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**Eight O'clock Classes?**

Beginning next September we may be coming to school at eight in the morning! Isn't that a pleasant surprise? Many of the students already have to roll out of bed at 6:30 or earlier. With classes at eight o'clock they will have to get up before sunrise in order to beat the professor to class. Don't think the professors will like it any more than the students. They will have to get up at the crack of dawn, too.

One of the conditions which will make eight o'clock necessary is the crowded condition of the lunchroom. At present all of the students can not be served in comfort in the short time allowed for lunch, therefore the plan is to increase the lunch period. This will mean that school must open earlier, since the five o'clock closing is already late enough, making additions to afternoon time out of the question.

Happily, there is a way out of the dilemma without eight o'clocks, and with plenty of time for lunch, all with a better chance for the lunchroom staff to have a breathing spell between rushes. The solution is simple—two lunch periods spaced as follows: first lunch to run from 11:20 to 12:10, second lunch from 12:20 to 1:10. This will give exactly the same time for lunch as we now have, but the ten minute break between the two periods will give the bus-boys a chance to clean up the mess from early lunch and give the cooks a chance to replenish the depleted stocks on the steam table. In addition, each rush will be cut about in half, making it more convenient for everybody.

No classes need to be missed. Those who have lunch early go to class from 12:10 to 1:00, a regular fifty minute class, and those who have late lunch go to an 11:30 class just as they do now. All that is needed to carry this out is a small change in the class schedules.

Mr. Kelly can easily revise the present schedules to fit this plan. The only changes will be in approximately one half of the 11:30 classes. These will merely be moved over to 12:10, and no extra rooms will be necessary.

As presented, this plan seems to take care of most of the difficulties in a rather handy way. However, as is often the case, there is a string attached. The string is nothing other than student carelessness, a very big item. A sight too familiar to us all is that of the lunchroom filled with men just wasting time. Card playing, crossword puzzles, and fooling around are meant for other places. The worst part of it is that they persist in doing this when others need the space, particularly during the lunch hour rush. They do it in spite of repeated requests that they get out to make room for others. It certainly is not a gentlemanly thing to do and is absolutely unnecessary. Until this evil is removed the lunchroom will always be a source of displeasure.

## "The Slipstick"

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

In spring a young man's fancy turns to love. This is spring, so maybe that lazy feelin' to do nuthin' and just stay set that I have must be love. But love or no love, this column must go on, and enumerate the finer things in life to you. To help you Junior Chems along in your Juice course we are presenting a sample quiz with our answers to that next quiz that is coming up very soon.

1. What is electricity?  
Ans. A course of study otherwise known as electrical measurements.
2. What is a current?  
Ans. A fruit which resembles blueberries in shape.
3. Define hysteresis.  
Ans. Hysteresis is the condition a girl gets in when she loses her platinum bar pin at the Junior Formal.
4. What is a commutator?  
Ans. A person who lives in Oak Park.
5. What is a battery?  
Ans. A battery is the pitcher and catcher on a baseball team.
6. What is a brush?  
Ans. A brush is a small object used in the process of combing hair.
7. What is an armature?  
Ans. A non-professional ball player.
8. What is a floating battery?  
Ans. One who e specific gravity is less than one.
9. What is an induction motor?  
Ans. A motor which can be induced to work properly.
10. What is the relation between the volt, ampere, and the ohm?  
Ans. The ohm is the amount of potential necessary to send an inductance of one coulomb across a reluctance of one watt. An ampere is the resistance offered when one plug is taken out of an induction coil. A volt is the number of atoms of electricity flowing past a point in one hour.

We've been around this hole in the wall long enough to pass this little tip to some of our newer contemporaries. Should a professor, during a class, be rude enough to interrupt an interesting conversation you may be holding with a friend, acknowledge the interruption gracefully and show him that you at least can act like a gentleman.

He came in and sat down along side of her. He was a clean cut goodlooking chap. She smiled at him. The place was deserted. In a low tone he said, "Please give me what you gave me last night."

She hesitated, looked wildly about her and suddenly cried out, "Sunnyside up on toast an a cup o' coffee."

We have a little ditty entitled: The only rings I ever gave her were the rings beneath her eyes.

"Don't you dare kiss me or I'll yell for my father!" "Where is he?" "In Paris."

Big-game hunter: Oh, yes, I've been pursued by lions many times, but life without a little risk would be very tame.

Sternfeld: I agree! Many times, when the weather has seemed doubtful, I have deliberately gone without my umbrella.

Some girl we know is like a radio—subject to change without notice and very little on after midnight.

Teacher: William, what are the genders?  
William: Masculine and Feminine. The feminine are divided into frigid and torid, the masculine into temperate and intemperate.

James was about to leave his girl's home when he was confronted by the massive figure of his prospective father-in-law.

The youth tried hard to evade him, but the girl's father grasped him by the shoulder.

"Now, then, my lad," he said, "you've been coming here quite a lot. What do you want with my daughter?" "Well, sir," said James a trifle nervously, "you know best what you can afford."

We understand that many a wallflower would be popular if she shed a few petals and showed her stems.

Fulghum: Mr. Catlin, correct this sentence: "Girls is naturally better looking than boys."

Catlin: Girls is artificially better looking than boys.

The Great Human Fly was slowly ascending the side of the skyscraper. As he reached the fortieth floor he heard the cries of alarm and looking down he beheld a drunk almost directly behind him.

"Get back there, you fool!" he yelled. "You can't do this trick."

The drunk thumbed his nose at him.

The Great Human Fly shrugged his shoulders and continued on. Up, up he went past the fiftieth, past the sixtieth story, until he reached the top. He climbed over the parapet and sank exhausted on the roof. Then he felt something heavy fall on top of him and discovered it was the drunk who had followed him.

His professional jealousy was outraged. The drunk grinned. "I c'n do anything you can do!"

The Great Human Fly laughed with a sneer. "Oh, yeah?" he cried. "Well, let's see you do this!"

With a terrific leap he cleared the parapet and opening his parachute floated toward the ground. Half way down he heard a chorus of shrieks and looking up he saw the drunk coming after him, hell bent for election. As he passed him the drunk yelled, "Sissy."

HI-YO SILVER.

### School Sleeps As Specters Peep

Scene: The darkened library of Armour Institute of Technology. Several shafts of light from the street lamp steal in through the window, making silhouettes on the floor.

Time: The night of the 47th anniversary of the founding of A. I. T., half an hour after the last student and professor, janitor and scrubwoman have finished work and gone home.

The library wears an unaccustomed mantle of ghostly silence; the bare, flat tops of the study tables reflect a few cold, shafts of light. The old clock given by the class of '02 ticks sepulchraly as it stands against a bookcase.

Of a sudden, there is a movement in one corner of the room. A loud snort is heard, then a stentorian voice calls:

"Frank! Say, Frank!"

From the main hall a resonant, silver-toned voice responds:

"What is it, P. D.?"

"Come in here and help me out of this fool frame. I'm so stiff I can hardly move."

"All right, I'll be right there."

A moment later, through the locked glass door, a shadow walks into the library and over to the unfortunate one inside the picture frame. As he walks, he keeps twisting his head from side to side and rubbing his neck as though to ease the stiffness. He speaks conversationally as he helps the other shadow down:

"My neck is pretty stiff, too. It's that collar, you know. And then I always have to look in that same direction."

P. D., heavily: "Yes, I know. I've got one of the blame things on myself." He runs his finger around the inside of his collar. "Worst nuisance is these damn side whiskers. They itch. Never should have grown 'em in the first place. Only did it to please Belle."

Frank chuckles quietly. "Well, this is anniversary night, our night off, P. D.; let's forget our troubles. What shall we do?"

P. D. says firmly, "I'd like something to eat first, then I'd like to stretch out on one of those new sofas in the Student Lounge and smoke a good cigar."

"That's a good idea," says Frank. "Let's go."

The two shadows move off together, one a thick-set heavy figure, gesturing authoritatively, pointing here and there, stopping now and then to pound on a wall panel or to test a step. The other shadow is comment-

(Continued on page five)

## When the Library search failed

...the telephone succeeded!

FIVE sophomores at a New England university had been assigned to report on the residential districts of a southern city, its principal products and the location of its plantations.

Hour after hour they thumbed through book after book in the library—all to no avail. Then one of them had a happy idea—why not telephone the city's Mayor? They did—and in a few minutes had all the information they needed.

No matter what the question—in college, in social life, in business—you'll find the telephone is often the quickest, most economical way to get the answer.

How about a telephone call to Dad's? Rates to most points are lower anytime after 7 P. M. and all day Sunday.

WELL, I SEE YOU'VE CAUGHT UP WITH PRINCE ALBERT. HOW DO YOU LIKE PIPE-SMOKING NOW?

SWELL! I'M SURE GETTING PLENTY OF MILD, TASTY SMOKING OUT OF MY PIPES NOW

FILL up with Prince Albert, men—fill up with real pipe-joy! Here is choice tobacco—backed up by a "no-bite" process that assures plenty of COOLNESS and MELLOWNESS to point up good, rich taste. And P. A. wins a cheer for its slow burning, easy drawing too. No clogging. No soggy. P. A.'s choice tobaccos are "crimp cut" to pack easier and pack RIGHT. Around 50 pipefuls of extra-mild, fragrant smoking in every big red pocket tin of Prince Albert. Climb aboard!

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SO MILD  
SO TASTY  
SO FRAGRANT

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

# PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE