

## Armour Tech News

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On behalf of the faculty and members of the student body, we wish to extend to Leroy and Howard Downing, our sincere sympathy upon the death of their mother last week.

### The Juniors Give a Formal

Once again the junior class presents its annual formal dance. It's a gay colorful affair where the usually drab Techhawk bursts out in resplendent, albeit occasionally borrowed or rented, raiment. Affairs such as this are not regular occurrences to an engineering student, and if he should happen to feel like a girl does before her first date, while he

struggles with his tie or searches for a collar button, he may be excused indulgently, for there really is something special connected with the traditional Junior Formal which one should experience while still an undergraduate.

There is another side of the picture not quite so pleasant—namely that of financing so ambitious an affair, by the class in the event of a deficit and by the student who plans to attend. Approximately nine hundred dollars will have been invested in the dance by the junior class after all of the expenses have been paid. In order to meet this expenditure about one hundred and seventy bids priced at \$5.50 each will have to be sold. Obviously the junior class, which numbers only about one hundred and seventy students, cannot, of itself, make the affair a financial success. Support of the Junior Formal from the other classes is imperative.

The student planning to attend the formal also has a problem. How many lunches will be skimmed, how many minor luxuries suppressed, how many dollars borrowed in order that he attend will never be known, but they will be considerable. The pecuniary anguish is worse for the more poorly situated student who doesn't possess formal clothes. He must dig deeper and rent them. If it happens, as it frequently does, that he has already dug to the bottom, he just doesn't go. However, in that event, he will attend the dance in more than spirit, for it is his activity fee, as well as that of those who attend, which will pay for the deficit which is invariably associated with the Formal.

There has been some talk in favor of returning the Junior Formal to its traditional Junior Week date. There are many arguments for and against this point of view. It is true that a winter formal is usually a better affair than the summer variety. It is just as true that it is more expensive to the student. At Armour however, we believe the winter formal to be preferable for several reasons. The main reason is, that it leaves the last night in Junior Week open for an informal dance which more students can attend as a climax to the week. The school should offer at least one formal dance each year and the Junior Formal is it.

Our best wishes, therefore, to the junior class on the success of its forthcoming dance. Its a grand affair and deserving of student support. If the students are unable financially to support it, it should be dropped. However, we don't believe that to be the case.

### The Slipstick

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

Gee, it's great to be famous! The mail box is overflowing with letters (all two of them). Everybody has something to say. For instance:  
 Editorial Board — "\$%±¼%&! You're fired!!

Dr. McNamara—"Son, you sound a bit whacky."

Father—"Is this what I'm paying money for?"

Dolores—"Consider yourself jilted."

Sid Kreiman—"I'll open for a nickel."

### POEM I

Any girl can be gay  
 In a classy coupe;  
 In a taxi they can all be jolly—  
 But the girl worth while  
 Is the girl who can smile  
 When you're bringing her home in a trolley!

"Did you hear Helen's getting married today?"

"Who is the lucky man?"

"I'd say her father."

"It's hard," said the landlady, "to think a young calf was killed to satisfy our appetites."

"Yes," said the unhappy border, biting his steak, "it is tough."

Wife: "I have to give Junior so many spankings."

Husband: "Well... maybe I'd better not buy that new car—you're learning to be a back seat driver already."

Please, fellows, at least crack a smile! I'm depending on this job to support a child and three wives.

### Song of the Schmier

I'm thru with all women,  
 They cheat and they lie.  
 They prey on us schmiers till  
 The day that they die.  
 They tease us, torment us, and  
 Drive us to sin—  
 Say, who is that blonde that  
 Just now came in?

... so I walks up to this editor and says, "Listen, mood indigo, didn't I tell you to quit panning my column?" Then I feints with my left and crosses over with my right—just once—that's all that was necessary.

Oh, well! I've got a big brother who can...

B. R. S.

### Fraternity Notes

#### RHO DELTA RHO

We take great pleasure in announcing the pledging of the following men:

Garrison G. Hollowich

Harry Levinson

Arthur Welsh

Congratulations to the new men! Congratulations, also, to brother Max Zar on his being elected to the presidency of Chi Epsilon.

Our next house party, a Monte Carlo party has been set for March 12. The arrangements are being handled by Irv Footlik, Sam Spencer, and Bernie Sternfeld.

The informal initiation and hell week will occupy the third week in March, and the formal initiation and banquet the last week in March.

#### TRIANGLE

Triangle fraternity concluded its week of pre-initiation festivities and formally initiated the following men:

Howard Coyle

Robert Graham

John Kirkland

Robert McMahon

Edward Steinke

Robert Sweeney

We are also pleased to announce the pledging of

Bert McCleneghan, Co-op '43.

#### THETA XI

We are pleased to announce the formal initiation of,

Richard J. Hruda '42.

William Wilson, Jr. '42.

Captain Edward Mock tells us that the pledges know their lessons; but their jokes are still poor. We expected that.

Pledge Mangan usually comes to school on his own private motorcycle, but due to the unfavorable weather he has been forced to ride the elevated like a human being.

We congratulate Bro. Young on his pledging to Pi Nu Epsilon, but we're still trying to discourage his whistling around the rooms. "Gentlemen, gentlemen!"

Pres. Glos is a frequent visitor to Beta Theta Chi sorority where he is

## Hill Billy Will Don 'Soup and Fish' for Swanky Formal Dance

Deer Sally,

The goode die young, and the olde dye to keep looking that waye, Unquote. Its so sad.

Wel, old girl, I are heer agin. A weak has passed sinze yew rote too me, an I were shure serprized to heer that youre sister Amorphus finally got married. Gosh, I shure that she were goin to bea an old made. However, I gess that eleven yeers wazent too old.

Society life has engulfed mea agin. Stoopbrain Bliss, the bow brummel of Chicawgo, the anzer to every maids hart. Laste weak I sung (accompanied by a glea club and orchestra) at the Goodman theater. Was I gud? Wen I sung everybody put there finger in there ears, I gess so that they culd concentrat on my singing better. Even the conductor of the concert prayed mea. He sed, quote, ether yew off key, or awl the reste of us our. Gosh, it waz nice of him to tel awl the rest that theye were off. Sumbdy remarked I had a F-flat monotone voice. I gess thats reely sumthing, cause nobody elze has won.

Imagine a Herring in My Pocket  
 Item no. 2 on my societly liste is the junior Prom (I gess it meens prominent). Everybody are goin whering foode insted of klothes. Seems funny to mea, but I heerd won fellow say that they were awl going to where soup and fish! Emagin a herring stiking owt of my pocket.

Wel, I hav finally found owt the difference between a diplomat and a ladie. Wen a diplomat sez yes, he meens perhaps, wen he sez perhaps, he meens no, and wen he sez no, he is no diplomat. Wen a lady sez no, she meens perhaps, wen she sez perhaps, she meens yes, wen she sez yes, shea is no lady.

In a english quiz the other daye, my friend Alf juste sit there, not riting or dewing anything. Prof.

instructing in Greek culture and ethics, and pitching a little woo on the side.

cums up and sez, "why, isn't yew riting?" "Aain't got nothing to rite with." Prof sez: "wear's yewr pencil, Alf?" "Ain't got none teecheer," he re-plies. "Howe many tymes hav I tolde yew not to say that"—sez teeche. "Listen, I hav not got won, yew hav not got won, we havent got won, they haven't got won—" "My, mie," Alf interrupts, "wear is awl the penzils."

Sally, I hav ben having the most wonderful experiences lately—Every nite befour I go too bed I eat cheeze—rarebit, I gess yew cawl it. Then, every nite, my dreems are invariably in tecknicolor.

#### Girls Check False Teeth

Wel, instalment II of my grate novel—quote—Skool life in Gulch—Kreek valley, or "Yew Only Die Wonce—Unquote. Dawns the day after the midnite befour. Beutiful Julietta McJuice, the sugar czar's dawter (he's a sugar daddy) arrives at the county skool of New Wyoming on her mule, stranely enuff becuz she is the teecheer. Orfie Basilwerp, our hero, is in 7th graid, partly becuz he lous her, and partly becuz hiz olde man is in 8th graid. The bel rings, and skool are begun. The boys check there guns, and the girls check there false teeth. The daye cums to a klose, wen awl of a sudden 8 shots ring owt. Cries are heerd from without. "It's awful!" "Wat a mess!" "Such blood!" "Hea had it cuming!" "This wil raize a big smell", etc. Julietta, the fare, her face sickening with horror (six gunfights in the school in a weak had maid her nervous) rushed owt, just as Orfie saing owt—quote—"there, I gess that wil teeche skunks too stear cleer of this skool (hear skunk is used as an animal, deer Sally, in place of the usuall meaning of an affectionate term for sum person).

As the Shakesperian acter after 1st nite wonce sed — quote — wen I walked owt in tights, they laffed; wen I bent over, they split. I wil dew the same and klose.

Yures,  
 Stoopbrain Bliss.

**RE-STAKING CORONADO'S TRAIL**

...with telephone poles!

Masked and goggled against the desert dust, telephone men have followed the 400 year old trail of Coronado in building the new transcontinental telephone line recently completed. The Spaniards took many days to cross the trackless Southwest, driving stakes to guide their return.

You can span this desert instantly over the new line, because the pioneering spirit of Coronado still lives.

Oceans, mountains, deserts yield one by one to that spirit, bringing ever closer the Bell System goal: dependable telephone communication with anyone, anywhere!

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

**OL' JUDGE ROBBINS IN FLORIDA**

- YOU ALL RIGHT BACK THERE JUDGE?

YEP SON - I'M STILL WITH YOU. OPEN 'ER UP AND LET'S SEE HOW FAST THIS BARGE CAN GO!

NO MATTER HOW EXCITING I MAKE THE TRIP YOU NEVER STOP SMOKING YOUR PIPE, JUDGE - YOU CERTAINLY MUST ENJOY THAT TOBACCO!

WELL, WHEN YOU'VE BEEN SMOKING AS LONG AS I HAVE, SON, YOU'LL APPRECIATE TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT. HOW ABOUT TRYING P.A.?

SAY, PRINCE ALBERT CERTAINLY IS MILD - THERE ISN'T A BIT OF TONGUE-BITE!

THAT'S RIGHT - PRINCE ALBERT IS EXTRA-MILD BECAUSE OF THE SPECIAL NO-BITE PROCESS. YOU'LL FIND IT RIGHT TASTY TOO!

GEE, PRINCE ALBERT GOOD! IT'S COOL ON THE MOUTH.

YOU CAN THANK P.A.'S CRIMP CUT FOR THAT IT PACKS RIGHT FOR COOL, SLOW BURNING.

**THERE ARE LOTS OF THINGS I'D SKIMP ON— BUT NOT ON MY TOBACCO. PRINCE ALBERT COSTS LITTLE ENOUGH, CONSIDERING HOW MILD IT SMOKES AND HOW GOOD IT TASTES**

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.

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