

SPHINX

March 4th, 1907, saw the installation of the second honorary society at Armour Tech. On this date a group of the executive staff members of the Fulcrum and the Integral formed what is known as Sphinx. As outlined by H. Ralph Badger, founder and first president of Sphinx, the fraternity was formed for the purpose of fostering and promoting publication work and to serve as an honor society for services rendered to the Institute through its publications.

Publications existing at Armour at the time of the founding of Sphinx were the "Fulcrum," a monthly publication, and the "Integral," the college annual. In 1909, the "Armour Engineer" was established through the work of Sphinx. Six years later, in 1915, it was found advisable to discontinue the "Fulcrum" because of the overlapping material of the "Armour Engineer."

In 1913 the name of the college annual, the "Cycle" was adopted instead of the former title, the "Integral." Twelve years later the entire management of the "Cycle" was revised by the initiative of Sphinx.

February 28, 1928, Sphinx passed a resolution that there should be established at Armour a weekly or bi-weekly newspaper. This proposal was backed by an appropriation of forty-five dollars to cover the expense of the first issue of the paper.

Thus the story of Sphinx and the publications is synonymous. Senior and junior students who hold a position on the staff of recognized publications and who have performed meritorious service are eligible to membership. The pledge ribbon is black and yellow.

Distracted Thoughts, or Campus Ramblings

Last week's editorial on the new civil engineering department "lounge" seems to have been somewhat in error, for the space is a museum to be used as a display room for structural exhibits. The room will also be used temporarily as a meeting place for the W.S.E.

So the problem of a lounge for students is no nearer solution than before. It has been suggested that the whole of Armour Mission be converted into lounge and luncheon space for students. Such a move would be met by opposition from no one, were it not for the incidental problems brought up.

One problem which can not be ignored is the cost of providing even a passable remodeling. It has been estimated that the cost would be at least \$25,000.

Another difficulty is the re-location of the civil drafting room and other classrooms in the building. The drafting room can not be moved to the fourth floor of Chapin Hall because of Building Code regulations which demand wider stairs in order that classrooms be located on the upper stories.

Next week the NEWS will launch a campaign which it hopes will be carried on to the alumni by the ENGINEER AND ALUMNUS. Student enthusiasm will be sounded by willingness to support financially a subscription drive.

Next Saturday afternoon the first joint assembly of the evening and day school divisions will be

Vol. XX. NOVEMBER 2, 1937 No. 7

Armour Tech News

Student Publication of the
ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Published Weekly During the College Year

1936 Member 1937

Associated Collegiate Press

\$2.00 Per Year Single Copies, 10 Cents Each

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held. The speaker should be interesting and the purpose deserves our support . . .

A student letter written by two men admittedly in the sophomore political coup appears in the adjoining column. However serious the problem may seem, we are sure that the dictatorship will not have dissenters shot at dawn.

Spring weather last week drew the fighting spirit out when some enterprising sophomores depantsed negligent freshmen and when the more subtle removed would-be mustaches. Supposedly, depanting is obsolete by order of the Dean. A victim of the subtle ones comments in a front page feature on the rabble's hate of the individualist.

Several times, the NEWS editorial board has been classed as conservative. To the dictionary meaning, we might describe a conservative as one who thinks before writing and then thinks a little more before putting his thoughts in print.

It Was a Farce

As participants in the recent sophomore elections, we feel qualified to voice opinions which are held by others in the class of '40. Briefly, the elections were mere farces. Casting no aspersions on the newly elected officers, it can be safely said that the most voters were influenced in making selections without thought as to the candidates' ability, intelligence, and personality. The blame for this situation cannot be laid at any particular door, since all "factions" were guilty.

The so-called "hostilities" between fraternity and non-fraternity men, between rival fraternities, and even clashes in the departments were among the high lights of last week. Now, it is generally believed that a college sophomore should be able to think with tolerance, without prejudice, and with an eye toward real value. Instead, friends were converted into enemies, the names of good men were slandered, departments were pitted against departments, until a distinctly unwholesome situation was evolved.

The election is now a part of the past. Let us forget it completely! We, a fraternity and non-fraternity man belonging to different departments, appeal to the class as a whole to discard their petty differences, to acquire a little tolerance, and to be worthy college men. If this is done, the class of '40 will gain immeasurably in prestige and good will.

B. R. Sternfeld
J. R. Meyer

Library Courtesy

As an arrival to Armour this semester from another college, the writer has been struck by the fact that there is an almost complete lack of library courtesy.

This is an engineering school of highest degree, with students who want to concentrate, so it is strange that men who are preparing for one of the hardest careers should have so little regard for "the other fellow." Students should come to the library to avail themselves of the thousands of fine books and periodicals, or to study.

WHY is it that a large percentage of the students come to this room, where silence should be observed, with the intent of talking over last night's big doings, or to slam their books on the table where other students are trying to study, jostle the table, shove others' books, and in various ways be discourteous and an ANNOYANCE to other fellows?

A. H.

Fraternity Notes

Clean up and decoration in the morning and a Hal-lowe'en dance in the evening was the general program for last Saturday at the fraternities. Some of the houses are planning costume affairs, and others are making the dance a pledge dance.

Sigma Alpha Mu is planning a dance for the pledges for Saturday night, November 13. Bob Abrahamson, who is in charge of the affair, promises a novel program.

Triangle announces the initiation of James Wideman, Co-op. '40, and Thomas Green, Ch. E. '38; Rho Delta Rho the initiation of Jack Cohen, Leon Epstein, Joe Heller, Louis Jacobs, Julius Mirotnic, and Sam Spencer; and Pi Kappa Phi the initiation of two former Beta Psi men, W. Mullins and J. Huellert. The Triangle initiation banquet was held at the Bismarck, where Brother Weiss in particular enjoyed the Walnut Room floor show.

Mothers' clubs are becoming active again at many of the fraternities. The Pi Kappa Phi mothers' club enjoyed a tour through the Campbell Soup company plant last Monday and their mothers and fathers' club held a tea on Sunday. The Phi Pi Phi mothers' club had a meeting last Friday and planned a tea for the mothers of the pledges for next Sunday afternoon.

Pledge activities are "banging" right along at the different houses, to use a term of the T X scribe. It is reported that the cooperages in the vicinity have discontinued putting hoops around their staves, other uses having been found for the staves.

The touchball elimination tournament has got under way, Rho Delta Rho's strong men having defeated Phi Kappa Sigma in a twilight game, and with Sigma Alpha Mu taking Theta Xi. Phi Pi Phi and Pi Kappa Phi tangled last night, leaving the Delta Tau Delta-Triangle game to be played.

The Armour chapter of Triangle points with pride to the late heroism of Howard R. Coyle so aptly displayed in the recent catastrophe in the "P" chem lab. It seems that there was a fire. Coyle dashed to the fire extinguisher box and smote the glass right lustily with the instrument therefore provided. This proving of no avail, our hero bludgeoned it with his clenched fist, the glass broke, and the fist suffered minor abrasions. Grabbing the fire extinguisher, the wounded hero dashed to the scene of combustion. Luckily, the fire had already died out for lack of fuel since the extinguisher failed to function.

The Slipstick

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

A few weeks ago this column announced a contest offering a position on the slipstick staff to the winner. After reading some of the entries things looked so bad that we were forced to put Eejay back to work. After reading Eejay, the taste of tar covered with mustard parched our palate, so . . . we once more reincarnate that piece of wit, Zazu who is me. For the sake of argument I will give you a few of the jokes taken from the entries and, thus, justify my re-employment.

A more rustic hopeful threw us this bit of slime.

Frosh (to Soph)—Hello, old pal, how do you find it here?

Soph—Walk right downstairs and then two doors to the right.

To be even more obnoxious, one soph chemical included this little, jingle in his column, (frosh—please do not read it. It is unclear.)

Mary had a little lamu,
Boy, was the doctor surprised.

Phoney Phonetics: Effervescent enuf covers on the bed, your fiddlesticks out.

So you see, dear reader, why Eejay and I are back again. Our policy will be,

Not to use joke books older than five years at least.

2. To make you laff. Ha . . .

3. To take the freshman minds out of the filth and make them conscious of the existence of clean, wholesome, good humor.

4. To make you laff. Ha . . .

5. To answer any question of importance that may puzzle you. Drop it in the News Box in the Main Lobby.

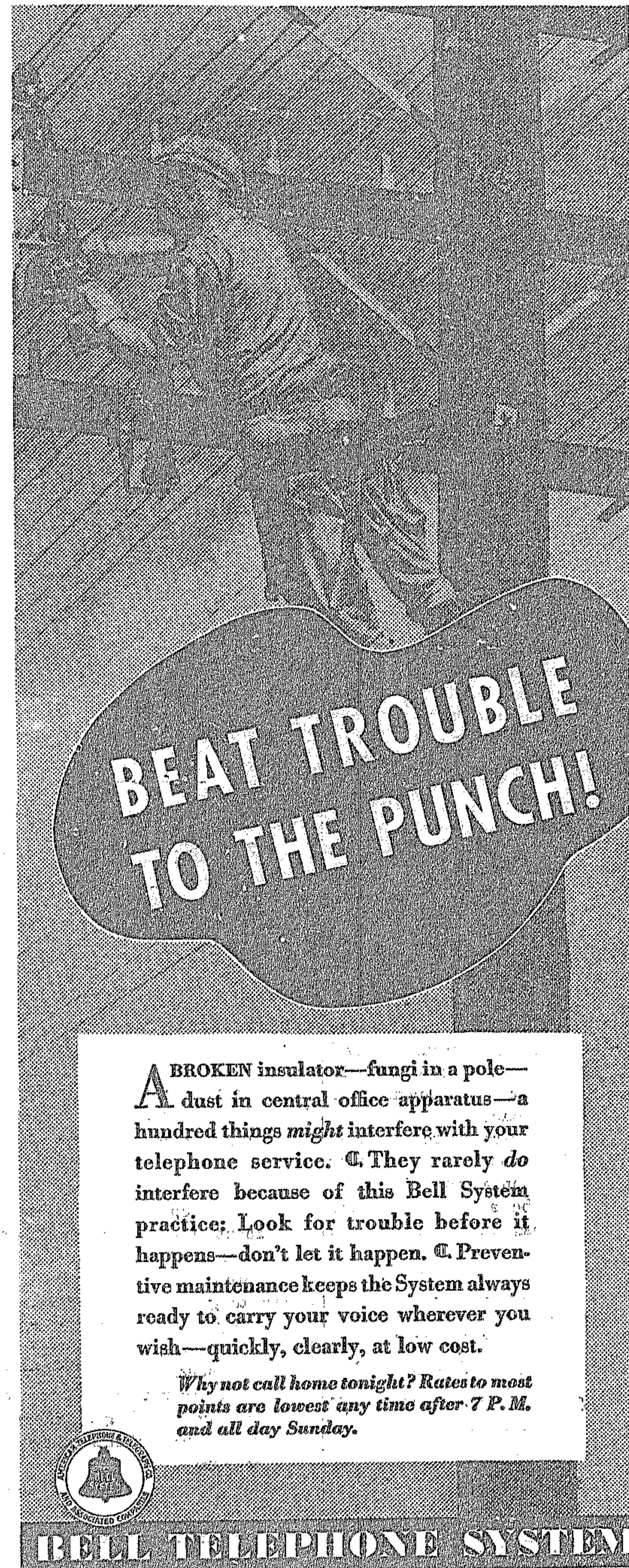
6. To make you laff. Ha . . .

So you see, what we really want to do is make you laff. Before closing, let me give you a sample of what to expect from us.

He: Who was that lady I saw you with last night?

Other He: That was no lady, that was my wife.

That is good, clean, wholesome humor. So now I close the column to go hide in some dark closet and read those censored jokes from the "contribs." They're the stuff, especially the one about the traveling salesman. . . . ZAZU



BEAT TROUBLE TO THE PUNCH!

A BROKEN insulator—fungi in a pole—dust in central office apparatus—a hundred things *might* interfere with your telephone service. **They rarely do** interfere because of this Bell System practice: Look for trouble before it happens—don't let it happen. **Preventive maintenance keeps the System always ready to carry your voice wherever you wish—quickly, clearly, at low cost.**

Why not call home tonight? Rates to most points are lowest any time after 7 P. M. and all day Sunday.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



OLD JUDGE ROBBINS
IN CALIFORNIA

AH, THERE, CHARLES, BUYING A NEW PIPE?

NOT ONLY THAT, JUDGE, BUT MY FIRST PIPE, AND I'M GETTING AN INEXPENSIVE CORN-COB IF I DON'T MAKE A GO OF PIPE SMOKING I WON'T BE OUT MUCH. WHAT TOBACCO WOULD YOU RECOMMEND SIR?

THAT'S EASY, SON—THE SUREST GUARANTEE OF A THOROUGHLY SATISFYING SMOKE IS PRINCE ALBERT. I THINK THE PROPRIETOR WILL AGREE TO THAT.

IS IT REALLY SO GOOD?

THE JUDGE IS RIGHT—RUNNING A STORE IN AN AUTO CAMP AS I DO, I SELL TOBACCO TO MOTORISTS FROM 48 STATES, AND PRINCE ALBERT IS MY LARGEST-SELLING BRAND.

I'LL TRY A TIN!

GOSH, IF I'D KNOWN PRINCE ALBERT WAS THIS MILD AND GOOD-TASTING I'D HAVE GOT IN ON IT LONG AGO.

IF EVERY PIPE-SMOKER WOULD START WITH PRINCE ALBERT, BE A LOT MORE STEADY PIPE-SMOKERS IN THIS WORLD.

REMEMBER—YOU'RE SMOKING A PIPE FOR PLEASURE. NATURALLY, YOU WANT THE EXTRA ENJOYMENT OF PRINCE ALBERT'S NO-BITE MILDNESS AND FULL, RICH TASTE

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 Co., Winston-Salem, N.C.

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