jagged verbal junk, and the Supreme Court will find time to go fishing twice a week.

Some lawyers are very honest and will not lie except to the jury. Others are not so particular. It is easy to tell if a lawyer is honest or not by the size of his fee. If he leaves the client anything after he has won a judgment from him, he is either honest or so careless that he is a reproach to his profession.

P. S.

Letter Box

More About Dances

As a result of the editorial, *Class or Classy Dances*, in the March 5, 1935 edition of the *Armour Tech News*, considerable discussion and hard feelings have once again been stirred up.

Referring to the free bid situation for each member of the four social committees, it is evident that the editorial writer has been misinformed as to the existing conditions. In the November 27 issue last year, during the time when the seniors were drawing up plans for their dance, the *News* published an editorial, *The Free Bid Situation Again*, congratulating the senior class upon their decision of this question. This decision, i.e., that free bids to each class dance should be given to only the members of the social committee sponsoring the dance and the faculty sponsors of the dance, has been adhered to by each class throughout this entire social year.

Referring also to the cost of Armour dances, a question which everyone thought had hitherto been discussed and settled, it is quite evident that the writer of the editorial has never served on a social committee. For this reason, he knows nothing of the problems which confront such a committee in regard to selecting an attractive ballroom which is not only centrally located but also within the means of the class treasury. the choice of bids and programs that will add to the novelty of the dance, the booking of an orchestra that has a name, and also the setting of a price for bids which is in accordance with the dance and which will be within the means of those socially minded.

In our estimation, this editorial was entirely out of place and has not only served to misinform the student body of the work and of the cooperation of the social committees in presenting a good dance, but has also caused an unnecessary ill feeling between the student body and the social committees.

Sincerely yours,
The Junior Social Committee.
Chicago, March 9, 1935.

Buildings Emptied in Two Minutes in Drill

Armour students abandoned their scientific pursuits for a few minutes last Tuesday for the first fire drill of the year. The main building was emptied in two minutes, and the other buildings in less time. Students crossed the streets quickly, and, in general, showed excellent discipline and cooperation during the drill.

A feature of the drill was the gym class, which was attired in scanty fashion. Everyone cheered as they issued from the building looking sheepish, and folding their arms across their nearly bare chests.

The physics classes were inspired by the drill to speculate on the number of holes required in a siren to produce such a wierd note. Some fellows even went so far as to calculate the number of holes.