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The Dynamo Lab

Best news of the week is that plans are under consideration for the remodeling of the first floor dynamo lab. May we add three cheers and a couple of suggestions to guide the men under whose guidance the changes will be made.

One thing which must be given consideration in fixing up the lab is the fact that a large number of the students who will make use of the laboratory apparatus will be non-electrical men. This implies that they will not be very well acquainted with the machines or the processes which take place in them. They will not place very much confidence in their hook-ups, and they are more liable than the electricals to make costly mistakes. They must, literally, be protected from themselves.

To do this the machines which are installed should be of simple design and construction, designed to demonstrate principles, not technique. This does not mean that large machines are necessary, rather to the contrary, small machines in multiplicity would serve the students to much better advantage. Duplication of the machines will also allow the size of the groups to be reduced to a much more efficient level, rather than have three or four of the men standing around idle.

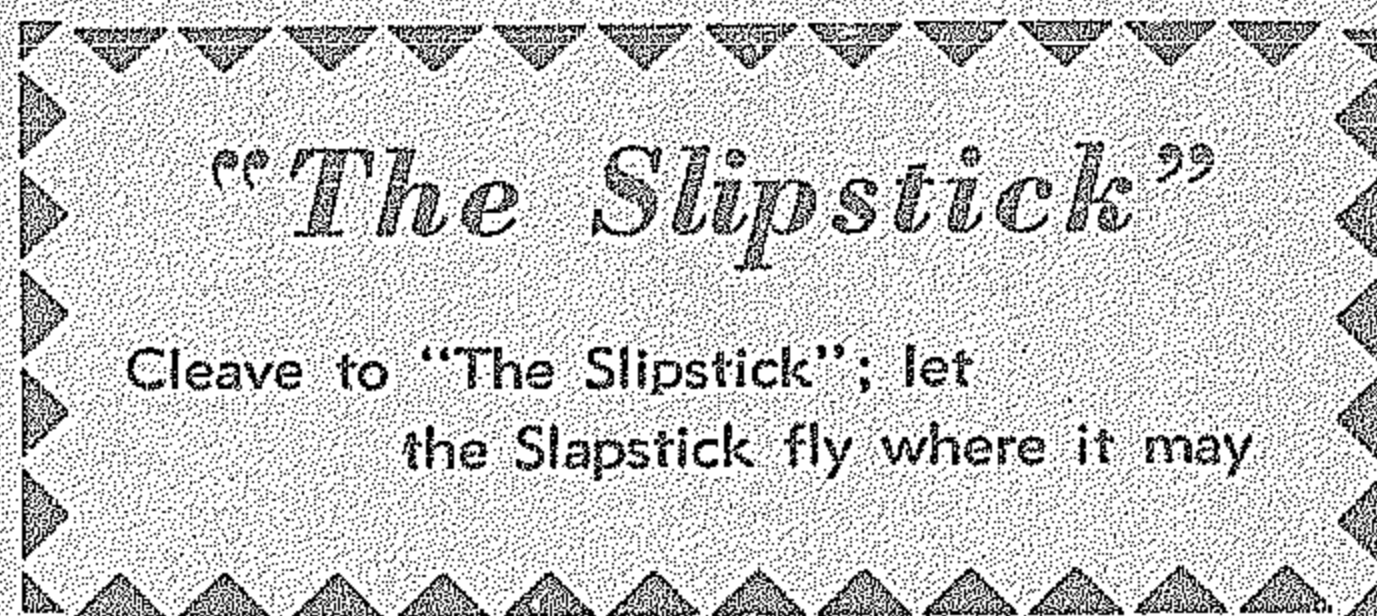
May we suggest, and this is of particular importance, that the methods of making the connections to the machines be improved. The way things are now, it is often next to impossible to make a decent set up of the apparatus in the time allowed. The use of Fahnestock clips is to be deplored because it is the devil's own job to place more than one wire under the clip, as is frequently necessary. Poor connections and high resistances result, to the detriment of data. Where heavy wires are needed there should be good sturdy terminals, provided with more than two holes so that multiple connections may be made with ease.

All of the controls, switches, rheostats, etc., should be grouped near the machine, not in out of the way places. This arrangement will permit every one to see what goes on, rather than have the "absentee management" situation that exists now with wires running all over the lab to get the right hook up. Plugs of a simple design to fit the binding posts would also be a big help. The present practice of having wires with stripped ends is notoriously unsuccessful. Ask any man, familiar with the sudden surprise of connecting a table full of equipment and then finding half of the wires with no ends on them, to see what his reaction is.

Accidents are bound to happen in any lab, therefore it is the duty of those who equip that lab to see that no one can get hurt, either physically or financially through damaged equipment. These specifications call for liberal use of circuit breakers, not fuses, and short circuit switches for those instruments which are connected in series with any large currents or voltages.

Marking of all the outlets in the lab would be a worthy project. Better yet would be to scrap the old fashioned marble panel boards and install a modern resinoid distribution board

With money as scarce as it is at present, let us make certain that the money which is put into any new equipment is put in the right places. The suggestions which we make are not so very costly, and they will enable the labs to function more efficiently, a factor which can not be measured in dollars.



In order not to delay things we're rushing right into the thick of the battle and grab the horn by the bull and throw the bull. So Watch out!! . . .

*Exams, exams everywhere,
 With drops and drops of ink,
 And never a prof, who'll leave the room
 And allow a guy to think.*

Host: There are my grandma's ashes over there.
 Guest: Oh, so the poor soul has passed on?
 Host: No, she's just too lazy to look for the ash tray.

*I knew a girl named Passion
 I asked her for a date.
 I took her out to dinner,
 And gosh! How passionate.*

It only happened a few days ago that one of the professors was unable to stay for the class so he placed a sign on the door, which read as follows:

"Professor Blank will be unable to meet his classes today."

Some college lad seeing his chance to display his sense of humor after reading the notice walked up and erased the "a" in the word "classes." The professor noticing the laughter, wheeled around, walked back, looked at the student, then at the sign with the "a" erased, calmly walked up and erased the "l" in the "lasses," looked at the flabbergasted student and proceeded on his way.

Toast overheard at a fraternity banquet: "Here's to the land we love and vice versa."

Old Maid: Has the canary had its bath yet?
 Servant: Yes, ma'am. You can come in now.

The night was clear and warm. There was no sound on the lake as the canoe glided smoothly along the dark shore, the moon catching the paddle in its pale light as it broke the placid water noiselessly. She rested her soft hair upon his shirt and looked up into his eyes. He sighed, quietly; but she heard him. She snuggled closer, her hand in his.

"For Gawd's sake," he said, "how in hell can I paddle this crate with you so darn close?"

Prof. Hereules Strongarm,
 Strongarm Correspondence School of Physical Culture,
 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Dear Prof. Strongarm:
 I have completed your course. Kindly send muscles.
 Yours truly,
 Marvin Milquetoast.

Trying to be Funny
 "Now," said the prof, "pass all your papers to the end of the row. Have a carbon sheet under each one so I can correct all mistakes at once."

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, REMEMBER THAT ALL WOMEN ARE NOT ALIKE.

*A Kansas farmer stopped at a bank to see if he could get a loan on his farm.
 "It might be arranged," said the banker. "I'll drive out with you and appraise it."
 "You won't need to bother," said the farmer, noticing a huge cloud of dust rolling up the road.
 "Here it comes now."*

Voice: American.
 French Sentry: Advance and recite the Star Spangled Banner.
 Voice: I don't know it.
 French Sentry: Proceed, American.

With all the colds now prevailing on the campus you might be interested to know that there is a cough medicine on the market called Eatolax. Two hours after taking three teaspoonfuls you don't care to cough.

Dey wuz thoity doidy poiple boids a' sittin' on de coib on toidy-toid street, a-boipin' an' a-choipin'. Along comes Goit, wit' her hair up in oily coils, and her boy fren', Hob, wat works in de shoit factory in Joisey. Wen dey seen de thoity doidy poiple boids a' sittin' on de coib on toidy-toid street, a-boipin' an' a-choipin', boy, wuz dey pretoided!

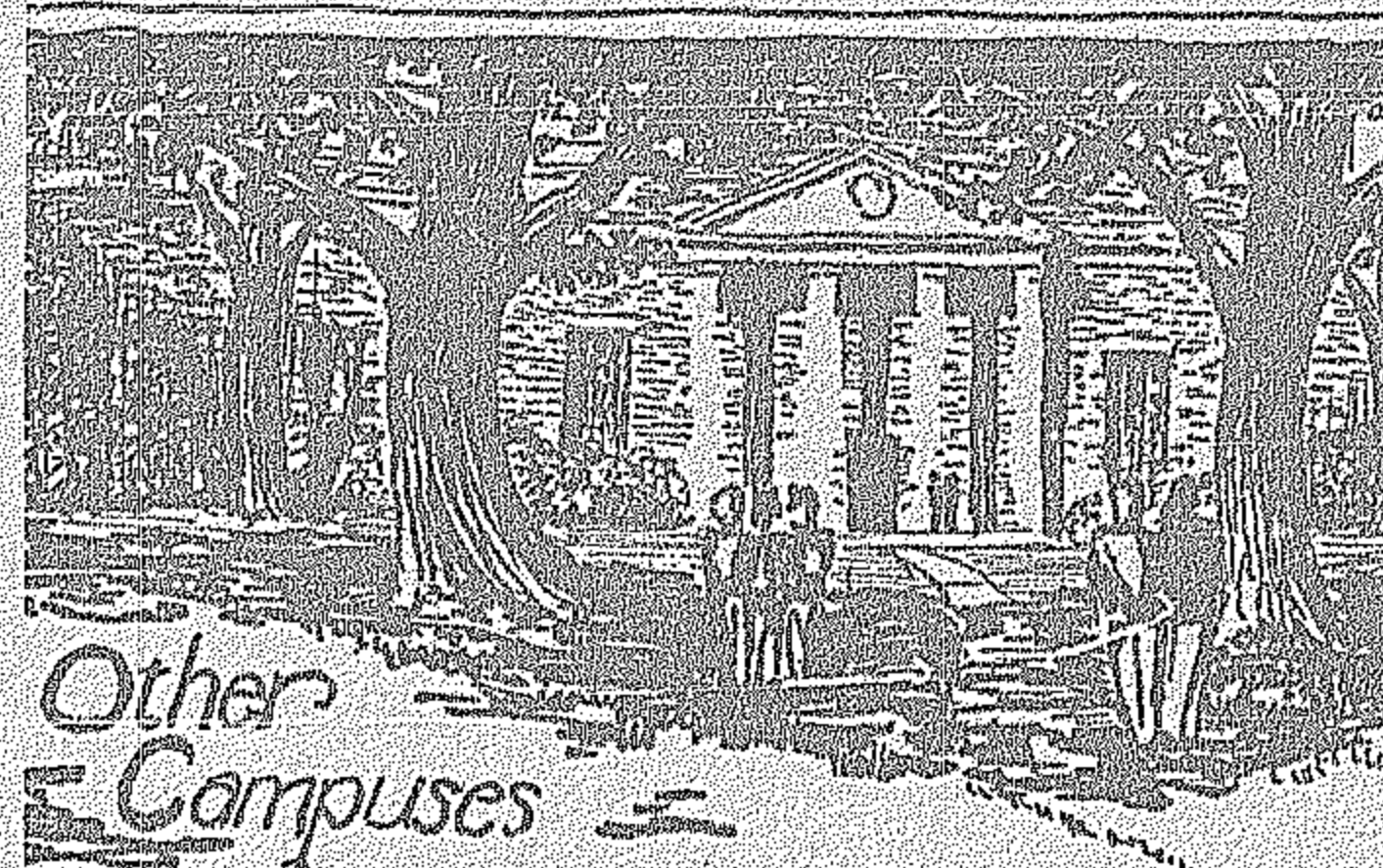
—Max Muri from MacMurray.

Then you have heard about the traffic signal which became so embarrassed. Well, wouldn't you be embarrassed, too, if you had to stop and go, right in the middle of the street?

Yes, my hearties, here's to the stuff that makes you see double and feel single.

We'd like to continue but we promised Ma we'd catch her a turkey for Thanksgiving, so we say ado; here's hoping I do catch the turkey.

HI-YO SILVER.



Syracuse University was the first institution to grant a woman a Doctor of Medicine degree.

The gals at Alabama College have created a new club named the Hi Cappa Cappas. The single requirement is that each young lady must be about six feet tall. We certainly could use a couple of them on our basketball team.

The Student Refugee Committee of the University of Toronto is auctioning off a signed statement of Albert Einstein. Einstein is not only known as the greatest mathematician in the world, but also as the greatest refugee.

Hearken back to last week. Over fifty colleges in the U. S. have now begun annual Sadie Hawkins' Day festivities.

The New York City board of education has ruled that aliens may not be admitted free to the city's colleges.

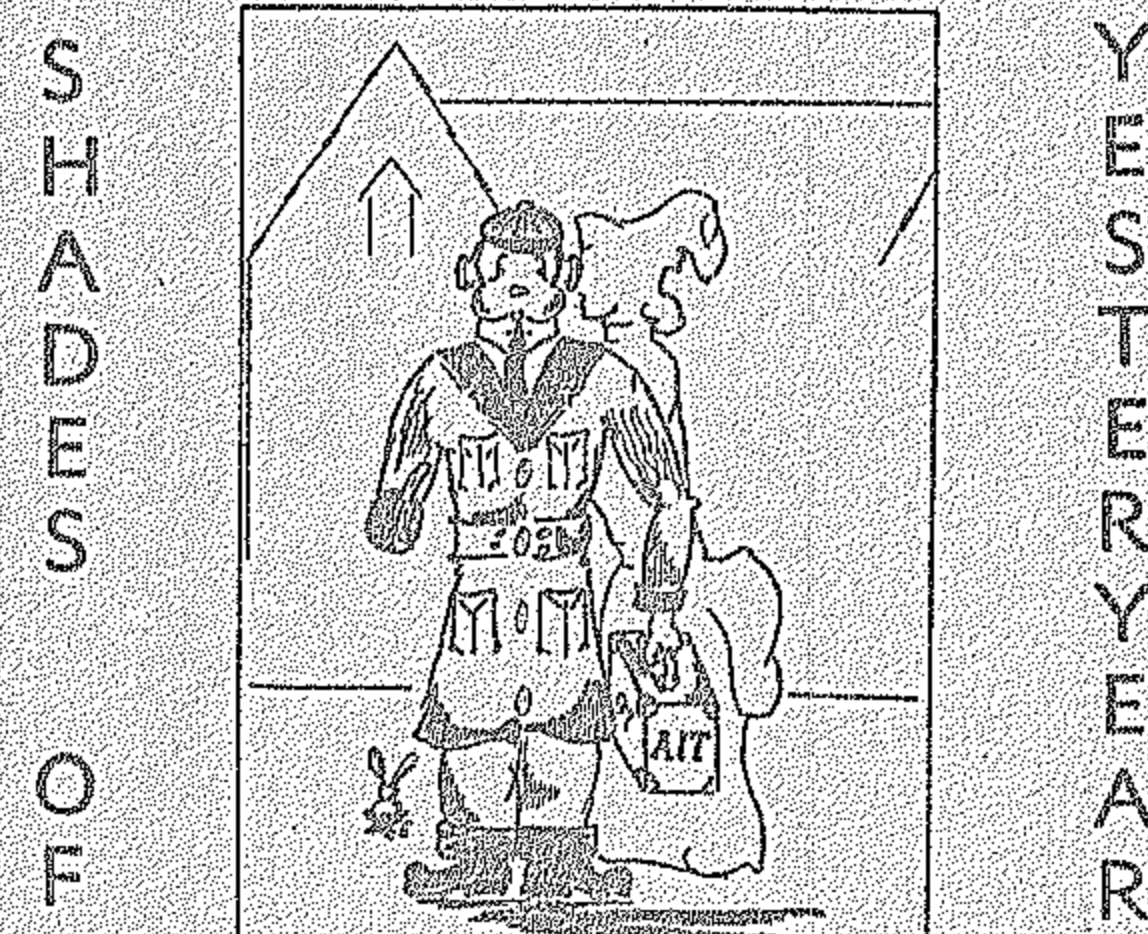
The University of Chicago was the first college to use numerals on their uniforms. Too bad they haven't gotten around to putting them on the scoreboard.

The College of the City of New York has the largest R.O.T.C. voluntary unit in the nation.

The Stout Institute freshmen at Menomonie, Wisconsin, incited quite a rumpus on the campus last week. They flew their green flag from the mast of the flagpole designed for Old Glory. Try as they might the infuriated upper classmen could not remove the "greenies" flag. The city fire department finally had to be called to their aid.

How's this for school support?
 Howard Hoy graduated from Mississippi State College and married Nora Matthews from State. They had eight children who went to State and married students from State. Quite a State, eh?

Williams College students raked in \$68,000 last year working around the campus. That ain't hay.



This week for a change, we're going to step back just a few years to see what was making news then. Compare it with today, and also with 1900.

In 1929, 700 freshmen applied for admission to A. I. T. 200 of these were accepted. They couldn't accommodate them because of limited space. They are having the same trouble still, but the freshman class is slightly larger each year.

It's been quite a few years that Armour students have been ushering at U. of C. home games. John J. Schommer is responsible and has been ever since Lindbergh flew the Atlantic.

Here's one taken from Armour Tech News, 1929. It's an excerpt from the Slipstick column and might well be applied to the present column too:

Ashes to ashes,
 Dust to dust,
 You don't have to read this,
 But write it we must.

In 1929—again—"Sonny" Weissman was placed on the Armour faculty as boxing instructor. The school didn't have a coach before then, and one was needed badly when the student coach graduated. It's a month late, but congratulations to Sonny on having been at Armour for a decade.

It seems that ten years ago saw the same difficulty with the touchball players as then is now. That is "touch" him as hard as possible. It must be a tradition handed down.

The first basketball game in 1929 was the Varsity vs. Alumni. The varsity won by a score of 37-17, and then later in the year went on to greater glory, and some losses, too.



Quit shoving you twits and twerps! Scram! Take a powder! This here shovel sheet's loaded to the guards, see, and I ain't taken no tip (or am I?) If you wanna cut up, see ye old soil dweller come next issue, huh? Here 'tis.

If you want to know about women just ask BERNARD "BANKROLL" BECKER. He has what it takes—that is, what "they" take.

Kotulla, Armour's pugnacious waltz-flower, speaks a German that even a gypsy couldn't understand says Herr Hammer. Well, he's wrong. Kotulla gets along very well with "those" gypsies. And how they understand him! Eut, then, maybe actions speak louder than German.

Tsk! Tsk! The civils couldn't finish the cider jug at their last affair and had to call in the Dean to help them. Shipping boys?

RUSS "MAIDEN'S DREAM" FREDAIN and a few brother Pi Kappars didn't fare so badly, it's told, on a recent Evanston invasion. At least Russ didn't . . . not with the names and phone numbers of five (yes, I said five) N. U. tomatoes in his clutches.

If you see some twerps strutting around the campus with a purring "cat that caught the canary" look, it's probably due to the blind dates which were supplied by the dating bureau for the Dance Club Social last Friday. Shades of Cleopatra! Those gals were a large bit of all right!

LLOYD NORKUS is hereby politely requested not to sleep in McDonald's chemistry class anymore. The clatter he makes when he falls off his chair is greatly disturbing to the other termites. Maybe he was dreaming of Ellen.

We note that one of the newer secretaries is rapidly overtaking the "redhead" in the affections of some students. Ask Fred DeMoney for name and telephone number.

The Alpha Chi Sigma lads returned from their hayride late Tuesday morning with the usual story of one of the cars breaking down. The only difference is that this time it's true.

JAMES MEYER is doing time with Frances Malloy, cute coed from Chicago Teachers College now rehearsing in "Brother Rat". Reports have it that at the above hayride she clipped him while dancing, and sent him down for the count.

Mr. Cade, graduate assistant in Civil Engineering multiplied 5 x 140 at least five times the other day and still believes the answer is 720. This New Deal mathematics sure has far reaching influence.

BOB (SLAPPSY) MAXWELL, has a wonderful idea. From what we hear he is going to get a patent on it any day, now. It seems he figures an explosion proof sprinkler system for installation in grain elevators would be a good thing. Only trouble is that the sprinklers aren't there any more when the elevator blows in eight directions.

Those blue things with the hoods on them and in them, totting the number 7-8 on their backs are none other than the senior fire protects. Interesting, but unprintable, is the origin of the name 'Peons'.

The mechanicals got more interested in the problems of fluid friction than in the kinematics of the machines they saw on the inspection trip to Allis-Chalmers. The Schlitz brewery was of particular interest in the laboratory part of the fluid flow testing.

CO-OP NEWS

By H. F. Krantz

Little Bill Kozica, 3A, hit the jack-pot on his last three thermo quizzes. Three hundreds in a row—what a man! His class mates are lucky Prof. Anderson gave them twenty-five points for having their names on the papers.

G. A. (The Freshman) is getting revenge on some of his old sweethearts by dating them up with some of his fellow co-ops for the Jitterbug's Club Dance.

Last Monday's freshmen trip through the Rosenwald Museum brought out, among other things, this fact: K. Voderberg is about 0.01 horsepower better than R. Rotter. The results were obtained from the horsepower machine which showed Rotter worked at 0.30 horsepower, while Voderberg's output was 0.31 horsepower.

The highlight of the Rosenwald trip was gaining admission to the new, and as yet unopened, park. Trimmed and decorated with gold, brass, and marble, the park provided an exceptionally beautiful background for the numerous automobiles, airplanes, trains, and a very large periodic table.

Milwaukee chicken dinners for ten cents? Yes, sir, Hank Garvey, 4A, can tell you where.

A sight to see on the A.S.M.E. trip was the human tank Radvillis, 4A, always "looking out for the other thirty-six co-ops."