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The faculty and students wish to extend their sincere sympathy to Professor W. C. Krathwohl on the death of his father, Charles G. Krathwohl, who died last week in Buffalo, New York.

The W.S.E. Situation

A little over a month ago a movement was begun to extend the function of the W.S.E. to include all of the engineering departments. The idea was voted upon by the various departments but failed to be carried to completion because the A.S.M.E. voted against the proposal.

At the present time a committee composed of one senior and one junior from each department has been formed to consider the matter further. The committee has been formed because it is felt that the measure was defeated by too small a margin and a further effort should be made. There were at that time several serious defects in the by-laws which must be remedied before the proponents of the proposition can so much as hope for favorable action.

One of the most serious errors was a provision limiting membership to upperclassmen only. We feel that this is a great injustice to the freshmen, especially.

The freshmen attending Armour at the present time receive a general course of study applicable to no particular engineering field, but it is expected that after a year the student can make an intelligent choice of the particular branch of the profession that he wishes to enter. Yet no provision is made at Armour for him to secure the information necessary to make a rational choice. Many schools maintain survey courses for just this purpose. Lack of time is the reason given for the absence of such a course at Armour.

The W.S.E. can, by including the freshmen and sophomores, do a great deal towards remedying this situation. A series of meetings, let us say five each semester, could present a subject relative to the various departments. This would serve not only to furnish a basis of information to the freshmen, but to give an insight of the various branches of engineering to the upperclassmen.

By presenting a speaker before an audience as large as the entire student body, a much better type of speaker can be presented. Demonstrations, a type of subject entirely lacking in a great number of societies, can be procured much more readily. In this way all students will derive many advantages, the students will be more closely knit into one unit and much of the segregation which now exists will disappear.

Habit gets a fellow. Many a father who worked his way through college is now working his son's way through.

"The Slipstick"

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

Your response to this column's plea for contributions has been overwhelming. The task of wading through all that mail proved a trying ordeal. But with a do or die determination we read it all—one postal card!!! Fooley to youse guys. We'll swipe our jokes just for that.

*The one who thinks these jokes are poor
Would straightaway change his views
Could he compare the jokes (?) we print
With those we do not use.*

The professor looked pallid and nervous. He had dark circles under his eyes and wore a haunted expression. He kept glancing around apprehensively.

"You look ill, dear," said his wife. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing much," he replied, "but I—I had a fearful dream last night and I feel this morning as if I—as if I—" he hesitated and stammered.

"What was the dream?" asked his wife.

"I—I dreamed that I had to take the examination with the pupils!" sighed the professor.

Landlord: Of course, you have no children?

Tenant: No.

Landlord: Dogs or cats?

Tenant: No.

Landlord: Piano, phonograph or radio?

Tenant: No, but theres one thing. My fountain pen squeaks a little when I write. I hope you won't object to that.

My girl is like a typewriter keyboard—if you press the wrong spots you get terrible words.

He who laughs last is trying to think of a dirty meaning!

Freshman: When we get to the study of magnesia in chem there will be a question as to whether we are studying physics or chemistry.

"The editorial policy of my new magazine is quite clearly defined. I aim at the man in the street."

"So does my friend here."

"Oh, is he an editor, too?"

"No, he's a motorist."

Our maxim for the week: You can lead a fool to the trough of knowledge, but you cannot make him drink.

Parting

"No," said she, "I—I can only be a sister to you."

"Very well," said he. "I must be going. I had expected a different answer from you, but—well, good night!"

"Bernard," she faltered, as he started out into the night, "Bernard!"

"What is it?" he asked, very crossly.

"Aren't you going to kiss your sister good night?"

He did not go then.

Pardon me while I blacken my face I've got to take up my stand on 33rd and State Streets. I'm just selling some pencils in an effort to raise some of that filthy lucre for the Junior Formal.

Hi Yo: Did you hear the story about the three holes in the ground?

Eleanor: No.

Hi Yo: Well, well, well.

And while we're on the subject:
The love of some women is most touching.

"Have you been through calculus?" asked Dr. Krathwohl.

"Not unless I passed through at night," replied the Freshman. "I'm from Kansas, you know."

Frosh: "I failed in my Trig. exam."

Soph: "But I thought you had all the answers written on your cuff?"

Frosh: "Yeah—but by mistake I put on my algebra shirt."

Oscar came to the city and got a job as a janitor in a girl's school and was entrusted with a pass key to every room in the building.

The following week the Dean ran across him and asked, "Why didn't you come around Friday for your pay, Oscar?"

"Vot! Do I get vages, too?"

Add daffynitions—A watch is something which if you look at long enough it will be too late to do what you were going to do before you looked at it.

"I'm losing my punch," said the man as he left the cocktail party in a hurry.

"Where's our Nellie?"

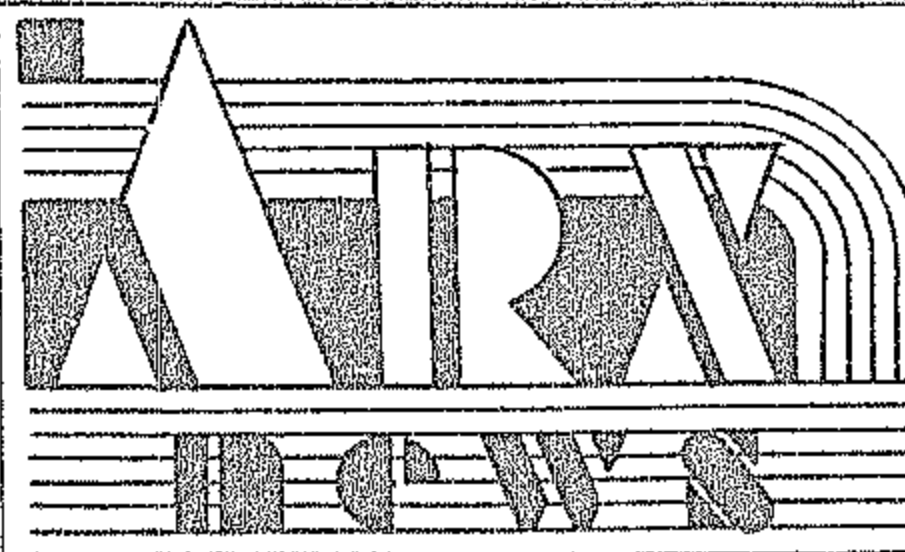
"Our Nellie's out in them thy'ar hills."

"But thy'ars ba'rs in them hills."

"That's all right, our Nellie rides a bike and she can handlebars."

—Minnesota Engineer.

Mary, on her pair of skates,
Around the pond did frisk;
Now wasn't she a foolish girl
Her little * !



Mmm, mmm, what a banquet. Best of this year and probably best yet. . . . Yep! Ye Arx do it again! . . . Swell turnout. 200 strong for old Armour Arx. . . . Darn nice bunch, too. . . . Do you remember that thick steak, fresh vegetables, rolls, and that topin' fresh strawberry sponge cake, mmm. . . . The Dining Room outdid itself, or maybe it's turning over a new leaf. Who said "It's about time?" . . . Professor van der Rohe was greatly acclaimed by all in attendance. . . . His speech was of great interest to all Arx attending. . . . mmm, mmm, mmm, that strawberry sponge cake! Professor Kliphardt, Mr. Lader, Beckman, Cunningham, Pelz were there. . . .

Smiling Jack was there as always. . . . good turn-out of seniors, juniors and sophs. . . . Anyone who missed this should have known better because ye Arx always hit it off with a bang. . . . always a bang-up time.

Back to hum-drum school life, after the grandiose banquet. . . . speaking of life, the sophs' new theme song is "We Love Life" (on alternate Thursdays, of course). . . . Dodge believes that Dodge knows life better'n the prof. . . . how about giving him some lessons? . . . Anderson and Danforth were darn good at the concert, just ask Andy. . . . Freshmen came down to life on the wrong Thursday. . . .

The hecklers in the junior room, Pasiuk, Sauerman, and Howe, should be pacified now that they've made the Arx News. . . . Who was the guy in visual training last Tuesday that made a fancy job of printing from a negative, which turned out pitch black? . . . Seniors are still pounding their heads to design a good school, and with the sophs, they're giving Aschuler a beating (censored!).

Now I ask you, when a guy gets a news contribution like this, what does he do? This is typical of news offered by the sophs; Wagner was upset the other day when the "sophs became too, too, boisterous" (my, my, well, slap my wrist). . . . Here's hoping for better stuff.

We conclude that Richardson directed the banquet very well with the cooperation of Mr. Mell. . . . The All-Architectural Banquet was one swell banquet!!

BOZ-ARTS.

CO-OP NEWS

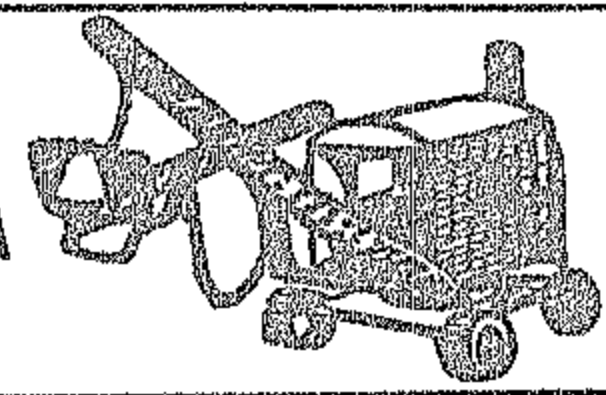
H. Krantz

Freshmen co-op elections: Freshmen initiative has again displayed itself in a new method of electing officers. The ten highest-ranking men in mathematics will be the only students eligible for election. Of the ten men, four will be elected by the first ballot to fill the offices of president, secretary, and treasurer, according to the total number of points received by each candidate. Each vote for president will count four points, a vote for vice-president will count 3 points, and votes for secretary and treasurer will carry two and one points respectively. After the count the student receiving the largest total number of points will assume the duties of the president, and the remaining offices will be filled in the order of second, third, and fourth largest total count.

Of the class of forty, the following ten men rank highest: G. Wittekind, C. Stodtman, M. Minter, E. Irwin, V. Robbins, A. Zimmerman, and J. G. Crawford, J. Woodbury, H. Sogin, and J. Barnabee. Elections will be in charge of R. Schneider, temporary chairman of the class.

The night before: He courageously plodded his way to his earthy abode, his rolling eyes perceiving four blinding beacons on each passing noiseless automobile, his head pounding with the untimely beat of his strained heart, his aching torso swaying majestically in the non-existing gale; his knees buckled simultaneously, and suddenly met face to face with the massive concrete structure beneath his swollen extremities. His fighting spirit bore him up, and on he trudged. Apologetically, he excused himself as he ruthlessly scraped a stately oak, and again as he bore down upon an unsuspecting elm. With renewed strength he vigorously hurled his

STEAM SHOVEL



Well, men (may we address you so personally—gosh, thanks), unlike the W.P.A. we have not been leaning on the shovel the past week. It is too bad that some of the items we uncovered have to be censored. Oh well, there are plenty of uncensored ones (and how!)

Ed Osterberg. You have heard the name before. Think hard. It was not under a help wanted column, nor was it under the for sale column. Well, to get to the point, the above mentioned senior juicer once more surges to the front in a bid for the A.S.L.S.S. crown (American Society of Love Sick Students) and the N. and N. cup (Neck and Neck). Gotten a date by Larry (I fix 'em) Strocchia with a young lady from National College of Education, he proceeded to have a merry evening roller skating with some other senior juicers and their dates. This super wolf on the way home put his hat on his dates head, pulled it down over her eyes and tried to neck with Larry's girl friend. No luck. Five nights later he again dated Ruthie for the Goodman theatre concert, but again he didn't have much luck at picking woo. However, the evening was a success. Quotes Ed: "She kissed me good night—on the cheek."

Well, enough of this prattle. . . . FRIDSTEIN is looking for an India rubber man. Advertising his tuxedo as for sale cheap, he stated: "Will fit a man between 5 feet 6 inches and 5 feet 10½ inches." Wonder if that means the pants will be worn as knee britches on the taller man, or if a short man would have to stand in the rain and let it shrink?

We have a chef among our faculty! Yes, none other than Benny (Super-Salads) Freud, our eminent professor of chemical engineering. He astounded his class with the amazing statement that he, and only he, could make good salads. Pardon us, not good salad, but super-salads. His method may be stated as follows. For his "Eureka salad" (it reeks all right) he takes garlic and waves it three or four times over and around the salad bowl. This, he adds, gives it its superb flavor. The rest of the salad is his own chemical secret. Quoting Prof. Freud: "I have trained my family to like garlic."

The newest title of "STUMPY" STERNFELD is "maternity editor."

From "personal" column of the Chicago Trib.: "John from Aurora—Worried. Call Alice. Atlantic 3897." Not that it makes any difference but JOHN DOYLE is from Aurora, and the clipping was pasted on his locker door.

Ask HAL DAHLIN if he wishes he were in Florida with his folks. Is the house open for the boys to drop in for poker, Hal?

It wasn't Mr. Erickson's cigarette that was burning after the concert the other night when "the boys" swung into a jam session while waiting for the photographer to set up his camera for pictures. However, the hep cats really put "Sweet Sue" and "Basin Street Blues" in the groove like a real bunch of rug cutters. Frowned "O. G.," "call me a taxi." Incidentally it was a PLEATED front that he had on his tux.

Brainstorm of the evening happened just before the concert started. A freshman co-op student member of the glee club suddenly noticed that he had on a black and white polka dot bow tie instead of the regulation black one. He promptly tried to cover up his error by filling in the white dots with ink from his fountain pen.

No wonder Don Charleton fairly shook the house with his slide trombone. The little lady he brought along was a real eye full. How about a date—Pal?

Misfortune came after the concert to JOHNNIE KEANE. Heading west on Adams in his car, he plowed into the rear end of a car waiting for the green light at Michigan Boul. He spent the next two hours trying to push the wreckage of the grill and fenders into such a position that he could drive the car. Meanwhile, his blonde date just sat and sat.

Gene Worcester's girl friend had that look in her eyes as he walked with her during the intermission. Watch out, son.

A nice twosome—TOM CLARK and MARGE CARLSON.

Paul Henriksen was much in evidence during the intermission of the concert with his sweet little girl friend. Oh, boy.

Bright freshman went up to TONY at the chem supply window and said: "Hey, Tony! Give me 5 grams of titrate!" Tony, puzzled, replied: "You want 5 grams of—what?" "I said," replied the innocent frosh, "titrate. Look. It says, 'add phenolphthalein and titrate.'"

During last Friday's rehearsal of the Armour Players, the psychic character of one of the Normal girls was unexpectedly verified. Christopher asked the girl to sit on the other side of the room with Kalnin and go over her script. Despite her brief acquaintance with E. J. she wisely remarked, "All right, if he'll be good." They say you can always tell a man by the mug he wears. Oh, well.

bony remains against the immovable entrance to his homestead, swearing by all the gods and goddesses that guided him there to give up boxing for all eternity. Harold Kruse, 4-A was tired.

Each of us has undoubtedly had his share of hair-raisers, but for a sure-enough blood-curdling chill, have Birger Johnson, 4-A, tell you about the steam engine that almost carried him to the hereafter.

"There's always a first time" was definitely established last Wednesday when "Sure-I-got-it" Beckman, 4-A, entered this educational institution without "It"—his homework.

Basketball: The annual co-op basketball tournament is to be played next month. Last year's champs, the pre-juniors, are the first to organize

and challenge any and all co-op teams to take the title from them. With Don Jones, the Joliet Flash, playing with the 4-A's this year, little doubt remains (in the minds of the juniors) as to who will claim the title.

In the classrooms: A few of the things we learned in the law class: If you're under twenty-one you can cut loose when and as you please. . . . Forest Preserve contracts are null and void. . . . The lectures sound much better from the inside of a cinema palace (ask "Flash" Jones). . . . Don't never sign nuthin'!

"Doc" Winston (analyzing the squeaks, groans, and peculiar actions of a certain pre-junior): "Hm-m. Worms. . . . Very contagious and nerve-wracking." Wascisco: "No, Doc. It can't be! You mean I'm a. . . a. . . jitter-bug?"