

Nominate Safe-Blower; May Be Junior Marshal

Other Gang Members Help Voters Along

Junior Marshals for the 1938 Junior Week were elected in a series of departmental elections. The men elected are: Berlone Lickburg, chemical; Jacquemont Janicek, mechanical; Rhyndacenus Dixon, fire protect; and Theotocopol Collier, civil; Riemenschneider Bush, electrical; and Wolfram Wagner, architect. A leader for the band will be selected from one of the above things.

The toughest boys in each department guarded the doors to see that their "man" was elected. A man named Anderson in the electrical department would not vote for Bush, so was dropped out the third floor window of machinery hall.

Terrible Anderson

Anderson has been a member since he stole a nipple from the corner store, then being three years old, and lately had been on the "outs" with the bunch because of his attentions toward the fibered-haired dandel known as "Blondie."

Lickburg, popular member of the gang is known to most of us as the "inside" man. He has had a great deal of experience with the different kinds of "soups" and high explosives used by the gang. He possesses a reputation good enough to be slapped behind the bars for life if ever caught.

He is an active member of the S.B.R.S. (Safe Blowers Research Society) and has done extensive work in speeding the time required for the jobs. He was a member of the second team of the baseball squad while serving a short stretch up the river.

Janicek swung into office with use of his monkey wrench. He is well known for his ability of keeping the gang in trim. His job is to run up to the cops and holler, BOO! The gang then runs after the cop who usually leads the race. Janicek is a new member of the gang joining up with the boys one night at the Spillover Cafe.

Three Year Record

Dixon, the gasoline spiller of the band is well known for his ability to set garages on fire and manage to outrun the police. For three years he has added to his record one of the worst in the city. To date, he has three hundred insurance agencies on his trail with more taking up the scent. One night when picked up as a suspicious character he blew off the handle like he used to back in the freshmen days. Some thought he was going to crack, but he managed to tell the cops a few good jokes and get out.

Collier, just joined last week after watching the slick operations of the group, offered his services. He is a member of the W.S.E. (We Slug) (Continued on page four)

Horse-Thief Ewing Thrown Into Jail

Paul Ewing, Armour's famous track star was hailed into the State Street police court yesterday. Caught under suspicious circumstances leading a horse across State and Madison, he was charged with horse-stealing. He was placed under \$1.98 bond and remanded to the grand jury.

When interviewed, Ewing stoutly maintained he only had the best interest of the track team at heart. In a private interview to the embattled reporters Ewing stated: "The two mile event at Armour has long been a failure with such deadbeats as Faust and Finnegan running. With this horse and me on the horse, we could win that race in a walk, or maybe a run. Only one thing puzzles me, how are they going to divert enough funds from the A.T.S.A. graft to feed the nag."

It is rumored that Lorenzen of the juice department is the brains behind the gang. He pushes buttons from his hideout, thereby issuing orders to his henchmen.

Fifty Schmiere Get Sleeping Sickness at A.I.Ch.E. Meeting

Amid the boos and hisses which were the only signs of life at the meeting, Chairman W. R. Marshall deftly dodged a well aimed missile last Friday as he called to a semblance of order the group of eccentrics who call themselves the student branch of the A.I.Ch.E. The con ??? ? ? ? crowd, however, was quickly lulled to peaceful slumber as Dr. Clarence W. Muehl Beeter, chief coroner's toxicologist of Cook County and Armour alumnus, reluctantly delivered his uninteresting lecture. His subject was "Solveny of Industrial Toxins."

According to Dr. Muehl Beeter, toxins are more toxic than anything and may be divided into two classes, the first and the second. It was emphasized that continued bathing in the complex modern solvents which are being developed may have unlooked for results. "Not all of these are harmful, however," continued the speaker as by way of illustration he seized a cloudy bottle from his brief case and poured it on his hand. When Dr. Muehl Beeter was revived, he continued his illustrations of toxicity as he produced a flask of brown liquid from his hip pocket and poured the gurgling contents down his throat. The lecture was immediately enlivened and when the bell rang at the close of the hour each student had tested the toxicity of one of Dr. Muehl Beeter's liquids and Ryant was heard insisting in unrestrained tones that that was not the way to prepare ethylene chloride.

The high point of the meeting was reached when professor Freud rushed madly into the room, knocking over all of the bottles, and turned the unruly crowd out of his classroom.

Motorless Jollopies; Esculating Highways

"The nut that holds the wheel still causes the most jollopy entanglements and produces the majority of fresh obituary copy despite the mad slipstick sliders' feeble attempts at improving those Coney Island straightaways." Such was a crack made by Professors I. B. Foo and U. R. Too, (alias Spears and Stevens), who, with the aid of a lead pipe, crashed the WCFL scientific bedtime story last Saturday. This was the third of the Civil Department's anti-insomnia drives.

It was hinted that 10 out of every 9 accidents occur on a straight curve, because straight curves are so rectangular that the diffraction of headlight beams confuses the back-seat drivers. Also, when the sleet becomes coated with highways, the fatalities are fewer because, well, because people stay home those days.

One of the most important phases of road plastering is the designing of curves resembling a horizontal projection of that much publicized Mae-Westian silhouette. Eagle Eye Schrieber was present to mix up the program as usual. Beginning the program with a beautiful flow of perfect slang, he introduced the auto drivers. "Youse guys shoulda listen to us, we had a great time."

Modern speeds demand uplifting of the curves depending on the radius of curvature. Rolling and steep grades produce hazards at night (while low grades produce hazards at home). Widening of main lines has created much congestion due to attraction of traffic from narrower roads. Engineers now know it is better to develop several good lines, (WOO-WOO!). As a means of increasing traffic speed and reducing highway friction, future cowpaths will be coated with that frictionless land we have seen glisten so brilliantly on T. Wilson Yeakle's slick toupe.

Bang! I'm Almost Dead but It Won't—BANG! I'm Dead

Mort (to his friends) Lubber and E. J. (to everybody else) Pleva were found walking the streets in a daze last Saturday morning. Asked for the reason, Lubber was bent on insisting that for the first time, thinking it was a sports story magazine, he looked in a college algebra book. This meaningless stuff which he has been so aptly dodging for the past four years had suddenly gotten the better of him. Heretofore, his school daze had been one happy round of reading old joke books and putting them into what he called a joke column.

Ah, but poor E. J., his reason was entirely different, it was an affair of the heart. After deliberately getting sick to see Miss De Lovely, a nurse, at the Mercy Hospital, thinking of her by day, thinking of her by night, letting his school work (?) slide when he finally raised enough courage to spend the nickel to call her up, the following conversation took place.

E. J.—"This is E. J."
Nurse—"Who?"
E. J.—"The guy that was put in the morgue by accident, remember me?"

Nurse—"O, the dizzy looking goof with the fuzzy chin hiding behind a pair of cheaters."
E. J.—"Dat's me."
Nurse—"Well! Well! you are alive after all. I often wondered. (Bang, bang.)"

The first bang is the phone, the second bang is E. J. spreading his torso over the floor.

After four days under observation the dizzy droops still don't know which way is up.

No Freshman Dance, Leave Swipes Cash from Treasury

Stark tragedy struck Armour last week when H. N. Leave, freshman social chairman, absconded with the class funds. Because of this the freshman dance has been postponed indefinitely. The Lake Shore Athletic Club, and Charlie Straight are suing the freshman class for breach of contract. According to reports, school treasurer, G. Sinclair Allison will be forced to pawn his Packard to partially meet suit.

All class officers, and members of the social committee are being held because it is intimated that the money is going to be used to buy up all green hats so that the class of '42 will be unprotected.

According to latest police reports, Leave was last seen at Monties Bar drinking a straight root beer for a bracer. Latest bulletin from the dean's office states that classes will not be resumed until the culprit is apprehended.

Miss Nell Steal Receives McSquirt Prize for Valiant Work in Library

"Miss Steal, your bright smile and pleasant demeanor in the Armour Tech library were primary factors in making you our choice," said Hiram B. McSquirt today as he handed Miss Nell Steal the Hiram B. McSquirt prize for meritorious research in library courtesy. Miss Alice Kneel, charming and capable assistant to Miss Steal, also drew praise from Mr. McSquirt for her very successful application of Miss Steal's methods.

Miss Steal's tactful and courteous treatment of her student charges is nowhere in more evidence than in her method of quelling boisterous groups of "Her Boys." Quietly but determinedly she trips down the aisle to their table. With the cleverest kind of a Mussolini frown (she really doesn't mean it) and a low, modulated voice which can scarcely be heard in the Dynamo Lab, she informs them as to the quality of their character and forebears. If a student enters into the spirit of the thing and informs Miss Steal of the quality of her character and forebears, there ensues a lively debate much to the delight and edification of the other students. Let it be said

Mr. Goetz, Retract Them Cruel Words

Acting upon Prof. (G. Man) Goetz's open letter, a student honor commission has been formed whose distasteful duty it shall be to chastize them guys as takes ganders at other guys' papers which same practice has been termed cribbing or, "Taking a look at another guy's paper."

"Sure," you may say, "So there's an honor commission. What of it. I never wander from the straight and narrow, and besides, the Prof. never seen me." Well look, that's no attitude to take Prof. (Argus eye) Goetz says right here, "... it is pathetically easy to catch the offender..." But right away he proves himself to be only human; he doesn't know what to do with the sinner when the poor soul is caught. In point of fact the honor commission doesn't know what to do about it either so it looks as though the matter is a toss up between blindfolds and your own black and scarred conscience. Alright, don't get indignant. Everybody knows you're the origin of the classes homework papers. Just be firm the next time someone strides up to you and says, "Lemme see the homework, I spent three hours on calc, four hours on physics and made up a few chem reports last night and try as I could I couldn't work in this class before having to catch the L down here." Be firm, stick out your sturdy little chin and say, "No, every man should do his own his work." In this manner you maintain the old integrity intact and succeed in being the most thoroughly disliked chap in school.

As for the, shall we say collaboration, on quizzes, the spotless honor can take a terrific beating when the professor wanders out of the room on some vague mission of his own and leaves the question on the board and the answer on the arm of the shark's chair next.

Three Sewer-Rats Pledged to Chi Ep

Chi Epsilon, one of the numerous Honorary Civil fraternities at this institution, in a half-hearted, unwilling manner, is sorry to announce the pledging of "Sophomore" Ronald Monson, and "Freshmen" Carl Reh and Benjamin Kurz.

A scholarship was given to Francis Oplia, sophomore, who "got the drop" of the other "sophs" and won out with high honors, even in this edition.

Are You Going Hunting? Shoot the Bull at Dad's Night

Leaky Tin Can Boiler Perfected After Years of Research—Poulter

The ever expanding Research Foundation has built a new boiler. After combing the country for technicians, a large group of skilled workmen tackled the impossible. Resurrecting a tin can from the Armour catering service, they began their task. Placing the test boiler in a wide open field, 2,47645 c.c. of water were poured into the opening. A figure swathed in an asbestos suit bravely dashed to risk his life, placed a lighted match beneath it, and ducked behind the concrete barrier. Waiting tensely, for minutes nothing happened. Coming forward, with hesitation, the assembled scientists found the cause for the failure. All of the water had leaked out of the can.

Undaunted, they started afresh. Sending to China for a five gallon kerosene can, experiments continued with new energy. This time shielding the power plant with two foot walls, a fire was started. When accurate measurements were made and corrections made for vapor density, halitosis and flat feet, a new pressure record was found, 1,4653 ounces per cubic kilogram. Any Armour man bringing new forms of cans for the experimental work will be awarded a fellowship in the Tech Glee Club.

Armour Sponsors School of Love

Last week came the history making announcement that Armour Tech had opened its long contemplated School of Love. Long hours before registration, thousands of engineers crowded the doors. First in line, fighting every minute for his position was the gaunt, tense figure of E. K. Osterberg, eyes smoldering with the flames of love, passion burning in every fibre. "Gosh," quotes Ed, "a fellow has to know how to pitch woo when there's a girl like Betty Bennett." Strolling amiably along from the door came one G. Worcester with a diploma under his arm. "Yes," remarked Gene to the harassed Juicer, "I took an exemption test and am now going back to teach the P.G.'s."

The second day was a riot. Students paraded up and down carrying placards reading: "Now that we have 'phone booths, how about hostesses?"; huge cards said: "Get your Love's calculus here." Streets were littered with cast-off slide rules and log tables. Drafting tables were thrown out, and chorus girls moved in. Telegrams by the hundreds poured in from Chicago, N.U. and Purdue. Chicago U. is migrating north to take this exceptional course.

"Gosh, ain't love grand?!"

Romantic Two Reel Horse Opera to Be Seen Friday

Through the efforts of the General Motors Corporation, a romantic movie of two reels will be presented in the assembly hall Friday morning.

It will be the usual two-gun scene with the cowboys riding tractors with many other exciting scenes. One scene will show the motor cars of three hundred years ago. In this auto, the main point stressed to prospective buyers, was the machine strap carried in the rear seat. This arrangement made it possible to replace gears, tires and other parts when worn out. Another device was the fuel-saver which allowed the motorist to get the best mileage of any car on the market. The owners reported from one to two miles per pound of gasoline. According to Mr. Blow, the chief engineer of a competing firm, "the modern motor car has advanced so much it is now possible to maintain the same speed as a horse if the tires hold out."

Cabbage-Hash Dinner to Be Served

Tomorrow night will see Armour's sons and daughters and their pater's scraping elbows and knocking knees at the second annual Dad's night, the brawl to be held in the mediterranean cubbyhole of the Lake Shore Athletic Club. The birdseed and vodka, to be followed by the followers of the art of external combustion and nicotine distillation, will give the Armour Pops a chance to gab at each other, exterminate the well known bovine, and also to meet those dear old propounders of the arts of engineering. The A.T.S.A. (which promises to have Vassar's most radiant present) sponsors the affair. Opeelia Peach, famous woman engineer and alumnus of '76, will give a speech.

The evening will be divided into two parts, the beginning of the end, and the end of the beginning. The informal dinner will be followed by some very boring talks, and then at the end of the middle the usual entertainment of card games and bull sessions will follow.

Dad's Night

The chief filibuster will be Rajah of Marquis John J. Schommer, who will act as M. C., and perhaps entertain with some of his "jokes" and fairy tales. Dean Heald, who will speak primarily to the fathers, and another speaker, Mr. Hilton, who was obtained by the A.T.S.A., will also be featured. An added attraction will be G. T. Danforth, who will attempt to murder the ivories in a few selections from Bah and Okowitch.

Schrieber Is the Man

Last year's Daddy's Night, the first, was a combination culinary attack and basketball game, held at the University of the Windy City, located on the Halfway. In the game, the ferocious Techawks were mentally strangled and physically maltreated, but won a great moral (?) victory. However, the 250 pappys present thoroughly enjoyed it. Last year's wind propellers were A. P. Schrieber, the guy responsible for Pater's Night; C. W. Dunbar, then vice-president of the Armour Tech camp-fire girls, who acted as toastmaster, Coach Grant Stenger, Dean Heald, and Prof. P. C. Huntly.

Co-op Brawl Apr. 1; O. G. Erickson Subs For Prindl's Swingers

The Co-op Spring Informal will be nothing to brag about, says Social Chairman Bill Anthony. Mickie Prindl's orchestra, which was recently featured at the Oak Forest Infirmaries' Big Apple swing it, will not be able to play as the boys in the band are suffering from nervous breakdowns, after spending an exhaustive night looking for the trumpet player's eyeballs after he hit high C above high C. As an emergency measure the ever alert social committee composed of B. Anthony, J. Ahlstromer, E. Mock and K. Olsen, obtained the services of the Armour Musical Clubs. "Cab Calloway" Erickson, on the spur of the moment, rustled the boys and came up with a special arrangement of Chopin's Funeral March for the grand entree.

The Ninth Annual Indoor Roller-skating meet was held in the Grand Ballroom of the Graemere Hotel and the floor resembles a plowed field. Chairman Anthony suggests to those unfortunate few who purchased their bids for \$1.50 cash, wear crepe soled shoes as a prevention against slivers. Oxygen tanks are also recommended as standard equipment as the spacious ballroom, which resembles a clothes-closet, is not well ventilated. The world's record for the mile is expected to be beaten by the tired dancers as they make a beeline for the lone chair in the lounge.