

Armour Tech News

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

Associated Collegiate Press
1934 NATIONAL CHAMPION 1935

\$2.00 Per Year

Single Copies, 10 Cents Each

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Vol. XVII. MAY 19, 1936 No. 13

Three Weeks!

Three weeks . . . does that mean the clank of ghostly chains? A semester's work crammed into one bitter dose? Or are you—yes, you, confident of your grasp in every course, certain of the coming finals? Not that we want to scare anyone, but the work in every curriculum at Armour, while admittedly not easy, is planned to make it possible for everyone to complete a course in the assigned time and then to review the work as a final check.

The examinations, while serving as a final incentive, then complete the program, showing the student how well he has mastered the work. The graduate engineer may at any time be called upon to give an account of himself, the impression he makes may be determined in large part by his ability to handle a new situation and apply his engineering knowledge.

School work may seem to be a depressing mass

of formulas, but it is by constant use of these highly developed methods that we arrive at the desired mastery that is our education. So, let's hit those books hard; get the main currents. The texts print, and the instructors emphasize them. In the remaining three weeks, enough time remains in which to knock the finals for a row of A's.

Moderation

The phrase, "Don't let your studies interfere with your college education," has probably been heard by everyone when he graduated from high school. After a week or more of constant activity on the campus, we wonder if that statement shouldn't be changed back to its original form. After all, we pay a certain sum each year for our education and when we see numbers of our student body wandering about sans pants and, judging by facial expressions, without that which we are here to achieve, we sometimes wonder.

When we come to the human tendency of never being on time, we feel that we could reel off reams of editorial material. Suffice it to say that "fashionable" society folk are finding it more expedient than ever before to arrive at a play before the curtain has gone up. When the curtain goes up late the actors suffer more than the audience, mainly because the folks "out front" are already antagonized toward the performers.

If you were unlucky enough to have an "8:30" we suppose you did attend a few classes last week and, during the semester we assume that the conscience-smitten few attended classes regularly. Perhaps it is psychological, but it's still more fun to cut a class than it is to be excused. Perhaps if, as it was formerly, one had to ditch a class to see a coveted contest during Junior Week there would have been more general interest shown in some of the events last week.

By now you're probably thinking that we are contradicting ourselves by criticizing on, very immoderately. Perhaps. Well, Junior Week has come and gone; maybe you are too buried in class work by now to have time to read this. There are, however, certain things that should be mentioned and perhaps some helpful suggestion made while it is fresh on our minds will help make next year's big week even more successful than was last week.

On behalf of the students at Armour, the *News* wishes to express its sympathy with Howard G. Downing, whose father died Monday, May 11. We likewise extend our deep sympathy with Professor Philip C. Huntly, whose wife died Monday, May 11.

The Slipstick

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

After a round-the-world-cruise, the practical joker sent his New York friend a collect telegram from San Francisco that read: "Feeling fine and dandy. Never felt better in all my life."

A week passed by and the practical joker had forgotten about the telegram when he received, by parcel post, a large and heavy package, C. O. D. for which he was obliged to pay postage amounting to \$6.57. When he opened the package, a stone the size of a man's head fell to the floor. It was labelled: This is the stone that dropped off my heart when I received your telegram.

* * *

No news may be good news—but no luck is always bad luck.

* * *

He: Kissing is unhealthy.
She: I really couldn't say, I've never been —

He: You've never been kissed?
She: No, I've never been ill.

* * *

Wifey (fishing): "Such a long time and I haven't caught anything yet."

Hubby (ditto): "I bit sooner, didn't I?"

* * *

A really embarrassing situation is when you want to call someone an idiot and he beats you to it.

* * *

The rich man has his motor car,
His country and his town estate.
He smokes a fifty cent cigar
And jeers at fate.

He frools thru the lively day,
He knows not poverty, her pinch.
His heart seems light, his lot seems gay,
He has a cinch.

Yet though my lamp burns low and dim,
Though I must slave for livelihood,
Think you that I would change with him?

You bet I would!

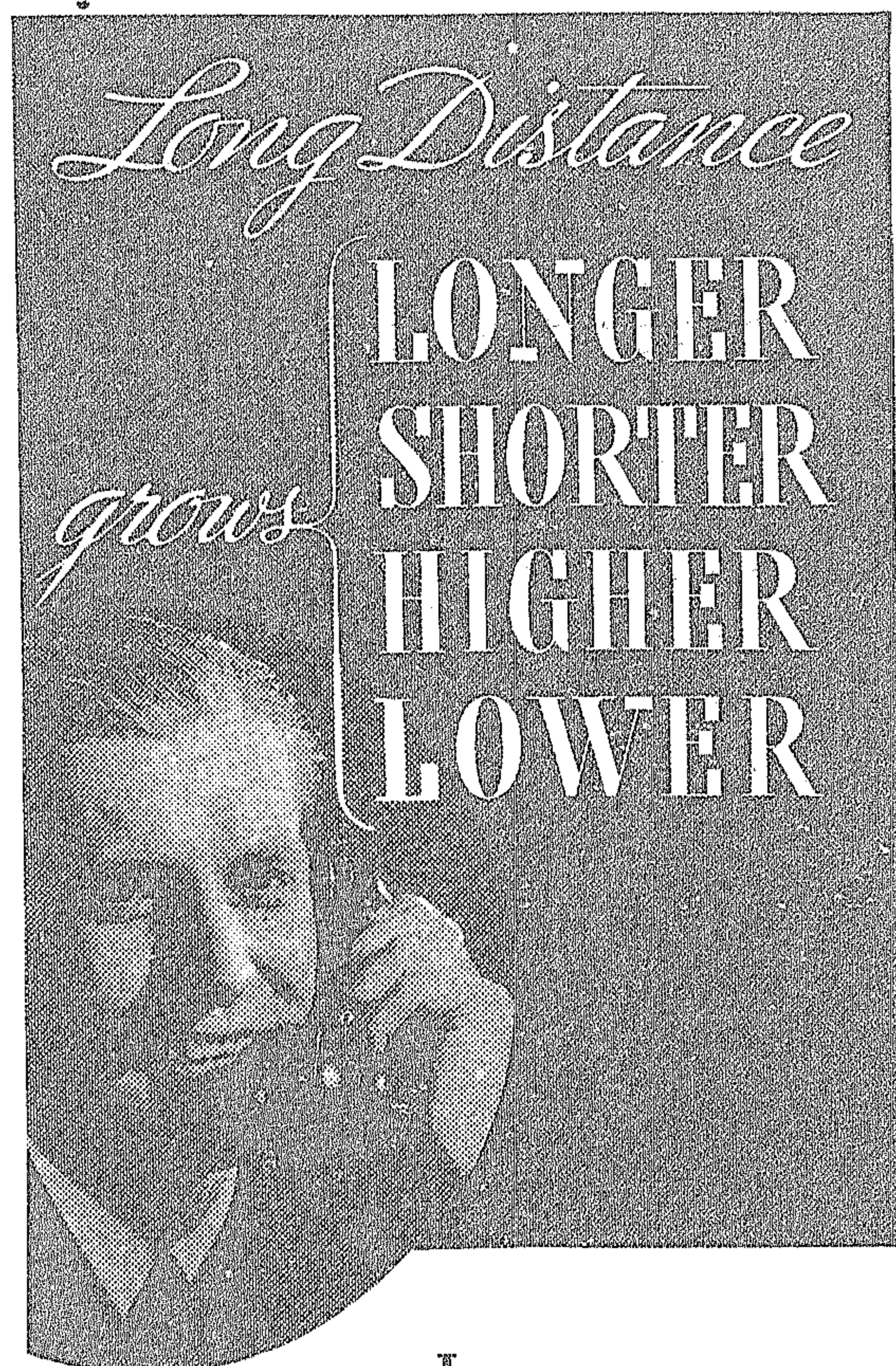
* * *

A planter of Virginia wanted to reward his faithful colored chauffeur by giving him a Christmas present.

"Dobson," he asked him, "what would you rather have, a ton of coal or a gallon of whiskey?"

"Wal you see, Boss, I burn wood."

E. J.



IMPOSSIBLE?—not at all. Year after year Long Distance telephone service grows longer in reach—shorter in the time needed for making connections—higher in quality of transmission—lower in cost. Since the first of this year, Long Distance calling has been made cheaper in two ways.

1. Rates are now reduced after 7 P. M. each night on person-to-person calls to most points. As formerly, station-to-station rates are lower after 7 P. M.

2. The same low night rates now apply all day Sunday on both types of service.

Just another proof that the Bell System is constantly striving to fit telephone service more closely to your needs in every possible way.

Why not take advantage of these "Bargain Hours" to keep in closer touch with home?

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

ARX NEWS

No doubt many of us are still just a little dizzy from the happenings of the past week and certainly a good number of us are still recuperating. For somewhere along the line of development, and while Armour was still struggling with growing pains, the boys decided that it was great sport and much more fun to maul each other and raise a general rumpus. All this was disguised as the different events of Junior Week. And we shall have to agree, for it certainly is great fun and we wouldn't miss it for the world.

While the rest of the department was participating in the events of Junior Week, the sophomores were on charette. And while Mr. REED was calling for "niggers" for his children, we were out playing baseball or tennis or golf for the various tournaments, or even parading around as hobos and possibly looking more natural than we have for a long time. But it seems the sophs did not need much help for "Swede" ERICKSON and Wally LITWIN came out on top of the heap of the judgment with a Mention Commended apiece.

But it was really a treat to see Al RAMP remove his dignity along with his "glad rags" and don old clothes to enter the fight between the juniors and seniors, and Lorry JOHANSON, who was blind as a bat without his glasses, staggering around the field looking for an eight foot push ball, and Hank LOH-MILLER, as a Junior Marshal, struggling with the gun as he started the different events off. And there on the sidelines was Charlie SAL-ETTA, in his fancy pants, just watching the fun.

There was really a nice turnout from the ARX, possibly because Sholto SPEARS cautioned the juniors to be in there fighting, as they were. TOM TAX.

Fraternity Pageant Taken by Phi Kappas

Presenting a colorful skit entitled "Jungle Amour," Phi Kappa Sigma won the loving cup and the circus day skin in the annual Interfraternity Pageant held in Ogden Field last Friday afternoon. In this stunt, three scientists found the ruins of Armour in the year 2036. The ruins yielded a WPA worker who was leaning on a shovel, and some students playing cards with negro savages standing around. One of the scientists was left on guard while the others slept, but a flaxen-haired negro temptress lured away the guard, allowing savages to capture the sleeping explorers.

The other skits were also well received. Delta Tau Delta gave a pantomime on school work, graduation exercises, alumni reunion, and reality after graduation. Many of the audience were unable to control their laughter as the pantomime was effectively presented. The Phi Pi Phi stunt showed Mr. Allison investing the school's money in the stock market with valuable tips from Professor Bibb. Pi Kappa Phi presented a hillbilly act in which one member of the large family was aiming to go off to the big city to school. Their stunt included some hillbilly music and dancing, and a feud. Sigma Alpha Mu presented a farcical melodrama in which Armour's chimney was irretrievably stolen, but the chimney hole was found in Professor Schommer's pocket. Theta Xi engineers were unable to fix a car in their act even though the best engineering methods were applied. Finally something exploded in the engine and they gave up.

The judges for the Interfraternity Pageant were Mr. Allison and Professors Fulghum, Huntly, Paul, Schommer, and Spears.

THE STEAM SHOVEL

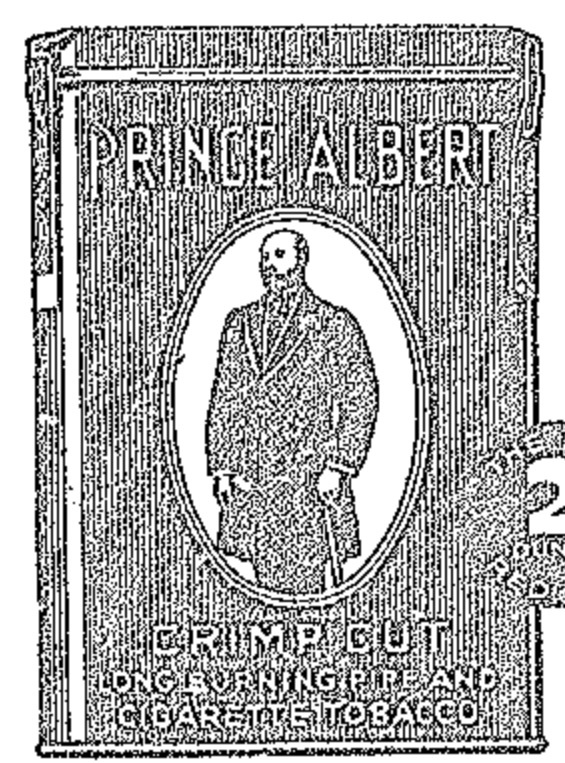
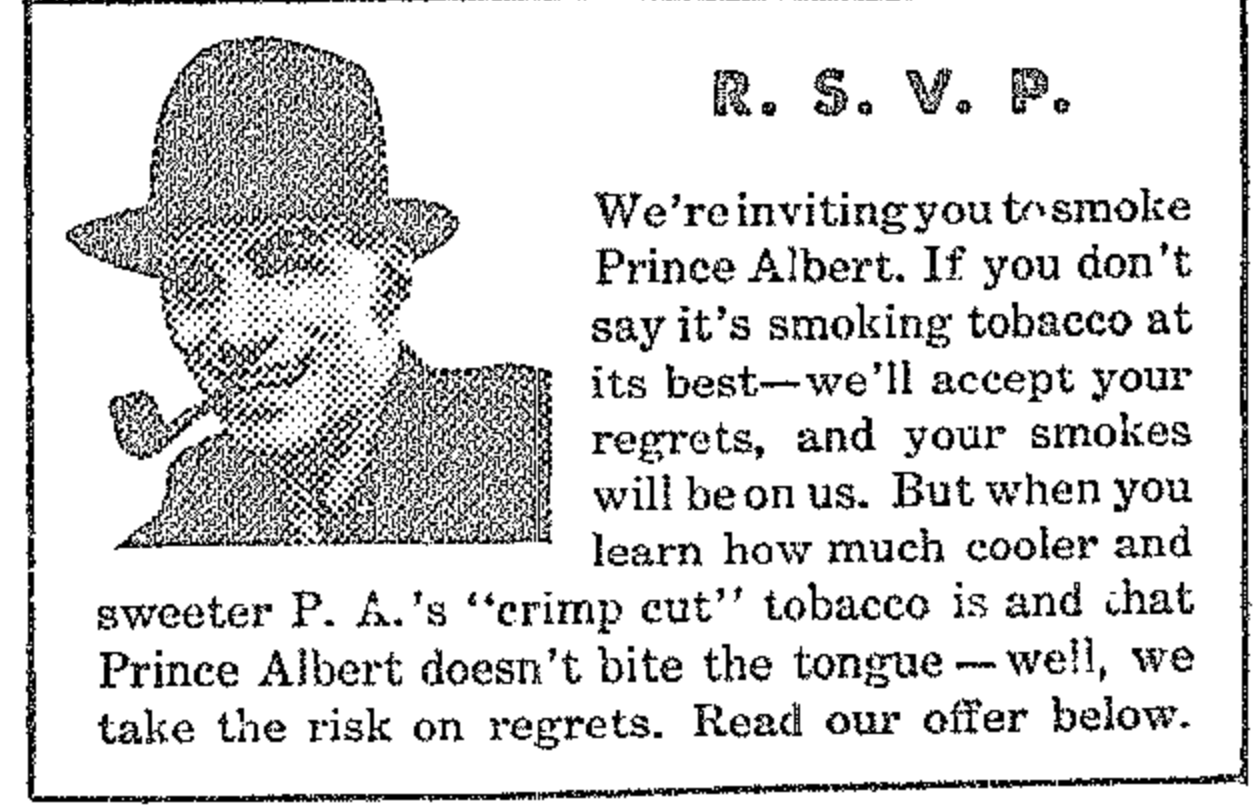
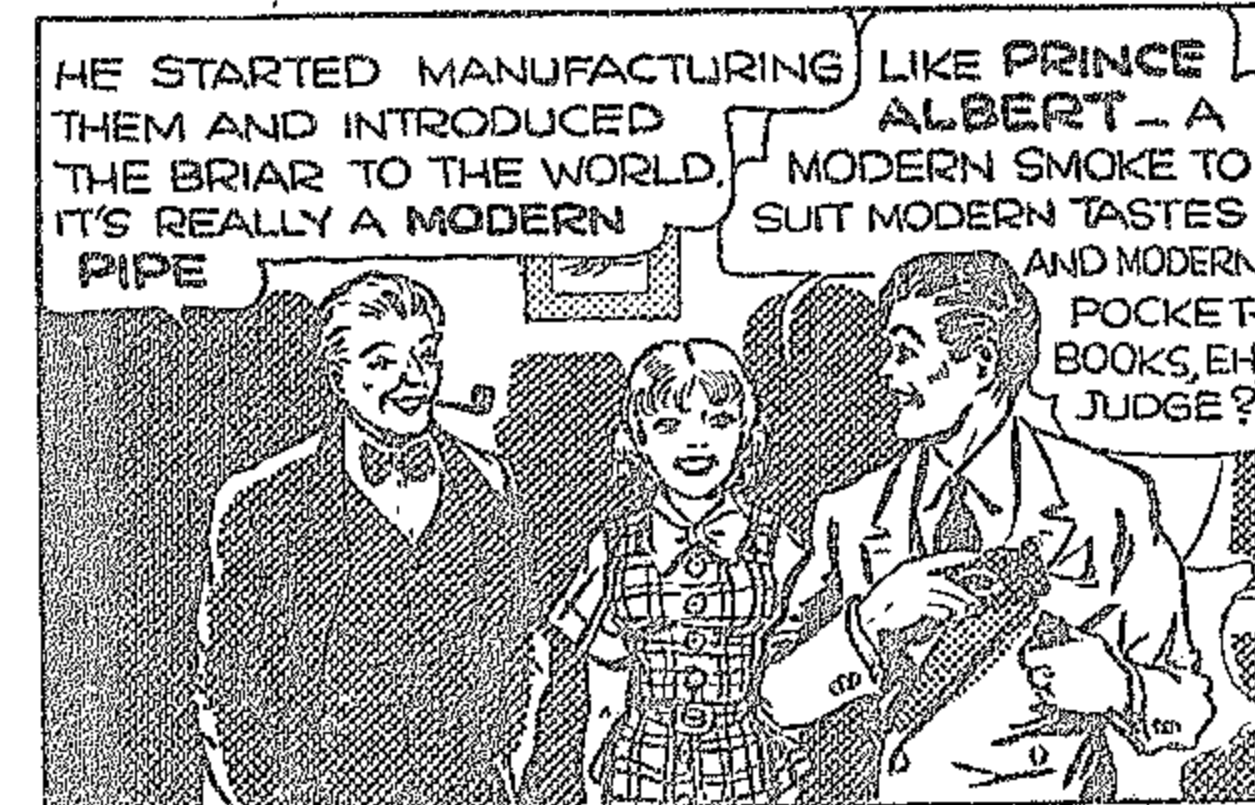
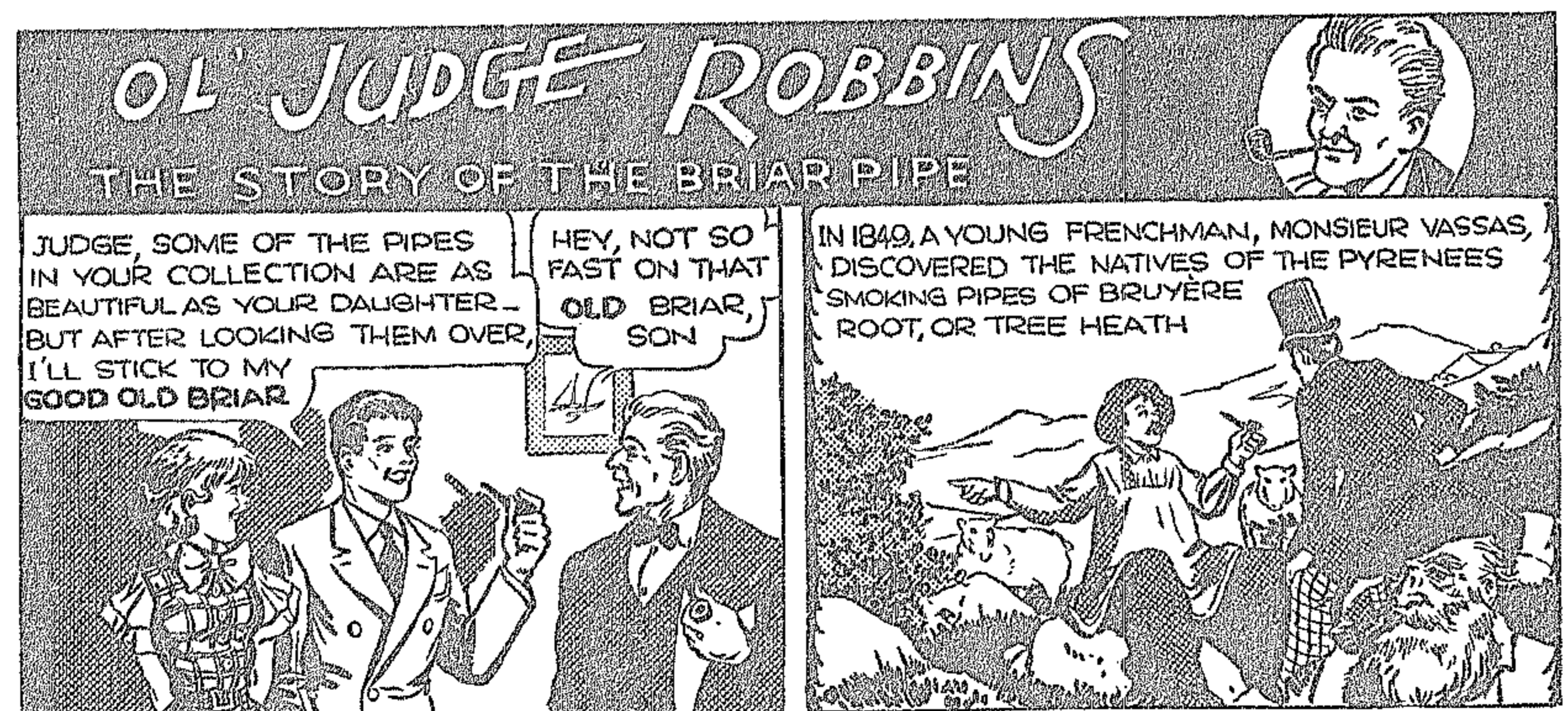
Well, boys, it's all over. Now we can take a deep breath and settle down to work. Let's see now, let's see. Oh yes, those reports. Four of them, yes, we're short four reports. And the homework that we are behind on. Oh well, our job at present is to dig up the dirt, to rake up the mud, to drag family skeletons from their closets, to—etc. etc. Here, here, Steam Shovel, quit stalling! Here comes the dope.

John Galandak came down Monday morning to see the Parade of Hobos, and can you imagine his embarrassment when he was given first prize. The thing that got his goat is the fact that he wasn't even entered in the contest. (Honest, Galandak, we wuz only kidding.)

Perhaps it was planned in advance, but Professor Moreton didn't know it. Last Thursday night, (the big night, remember?) at the A.I.E.E. banquet held down at the Congress hotel, Professor Moreton was the recipient of the apparently unwelcome attentions of one of the more daring hostesses.

Some of the boys are predicting a combined Armour-Normal paper for the near future. Ever since the party given by their news staff, to which our staff was invited, a number of "Normalites" can be seen in the company of our newsmen.

Last Thursday night, as you probably know, about thirty stray engineers marched into the Chicago theater in a snake dance and then marched right out again. That is, all but Bob (You Can't Print This) Jaffee, who was forcibly detained by the management. Just why HE was chosen is a mystery to us, unless perhaps he tried to stay behind and see the show.



50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

