

Armour Tech News

Student Publication of the
ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
3300 Federal St.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Published Weekly During the College Year

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY
National Advertising Service, Inc.
College Publishers Representative

420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.
CHICAGO • DOSTON • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

"Entered as second class matter December 8, 1937, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879."

\$2.00 Per Year Single Copies, 10 Cents Each

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Vol. XXIV. DECEMBER 12, 1939 No. 11

The Lunchroom

The cafeteria, dearest friend of the Armour student, and perhaps better known as the non-profit lunchroom, is again open to criticism as a result of the meals which have been dished out in recent weeks. May we take this opportunity to make a few suggestions.

Perhaps the most needed change is to get some variety in the menus. Roast sirloin of beef has come to be an institution with the menu board. We wonder what ever happens to the other half dozen cuts of beef which are on the regular market? To further that point, what ever happens to the other meat-bearing animals which appear in local markets? What a pleasure it would be to find some roast leg of lamb, real spare ribs, shoulder lamb chops, ribs of beef, a rolled roast, a real boiled dinner, or an honest lamb stew with plenty of nicely prepared vegetables. These items do not run to prohibitive prices, they are served in many restaurants elsewhere, and would certainly be a treat to the patrons here.

During the winter we all need fresh fruits and vegetables. To this end may we suggest that the menu planners place at least one fresh vegetable on the list each day. Turnips, fresh salads with oranges or apples, some fresh spinach, fresh cabbage, and a serving of new carrots or onions would all help in this direction. The usual canned corn, tomatoes, beans and spinach are getting quite monotonous.

Variety in the desserts could also be worked in. Ice creams are made in more than a dozen popular flavors these days, but all we seem to get is vanilla, and once in a while chocolate. If the refrigerator can hold more than one can of cream at a time, why can't we get some maple nut, chocolate chip, pistachio, butterscotch, and the newer flavors like New York cherry, cherry pineapple, or toasted almond? A couple of new kinds of topping of the usual quality used by drug stores and ice cream parlors, not lumpy marshmallow or sugary butterscotch or watery chocolate, but the real stuff, would be a welcome addition. Getting the can with a malted milk might surprise some unsuspecting student one of these days, too.

To the best of our knowledge the equipment in the lunchroom was bought and paid for by the sale of Union bonds which the students are redeeming by the payment of the \$3.00 per semester Union Fee. In other words, we bought the things, albeit a bit indirectly. With the lack of other overhead in the form of taxes, licenses, and higher waitresses salaries, the expenses of the lunch room are well below those of outside food purveyors. If other restaurants, forced by the impetus of ever-present competition (another factor with which the lunch room does not have to contend) can put out meals of the standard we find in most places, then why can't we get better stuff for our money? The amount by which the institution treasury is enriched each year from the proceeds of the lunch room and bookstore, combined, does not make up a very big proportion of the total budget of the school, yet the nickels and dimes mean a lot to the individual student. It all simmers down to the statement that we do not feel that we are getting our money's worth, and our own equipment is being used in the process.

"The Slipstick"

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

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A SLAPPY FOO YEAR
TO YE ALL!! Now that we have made this a Yuletide column we can whip right into the gay festivities... Lest we forget there are 13 days, two hours and fourteen minutes to Christmas.

What we want for Christmas
(1). Packard Roadster
(2). Russian pajamas
(3). Fraternity ring
(4). Straight A's
(5). Trip to Palm Beach

What we will get
(1). Red necktie
(2). Woolen Underwear
(3). Book of Mrs. Browning's poetry
(4). A cold
(5). Call from the Dean's office
(6). Hell

As far as I know, Santa Claus is the only man living who can run around all night with a bag and not get talked about.

Gin may take a decent gink
And make of him a perfect sink.
Though wine may make one mighty mellow
I'll leave that for the other fellow.
Whiskey is a drunkard's drink;
It makes a man a bum, I think.
Good beer I'm told is now quite old,
And like rare cheese is full of mould.
Oh, liquor is no doubt a curse
That takes one soon from bad to worse.
But if I seem a holy bloke,
The reason is I'm stony broke.

Social Worker: Do you owe any back house rent?
Relief seeker: We ain't got a back house. We have modern plumbing.

Dear Sir:
I'm engaged to an Alpha Epsilon Foo. I have been informed that you were seen kissing her. Kindly call at my fraternity house at 11 o'clock Friday and make an explanation.

Collegiate Joe.

Dear Joe:
I have received a copy of your circular letter and will be present at the meeting.

My end draws near, said the wrestler as his opponent bent him double.

Bill Jones' wife had gone to another city to consult a doctor. Bill celebrated the occasion by sending the children to their grandmother's and inviting some friends out for a poker party. While the game was in session the telephone rang. "Postal Telegraph Speaking," said the impersonal voice on the phone. Telegram for Mr. William Jones. "Read it," said Jones nervously. "Regret to state that your wife has tumor. Signed F. B. Hopkins, M. D." Jones dropped the receiver and turned a white face to his friends. "Heavens," he said, "my wife has twins!"

Smart He: Have you heard the sextet from Lucia?
Ignorant She: Now, John, no stories—you promised.

The chiroprapist entered his office and found his assistants loafing: "All right, boys," he snapped, "on your toes."

Dear Son:
I do hope you will come home for the Christmas holidays. Mother and I have arranged everything so that we will be ready to receive you. All the cars are going to be overhauled and painted during the vacation so that you will not be able to wreck them. Your brother's bank has been emptied and the money deposited in the bank where you cannot get it. My ties, shirts, socks, gloves, tux, etc., have been placed in a strong trunk, for which I have the only key. My cigars and cigarettes will not be available as I am locking them in a humidior. I hope you will come to see us. I know that I shall enjoy your visit very much.
Love,
Dad.

P.S. I also fired the maid.

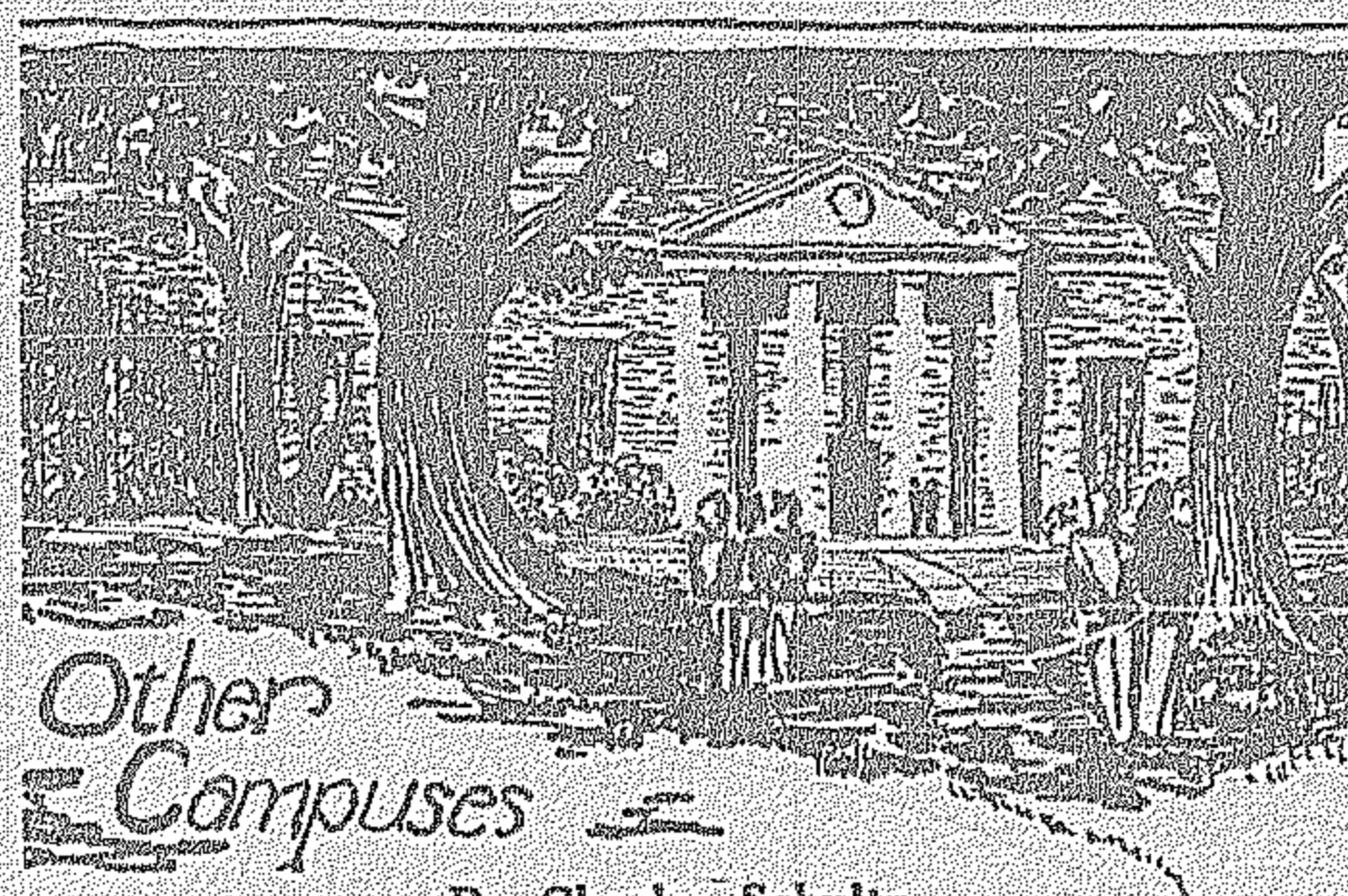
This business of thinking up jokes
Has got us a little daunted
The ones you want, we can't print
And the ones we like aren't wanted.
—Or are they?

As others see us: Suggestion for an opening sentence for a novel depicting college life: "A small coupe drew up in front of a fraternity house and twelve passengers alighted." As we see ourselves: "A small coupe drew up in front of a sorority house and nobody alighted for two and a half hours."

"I didn't think you'd let me down," said the trapeze artist as his partner missed his grasp in mid-air.

Lest we forget there are thirteen days, two hours, and fifteen minutes to Christmas. May you all have a very Merry Christmas and for your continuous patronage may we wish that your stocking be filled with goodies and Betty Grable's legs.

Hi YO Silver.



By Charles Schultz

Worcester Polytechnic Institute is having a new Chemical Engineering laboratory installed.

At Armour Institute of Technology, a kind hearted prof. offered the students in his class twenty-five points for writing their names on their test papers during a juicy brain squeeze. One enterprising brain-truster slapped his name on the paper three times and received not a grade of twenty-five but the total of SEVENTY-FIVE! He only slipped up on one point; he should have written it down four times. (Motto—Read your paper from cover to cover.)

Recently a professor at Indiana Tech was calling the roll and three students were subsequently marked absent. Suddenly nine students walked in the room! Looks as though they need some slide rules out there.

The University of Kansas Wilians have just published a book titled "Lady Love." This little publication tells the coeds what they have or lack. Mostly what they lack.

Washington College is now offering a course in practical criminology.

A chemistry class at the University of Toledo had to decamp in a hurry recently when a dabbling student evolved a mixture that was really stinko. Investigation proved the vile broth to be tear gas.

William Kimmel, a music instructor at Michigan State, has just stated that the jitterbug is dying a slow death and will become extinct in about a year.

Under outside journalistic pressure and public opinion, the students of Chicago U. are agitating for board move—(Continued on page three)

Stoopbrain Bliss In Holiday Dither

TELEGRAM

Miss Sally
Smoky Hollow, Kentucky
Dear Sally
Merry Christmas and a Happy Noo
Year stop Will be hoam next weak
on the twilite milk train stop Am
sorry I haven't ritten but I hav ben
so busy stop Bige danze thiz weak
comma the senyor christmas party
stop Hot dog comma Hansome Weakes
and his orchestra stoop Am looking
forward to Christmas withe yew stop
and the rest of the people down hoam
stop Hav got a beautiful date fore
danze stop Five feet twelve inches
tall in stocking feet stop And as a
xmas greeting comma remember comma
santa might wear Red but fore
hiz presents he doesn't want a Finn
stop Will rite next year stop

Yures
Stoopbrain Bliss

Santa's Lament

He sat all alone in his cold Arctic
lair—
A red-robed figure in deep black de-
spair.
Jeered by the world, jilted by fate,
Pursued by the cry, "You're out of
date."
His fondest pride, eight nimble rein-
deer
Exiled by progress—thrown out on
their ear,
Are wandering o'er wastelands in
desolate state,
They too hear the cry
"You're out of date!"
At last roused to action by hurt born
of scorn
The outcast—although his conscience
is torn—
Sits down to write this message—
Hear! Hear!
To whom it may concern:
I old Saint Nicholas, harried by fate
Hounded by cries—"You're out of
date!"
I plead to you with supplication
Please send some new transpor-
tation—
Please send a streamlined lalapaloozer—
Like Armour Institute's new Snow
Cruiser!

H. C.

STEAM SHOVEL



Maybe Frank Heidenreich, who never was on the receiving end of an elastic experiment 'till four weeks ago, has jumped the track. Four straight bouncers in four weeks... moral: Don't live next door to 'em lads.

Entertainment galore will take place at the Senior Dance, especially when Hal Davy pits his "feminine charms" against Bill Skeen's. That's a profitable position the boys on the judging committee have.

Raucous screams, thundering noises smote the ears of Joe Smith, Elmer Bauer, and Roland Jackel last Friday, as blindfolded, they were led into the News Office and locked in the Filing Closet. The occasion: The Alpha Chi Sigma Initiation. Sound Effects: Through the courtesy of the Armour Tech News Feature Staff.

Rumors are being circulated that Bob "Kiss Me Again" Lange is quite red in the face these days.

Your Cycle Editor, Eugene Worcester, has the right idea. Helen Tomlinson, his fiancée, furnished him with trucking service last Friday, delivering him to the school and picking him up in a '39 Packard.

Donald "Duck" Ely fears Professor McColley has his number. Upon congratulating the 'Duck' for the highest grade on the last quiz, he remarked to his logic class: "This just goes to show how easily this subject can be mastered with little work."

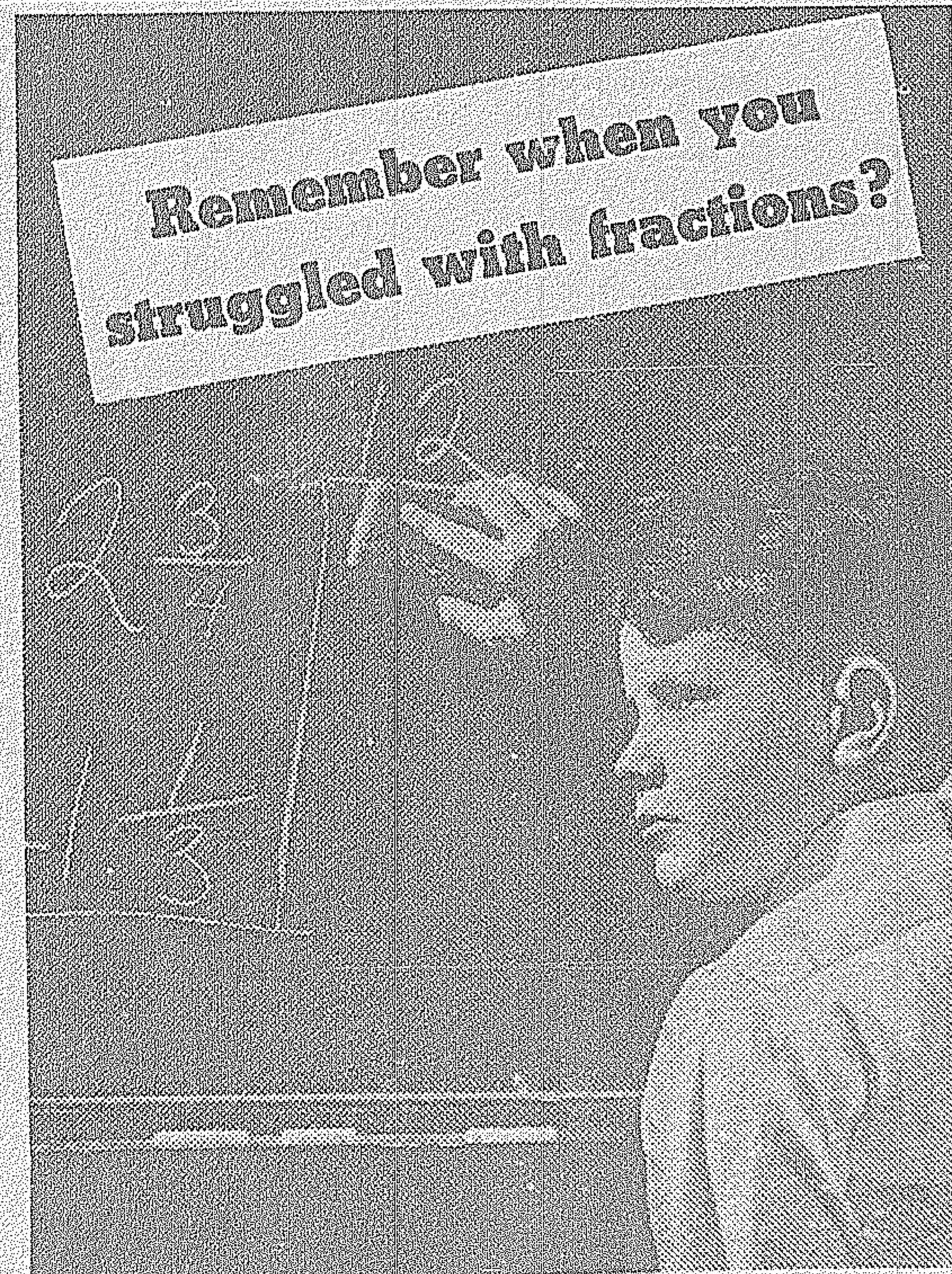
Christmas present to Ed Michalek, this year, is his girl's decision to not get engaged to some other fellow.

Herman "Crunch" Krantz, with his tongue hanging out, dashing madly off to the Rialto after dumping the notes of his column in the lap of the rewrite department.

Riotous results were produced when Woods and Kuera went out on a bender Friday night after the coop finals.

Imagine Professor Simpson's surprise when Lester (Continued on page three)

Remember when you
struggled with fractions?



You'd be surprised how telephone
engineers put them to work for you

How to put more and more wires into a telephone cable without increasing its diameter is an ever present problem at Western Electric—manufacturing unit of the Bell System. Existing ducts beneath city streets limit both the number and the diameter of cables—but demand for telephone service continues to grow.

Until recently, the largest cable contained 3636 wires in a diameter of 2½ inches. Years of study led to an entirely new insulating process that saved 3/1000 of an inch per wire. Multiply this tiny fraction of an inch by 3636, and you provide enough space to place 606 more wires in the same size cable!—a total of 4242.

With such resourcefulness, Bell System engineers meet countless problems. Result: you can talk to almost anyone, anywhere—quickly, at low cost.

A telephone call home would be appreciated. Rates to most points are lowest any time after 7 P. M. and all day Sunday.

