

# 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 • BOSTON • 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 JANUARY 9, 1940 No. 12

## Armour Gets Its Face Lifted

Upon our return to school after the holiday we were very pleasantly greeted by a completely re-furnished registrar's office. This set us to thinking on the subject of the remodeling that has been done around school recently. The magnitude of it is really interesting to contemplate.

Taking the Main building as a starting point we found that something has been done on every floor. New lavatory facilities have been put in and the shower room has been greatly improved on the fifth floor. On the fourth floor there has been considerable work done on the chemical engineering lab, both in decorating and replacement of old equipment, while on the third floor the new freshman chemistry labs have been set up and Science Hall entirely changed in appearance. The second floor is the one which has received the most treatment. Completely new offices embodying the latest ideas in interior treatment have been created for the treasurer, president, and the cashier. The electrical lecture room has been made into twice its former size and equipped with a loud speaker system, along with Science Hall. On the first floor the library has built the new stacks, the registrar's office has been re-done and the front halls have just been decorated. The basement has seen the installation of a new floor and some new equipment in the experimental lab, as well as an entire new wash room and a new locker room.

Of course the new Student Union cannot be left out of the picture, with the complete renovation that was accomplished there. Chapin Hall has come in for its share of new paint, varnish, and furniture. Many new class rooms have been added, and the drafting rooms have all been done over. A new roof has been put over the entire building and the rear has been painted after the removal of the old unsightly porches.

Machinery Hall has had a new lab put into the basement, the offices of the mechanical professors have all been redecorated, and most of the machines have been given a going over. In short, the entire school has had its face lifted.

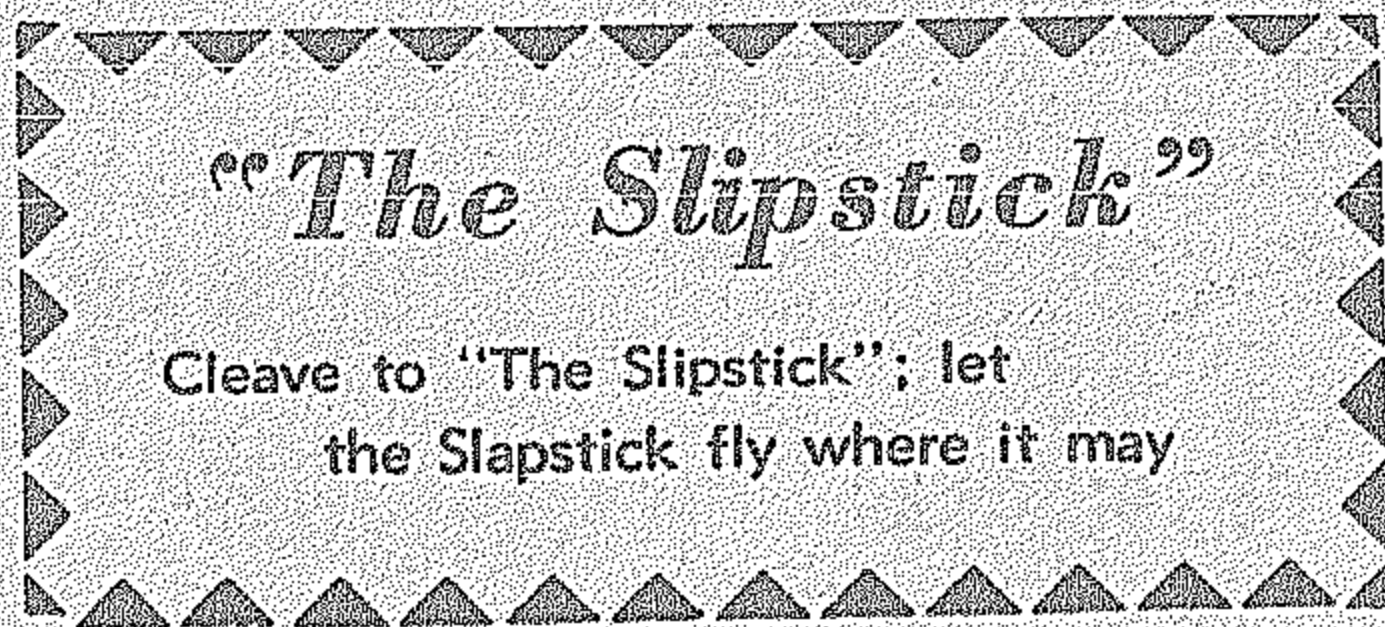
We owe a real vote of thanks to the men who have planned, followed, and completed this extensive program. Now, let them please put some decent black boards in Chapin and replace the rickety, clothes tearing chairs in the Physics building.

### The A.T.S.A. Board

For two solid months the A.T.S.A. Board has reclined upon its laurels. Its laurels, in our opinion, have faded and are sorely in need of replacement. How can they be replaced? Let us give some words to the wise.

- 1) Hold an election on those constitutional amendments which are still pending.
- 2) Get going on the budget.
- 3) Make some sort of decision on the question of Honor Cycles.
- 4) Get arrangements started for the Father and Sons' banquet.
- 5) Deliver some concrete results on standardization of athletic awards.
- 6) Speed up the granting of awards, put the responsibility for their purchase where it belongs, and see that intramural activities are carried out as they should be.

The board men have a meeting tomorrow afternoon—a golden opportunity to show the students who elected them what they can really do if they want to.



Well it's a new year and a new Jokester (hm'm) is trying to lay you in the aisles and the one resolution that "Oh Min" made is to give the censor an easy job (censor's note: "Oh Yeah"). But lets begone brother rodents.

This 'family' showed strong traits of independence. A census taker asked the woman at the door: "How many in your family?"

"Five," snapped the answer. "Me, the old man, kid, cow and cat."

"And the politics of your family?"

"Mixed. I'm a republican, the old man's a democrat, the kid's wet, the cow's dry, and the cat's a Mormon."

She: "Who said you could kiss me?"

He: "Everybody."

The man who recently invented a lie detector tried it on a fisherman. The inventor hasn't decided whether to try to repair the machine or build a new one.

Rabbits have a funny face,  
 Their private life is a disgrace,  
 Oo'd be surprised if oo but knew  
 The awful things that rabbits do.  
 And often too.

"Daughter, your hair is all mussed up. Did the young man kiss you against your will?"

"He thinks he did mother."

Shapely Showgirl: "I want you to vaccinate me where it won't show."

Doctor: "Okay! My fee is ten dollars in advance."

Showgirl: "Why in advance?"

Doctor: "Because I often weaken in such cases and don't charge anything."

Insane Asylum Attendant: "A man outside wants to know if we have lost any male inmates?"

Doctor: "Why?"

Attendant: "He says someone has run off with his wife."

"Frequent water drinking," said the professor, "prevents becoming stiff in the joints."

"Yes," said the co-ed, "but some of the joints don't serve water."

He: Are you May West?

She: No I'm June West. I'm thirty days hotter than May.

The professor who comes in late is rare; in fact, he is in a class by himself.

There's the story about the girl who went swimming in her birthday suit one hot summer's day in a secluded millpond. Along came a little boy who tied knots in her clothes. She flopped around, found an old washtub, held it up in front of her and marched toward the little boy saying, "You little brat, do you know what I'm thinking?"

"Sure," said the little brat, "You're thinking that tub has a bottom in it."

Co-ed: "Stop that man! He tried to kiss me."

Ed: "Aw, shut up. There'll be another one along in a minute."

Guppy Bore: Let's have some real fun this evening, dear.

Mrs. Bore: That's a fine idea. But please leave the hall light on if you get home before I do.

Les Peilet's girl: "I'm getting so thin you can count my ribs."

Peilet: "Gee! Thanks!"

One little look,  
 One little glance,  
 One little sigh. . .  
 And one big chance.  
 He heard the sigh,  
 He caught the glance,  
 He was no fool,  
 He took the chance.

She was an old Irishwoman on her way back to Dublin from the North. The customs man fished out a bottle from its temporary sanctuary in a voluminous night-dress.

"And what's this?" asked the customs man.

"Shure, and it's holy water," said the old lady clutching for it. The customs man had his suspicions; pulled out the cork; sniffed.

"This is whiskey," he said sternly.

Up went the old lady's hands in amazement.

"Glory be! A miracle!"

Officer (to man pacing the sidewalk at 3 o'clock in the morning)—"What are you doing here?"

Gentleman—"I forgot my key, officer, and I'm waiting for my children to come home and let me in."

You kissed and told,  
 But that's all right. . .  
 The lad you told  
 Called up last night.

Hoot mon! If that doesn't hold you I'll let flies run around barefooted, instead of shoeing them. B.C.N.U.

OH MIN

# CO-OP NEWS

By E. P. Hanuska

This column's only New Year resolution is to bring you plenty of news about all the Co-ops. It is by publicizing the activities of each class that we hope to acquaint the Co-ops with one another and thus achieve unity and harmony and good will within the Co-op ranks. Now, to facilitate the contribution of news items from any Co-op not directly connected with the Tech News, arrangements have been made with Mr. Lease's office to receive news articles. So if you have an idea you think would interest your fellow Co-ops, just leave it with Miss Haw and she will see that it receives prompt attention.

The highlight of the week will be the Coop English symposium on Thursday evening at 8:00 P.M. in room 2 W of the Student Union building. The discussion will center around the book *Tom Jones* by Henry Fielding. The entire personnel of the English department, led by Professor Walter Hendricks, will participate.

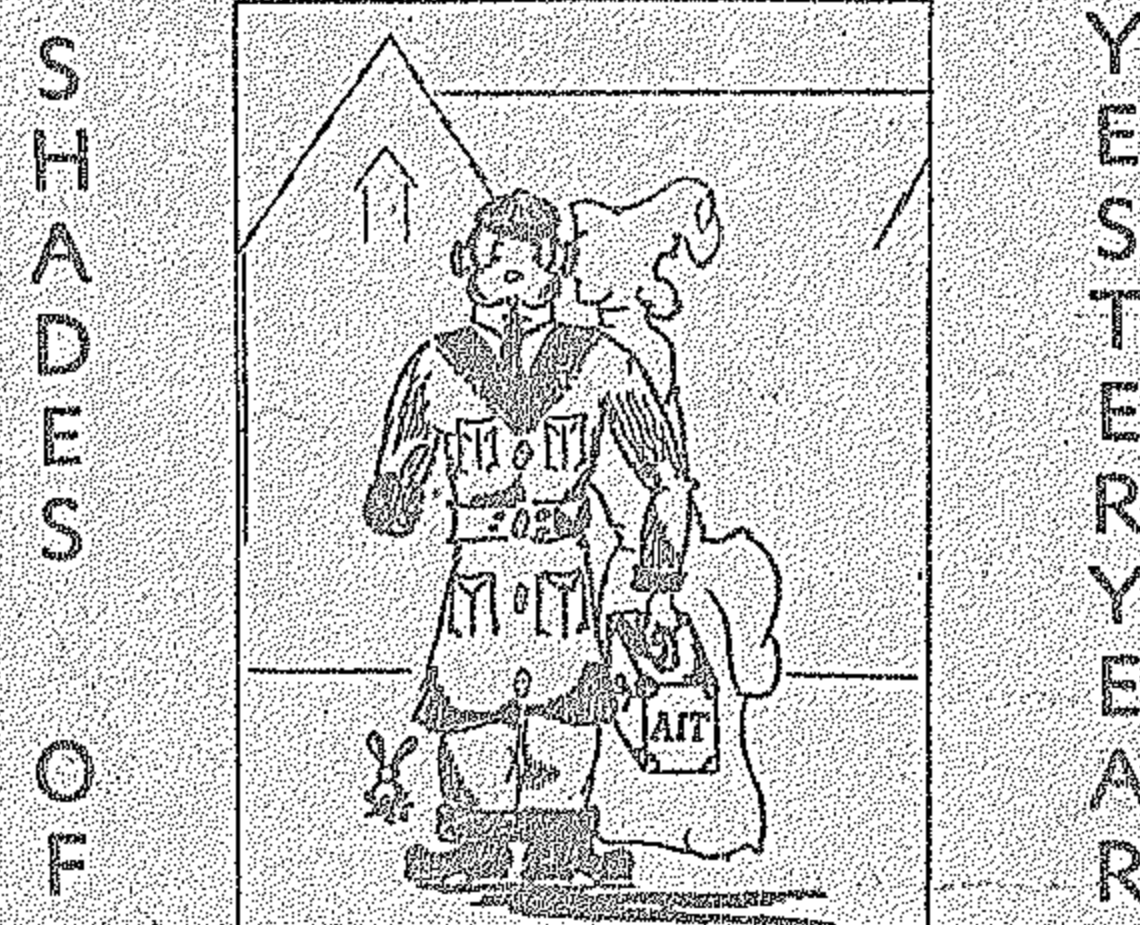
This book was selected as the first to be read under the new Co-op Additional Reading Program which assumes that the student will read the book during the eight-week work term and hence be prepared to listen intelligently to the discussion of the book by men competent in that respect. The English department has very kindly agreed to give their time so don't fail to take advantage of this unique opportunity. Fellows who have not read, as well as those who have read the book are invited to attend.

Of the thirty men enrolled in the Civilian Flight Training program, four are Co-ops. G. M. Anderson, 4B; W. S. Hutchings, 4B; R. M. Smith, 4B; and H. Stryz, 3B, are our pilots to be. The only complaint they have is that it's too much trouble getting out to the airport and back—just a mere trip of fifty miles or so. Now if the Government would let these fellows fly the planes home, just think how easy . . . !

Here's a note on our pet project. The first quarter of the advanced calculus class closed with all members accounted for. Under the tutelage of Dr. H. A. Giddings, the class met twice a week, two hours a night, during the work term. Members of the class are the following: Wm. Groen, 3A; G. Guckel, 2B; D. W. Hayes, 3B; C. F. Hill, 4B; P. Jasis, 3A; W. Jensen, 3B; R. Kraus, 2B; R. Lind, 2B; J. Mangan, 3A; D. F. McGinnis, 3B; T. Walsh, 3B, and your columnist. Special distinction is due to the members of the A group who came down nights at the same time they were going to school days. The class will resume in February.

Co-ops interested in the interclass boxing and wrestling tournament should see Roy Erickson, 3B, for particulars. Contrary to belief, little experience is necessary. Thus far one sophomore and four juniors have entered. These men have been practicing in the gym in their spare time, so come up and join them if you want to get some exercise and a chance at some nifty medals.

Dick Hanneman, 3B, was the only Co-op in the "Brother Rat" play. . . . The Aurora Co-ops are having a banquet on January 15. This is the second one so far. . . . We're not casting any aspersions, but four of the 4B class are expected to be seen wearing new pairs of white gloves any day now. Do you get it? . . . Bob Schmidt, 4B, is the only Co-op to make the varsity basketball team. Fine work, lad. . . . Milt Hawkins, 4B, and his last love, Helen Sanders—wool wool! . . . Famous last words (from a Co-op): "I'm no rowdy; I'm just having fun!"



In 1913 Armour students were so tough that the cops had to raid the school one night. The sophs and freshmen were having a fight on Ogden field, and things got so bad that the police had to break it up.

The Institute used to have a quartette to aid the glee club and have engagements of its own. Sounds like a good idea.

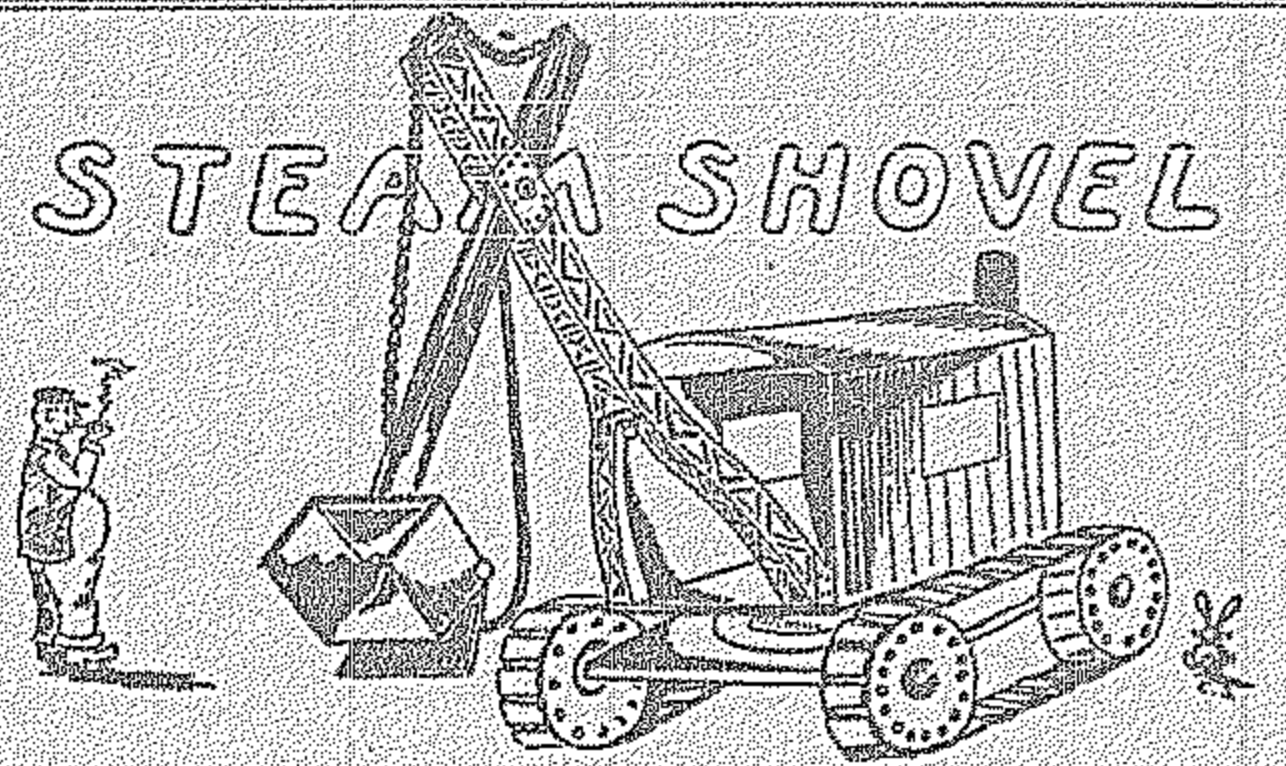
One of the biggest organizations at Armour in 1913, was one to which the members didn't know they belonged. It was "The Amalgamated Association of Unknown Celebrities." The members were little known but long to be remembered. One was the fireman on the Rock Island that fired up after leaving 31st street, outbound. Another was the human foghorn who peddles coal in the winter and ice in the summer.

"Oh dear, oh dear," the Junior squealed,  
 "I wish that it were spring  
 So I could sit in Ogden Field  
 And hear the birdies sing."

The Fire Protection Society was very inactive for several years after its organization. However, in 1922 it was reorganized and it has been going strong ever since.

Until 1922 Armour was offering a course called Hydro-Electric. For various reasons it was discontinued. It seems that the same thing could be learned from the Civil and Electrical departments.

Cycle, 1918.



Well Kiddies!

ARE YOU HAVING FUN?

With the passing of the dirty thirties and the advent of the filthy forties, it seems natural that the Steam Shovel, too, should stink up some New Year's resolutions. So, here they are.

Resolved not to:

1. Sleep in keyholes again (too drafty)
2. Tell secrets (gonna sell 'em)
3. Divulge telephone numbers (Heh! Heh!)
4. Live the life of Riley (got enough trouble with our own)
5. Say nice things about professors (except those who give A's)

Resolved to:

1. Hire a bodyguard (no comment)
2. Investigate the invisible ray (its got possibilities)
3. Kill time (who does he think he is anyway?)
4. Have the footprints on our pants resoled.

The bushes in Grant Park recently beheld a curious sight in their midst, namely, a young man—a very young man—dashing hither, thither, and yon, in a condition or state which might be described as depanted. It seems that the young man, ALLAN "SEA" GULLBORG, an Armour freshman, made the tactical error of lambasting the sophomore class in a car containing four sophomores and just one other freshman. Aggravating wasn't it?

Information concerning that famous three day New Year's brawl that is the talk of the town now in River Forest can be had from BILL "SKIN" SKENE.

Brother CHARLIE "RAT" SCHULTZ dashing into the Auditorium Wednesday night, stopping short as he saw two or three dozen students of the Dance Club waiting around in the center with their hands stuck out in front of them, and muttering haggardly "Well I'll be d - - - ed."

Don "Kodak" Grego's evening gowned blind date muttering "screwball" to herself at the Senior Dance.

Seven straight hours of Bridge has peculiar effects on HOWIE "SUITCASE" YOUNG. Just ask him what he was doing on Madison Street in Evanston, 3:30 a.m. Dec. 26th.

Ask DONALD "DUCK" ELY about hayrides if you want to see him look happy . . . no, not slaphappy.

Russell Cannon, another Senior mech, has hooked a society gal. Engagement was announced in Sunday papers. "Love, your magic call is everywhere."

Anthony "Fearless" Finkel pulled the screwballiest trick of the week Friday when he took his sister "Legs" Finkel to a Math Quiz. Palpitating . . . wasn't it? The boys were all good at "figures" though, so Prof. Krathwohl will no doubt find some excellent work on his quiz.

WALTER COLLINS, senior mechanical, who gave his ring to BETTY MAGILL last summer, announces they will sign the "final" papers soon after his graduation.

We like the way Professor McColey shoves his desk and table over to one side of the class room and clears decks for action when he lectures.

PETE "WOLF" PETERSEN, hadn't had enough New Year's Eve after he took his Fraulein home at 5:30, and ended up "somewhere" else, afterwards.

The senior mechs are getting tired of the Yale influence being wielded by P. R. TRUMPLER, mech lab instructor, who worries them no end with his scathing markings on their mech lab reports. It seems that they used to write reports like grammar school kids before he came to town. Matters weren't helped any when they had to come down two whole days of their holiday and calculate on the Corliss engine, and then go home and spend three more nights trying to unravel the mess.

ANSON WEEKS' dedication of "Scatterbrain" to the faculty, at the Senior Dance, was a direct result of a conspiracy by the Civils.

## Arx News

The appearance of Dodge with tickets to the "Night of Gods", Architects Ball to you, brought forth costume suggestions. Ray might go as a Viking with a pair of horns on his head. Bull's horns. . . . Salzman's suggestion about a snood is out of the question; he is also wondering how to get to the Ball, it seems he thought that they didn't want the family car, but they did. He'll be driving again in Feb. . . . It was also suggested that the gods be given numbers, one, two, etc. . . . all signs point to a good attendance, but we wonder.

Notice! All who bought bids to the Arx Dance remit fifteen cents to Stowell or the "G" men will put him away for amusement tax evasion. . . . Hmml! on second thought. . . . Continuation of the cold wave will lead the sophs to change "Rafters Drafters Inc" to "Drafters of the Drafty Rafters."

Mandel is still suffering under the effects of New Year's eve, should any one know his doings said night please notify him. . . . Have you noticed that tall thin man, style setter supreme, Miller he was known as in them days. . . . He is now referred to as "Dapper Dan" the well dressed man.

Cycle, 1918. SPECS.