

Armour Tech News

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

Associated Collegiate Press
1934 (NATION) 1935 (CHICAGO)

2.00 Per Year Single Copies, 10 Cents Each

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Vol. XVII. JUNE 2, 1936 No. 15

Good Luck! Seniors

You are about to end the most important task of your life—your formal education. However, your education will continue throughout your lives, though perhaps along different lines. You will become students in the school of hard knocks; you will become participants in the game of earning a living; and most important, you will meet people and make new friends.

Your college education will help make your future education much easier, because you have developed methods of attack and have learned to concentrate. The association you have had at Armour with students and faculty members will prove of inestimable value in forming new friendships among co-workers.

Probably only a few will obtain positions immediately at something you enjoy doing, but those of you who do not, will at least be in a spot where you can choose the line along which you would like to advance. With your background, this should not present any insurmountable difficulties.

Finally, you will probably find gaps in your organized education. No one could possibly learn all there is to know on a subject, in just four short years. When you find a gap, remember that books, libraries, and night school will be very useful in helping your further education.

It is useless to say that just because you graduate, you will lose connections with the institute. Men who have been so active while in school, change their line of activity to the alumni associ-

ation.

With the help of the *Armour Engineer and Alumnus* the Alumni are gradually becoming a closely knit loyal group of Techawks and each year a greater percentage of the graduating class remains with the institute via the Alumni. With this, our last issue, we extend our hearty wishes for lots of good luck! Seniors.

Mostly Political

With what promises to be at least one exciting political convention, and the formation of two national platforms coming up this summer, we just can't help breaking our long silence concerning national politics.

President Roosevelt is already asking congress for an increase in taxation to finance some of his New Deal policies. To bring up that subject at such an inopportune time — before elections — shows that the president must be sincere in his thoughts and that some of his projects are not merely vote-getters. Congress, on the other hand, is passing the buck and trying to postpone any taxation legislation until next year. They forget, at the most opportune times, that they were elected to look after the public interests and not their own.

Though much criticism has been leveled against the New Deal and its policies, the Republican party has already stated a farm policy similar to the A.A.A. and rehabilitation program. While the Republicans have as yet said nothing about old age pensions or unemployment insurance, they will, no doubt, have some provision in their platform. Things like the PWA, NYA, and some of the other administrations could not be suddenly dropped without having serious effects on the economics of the country. The main question here is whether such a program should be financed by the government, or by private business.

Unemployment has assumed national importance since 1929, but statistics show that there were 8,000,000 unemployed in the boom days of 1928 and 1929. Those physically and mentally unable to work demand some attention and those who won't work under any conditions make an entirely different problem.

Stories of poor working conditions and low pay didn't have much effect on us until the other night, when we found that the waitress who served us *News* men lunch each week, received 15 cents an hour. While it is doubtful that anything will be done soon about a minimum wage or a national regulation of working hours, we think that in years to come, it will be a vital question to engineers.

Labor is destined to become of increasing importance to engineers. The question of pay and working hours will require a lot of thought by leaders. Then when hours are cut it will be up to the industrialists to provide recreation facilities in order to keep their men from the corner tavern.

One of the largest national problems, in our opinion, but which won't be mentioned by any party, is to take the "politics" out of politics. Therein lies much of the criticism toward any parties' policies and there lies all the waste and expense of local and national government.

mumbling to himself.

"What's that you said?" queries the F. E., still grinning over his joke.

"D'ya ever see this whatchma-floozit before?"

"Gee Whiz! No! What's it for?"

The two begin to trace the gadget into the innards of the machine and several minutes later, thoroughly entangled in the ribbon and smudged with grease and ink, amid pieces of typewriter scattered over the floor, they hear someone coming up the stairs.

"Jiggers, the Editor! Quick, get rid of the typewriter!!"

"Where....where?"

"Anyplace! Out the window, quick!"

They hastily gather the pieces, throw them into the frame, and heave the typewriter out the window, absent-mindedly forgetting to open the window.

Enter Zazu

A loud knocking is heard on the inner door and in walks Zazu. Zazu sees E. J.—E. J. sees Zazu. They fight. The F. E. stands upon the desk and cheers them on with shouts of "Sic 'im, E. J.," and "Atta boy, Zazu!" They struggle until, too exhausted to strike another blow, they lie panting on the floor. Suddenly Zazu jumps to his feet with, "Hey, fellows! I gotta gag!"

"Shut up!"

(Continued on page four)

The Slipstick

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

After a six months' investigation, we have determined the five fundamental reasons why the seniors should be glad to graduate. We are presenting them now for your approval, consideration, ratification, and approval.

Some Joys of Graduating

1. **TO PASS** the Social Science prof. without having to smile and say "hello."

2. **TO GO** out seven nights in the week instead of six.

3. **TO HEAR** a train go by without instinctively clutching for some support.

4. **TO HEAR** the word "examination" without having the calcium in your body precipitate out into your legs.

5. **TO LIVE** through every other Tuesday without having to avoid Zazu's column.

She: No, I can't waltz this one with you. I'm so danced out.
He: Aw, naw you're not. You're just pleasingly plump.

Captain: Why do you wear a woman's night-gown when you go to bed?
Zazu: Because in case of shipwreck women and children come first.

Speaking of Zazu—he claims that his girl is just nineteen years and some months old today. Nineteen years and eighty-one months old to be exact.

A sports reporter, visiting Joe Louis, noticed a large stone and a faded rose lying on the table of the famous fighter. "Would you mind telling me what that stone is for?" asked the news hound. "Not at all," answered the Brown Bomber, "that's the stone with which an envious boxer struck me on the head." "Oh, and the rose?" "That's the rose I brought back from his grave as a souvenir!"

An optimist is a person that opens a pint bottle with five folks around and keeps the cork.

Rastus was dead. A wonderful funeral was in progress. The preacher talked at length of the good traits of the deceased brother, what a good, honest man he was, what a good provider for his family, what a loving husband and father. The widow grew restless. "Andrew," she whispered, "go up dare and look in dat coffin and see if dat's yore pa."

In the parlor a davenport stands.
A couple is sitting there holding hands.
So far — no farther.

Now in the parlor a cradle stands.
The mother is weeping and wringing her hands.
So far — no father.

Several reasons why a locomotive is invariably referred to as she:

She wears a jacket with a yoke, pins, shields and stays. She has an apron and a lap, too. Not only does she have shoes, but she sports pumps and even hose while she drags trains behind her. She also attracts attention with puffs and mufflers, and sometimes she foams and refuses to work. At such times she needs to be switched. She needs guiding and she requires a man to feed her, but most characteristic of all is that she is much steadier when she is hooked up.

"You don't drink at all?"

"No, I always get a nose-bleed after drinking."

"That's true. We always finish off the night by having a scrap too."

Since a wife is a man's better half — maybe that's the reason men who have been married twice look as if there were nothing left of them.

A farmer let a bum sleep in his barn. Coming to wake up the hobo, he found him fast asleep, his head resting on a hollow cast iron pipe. Farmer: Wasn't that pipe awful uncomfortable?

Zazu: Naw, not at all. I stuffed it with straw!!!!

Life is real, life is earnest;
Let us strive to do our best;
And departing, leave behind us
Notebooks that will help the rest.
E. J.

Fraternity Notes

THETA XI

We take pleasure in announcing the pledging last week of:

Louis Kacel, Ch.E., '37.

Robert Worcester, E.E., '38.

We also wish to congratulate

Brothers Magnuson and Stevens upon

their initiation into Pi Nu Epsilon.

Congratulations are also in order for

Brother Chapin who was elected president

of Tau Beta Pi and of Eta Kappa Nu for the following year. Brother

Magnuson was elected secretary-treasurer of Salamander.

Our golf match with Triangle a week ago proved to be quite an exciting match, results showing our team to finish on top by a close margin. Stevens, Norris, and Anderson composed the team. We are awaiting the playoff of the Phi Kap-Phi Pi match for our next games.

It was hoped that our tennis match with Triangle would be played last Friday. With but a week of school remaining it seems doubtful whether the tournament will be finished this spring.

Since these will be the last notes for the present year, we wish everyone a most enjoyable summer and those not graduating we hope to see next fall. Until then, so long.

PHI PI PHI

The Phi Pi's certainly cleaned up as far as sports go this year. With the addition of the baseball cup, and winning a second leg on the track and relay cups, we have won every major sport this year.

In the recent A.T.S.A. election Bro. Dunbar was elected first vice-president. Bro. Heike, who was first vice-president this year automatically becomes president next year. Bro. Dunbar was also recently pledged to Honor A.

We recently received a letter from Brother Pflum, who, with Brother Friede, is at the Navy Air Training station at Pensacola, Fla. He says that they are both flying high down there and expect to join the fleet soon.

RHO DELTA RHO

We take pleasure in announcing the informal initiation of the following men:

R. I. Jaffee '39

M. Ephraim '39

H. S. Rueckberg '37

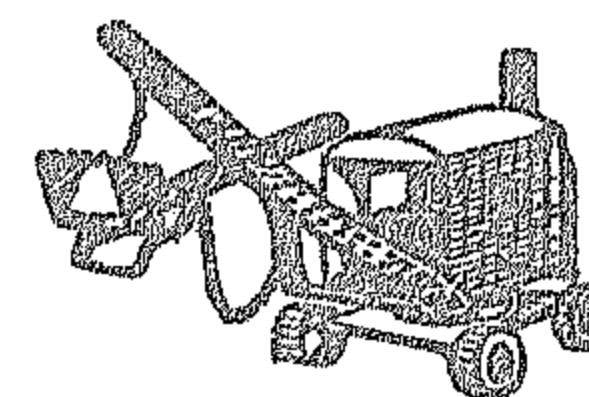
A. Hoffman '39

N. Levin '39

H. Harrison '39

We have planned no events for this summer, but will announce any plans when made.

THE STEAM SHOVEL



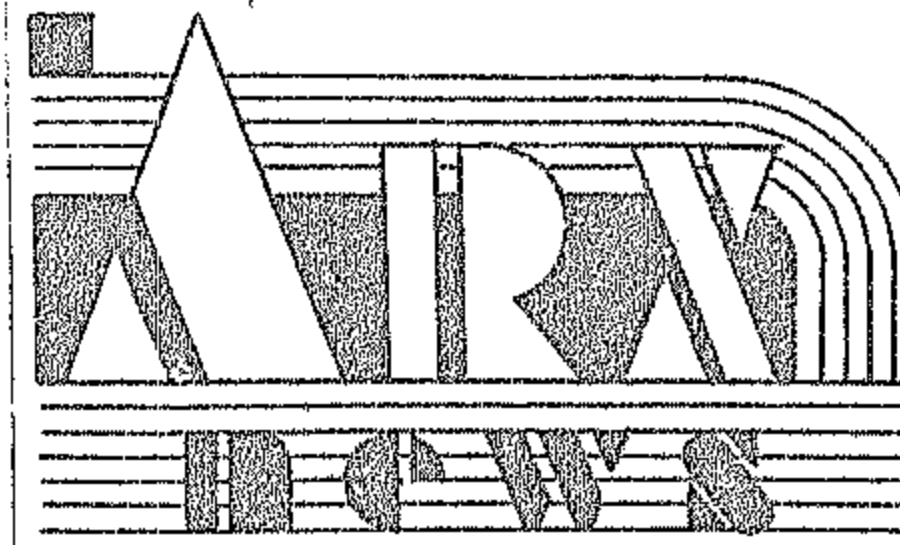
Quoting H. O. B. (Mighty Tender), we give you: This time of the year we're getting to be like the butcher who fell backwards into a large meat-grinder. We're getting a little behind in our work."

The Juicers went on a picnic last Thursday, and supplied us with two items. First of all, they took along a half barrel of beer. The sissies didn't even finish half of it. To bad we weren't there.

Stutz claims that he rode all the way out there (50 miles) on his bicycle. Oh, well, it takes all kinds of people to make a world.

THE FELLOWS AT THE TRIANGLE HOUSE PLAYED A DIRTY TRICK ON BOB "I GOT A NURSE" LUNDBERG. HE HAD A DATE TO GO ON A HIKE WITH A GIRL AT EIGHT O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING. THE FELLOWS DOWN AT THE HOUSE SET THE CLOCK TWO HOURS AHEAD WITH THE RESULT THAT BOB WAS AT THE APPOINTED PLACE AT SIX O'CLOCK.

Dickeyboy Lischer, graduating architect, has confided that his one ambition in life is to kick in the stained glass windows in the Mission. As we said before, it takes all kinds...



We've come to the end of the rope, so to speak, and now we can hang ourselves, unless we make good on our examinations. And if we do make good there will be quite a number of graduates. In view of the fact that this is the last edition of this post for the year, and that this is the last time the graduating seniors will open this news-paper and find the *Arx News* staring them in the face, we'd like to give them a great big send-off, such as it is, and we won't spare the others.

All this talk about the seniors brings to mind the judgment of Ryerson Prize Competition, locally. Outside members on the jury were Mr. Marx, noted for his residential work, and Jerrold Loeb, a prominent architect of Chicago. When the smoke cleared away enough to see the grades on the projects, we found that Art SCHREIBER, Wes WEITING were both awarded Mention Commendeds, to say nothing of the numerous mentions and other sundry grades seen on the other drawings.

Mr. LOEBL was also kind enough to come again to talk to the boys, especially the seniors, on architecture as it is practiced. A great deal of interest was given to the photographs of some of the houses Mr. Loeb has done which he had brought along to supplement his talk—the photographs, not the houses. He indicated that there is great promise for the future in architecture, which makes us very, very happy.

Here is another success story, this time by one of our fellow students. You didn't know there was a successful student, did you? But there is, and the reason for his success Hank LOHMILLER tells us is that he uses "pastel and opaques instead of stone or bricks" on projects. We cannot see the connection but maybe Hank has a little "water color" on the brain.

One of the more versatile Freshmen goes under the assumed name of Lawrence CUNEO, for he is not only the best "nigger" on lettering but he draws a mean caricature. His most recent one is that of "Bunny" NIELSEN who does not know who drew it so if you see Bunny, don't tell him. What's the build-up worth CUNEO?

Frank HRACHOVSKY must have a sense of humor, for when some of the boys wanted to de-pants him just as a joke, he told them he would sit on the stairs of the Art Institute sans pants, until said article of clothing was returned, or maybe that isn't so funny. But is it a promise or a threat, Frank?

Now for a few predictions that are almost certainties, at least one of them is for there is a rumor going around that your news-ed is a candidate for the "sinking" fund, the dunking event to take place in the near future, and at the merciless hands of the juniors. And for what, for being your correspondent. One other candidate to grace the Great Lakes Fountain is Joe REIM, who is to be the sole property of the Freshmen for the event. He doesn't know about it so let's hope it comes off before he sees this. Ah, but your news-ed knows about this.

The initiation of the freshmen into the ARX Society came off as a grand finale and was followed by the Annual Banquet. Everything was coming off very nicely—even the pants—until a policeman stopped the proceedings. But at that the boys had a swell time, and the newly-initiated frosh are storing up ideas to be used next year when they are at the other end of the paddies.

And so, we'll sign off until the next season and in case you correspondent does not continue as such, just remember him as—

TOM TAX.

Prof. Goetz, in his Senior Soc. Sec. class, gave the boys the opportunity of working a one-hour problem at home, and asked if anyone thought he could not do it at home without outside help. The class was silent except for J. OWEN LARSON, who was somewhat doubtful of himself. The result was that JOHN OWEN L. got a nice three hour examination for himself. As we said before it takes all kinds of people...

Strange Things Happen in the News Office as Humorists Get Up Steam

By Imus Shuvvlit

Several months ago, in a daring expose, we told you how the *Armour Tech News* was written every week. Today, we present an even more daring expose of how the Slipstick is compiled by the so-called humor editors.

It is Friday morning. A mighty clatter issues from the fourth entrance of Chapin as the Feature Editor and E. J. race up the dark, rickety stair-way. Suddenly the noise ceases. Two loud thumps are heard as they knock themselves senseless in a vain attempt to dash through a closed door. Reviving a few minutes later, they cautiously sneak up the stairs, this time groping blindly for the door knob. "Wait a minute, I've got the keys. Here's the one. D...n, it won't turn! Here you try it, wise guy!" After five minutes of hard work, they find that the door has been unlocked all the time. They enter. They jimmy open the door of the Managing Board's sanctum sanctorum and prepare for a day of hard work.

The Process Begins

E. J. clears the Editor's desk by carefully piling all the letters, press releases, news stories, etc. in the mid-

dle of the floor and setting them on fire. The Feature Editor tacks up several pictures of beautiful girls for inspiration, while E. J. reverently pours a bottle of ink over Zazu's picture. They uncover the typewriter, grab several sheets of paper, and set one in the machine. As it is not set in exactly straight, they rip it out, crumple it, and throw it on the floor. A second sheet is put in. Again it is not exactly straight and receives the same treatment as the first. Some time later, knee-deep in crumpled paper, they find that there is no paper left and the Slipstick has not yet been started.

Difficulties Arise

"Gosh, what'll we do now? There's no paper left."

"I know what. Rip off a hunk of the wall paper." The wall paper is set in, and, being triangular, they can't tell whether it is in straight or not and so it remains.

The title "The Slipstick" is typed out and a pause ensues as they thumb through several musty joke books. While the F. E. is laughing himself silly over one of his own jokes, E. J., fascinated by a hitherto unnoticed gadget on the typewriter, sets it on the floor and lies down beside it,