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To Name a Building

In the busy preparations now going forward to make the Thirty-third Street flats into a research laboratory, the only thing that seems to have been forgotten by the administration is a new name for the building which houses the new research offices and most of the laboratory. Possibly its name has not been neglected, but just put aside for a more opportune moment.

However, the name "Research Laboratory," which the building has naturally assumed, does not seem appropriate for this building because it houses two honorary fraternities and one social "frat." To continue reference to the former apartment building as the "Thirty-third street flats" is, of course, out of the question. What it needs, is a new name with which the building can be satisfactorily referred to by the students and their newspaper.

We believe the custom followed by most colleges in such a case is to name the building after some philanthropist who, with the school's interest in mind makes it possible to perform much needed but expensive alterations. Sometimes it is named after the person who was instrumental in developing the building to begin with.

With the continued rapid growth of the research foundation, many of these things will come naturally. Possibly in planning for the future, this building will be completely a research lab and a name like "research foundation" would become appropriate. For the present, however, perhaps some student can suggest a good name for a building which is beginning to assume a position of prominence on the campus of Armour Tech.

Labor Relations

Much has been said about the critical period through which we are now passing, but its outcome cannot be of graver concern to anyone than it is to the embryo engineer. The breach between capital and labor has been rapidly widening until today when it has caused almost complete cessation of activities in one of our largest automotive enterprises. Because he is in neither division, the engineer is in an extremely dubious position. If he sides with labor, he will probably lose the support of his employer; if he sides with capital he falls into disfavor with labor for whom he is directly concerned and partially responsible. The only apparent alternative left for him in this case is to remain neutral but even in this case he finds himself technically unemployed until labor and capital settle their dispute.

It is not a question of right. Perhaps labor is right in its demands and perhaps capital is

right in refusing them. Both sides will eventually get together and agree or if one side can hold out long enough, the other will withdraw its demands. The latter event will not solve the problem. If anything, it will tend to cover over for a while what will break again at the slightest irritation.

Because of his position and for his own protection, the solution of the problem falls upon the shoulders of the engineer who is perhaps the least trained to solve such problems. It is for him to devise and invent new schemes and to use any old methods to the mutual benefit of both labor and capital. This problem may be one which you, as an engineer of tomorrow, will be called upon to solve.

The solution may rest in the guise of socialism, communism or one of the other "isms;" it may lie in the campaign of Mr. Lewis to unionize all laborers. Then again it may come in the form of a dream in the head of some philosopher—a plan unheard of in any part of the world, but sooner or later it will come to light and aid in the solution of the labor problem. To an outsider with a view toward facing such problems, however, the solution cannot rest in the complete domination of one group by the other.

Up until about 1900, capital was in complete domination of labor and the work week averaged sixty hours. By 1930 this was cut down to about 45 hours. This cut in hours can be attributed almost wholly to the collective bargaining power of organized labor.

In commenting on the question, it must be remembered that capital cannot exist without labor and labor cannot exist without capital in the form of money to finance projects such as the General Motors Corporation. The engineer could provide some of his own necessities and luxuries but if such ever became the case our civilization would revert back to the days of the cave man where every man was responsible for himself.

With these ideas presented to you as engineering students, who will, in the not far distant future, face these problems in labor and management we urge you to give more than passing thought to what is going on in the country as presented by the newspapers and radio.

Honor Cycle Awards

It is very seldom too soon to do anything and many times things slide until it is too late to do anything about them. When the *Honor Cycles* were awarded last year, there was considerable talk raised by the students concerning the basis of awards for this honor. We do not consider it too early, therefore, to take up the question again.

The whole trouble last spring seemed to be the fact that too much emphasis was placed on athletics in the making of the Awards. Since these awards are made on the basis of a point system by the Armour Tech Student Association whose officers are elected by the students, we feel that the trouble is in the system of points, and suggest that it be revised. A good basis for the award would make the entire difference between a real honor and an award which arouses constant criticism by the students.

To the students who, in their clamoring, suggest a publication of the point system, we wish to say that it is entirely out of the question. To publish such a list would eradicate the very purpose for which the award is made viz., an award to students who are outstanding in their leadership and participation in outside activities. The student publicity seeker (and there are many) would pick out the activities which carried with them the most reward and neglect others. Let us hope that the necessary action concerning these awards, is taken before next May when the *Cycles* are presented.

STUDENT OPINION

OH LORD PLEASE TAKE AWAY THE DARKNESS

It seems deplorable that an organization like the A.I.T. orchestra must plead three years, to my knowledge, for better lighting facilities, and for the same length of time continue to rehearse on promissory lights. The requests for lights have been as regular as the promises which have been meted out to the requestors. Must the orchestra become a group of blind musicians, or is a sit-down strike in the middle of some concert necessary to awaken those in charge to the fact that the orchestra has a definite place in school activities and should be treated accordingly?

This squib is offered not in the spirit of Peglerism, but merely as an indication of outright disgust in connection with a matter for which the remedy is so simple.

A. J. Allegretti.

The Slipstick

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

Gentlemen: The topic for discussion this week is an apology for the topic of discussion of last week. Sex, humph! That's all those Sphinx members paid any attention to during their three years of life. How ever, their Slopstick of last week was merely one of those considerate gestures. It was Eejay's turn they took, and the boys thought it would be appropriate to write in his own (thank God) inimitable fashion. I hope you boys can figure out to whom the insult is directed at. Oysters, H. D. B.,—Foocy! Nov Shmoz Ka Pop!!!

Pictures I'd like to take: One of the Siamese twins. Having one eating a piece of watermelon and the other spitting out the seeds.

The sardine and the herring
Were all dressed up that day,
In clothes of deepest mourning
Their last respects to pay.

"Have you heard how brother sucker died?"

The sardine started to say,
"Tell me," the herring answered
And together they went their way.

"Here is how it happened,"
A story sad indeed;
Our fine fish friend has met his end
While doing a good deed.

"A widow perch approached him
A sad tale she did spin,
He helped her out and then he drowned,
He gave her his last fin!"

Moral: Don't be a sucker!

Eejay is down to the last ditch.
One more and he'll flunk in P-Chem.

The Carstairs and the Jugheads
were feuding again. Old man Jug-
head gave his ten-year-old son a rifle
"There's a Carstairs behind that
tree. Pop him off."

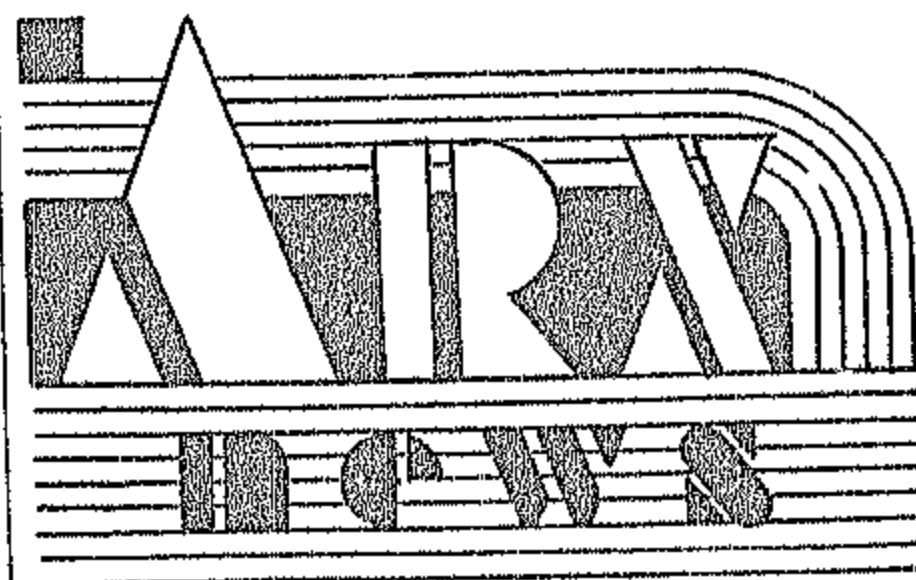
The kid took aim and fired. Dis-
appointedly he turned to his pap,
"Shucks, paw, ah missed."
"I know," was the angry retort,
"for that, you're agoin' to school to-
morrow!"

Motorcycle Cop: Hold on you, let's
see your license.

Eejay's girl: Here.
Cop (boiling): This is no driver's
license. It's a picture of you in a
bathing suit.

Dope: I know, officer, but don't I
look the nuts!

ZAZU.



In accordance with the idea voiced by Mr. Hofmeister at a recent Air banquet this column accepts his idea with alacrity (two months later!), and so we proceed to give the latest dope on Eddie and Wally, and now that this is done and all the dirt is at your eyelash the column skips on to those triter things which endear this stuff to the wastebasket.

Happiness reigned for awhile among the juniors because eleven of them rated high enough in the local judgment to merit postage to New York. The two best plates in the opinion of the jury were Litwin's and Johanson's, and so they have a First Mention apiece for their current efforts. Although the end of a charette does bring a let-down there is one fly in the ointment. The little problem of trying to find all those things which one has loaned out is not so easy as Woolsey will attest. Poor Ted spent several hours searching for his brushes and all the time maintained that he could identify them because they had black handles.

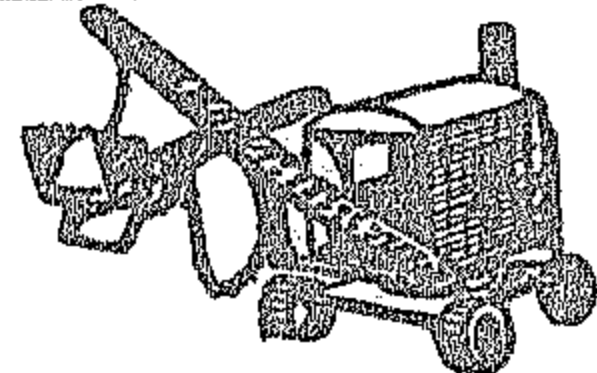
From last Saturday onward there will be a dizzy pace right up to the middle of June since there are about forty men registered in the Class B, Beaux-Arts. From the looks of things "niggers" are going to be very scarce, and so some of us may have to be civil to the Civils just in case the amount of drafting becomes mountainous when we are all on charette. Invitations may be in order.

Last week, through no fault of Art Gum (it can be proven) this column was on page ninety-nine of the Tech News. Everyone of you who didn't find it (both of you) will probably like to know that Hubot, Jakubowski, and Scott received First Mentions on their last project. Aside from that there was nothing worth reiterating and so this column ends here, with the hope that Sid will print it and have enough space left over for the Searab notice which also got the axe last week.

Adios to you, Arx, and love to my dear editor, the . . .

ART GUM.

THE STEAM SHOVEL



Says Vic Svagdis, "Say, they certainly fixed "P" Mission up didn't they!"

Says "Doc" Manley, "It is the dissolution of definite coherent heterogeneity into indefinite incoherent homogeneity."

To you—Energy is transferred.

We guess Bob Jaffee won't walk out early on any more of the quizzes given by Benjamin B. Freud.

Professor Paul to his 11:30 strength class, ".... and what is the strength of a Blow Hole?"

In another one of his lax moments the Romeo, Pete Morrison, let it be known that in his courting days (quote Peter), "I had thirteen girls on the string and spent practically nothing on them; so I must have had something to hold them."

(Author's note): "Please do not make any additions without author's permission."

Signed,
J. P. Slowiak.

Found in a mechanics book once used by "Shots" Wagner: 2 games, 21 shots, 2 buckets, 5 free throws, 3 free throws made, 3 fouls.

Found in a book owned by Bernie Bernstrom: "To the lips, to eyes, of the girl I will love some day!"

States Cal Nauman, "I don't have to worry about dates any more."

Irv Seidenberg seems to be having trouble with the Junior "Sewer Rats" (Civils to some) these days; his pants came off in the lunchroom last week.

Have you all noticed the famished look on Cliff Carstens lately? He hasn't eaten for a long time.

Mary Diletto Restaurant

3253 Princeton Ave.
Menu changed daily. Home cooking. Complete steak or chop dinners, 85c.
Special 30c dinner

OLD JUDGE ROBBINS
CURIOUS SOUTH SEA PIPE

YES, A SEA-SHELL PIPE. THE NATIVES DIVE FOR THE SHELLS

IN THOSE SHARK-INFESTED WATERS! THEY SURELY MUST PRIZE A COOL SMOKE

DON'T WE ALL?

YES—BUT I HAVEN'T FOUND THE SECRET YET

YOUR ANSWER IS PRINCE ALBERT. IT'S CRIMP CUT FOR COOLNESS. THOSE WAVY PARTICLES PACK SNUGLY IN YOUR PIPE—BURN SLOWLY—SMOKE COOLER

ANOTHER THING YOU'LL ENJOY ABOUT RA.—IT DOESN'T BITE THE TONGUE

IT'S GREAT, JUDGE! I'M SMOKING PRINCE ALBERT FOR KEEPS!

PRINCE ALBERT MEANS PRINCIPALLY SMOKING. MEN, RA. IS CHOICE, MILD TOBACCO, 'CRIMP CUT' FOR COOLNESS, AND HAS THE 'BITE' REMOVED BY A SPECIAL PROCESS. IT'S THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING PIPE TOBACCO!

PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the packet tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

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

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE