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Views expressed in these columns are not those of any individual writer but represent the consensus of opinion of the editorial board of the Armour Tech News.

Green Caps

Regulations for the wearing of green caps will be plainly made known to the freshmen within the next few days. Briefly, they will be worn from the Freshman Handshake tomorrow night until Thanksgiving Day, and in the spring from about St. Patrick's Day until the class rush of which more will be said later. The wearing of "pots" by freshmen has become the traditional rite of the first year men on college campuses throughout the United States. Abroad, some other kind of recognition is made.

Reasons for wearing the green cap at Armour are three-fold: first, it creates a fraternal feeling among the new men; second, it unites the students nearly all of whom are among strangers—no one high school has sent any large number of men to this school; third, it is one of the very few traditions passed on by the previous freshmen to their successors the class of 1940.

Men, you are here to obtain a cultural as well as a technical education. The technical part will be taken care of in the classroom. The cultural part is almost entirely up to the efforts of the in-

dividual. Much of the outside time which might be devoted to cultural development will be taken up by homework but opportunities for such development do present themselves and the realization of tradition presents one of these golden opportunities.

Armour is an old school on the exterior but through its keeping up with the world of education it is decidedly up to date. It is up to the new students, especially the freshmen, because of their number, to help maintain this standard by thorough cooperation.

Are You a Card Man?

Whether or not the engineer will have to be a union man in the future seems to be one of the side issues arising out of the bitter union war which weekly flames into the headlines. Circulars mailed to many of the upper classmen last week invited them to attend a meeting of a group seeking to organize architects, engineers, chemists, and technicians under the "C. I. O.", the "Committee for Industrial Organization" which, last month carried a large part of the American Federation of Labor to the fighting side of the fence in its national family quarrel.

That this flank attack is only a method of gaining strength for the battle which is to come is fairly obvious. But beyond this is the more important question of just where the engineer does stand on the entire union question. The old saying says, "Birds of a feather flock together"; the new version might read, "Birds of a feather have to flock together to get anywhere."

The engineering societies have done remarkably well in educating their men and in maintaining interest in technical subjects after college studies have ceased, but they have done very little toward raising the basic pay of their members. Engineers are the lowest paid professional group in this country. Whether organization in the forms of unions would help materially is a question. The main objections to unions made by intelligent men is that the constant internal graft and pettiness occurring in some of the existing unions would do more harm than good. The salaries advocated are high for the average man but they soon become maximum rates which is a real obstacle to an aggressive individual. The work of an engineer cannot be classed into one category: he gains a variety of experience from specific technical work to general work of a managerial capacity. We believe that very few of the engineering students wish to become technicians—automatons.

To the professional man it would seem advisable to endeavor to raise his financial standing through his professional society. There he can meet the industrialists who hire engineers to present his viewpoints in a friendly, rather than in an antagonistic viewpoint usually resorted to by union members.

We dare say industrialists are opposed to national unions because it puts too much power in the hands of their employees. From an open-minded viewpoint, they can combat unions fairly by paying their employees livable wages and not being "two-fisted" in their relations with them. This policy has not "broken" the too few companies who have tried it but instead those companies report much higher efficiency among their men.

The Slipstick

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

ONE WEEK AT ARMOUR
or
HERE WE ARE AGAIN.
The Freshies mill about the place,
Trying hard to shift things into gear.
They're grateful for each familiar face,
It's the same . . . year after year.

The Sophs look askance at the Frosh,
They're plentiful and strong.
The ominous rumblings may be bosh—
But—we—think it won't be long.

The Juniors, climaxing a two-year daze,
Will wake up a year later.
They're the guns in Armour's Annual craze
As they ride their coveted elevator.

The Seniors strut around and beam
Down on all the other three.
They've felt all this before, but seem
To forget—that given time
enough—
So will we!

We have read what that other columnist wrote about us and we resent it. We feel that he is somewhat too prejudiced to tell the readers about us. Let us tell you about ourself. Write us for all three volumes of our autobiography. We have deliberately refrained from mentioning the name of that Zazu fellow in an attempt to elevate the standard of our column.

Prof. Horace N. Buggy, just back from a vacation in the country, brought back two pounds of fine, old-fashioned cottage cheese. That evening, feeling the need for a snack, he went for the cheese and found it to be missing. There was no one in his apartment but the cat so he picked the feline suspect up and placed it on his set of scales. "Hm, just as I thought," he muttered, "exactly two pounds. Well, that accounts for the cheese, but where in the devil is the cat."

One strange thing about the modern girl is that the less she reads the more she becomes like a good book . . . she passes from hand to hand.

Mr. Storck, a widower with two children, married Mrs. Herron, a widow with two children also. In the course of time, their marriage resulted in two children of their own. One evening, while Mr. Storck was

Fraternity Notes

THETA XI
Mr. Harold P. Davison from St. Louis, Mo., the executive secretary of our Grand Lodge, visited us last Thursday afternoon. After visiting a few chapters in the Central States, he is now on his way to California to visit a few more chapters.
Brother John Brenner visited us Friday afternoon. He has a position with Johns-Manville Co., in Oswego, New York.
Our golf team is anticipating a successful end, that is, in their favor, of the Interfraternity Golf Tournament.
We at the present time are look-

coming home from work, he heard a terrible racket ensuing from his home. He rushed into the house and asked his wife the whys and wherefores of the rumpus. "Oh, it's nothing," she soothed him, "only your kids and my kids fighting with our kids."

OH, HAPPY DAY . . .
Last night I dreamed a certain columnist whose name begins with "Z" got fired with enthusiasm . . . from a certain A. I. T. newspaper.

I wake up smiling.
He: I fell fifty feet.
She: And you weren't hurt?
He: Oh, no. I was only getting off a crowded street-car.

Our idea of a person living a hell on earth is a seasick person with lockjaw.
A man wandered into a tennis tournament the other day and sat down on the bench. "Whose game?" he asked. A shy young thing sitting next to him looked up hopefully. "I am!" she replied.

BAR ROOM DRAMA
Act I
"Fill 'em up again, McGinnis."
Act II
"Fillempupagain, McGinnis."
Act III
"Fillupginnis."
Act IV
"Fillinis."
Act V
"Finis."
Quick, lower the curtain, one of the living statues has the hiccups.

THE SWISS GOVERNMENT HAS JUST PERFECTED AN ECHO THAT WILL ANSWER YOU IN ANY LANGUAGE.
Next week we give you Zazu. Don't say we didn't warn you. E. J.

ing forward to an extensive rushing period.

DELTA TAU DELTA
After a strenuous two weeks of house cleaning the Shelter has taken on a very fine appearance. The remodeling of the third floor and the redecorating of the second floor were our largest tasks. We are also very proud of our main floor which has been refurbished by the Alumni House Corporation.
The visit of Brother Serviss, one of the field secretaries of the Central Office has left us inspired and ready for rush week.
We have been hosts to many of the younger alumni including Tom Peavey, Hugh Bisbee, Frank Gallagher, Ed Olson, and Bob Shorling.

PI KAPPA PHI
Our recent housecleaning campaign is coming to a successful conclusion. The house is really in shipshape condition. And speaking of ships brings to mind the fact that Brother Dodge has taken on the airs (yes even the walk) of a sailor as a result of his recent participation in the Mackinac Race. Even a sailor's knife came back with our deckhand.
Brother Speer is helping a prominent civil engineer in making a topographical survey of the Indiana dunes.
A darkroom for the photographically minded members of the house is the result of the recent activity of our three sophomore schmiers. This is an interesting hobby and we wish them luck with their venture.

SIGMA ALPHA MU
It gives us great pleasure to announce the pledging of Marvin Skoller, M.E. '38. Our new rooms have been completed and much credit goes to fra Irv Schlifke, who supervised the remodeling and to the men who helped him. The rooms are being newly furnished and will present a beautiful home-like appearance when finished.
Our rushing plans have been completed and many social activities planned. Irv Addis is now connected with Frank Pearsons and Company as an architectural engineer and Gus Freund is working for Visking Corporation. A most pleasant summer was had by all the members. Al Schrieber, Irv Schlifke, and Bob Fridstein spent the summer camping in Wisconsin and Michigan. Dave Rodkin has been working at Armour and Jacob Krumbin attended summer school. Joe Mashman was captain of a summer pleasure cruiser for the Columbia Yacht Club. Several out-of-town alumni dropped in last week and were given a very cordial reception.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
A 500-YEAR-OLD PIPE

THIS TERRA COTTA PIPE'S A GEN. A MAYAN PIPE, ISN'T IT?
YES—IT'S AGES OLD

LOOK AT THAT FACE—IT LOOKS AS IF IT'S ASKING A QUESTION
WELL, IF IT'S A QUESTION OF WHAT TOBACCO IS MELLOW, COOL AND FRAGRANT, I GUESS PRINCE ALBERT ANSWERS THAT

PLAY-BY-PLAY DESCRIPTION OF SMOOTH SMOKING!

Swing back the lid of the Prince Albert tin. Whiff the fragrance. Tamp the golden-brown particles in the pipe bowl. And light up. Cool? Mild? Youbet. Prince Albert's the tobacco for choosy pipe smokers. It's "crimp cut." It doesn't bite the tongue. The offer below leads you direct to the national joy smoke—Prince Albert. Take it up—now!

YOU MUST BE PLEASED WHEN YOU SMOKE P. A.

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket 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

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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

KALEIDOSCOPE

ALMOST EVERY PERSON has his own interpretation of any particular musical selection. Gus Freund, who was a student here last year, has left us his unique impressions of Ravel's Bolero. These impressions constitute a series of essays which he entitles "Possessions". The first is called "Air".

THE CHILL OF WINTER is all about. Crisp, biting, sharp as broken glass. I bury my hands in my pockets and draw my shoulders in close, but the cold penetrates, piercing my coat with a host of tiny frigid arrows. The asphalt in the street, the lamp posts, the slinking dogs, the very trees seem ready to snap at the slightest touch. It is a time of brittleness, when all the northern world is a porcelain plate. Delicate old ladies dare not venture outdoors for fear of red noses or frozen fingertips, and even I, who like to defy the elements, can feel the frosty shadow in my eyes as I seek the source of all this gelid misery. Perhaps a learned man can tell me.

I RUN TO a professor friend, fling open wide the doors of his

house disturbing for a moment the force and flow of his mental processes by reason of the veritable blast of icy air that comes in with me. "So, you are cold, professor? The 'absence of heat' disturbs you, and you gaze at me with reproachful eye for having been so careless as to forget to close the door? Well sir, if you will but tell me why the atmosphere becomes so spicy and sharp at this time of year, I'll leave".

THE PROFESSOR is angry, furious, but his teeth chatter. "It is the air, you young scamp; the rays of the sun have more air to pass through in winter than in summer because of the way the earth slants. Is that enough now, or must I shiver more?"

"IT IS SUFFICIENT", I cry, and slam the thick portal behind me. So the atmosphere is at fault. The worthless gas that surrounds all of us, which we cannot see, cannot feel, cannot use. Oh damnation, I am not able to struggle with so omnipresent an adversary. Everywhere, yet really nowhere at all. You chill my very lungs, crawl within the confines of my own body. Still I cannot touch you.

AT THIS PRECISE moment I raise my head upward and look directly above, and see a migratory

bird sailing smoothly by. The even cadence of wings, the feet nestled into belly, the brave beak splitting open the space before it—surely this must be the last of all the fowl which were in the north. Mayhap this one was wounded by some careless hunter, and was not able until now to attempt the long southward trek. Those fearless wings must keep on beating. The kind, gentle atmosphere must be firm beneath his wings. The fine, gentle atmosphere! What is it that I say, that I said? Whereas I cursed the air, yet now I praise it, supplicate myself, almost, before it. I am rejoicing because I can breathe so deeply, because I am not in a stuffy factory, where the odors are well nigh unendurable and the ventilation nil. I fill my lungs with oxygen and nitrogen so that my eyes may sparkle, the blood dash through my veins, the joyousness of youth bubble over to be swept away by the wind.

THE BOLERO OF RAVEL. The easy grace of a young man who has just acquired his post-adolescent personality. Listen to the first notes of the Bolero, reader. The brisk wind, and the youth are there.

THIS SERIES will be continued next week with another section which Mr. Freund entitles "Earth". R.W.