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Is This the Spirit?

Has the real spirit of green caps been lost? From all evidence, the St. Patrick's day brawl was caused by an unjustifiable desire for battle on the part of a minority group of sophomores and freshmen. We do not deny the right of the sophomores to enforce tradition, but scuffles raised to riot proportions are unnecessary, especially on the first day of the enforcement period.

Green caps keep the freshmen together and help to produce class spirit. The same is true for the sophomores in enforcing the rule. The classes, however, must remember that the campus is not suitable for battle scenes, and that someone has been injured almost every time the fights have occurred. Wake up, lower-classmen!

The Relay Games

The ninth annual running of the Armour Tech Relay Games last Saturday went off with the usual style and color as far as the contestants and judges were concerned, but judging from the spectators present, things were quite a bit below expectations.

While the inclement weather that prevailed may have contributed somewhat to the small crowd, it alone could not have been responsible. Most detracting, was the utter lack of support by the study body. It was discouraging to see lack of interest especially when students were admitted with activity cards and Armour was playing host to a galaxy of stars from the Middle West.

Of course it is well to mention these facts, but as yet little has been done to bring about a solution. Since little if anything can be done about the Butler Relays which are run off on the same night, something must be done which will attract stars from far-off schools as well as from those nearby. It is only when we can succeed in attracting these outstanding men and teams that the Armour Relays can ever hope to move into more spacious quarters, where they would prove to be of enormous benefit to Armour, and realization of hopes for those who have worked so hard to make them the most outstanding Relays of the Middle West. All this leads to the carrying of expenses, in part or in whole, by Armour—something which must be done if any of the above hopes are to become realities.

STUDENT OPINION

Men of A.I.T.:

May I preface the real message of this letter by complimenting the new News staff on the excellent paper they have succeeded in putting out so far this semester. The introduction of two new writers on the slipstick has revived the lure of this feature; also the inclusion of the Kaleidoscope so frequently has made the News something more than a list of activities at Armour. Other Campuses in its new, enlarged form, while probably designed as a space filler, presents a very entertaining glimpse of other college activities. Most of all, though, Sidelines, as it appeared last week was a welcome column Reminiscent in style of Pegler, Cobb and Boake Carter, Schriber's column for the first time discussed matters really of interest (witness the qualifications of a good date) and did not attempt to be "At Home Abroad."

Why cannot our paper be organized on lines which will make it more real newspaper and less toy, more news in a well written fashion rather than a poorly put together calendar of weekly events? We see glimmerings of the ability to put out a real professional paper that could give its staff a thorough background in journalism, and yield a newspaper worth the subscription price. As is, the News is considerably better than M.I.T.'s paper and those of many highly touted schools, but anyone will admit that our paper could be made much more attractive by 1, better written stories, the products of better ordered and better planned writing; 2, the inclusion of more features, with an enlarged What the Readers Think, a fixed standard of humor, instead of the present latherheadoff one week and stale gage the next affair; raising the Steam Shovel

from its present high school J. K. loves M. L. status to something slightly more subtle; a general note of sophistication would help to develop the literary appreciation of the readers; some wideawake, pertinent editorials which will provoke some real thought; 3, a larger paper, made possible by more intensive work by assignment editors in finding the news as and before it happens; 4, more careful makeup, with a better thought out arrangement of the stories to relieve the present unvarying face the paper presents; and 5, the inclusion of pictures and cartoons, as these are more readily intelligible to any level of reader.

Granted that these things would improve the paper, two serious objections immediately arise: How are you going to pay for it, since right now the paper just breaks even? and Where are you going to get the men with the time to work on the paper? These two questions are closely related and have a mutual solution.

The reason that a man says he hasn't the time is that he feels he can spend his time more profitably elsewhere, either in something directly productive of money, or in fitting himself to earn it. Then why not make it possible for the News staff to earn a regular salary, say in their junior and senior years, after the training received in the first two years? Surely, they could be persuaded to develop themselves with that inducement and intensive work for two years could certainly fit them to turn out a REAL paper. This is, incidentally, the plan followed at Chicago with the Daily Maroon.

Where is the money going to come from? The money for any paper comes from the advertising. Give our ads the once over. Eighty-five per cent of it is tobacco advertising that appears from the same companies, and appears week after week. There is in existence a fertile field as yet untapped. Live, on the job salesmen of the business department can certainly get ads from downtown department stores, men's clothing and haberdashery stores for a paper in a man's school, with an enrollment of 900 fellows who must wear clothes and who, if they can pay \$500 a year for the schooling certainly are able to buy clothing frequently, and do, for that matter. Other leads are given by ads in other papers, leads to stores already sold on the idea of advertising in school papers. Already a substantial commission is offered, but little new advertising appears.

Do you want a real newspaper, as radical as the Tribune, as dignified as the News, as backbiting as Hearst's papers, as impartial as the Times? Do you want an opportunity for a real practical training in newspaper work, which lets you earn as you learn? Do you want an ARMOUR NEWS worth \$2 a year (30 issues)? You can have these things—and if you read this you'll know how.

When a man bites a dog that's news, but when Zazu bites cecay, that's the ARMOUR NEWS. Long may it live. G. Iam Areader.

More on the Court

As a sidelight on Mr. S. Finnegan's remarks last week, I should like to ask how many here know (or think they do) something of the conditions surrounding the constitution's "assemblers"? In those days of trial, mistrust, and war-weariness, the founders of this nation merely reflected the note of their times.

In their ternary system of government, the founders merely tried to prevent injustice, according to their lights. Now, we have different ideas of speed, justice, slavery, and property. The Constitution, being only a "bundle of compromises," firmly established the rights of property over life; witness several conditions upholding slavery. As times changed, ideas changed, and these changes were reflected in the strife of the War between the States, and the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments.

Today, times are still changing, and one man has been selected as the symbol of that change. People as a whole desire a change improving the rights of life and liberty over the rights of property and money. As the symbol of that opinion, the President is attacked. While the question of the fairness of the attack can be argued for days, the real question goes unanswered. Can the hands of the dead help the living, or should the living help themselves?

M. L. Dannis.

THE MAIL BOX

Dear Aunt Lulu:

HOW many nights a week may an engineering student go out, and what time should he come in every night?

ANSWER: If the average student went out only on a Saturday evening with his sweetie and spent the rest of the week in earnest—writing reports, deriving equations, etc., for the next class session, his standing in scholarship would be greatly improved. But, if he takes her to a dance Saturday, a show Sunday, and dreams about her the rest of the week when he should, in reality, be concentrating on up and coming quizzes, things begin to look bad!

WHAT would happen if one got out of phase with the fireman in the boiler room when he is shoveling coal?

ANSWER: If you break the rhythm and escape from being thrown into the furnace, the best thing I can suggest is to head for the nearest bathtub. (There are plenty behind Chapin Hall.)

WHATEVER becomes of the detailed financial reports of our dances?

ANSWER: According to a statement by the chairman of the junior class, Stan Healy, a report is turned in to the class treasurer and the information can be obtained from him.

WHY did Healy get such a haircut?

ANSWER: I asked Healy the other day and he claims that in some colleges and universities students consider it a custom, and the closest he could get to the Harvard atmosphere was the haircut. (Personally I think as a result of the junior formal, he had to balance the budget.)

The Slipstick

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

Ho hub! Sprig is here again. Dog-god it. Just as we were getting over last year's prologged case of sprig fever, it has to start all over again.

(This dab code is getting od by derves.) Oh well, I guess we'll just have to face the situation with our usual philosophical calb. But edough of this silly-hallyig. We have great treats id store for you. We have cobedy, we have busic (dab this code), we have draba, we have fleas. Od with the show!!

SPRING POEM NO. 242173-A

(The sponsors of spring)

Now morning, blue and golden, falls
On Bloch and Finkel overalls;
Incaunadines with bold advance
The front of Goldblatt's kiddie pants,
And stoops to sample with a kiss
The truth of Colgate Dentifrice.
Her lovely mouth all redolent
Of Listerine and Pepsodent.
At last her onyx footfalls come
To Lucky Strike and Wrigley's gum,
Where weeping, she will view the wreck
Of what was once called Armour
Tech.

Adapted from Hoffenstein.

The Clarkson Integrator gives us this:

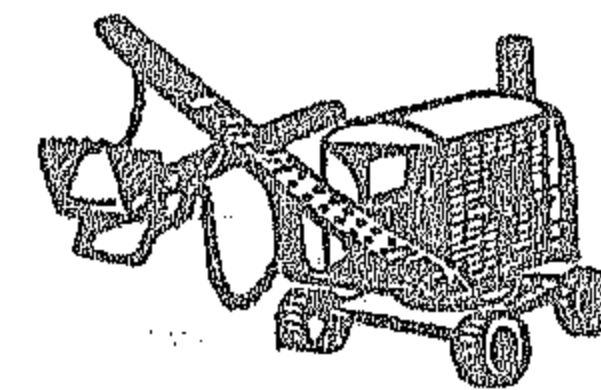
Little Audrey had a baby, but she just laughed and laughed. She knew Jergen's lotion would take the chap off her hands!

And now MOR-FEEN, professor of lethargy, will give you a few words of timely advice on "How to keep awake during lecture." Follow these instructions closely, and you will be sure to succeed.

1. A very good way of retaining interest in a dull lecture is to note the favorite expressions of the professor, and keep score. An interesting variation is to take the two leading phrases, and run a contest. Of course, gambling on the outcome is taboo. It might help keep the morale, but it brings in an undesirable tinge of professionalism.

2. Try counting wolves jumping over a fence. If sheep counting will put you to sleep, then counting wolves should keep you awake. If you should spot Eejay trying to make the jump, it counts ten points extra. No score is given for wolves crawl-

THE STEAM SHOVEL



Jack "Free-Shot" O'Connell is determined that the name O'Connell shall not perish from the annals of the ball and the ring game. "My first kid is going to be a basketball player. I'm going to set up a hoop on his crib, give him a rubber ball, and he's going to fire away until he can sink 'em from all parts of the circle." Them's ambitious words, but Jack is an ambitious hombre, and maybe some day we may even see an all-O'Connell five!

Paul Reh—the dignified senior—is as soft as fried ice-cream as far as the fair sex is concerned. So, when one of those Normal gals wanted some drawings colored on the Normalite train the other morning, he just squatted down on the floor and did a nice crayon job indeed.

Wanted by B. K. Brown: to exchange—one 5 foot 1 inch brunette for a 5 foot 11 inch blond (redheads not eligible for exchange). Must not be very particular about her escort's character, etc. If you've ever tried dancing cheek-to-cheek with a girl a foot shorter than yourself, you can see his difficulty. Of course, you can always rest your chin on the top of her head!

*Too inexperienced for redheads yet. Reserve for next trade.

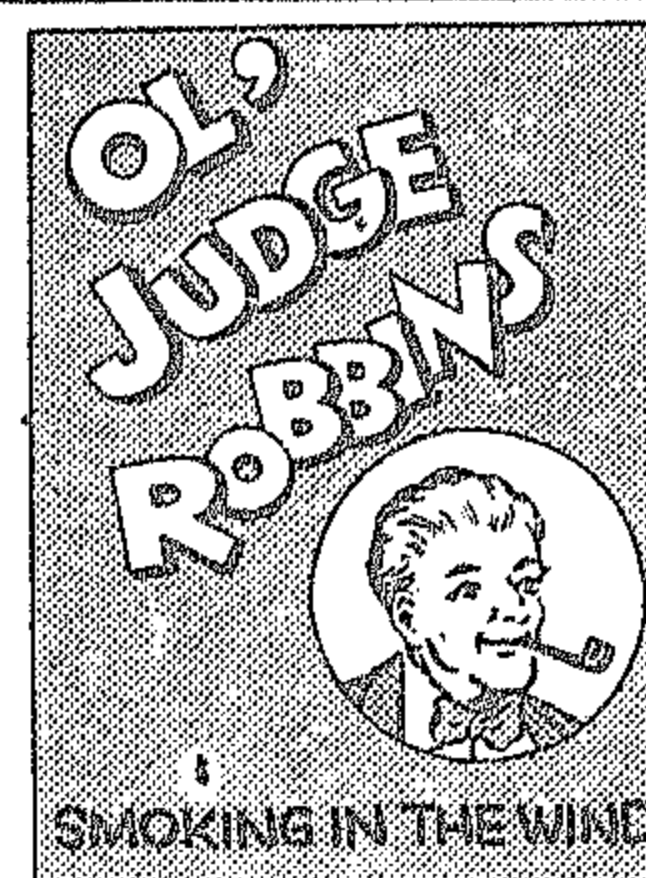
ing under the fence. That's cheating.

3. If you have a good imagination, see what you can visualize in the prof's blackboard scrawl. It is very diverting to see how many pictures like battleships, landscapes, animals, etc., you can make out of the haphazard lines.

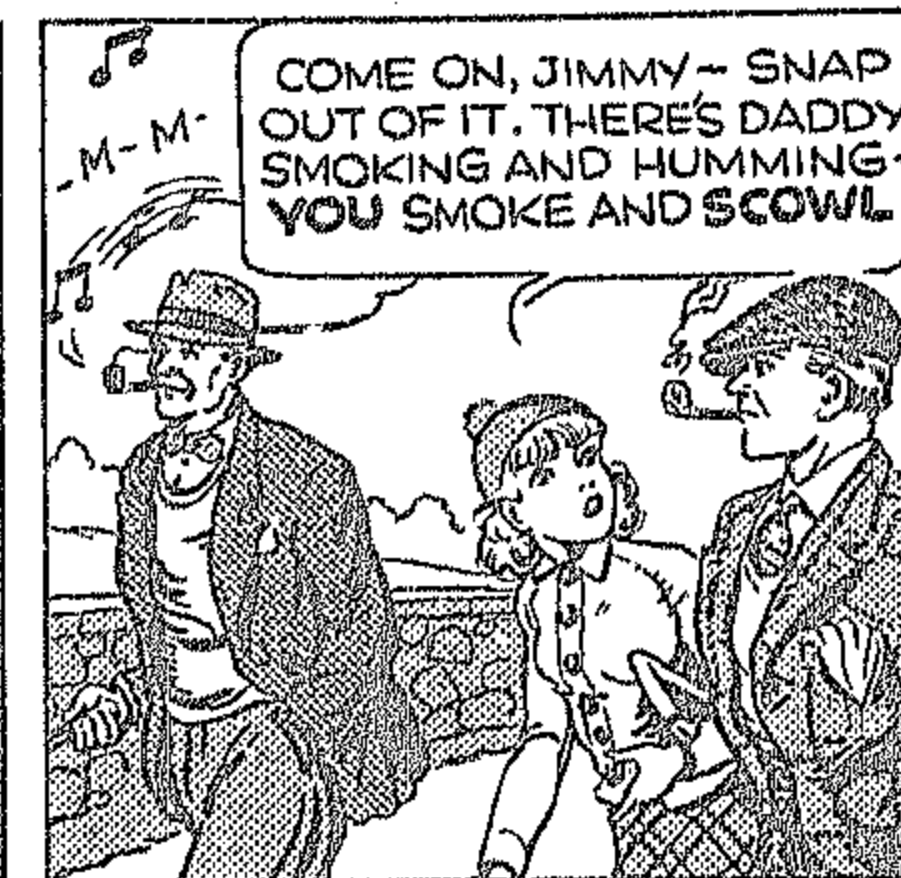
4. Try going to bed nights.

Hark to the cries
Of pain so shrill.
There's a sit-down strike
In the old tack mill!!!
(Stolen)

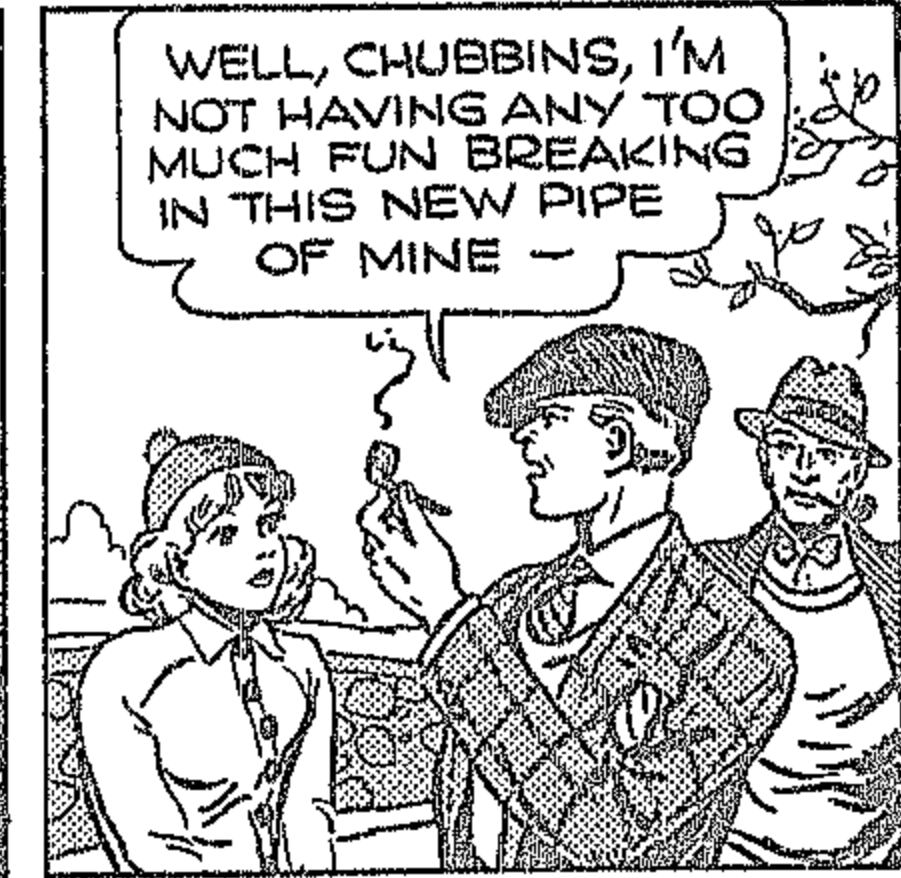
I love me, I think I'm grand,
I go to the show just to hold my hand.
I put my arm around my waist,
When I get fresh, I slap my face.
And that's ZAZU.
MOR-FEEN.



SMOKING IN THE WIND



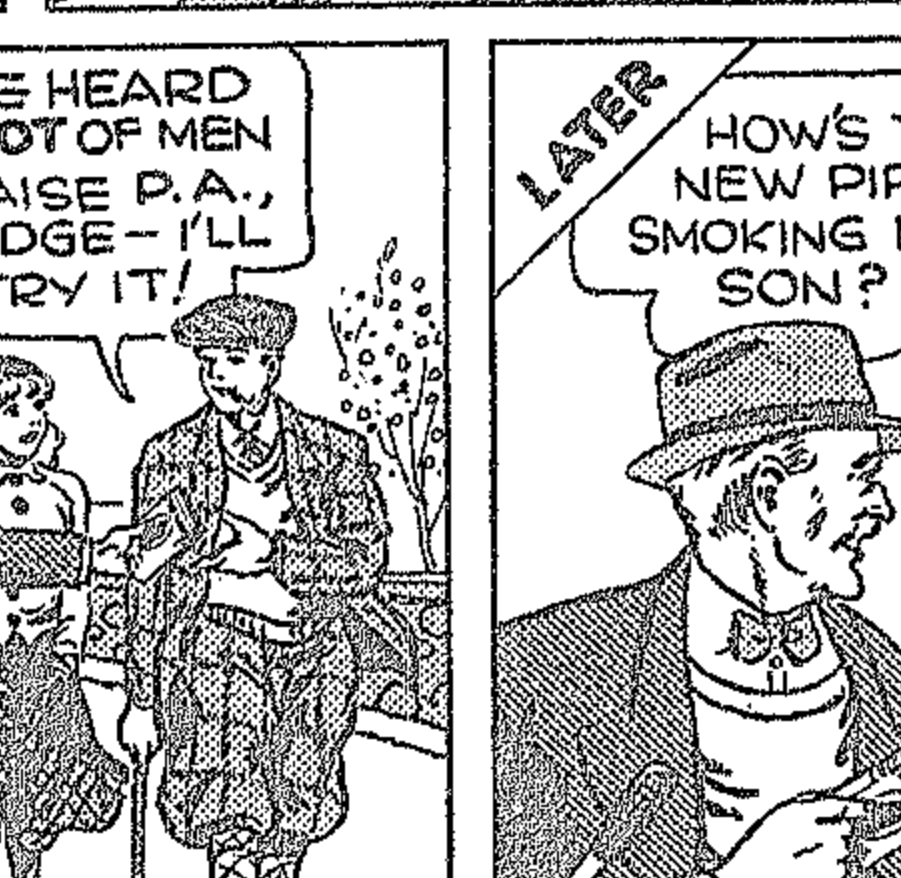
COME ON, JIMMY—SNAP OUT OF IT. THERE'S DADDY SMOKING AND HUMMING—YOU SMOKE AND SCOWL.



WELL, CHUBBINS, I'M NOT HAVING ANY TOO MUCH FUN BREAKING IN THIS NEW PIPE OF MINE—



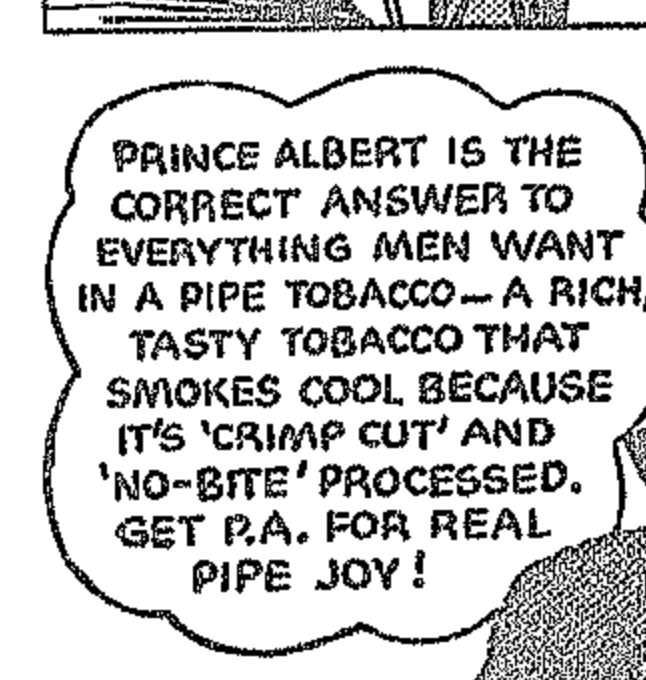
HERE, TRY SOME NO-BITE TOBACCO—MY FAVORITE, PRINCE ALBERT!



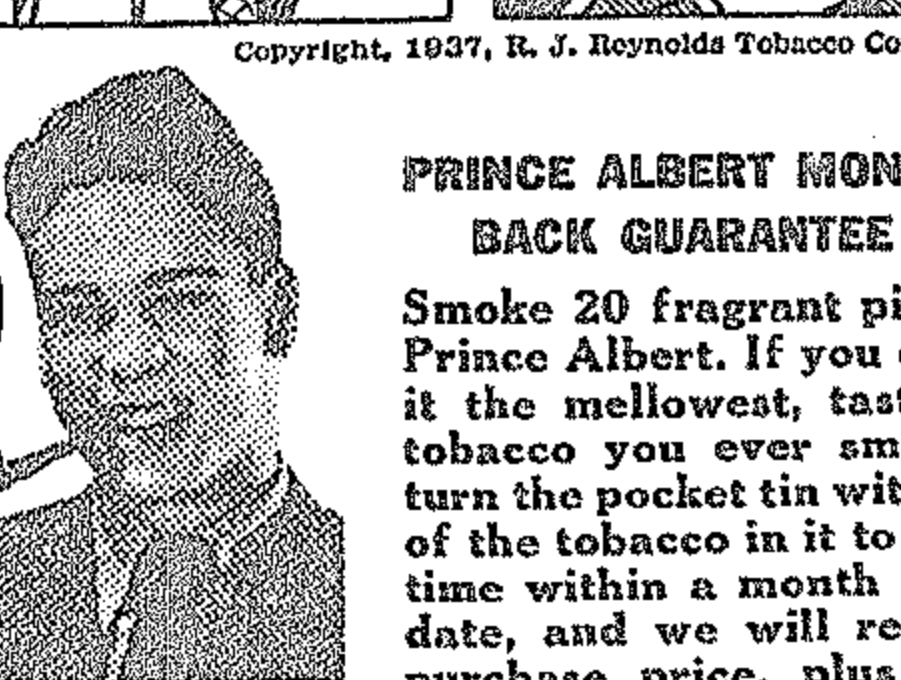
I'VE HEARD A LOT OF MEN PRAISE P.A., JUDGE—I'LL TRY IT!



LATER HOW'S THE NEW PIPE SMOKING NOW, SON?



GREAT! ALL I HAVE TO SAY IS PRINCE ALBERT IS THE SMOOTHEST, MILDEST, AND TASTIEST TOBACCO I EVER SMOKED IN ANY PIPE!



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 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.

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

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

