

Armour Tech News

Student Publication of the
ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
8300 Federal St.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Published Weekly During the College Year

1938 Member 1939

Associated Collegiate Press

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY
National Advertising Service, Inc.
College Publishers Representative
420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.
CHICAGO - BOSTON - LOS ANGELES - SAN FRANCISCO

"Entered as second class matter December 8, 1937, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879."

\$2.00 Per Year Single Copies, 10 Cents Each

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Vol. XXIII. Wednesday, May 10, 1939 No. 12

Election Returns

As all good men and true are aware there was an election last Friday for posts on the A.T.S.A. board for the coming year. The purely numerical results of this event are given on the front page of this issue. However in this space we shall endeavor to give some of the less apparent results.

In accordance with the policy of letting any one place his name on the ballot who wishes to run for any office, the elections were the openest that have been held in recent years. Up to this time there has always been an election committee, functioning on the principle of the old party caucus. This hand picked group of men selected candidates who would perpetuate the power of the group then in the saddle. In this simple way one minority could control the board with comparative ease. In effect the general student body had very little to say about who was to govern them for the coming term. It was all cut and dried before the ballots were printed.

With the opening of the elections a new political era has dawned. It is far too early to attempt to make any predictions as to what the long run consequences of this action will be, but it is fairly certain that in days to come there will never be the political hokus-pokus we have witnessed in the past three years. Any group which hopes to control an election will have a huge job on its hands to swing half of the student body into line.

That portion of the student body which has just been mentioned, namely one half, is not quite the number that voted Friday. To be specific, a grand and glorious total of 504 students out of a possible vote of 1189 took up the stupendous task of marking a small symbol, commonly known as an 'X', in the boxes provided for the purpose. What a grand and glorious record that is. A bare 42½ per cent of the men cast their votes. Not even half of those who are assessed \$19.00 each and every year for A.T.S.A. dues could bother themselves to express their choice in this most important matter. Such colossal human indifference is genuinely amazing, to say the least.

Knowing that most of the students just plain don't care about the A.T.S.A. those persons who were interested enough to see that some needed changes were made in the constitution of this organization had to use the expedient of petitions to get the required two thirds majority. This attempt has been incorporated. It now permits a two thirds majority of the students voting to enact any amendment.

There will be several more amendments on the ballots which will be used in the final election to be held next Monday. After this election the constitution should be in shape to handle most contingencies for a few years to come. In any case the way has been opened to let the constitution be modified so as to comply with changing conditions. This is a great step in the right direction and is a source of gratification to those who worked for its accomplishment.

"The Slipstick"

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

Don't walk away, Mr., we have something here today which may not be as spectacular as some of the displays on exhibition, but we have something that you can enjoy and take home with you and show your friends. Before we start, you must abide by the rules of the game. Under no circumstances must you fail to laugh when you see the following:

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Astor, but that would never have happened if you hadn't stepped between me and the spittoon."

It seems that there were two good friends, one went to Princeton, and the other went to a place called Yale. Now, upon the usual happy occasion of the Eli football victory, these two cronies fell to imbibing—the one to celebrate and the other to drown his sorrows. During the evening they became, to put it bluntly, poyvaliant; a quarrel arose, things went from bad to worse, and the Princeton man challenged the Yale man to a duel. Well, things were arranged so that they should shoot at the count of three in a dark room. They managed to attain their room, just as the Yale man sobered up. He realized what things were about, and thought: "My gosh, here I am about to shoot my best friend. I can't do that, even if he does go to Princeton. I'll walk over to the chimney, and shoot up it." So, at the count of one, he strode over to the chimney, pulled the trigger, and killed the Princeton man.

Imagine the embarrassment of the newsboy who opened the wrong door in the depot waiting room and yelled: "Extra! Paper!"

All That Glistens Isn't Gold

A baseball game being played in Old Man Jones' pasture broke up in the seventh inning in an uproar when Joe Spives slid into what he thought was third base.

A man from Kansas was looking into the depths of the Grand Canyon.

"Do you know," said the guide, "it took millions of years for this great abyss to be carved out?"
The man from Kansas appeared to be surprised.
"You don't tell me," commented. "Why, I didn't know this was a government job."

A fussy old lady, traveling cross country to one of the fairs, finally became irked to the extent of firing a salvo at the driver because of frequent stops. "Such transportation!" she boomed. "Do you stop at every telegraph pole?"

"Sorry, lady," said the driver, "but this bus is a Greyhound!"

Listen my children and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere
He jumped in his sliiver and turned on the gas
The bottom fell out and he broke his arm.

The circus strong man was explaining his act to an agent.

"I place a cobblesone on my head," he asserted, "and then my assistant picks up a sixteen pound sledge-hammer, swings it with all his might—and cracks the cobblesone in half!"

The agent was amazed.
"That's marvelous," he exclaimed, "but how about your head—don't you ever feel it?"
The strong man waved a hand.
"Sure," he admitted. That's why I sometimes carry aspirins."

"So you've been to college, eh?"

"Yeah."

"How high can you count?"

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, jack, queen and king."

Stranger: Why is it that none of these autoists around here put out their hands when turning corners?

Cop: You see, this is a college town and the young chaps ain't octopuses.

"The truly perfect composition," lectured a professor of English at Harvard, "embodies an appeal to the imagination, has in it something of religion, and besides, for these modern times, is somewhat risque."

A number of compositions were submitted by the class, each trying to exemplify these salient points. The one the professor considered the best he read to the class at the following lecture. It began thus: "My God," said the Duchess, 'take your hand off my leg!'"

Abbreviations are always followed by a period except on the beach, where they're followed by a crowd.

Teacher: Johnny, do you wish to leave the room?

Pupil: Say, teacher, you don't think I'm standing here hitch-hiking, do you?

MERRY METERS

There are meters trochaic
And meters iambic
And meters of musical tone.
But the meter
That's neater, sweeter,
Completer,
Is to meet'er in the moonlight alone.

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" howled the judge, who had a sense of humor, just before delivering a death sentence. "You'll die when you hear this one."

Hi Yo Silver!

CO-OP CHATTER

By E. P. Hanuska

For the first time since its inception in 1936, the five-year Co-operative Department in Mechanical Engineering will be represented at Open House. The exhibit will consist mainly of mechanisms lent by the companies who are engaged in the Co-op plan.

The purpose of having these industrial products on display is to give visitors an opportunity to see the things the Co-op student works with. Included in the exhibit will be model electric locomotives, a 600 lb. diesel engine, 300 lb. casting, and a model coal mine.

The companies which are participating are the Goodman Mfg. Co., Caterpillar Tractor, Chicago Screw Co., Elgin Watch Co., American Steel Foundries, and the Danly Machine Specialties Co.

The exhibit will be held on the first floor of Machinery Hall, north of the main building. Co-op men will be on hand to answer queries from visitors and to distribute literature describing the Co-op Course.

Dr. Anderson, division sponsor, and Dave Whittingham, division president, have directed this year's display. They join with all of the Co-op students and faculty in wishing visitors a hearty welcome.

The third year men received their blue corduroy bush coats last week. Anxious to show them off to the rest of the school is the reason for their wearing them during those hot days. Pride above comfort, you know.

The second year men also received their school jackets—brown and cream leather-woolen creations—and, of course, much bandying of words can now be heard as to which class has the best ones.

High light of the pre-junior Coop-junior Civil baseball game was Bob Windstrup, 3B, whose spectacular fielding not only helped to win the game for the Coops to the tune of 19 to 13, but also kept the by-standers in a dither of excitement. . . . Where else does such an air of freedom and tranquility prevail as in Mr. Cowie's machine design class where a certain John Rapp, 3B, could be heard muttering about his beloved Elizabeth. Ah, me! . . . Is it

Stoopbrain Bliss Invites Relatives and Sally To Attend Junior Week Festivities

By Art Hansen

Dear Sally:

Wel, az Prof. Slip Stick, famous engineer and mathematishan wonce sed in addressing the stewdents in hiz hydrawlics klass: "They're our varyous kinds of pumps in existense, and fore awl purposes. Take four example girls hoo wear pumps because they hav water on the knee, unquote, and hope, deer mountin flour, that I find yew wel.

Sally, thiz weak wil bea a joyful won in my hart. I kan't get over it that yew ovr axually coming up to sea mea in skool thiz Friday and tew help thea junior mechanicals put on they're show. I hav raved about yew so much that thea boys are dying to meat yew. So yew wil hav a big tyme up hear, sweet, withe open howse thiz Wednesday, the inter-maternity sing and glea club spring concert Thursday nite, and the junior informal Friday nite. And then the many activities in the daytyme Wednesday, thursday and friday. Baseball games, pie-eating contest wich I wil win hands down and face in there digging, marble tornament, wich wil bea another sinch, tug of war betwixt the juniors and those lazy fellows nown as seniors, the freshman-sofomore rush, the fraternity skits, the hobo parade (I'll kop the kup without trying) and the aigthrowing battle. I hav gotten tew cases of aigs laid a year ago laste summer, and if yew think skunks or ded herring smelt, whaite til yew've smelt these aigs. Even the chickens put closepins over their knoses wen they laid them, and thea roosters wuldn't speak tew them fore weaks. These aigs smell worse than those laid by radio comedians.

possible that the mechanics marker has something more important to do than to mark Coop homework? . . . Just what is the obstruse connection between Tom McKeon, 4B, and Gipsy Rose Lee? . . . Famous last words: Don't get hot, Stryz!

Don't forget the Junior Informal at Itasca, Friday night. We'll be there and looking for you.

At open howse they ovr agin agoing tew hav the kiss-o-meter, on wich I broke so many records last yeer kissing bewtiful young ladys until I bekame so torrid I burnt the elektrikal wiring of the machine to ashes. With yew heer thiz yeer fore mea tew demonstrate on, I wil shown them why I killed pappy's largest hog laste summer wen hea snuck up behind us and stuck hiz hed between yours and mine az wea sat under the trea in skunk hollow and I kizzed him by mistake thinking that it wuz yew withe a sudden bige improvement. And how hea had blisters on hiz lips after that and that won wuld pop every tyme hea tried too eat some food, and how, after being driven insane by the popping noise threw himself in our well and wuz drowned. Yew no, deer Sally, that water has tasted of bacon every since.

I hav sumthing elaborate planned fore yew friday on Ogden field and no yew wil feel rite at hoam. Then friday nite—the junior informal at the A Tisket, Itaska Country Club. There we wil strut our sufl and show them howe tew danze az danzing shuld bea az follows: "Threa little and fiddler's trot tew the sheepbeth walk (oler version of the lambeth walk), and ending up withe thea mountin reel (2 jugs of grandpappy's corn wil help the reel considerably.)

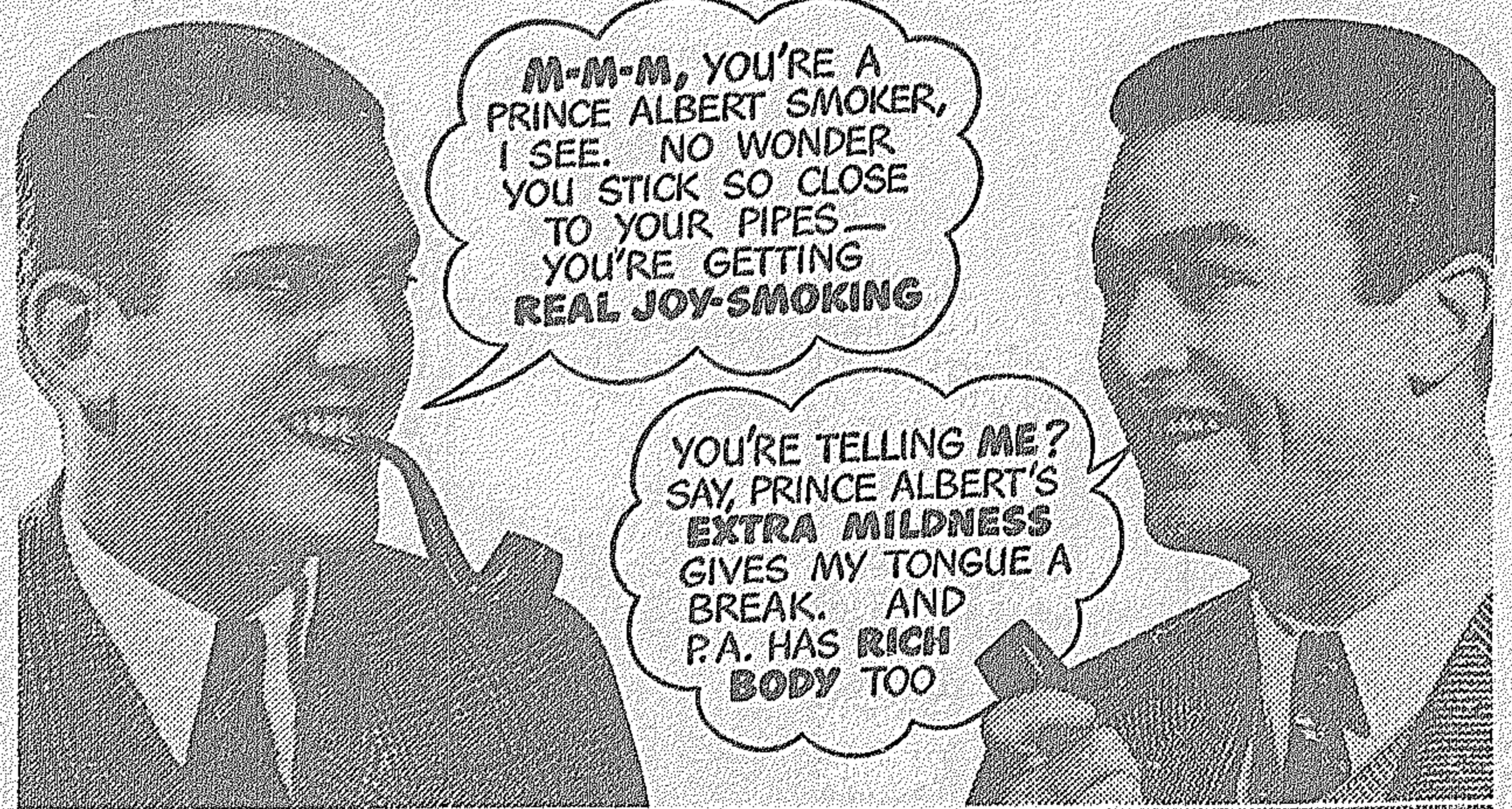
I shure am glad that couzin Lame-brain, brother Halfstoop and Grand-pa Bentwits our acomin withe yew. I have ben sort of lonely litly.

My hed haz ben in a whirl lately, with awl thze things agoin on, owt of town glea club concerts, danze club socials and then final exams runing up withe seven league boots.

My mountin peach, I hav juste concluded that my philosophy of life shuld bea az follows: "Threa little fishes just swam and they swam, and they swam and swam awl over the dam. The engineer who built it, hiz hed juste swam and swam, an wen hea wuz thru, hea didn't give a damn, unquote.

Wel, az the policeman sed tew hiz sweethart, quote: I put down a big disturbance laste nite, Iz that rite, shea replys. Yes, hea sed, I ate threa helpings of Welsh rabbit, unquote, and hope yew ovr the same. Wil meat yew at the train.

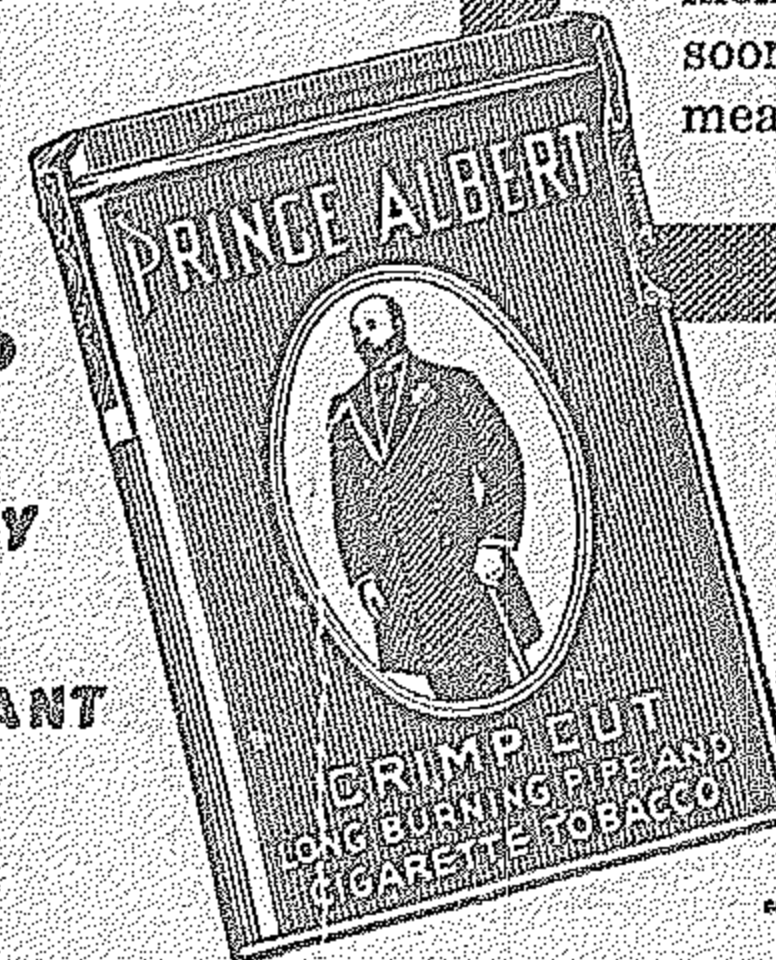
Yures,
Stoopbrain Bliss.



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SO TASTY
SO FRAGRANT



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