

## SIDELINES

CHICAGO WENT THROUGH the formality of a primary election last week to prove that the democratic machine, headed by the honorable Edward J. Kelly and his accomplice in rotten politics, mischievous Pat Nash, was stronger than ever. Green, on the republican ticket, had no competition from that resurrected and questionable character of the past—Big Bill Thompson.

Professor Douglas of the U. of C. was named candidate for alderman by allying himself with the powerful Kelly-Nash conclave. Douglas will not tolerate corruption of any kind, and it will be of extreme interest to watch this brilliant 6 foot 4 inch gentleman as he works with the notorious city council.

There is little doubt that Kelly has the election in the bag, in spite of the *Chicago Daily News* and the fact that Mrs. Green is a lovely domestic . . . (so is Mrs. Kelly, they say). The republicans will have their hands full trying to beat the subway, the Roosevelt-Kelly pact, and a million democrats besides.

**WILL WAR COME** this spring? This question everyone is asking and no one is answering. Meanwhile the war gods stew their broths of hatred and fear in their caldrons in Berlin, Rome, and Tokyo. Meanwhile too, a jittery world waits and worries.

Japan has her crop full, far fuller than she expected, with her teeth buried in the Chinese dragon. Thus it is not likely she will step on Stalin's toes, unless she wishes to commit national hari-kari. Stalin is no Chamberlain, and Russia is not China.

Hitler's schedule calls for another European crisis soon, and it is very likely the principle roles are now rehearsing their lines, as they did so well before the Munich scene. The next act in Herr Hitler's continental drama will probably take place near Budapest, as Germany's expansion is with a view toward the Ukraine.

Italy is patting herself on the back for her victory in the Spanish "civil" war. It seems, as a corollary, that she will most probably apply pressure to apologetic France when Hitler lifts the curtain. A little Munich is a dangerous thing.

An old story goes, "Time is," "Time was," "Time has been," and unless United States begins soon, her opportunity to save her neck, and that of the democratic cause will be lost.

### STEAM SHOVEL—

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WESSEL and FALK, sophomore chemicals, received duplicate physics and chemical handbooks for being the best students in organic lab.

RUSS KOTAL is an enthusiastic promoter of the A.S.L.S.S. (American Society of Love Sick Students) and hence we nominate him for secretary. E.K.O. (last week's shovel) is already president.

The Rho Deltas were really whooping it up outside the news office Friday night. The stairway leading to the news room also leads to their room. These hallowed stairs were being diligently washed by the pledges—with toothbrushes!

Nomination for the most helpful prof of the week goes to Prof. PERRY. He spent a patient hour trying to pound into the heads of five dumb junior mechanics how to work valve diagrams, when such stuff was supposed to have been learned in valve gears last semester by said students.

JIMMIE WABER loves to talk to redheads, and especially those who run switchboards. Oh well, Jimmie is young yet and only a sophomore.

Note to JOHN SCHOMMER, our honored athletic director, whose interview appeared in the sports section of the Trib last week. An excerpt from THE DETROIT TECHNONIAN is as follows: "Would you like to join our football team?" "Well, I don't know enough about the game to play, but I'm willing to referee."

The DANCE CLUB is a GREAT idea, and we DON'T MEAN MAYBE. Their dance last Friday was a very good example of the good times that could be had every two weeks with a similar dance. If the fellows don't all get behind it and take advantage of its opportunities, they will be missing a great bet. A lot of credit goes to "Dixie" Duncan and his committee, who backed the dance, and to Don Charleton and his band. How about a dance every two weeks. Invite and escort girls from schools such as Chicago Teachers College.

"SONNY" WEISSMAN kept his promise and brought four or five very good looking young ladies. We say he's all right!

TONY MONTESANO of the chem supply dept. was not to be outdone by SONNY WEISSMAN. TONY personally escorted 15 young ladies to the Dance club social.

The Registrars office requests that ROBERT MALLEK, Soph. M.E., no longer use enrollment cards as date files. The name of MISS HELEN TINGLE, IRVING 4178 occupied the back of the one he just turned in.

A young lady named Rosamond Golden invaded the sanctum of the News office last Friday to pay us a visit, the first lady we believe that has set foot there. She's from the Wright Junior College staff.

### FACULTY CLUB—

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ment of the frequencies, while noise is a mixture of random frequencies which do not repeat themselves with any degree of regularity.

The lowest frequency a human ear can detect is about 20 cycles per second, while the upper limit is about 20,000. However, the average ear cannot detect frequencies above 16,000. It is interesting to note that animals and insects are sensitive to much higher frequencies.

In answer to the question of just how sensitive the human ear is, Mr. Potter explained that, imagining the energy in sound being transferred to heat, it would be necessary to talk to a cup of coffee for 20,000 years to heat it to the boiling point, assuming no heat losses to the surroundings during that time.

The last few minutes of the broadcast were spent in the discussion of the decibel, which is an expression of sound energy. A decibel is a logarithmic unit merely convenient for expressing the relatively large variations of energy. Expressed in decibels, the loudness of the average human voice would fall between forty-five and fifty, while the loudness of a locomotive whistle is about ninety-five decibels. The decibel is chosen such that a sound which is zero decibels is just barely detectable by the ear of a person whose hearing is slightly better than average.

England can not be counted on except to pay off to the fascist demands, while poor France is almost excusing herself for being on the continent. Leadership, supported by a progressive campaign to avert war and save democratic principles, will end future international rapes, as of Spain; and put a stop to the butchery of China. America act!

THE FACTS on the French air deal are pretty clear now. It seems that France, unable to produce planes sufficient to match those of her troublesome neighbor Germany, in performance and number, went out shopping. United States carries as fine a line of commercial and war planes as any dealer, so that lady Paris quite naturally selected U. S. in which to do her marketing. She picked out our best grade of pursuit and bombing planes, and placed an order for a couple gross. A group in the War Department objected, but the President; Gen. Craig, Chief of Staff; and Louis Johnson, Assistant Secretary of War approved the transaction. Is it any more wrong to sell to France, a nominal democracy with allied interests than to Japan, an out and out fascist state, and political enemy?

—E.H.W.

### CO-OP NEWS—

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had elapsed, the rubber tube had bulged to such an extent that it could no longer restrain itself. With a report resembling that of a shotgun, the tube gave way, and the steam followed the path of least resistance, which of course, was in "Nig's" direction. With a war whoop that sent chills up the spines of all those in the vicinity of the mech lab, his two legs served the master more faithfully than any 100 legs ever served a centipede.

On a beautiful spring afternoon last week, a gala splash party was held by Kenneth and Ralph Schmall, embryo engineers, in the mech lab sumps. Stripped to their britches they jumped into the super-cooled water and waded about looking for gold, but alas, the sumps were bare—Claude had their fountain pens.

John Ahlstromer, 4A, is making rapid progress with his dream girl. Each morning, with "accidental" accuracy, he meets her on the "L," sits across the aisle from her, and admires her "intelligence." Moreover, he has found that each morning she takes her fourteen-year old (almost blind) pet terrier for a long walk. All he needs now is a mutual interest.

K. J. (Broker) Kleinwachter's stock market predictions are uncanny. His fellow juniors never hire a broker when dealing in such matters. In fact, they refrain from such dealings entirely, thus preventing Kenny from attaining his glory with "See, I told you so."

### DANCE CLUB—

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laxed in the lounge. When the dance had come to an end and the last strains of the music faded away, the entire body of dancers were in full agreement that the dance was a grand success.

This dance was the first of a series to be sponsored by the club. Plans are now in progress to hold these socials at frequent intervals. The officers of the club, James Duncan, Charles McAleer, and Michael Kuniakis, are making every attempt to interest as many students as possible in the activities of the club. The socials sponsored by the club offer an entirely new field in social activities and it is hoped that they will prove to be very popular with the student body.

Membership in the club increased to a total of 120 students at last Wednesday's meeting. At this time membership cards were distributed to those present and the rules and regulations of the club, regarding attendance, were explained. Only students who attend two-thirds of the regular sessions of the Dance Club will be admitted to the socials. As no dues are charged, the expenses of these socials will be borne by small admission charges. All those interested in the club are invited to attend the meeting this Wednesday.

### ARX NEWS

All's dead on most of the arx fronts; excepting with the sophs . . . they're all knocked out about life. Since life is the news of the week, we have the resume:

Baggy model assumes poses; half an hour later she almost breaks her neck climbing down from stand upon seeing her husband. Husband rages and froths around demanding she take him home . . . and for what? . . . to help him with his headache (some say: "oh yeah?"); the result is that she goes, at which the arx cheered . . . declaring a most disgusting sight remedied. . . Someone said something about 50 men and a girl sponsored by Good-year . . . I don't get it—

SALZMAN decided a good way to get out of class was to pose . . . so he did. Fatty got up on the stand and was acclaimed . . . some even said they preferred him to the professional. Another reason offered was that he was hoping that MANDEL would take him out for dinner, but he didn't . . . "You must have been a beautiful baby . . . but, baby, look at you now!", sophs sang during life. Enough of life!

BILL SCHERER was elected Junior Marshal of ye arx with JOHN CEROVSKI alternate . . . HUT-TON'S singing drew dog and cat calls Boz-Arts.

### FRAT NOTES—

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Eight Entered . . . Delta Tau Delta had eight new actives added to their chapter roll Sunday before last. The lucky lads were Richard Dunworth, Keith Hoffman, Edward Moore, William Suthers, Carl Sparenberg, Richard Talcott, Warren Umbright, and Gerald Willis. Freshman Cecil Patterson was added to the pledge list.

You've got to hand it to the Deltas when it comes to putting on fraternity dances. The Delt Prom was shuffled off last Sunday in the very ritzy Congress Hotel Casino, with a load of Northwestern Deltas in attendance.

Even Dozen Now . . . Five more pledges are wearing Theta Xi pins, bringing the pledge roll up to twelve. Newcomers are James Eadie, Robert Tatge, William Dres, John Lionello, and Wolfram Futterer.

Frank Grote is doing the pledge mastering this semester. At present, he has a little ping pong tourney going to uncover the coming pledge champ of the bouncing ball.

Down Again, Down Again . . . Sigma Alpha Mu ran into the Pi Kaps twice last week and took it on the chin twice. The ping pong men were rubbed out in two straight matches. In the basketball game they might have had a fighting chance if they had five Fishers for reserves. As it was, the Sammie five had to combat a good Pi Kap first string outfit and equally capable reserves.

JOHN ROBERT POWERS, the head of the world's best known model agency, when booking his famous models for fashions, advertisers and artists, says "The call is for beauty, poise, personal charm . . . the perfect combination".

# The Perfect Combination gets the call...

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