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Post Mortem on Junior Week

The week is past—the sophs eked out their victory over the frosh, the faculty took their last licks at the seniors in the faculty-senior baseball game; and all the other time-honored events became history for this year. But while it is still fresh in our minds, let us decide on the future of Junior Week, now, before someone else decides for us.

The alternatives are: to let it remain in its present abbreviated form; extend it back to a full week; or discard it altogether. Before attempting an answer to so momentous an issue it would be best

to find out exactly what purposes Junior Week serves.

It really isn't so heinous a crime for a student to stay home resting or doing back work during Junior Week instead of running around Ogden Field in some pre-arranged Junior Week event. After all, isn't it the purpose of Junior Week to provide a period of relaxation before the final examinations? If the student finds his relaxation by staying home resting up from a semester of intensive studying, Junior Week has accomplished its purpose, for him at least.

Most students, however, obtain the necessary surcease from work by cutting loose from restraint, vigorously participating in class rivalries and competitions on the athletic field. It is for these that the main bulk of the Junior Week program is built.

Finally there are those students who find home too dull and yet participation too vigorous. They form the main body of spectators. The Junior Week "breathing spell" is as necessary to them as it is to the other students.

At any rate, it cannot be denied that Junior Week is an essential part of the school year. To lose it next year would wreck havoc on student morale and student grades.

Recently we went on record as being against this "three day week." We still are. We are against it principally for three reasons: first, because too many students stayed home due to the complete dismissal of classes; second, because that feeling of being rushed which haunts some of us all during the school year was still with us during this Junior Week due to its shortness; and third, because too many of the events of the former Junior Weeks were discarded. We are against the complete dismissal of classes, because much of the incentive to come to school during the week (even if only to cut the classes) is lost.

The only way in which the student body can bring about a return to the old Junior Week is by letting the school know how they feel about it. We will be glad to print any letter on this subject in our "Mailbox."

Stoopbrain Greases Beerd So No Wise Guy Could Pull It

Dear Sally:

As quarterwit Halfbrain, Senator from the state of Ignorance wonce sed to the Senate, wen questioned as tew why hea had hiz socks terned inside owt, quote—"my feet were burning, so I terned the hose on them, unquote, deer Sally, and I hope yew owr the same.

If yew thot that I had a tuff tyme laste weak at open howse, yew shuld hav sean mea laste Fridaye, wen the pei-eating contest an freshman, sofmore rush were held. After that, I kant whaite till I get hoam tew deer olde Hard Gulch vally, in those deer olde mowtains bak hoam. I maid six falze starts in the pei-eating contest—itch tyme sum wise guy firing the gun and mea thinking it were the starte. In thiz way I ate fore peis befour the contest begun, and bye that tyme I was so ful that the winnah walked, or shuld I say "ate away withe the trophy."

Greese on My Beerd

Next kame the freshmen sofmore rush, and oh boy, I put greese an inch thick on mye beerd so that know wise guy culd pull it. I hadent figured on it getting an egg shampoo, however, and woulnot hav minded exsept that the eggs were slightly odorerus, like the wons I tolde yew about laste weak. Only these eggs were older yet. In fact, in the heet of mye beerd, wear they had landed, threa eggs hatched into little chiks. Newsreel camera men wir there, but I didn't look quite my best, withe greese on my beerd, and straw in mye hare, minus my pantz and missing my shoes. However, I mite get a screen offer to play a charactor tipe. Anywaz the sofs won, as usual, and a bige snake danze waz held. There waz a suspishon that the frosh thot they were worms.

Waz It Swell

Fridaye nite waz the fiting klimax to it awl. The annual junior informal, and oh, baby waz it fun. Deer Sally, I don't want tew make yew jellous or anything, beakause yew are still the fuzz on mye peeches, but I hade a swell girl—the same won with wich I registered 120 and tops on the kissometer at Open house. Shea waz a honey, and reminded mea that wonce agin the birds were fluttering threw the trea-tops, floterring frum bow to bow, and that soft breezes were whispering threw the goldenrod and ragweed. And the waye shea danzed, I hav never befour ben able tew ride a wommins feat like I rode hers. Wen kissing

Primary A.T.S.A. Election Today; Run-off Friday

The nominating committee of the Armour Tech Student Association under the chairmanship of R. Vandekieft has made the following nominations for the elective offices of the A. T. S. A. For first vice-president—C. DeMent, L. Norkus, D. Sunde, and E. Worcester. For second vice-president—T. Collier, P. Henriksen, E. Loutzenheiser, and T. Yeakle. For secretary—D. Mackey, J. Meyer, F. Opila, and W. Yeager.

The primary takes place today from 9:30 to 2:15 in the first floor lobby of the main building. The run-off held next Friday. The present officers of the A. T. S. A. will conduct the election and act as judges.

According to the A. T. S. A. constitution, there must be at least two candidates for the elective offices, but the nominating committee has instituted a policy of nominating four men to make a wider choice possible.

There is no election for president at any time, since the first vice-president of each year, a junior, assumes the presidency in his senior year, as provided in the A. T. S. A. constitution. Accordingly, R. Vandekieft, the present first vice-president, will be president next year. The other candidates are selected so that the first vice-president and the secretary are juniors during their term in office while the second vice-president is a senior.

The nominating committee, who has made the selections, was composed of R. Vandekieft, chairman by virtue of his first vice-presidency of the A. T. S. A. as provided by the constitution, W. Chelgren, E. F. Wagner, W. Kruse, P. Henriksen, E. Worcester, and R. Graham. The committee was appointed by the president of the A. T. S. A., C. Dunbar.

her, it reminded mea of a collie at the north pole—they were bothe so doggone nice.

Wel, Sally, it won't bea long long till summers hear agin, and final exams start sune. That means I wil hav tew get down tew work. Wel, as the girl wonce sed tew her Mother. quote—he proposed tew mea, but heas an atheist and doesnt beleave in hell, mother replied—marry him, my dawter, and between us we will convince him that heas rong, unquote, and hope yewre the same.

Yures,
 Stoopbrain Bliss.

OPEN HOUSE—

(Continued from page one)

Going down another floor to the electrical lab, there were several feature attractions. The main event was, of course, the "Kiss-o-meter." Nearby was the cathode ray oscillograph and the five meter amateur short wave station. In another part of the room was a dial phone exchange on which the visitor could dial to turn on a lamp, vacuum cleaner or ozonator. The case had been removed from the working parts so that all the workings of the dial exchange could be followed easily. At the other end of the hall there were the television phone booths, another of the more interesting of the juice exhibits.

Descending to the library, there were the displays of Prof. Spencer's mathematics models and the camera club picture salon. Several interesting portraits were shown by Professors Hammett and Hennings, and students Grunwald and Mehlinger. The quality of the work showed what the Armour students can do and portrayed the keen interest that some engineers have in the things outside of slide rules and handbooks.

Great Interest in Tesla Coil

Taking a stroll across the street, the huge 1,500,000 volt Tesla coil was in active operation. The effectiveness of this display was somewhat reduced because of excessive moisture in the air, causing a large corona loss, but the crackle of the four-foot gap satisfied all comers. Taking a turn south to the physics lab, there were many interesting exhibits in operation. The action of gyroscopes, momentum balls, and electric phenomena were all on view. Bernoulli's theorem for gases showed the Flettner rotor ship, a ball suspended in space by an air jet, and the action of a pitchers curve ball. Electrostatic phenomena, lightning, the Cottrell smoke reducer and electroscopes were all shown by means of the large Wimshurst static machine.

Charley Eulo had great fun freezing gold fish in his liquid air exhibit, and then bringing them back to life again. The fish got a bit woozy after several freezings but managed to last out the evening in good shape. Next to the liquid air demonstration was the ultra short wave reflector, operated by Nader, Ryan and Dahl. They showed the properties of radio waves that enable them to be reflected in a manner similar to the action of light waves.

Farther on were the light exhibits. Kohn and Abrahamson had a very interesting set up of the stroboscope while Ray Dodge had a color action demonstration.

The Slipstick

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

The prodigal son has returned with "B. O.," halitosis, and stolen jokes. Perry: "Did you ever hear the joke about the Egyptian guide who showed a group of tourists, two skulls of Tutan-Khamen, one when he was a boy and the other when he was a man."

Natinchek: — (censored).

Frankenstein: "How will I know if you get to the dance first?"
 Bride of Frankenstein: "If I get there first I'll mark a cross on the door; if you get there first erase it."

Then there was Petri's girl friend who sat in so many parked cars on the highway they put her on the road map. (Apologies to Burns.)

Toiler: "Just one kiss, dearest."
 Tillie: "No, dear, we haven't time. My father comes home in an hour."

After reading the censored contribution, we asked the donor if he was troubled by improper thoughts. The reply:

"Naw, I enjoy them."

We were going to print the names of the seniors who were thinking of picking up a ball and chain in June. We have now decided to print the name of the senior who plans to enjoy himself, if we can ever find him.

Love Tip

If your girl is as good as the day is long, see her after dark

Dumbell Pome

They were strolling by the lapping water,
 He with old Hank Perkins' daughter.
 In her mind she wondered if she oughter
 Let the matter drop or fix her fall-ing garter.

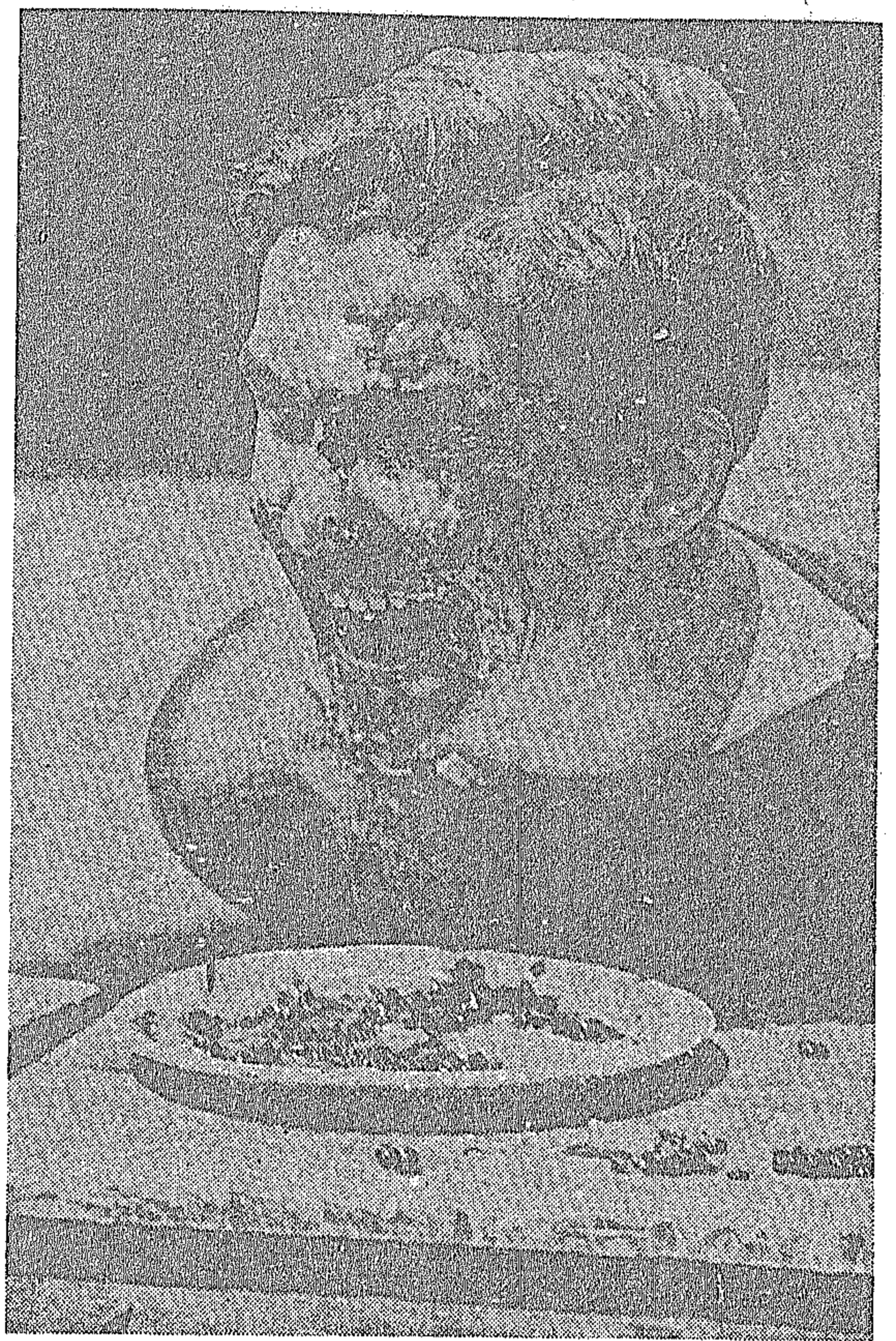
Teacher: "Now, if I lay five eggs here and three eggs there, how many eggs will I have altogether?"
 Jimmy: "I don't believe you can do it."

This may not be the Wake of the News but it is a graveyard of jokes.

If gold is where you put it, where is silver?

Yours till you catch me,
 Ozone of the Ozarks.

The Winner!



Bob Jaffee, winner in pie eating contest which featured class rush day yesterday at Armour Tech.

(TRIBUNE Photo.)

CIRCUS DAY—

(Continued from page one)

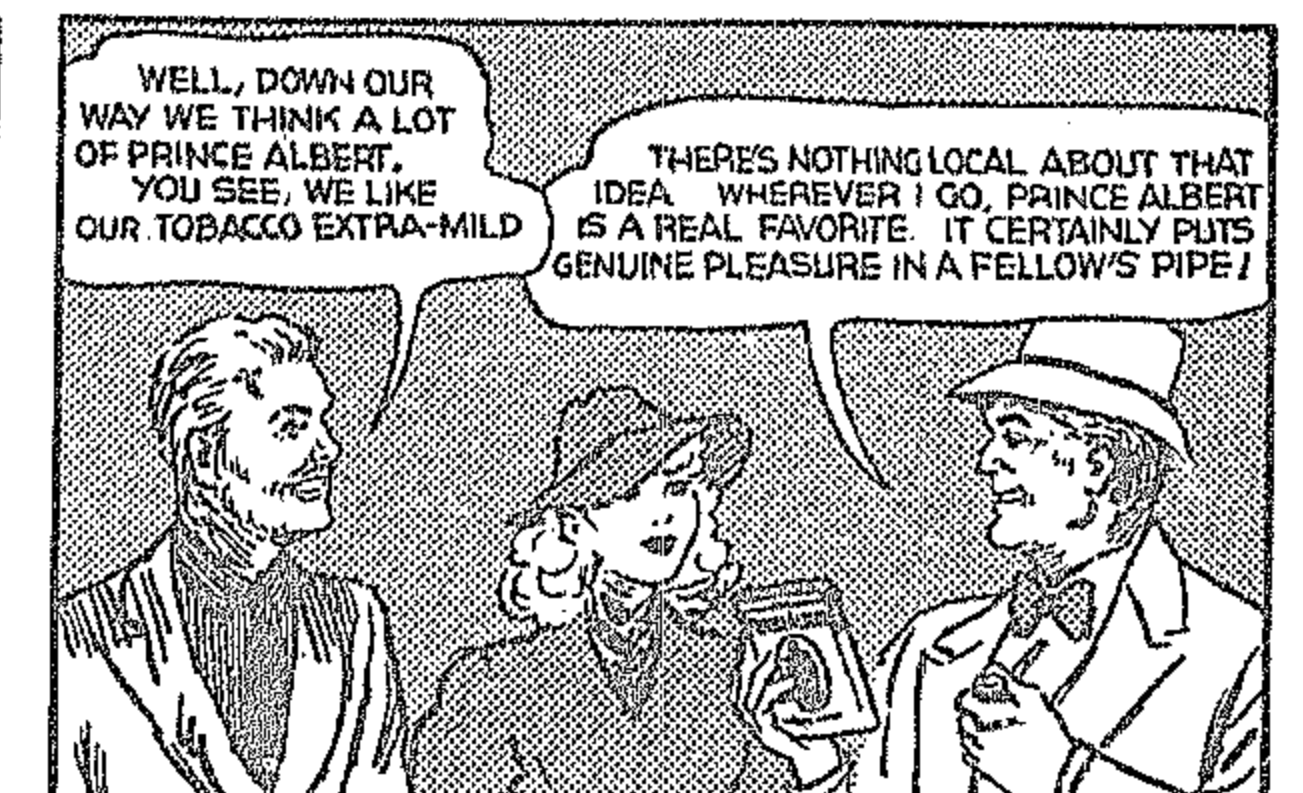
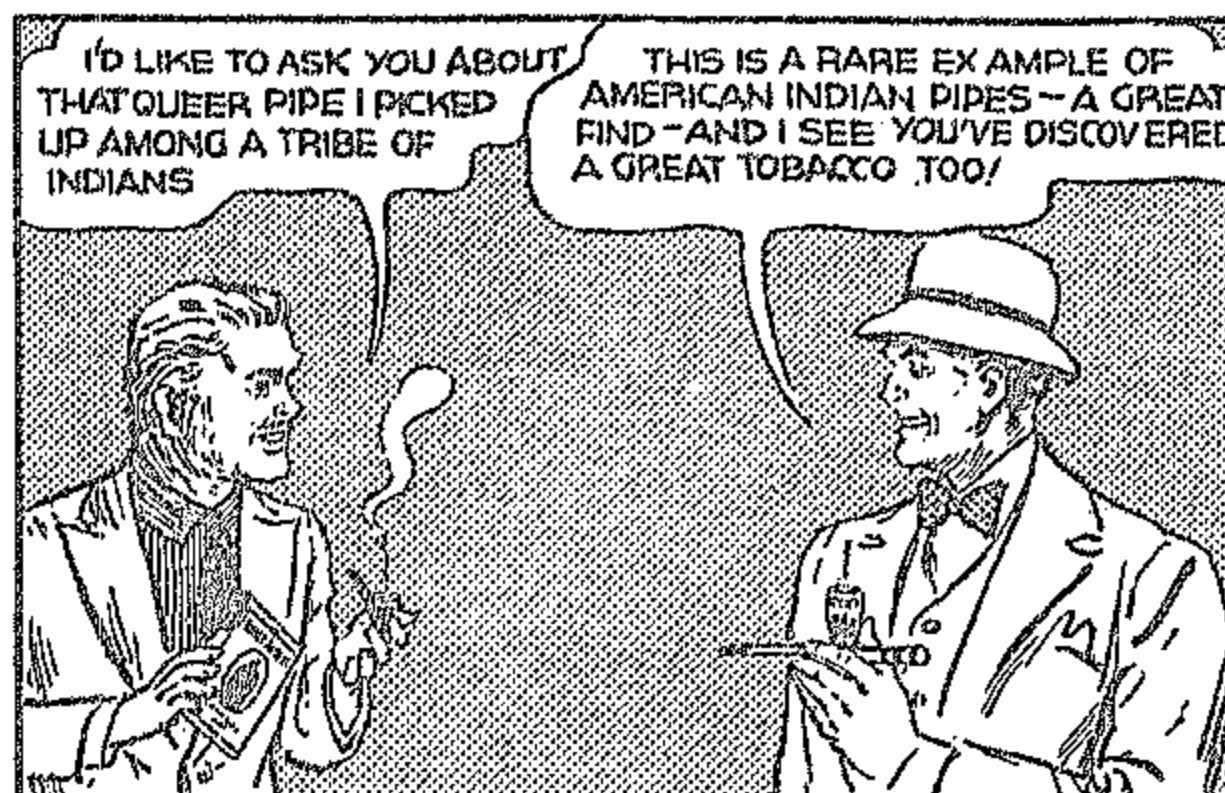
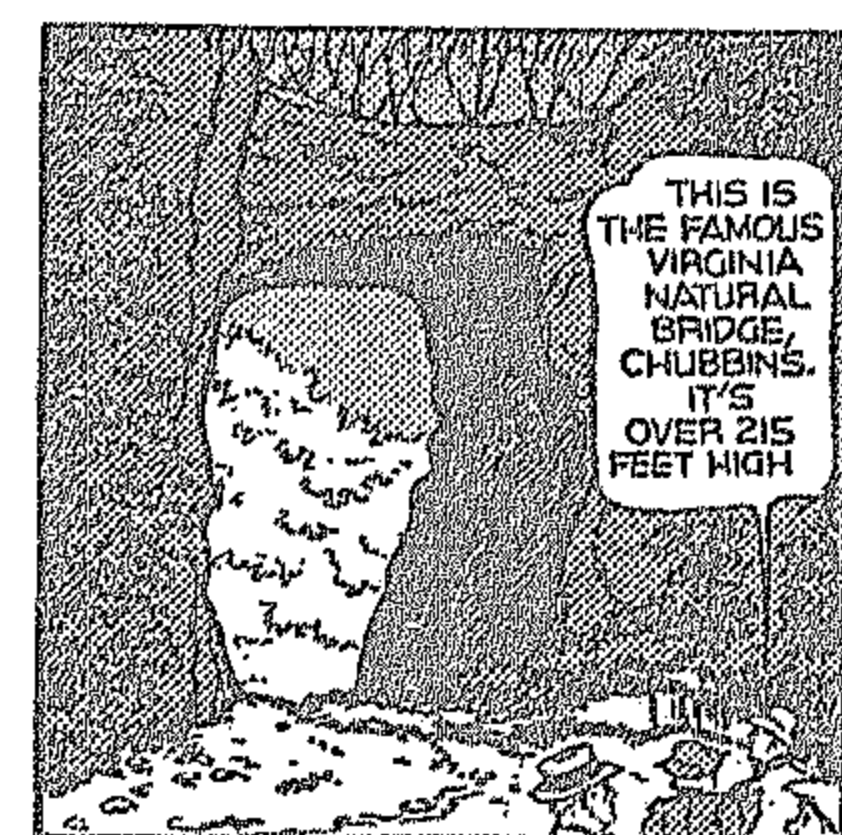
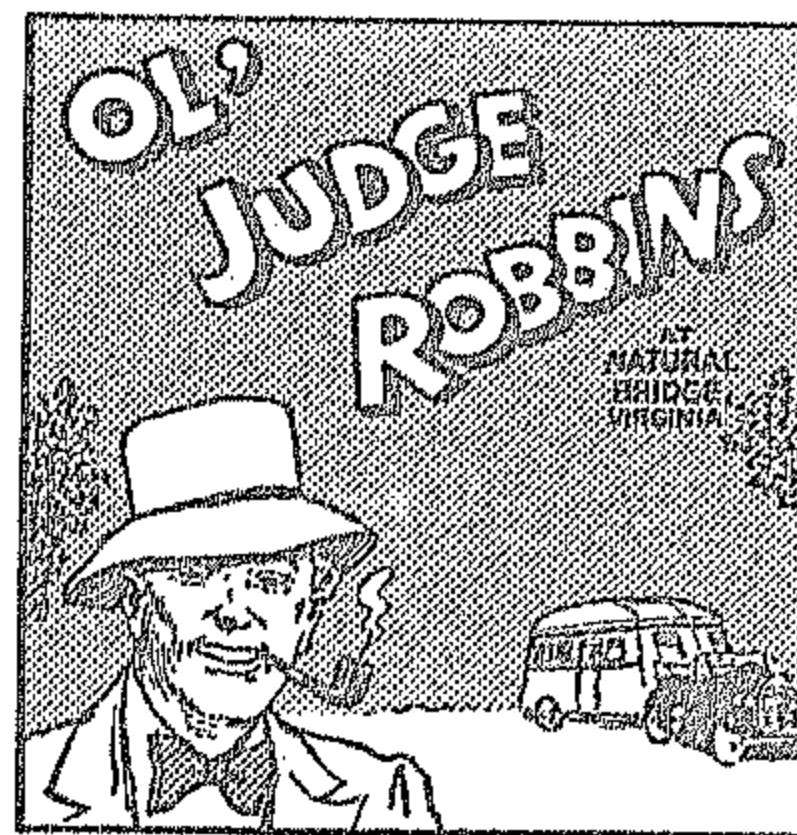
enlightened by difficulty with the curtain, which persisted in coming down.

Sigma Alpha Mu offered a bit of nonsense involving a one foot long "thousand horse power" engine which failed to blow up as scheduled. There were vague reports that it finally did blow a half hour after everyone left.

Of much interest to the spectators and news cameramen was the next event on the program of Circus Day. The annual pie-eating contest title was at stake, and about twenty-four hopeful juniors and seniors lined up their mouths for the event. The junior marshals provided a case of eight large and luscious blackberry pies for the occasion, and one quar-

ter of a pie was placed on the bench before each contestant. With their hands held firmly behind their backs, each entrant "pitched in" when the signal was given. While cameras were clicking, the pies began to disappear like snow in an electric furnace, and in one minute, fifty-five seconds flat, R. Jaffee, eminent managing editor of the *Tech News* and junior schmier devoured the pie, and almost the plate. The sight of his face made a picture that would easily make any pie-eating champion jealous, with blackberries dripping from his nose and ears. When interviewed, Jaffee remarked: "I use the push and nudge system."

The event closed when two seniors absconded with two remaining pies which had been saved for the champions.



COOL AND SWEET—THAT'S HOW A PIPE SMOKES WHEN YOU PACK IT WITH PRINCE ALBERT. P.A. IS SO MILD AND MELLOW!

