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On the behalf of the faculty and students of Armour Tech, we express our deep sympathy to JOSEPH A. HAASE, senior chemical engineering student on the death of his mother last Wednesday evening.

Attention Audience

Just when we felt low and decided that in our last words we would have to berate the student body for its conduct at the play last Friday, the curtain went up and the students settled down into an audience of the kind which might grace any play on New York's Broadway. With the exception of the preliminary tossing of paper airplanes made from the programs, which distraction was caused, in part by the inevitable holding of the curtain until all the students were seated, the students behaved very commendably. So, instead of knocking those few students who couldn't contain themselves, we now compliment the student body on the excellent way in which they received the commendable efforts of the Armour Players.

Business in Government

The cry, "More business in government, and less government in business", is not yet so dim in our ears as to have been wholly forgotten. The plan presented by President Roosevelt for accomplishing the boldest move yet undertaken to reorganize the executive department of the federal government is certainly a direct reply to that slogan. While we will not venture an opin-

ion as to its effect on the latter part of the slogan, the plan is a step towards the realization of more business in government.

Basically, the plan proposes to reorganize the executive branch of government, by adopting improved management principles. Americans point with pride to the successful administration accomplished by our large business and industrial enterprises. What is better then, than to apply as far as possible, the same business principles to our government in the hope of accomplishing a like achievement.

The fundamental form of government will not be altered. Just as in private business where the acts of the president must conform to the general company policy as formulated by the board of directors, so also must the acts of our chief executive conform to our established national policy as set forth by the legislative acts of Congress. The stockholders, the owners of the private corporation have adopted for their protection a fundamental document, the corporate charter, whose fundamental provisions serve to govern the actions of both president and board of directors, and to protect them, through the invocation of the power of the courts, against ravages to deprive them of their established rights. So also, may the populace, the stockholders if you will, of the United States, invoke the power of the Supreme Court to protect their inalienable rights as defined in the Constitution from exploitation by those who may harbor such ambitions.

We Take Leave

And so we have come to the end of the trail, where we leave off, but yet others carry on. With this issue the present staff of the *Armour Tech News* leaves with you its final vestige of accomplishment.

Throughout the past year it has always been an ultimate goal to present to the students a newspaper, which was worthy of the name *Armour Tech News* and which would present to students as interestingly and completely as possible news about students and student activities.

Through our editorial column we have sought to comment in an unbiased manner on important current topics and have sought to focus student attention upon those things related to student life and welfare which we felt deserved just criticism and consequent remedial attention.

With our new policy we have attempted to bring to your attention, according to their relative importance, collegiate activities in order that you might be aware of the progress of student activity and perhaps be led to personally participate in those which attracted your fancy.

"Sidelines" has brought to you, clearly and concisely, discussions and reflections on fundamental political, economic, and social problems occurring both in our own country and the world-at-large.

The "steam shovel", the "slip-stick", and the "kaleidoscope" had in their being, the object of introducing just a semblance of humor and human interest with which to brighten a little bit what would otherwise be a dreary day.

Whether or not we have accomplished these objectives, we cannot say. You, to whom this paper is addressed, who are our sternest critics and staunchest supporters, are a better judge of that.

Thus, with a heavy heart and a feeling of deep regret at severing those associations which have come to mean so much to us, we pass to our successors, the *Armour Tech News* and extend to them from the bottom of our hearts best wishes for their continued success and "God-speed".

The Slipstick

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

Gentlemen: The topic for discussion this week, unlike those of the past two weeks, is a retaliation for the dirt done me by that pseudo-columnist who sometimes clabbers up this space with stuff. He neglected to mention the fact that the Sphinx pledges took over his column that week, and not mine. That probably accounted for their considerate gesture—for their writing a column up to his par. Which is quite alienated from par excellence. . . .

*Orange gin is terrible stuff,
 You never seem to have enough.
 No doubt you have heard it said
 That it turns your nose a gorge-
 ous red;
 That its use brings ruin and
 degradation;
 That it blackens the best of rep-
 utations;
 That it makes you green about
 the gills,
 Red with heat, and blue with
 chills;
 That it speckles spots before
 your eyes;
 That it makes you wear your
 Xmas ties;
 That it makes you walk in the
 best of circles;
 That it modulates your tone to
 subdued gurgles;
 That it makes your tongue feel
 like a file;
 That it makes a step seem like
 a mile;
 That the drink is poison, rank
 and vile.
 The stuff is pretty good!*

"Ouch" Berger: "Let me off at the next stop, conductor. I thought this was a lunch wagon."

Stranger at crossroads store: "Who's the close-mouthed fellow over there in the corner? He hasn't spoken a word for the last fifteen minutes."

Another Village Loafer: "Him? That's Jim Towsley. He ain't close-mouthed—he's jess waitin' for the storekeeper to bring back the spittoon."

It takes a mother 20 years to make a man out of her son—and it takes any other women 20 minutes to make a sap out of him.

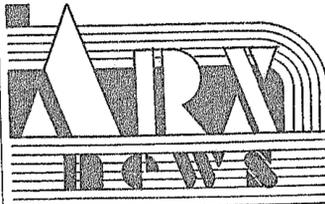
Zazu: "I guess you've been out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

No answer.
 Same nitwit: "I say, I guess you've been out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

She: "I heard you the first time. I was just trying to think."

'S funny but when a girl is looking her best she's often prepared for the worst.

Talking about green things, yesterday I saw a freshman run smack into Zazu at the corner of Machinery



Many, many, many, are the things that crowd up on one in this mad whirl, and many, many, many are the things that go on, from Emerson Prize judgments, Paris Prize Preliminaries, to shoes and sox in the morning.

The whole department, excepting the freshmen, attended the Emerson Prize critique given by Mr. Rebori and Mr. Vogelgesang, the guest jurors. Each critic gave this analysis of the problem and explained why LISCHER, BECKMAN, and RAMP received Mentions, and why some of the others didn't fare so well.

Under the "less and less until finally no loafing" edict, the three upper classes faced the Paris Prize Preliminary Competition Saturday; and so Sunday was the day to sleep off that Saturday headache, which was acquired innocently enough from too much mental rush.

With tongue in cheek and proper decorum considered we offer favorite quotes: Mr. Mell, "This is peanuts!" (You figure it out.) Mr. McCaughey: "Draft it up!" Mr. Hoffmeister: "One is more beautiful than the other."

There is a budding rivalry between the classes which flared out in a bowling match. Both sides claimed victory but Osterman's strong eight won. Observers say that "can't take it" Litwin was the last to succumb.

A little bird told me this one: Mama and Papa Robin built a lovely little nest in a tree and the next day Mrs. Robin laid a lovely blue egg and Mr. Robin was very proud. The next day Mrs. Robin laid another lovely blue egg and so on for three more days. On the next day Mrs. Robin laid a white, brown speckled egg.

"How come, how come!" said Papa Robin. "Oh . . . I laid that for a lark." And so with a hi yo brass (not Silver) Art Gum mounts his pony Pegasus, and flies off to the finals.

ART GUM.

Hall: "So sorry I bumped into you—I didn't see you," apologized the polite frosh. Zazu, the 230 lb. mite, mightily and gurgled, "Flatterer!"

That fellow is never bored in any kind of company as long as he's there himself.

Jack Spink was fond of drink,
 His wife preferred to eat.
 But eats is eats and wets is wets
 And never the twain shall meet.

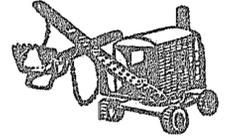
He—Waiter, there's a hair in my honey.

Waiter—Sorry, sir. It must have come off the comb.

In case I don't get around to it later, happy landings with the finals.
 Brr

EJAY.

THE STEAM SHOVEL



RICHARD "CALL ME DICK" WINKLER fell asleep in Joe Finnegan's class again, but this time the joke was on him. Instead of instituting the usual procedure in the event that somnolence attacks one of the class, Prof. Finnegan instructed the class to remain very quiet and leave without awakening the sleeping beauty. Did he feel lonesome when he woke up!!!!

It wasn't the fact that Cliff Carstens and Hal (The Goon) Heidman didn't like Strength class that made them so happy when the one-o'clock was called off last week. It was just that it gave them a chance to go down to the Rialto.

Buckman was embarrassed last week when asked to explain the blonde hair on his coat. In fact, when he tried to think up a good excuse, he gave himself away. He said, "It couldn't be, because she was a red-head."

George (Greek God) Thodos had a lot of fun last Friday night. The way the story came to us, he was kissing his girl friend, and the folks walked in. Cool as a calabash, George, ad libbed: "Well, I guess we can rehearse that scene once more tomorrow, before dress rehearsal."

WE'RE SORRY TO DISAPPOINT SO MANY FELLOWS, BUT THE GOOD LOOKING BLONDE WHO ATTRACTED SO MUCH ATTENTION AT THE PLAY LAST FRIDAY MORNING IS MARRIED.

FOUND:—One pony for German class, written in blue ink on the back of a business card. Owner may have same by applying at the News office.

"Tarzan" Masin is going steady with a Berwyn Beauty. He calls her 'baby' and she calls him 'lovey-dovey'. Last Friday he went to see her oldest sister graduate from high school. P. S. 'Baby' is fourth from the oldest.

Here's to Eric, who has been trying to break into the Shovel all semester. You asked for it so here it is.

E. CHAUNCY "HAM" BERGER DOESN'T GO OUT WITH GIRLS ANY MORE. WE KNOW WHY. THE LAST TIME HE WENT OUT WITH A GIRL (THE SENIOR PROM AT GRAMMAR SCHOOL) SHE TRIED TO KISS HIM.

"Bill" O'Brien is all a-jitter. He just can't wait until the team plays in Ypsi'anti. Rumors are her name is Fanny. Just Bill's type.

Fraternity Notes

RHO DELTA RHO

With the coming of the semester's end, we find ourselves quite pressed for time, what with finals coming up and the arrangements for our between semesters party to complete.

Our pledges, we hope, are hard at work making their paddles for their initiation next semester.

On March 6, in order to help recuperate from finals, we will have a combination dance and splash party at some downtown hotel. Brothers Miner, Levy, et al., are busy completing the arrangements.

PI KAPPA PHI

Last week end we had the pleasure of entertaining Brother Amick who is the District Archon of our national organization.

If anyone stopped at the house during the last few evenings, they would note the silence for the fellows are all studying for the finals. An ambitious house cleaning cam-

aign is to be carried out during the vacation between the semesters, at which time our new library is to be put into shape for future use.

PHI PI PHI

We congratulate Brother Sramek upon the efficient manner in which he managed the boxing tournament.

Pledge Caldwell is back with us again, having recovered from his recent illness.

With regards to the Macomb trip made by the basketball team, we must say that we certainly wish Gene "Casanova" Heike and his colleague, Bill "Poppa" O'Brien lots of luck.

Several of the house men have been getting letters with the stamps upside down lately. Looks like it's getting serious fellows.

PHI KAPPA SIGMA

The pledges, with the assistance of the social chairman, have been working industriously on the plans and preliminary work for the coming Pledge Dance, to be held Feb. 26.

A Splash Party is planned for the early part of next semester.

As a whole, the house has been applying itself diligently in bringing work up to date and studying for the final examination.

DELTA TAU DELTA

With the late arrival of winter we had our last social event of the semester by having a toboggan party at Palos Park. A good time was had by all at this affair which was held last Saturday night. Looking beyond finals, a goodly number of the active members are planning a trek to our chapter at Tulane University and take in the Mardi Gras, which is held at an opportune time, between semesters.

Under the leadership of manager Bacci, the basketball team is getting in form again on the promise that the tournament is going to be held soon.

Our congratulations to Fred Engelthaler as he has just been elected treasurer of the chapter for the coming year. We hope that he will do the job as well as Don Brissman, the retiring treasurer has done.

Tune 'em in
 HAL KEMP and KAY THOMPSON
 Chesterfield's Friday Night Show



ALL COLUMBIA STATIONS 7:30 CST