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Swan Song

For the last time we seat ourselves at the typewriter, faced with the task of batting out some 576 words to go beneath the masthead. It is both with regret and with relief that we realize that our span of life on the Armour Tech News is drawing to a close. We only hope that you, the readers, have derived as much pleasure from our efforts as we have gained from them.

Taking a look over the year's editorials, we feel inclined to say that we did, indeed, have a merry time. The non-profit Lunchroom-Bookstore Combined Enterprises, Inc. really took a beating in return for the \$7,500 profit it turned in to the school. Our friends, the A.T.S.A. board also took it on the chin, but we like to feel that it did a certain amount of good in opening up the meetings, getting things going, and, above all, in arousing a little more of the student's interest in their government.

Perhaps the greatest error we made during the year was in titling one potent effort "The Chemical Department," when it should have been called "The Chemical Engineering Department." The charges we made hit the wrong party, and we later sent an explanation in an attempt to clarify our position. However, we still feel that the criticism regarding the poor apparatus, poor instruction, and poor management was justified, and still is merited by the department of chemical engineering.

Turning to things of a lighter vein, our greatest source of satisfaction is still the special edition thrown together for the Armour-Lewis merger. Midnight oil flowed freely on that famous occasion, but the three men who turned out that issue had a wonderful time doing it. With only one piece of copy to work from, Frank Opila and Bob Bartusek knocked out a full page of type for you to read the following morning. The whole thing went from idea to completion in about six hours. To President Heald we owe a vote of gratitude for his excellent help and cooperation throughout the entire project.

We like to feel that our best editorial, from every standpoint, was the one condemning the football parlays and other forms of gambling which were carried on in the Student Union. As to the effectiveness of that piece—well, let each man answer unto himself. The old adage, "Once a sucker, always a sucker," still looks bright and shiny to us.

Now, to finish of this parting shot, we wish to express, in a public fashion, our heartfelt and sincere thanks to our staff—the men who really put the News together. Gathering news, writing, re-writing, reading and re-reading have all been carried out faithfully and carefully by the unsung heroes of the News office. We have been very fortunate, much more fortunate than several editors before us, in having an interested, cooperative, and hard-working bunch to do the real work. Without them we would have been utterly lost.

So, to our successors, we extend a fervent prayer, that when the age-old question, "Have we got enough stuff?" comes up each Friday night, the answer will always be in the affirmative.

"The Slipstick"

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

This column is a requiem to those seniors who are putting out their last *TECH NEWS* (tear drop accompanied by loud wailing). Each one of the boys (bless their little hearts) deserves the best wishes of everyone (me, too!) for making our paper the finest (H'rumpf) in the long history of *ARMOUR*. The greatest amount of success to you in all your future endeavors, gang! (Yuh bunch of so and sos.)

And now you fellows ought to know the story of Anna-belle, who wanted one of the new corsets, but didn't have the guts to wear it.

First Drunk: "What did you shay when you lost at strip poker?"
Second Frat Man: "I shed plenty."

UNEMPLOYMENT FACTOR

Jones was showing his wife and her friend around the new offices. He left them in the reception room while he answered a telephone call, and the conversation the two women drifted to household matters. "Have you put up much fruit this year?" asked the friend.

"Not very much so far," answered Mrs. Jones, as her gaze wandered to several pretty stenographers, "but I intend to can some peaches very soon."

Jack Warner: "You should have been there. When she got through with her fan dance the noise was deafening."
Len Yasui: "Applause?"
Jack: "No. Police whistles."

"Can you drive with one arm?"
"Sure."
"Okay, have an apple."

Mother—"Son, I don't want to see you going around with that wild girl any more."
Bob Sundstrom—"Aw, heck, maw, she ain't wild. Anybody can pet her."

First Golfer: "Confound it, sir, you nearly hit my wife."
Second Golfer: "Did I? Well, have a shot at mine over there."

Dave Wheeler: "This girl is new and it's up to us to show her the difference between right and wrong."
Ray Leibrandt: "Okay, Dave, you teach her what's right."

A flea and a fly in a flue,
Were imprisoned, so what could they do?
Said the fly, "let us flee!"
"Let us fly!" said the flea,
And they flew through a flaw in the flue.

Girl, after horseback ride: "I never knew any thing so full of hay could be so hard."

Dick Harper: "You look all in today, Russ. What's the trouble?"
Russ Freedain: "Well, I didn't get home until after day light, and I was just undressing when my dad woke up and said, 'Aren't you up pretty early?' In order to save an argument I put on my clothes and came down to school."

THE DUCHESS AT TEA

I sat by the duchess at tea,
Embarrassed as I could be;
Her rumblings abdominal
Were something phenomenal—
And the guests all thought it was me!

"That's the guy I'm laying for," said the hen as farmer Watson walked into the barnyard.

Brown: "So your son had to leave college on account of poor eyesight?"
White: "Yes, he mistook the dean of women for a coed."

"Did you get damages for being in that street car collision?"
"Sure! A hundred dollars for me and fifty for my wife."

"The missus? Was she hurt, too?"
"Not in the crash, but I had the presence of mind to kick her in the face."

Charlie Ball: "While we're sitting in the moonlight, I'd like to ask you—"
Girl: "Yes, dear?"
Charlie: "Couldn't we move over? I'm sitting on a nail."

Beneath the spreading chestnut tree
The smith looks like a deuce,
For now he's selling gasoline,
Hot dogs and orange juice!

NATURAL MISTAKE

Confused Passenger: "Let me off at the next stop, conductor. I thought this was a lunch wagon."

Maybe the coming revival of the corset signifies the world is pulling itself together—but, hell, there we go dreaming again.

Oh Min!

SHADES OF



DePaul University basketball team, after winning 12 straight, were required to go into an overtime period to beat the Tech cagers 15 years ago, by 43-41 score.

Women are fools to marry, but who else can the men marry?

Tech News, 1934.

The course now offered in aeronautics in connection with the U. S. government is not the first course in aeronautics, for it was first offered in 1912.

A gift of \$250,000 made to the Institute in 1904 by Mr. J. Ogden Armour made possible the acquisition of the residence block north of 33rd St. and west of Dearborn Street for a permanent athletic field.

At one time students were expected to enroll in their classes within one day after registration. A fee of one dollar PER DAY was charged for failure to comply with this ruling.

Federal Street was formerly known as Armour Ave.

During his tenure in office as President, William H. Taft addressed the student body of Armour. He advised the students to get rid of the rah-rah, Joe College spirit, and concentrate on being gentlemen and leaders.

To Our Librarian:

To sweet little Nell
Who'd never expell
A soul from the Library
If all went well.

Tech News, Feb. 20, 1934.

Fraternity Notes

C. W. "Bud" Dunbar, recent graduate from the Phi Pi Phi house is about to take the walk down the aisle. That means the retirement of his fraternity pin from circulation. However, Alpha Sigma Phi, Phi Pi Phi's successor put four new fraternity pins in the open competition when they initiated Ed Mullen, Ray Smith, Bill Vizard, and Steve Wasilenko. The initiation banquet was held Saturday, Feb. 3.

Phi Kappa Sigma will also hold an initiation banquet on Friday of next week for the pledges who made their grades and also behaved satisfactorily during their probation week. The occasion will be formal and will be attended by all of the active members and many of the fraternity's alumni.

Alpha Sigma Phi leads the way in pledgings this week by pledging: Robert Ballard, Robert Erikson, Leroy Haidorn, Adolph Katzbeck, James McHugh, John Rittenhouse, Robert Roetter, Merrill Turner, and Edward Wierzbicki. Triangle announces the pledging of James Tucker, and Lowen Schearer. Beta Omega Nu officially pledged Ernie Harrison who went through the necessary tests last meeting. Professor Davey was put through his paces and managed to get past the members' vote by a narrow margin. It seems that some body tried to help him by adding a large quantity of castor oil to his glass in an attempt to make it slide down easier.

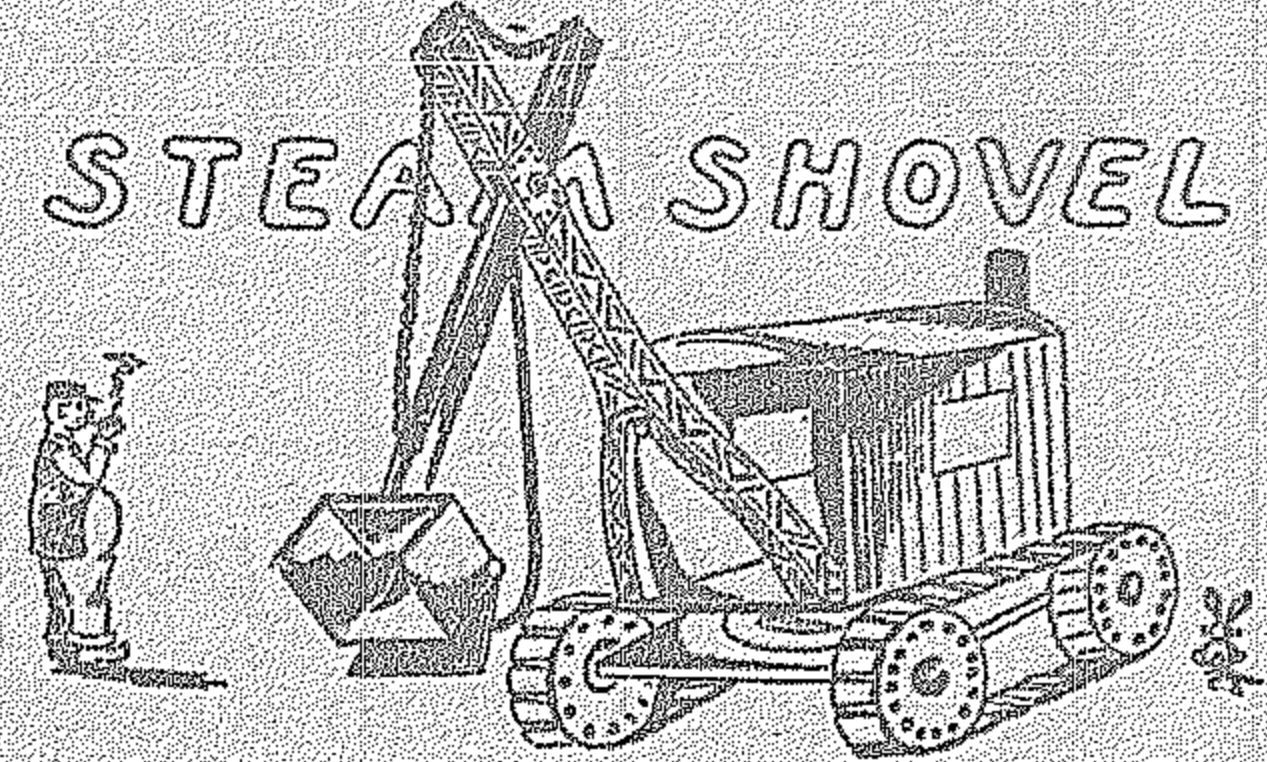
Alpha Sigma Phi culminated a busy session by electing new officers. The new leaders of the house are: Richard Larson, president; Robert Schmidt, vice president; Earle Huxhold, recording secretary; Dave Whittington, corresponding secretary; Bill Plengey, treasurer; Jim Brown, news correspondent; George Hussander, marshal, and Ernie Harrison, house manager. Delta Tau Delta will elect its new set of officers tonight.

Delta Tau Delta held a Valentine's Day dance last Saturday night. Murals by Moore again convulsed the guests. The Phi Kap pledges used a mid summer sunset motif in decorating their house for their pledge dance which was held last Friday.

The newest topic of conversation in the fraternity houses on the campus is the coming basketball tournament.

With the influx of new students the fraternities are all holding more or less of an open house all the time.

STEAM SHOVEL



As the old maestro, Ben Bernie, would say: "The time has come—to lend thine ears—to au revoir, and pleasant dreams. . . ." Yes, fellows, the time HAS come, as far as the retiring staff is concerned, to lay down the pens and close the book. For all of you who aren't in "the know," it has been a lot of fun working on the Tech News these past three years, and any fellow who can spare a little time will have a lot of fun, make a lot of swell friends, and find it well worth his while to join the News.

Poor O. G. Erickson. Any musical director that has to contend with a piano such as the RENTED relic in the auditorium that refuses to sound D above high C, is bound to go crazy. Isn't it about time, since the school has spent \$40,000 on the Union already, to go a little further and buy the Student Union a good piano so as to aid the training of the musical clubs?

The dazed student gazes at the pendulum clock in the library, presented by the class of '02. The hands creep around the dial, but the pendulum hangs immobile. Reason? It's "been wired for sound," or more practically speaking, it is now an electrical clock.

Congrats to "Doc" Catlin, the "Brain of the senior class. He knocked them over in his first interview and landed a good job with the Du Pont rayon works in Buffalo. So long to the Rialto, Doc.

Congratulations are also in order for George Frost and Jack Clark, senior juicer and mechanical, respectively, who landed jobs with General Electric last week. Incidentally, George's initials are "G. E." F.

A good time was had by all (the senior mechs) who went on the toboggan party during vacation, the affair ending up at Chuck Eule's. Although it was but two above zero, the boys (and girls) kept warm. Coed Mary Elizabeth Spies even froze her southern accent.

(Continued on page four)

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