

# Armour Tech News

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## The Armour Relays

Probably the only time most members of the Armour student body see their track team in action is the night of the annual Armour Tech Relays. It is then that the loyal Techawks see their track team in the most glamorous setting, against some strong competition. There must be something about a night game which attracts the usually lethargic Armour student. Whether it's because he enjoys taking his best friend, or because he feels responsible as host to so many track luminaries, is rather hard to decipher.

The real thing for any loyal student is to feel not only responsible as a host but to support his own team and cheer it on to a repetition of last year's eventful race. Although the Butler Relays will attract some would-be Armour Relay participant, there is nothing to prevent this year's running from being even better than last year's. There will, eventually, come a day when all records are so high that they can't be broken; however, judging by the records made this year by some of the teams who have sent in entries to the Relay officials, that day is still far off.

In addition to the fine list of entries, there is an equally prominent list of officials who will start the races and judge the finish. Last year there were a number of close races and it was some job to correctly determine the winners.

Students should certainly need no urging to take their athletic passes and hie themselves out to University of Chicago Fieldhouse next Saturday before 7:00 P. M.

## More About Grades

We expected some enthusiasm for or against the article on grades published last week. Can it be everyone agrees with it and yet no one does anything about it? There should be some distinction between a brilliant student, a mediocre man and one who fails.

It seems easy to give an "A" to a man who gets all his homework done well and on time, who writes good quizzes and does a bang up final. It also seems easy to flunk a man who fails his quizzes and final even though he may have his homework done. Ordinarily that sort of person doesn't do his own homework anyway. The rub comes to the middle man who does some of his homework alone, gets various quiz grades and a medium final. The distinction between a B or a C to him does not mean much excepting flustered hopes once in a while. Those who advocate a system of failure or passing do not distinguish the person who works all the time from he who works part of the time.

The system at Armour is now rather haphazard. Some professors grade the student according to what they think he deserves; others grade on an average of the class. The thing the students kick mostly about is that too much emphasis is placed on the quiz and the final. This lamentable fact, however, is probably the outcome of experience. Since there are so many things to do each night; the average student cannot possibly do it himself and usually resorts to copying some part of it. Other students copy more than necessary and they don't deserve credit for such work. Probably the only way this shows up is on his exams. After all a grade is merely the instructor's valuation of the student's knowledge of the subject. If the student rates himself higher, he at least has the satisfaction of knowing what he's worth.

## WITH OTHER EDITORS

## Your Greatest Problem

You sometimes pause in the midst of your day's work and contemplate your greatest problem. At least, you should. People who just plug along from hour to hour, never analyzing themselves or their situation, are like a business man who never takes stock. The crash may come at any minute.

We sometimes stand so near to our work that we cannot see it in its true proportions. Perspective is needed. Back off a little ways and look at your work as it might appear to an outsider. You will see the workings of your job to much better advantage, and find ways in which to make your efforts more effective. Just the simple question to yourself, "What is my greatest problem?" helps to focus attention and discover how many of the lesser anxieties cluster around the main muddle.

The next time things seems particularly complicated, just stop and take a half hour off; then think out your line of procedure. Check up on what you are doing, and what you ought to be doing in the given situation.

You will find it not so hard to do some of the small tasks, and make some of the minor readjustments which through haste or over-anxiety you have neglected. In fact, you'll find yourself wondering how you could have been so blind.—U. O. D.—Clarkson Integrator.

## Shall We Be Taken In?

Galsworthy has made the statement: "Our fate is in the hands of three great powers: science, finance and the press. These are secretly determining the march of the nation; there is little hope for the future unless they can mellow and develop on international lines."

Let that challenge your thinking! Is it true that public opinion is no longer established by people as a mass, but by outstanding leaders of science, finance and the press?

The world has been building for war for five years—are we going to be tied up too much with our school work to swing public sentiment against war? Do we recognize war propaganda when we hear it? If we cannot identify it we will be swept into the maelstrom before we know it.

"Public opinion travels on the tongues of gossip and is greatly exaggerated by professional tale-bearers. It is not precise; it muddles, distorts and contradicts; it provokes people to violent rage and whimsical performances." One psychologist declares that propaganda is most dangerous when it is secret, for it hoodwinks the people. We haven't forgotten the terrible secret propaganda of the World War. It was one black nightmare.

Then why not turn the tables on those warlord forces? Suppose all the ministers and their congregations, the college professors and colleges would try secret propaganda in swinging public opinion against war; there would be one mighty force like the Crusaders of old—a force that would girdle the earth in diameter—a power that would knock war into hell. We would have the war dragon slain before he came out of his den—Slay him like "Sigurd" did "Fafner" in "Siegfried."

Or shall we be duped into another World War, where every kind of vice prevails; destruction of humanity, morals, civilization and art that has taken centuries to build—swallow this horrible evil hook, line and sinker?

No, let us not do that. Pasteur believed that science and peace would triumph over ignorance and war, and nations would combine not to destroy, but to build up.

Shall we make this dream come true? He asked to live six months longer to finish his work. How long will we be in finishing ours? Shall our lives have been in vain?—Miami Hurricane.

## STUDENT OPINION

### LIKES KALEIDOSCOPE

In response to your request for opinions on your new column, I wish to tell you I think it's rather novel and just what the paper needs. As a start I think you have done a fine job, and let's hope you keep up the fine work. This new column shows that we're moving forward, as anyone can always turn out the same old stuff year after year, but to new paths which are new and different besides being good; well, it's something! I wish you all the best luck, and to show I'm with you, I'm sending in a poem, and let's hope it meets with your approval!

Bert Greisbach, M.E. '38.

## The Slipstick

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

### Insomnia Cure

I found that I could never sleep,  
No, not a single wink.  
Until the morning starts to dawn,  
And the 'alarm-clock starts to ring.  
After the clock had done its trick,  
I quickly went to sleep.  
And mind you now, this feat was done

Without my counting sheep.  
Now, every night my slumber's deep  
'Cause my method is right.  
My 'alarm-clock rings at bed-time, and  
I'm dead to the world all night.

Referee: Here, here! No fighting on the foot-ball field.

Defensive Player: Did you hear what he said?

Quarterback: I only called the signal.

Defensive Player: Signal hell, that was my girl's phone number.

Zazu, who can now swim with only one water-wing is seriously considering trying out for the swimming team. It's hereditary. His old man was killed in a dive and his brother is a soak.

Complete Cross-Word Puzzlers Dictionary (Unabridged)

Sardonic: Being a lover of sardines.

Salaam: A Persian liver-wurst.

Bismuth: A great German Prime Minister.

Goitre: A steel beam used in structural work.

Carbon: Place where street cars are kept.

Cinema: A kind of spice used on a bun.

Wart: A unit of power.

Sorcerer: A small dish for holding a teacup.

Aspirin: A Russian monk known for his evil way.

"What happened to your hands? They're all bandaged up."

"Yesterday night when I was going home some crazy drunk walked all over my hands."

Student: I'll bet you a kiss that I can steal one from you.

The girl-friend: And I'll bet you two that you can't.

Student: All right, you win.

"Can I touch you for five dollars?"

"For five dollars you can sock me on the jaw!"

An agricultural exchange offers some advice on "How to Tell a Bad Egg." Didn't read the article, but our advice would be: If you have anything important to tell a bad egg, why break it gently.

(You can also use them in the Frosh-Soph rush.)

Here's a note to (so-called) students in General Chemistry lecture (via our '39 stooge):

Go ahead and sleep. A. C. C. N. Y. (hah, you figure that out yourself) professor of philosophy is quoted as saying that those who sleep in class learn more. Which leaves an easy way open for a Ph. D. degree. Hi Doc!

The death of my husband affected me so deeply that I married his brother!

And now I mourn only for my brother-in-law.

Mother: I've tried my best to make a fine girl out of you but I see that my work has been in vain.

Daughter: Well, it's a good thing you acknowledge your shortcomings and don't blame me for it.

Twerp: What happened to Zazu that he's so twisted up today?

Burp: He went to a bulesque last night and got a seat behind a pillar.

A FLEA frolicking in a meadow was swallowed by a bull. "I'll revenge myself on this nasty beast as soon as I have rested up," vowed the flea to itself, and took a nap. But sad to relate, when the flea awoke, the bull was gone.

To be an Editor I'd count  
The greatest boon lent me:  
With noble scorn I'd throw away  
The poems that I sent me.

E. J.

## Fraternity Notes

### DELTA TAU DELTA

We take great pleasure in announcing the pledging of Robert A. Davis, Arch. '38.

Plans have started on the annual Founder's Day celebration on May 10. Many alumni have been contacted and the outlook is for a very successful affair. Don Brissman is making final plans for the editing of the Excitor, chapter publication. It will be out within the next few weeks.

### KAPPA DELTA EPSILON

Alpha chapter of Kappa Delta Epsilon takes pleasure in announcing the pledging of Myron Goldmith. The house is looking forward to

next Friday night when the actives and alumni will meet at the Allerton House for a gala dinner which will be followed by a dance, cards, and ping pong.

### THETA XI

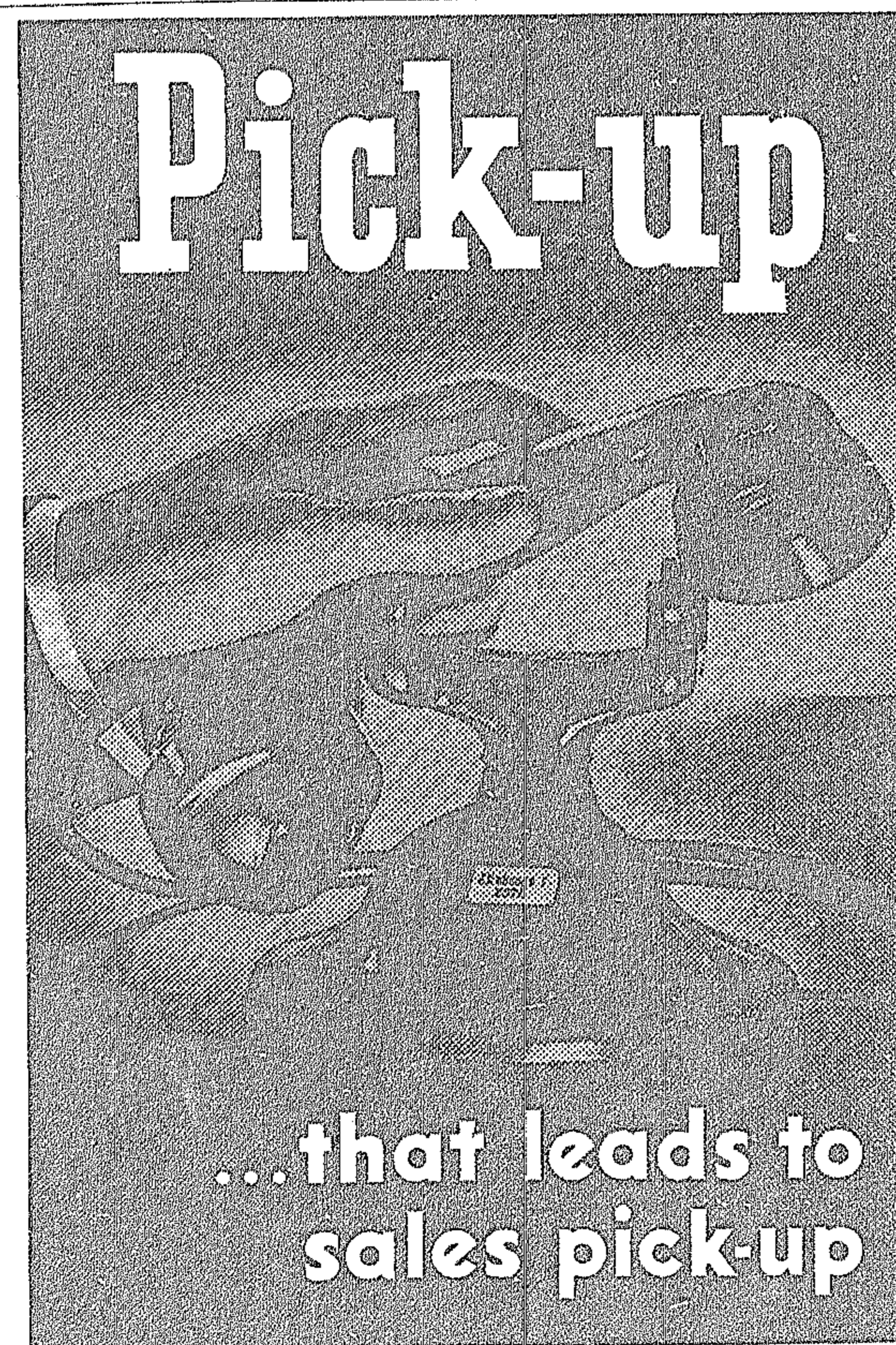
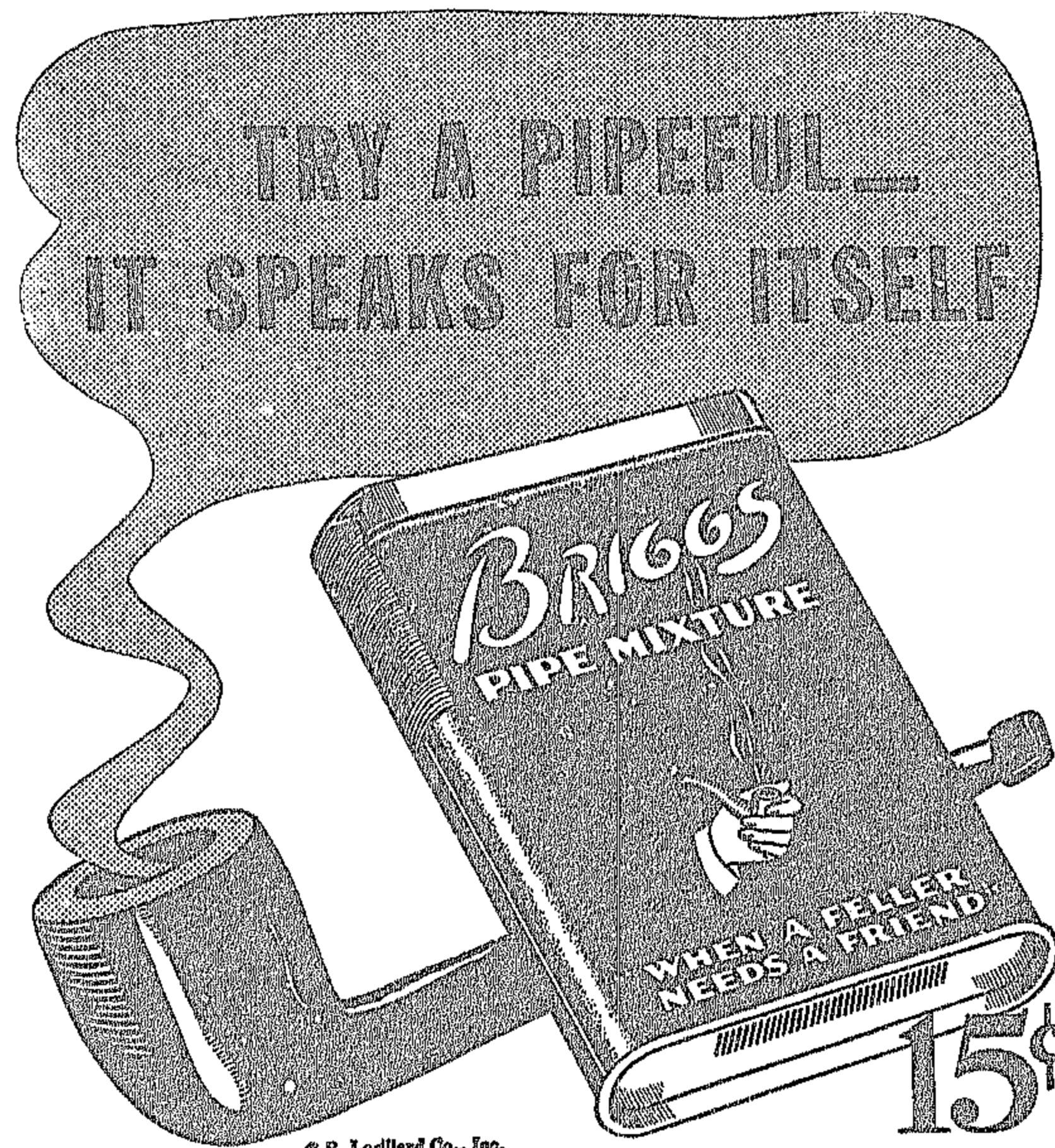
Repeating last week's achievement we are pleased to announce the pledging of two more men, namely:

Arthur Dreis '37, Ch. E.

Roy Magnuson '37, F. P. E.

A majority of the men were present at the recent Interfraternity Ball and all agreed it to be a huge success.

Our recent ping-pong match with the Rho Deltas started off the season and indications show a fast tournament. We were pleased to have Brother Mulrooney visit us last week.



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