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The Chemical Department

One of the most universal sources of disgust among students, particularly those in the under classes, is the condition of the equipment handed out in the chemical laboratories and the unnecessary delays involved in obtaining it.

Every freshman is, or soon will be, familiar with the process of waiting fifteen or twenty minutes to get a couple of test tubes or some special reagent from the attendants, cutting a nice piece out of the period's working time. This can be particularly aggravating, not only to first year men, but to upper classmen who have a long, difficult experiment to perform in a three hour lab period and have to wait to sign out and sign in their equipment.

When a student has reached the upper years of the Chemical Engineering option, conditions are found to be even worse in some cases. Experiments are long and involved, requiring much equipment and careful manipulation. When the equipment is in poor repair and requires a great deal of time and chasing around to secure it, is it small wonder that the students get disgusted with the set-up as it is now. To cap the whole thing there is a \$15.00 lab fee thrown in.

In certain cases the instructor is not to be found when a question arises requiring expert attention. When the learned gentleman is supposed to be guiding the hand that feeds him, he may even be found doing research on his own hook. If, when found, he can be persuaded to lend his assistance, without the usual and predominant process of passing the buck to some one else, is it may be possible to get something done. All of which is an intolerable condition which should be remedied at once. Yes? No?

To this end may we suggest: Placing another man in the maintenance department to help the overburdened man who is now there. Definite scheduling of lab instructors and seeing that they stick to their duties. Enlargement of stock-room facilities to include a separate dispensary for special equipment. Acquainting the graduate assistants with the work required of the students so that they can be of greater help than at present, groping in the dark. Arrangement of graduate work so that it will not interfere with the regular day school operation. Allow the students to remain in the lab until 5 o'clock, as per the schedule from the registrar's office, in contrast to the present practice of closing from 15 minutes to one hour early.

Revision is needed in some of the lectures received by the men taking the required special methods course during the summer. At present the practice is for the instructor to dictate a series of notes and passages from books, having the students take them down word for word. This is, in our humble opinion, one of the greatest wastes of time to be found. Words go in the student's ear and come out through his pen, leaving no trace behind them. Fingers become cramped and brains get fatigued from taking this stuff in a steady stream for two hours at a stretch. It all achieves no purpose. A straight lecture with optional note taking would do a much better job.

For the benefit of the chemical students, let's see something done.

"The Slipstick"

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

We're getting tired of hearing all these brazen remarks about the material which has been printed in the SLIPSTICK in the last couple of weeks; and it has hurt us very deeply to think that that you should think what you do think. To show off our more intellectual inhibitions The Literary Staff has prepared for you the following little note on the Drama.

Hib: Never tell a secret around chairs.
She: Why?
Him: Because chairs are talebearers.

Dear Male Order House:
I ordered one of your men, but he didn't show up.
Dejectedly,
I Wanda Mann.

The small town courtroom was packed. The tension was so thick you could lean against it, and the prosecution had the defendant on the stand and was on the verge of frightening a confession out of him. The pathetic defendant was being tried for murder and his case looked helpless. He shrunk into the witness chair and tried to shield his eyes from the gesticulating lawyer screaming at him.

Now the D.A. had the man where he wanted him. "We got the goods on you," he bellowed, shaking a fist. "Come on, now, talk turkey."

Ah, he was right. The dependant leaped to his feet, his face contorted with agony—a cornered rat. He could stand it no longer. Raising his head he shrieked, "Gobble, gobble!"

He: I've been in a terrible state of consternation for the past three days.
Hi Yo: Did you ever try whole bran?

She looked at me with misty eyes,
That lass I love so well,
And with a voice of anguish cries,
"Say, ain't these grapefruits hell?"

Twenty or more Armourites were taking time off in a little beer joint on State Street when a bad hombre came thundering in, shooting his pistols right and left, and said to the boys, "Every one of you dirty skunks get out of here." When the dust, resulting from the mad exodus had settled, everybody had fled but a lone little frosh. The bad man turned to him and with his pistols still smoking said, "Well?"

"There sure were a helluva lot of 'em."

Prof. Hendricks: Give me an example of Greek tragedy.
Freshman: A closed hot-dog stand.

Sorority Sue: I told him I didn't want to see him anymore.
Sorority Sal: What did he do?
Sorority Sue: He turned off the lights.

And then there's the one about the old maid who took a tramp in the woods, and the tramp died.

"Young man, as you're a suitor for my daughter's hand, I'd like to know something about your family."
"Well, I know very little, sir, except that my father was drowned in the 'Titanic' disaster on his way over to marry mother."

It had been raining and storming around the little farm for a week. In the chicken coop, the hens were all huddled together. The rooster stood before them.

"Girls," he said, "production is falling way down below normal. I'd like to know if there is any reason for it."
"No particular reason," one hen replied, "except that we're laying low until the storm blows over."

Date: Don't you want to kiss me? Don't I appeal to you?
Armour Soph: It isn't that—I just haven't been able to spit out this gum yet.

Prof: Brown?
Voice: Here!
Prof: I don't see Brown. Who answered for him?
Voice: I did. I thought you called my name.
Prof: What is your name?
Voice: Stevenoplotski.

THREE WAYS TO END A DINNER CONVERSATION
1. Ask the lady on your right if she's married. Should she say "yes," ask if she has any children. If she says "no," ask her how she does it?
2. Ask the lady on your left if she's married. If she says "no," ask her if she has any children.
3. Ask the lady across from you if she has any children. If she says "yes," ask if she's married.

Rastus: Brutha president, we needs a cuspidor.
President of the Eight-Ball Club: I appoints Brother Brown as cuspidor.

Professor, do you think it's right for me to sit on your lap when you explain your theory of reincarnation?"
"Why not? We only live once."

We hope we have lived up to your expectations this week and in case we haven't just remember that when a man looks down at the heel there's usually a trim ankle above it.

HI YO SILVER.

ARMOUR
NEWS

Best news of the year is our traditionally famous and colossal . . . ARX DANCE. . . This year it is going to be the most colossal dance of the year, (it always is) unquotes Dodge. Here are the fine points:
Date: November 3, 1939.
Time: 9:30 P.M.
Place: Shawnee Country Club.
Orch.: Corry Linn and boys.
What: THE ARX DANCE!!!
Start looking around now for that certain gal . . . she's gotta be good to go to the Arx Dance! . . . Siles hasn't got any trouble coming if that gal on his desk is in town. . . But Hutton has.

We saw Francis the other day; you know, the blonde with wow . . . it seems that Ossie is too young, and Mandel just can't play around anymore (that gal up north read the Arx News) . . . so she's looking around . . . in fact she saw Hutch the other day and thinks he's cute! (Take a look at him . . . now, I ask you, do you think he is?) . . . In that connection, we have "Eubbles" Biedermann. . . It seems that Salzman is a sorority house "glamour boy" . . . he's got his eye on the parlor maid . . . in the last judgment "Salz" got socked! . . . Oh yes, he . . . (censored).
Speaking of work: Mandel's starting to make models . . . "different angle" Sauermann. . . News of poster contest—Reinke and Kulieke agree that theirs was the best; Center received first; Sauermann, second; Howe, third.

Back to the dance, ah me, waltzes, fox trots, square dancing, two steps, three, and four . . . say what am I thinking of, there'll be sweet and smooth, and the solid stuff, you all hear me, SWING . . . so let's get going, get your date now . . . say, did you see that girl smile at you? . . . She wants to go to the Arx Dance.
Bez-Arts.

CO-OPS

By E. P. Hanuska
Last Tuesday the third year men had the rare treat of seeing Mr. Charles Peterson, world famous three cushion billiard expert, perform a variety of difficult and trick shots on the billiard table in the faculty club. Mr. Peterson is definitely of the opinion that billiards is becoming more popular in the colleges of America and he is doing all he can to encourage the adoption of the game by college students. His demonstration drew many rounds of applause as he successively executed apparently impossible shots with little effort.
Mr. Peterson's appearance here was due to the efforts and influence of Carl Swanson B3, who, inspired by a recent lecture in mechanics by Mr. Harris, thought there was no better way of learning the principles of mechanics than by observing their application. And we all heartily agree.

The course in Advanced Calculus (Math. 303, 304) will start on Wednesday, October 18. The first class will be from 6 to 8 p.m. Dr. H. A. Giddings will teach the course. More information will be announced to the classes during the week.

Now that Prof. Lease has presented a plan whereby we may enlarge our general knowledge by more reading during the work terms, and now that Prof. Hendricks has agreed to supervise the project and give English credit as an incentive for such effort, then let us act quickly to take advantage of this opportunity. The class officers should find out how many fellows are interested and then arrange a meeting with Prof. Hendricks so that the plan can get under way. This meeting should take place this week as next week we shall be back at work.

Seems like the Co-ops are going to be pretty busy from now on, what with a new math course, extra reading, and the new civil aeronautics course. That's all the more reason why you should attend the Coop dance October 14 before plunging into this heavy schedule. Remember, "A bit of nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."

STEAM SHOVEL

"Dig, dig, dig, well ALL RIGHT, well ALL RIGHT, dig, dig . . ." Yes, we dug all right, and while not striking oil, we gush forth with the latest news of the week, brought to you with the compliments of the staff. . . . After two whole weeks of begging the maintenance department to put in some lights in the news office, the NEWS still gropes (and gripes) in the dark! . . . Prof. Dutton left suddenly early last week for the East on a mysterious trip. (Ed. note—The World Series ALSO opened in the EAST last week) . . . "It's this New Deal chalk," was Prof. Nash's oft repeated comment as he frantically tried to make a legible impression on a Chapin blackboard. "See, it even takes the black right off the board," he continued as he held aloft the grade C variety chalk, put into use for economy purposes . . . An ingenious senior mechanical figured out that Jesse's den takes in \$1.50 per year per student on lab covers alone, not to mention the three cents a sheet on log paper, penny a sheet on graph and lab log sheets, and numerous fantastic sums on practically every other supply. How about it, Mr. Treasurer? . . .

Continuing our comments on the ties of various profs here and there, may we mention that Prof. Freud's would stop a clock. . . . Stamp Sternfeld was at angles in juice last week when he asked the instructor if the street car in a home work problem was in parallel with the tracks, or otherwise. Well, the best of us sometimes run off the track. . . .

4-11 Alarm:
We always knew Dr. Krathwohl was a man of fire and action, but when erupting showers of sparks from under his coat last Monday, his analyt class had to make him aware of his precarious situation. It seems his pipe objected to the rag-weed he was using and back-fired in his hip-pocket.

The rumor that Mr. Oldenburger will begin publication on "1001 Best Alibis for Use on Coming Late to Class" is unfounded, even though Mr. O. is long versed in their use.

Fifteen hair-pulling lassies are on the war path, so Bob D.t. De Hart, C.E. grad student, better watch his step when in the vicinity of Eagle River, Wisconsin. This pretty predicament was created by an act of war on Bob's part when he selected the wrong winner in a local beauty contest in Eagle River.

"At last, at last, it's come," was Senior Chem DIXIE DUNCAN'S ejaculation last week. "It" was a bid to Lorretto Turner's house for dinner Sunday. Loretto was "Poppy" in the last success of the Armour Players, "Captain Applejack."

All model airplane builders will find a very informative article written by a present evening school student, Ed Lidgard, in this month's issue of Model Airplane News.

The Steam Shovel has been receiving quite a few missives lately denying and confirming various statements set forth in this column. For the enlightenment of youse future microbes, please confine your letters put under our microscope to two or three statements, since space will not permit more lengthy contribs.

A grievous wrong righted . . . Lloyd Norkus would like the student body to know that Billie's correct telephone number is Saginaw 8864, not 8844, as mentioned last Tuesday in this column.

The feud between Econ. Prof. DAVEY and "Suitease" HOWIE YOUNG is well worth watching. Further developments will be reported.

Gene Worcester's future bride (as of next June) had her picture and THE announcement in the Metropolitan section of the Tribune one Sunday recently.

As the last strains of Moon Love sung by the Glee Club re-echoed through the Student Union, MR. ERICKSON delicately placed two fingers on his nose emitting a soft P.U. "Boys," he began, "the harmony was awful. I don't believe you fellows could even harmonize on Sweet Adeline. . . . Now when I was a boy (loud guffaws) . . ."
(We all know what you mean, Mr. Erickson.)

"Gentlemen, it takes—" CLANK, BANG, "I say it takes—" BANG, CLANK, CLANK, "it takes a man with—" CLANK, CLUNK, "with a well rounded—" CLANK, CLUNK, CLANK, CLUNK, "background . . ." Yes, you too can picture the difficulties J.R. Van Pelt encountered and tried to overcome during his probably interesting lecture last Friday at the W.S.E. meeting. It's about time something is done to correct the situation of the ungodly noises emanating from the steam pipes in the auditorium. Efforts to shut the pipes off only intensified the noises. . . . Well, see you next week.

SHADES OF YESTERYEAR

We have also, Professors Libby and Nachman, of the class of 1902. These three are members of the Mechanical Engineering department, where Prof. Freeman, '02, is on the Electrical staff.

As long as there were girls attending this school, there had to be sororities. Armour then boasted of two sororities, one of which was Alpha Delta Sigma. In 1900 this organization boasted membership of eight girls.

If there were five more girls here now we could start a sorority. Wouldn't that be sumpin'?

The elevator, it goes up
And then comes down again.
When will it go both ways at once—
I wonder when!
Integral, 1900.

And here the Armour Tech News outlines for you a full social calendar—for 1900.

Fraternity informal dance.
Glee Club concert.
Fraternity and Sorority hop.
Jr. - Sr. Academy Hop.
Junior Hop.
Senior Academy Hop.

The boys and girls were kept pretty busy in their spare time, what?