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Once each year, the students and members of the staff deviate from their policy for the April Fool issue. Things that have been preying on their minds are allowed to be printed. As this issue is edited for the pleasure of the faculty and members of the student body, it is assumed that all facts contained herein will be taken in a jovial manner. The *Tech News* does not assume responsibility for any of the material in this issue. Any resemblance of names, persons, or places, are purely coincidental.

PI KAPPA PHI

Bearing the flaming colors of dear ol' Pi to the umpteenth annual convocation of the clan will be ol' brother Slavin (have to get around to asking his first name some day, everyone just calls him Bubbles). He's going to alternate with ol' brother Frank Heiden something (everyone calls him Spike).

S'tough about ol' Brinkman and Buckman; the chumps

got sucked into the Player's guild. Someone ought to take it up with the white slave commission at Washington.

Battling furiously for every point the Ping-Pong team crashed through to a terrific and exhausting victory over Triangle. We don't like to brag but those guys certainly are lousy players.

A guy named Dusell who claims to be an alumni dropped in last week and chiseled some meals. Coupla more bums like that and then we'll be bust.

DELTA TAU DELTA

This has been such a busy week at Tau. My dear, what with Ping-Pong and stuff we've been simply swamped. And then there was that ducky brawl at the Bal Tabarin at the Sherman or Drake or some place, no one knows, all we girls were simply blind under the influence. And just guess what. Go ahead, guess. We managed to rope in another pledge. But honestly. The dope's name is Harold Gustavson, a co-op, who has some idea of getting out of here in '40.

PHI KAPPA SIGMA

We've got a pledge. We've got a pledge. Yahhh, all you other ellysmay fraternities. Are you ever jealous. The name is Roger Olson.

We also managed to get twenty-five couples at the costume dance we defecated for. Everybody left early, the thing was a deadly bore.

Two good ol' brothers from Minnesota sponged off of us the other night and boy, do we ever resent it.

RHO DELTA RHO

The Cat's delight. "Our latest addition is really an asset. She is even house broken," says Jaffee, you know, he's famous, number 12 on the average parade. (Confidentially the guy's a grind. Allus got his nose in a book.) Max E. in his usual obnoxious was simply forced his way into the column. But being a big man around the campus, he is always news. Max says, quote, We are so pure around here Ivory soap simply sinks beneath us.

PI PHI PI

We're practically ecstatic over here. The school is going to absorb our debt. As a matter of fact, the school is absorbing everything, house, members and charter. Our dearly beloved brother Caldwell is happy about the whole thing. "The only thing I ever got out of the dive was indigestion."

TRIANGLE

Escorted by three armed guards the ol' jeweler made a visit to dear ol' Triangle and a lot of the ol' fellahs made their choice of the junk. Most of the stuff has disappeared as the lads made the trip to the nearest fence.

Wish the seniors would take it on the lam. They're all time stalling around the place and messing it up generally.

Candidates were nominated for various offices and promptly forgotten since the odds are the mortgage is going to be foreclosed before enough guys show up to make a caucus.

SIGMA ALPHA MU

We are going to have a colossal membership drive at the end of which we have every hope of corraling a member. We aren't too optimistic, though, there's nobody here but us officers.

Hill Billy Honeymooners Tour New York: Bill Collectors Catch Up

My dear Sally,

"Quien mucho habla mucho yerra." Is this not so, my fair one? Of course, you would not understand this linguistic acrobatic juggling of the vernacular.

I received a letter yesterday from my sister—Amorphus—who is honeymooning with her husband, H. Brain Storm. They went to New York to celebrate. The other day they toured the town. Approaching the Hudson River, a man called out, quote—Ferry?, unquote. No, my hubby calls me Angel, replied Amorphus. Then they toured through the Bronx. "Fish, fresh fish," a fellow cried. No, we left our poles at home, said H. B. S. When they arrived back at the hotel, after spending twenty minutes trying to go up a down escalator in a department store, and waiting five minutes for a package of gum to come out of the ticket machine in the subway, hubby received his mail containing this bill concerning the wedding ring (solid tin, chromium plated): quote—The rose is red, the violet is blue, this little bill is overdue. Please pay it now—don't wait till when the rose and violet bloom again. For if you do, delay it thus, no violet, no rose, will bloom for us. Unless you pay, the rose will rest, upon our fair and manly chest. The birds will sing, but what of that? We shall not hear them, where we're at. So come across, we need the dough, not in the spring, but now, you know. The rose is red, the violet blue, do we need the cash? I'll say we do. Unquote. (P.S.—he paid the 59 cents.)

City Dogs Are Smart

Sally, my dear, do you know why a chick walks softly? Because he can't walk hardly. . . . Don't hit me.

In the drafting class the other day, two students were arguing about who had the smartest dog. Gosh, that argument went back and forth, pro and con, for a half hour.

Finally, one fellow said to the other: Quote, My dear sir, if this does not convince you, your head is full of crevices (cracked, guess he flippantly put it). My dog is so intelligent he keeps up with the world affairs. Why, just the other morning I looked out of the window, and saw him reading the neighbor's newspaper.

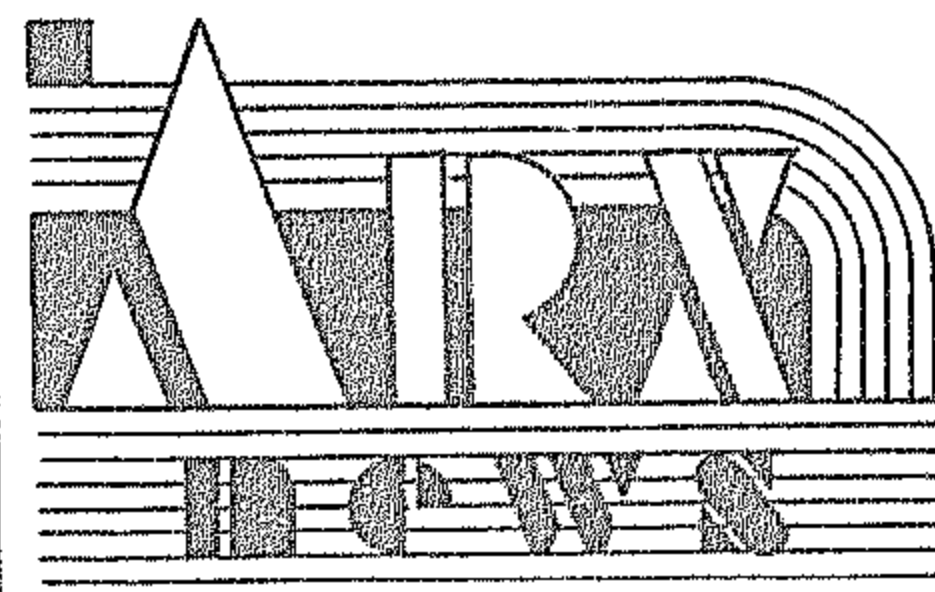
All Dressed Up

Pater's night is tomorrow night at the Lake Shore Athletic Club. Students by the hundreds shall see me there in white tie and tails. I shall shave for the occasion, all the way down to the good earth. I shall even take a bath—willingly and without reluctance. Sally, I am a new man. "School Life in Gulch Valley," or "You Can Only Die Once," as continued from last week. Orfy Basil-twerf, a student of the arts, a patron of the opera, a man with degrees of M.E., PH.D., B.S., B.A., and P.U., is complaining bitterly to a friend outside of the stable where he works. "Life is terrible. Everytime I let my work go, it keeps piling up. Suddenly he hears the eight gun shots. Jumping on his horse, and throwing in the clutch, he rides the 15 miles to Julietta, the fair's ranch house abode. He hears a scream, then eight more screams. Then a thud, then a groan, then a pattering of voice cries loudly, quote: Swing her, feet, next an Indian war whoop. A dip her again, unquote. A woman's voice hollers again, and again a stomping of feet. Then, all is silence. What terrible thing has happened? Dear Sally, I am to afraid to continue.

Well, as Euripedes once said—"Life is like a deck of cards. When you are in love, its hearts. Diamonds when you are engaged. When you're married, it's clubs. Spades when you're dead and buried.

Yours,

Stoopbrain Bliss.



Boz-Art and Art Gum with the rest of the Arx are trying their darndest to rival the accomplishments of the Drunken Dells. "Tough luck fellows but it was a good fight." It seems, if we are to believe reports, Viren started a good week by splitting his allowance into two parts. Three quarters went towards extra-curricular amusement and one-quarter went nobly towards tracing paper. His noble efforts were wasted, for on Tuesday he sold the paper and put the results in the stomach. He has taken up quarters for the present in the Life Class.

Wagner, of Beaux-Art fame, has acquired so many enemies that he has been doomed by popular vote to associate with engineers. His consultation prize was the Title of Junior Marshal.

Sauermann has a leaning towards the engineering fields. His first step in this direction was the acquisition of a slide rule. He won't say what her name is and after last night, we doubt if he knows (Delt competition was too much). "The only difference between my slide rule and the common run of them," said Sauermann, "is that mine doesn't offer so much resistance and after one night's practice, I know what every line means." I'm tired of virtue, I'm tired of sin, . . . etc. Oh well, every man to his diversion.

Barber Jakabowski doesn't approve of the slide rule system of emotional control. He favors the shaving system. It produces a new insight," said Jake. Scheel and Bradt had long been raising mustaches and as a result they become the first victims. After much practice, Jack went to work.

BOZ-ART.

The Slipstick

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

The propositions or laws of Structures affirm co-existence, as order in place, between the different parts of living bodies.

He: Realizing the scientific ideal of Biology, are high generalities wanting?

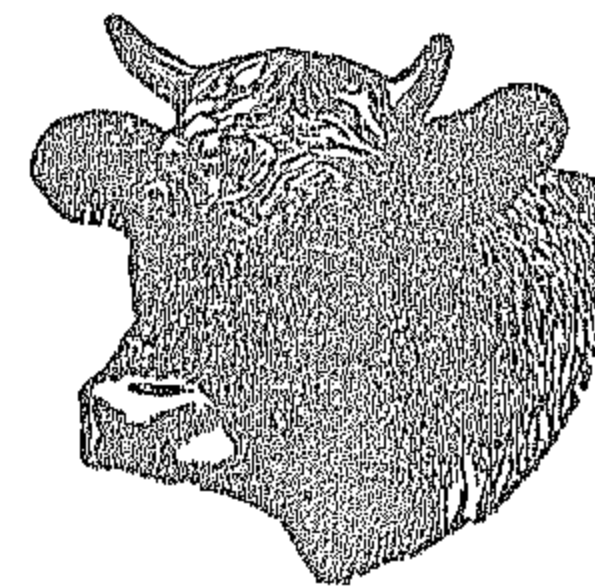
She: In Plants—all the parts are homogenous in structure; or, as otherwise expressed, the flowers are modified leaves; the monocotyledonous mode of germination co-exists with the endogenous mode of growth.

It is a deduction from the permanence of Matter, that whatever materials exist in plants and animals, must be supplied as a condition of their growth.

Father: "The Law of Conservation holds true in organic changes, and is a deductive key to the phenomena."

Daughter: "Gastric juice contains hydrochloric acid, whence the necessity of salt as an article of food?"

As regards Collocation, there is the peculiarity of the organized structure!!



Little boy: "Many of the propositions of Biology are defective in structure."

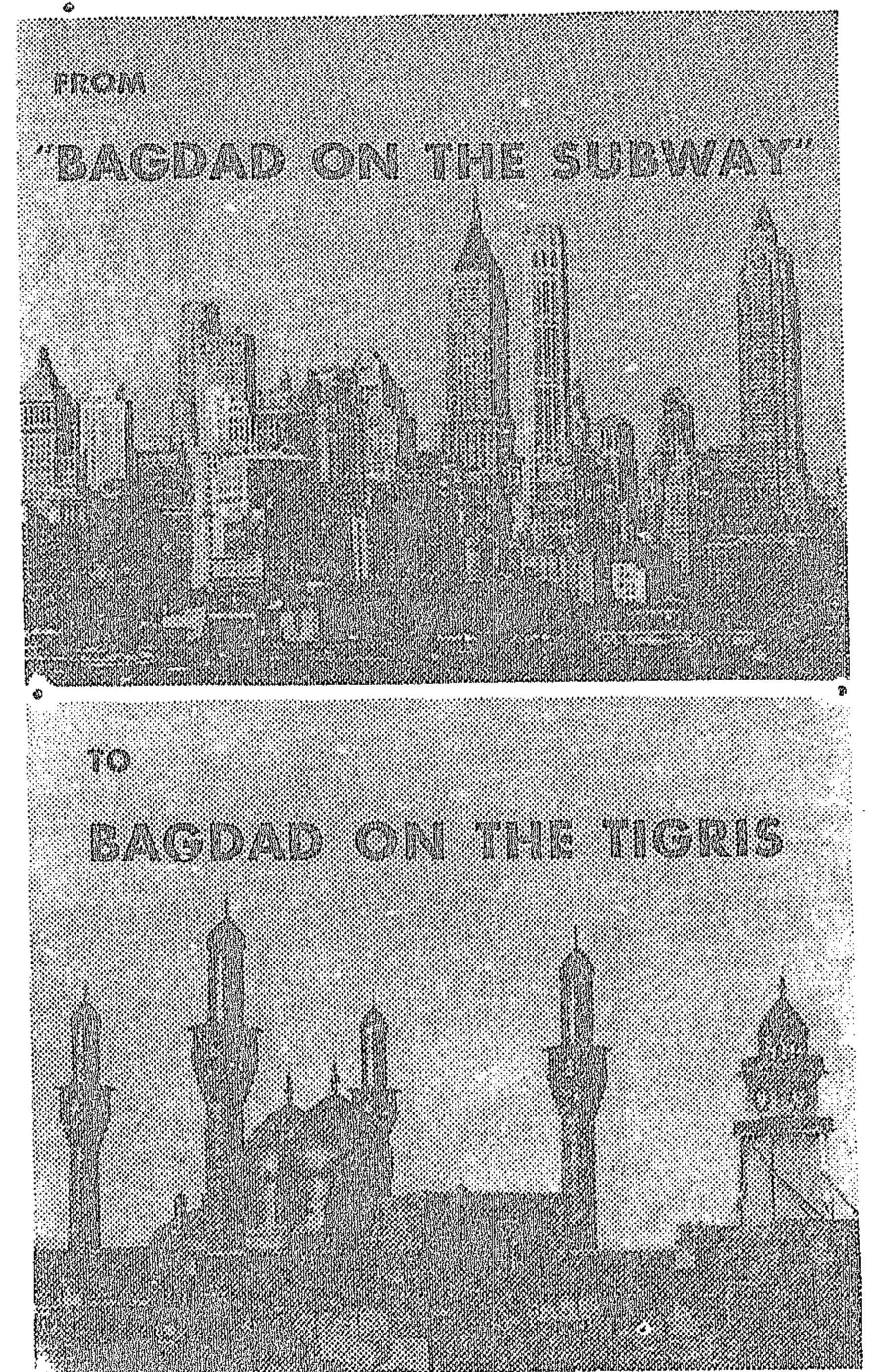
Little girl: "The character of the science requires the utmost aids that can be afforded by well contrived hypotheses."

Little Boy: Presumably!

The taxonomic value of the placenta in Mammalia is the number of characters that it carries along with it. But then, the dichotomous method of Botany, if fully adapted, as it might obviously be, would be still better.

As a final end is to discriminate the necessary from the unnecessary elements of the situation, we begin by a separate enumeration of all the circumstances, taking care to reduce each to its simplest components.

B (BO-PEEP) R.S.



BY TELEPHONE

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