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Time to Call a Halt

If there is any one in the Armour Institute of Technology who can offer any justification for the completely objectiveless, completely unprovoked cat and dog fights between freshmen and sophomores which resulted last week in the serious injury of at least one student, the *Tech News* will be glad to give him a hearing. We would particularly like to hear from some of the seniors who have been standing on the sidelines shouting "39!" and "I'll hold your coat, buddy!"

The battles will, of course, probably stop for a while, now that a man has been hurt, but why they should ever have been, or should be again, is hard to understand. Certainly they achieve no purpose; our own eyes tell us that the freshmen have been wearing their caps, and it seems highly improbable that, should they refuse to wear them, such tactics as these would have any effect. On the other hand, the freshmen certainly have no grounds at all for any feeling of hostility to the upper classmen, they have been received at Armour on a footing that is matched in very few other American colleges.

When a young man enters college, there can be no doubt but that he has some pre-conceived ideas as to what he will find there. What they are probably depends to a great extent on how they were formed, but the great mass of popular fiction dealing with college life never fails to depict the freshman as a much imposed-upon, brow-beaten individual, and the new man has probably absorbed enough of this sort of thing to have at least some trepidation about his probable reception by the upper classmen.

In the case of many American schools, such a feeling is more than justified; hell-weeks, initiation nights, kangaroo courts, and letter-men with paddles are waiting to inflict physical punishments of all kinds for violations of all sorts of traditional rules, and often for the mere crime of being solitary, new, and strange.

At Armour, in recent years at least, the fact that the freshmen are received on terms of complete equality, and that hazing in its ordinary sense is completely unknown, has been an outstanding tribute to the common sense and practicality of the school.

The introduction of the green hat ruling a few years ago seems a little out of place in all this, but it was made in all good faith to compensate a little for the removal that year of departmental divisions among the first year men. The freshmen have generally accepted the ruling, and the sudden increase in the number of street brawls after its introduction was entirely unnecessary.

"The Slipstick"

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

THE FRESHMAN'S ODE

*Who knows when the sophs may fall
And with a calm grin squash us all?
We ought to think of our poor souls
And not wear underwear with holes.*

HEARD IN THE BOOKSTORE

Author: "How are my question and answer books going?"

Stanley: "I can't imagine, unless it's shoplifters."

Prof.: "Why is a nautical mile longer than a land mile?"

Frosh: "Because things swell in water."

Caller: "I didn't know your son was at college. Is this his freshman year?"

Mrs. Banderby: "Oh, no, indeed! He's a sycamore."

In Our Bookstore

"Gimme an all-day sucker," the frosh demanded of Stan, our bookseller.

He was handed one.

"Looks kind of small," remarked our green potted youth, looking at it doubtfully.

"Yes, the days are getting shorter."

Freshman: "Yaws, I always travel in the best circles."

N. U. Coed: "Oh — that's the reason for the dizzy look."

Prof.: "Why don't you laugh at my jokes?"

Stude: "Because I was brought up to respect old age and feebleness."

*Therefore, A Word to the Wise
Always laugh at professors' jokes
No matter what they be;
Not that they're ever funny,
It's just good policy.*

—Selected.

Chem. Prof.: "Name the constituents of quartz."

Frosh: "Pints."

Maybe you can answer the following question, asked by a junior of Mr. Pearl, our machine shop professor. "How do they drill elevator shafts?"

FRATERNITY BLUES

"Mine is no idle tale," said the freshman as he leaned over for another whack.

Doctor: "The best thing for you is to stop smoking; go to bed early and get up early in the morning."

Sumner (considers a bit): "Say, Doc, I don't think I'm worthy of the best; what's second choice?"

Lawyer: "And where did you see him milking the cow?"

Witness: "Just a trifle beyond the center, sir."

Conversation overheard in an Armour Alumnus' home. "Did you make these biscuits, my dear?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wish you wouldn't make any more, sweetheart."

"Why not, dearie?"

"Because, angel dear, you are too light for such heavy work."

A. M.

Fraternity Notes

PHI KAPPA SIGMA

Alpha Epsilon Chapter of Phi Kappa Sigma takes great pleasure in announcing the formal pledging of Jerome Robert Buncie '39.

The radio dance at the house last Friday night was well attended by members of this house and members from the Purdue and Chicago chapters. The members from Purdue were here one hundred per cent for the "Boilermaker-Wildcat" football game last Saturday and for the "Founders Day" Banquet.

We are now looking forward with eager anticipation to the various fall Interfraternity sports.

PI KAPPA PHI

Touch football practice and competition with the other houses is ready to start under the management of Brother Engelschall.

All the brothers and pledges are looking forward to the Hard Times Party to be given by the Chicago Alumni Senate of Pi Kappa Phi at the house. The date is next Saturday, and our own alumnus, Brother Even, is in charge of the entertainment.

DELTA TAU DELTA

Plans are being made for a party next Saturday night. The social committee, Rusty Tomei, chairman, Bill Laise, and Twick Davidson is in charge. Many actives, pledges, and friends will be present. We wish to congratulate Don Brissman on being pledged to Salamander, honorary Fire Protection fraternity. A full program is being planned for next Mothers' Club meeting which is scheduled for the first Sunday in November. The new pledges are contemplating with enthusiasm the plans for their annual pledge dance in November.

SIGMA ALPHA MU

We take pleasure in announcing the pledging of Jerome E. Pollick, '39.

Our annual alumni and pledge party has been planned and will be held at the home of Gus Freund on November 9. A brilliant program is being arranged and a very large group of alumni is expected.

RHO DELTA RHO

In addition to the pledging of the group last week, Rho Delta Rho takes this opportunity in announcing the pledging of:

Martin Herz, C. E. '37

Abram Hoffman '39

Benjamin Kirz '39

The pledges as well as the actives are entered in the ping-pong tournament being conducted by Brother Ernest Frierich. Some of the actives had better watch their laurels, as some of the pledges can really play the game.

KAPPA DELTA EPSILON

Alpha chapter of Kappa Delta Epsilon is pleased to announce that Bernard Weissman, coach of boxing and wrestling at Armour, has consented to become our sponsor.

The chapter is to hold a house

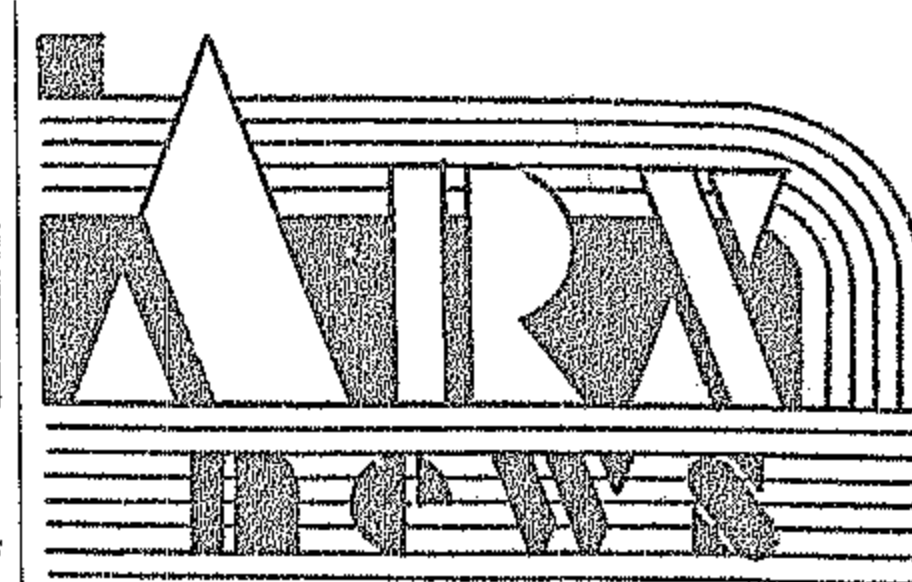
FEATURE REPORTER GETS LOWDOWN ON NEWS PRODUCTION

By Richard Weissman

For many years the *Tech News* has been thrown together each Friday night under the dim veil of obscurity. Few if any who were not directly responsible for the clandestine procedure had any inkling of the esoteric goings on. These weekly conclaves are now exposed, and for the first time the reader may know how this paper is prepared for publication.

From Tuesday morning until Friday evening the lowest order of news writers, known to the uninitiate as reporters are in a feverish state of inactivity, doing absolutely nothing at all. On Friday evening they all gather in the occult chambers of the News office, and begin to hastily conceive the week's news. After a short while, the news writers have made up stories, and scribble them down on the first bit of cardboard, paper or other material which can be marked upon. The stories, as we will now call them, as they are fiction anyway, are then thrown into a basket, and the session is called to order. After locking the door and windows, and pulling down the shades, the company retreats to one of the rear rooms, and is seated around a table, where they remain for several hours. Questionable jokes take up most of the time, while the remaining time is spent in a general conversation; which is novel in that every member speaks his mind at the same time as the rest, resulting in a deafening silence. During the time of these devotional operations, a very small group of men remain in the other rooms, to give the appearance of honest labor to any chance onlooker. These men are known as head hunters, and are avoided by the rest of the news writers. Liquor is strictly forbidden at these conclaves, therefore the devotees beat each other on the head, producing insensibility similar to drunkenness. When the whole company is in a complete daze the empty bottles, cigarette butts and other debris are removed, and news writing begins in earnest. The basket of stories is dragged out and the editor-in-chief, or other dignitary, is blindfolded and permitted to choose stories at random, until he has enough to fill the space in the paper. The rest of the stories are saved for future issues. The stories then undergo a process known as copy-reading, in which any good grammar is deleted and spelling is carefully discorrected. The final product is carefully collected and sent down to the printer who completes the job by distorting any word carelessly spelled correctly. The paper is sent down to school Monday night, and is distributed to the

party in honor of the new sponsor and his wife on October 26 at the house, 3251 So. Michigan Blvd. and all indications show that the affair will be a great success.



People have more fun than anybody, the old adage says, but freshmen and sophomores have more fun than people, that is if you can call it fun! We refer to the pseudo-warfare that takes place whenever and wherever the frosh and soph come together. However, the freshmen ARX prefer to congregate in the Assembly Hall at Armour whenever such a fracas is taking place, simply because they saw what happened to their brother CUNEO. Maybe it is a good idea, but then again a little retaliation...

Every now and then Charlie SAL-ETTA says something funny, but it isn't exactly what he says, it's the way he says it. This time he booped the boys with, "I'm glad we ain't got no English." And to think he was elected to represent the archs in the student commission which is to govern the school. Good luck Chuck but do not get up to speak.

Informality is the essence of the ARX's classes but especially in those of the SENIORS. For instance the Steel class had a story-telling contest t'other day with SHOLTO SPEARS and the highest award goes to Ralph EDMUNDS, whose blushing was funnier than his story.

In the same class SHOLTO was having some difficulty in distinguishing the SCHREIBERS and so Chick must now wear a yellow sweater or, as a consequence, SPEARS will "climb his frame."

It is very difficult to interrupt the juniors when they feel like working and we are non-plussed to think that a mere BEE could disrupt the entire class. The hero of the day was Bob BECKER, who nonchalantly (?) sideswiped it with a newspaper, and only then was the class able to resume work.

Now that Carl SEABURG is back for some P. G. work many of us would like to have him explain the cantilever construction in his hair that makes it stand straight out from his head. We've been wondering, so how about it Carl?

Flash...from the frosh drafting room...MARSHALL DANIELS, massier and CUNEO (sans pants), sou-massier...results of recent election.

TOM TAX.

students Tuesday morning. The students forthwith deposit them in the nearest waste basket, carefully avoiding any glance at the contents. You have seen the *Tech News* as it grows, from pencil to wastebasket. It is indeed a wonderful sight!

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This should have been thrown in the waste basket, but we needed it to fill space.)

EASY WAY NOT TO BURN MIDNIGHT OIL

...AND AN EASY WAY TO ENJOY A PIPE

HANDS ON CLOCK (A) REACH TWELVE O'CLOCK. COO COO BIRD POPS OUT REMINDING SNARK (B) THAT IT IS TIME TO RETIRE. SNARK TAKES ESCALATOR TO RUBBER PERCH (C). FALLS AND LANDS ON SPRINGBOARD (D) WHICH PULLS FIRE-FIGHTING ELEPHANT'S TAIL (E) CAUSING HIM TO EXTINGUISH KEROSENE LAMP (F). IF ELECTRIC LIGHTS ARE USED TRY SNAPPING OFF THE SWITCH

