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The Way To Do It

For the past week and a half the freshmen and new students have been hearing the virtues of Armour extolled on every hand. They have been told of the wonders of education which are to be found here, the advantages which this school has to offer, as against some other schools, and of the things which are expected of them as college students. All of them are full to the ears with this sort of thing, but how many of the returning students have given much thought this past week to the things which they were told as they entered Armour?

This is not intended to be a lecture to all the bad boys who try to do the job the easy way, but to get all of the students to remember that they have a serious job to face, a task before them, and that they are expected on their honor as gentlemen to do this job fairly, honestly, and to the best of their ability. The simplest way to fulfill these obligations to yourself and to those who are sending you to school is, and always has been, to get down to business right at the start, keep up with your work as it comes to you, and not be afraid to ask a question. That may sound akin to preaching, but to those of us who have been through the mill it is the answer to many a bewildered student's fervent prayer.

That question of honesty is one of the most important to be met at this time. We all realize that the straight and narrow is the hard way to do it, but is the shortest way home in the long run. Even so, a considerable number of us each year get to thinking that the grass is greener on the wrong side of the fence and start the slide. Let us all be reminded that within the last school year there have been rather serious considerations given to the subject of cribbing by students, and that a recommendation has been made to the faculty and accepted by them. It is felt that when men of college age have not yet learned the mature attitude on their every-day problems they have no place at this institution of learning.

Think it over, men.

The Student Union

Our attention has been called to some infantile and inconsiderate conduct on the part of the students when in the Union. Several cigarette butts have been dropped on the nicely waxed and finished second floor, resulting in a nice, brown mark as a monument to some idiot who doesn't give a damn about whether the Union looks nice or not.

Card playing in the lunch room during the lunch hour is specifically prohibited by the Union rules. Yet this seemingly obvious request is openly disregarded by some unacclimated individuals each day.

That Union stands as a monument of student progress. For heaven's sake, men, be proud of it and take care of it!

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

Ye Olde SLIPSTICKE welcomes back its multitude (Hi Ya Ma) reader. For the benefit of our new reader may we explain that below this heading each week may be found the choicest tidbits in the way of high and intellectual classical readings gathered from all four corners of the earth. (*GEE, the dope still thinks the earth is square.*)

Health Prof: Tight clothing prevents proper circulation.

Coed: You can't fool me. Tight clothing helps a girl circulate.

I think that I shall never see
 A girl refuse a meal that's free.
 A girl whose hungry eyes aren't fixed
 Upon a drink that's being mixed,
 A girl who doesn't like to wear
 A lot of junk to match her hair.
 Girls like this are loved by me,
 For who in the hell would kiss a tree?

Little Johnny wrote on the blackboard: "Johnny is a passionate devil." The teacher reprimanded him for writing this and said he must stay after school for one hour. When Johnny got out of school that night all his little friends were waiting to hear what punishment he had received.

"What did she do to you?" asked one little boy.
 "I ain't saying nothin'," said Johnny, "except that it pays to advertise."

There are three classes of girls, the intellectual, the beautiful, and the majority.

DEAR MISS POST

Q. Should a man slap his wife in the jaw when she buys a fur coat he can't afford?
 A. Why wait until she buys a fur coat?
 Q. Upon entering an acquaintance's house for the first time, should a man ask immediately: "Where's the gin?"
 A. Of course. No use standing on ceremony.

**Cop: "No parking. You can't loaf along this road."
 Voice from car: "Who's loafing?"**

A NOTE HOME

"Dear Dad, I am broke and have no friends. What shall I do?"
 "Dear Son, Make friends at once."

*Thinking of her, I started to her.
 Going to her, I heard her.
 Hearing her, I ran to her.
 Running to her, I saw her.
 Seeing her, I grabbed her.
 Grabbing her, I paid her.
 Paying her, I sat on her.
 Sitting on her, she wronged me.
 Wronging me, I left her.
 But that's O. K., I got a transfer and there'll be another car in ten minutes.*

El and I were sitting in the lobby of the inn, where we had spent part of our vacation, one evening and were watching and listening with rapt interest to a certain little boy who had lovely manners and talked like Freddy Bartholomew. As a matter of fact, we were beginning to wish that we ourselves might have the charm and poise which he possessed. It was then that the lad's father came in and asked him what he'd had for dinner. The little fellow assumed a dignified and thoughtful air and then announced regally that he couldn't remember, but if Daddy would wait a minute he would belch and find out. We then left.

SLIPSTICK'S FACULTY GLOSSARY

Instructor:
 Bewildered young college graduate unable to succeed in the business world. Usually young enough to know several good jokes. Marks severely as he is only one chapter ahead of his students. Lowest in scale of student enemies.

Assistant Professor:
 A promoted instructor. Promotion contingent on his lectures. When they become musty, he becomes an assistant professor. Will start to write a text book and get married. Encourage him to talk about his wife and baby.

Associate Professor:
 The most dignified member of the faculty. Originator of the working-my-way-through school racket; sells his own books instead of magazines. Receives promotion for the same reason as a bus driver—number of years in service. Receives title, however, instead of a gold stripe on his arm.

Professor:
 A ripe, disillusioned old man with over-ripe lectures.

Police Sergeant—A college student, eh?
Prisoner—Yes, sir.
Patrolman—It's a stall. I searched his pockets and found money in them.

Lest you Slinkerrinios get the wrong idea, don't forget that this column is dedicated to M. I. & P. U. for A. T. S. (Moral Improvement and Physical Upbringing for Armour Tech Students.) See you next time.
 Hi-Yo Silver.

RAMBLINGS OF A HILLBILLY

Art Hansen
 Dear Sally—
 Wel, I arived safely at skool agin tew start my laste year, and deer Sally, I am glad tew be bak altho I had a swel tyme thiz summer withe yew and Horatio, my pet skunk. I am glad I brought Horatio tew skool withe mea az it will keep mea frum becoming homesick, fore wen I look at him I think of yew.

Developments hav ben developing since laste June. Fore won thing, the graduating class haz graduated, two, 300 new froshman hav entered, and three, two knew co-eds hav entered skool, and O-Boy!!! Won iz frum down in Arkansas and I wunner if shea awl noes Uncle Bentsloop Halwewit.

I must say, co-eds iz wat Armore needs. Haw, wil it be gada if a hed-line on the skool paper says: "Co-eds beet sophomore Terrors in touchbawl, gain final round." Or I wouldn't be surprized if the register's office received a letter frum Vassar saying: "Fifty of ovr coeds our planning a skoit kourse in engineering and noing yew hav coeds, send us yew're bulletin." Wel, anything fore progress.

Gee, a knew privledge fore frosh thiz year is that they can keep there pants on. And tew think that a year or tew ago thiz wuz imposszible. And thirty years ago they used tew thro the freshmen and sophs intew the lake, and the dean had to hav patrol wagons on rush day. It goes tew sho wat the machine age and burleque dew tew civilization.

I kan't understand the strange looks everywon gives mea wen I bring Horatio intew class. The prof. wuz reciting in mech lab about charts, and curves in general, including brunettes. Awl of a sudden hea sniffs and mutters sumthing about that (censored) chem lab must bea in operation agin. Few minutes later hea opens a window and sez it iz early in the year tew make hydrogen sulfide. Five minutes later hea excuses himself withe "I got tew see an exterminator about dew rats in the walls. Wel, then I realized Horatio did not use lifeboy and so I had tew put him intew my lunch basket.

Sally, did yew no the intelligent girl is won who noes how tew refuse a kiss without being deprived of it. Boy, yew shure are smart.
 Wel, Sally, I must clothes, az I hav homework up tew my ears. Az the American (holding four aces) replied tew the Englishman (in poker game), who had juste sed, "Well, I'll wager a bally pound on thiz," the American sez, quote—I dunno much about yewre darn English money, but I'll raise yew a couple of tons."
 Yures,
 STOOPBRAIN BLISS.

ARMOUR NEWS

For those not in the know, this column, supposedly, is to supply the Arx (and better class engineers) with the cream of news stories, Arx activities and choice gossip.

Speaking of gossip. What senior goes to school at 7, finishes at 10 at nite, goes home, walks the baby around 'til 3, and is up at 6?
 Chief news item may be the news that senior arx are in school 50 hours per week . . . not including homework. I guess the idea is that upon graduating (?) a 40 hour working week will seem like being on a vacation. We understand Ossia is raising a crop of whiskers . . . I looked for, but didn't see . . .
 The atmosphere in the frosh and soph rooms has definitely changed, there is no immediate vent to their feelings upon breaking a pencil point without a rapid look around the room . . . do you wonder why?
 We've just heard that ye famous, I mean . . . Colossal Arx Dance . . . is soon to come. In fact, the later part of October to be exact. Dodge, Stowel, Reinke, and Pointek are those who will select thiz year's famous Arx Dance orchestra and ballroom.
 I say, as I said to Hedy Lamarr, "see you later."
 BOZ-ARTS.

STEAM SHOVEL

Well, fellows (AND GIRLS, may we add), the ice is ready to freeze over the old swimming hole, the branches (or is it the leaves?) are falling from the trees, the World Series looms in the offing, the nation's gridirons are ready to resound with cries of "Hold that line, etc." Halloween is ready to pop in next month, Thanksgiving the month after (MAYBE), and Christmas follows in the month after that (MAYBE), and . . . well, the point is, if there is any point to this wandering, CLASSES have begun and we're ready for another term of high class unearthing, so . . . let's bend to the shovel. . . .

Yeah, it's true. Uh-huh. Those rumors are correct that the Techawk name is about to be changed to "Bloomer Girls" or "Panty-Waists." Reason? Well, boy, if you haven't seen the reasons (2) already, those "skoit" floating around school between and at classes, you need double-bifocals (whatever they are).

Two new co-eds now grace our student body—both archs. (Prof, can I change my course from Mechanical Protect to Arch?) That gal from down south is Mary Elizabeth Spies from U. of Arkansas. The other little gal (freshman) iz from the near north side (aw, go look up her address yourself) and carries the label Elly von Mueller. . . .

Outside of that, there are no notable new additions to the student body except a couple hundred frosh, including William Tell, Ken Niles and H. Hoover (probably a democrat).

Now it can be told. . . Dan Jacobson, editor-in-chief of the 1939 Cycle, was married somewhere around last Christmas, but the news was not to get out generally 'till after he graduated. Yes, I know that everyone in the class of '39 knew it or should have, and we knew it too, but a promise is a promise. . . .

Bells and more wedding bells. Another fellow to walk that final, fatal or pleasant mile (or aisle, aile with Trib spelling) was Dick Wagner, senior chem. Congrats, Dick. . . Horton, night Student Union manager, also got hitched over the summer.

GENE WORCESTER finally became engaged, which wasn't surprising seeing he has been writing "Helen" all over his books for the last 'teenth number of years.

The new president's office on second floor Main is fairly glowing with colors. However, the yellows, maroons, reds, greens and tans really blend together very well, believe it or not. The glass brick dividing wall is a humdinger.

The Armour Tech News was ejected. Well, I suppose some of you think it's about time, but the fact is that Benny Freud has a new lab in the spacious place that was once the news office. Not that this makes an awful lot of difference, but the new "quarters" are two small rooms back of the social science office and also in back of the radio club, so while we are writing copy, we can expect a steady stream of "Beep-beep, beep, beep beep, calling W9XYZ, etc., hello Charley, can you hear me?" etc., etc.

With next week's issue, Armour Tech News makes history. Yes, the Collegiate Digest, or roto section, is something new, and a permanent feature, for a year at least. We trust that you will like the coed's pictures, ESPECIALLY.

RAY SMESSAERT, senior mech, denies he is married, contrary to the congratulations the boys have been handing him. "Not 'till next June, at the earliest."

Junior Bob Sweeney worked SO hard around school thiz summer. And it was hard on the seat of his pants, too.

See maintenance superintendent Koster if you want an experienced crew of wreckers, pipe fitters, gardeners, sweepers, brick breakers, electrician's helpers, glass fitters or movers. He'll be glad to recommend his summer crew of Durkee, Minwegen, Mueller, Savon, Minkola, Barteldes, Hansen or Marks, to mention a few of those hardy souls.

One of our genial assignment editors last semester, namely Frank Reb, is having his troubles at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, to which he received an appointment thiz summer. He has to stand at meal-time and recite to the upper classmen the old gags about how great he is, the Star Spangled Banner backwards, besides having to take his two years of college over again.

Now we know how Dr. Larkin keeps the classes' attention always focused to the front of the room. Yes, the mystery has been solved! It's those flaming RED ties that he invariably wears to class. At last reports the students were filling the kitty so as to buy him a nice cool green tie.

Those who wish advice as to what to do in auto wrecks will find it worth their while to consult Dr. Pearl. Recently he had the misfortune to try to drive his '39 Nash across the Boul. Michigan while another car came at him from right angles. . . . Gosh, that car's front end was pushed in.

Instructor Davey is hot stuff when teaching class, in fact, he fairly smokes!

Bring 'em back alive RALPH ERISMAN couldn't discover the secret of opening the phone booth door in the Union building the other day. It would have been okay . . . if he had been on the outside, but—he wasn't. To the rescue came ROY (HAIRPIN) JACOBSEN, who with the aforementioned little weapon opened wide the gates. Sighed Ralph, "It's great to be free again."

A bit of dirt about the above Mr. Jacobsen. Out at summer camp he was going with a "fugitive from a rail fence," or something that resembled one.

Mr. Calkin, math prof, almost disappeared from his class the other day when he kicked aside a waste basket that was covering a hole in the floor and stepped into the hole. He ended knee deep.

Herman Krantz, 4th year Co-op, was left holding the bag. And how! Ben Kallivek, also a Co-op, took him snipe hunting one night thiz past summer. They took little Herman out in the woods, gave him a bag and a lantern to hold, and left him after telling him they were going out with their clubs to beat the bushes and scare up some snipe, and that he should bag them as they came running. . . . Then, as little Herman was holding the well known bag, along came a game warden and arrested little Herman for hunting without a license. After holding a trial a short while later at the warden's headquarters, all the boys popped in and informed poor Herman it was all a joke. . . .