

Armour Tech News

Student Publication of the
ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Published Weekly During the College Year

Associated Collegiate Press
1934 NATIONAL CONVENTION
1935

\$2.00 Per Year

Single Copies, 10 Cents Each

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Vol. XVI NOVEMBER 19, 1935 No. 9

Another Thing Worth Fighting For

Armistice day, 1935, saw the American people assailed on all sides with the most staggering load of unadulterated, illogical, bombastic bunk that has been shoveled into their faces since 1917, when we started out to make the world safe for democracy. Our solid, substantial men of business vied with our military men in speechmaking everywhere, and their universal theme was that another war is threatening us and that we must prepare!

Here at Armour we were perhaps more fortunate than otherwise; a week after we had gathered to listen to a man much older and wiser than ourselves about the most intelligent comment that had been heard on his speech was "What was he talking about?"

"Some things are worth fighting for." Granted, and add to the nearly all-inclusive list one that was strangely omitted—peace. But wars are not fought for the freedom of the press, the right of trial by jury—or for peace. The kind of fight that has to be made for them is a fight, not against entrenched men, but against entrenched ideas, old and deeply rooted prejudices. It is the same kind of a fight that has been required of every new idea, every progressive movement since the beginning of time, and it is a fight that must be won if civilization is not to be destroyed.

"There can be no lasting peace unless it is enforced by a nation strong enough to enforce its own peace." Here is a statement which is a favorite with military men, who make it with the obvious mental reservation "and probably not even then." The idea of being so strong that everyone else will be afraid to fight you sounds good, but is it possible? If two or three nations should get the same idea, mightn't the result be that, with enormous amounts spent for armaments, no nation would gain a pronounced advantage? Feelings heightened by the race to be strongest and powerful military machines at the behest of a government and a populace excited with military fervor, here would be an ideal place for the proverbial spark.

On the day of all days when men should have been remembering the terrific cost of the last great war, we heard them glibly saying "We shall always have wars." There is blood on every page in history, true, but the last great war ended in 1918, and the world cannot afford another!

We are scientists, we are engineers; we know the amazing instruments of destruction that were developed by men of our kind during the last war, we know the tremendous strides that have been made by science since then. How can we fail to see that another great war would be far more terrible than any the world has ever seen before? It would know no non-combatants

and no neutrals, and it would leave civilization staggering, if not fallen!

We are scientists and engineers; while the small minds, the stupid minds of the world laughed and shouted "It can't be done" we went ahead and produced miracles to shame the wildest story-tellers of antiquity; can we now fail to produce that without which our great civilization will surely slip back into the slime from which it emerged—a lasting peace?

STUDENT OPINION

A. T. A. A. Funds

The now flourishing controversy concerning the Cycle charges to fraternities and societies here at Armour has given rise to a question of importance to each student. To what use is the A. T. A. A. fund put?

On one hand we have the charge by the fraternities and societies that the cost of participation in the Cycle is excessive. On the other hand the staff of the Cycle claims the annual stipend allowed them by the A. T. A. A. makes the charge necessary. One immediately begins to wonder: How then is the A. T. A. A. fund put to use?

Each student pays an annual activities fee of \$19.00. The greater part of this is turned over to the A. T. A. A. How is this money used? I believe the student body is entitled to an accounting of this fund. How is this money divided among the various activities of the school?

I would suggest that the A. T. A. A. publish a statement showing the manner in which the fund is expended. This report would not only be of interest to the student, but would go far in settling the question as to the Cycle cost and charges.

A Junior.

Fraternities in the Cycle

In regard to the statement in last week's *Armour Tech News* that a representative of the social fraternities had declared that the social fraternities will string along with the honoraries in their action on participation in the Cycle, I wish to state that my meaning was misinterpreted. I am the representative who made the statement, but it was meant to indicate merely that the social fraternities would wish to be included in any reduction of price that can be obtained.

The social fraternities believe that the Cycle is a vital part of activities at Armour and that its quality should in no way be impaired. The social fraternities will under no circumstances withdraw from participation in the Cycle.

John C. Scott, President,
Inter-fraternity Council.

Another Side to the Story

We have been hearing a great deal of the "great American principles", and it is in defense of one of these that I should like to write. The principle of impartial education, if it may be called a principle, is of sufficient importance to rate consideration with the freedom of press and of peaceable assembly, and related gags which are perpetually forced down our throats.

It is neither my place nor capacity to criticize the recent Armistice Day speech, but it merely re-echoed the philosophy which has probably been dinned into patient Armour ears on this occasion since time immemorial. The weary figures of Washington, John Paul Jones, and Dewey are annually paraded, while the horrible slaughter houses known as Argonne and Belleau Wood are spoken of in terms of stilled reverence.

There is another political philosophy. It is the philosophy of reality and fact, not of theory and history. It cannot eulogize the late war as a "spearhead of democracy thrust into the heart of autocracy" just a week after one of the belligerent countries, by a vote of 49-1, repudiated its republic for a king.

This philosophy may be all wrong, but can't we at least get a chance to judge for ourselves? Next November 11 let's have as speaker a man who fought in the front line trenches, not for Washington, John Paul Jones, or Dewey, but for those mysterious multi-millionaires who sell steel — and our lives.

Harry S. Nachman.

The Slipstick

Cleave to the slipstick; let the slapstick fly where it may.

"Go ask my father," was all that she said.

But she knew that I knew that her father was dead.

And she knew that I knew what a bad life he'd led.

And she knew that I knew what she meant when she said,

"Go ask my father!"

Wally.

The judge fined a habitual soak for disorderly conduct. When the stew paid the fine, he solemnly asked for a receipt. His request was sternly refused.

"Your Honor, do you believe in the judgment day?" asked the pickled one.

"Yes. Why?"

"Well, when I'm hailed before the highest judge, he'll ask me if I were ever drunk. And when I'll answer yes and say that I've paid my fine, he'll ask me for some proof of 't. And then I'll have to search all over hell for you and your clerk!!!"

The human brain is certainly a remarkable organ. It starts to function as soon as we awaken and it doesn't stop working until we get to our first class—

A man in Arkansas was being tried for assault and battery with intent to kill. The state's attorney presented a whole arsenal of weapons employed by the defendant. It consisted of a pre-historic blunderbuss, a saw, a spade, a knotted club, and three sets of brass knuckles.

The counsel for the defendant was not to be caught napping and presented all the weapons used by the victim. They were: a pitchfork, a razor, two pistols, a dog, and three bricks. The jury remained dead locked for several hours and finally the foreman gave out the verdict: "We, the jury, would gladly pay five dollars apiece to see the fight."

Will you powder my back, please?

Surely. How far down?

Oh, as far as the cut of my gown. I thought you said your back.

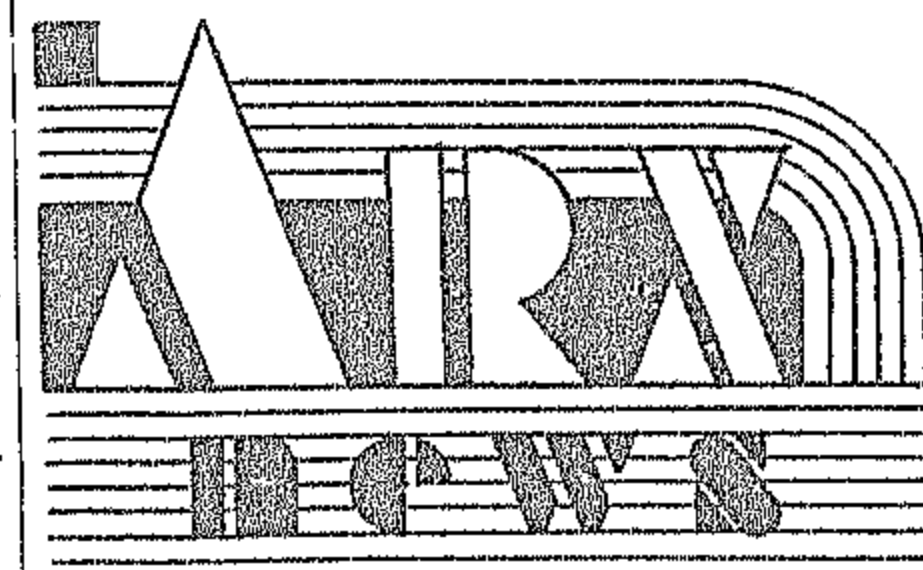
A terribly near-sighted man was walking down the street when a strong gust of wind blew off his hat. The portly gentleman chased it down the street and into a back-yard. Here he spent a hectic five minutes trying in vain to trap the elusive head-piece when suddenly the woman of the house stopped him with a petrifying yell: "What under the sun are you trying to do?"

"I'm trying to catch my hat," said the corpulent gent.

"Your hat? Your hat is lying over here by the wall. You're chasing our black chicken!"

Mary, the maid had just been fired and, full of burning indignation, decided to have it out with the mistress of the house.

"I'd like very much to know why



ENGINEER GAINS TECH APPROVAL IN FIRST ISSUE

Faculty and Students Interviewed

The *Armour Engineer and Alumnus* has lived up to the best expectations of the student body and faculty; such was the consensus of opinion when members of the student body and faculty were interviewed by a reporter last week.

Trying to make this poll as representative as possible, students in all classes as well as instructors were queried as to: "How do you like the *Armour Engineer and Alumnus*?"

First to be interviewed was H. M. Ross, junior, who commented: "I believe that the selection of articles in this issue is better than they have been in the past." S. M. Taradash, who was standing nearby, added: "I believe that last year's cover designs were better."

Approves of Alumni News

J. Bartussek, junior class president, when queried replied: "I think it's swell, especially the alumni news. It's the best they've ever had." "The flashy cover seems out of place," opined R. Knaus, senior. P. Henrickson, spotted in the chem lab after some prodding and hesitation ventured the opinion, "It's a good magazine. I think though that more space should be devoted to student activities."

T. Ramotowski, senior, commented: "From the ballyhoo issued by the *Engineer* I thought it would be much better than it is. However, it is good, and is better than it has been in the past."

Faculty Comments

When Dean Heald was interviewed a copy of the *Engineer* lay open on his desk. He replied: "I believe the primary function of a magazine is to be read. The *Engineer* will be read."

Professor S. M. Spears, upon being asked the now oft repeated question, replied: "The *Engineer* is O. K. I believe that in the future articles should be of a semi-technical nature."

Both Professors Huntly and Richardson were of practically similar opinions. According to Huntly, "In the past I objected to students writing about things they knew nothing about. To me the most interesting part of the magazine is the alumni notes."

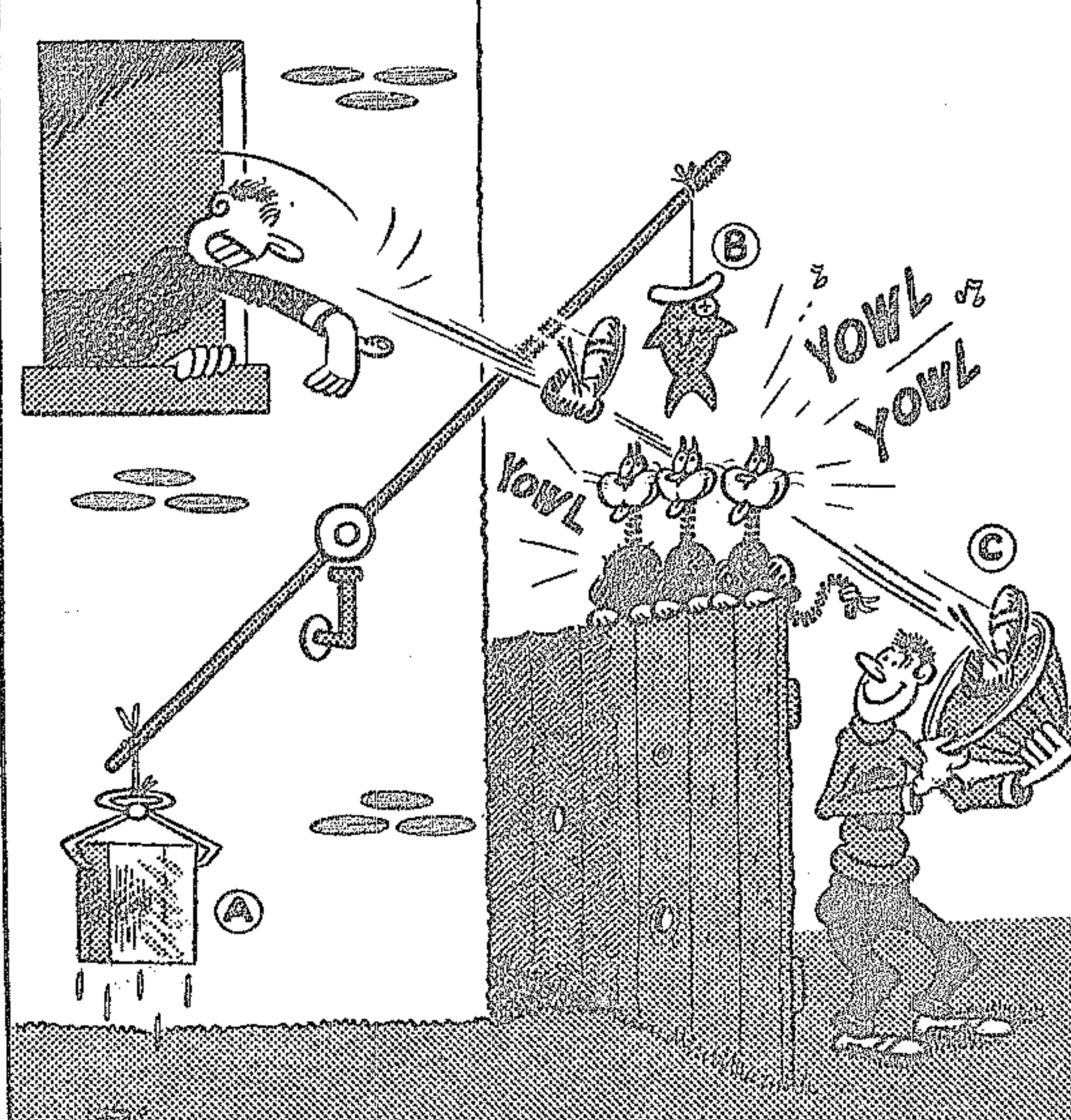
Wants Technical Articles

Of an opinion that was diametrically opposed to Huntly's was A. M. Lane's, senior student's curt reply: "I don't like it. As I understand it, the *Engineer* will not publish technical articles. To me it is a definite step backwards to remove the opportunity for engineering students to write technical articles."

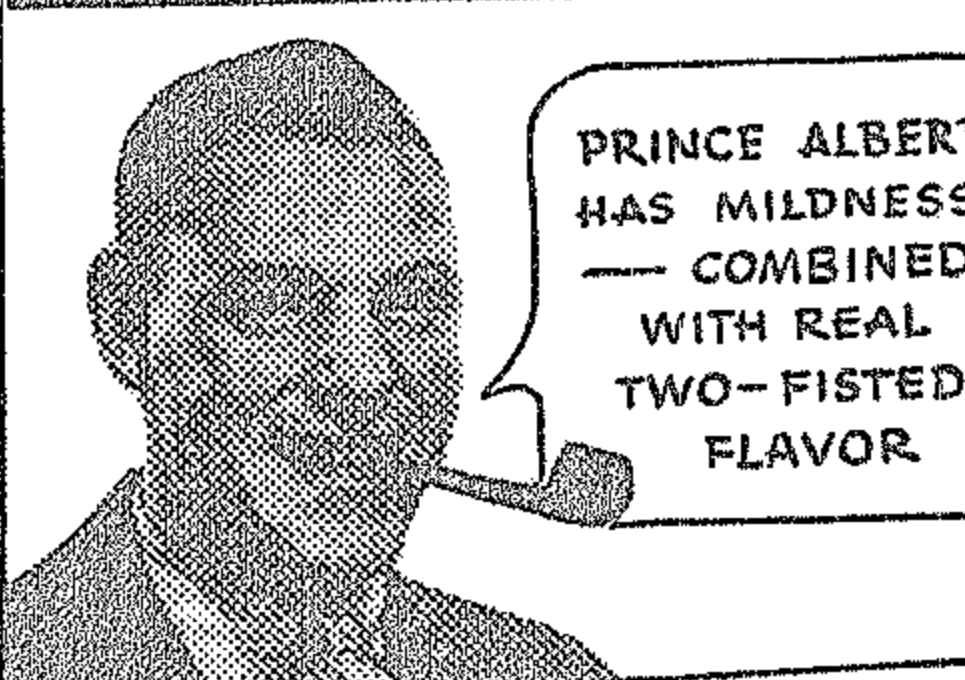
Of the other students and faculty members who were interviewed the standard reply was: "It's swell."

EASY WAY TO BORROW YOUR ROOMMATE'S SHOES

BLOCK OF ICE (A) MELTS— SLOWLY LOWERING FISH (B) TOWARD CATS ON FENCE CAUSING THEM TO YOWL LOUDLY. ROOMMATE THROWS SHOES AT CATS AND STUDENT CATCHES SHOES IN BASKET (C). (NOTE: SHOES CAN BE RETURNED WHEN SOLES GET THIN.)



AND AN EASY WAY TO ENJOY A PIPE



PACKED RIGHT—PACKS RIGHT

PRINCE ALBERT IS PACKED RIGHT—IN TIN, TO KEEP P.A.'S RICH, MELLOW FLAVOR INTACT. AND P.A. IS "CRIMP OUT"—PACKS RIGHT IN YOUR PIPE. BURNS SLOWER AND COOLER. AND THERE ARE AROUND 50 PIPEFULS IN THE 2-OUNCE ECONOMY TIN. TRY P.A. TODAY

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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

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