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Football Parlays

Since the beginning of the collegiate football season there have been a large number of so-called "Football Parlay" cards going the rounds here at dear old Armour. Listing some twenty or so games which are to be played the following Saturday, the cards offer odds up to 100 to 1 for guessing ten winners. The usual bet is a quarter, and business seems to be thriving on the poor suckers who can't be taught.

Aside from the moral issue, which seems to us to be rather obvious, it is rather surprising that men who have had probabilities in their elementary mathematics should be sucked in by odds of 100 to 1 when they can figure out that the real odds should be 256 to 1. After all, the men who operate this super-sucker racket are not in it for your health. All of the games are fixed up by adding points to one side or the other, and then the string is attached to the effect that tie games do not win. Any one, with half an eye, could see that all such bets are sucker bait, nothing more, nothing less.

We wish to go on record as branding this racket, swindle, sucker game, or any one of a number of other choice epithets, as entirely out of step with the Armour student functions. We demand that the men who peddle these tickets be run out of the institution. If the students still insist on being taken to the cleaners, let them buy the tickets elsewhere. We realize that we can't reform a gambler, that tickets are sold to the tune of two hundred million dollars every fall, and there are national syndicates in operation. But this does not permit the practice of turning the student union into "Joe's Bookie."

Lest any brave soul get the idea that we are sissies or are adopting a "Holier than Thou" attitude, let us hasten to assure any and all that the policy racket has yet to be legalized in any state. Anyone who wishes to argue our contention that football parlays are the policy racket under a new name, needs to take a few moments for conscientious reflection. It is all a guess, whether one guesses ten numbers to win on a certain day, or whether one guesses ten teams to win next Saturday. Think it over, sucker!

Ouchball Again

Last Thursday afternoon witnessed the return of that old favorite game, Ouchball, to the Armour campus. The occasion was the game between Phi Kappa Sigma and the Delta Tau Delta boys in the inter-fraternity touchball tournament. Seldom has there been more out and out foul playing on Ogden field. High knees, hip blocks, and tripping were all in their glory. The result—Bill Sherer, captain of the basketball team for the coming year, has a banged up arm, and Jack Clark, javelin thrower for the track team, has a bum shoulder.

Playing for blood may be some people's idea of fun, but when it involves the consequences which this foray brought to light, it seems to us that it is time to take it easy. Last year there was a big noise raised about the dirty playing and some results were achieved. For it to return so flagrantly merits a censure for those guilty.

"The Slipstick"

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

Here it is another Tuesday and another SLIPSTICK column just chock full of sharp wit and droll humor for you lucky kiddies. Remember there is nothing up our sleeves; all you have to do is read the joke and then take it home to Grandpa to explain the hidden inuendos. . . .

* * *

*Sing a song of sixpence
A pocketbook full of
bobby pins, life savers, bank books,
pencils, lipsticks, chicklets, needles,
combs, frat pins, keys, compacts,
handkerchiefs, pens, address books,
corsages, picture-of-me-at-the-
beach-last-summer, calendars,
watches, and streetcar tokens.*

* * *

Hot: What is untold wealth?
Shot: That which is not revealed to the Income Tax man.

* * *

IN THE END?
At five, baby wants a doll—she gets it.
At ten, baby wants a game—she gets it.
At fifteen, baby wants a coat—she gets it.
At twenty, baby wants a man—he gets it.

* * *

A patient in an insane asylum was trying to convince an attendant that he was Hitler.
"Who told you that you're Hitler?" inquired the attendant.
"God did," came the reply from the inmate.
"I did not," came a voice from the next bunk.

* * *

Dr. Murray (in Chem Lecture): What is the formula of water?
Freshman: H-I-J-K-L-M-N-O.
Dr. Murray: I don't see where you got that crazy idea.
Freshman (brilliantly): Yesterday you said the formula was H to O.

* * *

"Just step in front of the mirror, please. Now we'll just slip this one on. Boy, what a color! What style! What a coat! And it fits you just right too. Sure, they're all a little baggy at first. Turn around now, and look in the mirror. This isn't just an ordinary coat. This is a special job, with built-in attachments. Slip it off and I'll show you.

"Look here. Reversible, see? Then you just zip out the lining and it's a raincoat. Light weight! Now look at this lining. Turn it inside out and it's a bushcoat! Then you zip off the pockets and it's a bathing suit, and pockets fold into earmuffs in case the water's cold.

"Now look at the coat again. Here's a special pocket for your gi...er, grapejuice. It's waterproof and er—well, it will stand almost anything. Then there's a ratchet arrangement on the sleeves. See, you just crank the sleeve and you get—orange juice for your drinks.

"Then look here. A radio in the tail. Pretty slick, eh? and an aerial up the back. Tucked in here is the midget lunch box. Sandwiches, a thermos bottle, everything. And it's wired for sound and air-conditioned, too!"

"Yeah, that's purty tricky."

"Okay, fine. Will you want it?"

"Naw. I'm going across the street to Callahan's. They got a coat with a built-in co-ed."

* * *

*Before I heard the doctors tell
The dangers of a kiss
I had considered kissing you
The nearest thing to bliss.
But now I know Biology
And sit and sigh and moan,
Six million mad bacteria—
And I thought we were all alone.*

* * *

We're told that a silk stocking is like the Empire State Building. The higher up, the better the view.

* * *

LAUGHING LATIN
Boyibus kissibus sweta galorum.
Girlibus likibus wanta someorum.
Dadibus comibus witha eparkorum.
Kickibus boyibus outa backdorum.

* * *

"Junior, I don't like the looks of this report card."
"Nor do I, Pop. It sure is a sloppy job of printing."
"None of your wisecracks, I'm talking about the marks on it."
"What's the matter with them?"
"There aren't any A's. That's what's the matter."
"Give me a good bunch of B's anytime and I'm satisfied."
"But I don't see any B's."
"Well, who says I'm satisfied."
"Junior, are you pursuing your studies faithfully?"
"Yes, indeed, Pop. I'm always behind."
"That isn't any lie. You're always late for school. Can't you get there on time?"
"I'd get there in time if it wasn't for the sign I always have to pass."
"What sign do you mean?"
"It reads, 'Slow Down, School Ahead.'"
"All right, Junior. As long as you're so good at wise-cracking, you won't need your allowance for the next month. You can entertain your lady friends with your brilliant wit."
"As I was saying, Dad, those marks are a mistake that I shall never let happen again, I assure you..."

* * *

I don't know but I feel just like the snow cruiser, I just can't get along (with the winmin).

CO-OP NEWS

By H. E. Krantz

Dams Fashion: The feature spectacle of the auto show was "Dams Fashion," and Mike Larinoff, 4A, saw the "Dames" changing fashions. His curiosity got the best of him on his opening day visit, and when he walked through "some curtains" he landed in the girls' dressing room.

Early Bird: Hank Garvey, 4A, was up at 5 a.m. a week ago yesterday, waiting for Kruse and Johnson to take him to West Allis for the A.S.M.E. inspection trip through Allis Chalmers. His patience held out until 6:30, when he phoned Johnson who, after rolling out of bed, informed him in no indefinite terms that he was exactly seven days too early.

Fashions: A beautiful collection of cravats showed up in junior class Monday. The gentlemen resembled a bunch of flowers with their butterfly ties clinging to their necks. It seems that the admiration of the class for Prof. Donnell's style of tie was exceeded only by their lack of efficiency in tying the bows. After spending several hours trying to tie them, they look to the man who has the patience to do it every morning.

It's tough to be blind: Several freshmen "jitterbugs" are speculating about the blind dates they expect to take to the coming frosh dance.

On the march: Harold Sogin and Jim Woodbury led a group of freshmen on a field trip through the Rosenwald Museum last Saturday. The math and atom exhibits were the chief source of interest.

Troubles of the frosh: Adams has his hands full switching his desk pictures when his various girl friends come in for a week-end. . . . Sabilo's chemistry bothers him. The last time he set up his apparatus for an experiment, it went off like a French Howitzer. . . . No more singing is heard in the freshmen classrooms. Could it be women or kale that bothers Bernie? . . . What troubles the certain group that is always sitting in the co-op office? Could it be grades or Miss Haw?

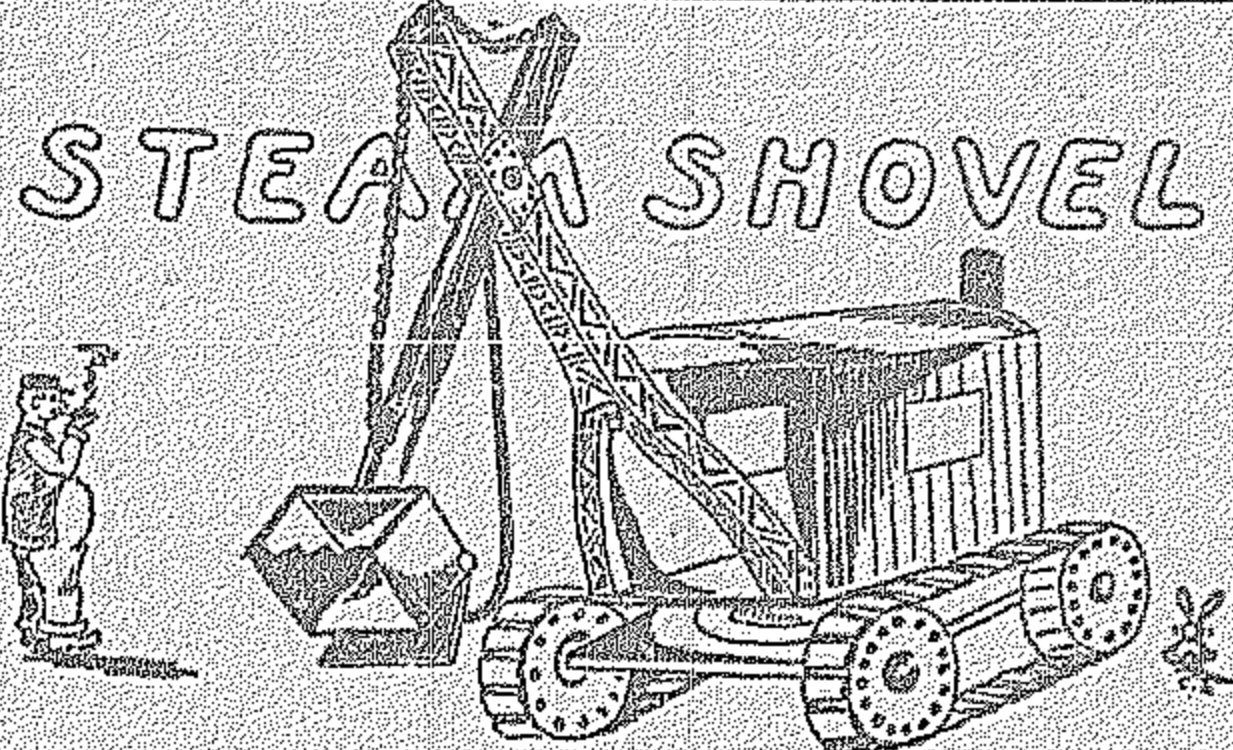
The freshman officers, President, Vice President and Secretary, of Weber Junior College are the same students that held the identical offices in their senior class last year at Ogden High School.

Madeline Carroll is rapidly being displaced in undergraduate hearts by one Bonnie Baker.

* * *

Brigham Young University freshmen recently had a field day when they took over the leadership of the campus on Freshman Day.

STEAM SHOVEL



Now that the Arx Dance is a thing of the past and the scent of roasting turkey is strongly permeating the atmosphere, we will make this week's attack on our unsuspecting victims with great zest. . . .

* * *

Little Jimmy Waber might be the apple of his mother's eye, but to the red-head at the switchboard, he's quite a-peeling.

* * *

The glee club is all up in the air, 'way up high, because it finally got "Over the Rainbow." Incidentally, eight glee clubbers got free tickets to the Opera Thursday night, and main floor seats at that. Art Hansen nailed Grace Moore and Gladys Swarthout, across-the-aislers, for autographs.

* * *

ROBERT "ROMEO" COLLOPY, taking advantage of his vast experience, has just completed writing a masterpiece entitled "NECKING THE FRIGID TYPE." We predict it will sell to Armorites like hot-cakes.

* * *

Without a doubt the Packard exhibit stole the show. That brunette (you know darn right which one) made Ann Sheridan look like an "oomph" girl from grammar school. (Don't look at us that way, Miss Sheridan.)

* * *

All the seniors were sure shivering in their boots when they saw a very important looking letter from the WAR DEPARTMENT. It was just a gentle hint to join the air corps.

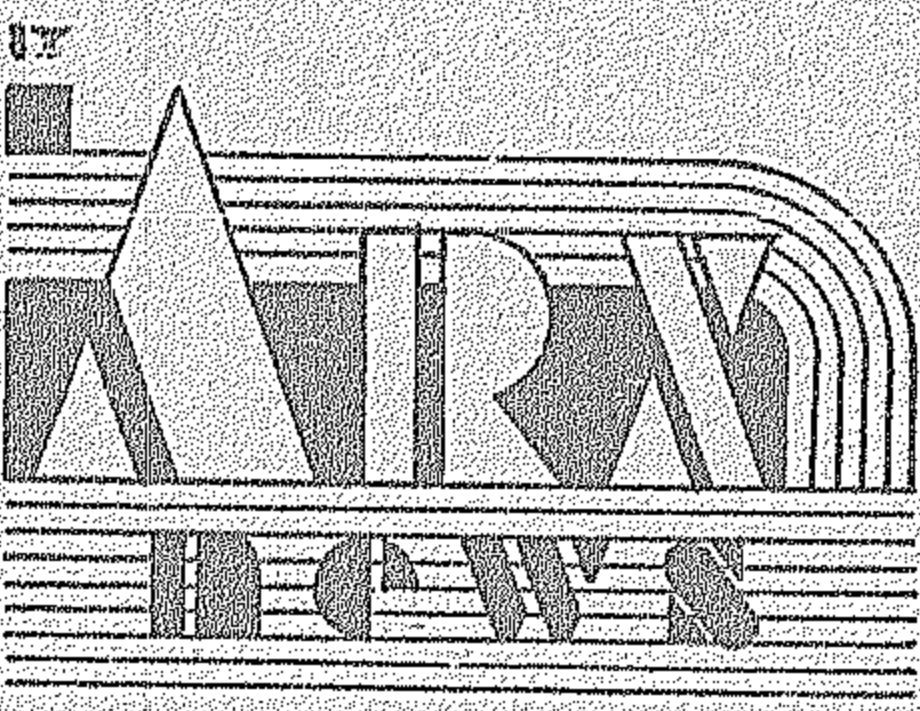
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Leading candidates for office of Vice President in the revised edition of the A.S.L.S.S. (American Society of Love-Sick Students) are "The man with the electric personality" Rolly "Kilo" Watt, and Mike "Punch" Zamersowski. "Gentleman" Zam's present hobby is keeping company with a dark-eyed brunette named Lucy.

* * *

BILL KRUMBEIN, soph chem, has established a new

(Continued on page four)



The A.A.S. elections were held at the smoker Wednesday night; Hut-ton, Prather, Dodge, Pointek, Centee, Young, O'Kelly, and Wright were elected as the board of control. . . . The treasurer reported. . . . Mr. Rodgers outlined plans for speakers at future meetings. . . .

Salzman as winner of the Scarab sketch competition received a well known book. . . . The assumption is that he can read, we hope. . . . The smoker ended in a swing session led chiefly by four Arx who didn't need any cider.

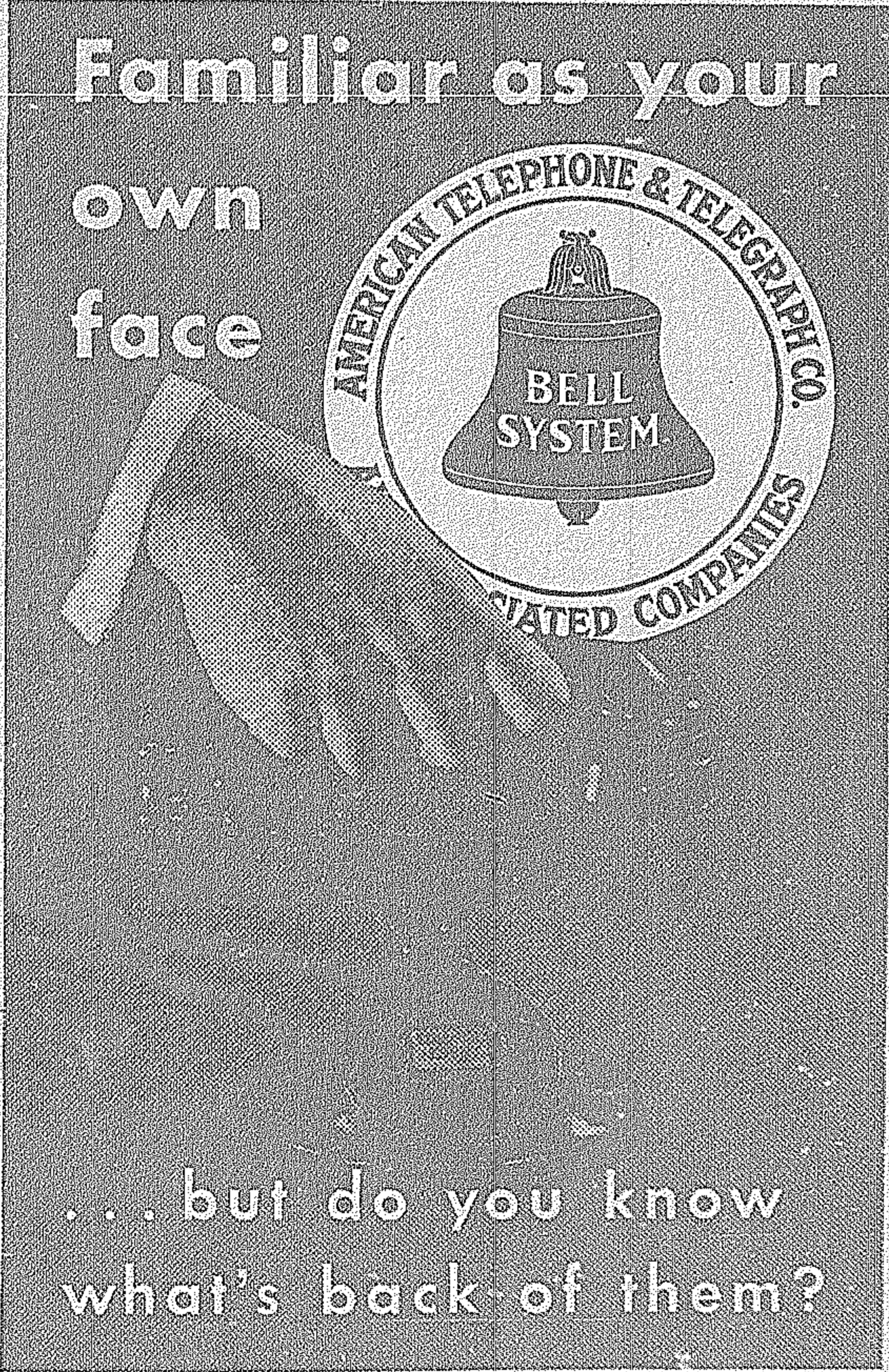
The formal frosh initiation ended rather informally, the frosh wielding paddles. . . . A man in uniform assisted in the ending.

Seen was Coyle with a portable radio and suitcase. . . . Lake Forest again. . . . We understand it was a roast of some sort. . . . In November? . . . Mavis spent the week-end in Hinsdale again. . . . Practically one of the family. . . . Mandel matching wits (?) with art students, shaves in class.

Diaz. . . . ladies' man. . . . asks to see his collection of autographs. . . . My, My. . . . We hear now that its Ossie and Mary Elizabeth. . . . the same gal and another Saturday night. . . . Howe stood up again. . . . Ye Arx, always first with the latest. . . . Buckle shoes. . . . See Pointek. . . . Fashion plate. . . . Jokes by Kalieko. . . . Jokes?

And who, Blumberg, is the redhead in locker 2075. . . . And we never say, "listen, fellow," to profs. . . . If you didn't hear the one about the man with the wooden leg, etc. . . . Ask Dodge. . . . He knows Barnum wasn't far wrong. . . .

Familiar as your
own
face



... but do you know
what's back of them?

Here's the set-up back of the familiar blue Bell emblem—

1. American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which coordinates system activities—advises on telephone operation—searches for improved methods.
2. 24 associated operating companies, which provide telephone service in their respective territories.
3. Long Lines Department of A. T. & T., which interconnects the operating companies and handles Long Distance and overseas service.
4. Bell Telephone Laboratories, which carries on scientific research and development for the system.
5. Western Electric, which is the manufacturing and distributing unit of the Bell System.

With common policies and ideals, these Bell System companies all work as one to give you the finest and friendliest telephone service—at lowest cost.