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Sucker Racket

Several of the "Outstanding Students" here at Armour have received letters from an organization known as "Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities," urging them to send in their biographies and see their histories in print. May we place a resounding razzberry on our record as our opinion of such trips.

By blatant appeals to the vanity of those in the "limited number" of students, the scheme is another in the long list of sucker bait enterprises. The testimonials which are enclosed, all with important letterheads, say nothing of a really meritorious nature, just the usual "few words," preferably nice words. There is much more hokum, razzle-dazzle and cheap emotional appeal thrown in for good measure. Anything to get the student's dollar. All of which reminds us that there is no mention in this first letter of selling anyone a copy of the book. Heavens, no. That will come later. After all, the tactful approach must be used.

That people fall in droves for all this soft soap (which is mostly lye) is shown in the exchange papers which we get from other colleges. Several publications have run good sized stories and a bank of photographs, all big stuff, and all pure drool.

In our humble opinion there is no useful point in having such a publication, it accomplished no purpose when it is all done, and the students of the country would be money ahead if they disregarded the whole thing. We have only pity on the human frailty of those thousands who are sucked in each year.

Manners

In recent weeks there have been comments by people around school to the effect that the men in the student body are becoming more and more on the gentlemanly side each year. Some of us have even been accused of saying "Thank you" for a library book, or "Please" when ordering in the lunchroom. That is a most satisfying sign, one which needs to be carefully nurtured and given every opportunity to flourish.

We all realize that, with all of the work we are required to do at school, we do not get enough actual contact with the other people who go to make up the world in which we live. Several attempts have been made to remedy this situation, the dance club being a good example.

It still remains that most of us need a bit of help in the matter of everyday manners. It is just those multitudinous little things which make life go so much more smoothly when you can count on what the other man will do, provided he does the thing which you and your associates accept as correct. Lumped together, the things which society as a whole accept as being correct are called manners and etiquette.

Holding the door for the person after you, not hogging places in the lunchroom, putting things back where they belong after you are through with them, and a million and one other items deserve the consideration of every student here. The old saying that actions speak louder than words still holds true. They will be even more forceful when applying for an interview for a future position. Now is the time, not next year, to take a little interest in this often overlooked item.

"The Slipstick"

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

As our tenure draws to a close it is with a sigh of regret that HI Yo Silver announces that this little delectable column will be written by another screwball, whose identity is still a secret. We have been promised that he will be released very shortly from his padded cell and will be commuted to Armour Institute during the duration of his sentence.

Confucius say: The pest things in life are flee.

"Is your roommate broadminded?"
"Is he? Say, that's all he thinks of."

Greetings gate—let's domesticate.

Entering a tavern with his wife and six year-old son, Oscar ordered two straight whiskies.
"Hey, Pa," the boy said, "ain't Ma drinkin'?"

Greetings goon—let's spoon.

We haven't a thing left in our little scrap box for today, but don't forget to watch for the (new) funny man who soon will be in charge of the Slipstick (and janitor duties around the stables.)

Gal (in movies): Bill, someone's fooling with my knee.
Bill: It's me, babe, and I'm not foolin'.

Little Willie went for a ride
On the coldest winter's day;
Little Willie had by his side
A lass quite charming and gay.
Out in the rumble Aunt Susabelle
Sat in the cold and chilly breeze.
Quote Little Willie: "What the hell!
It's fun to see my anti-freeze."

Greetings skirt—let's flirt.

"I shall have to put you fellows in the same room for tonight," said the host.
"That's all right," replied the guests.
"Well, I think you'll have a comfortable night," said the host. "It's a feather bed."
At two o'clock in the morning one of the guests awoke his companion.
"Change places with me," he groaned. "It's my turn to sleep on the feather."

Greetings pooch—let's smooch.

Hi Yo: If I take this castor oil, do you think I'll be well enough to get up in the morning?
Doc MacNamara: Yes—long before morning.

It seems the gate broke down between heaven and hell. Saint Peter appeared at the broken part of the gate and called out to the devil, "Hey, Satan, it's your turn to fix it this time."
"Sorry," replied the boss of the land beyond the Styx. "My men are too busy to worry about a mere gate."

Foss: The liquor they serve here is terrible.
Virginia: Who told you?
Foss: A little swallow.

Realtor: Now, here's a beautiful home overlooking the lake.
Buyer: Where's the lake?
Realtor: That's what we're overlooking.

Brigham Young University recently celebrated a Sadie Hawkins Day (See Little Abner). The coeds, properly and rustically attired, were required to capture an escort as an admission requirement for the "Dogpatch Dingle Dangle," the dance culminating the activities.

Greetings alimo—let's rhyme.

Joe Zilch was very persuasive, Plain Jane was lending a willing ear.
"But, darling," she cooed, "if I marry you, I'll lose my new job."
"But, Jane-sweet," yodeled Joe, "can't we keep our marriage a secret?"
"But, Josie-wosie," suggested plain Jane, "suppose we have a baby?"
"Oh!" Joe oled. "The baby! Of course, sweets, we'll have to tell the baby."

Rub: When the time comes do you think you can fill your father's shoes?
Dub: Why not? I can fill his shirts and most of his suits right now.

The thoughtful fellow who carries a few swallows on his hip, always has a little wren on his lap.

Every day is field day for a snake in the grass.

The meek little gent in the restaurant finally sighed and decided to give up his steak. It was tougher than sole leather. He called the waiter and asked that it be taken back to the kitchen. The waiter dolefully shook his head and said: "Sorry, pal, I can't take it back now. You've bent it."

Hi Yo Silver.

Other
Campuses

By Charles Schultz

The University of Vermont pays a small, black cat sixteen dollars per annum for snapping rodents in the greenhouse.

Apparently ghost writing has entered the University of Kentucky's curriculum. It seems that in a certain English course the blokes have been detected in engaging the services of brains to take their exams. The brains get the bucks and the blokes get the boosts.

A recent survey states that more corduroy pants are worn on American campuses than any other pants made from another different material.

The girls at Wheaton now play hockey.

Disruption was the keynote in the embryo Modern Dance class at Kansas State Teachers College last week, when the class was invaded by a snappy little pooch who tried to bark his own rhythm into the music.

Two Texas freshmen are working their way through school with proceeds from their campus service bureau, doing any job "morally upright and within the law."

Turning the tables on their masters, Wright College students are conducting a survey poll on the ratings of their professors.

Dartmouth College fraternities spend 36 per cent of their rushing expenses buying beers for the rushees.

Fresh from the Kansas U. dating bureau comes the powerful statement that gentlemen no longer prefer blondes. K. U. men show over a fifty per cent preference for brunettes with red heads pushing up to a strong twenty-five per cent. One unknown strong-heart even requested a 150 pound number.

The dating bureau idea has just been adopted by the Morningside College students. Dates for the approaching winter formal may be had according to preferences in height, weight, dancing ability and hair color. (Brunette hairs do not show on coat lapels.)

Oklahoma University students are fined for flunking courses, the courses carrying a charge of flunk-fine of varying values.

The Dean of Kentucky University recently cancelled the appearance of Deri Dja and the Bali dancers scheduled to appear at a school function. Seems as how they were booked too late or something, but Bali dancers, Hmmm!

The University of Toronto has the only university organization of jiu jitsu in the Canadian American colleges.

Cheyenne College has discarded football in favor of bull-dogging and bronko-busting.

About 97 per cent of all the college presidents have come from two professions, teaching and the ministry.

Arx News

The junior class finally rid itself of Penta's bizarre scarf. . . . Holes were cut in the obnoxious rag and the pieces burned. . . . It wasn't coincidental that shortly thereafter the buttons had been cut from the coats of the burners.

Denyes goes out for quite a few smokes. . . . Can it be he is a hit with the Art School gals. . . . The sophs claim that only co-ed Spies understands the math courses. . . . It is whispered that it is Hutton and Mac again, serious, too.

After a careful inspection of the Beaux Arts exhibit Reinke commented: "Two years at Armour and I can't draw a tree." . . . Dodge's explorations into Greek philosophy might explain his recent absence. . . . But we wonder. . . . with all the work recently, the seniors are wondering when Horton finds time to paint his new unfinished furniture.

The junior-senior field trip enlightened all as to the step by step development of a brick. . . . Pictures taken a-La-Alexander were last seen on the drafting room floor. . . . Stowell tried to get rid of his. . . . Mr. Harper also thought it a good idea.

The Senior Informal posters showed originality. . . . Oh, yeah! Pehta did a Petty adaptation. . . . By means of a scissors. . . . Salz enlarged a Moran blotter girl. . . . Sauermann got his girl from a comic strip. . . . Kulieke is non-committal. . . . Can Pointer stay a woman hater? . . . We doubt it. . . . Completing class assignments. . . . He is now known as the little shoe-maker. . . . His spare time is spent sewing buckles on shoes. . . . What senior taking what co-ed for a coke was so engrossed as to forget his change? . . . Did he know it was Oskie and Elly last Sat. nite? . . . What could be Joe's objection to the soph glee club last Friday? . . . After all it was in the Xmas spirit. . . . So soon at that.

SPECS.

STEAM SHOVEL

Now that we reactionaries have finished off the last of the holiday hash ye old soil dweller can "react" back in the slime of things. To whom it may concern, any resemblance to persons, places, things, and Armour students living or dead is purely coincidental (so they tell me).

The effects of love on the undergraduate are often wondrous to behold. Picture Herb Hansen running around the campus tooting a railroad whistle while surveying. Then picture Herb's picture of MILL FILCO (he took five of them, poor boy) and you'll have the whole picture.

Sleep! Oh "sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve off" calculus (apologies, Will old boy). How sweetly it doth dwell upon the eyes of Hollander in Math 209. How gently spread across uplifted shining face.

Paging the Pep Club! Here at least is the vim, the vigor, the punch, the drive, the zeal . . . yes, by George, the zoom that you've been craving for . . . CHERTOW, FREEDAIN, et al shivering for two hours at Stagg field in the Illinois section and cheering on . . . suffering goons! . . . the Maroons.

All those passing room 212 Chapin these days, 'round about 9:30 a.m., might be interested to observe the phenomena of the only living link to Little Sir Echo. The queer little sounds, dear reader, that accompany the lectures of Dr. Ford are issued regularly through the courtesy of none other than Dick "The Lip" Dunworth, Armour's mighty monster of the multifarious mutter. "The Lip's" back seat lecturing provides a disturbing sleep antidote that no other class has yet been able to develop.

We beg to bring to the attention of all Cub fans the arrival of the answer to all your troubles. We give you Armour's mighty man of swat, HENRY "LLOYD LEWIS" TOM, whose current literary masterpiece will present the TRUTH. Said HENRY in an exclusive interview "foul ball . . . take your base."

(Continued on page four)

CO-OP NEWS

By H. F. Krantz

Win or Lose: Carl Wilns, 4A, was recently notified that he was the winner of a new 19-ounce, \$27, Rego welding torch, including three tips. While at the Metal Show last month, Carl entered a contest to guess the weights of a 10-year-old Rego torch and the new one, and, of all entrants, was most nearly correct. His guesses were 62 ounces for the old and 19 ounces for the new. The torch is for sale—to the highest bidder.

Another winner is George Crawford, first year, a former Canadian hockey player. A manager of a Chicago team saw him in action and signed him up immediately.

School-boy's Dream: Ben Kallevik's latest dream had him chained to the floor, doing routine work, and picking up microscopic watch parts by the millions—one at a time, and working at a maximum speed continuously. His interpretation of the chains, routine work, and millions of small parts to pick up, is that he is being tied down with schoolwork, doing homework day in and day out, and having nine lab reports due the next morning.

Following Dr. Anderson's quiz theory of "25 points for your name only," Paul Sandusky, 3A, signed his name to his strength quiz three times and actually received a 75.

Each of the four co-op groups is planning to celebrate the last day of the term in some way or another, but no class has as yet definitely decided how or where.

Stan Zalewa, 4A, not only "follows the crowd," as he recently excused himself for coming in late to Prof. "Brother" Winston's class, but he also takes an interest in where the crowd is going. Last Monday, while the co-ops and Prof. Marin were waiting for another class to vacate a certain class room, Prof. Marin suddenly remembered some papers he forgot to bring to class. By chance, Blaida, 4A, followed him down the stairs, and Zalewa called to Blaida, "Hey, where the h— you going?" Prof. Marin, in his polite manner, answered: "I'm going down to get some papers, but I'll be right back."

"Master" Creak, the persistent freshman, is very persistent, indeed. Last Wednesday, he titrated two chemical solutions for us in an hour and forty minutes before recalling that he forgot to add the indicator solutions.

A hitherto little known co-op has recently been revealed as a Casanova whose talent for love-making is greater than that once possessed by the great Valentino. This expert in osculatory technique is none other than Frank Grote, 3A, now known as "lover." Up to this time, it had been known that Grote occasionally indulged in a little "woo-pitching," and he had earned the deserving name of "Smoocher." That was before he met Gracie. Since then Grote has advanced rapidly in this field without divulging the news to his fellow students. However, at a recent Theta Xi party, a candid camera man caught him in action—in the dark. Since then, the hit song of the juniors has been: "Oh Grote, oh Grote, how you can love!"

Ed Rube, 4A, says he would like very much to be introduced to the popular student whose name is posted on the wall throughout the school: Nos Mo King.

Skating at the Chicago Arena has become a real pleasure for a group of freshmen co-ops since they met a certain doctor's daughter. Believe it or not, the doctor is Dr. Pain.