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The staff of the *Tech News*, members of the faculty, and the entire student body wish to extend their profound sympathies to Mr. Bernard Weissman on the death of his father last week.

JUNIOR WEEK

Next week the students of Armour will partake in a long awaited event, that is, Junior Week. This year, as every year, a complete program has been planned by the Junior Marshals in order to have events and stunts that will appeal to every one.

In the past Junior Week lasted an entire week, while an attempt was made to hold classes in between the various portions of the programs. Last year the farce of trying to hold classes was given up and instead three days in which no classes are held was substituted. In this way the program is a little more condensed but enables every student to partake in every portion of it.

The only way in which Junior Week can be made a success, is by having every member of the student body take ACTIVE part in the program. The number of events is so wide and varied that no one can feel that he is excluded from participation. At the present time a great many students are planning the manner in which they can catch up on their back homework during this period. Last year the presence of the student body was noticeable because of its absence.

Junior Week holds a position at Armour that is unique among colleges. Armour is one of the very few schools where a definite period of time is set aside for the enjoyment of the student, other than that concerned with the regular school curricula. Besides this, the entire program is run by students that have been chosen by their fellow students.

This custom is one of the few remaining traditions at Armour. The green caps and other traditions have ceased being a part of campus life because of the abuse that resulted from them, rather than any fault inherent in the customs themselves. Unless a radical change takes place in the attitude of the student body, Junior Week may become only a memory in a few years.

There is no doubt that almost ever student coming to Armour comes for the primary purpose of study. It is necessary for the satisfactory completion of any course of studies to hand in all of the problems and reports that are due. But, is there any reason why work must be allowed to pile up in such a manner as to make it necessary to spend several days in catching up?

A few days away from the books will permit the student to attack his work with renewed vigor. So, for a better Junior Week, and a time of recreation for all, let's all join in the Spirit of Junior Week and participate in the activities.

"The Slipstick"

Cleave to "The Slipstick"; let the Slapstick fly where it may

Reports have reached our over large ears through various secret operatives that many readers have found disfavor with the humour printed herein. However it seems we are duty bound to furnish other less inferior college rags with some material which they may swipe from our column. Let me assure you good readers that the honor and tradition of the SLIPSTICK will be upheld in the eyes of all who gaze upon its clean and sprightly jokes.

"Wal, Hiram, did you have a nice time at the city?"
 "Reckon so, Elmer, shucks it's a great place. Y'know, the first night I spent there was with a neckid woman."
 "I swan, Hiram. What did y' do then?"
 "Nothin' much, Elmer, but reckon if I'd a play m' cards right, I could a' kissed 'er."

His life work was in ruins. He had been a progressive young civil engineer, but this would surely ruin him. His largest project, a million dollar bridge, almost completed, had collapsed and lay a hopeless tangle of steel in the river. There he stood on the banks of the river, gazing at his pricked bubble of hope, his crumbled dream castle. "Damn," said he, "I thought I had that decimal point in the wrong place."

P.S. We wonder if he graduated from Armour?

A fiery tempered Southern gentleman wrote the following letter:
 "Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, can not type what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot think it. You, being neither, will understand just what I mean."

A customer approached Lapidus' pushcart and asked the price of herring.

"Today," said the merchant proudly, "Today, I'm having a sale on herrings. The price is six cents each."
 "Six cents," protested the customer, "Why down the street is a man who's selling herring for four cents. And it's the same herring."
 "I know, I know," said Lapidus, "But I'm wrapping mine in later editions."

A PAIR OF CARVED INITIALS ON A TREE USUALLY MARKS THE SPOT WHERE HE WOODED AND SHE WOULD.

"Got a quarter for a room tonite, mister?" asked the tramp of the well dressed gentleman.
 "No," was the reply.
 "Gotta dime for a ham sandwich?"
 "No."
 "Gotta nickel for a cup o' coffee?"
 "No."
 "Huh, you're in a hell of a fix, aintcha?"

MAN AND SUPERMAN A One Act Play

Scene—A Bar.
 Cast of characters:
 Mr. A.
 Mr. B.
 Mr. C.
 The Bartender.
 As the curtain rises Mr. A. and Mr. B. are seen standing at one end of the bar; Mr. C. at the other. The bartender is sort of betwixt!
 Mr. A. (to Mr. B.): Nice day, aren't you?
 Mr. B. (to Mr. A.): I'll take the same.
 Mr. A.: Say, where are you from anyway?
 Mr. B.: Chicago.
 Mr. A.: Well, it's a small world, isn't it? What street do you live on?
 Mr. B.: Schlossendriple Street.
 Mr. A.: Is that so? why that's the street I live on. What number Schlossendriple?
 Mr. B.: I live at 381.
 Mr. A.: 381? Well, I'm damned! That's where I live! Say, what's your name anyway?
 Mr. B.: My name's McGillicuddy.
 Mr. A.: McGillicuddy? Well, that is strange! That's my name too. What's your first name?
 Mr. B.: Oscar, Oscar P.
 Mr. A.: Can you beat that! That's my name, too!
 Mr. C.: (who has been listening to this conversation and is a bit befuddled. He turns to the bartender): Say what the hell is this all about?
 Bartender (looking at Mr. A. and Mr. B. and shrugging his shoulders): Oh, that's just father and son. They've been drunk here for two days!

Grandpa, in a speedy car,
 Pushed the throttle down too far;
 Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
 Music by the G.A.R.

"Oh yes," said the pilot of the steamboat, "I've been on this river so long I know where every stump is." Just then the boat hit a stump which shook it from stem to stern.
 "There," he continued, "that's one of them now."

A tipsy soap box orator who had reached the argumentative stage, sat down next to a clergyman in a street car. Wishing to start something, he drawled, "I ain't going to heaven; there ain't no heaven."
 No answer.
 "I say there ain't no heaven; I ain't goin' to heaven," he shouted.
 The clergyman replied, "Well, go to hell then; but be quiet about it."

Of course, you all heard the story of the Chinese laundryman who was struck by an automobile while crossing the street; he went down with flying collars.

Hi Yo Silver!

CO-OP NEWS

E. P. Hanuska

Friday marked the end of half of our current period in school. To most of us the time just flies, but about the last two weeks of the term, we'll be only too anxious to get back to work.

Hollywood beware! In recognition of his histrionic accomplishment as a pirate in "Captain Applejack," "Handsome" Ed Wierzbicki 4B was presented with an odoriferous bouquet . . .

Most undesirable part of Mr. Harris' mechanics class is the "to be worked in class" problem which must be handed in whenever time permits. As a result, much hitherto unknown diplomatic ability is being displayed by the fellows in vain attempts to avoid this painful ordeal.

Typical college man is George Miles 3B with pipe and spring fever . . . Prediction: there's going to be an explosion in mechanism class any day now . . . in case you've wondered, those two mugs running around the campus in the railroad engineer's outfits are Burt Nelson 4B and Fred Krahulec 4B who have been pledged to Pi Tau Sigma, honorary mechanical fraternity . . . it's a little late to talk about in ice-boat now, but Bill Groen 3A treated your columnist to a blood-chilling ride in one of them two months ago . . . Vice-president Jerry Guckel of the sophomores was seen grazing a cloud of dust on the dance floor last Saturday night, and his sister, Ersla, knows her terpsichore too, for I know . . . Can you imagine Dave Whittingham 4B class prexy acting like a child? Just watch him play "slap-hands."

In the study of forces and torques in sophomore physics, two hands on a steering wheel were described as a couple. It was then suggested that one hand on a steering wheel usually meant a couple in more ways than one.

The division officers are planning to have a Coop exhibit at Open House, so bring your suggestions and samples of your company's product to your class officers. The display of industrial products will give visitors, and regular students as well, an opportunity to see the things the Coops work with. Some doubt is being entertained as to the capacity of the library for holding such pieces as locomotives, rolling mills, printing presses, etc., but let's cross our bridges when we come to them.



Did you know that radio broadcasting stations from coast to coast are linked by more than 53,000 miles of special telephone circuits?

Even before the earliest days of broadcasting, Bell System engineers developed means of transmitting sounds of all kinds by wire. These have been improved constantly to transmit the extremely high and low sound frequencies of music and entertainment.

Just as years of telephone research stand back of today's special broadcasting circuits—so the research of today is helping to solve the communications problems of tomorrow. Another Bell System contribution to your daily life.

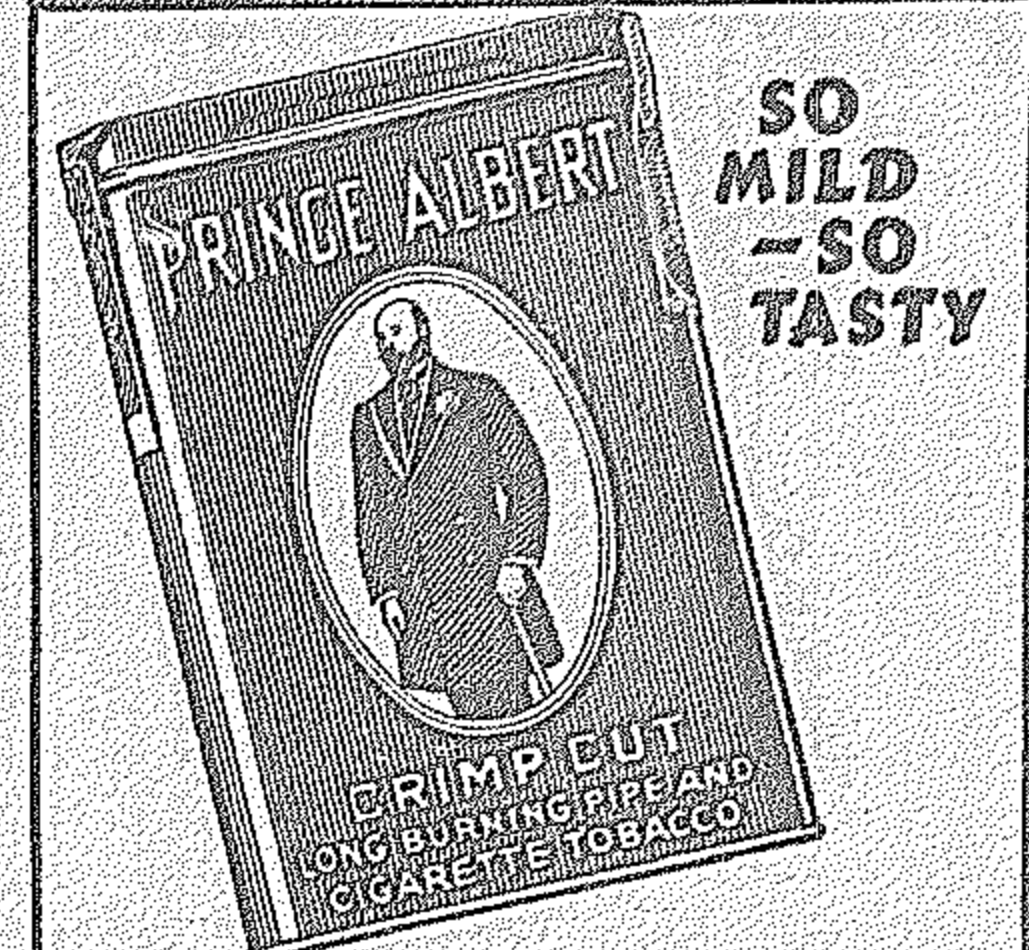
How about a telephone call to Dad?
 Rates to most points are lowest any time after 7 P. M. and all day Sunday.



SMOKERS, HERE'S A GRAND COURSE IN PIPE-JOY!



IT DOESN'T TAKE ANY STUDY TO CATCH ON TO THIS SWELL COMBINATION OF MILDNESS AND RICH, RIPE TASTE — I MEAN PRINCE ALBERT



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.
 (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket tin of Prince Albert

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