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The Lunchroom

For the last many months one of the main causes for indigestion among students has been the good old Armour feed foundry—now called the Student Union Cafeteria. Internal rumblings have been echoing from the walls of Union ever since it was opened last fall. We feel that it is high time some important facts were put before the students. In addition we should like to make a few suggestions to Mr. Allison, who, after all, really runs the cafeteria.

One of the biggest disappointments to the students comes to light rather forcefully when some organization of which they are a member wishes to hold a banquet in the Union. When they ask for a menu they may get three different arrangements from which to choose. That is well and good, but if the menus are carefully analyzed inconsistencies come out. The standard twenty-five cent lunch is dressed up with half a grapefruit, two stalks of celery and an olive, a cup of coffee, and a small piece of pie and lo and behold, it emerges as an eighty-five cent banquet! The other two choices are just as magical in their ability to transform things as this example.

Last January the A.T.S.A. held the father and sons' banquet in the Union. It was a great success from the attendance standpoint, but from the culinary side it flopped. For \$1.00 per plate the supposedly non-profit aspect of this dinner became a pure myth. Appraised by an expert this meal was evaluated a grand total of thirty-seven cents, leaving about 67 cents profit.

As a result of considerable criticism of this famous repast, more recent banquets have had their quality and quantity raised and price lowered. Let us hope and pray that further refinement of banquet policy will some day result in a really first class affair in the lunchroom.

Variety of foods is certainly lacking on any menu you see in the lunchroom. The same old stuff every day, monotonous without end, is not good for any one's insides. What we want is a few fresh vegetables, salads fixed nicely and priced so that we can buy them rather than let them grow stale in the showcase. Let the lunchroom put a new cut of meat on the steam table for a change. Roast Sirloin of Beef, mashed potatoes, peas and carrots, might as well be labeled dinner number one under the present system. Some real gravy, rather than the canned varied would also be appreciated.

Ice cream companies now make more than twenty different varieties of ice cream. Why can't the cafeteria get one or two different, new kinds each week? How about featuring fresh fruit sundaes, too? Variety in the Coco-Cola department could be used and the same idea carried into the soda department.

Service in the lunchroom is better than it used to be. Putting on more waitresses has solved that problem. Because most of us were not here several years ago we can not appreciate the very great improvements which have been made in the surroundings. For those things the persons in charge are certainly to be congratulated. However, now that the exterior aspects of the food problem have been solved, please let something be done about the food itself with particular reference to quality, variety, quantity, and price.

"The Slipstick"

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

Starting off this week, let it be said that we never steal any jokes from any but the best of papers. Even when we don't have any column for the week our readers must never be without their bit of humor for the week, so when the worst comes to the worst, and this is the worst, we give you—

One of the biggest questions the modern engineer has is how these modern women keep these screwy hats on their heads. The consensus seems to be that most of the gals have a vacuum in their heads, and that helps a lot in keeping their newest creation in place.

Notes on Mountain Climbing—

The higher the mountain the cooler the breeze,
The younger the couple, the tighter the squeeze.

Man: Some tooth paste please.

Drug clerk: Why?

Man: My teeth are loose.

Butch: Hey, Mike, I've just landed a swell job at the foundry.

Mike: Fine, glad to hear it, what are you doing?

Butch: Oh, I have lots of fun. I take the squeal out of the pig iron.

She was only an electrician's daughter, but, boy, has she got the fixtures!

Perplexed Oriental: Our children velly white. Is velly stlange.

Second Oriental: Oh, Well, Occidents will happen.

Young engineer: Pop, what makes the world go around?

Pop: What, have you been in the cellar again?

SUMMER, DEAR SUMMER

When summer is here I like to roam
The fields and make the woods my home.
I like to jump and run about
And gambol in the water sprout.
I'd sing my joy with gurgles and glugs
(Wonder if he comes from Milwaukee)
If it weren't for those gosh darned bugs.
Gnats, bugs, mosquitoes, June bugs, flies,
Bees, ants, caterpillars, centipedes,
Spiders, dragon flies, water lice,
Who squirm, twist, slither, crawl,
Up and down my legs, arms, spine, etc.
And itch like hell.

Prof: You can take this course or leave it. Leave it and you can take it next year.

They build these modern automobiles so that five people can get in them with comfort, and ten if they are well acquainted.

"LITTLE LESSONS FOR CHILDREN"

Never pull a kitty's tail,
You Can't hurt him much, like that.
If you want to hear him wail,
Sock him with a baseball bat.

Censored

A woman is a strange animal who can tear through an 18 inch aisle in a crowded store, and then go home and knock the doors off a 12 foot garage.

Benjy saw a bear.
The bear saw Benjy
The bear chased Benjy
The bear caught Benjy
The bear was bulgy
The bulge was Benjy

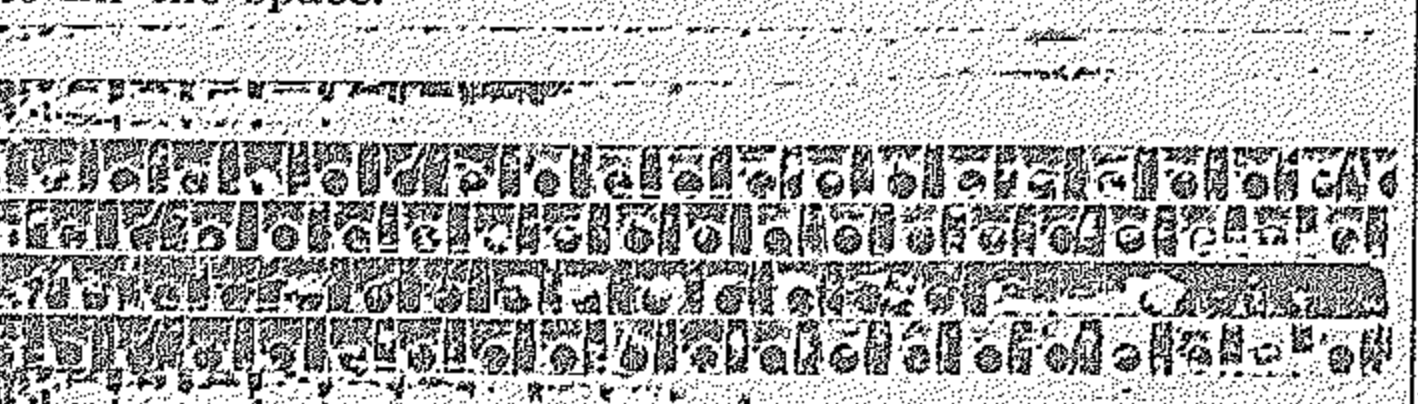
A big polar bear was sitting on a frozen pond, telling some little polar bears a story. When he finished he said, "My tale is told."

Rub-adub-dub
Three men in a tub
How I hate these cheap hotels.

Stan: Hello, Marge, Where have you been?
Marge: Out by the polo field. It was wonderful.
Stan: Sure was. Nothing like a nice field of waving polo.

Mommie, where are my glasses?
Right where you emptied them last night, son.

This, dear readers, is not a noontime picture of a coal mine, but what happens when we do not have enough copy to fill the space.



So long Now,
Splice.

CO-OP CHATTER

By E. P. Hanuska

The first attempt at a Co-op exhibit for Open House went off with more of a bang than we expected. Visitors enjoyed the display of industrial products—even the ladies (who ordinarily are bored stiff with all the machinery and technical jargon) appeared to enjoy the show, if their playing with the many models means anything.

Last week we mentioned the names of the companies who definitely were going to participate. By the time the evening crowds arrived, the following companies were also represented: Foote Bros. Gear & Machine Corp.

Morton Mgr. Co.
Stephens Adamson Mfg. Co.
Armstrong Bros.
Speedway Mfg. Co.
Republic Flow Meters Co.
Borg Warner Corp.
The Whiting Corp.
Ilg Electric Ventilating Co.
Lyon Steel Products Co.
Revere Copper & Brass Inc.
Buda Co.

These companies are deserving of our thanks for having been so helpful in supplying us with material for our exhibit. Their products helped us impress the visitors with the fact that Armour has a very real and practical connection with industry. At the very least, the different displays gave the fellows an opportunity to talk about their companies, which in itself is good practice (there was more than one hoarse voice the next morning.)

Observed: Many old friends who showed up just for Open House . . . President Heald nodding approval . . . Ed Opila 2B, the real salesman . . . Bob Kocourek 3B getting around in the mass of humanity on the dance floor . . . Alphy Giddings being given the lowdown on Goodman locomotives . . . Leo Hemphill 2B looking very pleased about the whole thing . . . Stuart Olsen 4A with the most beautiful young lady . . . Bill Groen 3A with an eye for only Frieda . . .

Able manned by Roy Erickson 3B, the pre-junior Co-op soft ball team won their return game with the sophs by 9 to 3 on May 5. On May 8 they defeated the junior Co-ops 8 to 6. Only the freshman team remains to suffer the same fate, and then the pre-juniors will reign supreme over all the B group.
(Continued on page four)

STEAM SHOVEL

Well, now that Junior Week is a thing of the past, we can settle down and prepare for the coming final examinations. Boy, but it is going to seem funny having books in our laps instead of . . .

Say, incidently, did you notice that look of disgust that covered a certain chem. prof's face when his exhibit ran a poor third to the juice and p. chem. shows in popularity. Seems he has no use for ducks.

Have you heard the crack Harv Rothenberg pulled when the track team went to Peoria. Seems the car was passing a pasture and Harvey spied a cow in yonder fields. Pipes up Harv, "What is that, a cow or a goat?" When informed it was the former, the mental giant inquired, "Well, what's he doing?"

Wonder why Willard Kruse doesn't bring that delicious, delightful, young sister of his around more often. At present, she's a senior at Lindblom and an eye-opener if we're any judge.

Cradle snatchers come and cradle snatchers go and thus it is with "Doc Catlin." He has been overthrown by a new champ. "Bob" Malleck who escorted a very, very young lady around the exhibits Open House Night is the new king in a walk.

Guess who this describes. "Her figure is a compliment to anything she wears," especially when she wears that tan outfit. Oh boy!

Why is it that every time "Big Stoop" Swanson of Kissometer fame goes out alone, he ends up driving some pretty miss home? What is it, Ed, Lifebuoy, Vitalis or the shimmy? By the way how's that Grace Doring?

Is it love or infatuation? Johnny Cultra has exchanged glances with the same little redhead for six months now. Her name is Helen McGuire and she attends De Paul which has become the "Cinderellaman's" favorite college of late.

Did you notice the brisk manner with which Dan Shaver introduced his g.f. around Open House Night. We didn't even get a chance to catch her name or notice the color of her eyes. Afraid of losing her, Dan?

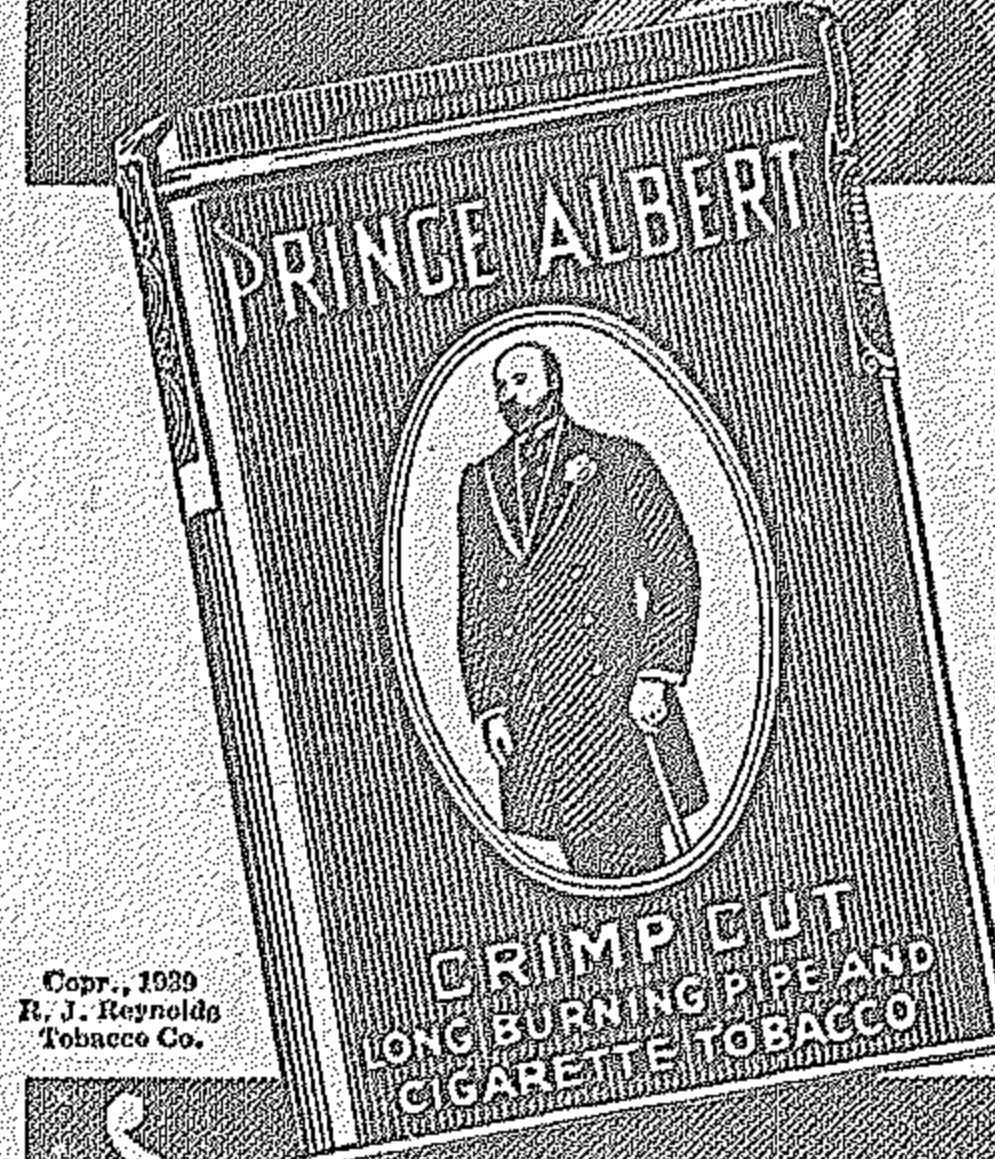
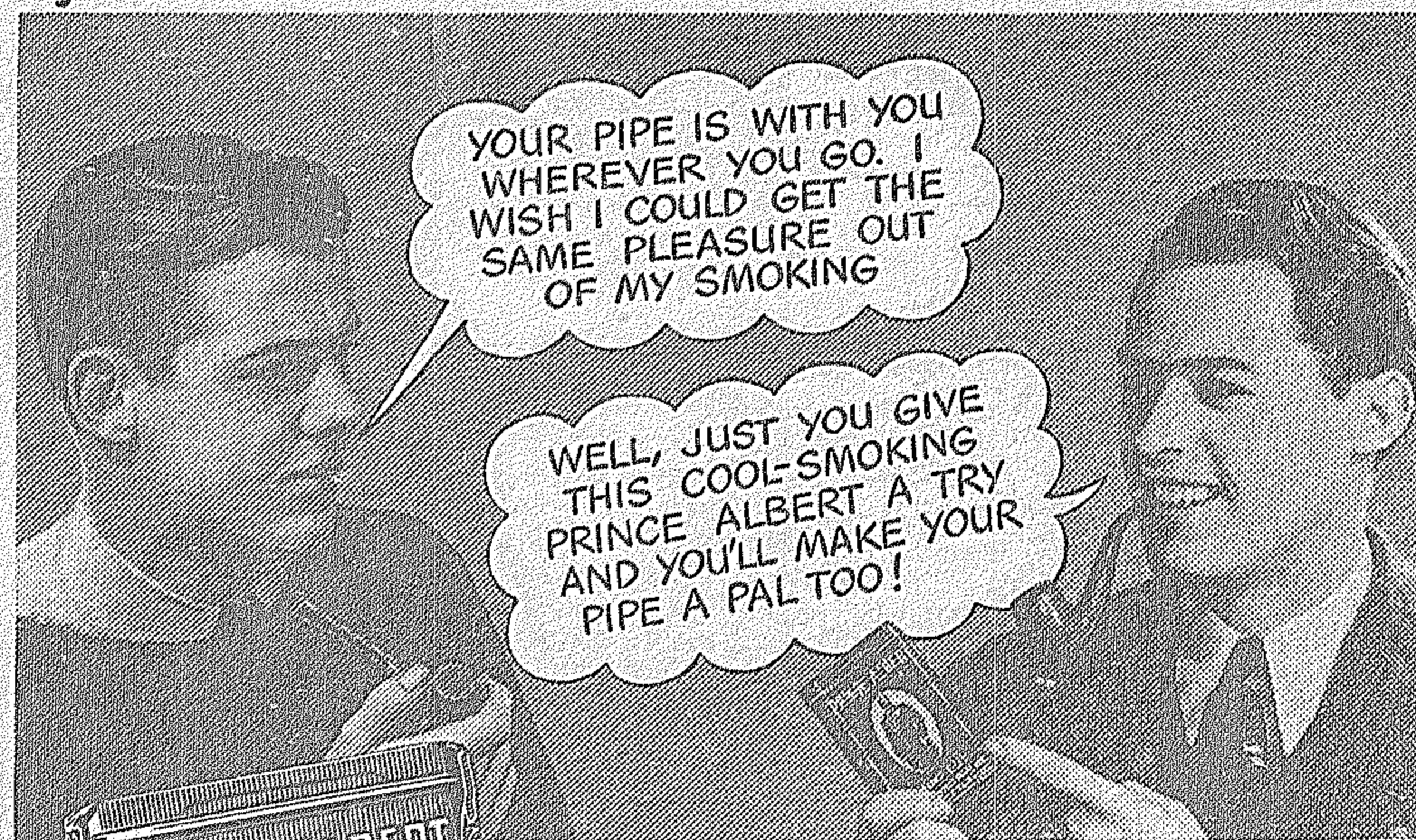
Lloyd Norkus, supposedly off women for life after being jilted by Janet Richardson (a sweet gal) down at Illinois, recently lost his heart again to a pretty little thing from the University of Virginia, and on a blind date, too. Seems the handsome chem is vulnerable to any pretty face that runs into a gorgeous figure.

Wonder what that knee trouble was last Wednesday night that Dick Vanderkief and "Buss" Tullgren were having with their girl friends in the back of "Sonny's" car. There were giggles and laughs galore emanating from the rear as the Student Union boss drove home a four passenger car carrying double load.

Someone ought to start a petition to have another desk installed in the information office. We know a soph chem who would greatly appreciate one.

Personal to Bob Winblad: No matter what anyone says, keep wearing that pink suit.

It was really a pleasure to see the manner in which many faculty members supported the Junior Week program. In addition to the athletic coaches Weissman, Root, and former baseball and basketball coach Kraft, Professors Ahern, Harris, Hammett, Van Atta, Perlin, and Goetz, and ass't professor Wagner played in the senior game while Dean Tibbals, and Professors Paul and Hendricks cheered from the sidelines. Helping to judge the skits were Winston, Seegrist and Huntly. It's too bad the rest of the faculty doesn't realize how much more respect they'd get if they'd help out in these affairs.
(Continued on page four)



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