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Goodman Theatre Concert

For the third consecutive year the Armour Tech Musical Clubs are preparing for their largest annual event—the Goodman Theatre concert. This year's program appears to be even larger, fuller, and more interesting than it has been in the past.

Students who do not participate in extra-curricular activities are the ones who do not realize the immense amount of time and energy expended in producing a musical program such as the one our musical clubs are giving us Thursday evening. Two or three special rehearsals are held each week during the period prior to the concert. All glee club selections must be memorized; all instruments of the orchestra must be perfectly coordinated to produce the effects desired. Voices and instruments must be kept in trim.

The price of admission for this concert is exceedingly low in consideration of expense encountered and the splendid program that Director Gordon Erickson has arranged for presentation. Students should feel fortunate they can take advantage of such an opportunity.

Glee club and orchestra members receive no remuneration for their tireless efforts except the satisfaction they gain in knowing that the concerts they give are the best they are capable of rendering and that the tedious hours spent in practice have been worth while. . . . The spirit, then, behind

the musical clubs is one of service for Armour Tech. This spirit is enhanced when Tech students and faculty members show appreciation of their efforts by attending the concerts.

Full Time Personnel Officer?

A series of lectures have been started by the Institute for the benefit of the senior class. It is the object of these lectures to help the seniors obtain employment after graduation. We feel this is an important and significant action on the part of the administration. It shows that they are aware of the gravity of the present-day employment situation, and that they plan to help the seniors through it. We highly commend this attitude.

It seems, however, that the administration is hardly consistent in their policy on this matter. The most important function of a school in helping their graduates obtain employment is through a placement office. Armour does have a placement office. It also has a competent personnel officer to manage it. The administration sees fit to put their personnel officer in a registrar's office, where he is easily distracted from his real work; it makes him assistant registrar; and, in order to see that his spare moments are filled, gives him an occasional class to teach. Our personnel officer is thus a very busy man, accomplishing much important work, but we can't help but feel that the personnel work must suffer from competition with the other obligations.

There is considerably more to the placing of graduates than filling requests coming in over the phone. Our would-be employer usually doesn't go out of his way to get engineering talent still green behind the ears. He must be educated in the art of ivory hunting. At present he looks for experienced help, disregarding the possibility that he may obtain better brains, capable of training in his field, when he hires inexperienced graduates. The education of employes in this respect requires much field work and campaigning—obviously a full time job for anyone. We therefore, in the interests of the graduating seniors, and alumni as well, urge the administration to return the personnel officer to full time personnel work.

It must be recognized, too, that much of the success of a senior in obtaining employment depends on himself. In addition to the knowledge and intelligence he is assumed to have, he must also possess an intangible something called personality. It is perhaps significant that the subject of the first lecture is "Human Relations."

Graduates, we believe, look too much to immediate material benefits for their four years of toil. Too often, they forget how little they really know—expecting their employer to purchase their brains and what little they didn't forget. By this time, they must have realized that they have only scratched the surface in most of their work. What is the answer? Graduate work may serve to make the graduate of more value to an employer. Armour men have not in the past done very much graduate work. It may prove of value.

The Slipstick

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

Well, the column must be written, 'cause time and tide wait for no man . . . especially time . . . it doesn't wait for any man. Tide too . . . it doesn't wait either. Time and tide, they don't wait. Especially time and tide, they don't wait. Time and tide, that is. They don't wait for anyone.

Here's the place for a joke. Funny stug that is. . . Humor . . . Ha . . . Norkus: "At last I've passed Math 10!"

The Inevitable Sucker: "Honestly?" Norkus: "Don't be so darned inquisitive."

You don't have to laugh, I'm not a professor. (That's what is known as a feeble attempt to save the gag. You never can tell, it takes so little to amuse an engineer.)

To heck with the expense! Give the canary another seed.

The trouble with the honor system in this school is that the profs have all the honor and we have all the system.

It's a little difficult to maintain continuity here: I just happened to be looking through a humorous magazine when the gags came to me out of a clear sky (With modest lowering of the head; "Aw shucks, twarn't nuthin' ma'am.")

"Porter, fifty cents for another pitcher of ice water."

"Sorry, sub, but if I takes any mo' ice dat corpse in the baggage car ain't going to keep."

And, to end up in a blaze of glory (Phrase no. 234 cannery shelf AZ-5)—the greatest contribution chemistry has made to the world, according to the bewighted souls in the other departments, is blondes.

This is an authentic honest-to-god contrib, and as such, should be treated with care, nay, even unto reverence.

Oh papa, dear papa, come out of the froth.

The house is on fire. Come, cease with your bawth.

Oh daughter, dear daughter, that will I not;

I'm staying in here 'til the water gets hot.

Starving Actor Saved by Curtain; Hill Billy Reveals Astounding Facts

Dear Sally,
 "Bread! Bread! Give me bread," an actor wonce cried, and the curtain came down with a roll. Ah, me.

Wel, Sally, hear I are bak agin. I yam sow sorry I don't rite sooner, but I have ben buzy. And how? Ezams and wat knot. I feal so low I cud walke under a rug with a top hat an not even make a ripple in it.

I were sitting in the library, the other day, peacefull like, wen awl of a sudden I herd a stewdent cawl out around the corner of it to another in menacing tones—Quote I WANT YOUR LIFE! DO YOU HEER ME, GIVE ME YOUR LIFE!! Withe coald slivvers running up and down my bak, I dashed around the corner, my axe in hand just as the other guy sed—quote, okay okay, but you'll have too giv me your Satirdey Evening Post. Unquote.

Wat Is Knowledge?
 Befour the ezams I heerd a prof. saye to stew-dents: "Study! Knowledge do not filter into your hed by souper-natural power." That's a gud slogan; but wat puzzles me is—howe DO we get knowlege? I have ben unsuccessful in finding owt.

Yew no, Sally, I heerd a cute little poem the other daye. It seems that Joshua Brush, a traveling man who sailed the briny mayne, was Mr. Brush in England, and Senor Brush in Spain. The Frochman cawled him Monsieur Brush but the Germans was his bane, for they awlways cawled him Herr Brush. Which filled his soul withe payne. Unquote. Its gud wonce in a wile, to brush up on the old wones.

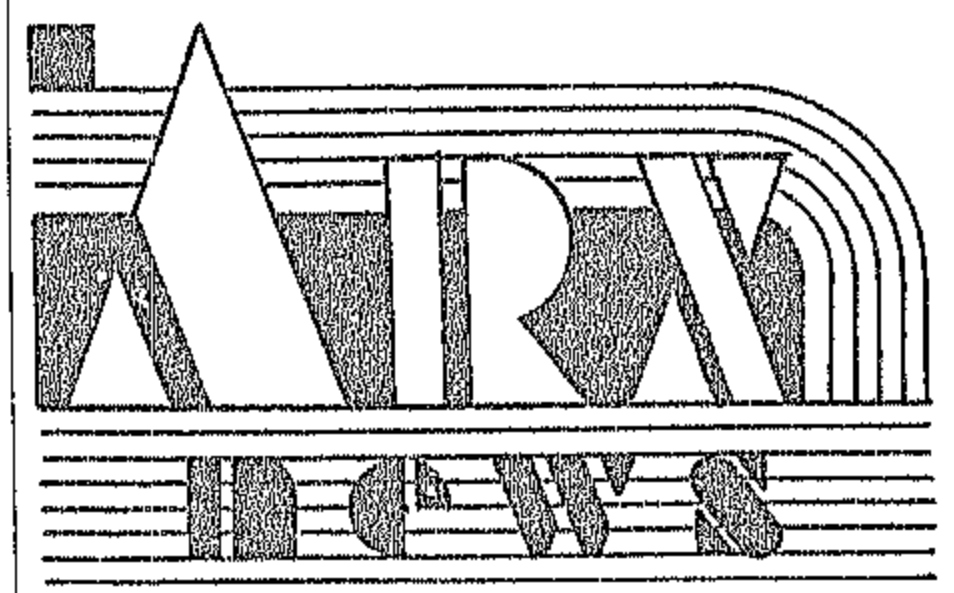
Hav Gud Appetite
 Wel, I have solved my eating problem (I have a gud appetite). Mie food buget is 5c a daye, starting tomorrow. I eat a 5 sent yeast cake in the morning. At noon I drinke too quartz of water, and sit in a warm spot at nite. Boy, wil I bea filled up!

I am now a novelist. Yep. Stoop-brain Bliss, conosieur of propounding of the finer arts, a verbal battleship. My book, wich I wil tel yew in installments as I rite it, is cawled—Quote—Skool life in Gulch-Kreek valley, or "yew only die wonce, Unquote. It opens at midnite in the garden of beutiful Jullietta McJuice, located in Gulch-Kreek valley—New Wyoming. Owr hero C. E. Orfy

B: sillwerf, is playing an oboe: an il-wood wind that nobody ever blous good.
 Jullietta, the fare, the sweet (her old man raises sugar—or cain any-how), is on the ranch howse balcone. She, bein' the county skool teacher, cawls owt to Orfy—"my sweet, wat tyme is it?" Orfy ansers: It is exactley midnite, I can tel by the sundial in the garden." "Silly," she waifs owt, "howe culd yew, yew dum cluck?" "Eazy, he replies, "I have a flashlight."

Wel that is as far as I have went. Must klose. I'll think of yew much. As won girl sed too another—quote, "Do yew find men trying?", the other replied: "Yes, dear. But yew mustn't let them," unquote.

Yures,
 Stoopbrain Bliss.



Nothing has happened so far to keep me from this column, so here I am again with the latest (?) stuff of last week.

The most important thing is the arrival of Mr. Mell after his honeymooning in Vermont.

Next in importance was the Second Medal Mention that Parks received in the Class "A" judgment and was told what is not supposed to be done (or rather what is). Razzing by fellow seniors. Pitivin, Kliphardt, and Schmaltz received Mention Commendeds. By the way, it was a no-sock judgment.

Freshmen are in a quandry as to how to acquaint themselves with the gals in the art school so as to get dates for the Mad-Hatter's Ball. You tell them how Swanson.

Liliwin wants to know what Erickson did with the potatoes that came with that suit of his.

Sophs take notice: Hereafter, please refrain from creating busting figures on our recently decorated walls.

With sophomores and juniors having a charette coming soon, and the need of a good elevation, I leave here.

'Til next. BOS-ART.



By Bob Jaffee

Nationalism in the Arts

EVERY SO OFTEN one hears the comment that this or that artist paints in a style borrowed from another country, and therefore is a renegade and is not intellectually honest; or, if the person happens to be an author, his book is judged by self-styled critics as being quite unlike his country's accepted form and therefore is "hardly an honest treatment, although well written." To carry the point further, we find even the critics throwing harpoons into each other because their criticisms sound too much like those written by critics of other countries. John Jay Chapman, an esteemed "American literary critic," once remarked that Henry James, another American critic, wrote criticism which was too much like that of the English.

NATIONALISM, IT SEEMS, has permeated into almost every existant type of activity from the arts to politics, from athletics to personal mannerisms.

Examples of these "nationalistic attitudes" are everywhere. Thomas Craven, in his "Modern Art," attacks American artists who journey to Paris and return as French artists.

Why, he laments, can't they stay in America and paint as Americans should—why don't they let their typically American style develop.

IT HAS BEEN said that Americans are energetic, vulgar people. Britishers are stolid and unemotional, Frenchmen are vivacious and talkative, and so on down the line. From whence came these smug generalizations? Is there any truth or fact in them? Is it true that there are definite mental and physical characteristics which can be identified with each country, and that the critics are right in maintaining that each country should have its own trademark to identify its product whether it be a symphony or a washing machine?

The question of nationalism vs. cosmopolitanism resolves itself into factors of considerably more import than a trend in literary criticism. Wars are waged, battles are won and lost because of this concept.

IT IS EVIDENT that there is such a phenomenon as nationalism being talked about, advocated, written about, painted, composed, and thought. But—actually are the people of a nation all alike in their type and general behavior by reason of being born of parents belonging to that nation? Or are the people of one nation all alike by reason of being bred in the culture of that particular nation? Or, finally, are the people of one nation heterogeneous, corresponding to no general type? The answer is difficult. To the first, it is emphatically no, but the second and third are both

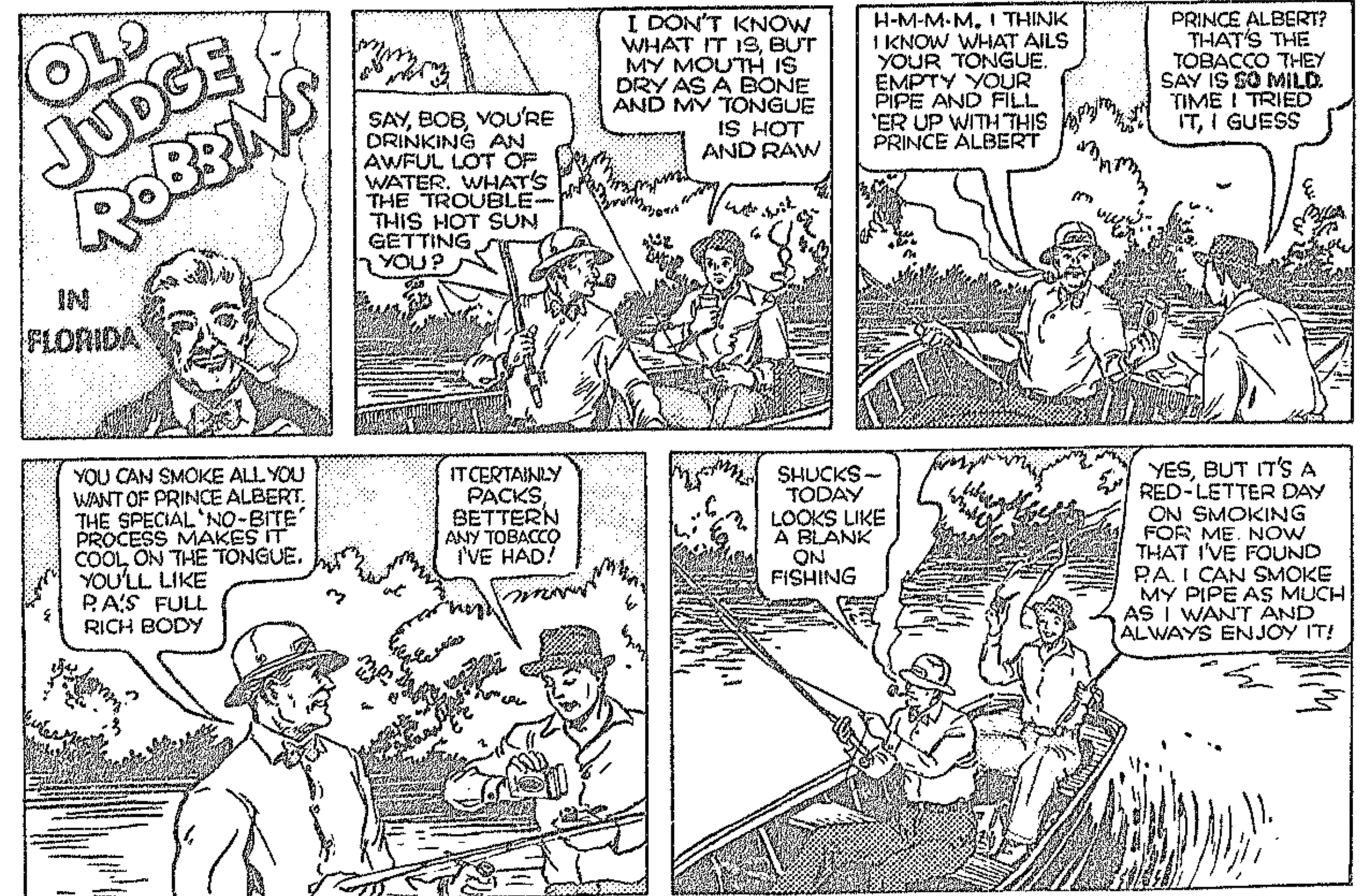
probably right in part.

At birth we are all on a common ground whether white, black, brown, red, or yellow; whether born in a backwoods cabin or Buckingham Palace. This fact is undisputed by sociologists the world over. If this is true, whatever differences there are in racial or national stocks must necessarily come about from the environment in which the person is born.

HOW GREAT AN influence environment has in determining an individual's type is difficult to say. It is true, of course, that people of various countries do differ in many respects; basically, however, the people of all countries are alike as far as mentality is concerned. It is not to be assumed, for example, that Jan Sibelius, the Finnish composer, has a monopoly on music of a certain grandeur which perhaps a native of some tropical country could not have composed had he felt the same emotions in his heart and possessed the same technical ability. Ideas and intelligence are not invested in any particular country.

Physical habits and physical characteristics do vary with the country, but mental processes whether they deal with art, writing, or science are common to all of the peoples of the world.

It would be much better for the world if nationalism were done away with. There is too much of this idea of me and mine, and the devil hang the rest. To lessen this belligerent nationalistic attitude would lead to a general peace and understanding between nations.



I DON'T WANT TO WORRY ABOUT PIPE TROUBLES, SO I STICK TO PRINCE ALBERT. IT'S COMPLETE PIPE PLEASURE, THANKS TO THE NO-BITE PROCESS AND CRIMP CUT!

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