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A Motion to Cut Initiation Fees to Honoraries

When a student is initiated to a number of honorary fraternities at Armour Tech, he finds himself giving a small fortune to wear another key on his watch chain. Explanations for the high initiation fees are given by listing a number of expenses among which are included the cost of the key, shingle, initiation banquet, honorary banquet, honorary dance, fraternity news sheet, pictures in the *Cycle* and miscellaneous expenses.

Some of the current expenses can certainly be cut. If necessary, affairs such as the honorary banquet could be made optional and not be included in the initiation fee. In round numbers, fraternity initiation fees should be set at a mini-

mum of fifteen dollars.

High initiation fees leave amounts in the treasury which the seniors may see fit to use for purchasing ash trays or paper weights or for holding a senior farewell party. Now, if the members in voting on an appropriation were to use money directly from their pockets instead of that which they had paid in their initiation fee, they would certainly be more parsimonious.

It seems better to cut initiation fees to a minimum, actually collect the fee, and to meet extra expenses by assessments.

Student Opinion

Dear Maintenance Department:

In a recent interview with one of your members, a group of students was informed that "Armour students think too much." The interview concerned itself with the deplorable condition of the lavatories at this school and the remark was directed at the complaint that was made about the manner in which these rooms were kept.

The gentlemen with whom they conferred seemed to think that if the Armour student is given an inch he wants a mile. Maybe so, but at least the atmosphere, both gaseous and material, of the toilets should be such that one would feel safe in the use of it. Any engineer even slightly acquainted with the study of sanitary engineering would certainly entertain many critical views in regard to such "eye-and-nose-sores" as the fifth floor lavatory.

If no other solution is available, perhaps the senior class might be talked into presenting the school with several "old fashioned out houses," which at least would have enough ventilation to insure a comparatively pleasing atmosphere.

P. R. Schultz, Jr.

A. T. S. A. Elections

When the small number of votes by which Vandekieft defeated Kruse in the recent A. T. S. A. election, it seems that there should be a run-off election.

Now, the A. T. S. A. is planning to amend the constitution and require a majority vote for election to office. Since there is no specific clause in the A. T. S. A. constitution stating the number of votes necessary for election, why not apply the majority principle to this election and have a run-off?

All class elections are run on a majority basis. Why not the leading student organization?

Irving Seidenberg.

Fraternity Notes

Social Highlights

Despite the last two weeks of work in preparation for finals, social events are still dominating the calendar of the fraternities. Last Friday evening the Delts inaugurated the first "Fathers Night," and it was really a huge success. Dinner speakers were Dean Heald and Professors Carpenter, Huntly, and Sprague. Motion pictures were shown of the Junior Week activities, and all enjoyed a gay songfest directed by "Sailorman" McIntyre. All credit for the evening is due to Chairman Bill Yeager.

On this same evening, many of the other houses also celebrated. The Phi Kappas revelled at their annual senior farewell dinner dance in the Drake Gold Coast. Sigma Alpha Mu star-gazed on the long awaited nautical party aboard Mashman's boat—Eleven couples were present and cruised along the north shore. Saturday night, the Rho Delts had their annual dinner dance at the Belden-Stratford.

On Sunday, Theta Xi picnicked at the Indiana Dunes State Park, while Phi Kappa Sigma had the annual spring outing at Beverly Falls. On June 12, the Phi Pi's will adios their senior members at Dick Vandekieft's home in Villa Park. On June 12, the T. X. senior farewell will hold forth at Richard Ansel's home in Oak Park. The Pi Kappas have completed plans for their senior farewell to be held at the house.

Pi Kappa Phi Elects

Pi Kappa Phi announces the election of the following officers for the coming year: Harry Perlet, president; Tom Speer, secretary; Frank Heidenreich, treasurer; Roy Brinkman, chaplain; Roy Burman, sergeant-at-arms; and John Gerhardt, historian.

Sigma Alpha Mu announces the formal initiation of J. P. Krumbein, Ch. E. '38; R. S. Cohen, M. E. '40; A. Levenberg, Ch. E. '39, and R. Abramson, M. E. '40.

Triangle announces the pledging of John Swanson co-op '41.

Endings

Rho Delt Bob Levy has received a fellowship at the Institute. The Phi Pi's defeated the Pi Kappas in golf two matches to one. Mulraney and Giovan, TX brothers, visited their U.

Math Handbook vs. Box Lunch, or How to Spend Twenty-Five Cents

By Zazu

"Step right up, gentlemen, step right up and see the mathematical marvel of this day and age and it's all in this little book." "Gosh," gulped an eager Frosh. "Poorey," taunted a calc-ridden Soph. "Yessir, boys, this little book will absolute-ly and uncondish-un-alley solve any problem in higher mathematics quickern' you can say Alexis Troyovich Schnerbetsky. Arithmetic, algebra, gomertree, long division, addition, and yes, it even exposes the intricacies of the most difficult four-

Other Campuses

The "Spinsters' Skip" is the name of a "ladies only" dance to be held at Montana State College. The girls will don their most elusive finery and swing and sway amidst the colorful setting of a Mardi Gras.

Smoking in moderation might have a beneficial effect, says Dr. Arthur Binz, professor of chemistry at the University of Berlin. Coramine, a derivative of tobacco nicotine stimulates the heart.

A new way to kill time has been invented by students at Northern Illinois State Teachers College. They draw a circle representing a clock and hands. At five minute intervals they ink out the sections around the dial. At the end of the hour it is completely filled.

When lessons, meetings, plays and outside activities pile up on the calendars of the girls at Stephens College, the president calls a "Stop day," 24 hours during which students can do what they please.

An anonymous contribution from Adrian College: "Going around with women keeps me young. I started going with them four years ago when I was a freshman—and I'm still a freshman."

of C. chapter last week. TX Ansel has been blushing since last Wednesday. Tripling John Penn will soon be working with the U. S. Gypsum company and Nat Kendall goes to work in California.

scale slip stick that ever scratched an "How about a demonstration, Mister?" suggested "Albumen" Masin, who has had a most extensive and prolonged course in analytics.

"Quiet, stooge," muttered the erstwhile book salesman, "and to continue, boys, this here little book isn't all you get for the shiny little two-bit fee I am charging today as an introductory price, no siree, I also give to you a complete unrevised and unexpurgated copy of the 1937 'Hickney, Ill., street guide . . . ' Show about a demonstration, feller?" demanded "No Tax" Krumbein, visioning the chance of adding profit to his wholesale book agency.

"Well, okay, Buddy. You ast for it," murmured the genial soul. "You boys will all have to find the area of a circle someday. Now with my little book it's a cinch. Take a four-irch circle, f'rexample. You multiply four by three, divide by 6.597 add 1, subtract 11, integrated between lemons or limits or whatever you call'em, multiply by 294 and then look up the table in the book." "Whats' the answer?" piped up a well meaning senior. "And now, boys," continued our hero, "I'll show you how to add. 'Take 5 and 3 and 621 and 756. Now you add with my speshul system. Lessee, six-one-three makes 'leven, carry der two—hum—seven, carry one—er—the answer, gentlemen—where's the damn notes I keep—er—the answer is—1234. What? Am I wrong? Oh, the answer is, say you, what the heck's the answer anyhow? Add it up on that slide-rule. You see this book never fails. If you get stuck, it always tells you how to do it on a slide-rule, right here on the last page, 'page two.'" "Ya know what I think," confided a Frosh to his pal, "maybe he's a 'fake.'"

"Now, boys, I'll show you how to find the area of a square but—I must have your undivided attention. Very difficult—'At this point a junior sentinel standing on the corner of 33rd and Federal shouted forth, 'Hey, guys, here's the man with the box-lunches.'"

"You take a—here, where'r you going? Say, what's that guy got that I haven't got? Box-lunches, hm—there's an idea."

Student Slipstick

Editor's Note:

The "Slipstick" was written this week by a student who claims the column is slightly decomposed. It is submitted for your approval—or what have you?

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE BAKER'S DAUGHTER

My Sweet Tart:

You're waffle cute, and you're roll the world to me. As the sun rises in the yeast and makes bismarks on my bedroom wall, I think of you, my angel face. I'm a well-bread young fellow and that's a good raisin why you should marry me when I get enough dough raised. Be my better half, and everything will pan out all right. Icing your praises all day and night, because I loaf you as I sit here kneading your kind affection.

Donut refuse me, honey bun, or you're cruller than I think you are. I deserve a little oven, for you're the flour of my eggistence. This is a very awful letter, my sugar—it took me a whole-wheat to write it. But if you don't marry me soon, I shall become a bun, and I E'clare, that would be terrible. I sure must be a gluten for punishment, because the way you roll it out just eats me. Let this be "au revoir" and not "good pie."

Your own

Cream Puff.

THAT'S MY DAD

Whose dog is that?

That's my pup.

Whose cow feed is that?

That's my fodder.

Who made that noise?

That's my pop.

Whose hand is that?

That's my paw.

Whose Cola-Cola is that?

That's my pop.

Whose body is that?

That's my dead.

Whose popcorn machine is that?

That's my popper.

Whose long distance call is that?

That's my farther.

It was a White Fish truck and the noisy motor left the driver hard of herring.

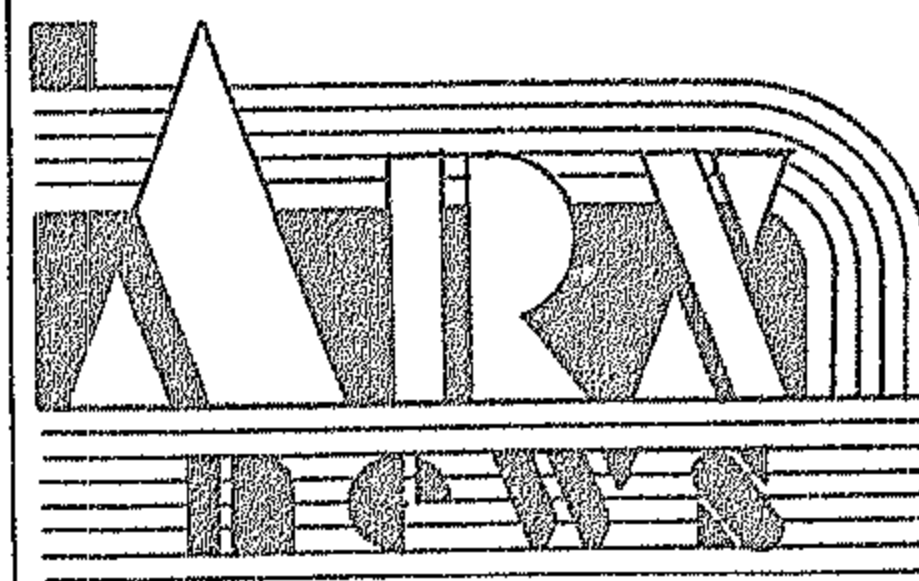
Hark to Jim's parachute song: "It don't mean a thing, if you don't pull that string."

From all latest reports, beer was made in the Ark. The Kangaroo went in with hops, and the Bear was brain.

Bert: "Say, why do you call your girl post-script, Jim?"
Jim: "Her name is Adeline."

This Slipstick is dedicated to Airplane Jim, who for three short years has flown with us and is now bailing out for Columbia. Best of luck, from one Punner to another.

Barney Google.



With one more column to go after this one, the news that filters in has a note of finality as far as awards are concerned. Since cash and medals always come first we have—Schmaltz won the First Medal A. I. A. award, Kichaven the Second Medal, and Saletta won the Hutchinson Medal. The fellows who are now in the money are—Johanson, a junior, Alschuler Prize of \$25.00; Osterman, a sophomore, Alschuler Prize of \$25.00, and Robinson, a freshman, Adler Prize of \$50.00.

The Class B fellows are, for the most part, feeling low excepting GOERS, HUBOI, JAKE, KLIP-HARDT and PARKE. They managed to collect a Mention apiece out of the now strangely meager Armour awards. The seniors rated again on on Equisse-Equisse with Hrachov-sky, Lohmiller, and Price, rating Half Mentions.

With the heat and the finals coming on, we rush away.

Steamingly yours,

ART GUM.

The Slipstick

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

Street Scene

There they were, the sweet young thing and shy, oh so shy young woman. Coily she gushed: "Nobody loves me and my hands are cold."
And what do you think he said?
"God loves you and you can sit on your hands."

Dear Readers, we give you

The Bachelor's Prayer

Dear Lord, I wish you'd get this straight:

I know I asked you for a date
For Saturday, but what I meant
Was anyone but the gal you sent.

And now, a POME.

I

Was a car

In the lane.

Was a man

Was a jone.

Was a moon

Was a star

Was romance

In the car.

Was a arm

Went around.

Were two lips

To be found.

Was a kiss

Was a sigh.

And another

By and by.

II

Was a car

In the lane.

Was a man

Was a jone.

Was a man

Growing bold.

Was a jone

Growing cold.

Was a man

Was a goof

Was a jone

Was a jone

Was aloof.

Was a man

Put in place.

Was a jone

Slapped his face.

Quit holding your nose. You'll need both hands to steady yourself for the next gag.

The dinner party was over. The men had all eaten heartily and expensively. At the corner of the table the lone Scotchman tried to make himself inconspicuous when the check arrived. Suddenly, to everyone's surprise, he spoke up: "Just leave the check for me. I'll take care of it." They obeyed.

Item in the next morning's newspaper: "Scotchman Murders Ventriloquist."

Still with me? Well, as a reward, the next feature will be excerpts from the "Armour Big Abridged Dictionary."

Cartoon—A thing cigarettes come in.

Cobblestones—A pavement that people would rather was asphalt than. Food—Something that breakfast cream doesn't taste so good without it, but you use it when you go to use milk and haven't got any.

Door Knob—A thing a revolving door goes around without.

Fern—A plant that you are supposed to water once a day. If you don't it dies, and if you do it does anyway, but not so soon.

The seven ages of a woman—the infant, the little girl, the miss, the young woman, the young woman, the young woman, the young woman.

Forever yours, if and when you catch me.

Pythagoras.

After dinner stories are a specialty of Jacob G. Lipman, dean of the agricultural college at Rutgers University. In one he gave recently in New York, he re-defined persons connected with higher education:

"A professor—Casts imitation pearls before real swine.

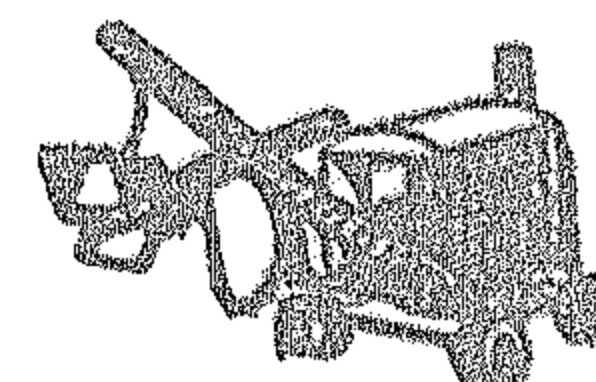
A dean—Not smart enough to be a professor but too smart to be a college president.

A president—Not good enough to be a professor but too good to be a dean.

An alumnus—One who holds the president and faculty responsible for the success of the football team.

A trustee—One who has night-mares about endowments."

The Steam Shovel



Harvey Rothenberg gave a most instructive spiel in "How a Flying Buttress Stays Aloft" during Prof. Harris's morning "Strength Class." He will next explain how to use a worm gear for bait.

Prof. Wolfe has finally found a way to quiet his unruly mob of Schmierns in the one-ten juice class. The first one to open his trap gets slugged with a yard stick. He'd use the "Dunce in the Corner System" but alas, the room has only four corners.

Chuck "Motorboat" Modersohn claims he had a swell time at the junior dance, but said the floor was so slippery he just couldn't dance. Too bad, Chuck, we'll get some sand next time.

Gene Imbur proudly to the front of the senior Industrial Studies class. To read his student speech. He opened his mouth, but nothing came out; he couldn't read his own writing.

H. O. B. couldn't be stopped last Friday night—"I have to hurry to the printers," he said.

Maybe the frosh lost the rush, but they were organized to win, a card sent to one Harry Prestogard:

Please report to me at Armour Square, 1:00 o'clock, Friday, so as to receive further instructions concerning the rush. I will be wearing a No. 9 on my arm.

A Fellow Freshman.

We wonder if Harry didn't report to No. 39 by mistake.

Heidmann and Brown, those wander-juniern, went on a picnic with their fellow A.I.E.E.'s. It seems that they ended up in a girls' outing while their brothers continued on. The femmes all fought over the boys and decided to toss a coin for them. Two brunettes were awarded the "hairy-nails." The poor things lost the toss.

Entrepreneur Tom Cunningham, who studies architecture as a sideline, returned from a weekend trip to New York yesterday—expenses partly paid by Junior Birdmen of America. This organization sponsored a membership drive contest in which each new member pays ten cents for the Junior Birdmen wings and membership card. A few weeks ago 150 of those listed in the Armour directory were surprised to find themselves full-fledged members. Since this trip cost Tom only fifteen dollars, he is saving up for a trip to Evanston next month.

KALEIDOSCOPE

EUTHANASIA

Stifling, close packed density of earth
Pressing, heaped above her useless
eyes.

Six feet shallow to her profound
grave
And mould'ring brain with maggots
for reprieve.

The battery is dead . . .
Electrons flow no more.
From these corroded wires
A hundred relays clicked.
A hundred motors hummed.

. . . The battery is dead.

By these corroded wires
A thousand lights were lit.
A thousand signals buzzed.
. . . And sparks.

. . . The battery is dead.

. . . The current is shut off.
. . . The heat and power stopped.
. . . The relays choked with dust.
. . . The motors stopped by dirt.
. . . The lights are cold and dark.
. . . The signals blank.
. . . And sparks are still.

. . . The battery is dead.

Why they still pour water in
the cells?
Why are the wires still re-spliced?
Why snap switches on and off?
The brain and soul are dead.

Why must the body go on living?
Z. W.