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What About the Undergraduate?

For the past several years, we of the undergraduate body, have noticed a gradual change in the general policy of the Institute. Armour Tech formerly was entirely an undergraduate school. Two years ago a development program was decided upon, in order to build up a graduate school. Several new faculty members, prominent in their fields, had been secured to develop new courses. A planned program for the expansion of the school to make use of the new faculty was undertaken at the same time. This program has succeeded so well, that the enrollment of the school has increased over fifty per cent in the past few years.

This is all very well and good but it is evident that these changes have taken place at the expense of the undergraduates. The rapid expansion of the student body has resulted in the use of every bit of available space for classrooms. In addition class schedules have been revised so that every hour between eight in the morning and five in the afternoon is used for classes, and a common lunch hour abandoned.

With the present set-up, all rooms used by honoraries have been turned into an integral part of the mind-factory. The absence of a common lunch hour has played havoc with the calling of small meetings and the scheduling of an intramural program.

A great many graduates have gone forth in the past few years with the following blanket opinion: "An Armour man is a good engineer, but as a social man?" Now, we don't advocate making a tea-hound of the average graduate, but we do say that a college student should be familiar with the ordinary amenities of life.

A few years ago the school regularly sponsored a series of talks by prominent leaders in fields other than engineering. For an engineer to speak intelligently it is necessary to know something about politics, books, and yes, even music and art. Why can't something be done to revive a similar program?

There are a few organizations at Armour that have endeavored to foster the general tenor of a liberal education. They started with all of the good intentions in the world, but because of a lack of support at the present time their effect is practically negligible. The present system must be modified in some way to enable the gradual return of some of the, so often called, finer things of life.

This cannot be done by the student alone but requires the active cooperation of the Institute. Armour is slipping into the classification of a mind-factory. It is not too late to change now. It may be important to know that a structure may fail under the effects of induced stresses, but it is also important to know that Kreisler is a violinist and not a form of indefinite integral.

"The Slipstick"

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

Having found such a new and appreciative following it becomes a great pleasure to again present for your gratification and elucidation some choice bits of literature. We have been formally informed that henceforth the study of this column for one semester shall be considered equivalent for credit in English 000001. This course is required of all students having an I. Q. rating of 6.7-8 or lower and is optional for all other morons at the Institute.

*They pointed him out on the campus
As a classic example of sin,
The man who failed in his learning,
For he couldn't tell whiskey from gin.*

*He never was seen at the places
All good Joe Colleges go
In fact, they say, when a sophomore
He invited a girl to a show.*

*No pipe stuck in his manly mouth
From his lips burst no sooty song
He was known from student to student
As the senior who went wrong.*

Eleanor: Do you know the things they've been saying about me?

Hi Yo Silver: That's why I'm here.

A certain absent-minded member of our esteemed faculty sorta' liked to get together with some of the members of his calc class and play cards in the Student Union. It was agreed that each player should start by putting ten cents in the "kitty." All did so with the exception of the prof.

Although he was known to be absent-minded the students were not going to let him get away with that, but not liking to tell him directly they pretended to argue among themselves as to which of them had not paid his stake. The professor listened for a moment or two, then quickly withdrew one of the dimes from the "kitty."

"If you young men are going to quarrel," he said, "I'm going to take my money back."

Me: Then you're not angry because I'm sharing my love with your beautiful roommate?

Her: Not at all. It's been fun halving you.

She: How do you like my new dress?

Me: I can't tell until you get up from the table.

The theatre was crowded and a devoted couple had been forced to accept single seats. The young lady didn't care at all for the arrangement and tried to remedy matters. It had occurred to her that their neighbor might be willing to exchange seats with her fiancé.

Accordingly, she leaned over and whispered: "Pardon me. Are you alone?"

The meek little man gave no sign of having heard, so she repeated her question a little louder. Still no answer, and she tried again.

At that, the little man turned slightly toward her, keeping his eyes upon the stage.

"Cut it out," he whispered savagely. "My whole damn family's here."

SLOGANS

"Four Out of Five Have It"—but the professor is watching and they can't use their ponies.

"Dated Package"—any good looking coed dated by an Armourite.

"Covers the Earth"—the bull tossed by the Senior Chems.

"The Flavor Lasts"—the kiss of an Armourite.

It used to be that the first man out of a fraternity house was the best dressed—now he's the only one dressed.

He knocked at the door of my room.

"May I come in? It's the room I had when I went to college in '90," he said.

I invited him in.

"Yes, sir," He said, lost in reverie. "Same old room. Same old windows. Same old furniture. Same old view of the campus. Same old closet."

He opened the door. There stood a girl, terrified.

"This is my sister," I said.

"Yes, sir. Same old Story!"

A prayer by a small boy: (Via the Republican Party).
"Thank Mr. Roosevelt for the bread we eat;
Thank Mr. Roosevelt for the meat we have;
Thank Mr. Roosevelt for a place to sleep."

"Hey, Dad, who am I going to thank when Mr. Roosevelt is gone?"

The father replied, "Thank the Lord, son."

Co-eds Prayer

*Junior or Senior, Freshman or Soph,
Young instructor, or wrinkled prof:
God send something wearing pants
To take me to the next Armour dance.*

Marion: What are your views on sex?
Sid: Boy from here, they're SWELL!!

Before we say good-bye until next week, don't forget to do your good deed or you won't go to the Proper Place. We know that the night club owner who put in a midge fan dancer for the benefit of the customers under the tables has made the honor roll for the week. Let's hope you can make it the next time.

HI-YO SILVER.

CO-OPS

The two weeks of school left to the Coops before they return to work will see a lot of activity as preparations for a number of projects (including final exams) get under way. . . .

The course in Advanced Calculus will begin the first week of the approaching work period. Class will be held in the evenings twice a week. Coops are urged to think seriously of this opportunity of expanding their knowledge.

We have all heard, time and again, that engineering students lack the polish and poise in everyday matters that is so characteristic of the liberal arts student. The engineer can talk fluently of integrals and stresses but is tongue-tied when it comes to discussing drama, politics, or literature intelligently with people whose friendship is vital to his own success. Books are a great help in bridging this gap between the mere technician and the well rounded executive.

With this thought in mind, Professor Lease has worked out a plan which is intended to encourage more reading of worth-while books by Coops in their spare time while at work.

Briefly, the idea is this: The student will select from an approved list a few of the books he would like to read. He will read these during the eight week work period and present written reports on each. Regular English credit will be given depending upon the amount of work done. No limit will be set. The fellow who does more work will receive more credit. Professor Hendricks has kindly agreed to supervise the project and will meet with those fellows who are interested within the next week.

Sophomores, Pre-Juniors, and Juniors! Our professional career should begin with a membership in the A.S.M.E. Now is the time to join as the fiscal year starts on Oct. 1. . . .

The Junior class gathered for a picnic at Cantigny Woods on Sunday. A good time was had by all.

Shades of Yesteryear

Headline:—"300 Students in Class Rush Riot Start Car Panic" . . .

"Armour Freshmen and Sophomores Elude Police and Hold Revel on Midway." . . . "Three hundred freshmen and sophomore students of Armour Institute of Technology last night smashed windows in crowded street cars, throwing passengers into a panic, stopped other cars and pulled the trolley pole down and raised havoc in general in a triumphant midnight march from Thirty-ninth street and Cottage Grove avenue to the University of Chicago campus. . . . A far different story would have been written had the students carried out their intention of holding the class rush on Ogden Field, at Thirty-third and Armour avenue. This is where Dr. Gunsaulus, president of the Institute, was told it was going to be held. . . . Dr. Gunsaulus had five patrol wagons and fifty policemen waiting at the field. But the students decided differently. They marched down Cottage Grove avenue to 57th street, breaking street car windows and pulling down trolleys en route, then turned east to Jackson avenue, then south to the Midway and then east to University avenue. After leaving Cottage Grove avenue they pulled up small trees and tipped over everything movable, at the same time arousing residents with class yells."—From press clipping published in Cycle of 1914.

The Wise Senior
"You are wise, honored Senior," the Freshie said,
"And your brain with facts is stuffed tight;
Yet you skip recitations by dozens and scores,
Do you think that is really just right?"
"When young," this vain Senior replied to the Frosh,
"In hope of improving my brain, I went to each class—but I now know so much
That I skip them again, and again, and again."
—The Integral, 1909
(Continued on page four)

STEAM SHOVEL

After that blowoff of last week (something of a record, whether you liked all the items or not), we're going to take it easy this week. And did a couple of items raise a furor, though! One hour after the paper was out, one instructor who had been put under our microscope rushed into the News office, and demanded . . . well, demanded . . . three copies sent to his three relatives.

Another "victim," as listed lower in the column, sent in a violent letter challenging us to meet him on the field of honor if we did not retract the item and print what he called the real truth. Okay, he asked for it, so we'll give it to him . . . swords at thirty paces.

A third "victim," PROF. LARKIN, cannot be intimidated. He still wears those flaming red ties, the "eye-holders" of the class.

The Cincinnati Reds finally won a pennant, much to the consternation of "Gabby," and so John Allen, who formerly worked in the boiler room, could not resist coming back to his past haunts here at Armour and crow at all those Cub fans. Well, he had been talking of nothing but the Reds for the last two or three years, so it's about time something came along to quiet him. If the pennant doesn't quiet him, the Yanks will by "etherizing" their National league "opponents" the same way they did the Cubs in '38.

No wonder a great number of the would-be pilots have high blood pressure, according to DOC. McNAMARA, what with most of the fellows climbing 101 steps before taking the exam.

It has happened again. LLOYD NORKUS, for the fifth time in two years, has lost his heart to a little filly. The young creature this time answers to the name of BILLIE MAYER. If anybody is interested, the phone is Sag. 8844.

With a little pestering Mr. Oldenburger, Math prof, could be persuaded to let you see some of the candid poses (he has some wows) the students have caught him in.

If there is a good guitar player hanging loose around the school, TED GEOMAK wants to snap him up right away. Ted, who can really twang those strings in his own right, wishes a third for the novelty trio of HERB HANSEN, Gromak, and I.

"Doc" (Halfstoop) Catlin is back again, and this is a good one. He has bet three dollars with Winkler that he won't spend a cent on a girl until next June, and that he won't even go over and see his girl friend till next Thanksgiving (whatever that is), let alone spend a nickel calling her on the phone. Poor "Doc." He can't even go to the Rialto, because that would be spending money on women!

What incentive prompted Prof. Billy Goetz to reverse the alphabetical seating order of his freshman economics class?

P.S.—Wonder if it could be that two of the new coeds have names beginning with "S" and "V."

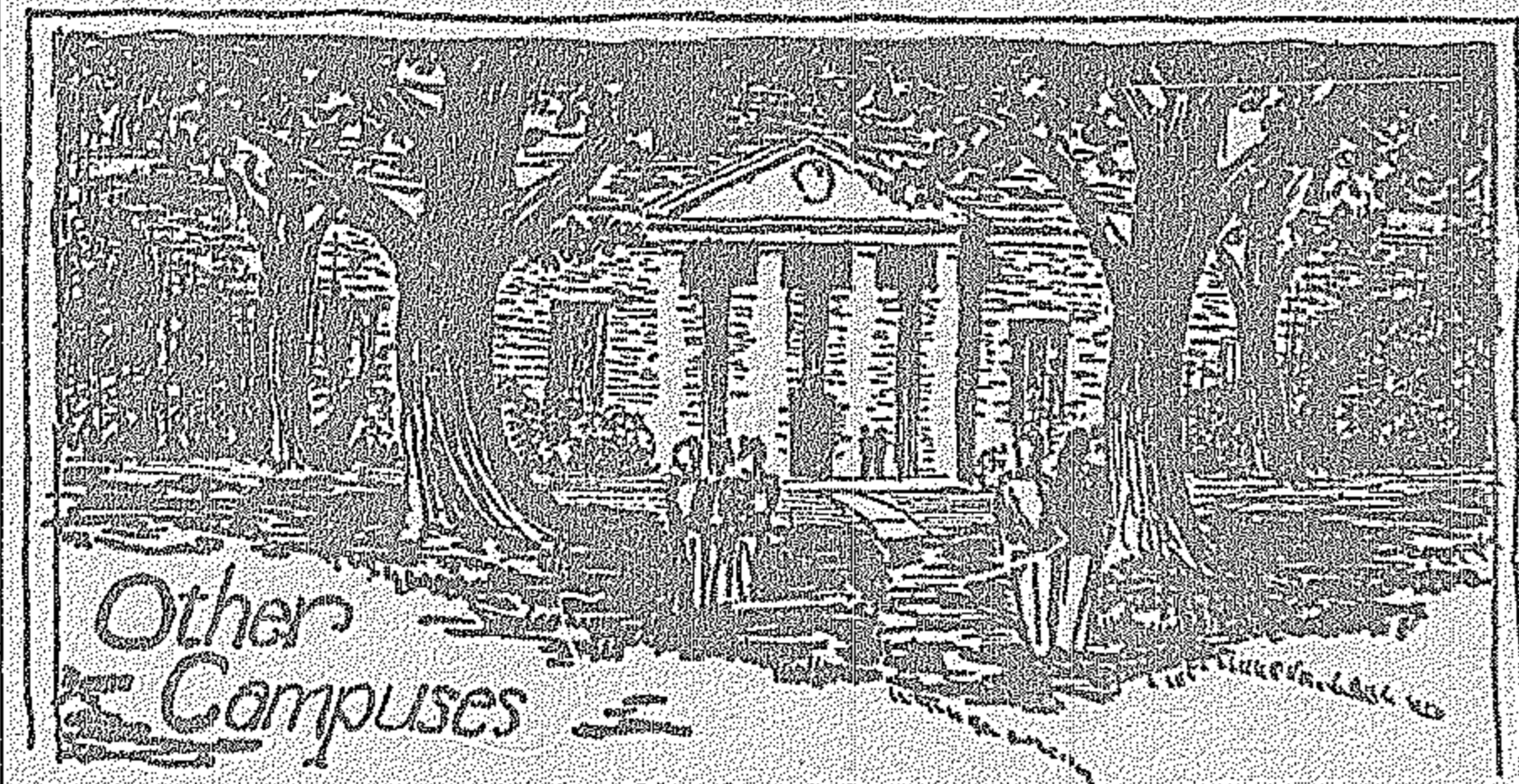
Editor Attention:

"I have been insulted!!! I demand a retraction of your statement of Tuesday last that I went with a 'fugitive from a rail fence.' I grant that she was a fugitive from a picket fence, but not one of the rail variety. I would appreciate it greatly if you would clear up this matter as soon as possible with a correction in the TECH NEWS or I will demand satisfaction on the field of honor."

Sincerely yours,

Roy Edgar Jacobsen.

"Railbird" Buck Donoghue (note above article) is the joy who was escorting above "rail fence" much to the pleasure of R.E.G. Now we'll see what Buck has to say about it.



Charles Schultz

The Ides of September saw over a million and a quarter student turnout to their respective schools. Many are sent completely through by parental aid but the majority are not so fortunate for over 67 per cent either partially or completely pay for their education by their own earnings.

Join the Tech News

During the month of January, 1938, some 38,000 undergraduates were on the rolls of the National Youth Administration.

Write for the News

An enterprising student at Princeton earns his keep by peddling soft drinks and sandwiches through Pyne Hall during the evenings.

Prudent Students Join the News

Paul Lindars, president of the Board and Room Job Club at Washington U., recently worked several months baby-nursing one Fritz Berkenkötter to prove his point!

The marriage problem is nicely taken care of at Utah State Agricultural College and Brigham Young University where the newly-weds have thriving trailer colonies.

Use the News

Pacific College, Oregon, boasts "the lowest cost in the state of Oregon," their shining example being a chap entered with fifty dollars in his pocket and emerged with the original capital plus a diploma.

The News Relies Upon You

Emmet Deadman, University of Chicago, although entirely self-dependent while at school, was a waiter, caddie-master, campus correspondent for A.P. and holder of the chief editorial post on the campus.

Support the Tech News

The University of Washington has originated the Tolo dance, one of the so-called social phenomena of the depression. At a Tolo dance the coed pays all the bills; dinner, a boutonniere for the boy friend, a corsage, transportation, and the price of admission. The train fare to Washington is \$58.35!

A Reporter's Life is a Merry One

Filling the treasury at Pacific College takes in a prune-picking project which employs not only the entire student body but the members of the faculty as well.