

Other Campuses

New York University's Dean Ned H. Dearborn is the first U. S. college dean to apply for membership in the American Federation of Teachers.

Since 1930, 64 per cent of the Rhodes Scholars have entered careers in public life.

University of Pennsylvania annually stages a "Good-will Week" to promote understanding among the students of various nations.

Skidmore College has transformed five barns into efficient studios and academic buildings.

Fordham University has a World's Fair personnel course to train workers for the New York exposition.

Loyola University (New Orleans) have a student group known as the Brotherhood of the Pipe Smokers Association.

The name of Columbia College in Dubuque, Iowa, has been changed to Loras College in honor of the pioneer bishop and founder of Catholic higher education in the northwest.

Eighty per cent of the Harvard University student body claims affiliation with some religious organization.

An original letter written by Poet Henry W. Longfellow has been given to Randolph-Macon Woman's College.

Members of the Villanova College faculty have attended more than 60 colleges and universities at home and abroad.

Dickinson college, Carlisle, Pa., has made participation in extra-curricular activities a requirement for graduation.

The library at the University of Illinois, housed in the large Georgian style building erected in 1925, ranks as the largest of all state university libraries, and fifth in size among university libraries throughout the country.

Texas Christian university has not lost a football game on its home grid-iron since 1935.

The University of Denver celebrates each year an Adam and Eve day, when each student receives an apple from the chancellor of the school.

The University of Colorado offered this fall a two-year course for the 53 per cent who spend only that amount of time in college.

University students are the worst drivers on the road, according to a director of the educational activities of the national conservation bureau. They are skillful enough, but lack the proper attitude.

A dating bureau charging 10 cents "to cover the cost of arranging the date" is being sponsored by the Town Men's association at Grinnel college.

GHOST STORY—

(Continued from page two)

ing in a rich, powerful voice on the subject of technological training for young men.

A little later the two are upstairs, stretched out comfortably in the Student Lounge. P. D. is studying a commercial journal, muttering now and then as his calculations reveal something to him.

Frank gets up, walks around the lounge, then wanders out into the balcony of the auditorium, as though seeking something. He walks around the balcony to the left slowly, running his fingers affectionately over the stained glass windows. He passes through the open door, and comes to another small, gray door. Opening this door he finds a narrow, dusty passageway leading to the old organ, now walled up. He squeezes up onto the old organ seat, runs his fingers over the stops, and fingers the keys. No sound comes forth, for the old organ has been disconnected, but still Frank keeps playing as though the very walls were leaping to the music.

Back in the lounge P. D. bursts forth with a final disgusted grunt as he spies the market quotations on pork. He flings the journal aside with a blistering comment on the New Deal, and wanders out to find Frank. He comes up quietly on Frank and watches him playing the silent organ. Frank looks up and speaks mournfully.

"They've disconnected it, P. D."

"Yes, I see."

"And they've redecorated the whole place," Frank continues still more mournfully. "It looks a lot different now, P. D."

"Yes, it does," says P. D.

Frank gets up from the organ, closes the top, and they squeeze out through the passageway. P. D. has a little difficulty in making it, for the old waistline isn't what it used to be. They pause at the balcony and stand overlooking the newly decorated auditorium. Finally Frank turns, and this time his voice is mournfully mournful.

"Do you think the boys have forgotten us, P. D.?"

P. D. thinks carefully before answering, then he says truthfully and bluntly, "Yes, I think so, but it doesn't matter, does it, Frank? We're accomplishing what we set out to do. It doesn't matter so much if they don't remember just who we are—or were, does it?"

"No, I suppose not. I guess you're right, P. D. . . . I guess you're right," replies the shade of Frank Gunsauls.

They stand for a while, then move off, back toward the library. As they go, the shade of P. D. Armour sets his cigar at a vicious angle, and his voice is heard bitterly, " . . . but the way the government's restricting the producing of hogs today is the damndest thing I ever heard of. . . .!"

Stoopbrain Wants Assembly Line Drawing Method; Makes An Extensible Blackboard

By Art Hansen

Deer Sally

Apellia Cider, famuss expert on affares of the hart, sed recently in adressng a selebrated groop of morons—quote: "The reeson sum girls where black garters iz for mourning fore those hoo hav passed beyond, unquote and how are yew, my deer little bag of mountin flour. In conference withe my taylor, I hav been so pressed for tyme that I haven't had a chance to rite for a few weeks. However, hear I am, brim full of sum new ideas that wil revolutionize skool. Of course, theze ideas iz still on the Q.T. as I havn't a yet presented them tew the dean. I am shure he wil like them, however. My first won iz the idea of mass produchion in drawing. Az it iz now, the boys sweat and labor, each trying tew figure how and wear tew draw the next line, each man trying tew draw a hole plate juste like hiz naybor. Under my plan, things wil bea juste like an automobile assembly line. The first man wil put on borders and name plate. The next wil put in center lines. The next guy wil start owt the front view, each man wil add a line hear and another line there. The plates w' pass up and down the rume. At the end of the rume the teachers, working in relays wil sine there names and grades. Then the drawings wil be rushel by air expres tew the gas lab wear they wil be turned face down and used (az at present) four table covers.

My next idea concerns the deplorable blackboard situashion hear at skool. Short professors hav a terrible tyme reeching half way up the bored, leaving a hole half blackboard unused day after day. I hav thot of cutting off the tops and adding them tew the top of the blackboards of the tall lanky profs. However, remembering that the densety of slate iz 2513.75, I hav figured it wood tak mea a cuple of yeers tew saw thru thiz stuff, soa I hav devised an elastic blackboard. It iz about won foot square. The teacher rites on it and then turns a crank. The bored expands in fore direchshions and presto, yew hav a blackboard ten foot

square. Wat a boon tew stewdents hoo draw naughty pictures on the bored.

Wel, the relays hav cum wonce agin, and gone. Wat games. Wat stunts. Wat speed. I liked best the won mile runner withe the fluid clutch. Such aceleration. Hea wuz no match fore the runner withe the overdrive, however. Wat I can't figure owt, however, iz why they goa around practically nude, withe only there underwhere on.

There iz soa many danzes at skool that I am going nuts. Last monthe, the soph brawl. A cuple of weeks ago wuz the junior prom. Next Saturday iz the second senior danze at skool, in the stewdnt union (local 212, algamated butchers). Next month iz the frosh jam sesshion at a downtown hotel, then the junior informal in May . . . my gosh, itz almost tyme for final exams.

The frosh wil no longer present theer track team around the streets of Armore, withe there cute little gren caps and the track sewts insted of pants. No siree, depantzng iz taboo.

Concerts, concerts, concerts, my grate voice haz ben in constant demand awl laste weak singing withe the glee club. I suspect the clube wea sang befour has radical tendencies frum Russia. Not that there iz direct evidence, but rotary means to rotate wich means tew revolve wich means revolutionary wich means communism. However, thiz iz pure logic, and wile I wuld get an "A" in logic withe it, I wuld get something much stronger frum other sources, so keap it under yewre hat, deer Sally.

Wea sang also at a hi-skool, and wile I may bea wrong, I think that they had red tomatoes in there hands. I can't prove it directly, once again, bekause after they hit mea, they were reduced to an area insted of a volume, wich wuz very unfortunate, indeed.

Well, az the girl hoo wuz bow-legged sed, I wuz pleasure bent, and hope yew're the same.

Yures,
Stoopbrain Bliss.

CO-OP NEWS

By H. Krantz

With McMacken setting the pace, accounting for 20 points himself, the freshmen Co-ops showed their basketball by smothering the sophs 50 to 17. The score was due partly to the fact that the sophs used only four men while the frosh used double that number. The question as to whom shall claim the Co-op trophy, will be decided when the freshmen tangle with the winners of pre-junior-junior game.

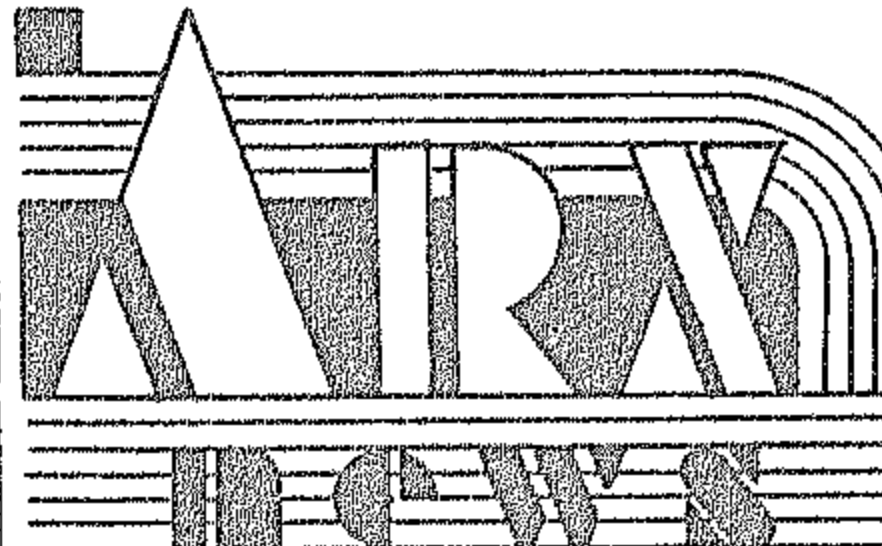
An authority on the direction of flow of water just preceeding a weir, is Gary Hallowich, 4A. A good portion of his time in the lab last Thursday was used in dropping soap flakes in the weir channel and observing the direction of motion of the flakes. He claims he'll publish his conclusions in his next lab report.

"Men are animals and animals crave salt" is being proved by Ed Schmitt, 4A. He's making virtual dope fiends of the class by feeding them salted pumpkin seeds, which sell for a penny a box. His usual sales talk runs as follows: "Here, taste one of these . . . ain't they good? . . . Here, have a box . . . You owe me a penny," and off he goes. Incidentally, the class will bow to anyone who can sell the janitor in Chapin a box of these "pills."

Glenn Wittekindt's "swell young thing" fulfills both requirements satisfactory, especially the latter. He's an Armour freshman and she's a high school freshman.

Competition for Ed Mock: R. A., a freshman co-op, is a real candid camera enthusiast who is going about the campus snapping unposed pictures with the same intentions as Ed has, namely: blackmail.

How he does it, nobody knows, but Pete Woods, 4A, must possess a unique talent for schoolwork. After the day's classes he throws his books into his locker and doesn't remove them until the following morning, when he does all his assigned work. Pete claims that his beautiful, nineteen year old, brunette secretary is invaluable in a pinch. (Others contend it's a "clinch.")



Revivication, revitalization, reorganization . . . ye Armour Architectural Society has definitely gotten that certain shot in the arm, so to speak . . . the Society is on its way to a more active life . . . speeches, speakers, entertainment, dances . . . ah, dances, beautiful girls and handsome Arx dancing together, cheek to cheek . . . what a sight.

What senior is going to return Prather's L-shaped house to him? . . . more important: when?

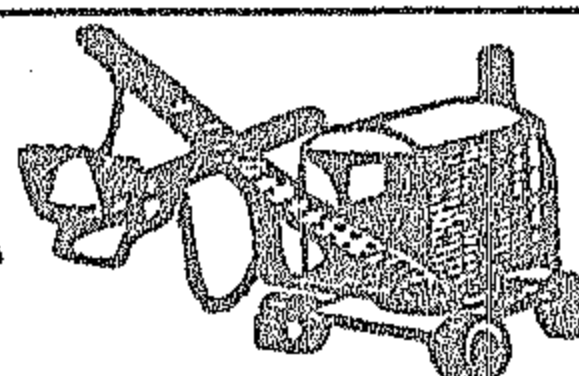
Enough of questions, now for sports, aye, sports . . . Ye Junior Arx Tennis Tourney, yes, a real tourney consisting a light racket—breaking Arx . . . Chairman, no, sleeping—Chairman Backdoor says: Dates will be announced soon, gush, gush . . . I hear from a reliable source that Goldsmith worried all last week because he ran second in the papal election. I kinda thot something was wrong . . . Fox is all knocked out about the Police Gazette . . . just say: pigeons to Pchta and he'll gush forth with his favorite story of the month about the pigeons reactions to Pointek . . . last Thursday was not visitors' day in life, but next week.

At the A.A.S. Smoker held last Thursday a reorganization plan was submitted and a Board of Control was elected to promote further activities of the society and to present a constitution to the students and faculty at an early date. . . . On the Board are Lindahl, chairman, Cerovski, Prather, Stowell, Dodge, and Center . . . there's rumors of lots of activity.

Did you see Scherer's pretty picture in the Tech News last week? . . . Just in case you don't know, he's the new captain of the varsity basketball team, good-going. . . .

BOZ-ARTS.

STEAM SHOVEL



The A.S.L.S.S. forges on. With RUSS KOTAL ably pushing the membership drive (he being chairman of the membership committee), he nominates the following neophytes as pledges: THOMAS (RAH, RAH) YEAKLE, first suggested for the position of Sergeant at Arms but later revised to Women in Arms; EDWARD (NATIONAL COLLEGE) MARIK; GEORGE (4 GALS) HANNA, who has woman trouble from Wisconsin to Nebraska and back to Chicago; and HAROLD (PRETTY BOY) KRUSE, A-A Co-op who has so much woman trouble he sleeps all day in class to make up for the night before. Next week we will give you additional pledges. However, those with girl friends only 12 years old (as one junior meek) are not eligible. All those who qualify must be SUPER-WOLVES.

"Rupe" Weber, junior Civil will know better next time he goes down the outer drive at a 55 mile an hour clip at three in the morning. Doing this very stunt after the Junior Formal, a little man with goggles and a motorcycle jumped out of the bushes and nabbed him. However, he got out of it with a \$6.00 "fix." Wish I knew my alderman better.

The welding shop class serenaded Leon (McGuillieudy) Epstein with "My Wild Irish Rose" when he entered the room last Friday—St. Patrick's day.

. . . Speaking of the aforementioned Irish holiday, it is interesting to note that St. Patrick has been adopted as the patron saint of the mechanical engineers because he was the first to invent the "worm drive."

One budding engineer who would make a better butcher is STEVE "BUTCHER BOY" STEFFANSKY, who while forcibly shaving off half of "STUMBLE" SCHULTZ'S "cookie duster" Friday in the lunch room, also took off half of Fritz's lip. "Blood, red blood, red blood do I see" sang the glee club in the "Redman's Death Chant" and Steve followed through.

Embarrassing moments: At the glee club concert before the Rotary Club in the Grand Ballroom of the Sherman last Tuesday . . . "O. G." beamed and bowed as the chairman of the meeting complimented the glee club on their inspired rendition of the "Star Spangled Banner," "due to the great leadership of . . ." another bow and smile by Mr. Erickson, "of Mr. Stone . . ." Blush by our conductor. However, we feel he got gypped.

Mimiela feels sorry now that he gave his bicycle to his girl friend's brother, so as to get in good with her. . . . She jilted him and got married, as stated last week. However, he has a cute little blonde named Jean.

LOUTZENHEISER may be called the Mad Piper of Armour Tech. He was driving the boys crazy with those selections on his tonette, a stretched-out ocorina.

Finnogan and Jacobsen (Roy): You have cut us to the quick by your naughty actions during glee club rehearsal last Thursday. Our scouts report that Mr. Erickson had to ask you to gently transpose your mortal presence from the edifice, in other words, kicked you out for the evening. Oh, wild youth of today. They should be more moderate.

The Sherman Hotel Cafeteria head waitress couldn't believe her eyes during the time the glee club was eating their belated (but free) lunch after the Rotary concert. It seems that each person was allowed one roll and one square of butter. However, a certain four members sat near a table on which rested a cardboard box filled with about two dozen more rolls, and a bowl containing butter amid ice cubes. When the four left, the roll box was empty, and the waitress had salvaged a half empty butter bowl.

Famous quotes: Mangold—"The velocity of a stream issuing from an orifice is the same under similar conditions of head, whether the liquid is water, gasoline, kerosene or B-E-E-R." Nothing like a good head on a mug of beer going into my orifice.

There are five little letters—all the same combination, and it appear at least once and sometimes as many as ten times on every page of Gene Worcester's note book. They are . . . yes, they are—HELEN!!!

Where does Eggers go every Monday when he cuts "squirt lab" at the Underwriter's labs on Ohio St. It can't be that he is getting cokes and cookies from that little red-head at the corner delicatessen. You bet it is!

See toe Laer if you want a blind date at 2 A.M. Just call him up at that hour and he'll oblige.

Well, after seeing the boys run around at the Armour Relays last Saturday night in their shirts and shorts, I'm convinced that spring is here. Will see you at the Senior dance next Saturday.

THE MAST OF SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S SHAMROCK IV IS NOW USED AS A FLAGPOLE ON THE NEW YORK UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS CAMPUS.

DR. WALTER C. JONES OF THE BIRMINGHAM-SOUTHERN FACULTY IS A MEMBER OF NINE GREEK-LETTER FRATERNITIES!

BUCKSHOT: 18,000 MA. AND PHO DE - GREEKS ARE GRANTED ANNUALLY!