

Armour Tech News

Student Publication of the
ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
3300 Federal St.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Published Weekly During the College Year

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY

National Advertising Service, Inc.

College Publishers Representative

420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.

CHICAGO • BOSTON • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

"Entered as second class matter December 8, 1937, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879."

\$2.00 Per Year

Single Copies, 10 Cents Each

MANAGING BOARD

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF PETER H. WOODS
MANAGING EDITOR JOSEPH ABERER
SPORTS EDITOR FRED DE MONEV
BUSINESS MANAGER WILLIAM SPETH
FACULTY ADVISOR WALTER HENDRICKS

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

News Editor John Kucera
Desk Editor James Waber
Re-Write Editor Paul Beckmann
Copy Editor Robert Mead
Assignment Editors Dan Brown, Tom Brown
Feature Editor Art Minwegen
Re-Write Department Philip Higgins, James Murray, Warren Spitz
Sports Department Arthur Hauswald, Asst. Editor: Robert Bechtolt, William Douglas, William Grosse, Richard Guck, zow, Frank Hall, Howard Obergfell, Earl Sherman, Warren Spitz
Feature Department Charles Ball, Tom Brown, Matt Ciembrowicz, Edward Hanuska, Herman Krantz, Michael Kunz, Jack Mays, Robert O'Brien
Fraternity Editor Don Klief
Copy Readers Bernard Chertow, Charles McAleer
Cartoonists Harold Coroz, Edwin Geiger, Edward Parrel
Reporters A. Bergstrom, M. Camras, E. Colant, L. Donoghue, E. Doran, V. Filko, E. Frank, C. Ghes, J. Golden, R. Harig, W. Laube, P. Leopold, C. McDonald, B. Milleville, A. Pocius, E. Sherman, H. Story, C. Swan, H. Tachau, W. Vizard, J. West

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Advertising Department Richard Harper, Manager
Circulation Department Melvin Johnson, Manager; William Anthony

Vol. XXV. April 30, 1940 No. 10

A Graduate Returns

The other day we were introduced to an Armour graduate who has for four years been a stranger to the Campus. He expressed extreme amazement at the changes which have taken place during his absence. "I can hardly believe it's the same place," he said, and putting ourselves in his position we can understand what he meant. Who in 1935 could picture spacious administrative offices resplendent in glass brick and chromium? Who could visualize clearly a Student Union building devoted entirely to student relaxation and recreation? Even the exterior appearance of the buildings has been altered by tasteful landscaping of grounds.

Renewed Pride

We do not intend to dwell on the material improvements evident to the graduate of five years ago, but rather on something else he said of much deeper significance to us. The young man found after a day on the campus that there was something else besides the improved facilities, something which he felt was of tremendous importance as an indication of Armour's future. He found it difficult to put this idea into words but called it a "re-awakened self respect" of the Armourite for himself and a "renewed pride" in his school.

Combined Effort

A combined drive from all of our scholastic family has succeeded in putting the name of Armour Institute before the nation in a new and creditable way. Not only do we now receive the respect of the public at large, but we are realizing the benefits of a sound working policy with industry. Our Co-operative course, now in its fifth year, has done much to link our endeavors more closely to industry. Our rapidly expanding Research Foundation is proving a great boon to our public-standing. The truly amazing assembly of distinguished authorities in various engineering fields scheduled to conduct classes in our new summer school this year are already producing great interest among progressive engineers and industrialists throughout the Chicago area.

Solution Near

The one great obstacle yet to be surmounted, that of securing and utilizing a campus more nearly suitable to the stature of an institution such as ours does not look nearly so immense as it did five years ago. The progress of the Armour-Lewis merger is being watched with much hopeful anticipation. Somehow, the Armour man feels that his school is "going places" and at a rapid rate.

Open House

However, this does not mean that the long climb is over and that we can now travel in luxury in our speed elevator. On the other hand, we have many new obligations. Now that we are established in the public and industrial mind, we must make every effort to prevent a let down; we must maintain an increasing respect for all activities of the school. This problem must be tackled in a number of ways.

Our public displays, notably the impending Open House exhibit, must be flawless, must have that elusive element of clever advertisement and yet retain a strong backbone of basic science. Our graduate school must continue to grow in a scholarly manner, and faculty and students must be prepared to take on increasing duties in technical societies and intellectual movements both inside and outside of school.

"The Slipstick"

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

It won't be long now. Nope, in another week, you will see the bodies of innocent freshmen strewn up the grassy landscapes. Little do these sugar dumplings realize the fate that awaits them next week. Amen.

"Ma! Ma! A big truck just ran over Pa and squashed him all over the street!"

"Junior, how many times have I told you not to talk about such things while I am eating."

BUT DOROTHY

O, MLE, what XTC
I always feel when UIC,
I used to rave of LNS eyes,
4 LC I gave countless sighs,
4 KT, 2, and LNR,
I was a keen competitor.
But each is now a non-NTT,
4 U XL them all UC.

Irate Co-ed (walking against the sun): "Hey! Why are you following me all the time? Didn't you ever see anyone like me before?"

Freshman: "Yeah, but I had to pay a quarter before."

They call him Luke because he isn't so hot.

While doing a little work the other night one of these so-called friends walked in. "Whatcha doin'?" sez he. "Writin' a joke," sez we. "Give her my best regards," sez he, and walked right out again.

A young Swede workman got a job as a carpenter's helper. The first morning the boss gave him a two-foot rule and told him to go and get the measure of a long board. In twenty minutes the newcomer returned.

"Well," inquired the boss, "how long is it?"

The young apprentice displayed a satisfied grin.

"Well," he said, "she ban just eight times de length o' dis rule, an' two thumbs over, with dis har brick, an' de width o' may han', an' may arm from har to dar, all except de finger nails."

I calls my gal Double-Mint because she's so Wrigley.

Blessings on thee, little girl,
With your dimples and your curl,
With your short skirts shorter still
'Spite the blust'ry April chill;
Little fore, and less behind.
Honest isn't nature kind?

OH MY

Chorine—Gee, I must remember to take my costume along to rehearsal.

Producer—Honey, just a little string around finger.

Chorine—Oh, so I won't forget?

Producer—No, that's your costume.

Encore

He: "Why is it that the most important men on the campus get the prettiest girls?"

She: "Why you conceited thing."

Dedicated to C.P.P. 859
I envy you little lightning bug.
You worry not a bit,
For when you see a traffic cop,
You know your tail light's lit.

"My brother looks down on nudists."

"You don't say so."

"Yeh, he perches in trees."

A man of six feet eight inches applied for a job as life-guard.

"Can you swim?" asked the official.

"No, but I can wade to beat the devil."

A farmer visiting his son's chemistry class was told they were looking for a universal solvent. "What's that," asked the farmer, "A liquid that will dissolve anything?" "That's a great idea," replied the farmer, "when you find it what are you going to keep it in?"

He—"Darling, I can't give you anything but love."

She—"Well, hurry up; let's have it!"

"I'll see you," said our hero as he laid down four aces in a strip poker game.

Captain: "So you're going to spend the rest of the afternoon in a steamer chair?"

Passenger: "Why, yes, if nothing comes up."

The girl was mad and called him mr.
Because in fun, he merely kr.
And so for spite
The sappy mr. kr. sr.

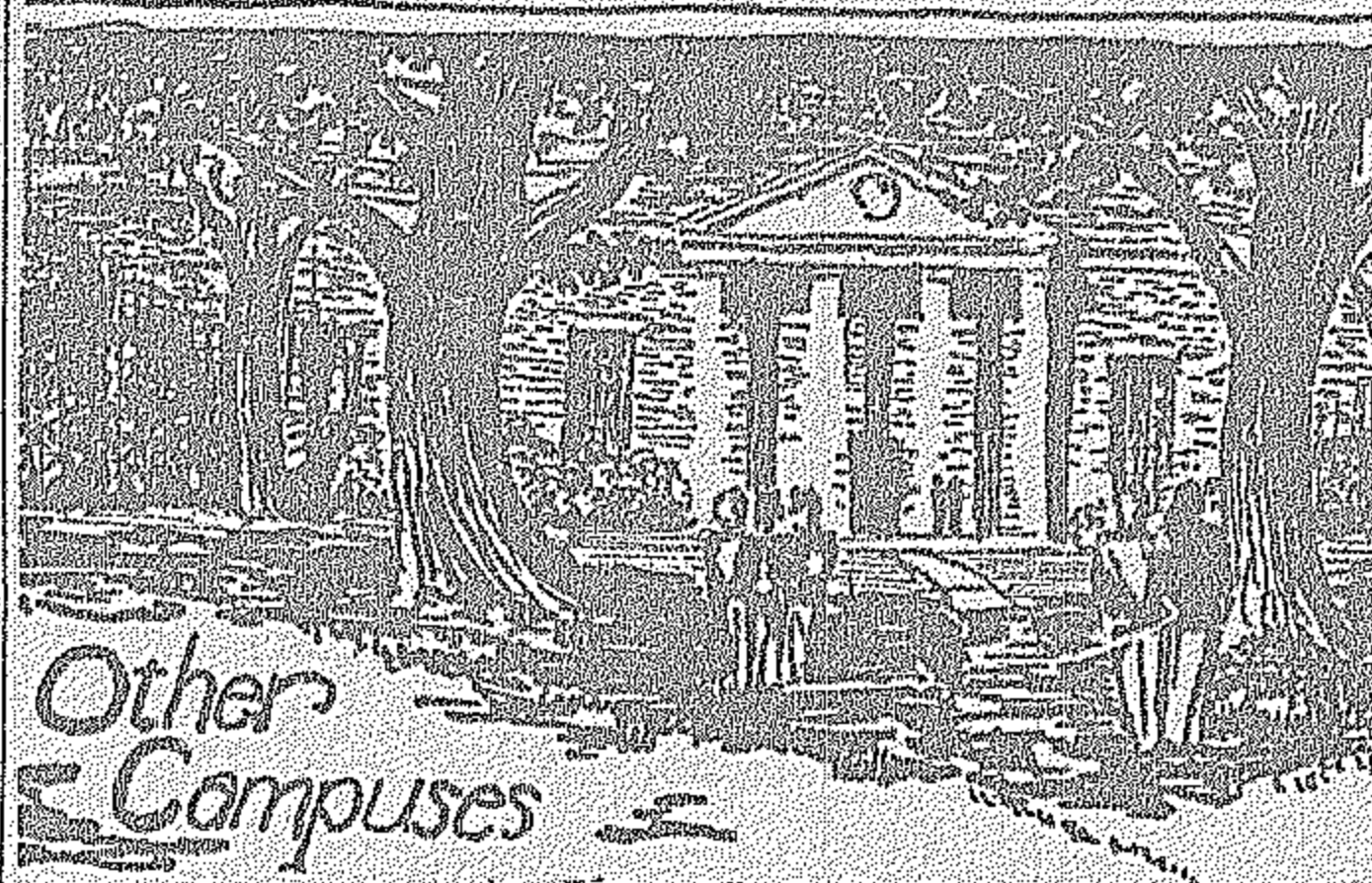
Lena—Gee, but that date was fresh last night!
Sadie—Why didn't you slap his face?
Lena—I did, and take it from me, sister! Never slap a guy when he's chewing tobacco.

Girl: "Don't make me yawn."
Boy: "My name ain't Yawn, it's Yim."

"Say, is she a sorority girl?"
"Gamma Phi know!"

Speakin' of nothin' Why should a traffic cop, after winning such a swell race, seem so mad about it.

OH MIN!



By Charles I. Ball

Henry Shull, senior at Northwestern University, has paid all his expenses in college by winning contests of every type from cross-word puzzles to endorsements. He has entered over 300 contests and won 60 prizes totalling a cash equivalent of \$3,500. The prizes won by this energetic fellow included such varied items as women's hosiery, a trip to Mexico City, six cans of tuna fish, and a Packard Automobile.

The average college student gets the most hours of sleep on Tuesday nights.

Short but sweet:

Son to father: "No mon, no fun, your son."

Father to son: "How sad, too bad, your dad."

A CIB survey has found out that students in eastern colleges work 70% of the time and loaf 35% of the time they think they are doing school work. The extra 5% of loafing must really be a luxury.

A student in a southern university noticed angry shouts as he drove his car away from the curb, but he looked back and saw nothing. A mile farther on he became aware of a persistent horn blowing. Stopping the car, he got out. So did the driver of the midget car he had unknowingly towed after their bumpers had become locked.

The social pathology class of Kansas State Teachers College made a field trip to the Lansing, Kansas state prison to see if they could discover any difference between the people inside the walls and those outside.

For \$2.50 you may attend the De Pauw University Senior prom which will be held in the school's tennis courts. If it rains you can dance in the gymnasium.

Many colleges and universities throughout the United States are holding mock national political party conventions this month.

"Our Town" by Thornton Wilder seems to be the most popular play being presented by colleges right now. Maybe this is in the interests of economy because the play has no scenery.

CO-OP NEWS

E. P. Hanucka

Joe Olchawa 4B has plenty of reason to strut his stuff these days. The results of a turbulent election of the junior class last Thursday made Joe the Co-op Junior Marshal. He will take his place with the other departmental Junior Marshals in directing the activities of Junior Week.

The boys were calibrating a weir. Listen: "The level is too high, Hayes. . . . Now it's too low. . . . Haven't you any judgment? . . . My God! man, we'll never get out of here by one o'clock. . . . O.K. now. . . . What's the weight, Hanson? . . . Got it, Erickson? . . . 20 seconds, 10 seconds, o.k. switch the tanks, Hanneman. . . . Watch out for your feet!! . . . 1700 lbs., left. . . . Is it empty yet, Hanson? . . . 30 seconds to go. . . . Hurry with that valve, Hanneman! . . . 25 seconds. . . . Watch that scale, Dudley. . . . 15 seconds. . . . &\$!"; Weir are you going Erickson! . . . 10 seconds. . . . The water—it's coming too high, YOW! Man the pumps!" Boy, what a day.

Notice of the formation of a general discussion group, the "Wranglers", will be made to all the classes today. The sole object of the organization is to encourage and foster the development of public speaking among its members. An engineer should be able to speak with ease and assurance before any type of audience and Wranglers offers serious Co-ops a chance to cultivate just that type of manner.

Aside to our Profs: Mr. Perry, you're not the only one who has a class that just f-a-l-l-s asleep. . . . Dr. Perlis, you'd be a lot more popular with your freshman class if you'd arrive on time and dismiss them promptly at 5:00 P.M. . . . Dr. Davey, if rooting for your Boosters helps to keep your brain cells as sharp as they seem to be, then don't be surprised if we join you at their next game. . . .

As a token of their warm affection for Henry Heenan who is at present confined to the Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium, the junior class presented him with a gift in the shape of a pair of leather slippers. . . . For a surprise, ask President Whittingham to tell his "Rosalie" story. You're sure to draw an icy stare. . . . The sophomore class has decided to buy grey sweaters with red emblems. . . . We understand that the "Conclusions" of Bobco's mech lab reports are packed with dynamite. . . . Grand Rapids, Michigan holds a powerful influence on Vern Parter 5B. He goes there every week-end, but that "cousin" story won't hold water. . . . Mr. Cowie gave the pre-juniors a frightful scare last Friday. He had them sweating, and we do mean sweating, over a stingeroo of a quiz for an hour and a half, and then told them it was just for practice!



Wie geht's Amigos. . . . The Shovel has nothing but abject and profound apologies to offer for the misstatement of last week. We announced that Spring was here and flourishing. We were definitely wrong. . . . Spring is here but is in a coma. . . . The slush rolls on and on. . . .

All the boys who patronize that "Shimmy Shack" across the street from Goldblatt's will sympathize with us on "Mo" Bell. Mr. Bell, founder of the Nobel prize, met with one of our local constabulary, who presented him with a gentle reminder (cost \$2.00) that one must not park in front of the "Hub" while gazing at the undulating Amazons. . . .

We have it from a very unreliable source that the boys on the Frosh dance committee really had a time last Friday night. "Pee Wee" Peterson and "Onions" Cibula were reported seen kicking in windows all along Michigan Avenue.

That peculiar fellow Byron "Amorous" Ellis has a peculiar faculty of getting his name into this blurb. . . . Scene in the Armour Grassy Spoon. . . . B. E. playing a miniature sweet potato midst a shower of pennies tossed by understanding and sympathetic fellow stoogents. . . . The take amounted to 2 (yes I said 2) cents . . . a profitable business eh what. . . .

Last Friday night, Dorothy Kennedy, you still remember her as the heroine in the two last Armour productions, "Captain Applejack" and "Brother Rat," slayed the audience again as Miss Shea in the Southtown Theatre Guild's play, "What a Life." Atta girl, Dorothy!!

The "Smoky Joe" Marin and "Dutch" Schultz have been staging a race to see who can leave the Mechanics class first. . . . Due to past performances "Dutch" is now odds on favorite but "Doc" Marin has been pulling up fast in the stretch in his last few races and is about ready to cop a sprint. . . .

The lads are just waiting for this honeybunch belonging to Bob Jensen to appear on the scene. Yeah men! So is we. Reason: The little gal who answers the name Betty was just selected the May Queen at Florida State College for Women. By the bye, over 1800 co-eds attend the school.

Johnny "Women—they're the downfall of every man" Butkus showed up at the Civil Party last Wednesday night with a peacherino named Mildred. From the reports, Johnny isn't a slow worker either, if'n you know what we means.

Another two-some that resulted from the casting in "Room Service" is Brother De Stefano and Helen Ruoss. Rocco is making dates three weeks in advance mind you. Ain't love grand, though.

Speakin' o' the Civils Party before, it's a known fact now that "Wolf" Eliason is quite a ladies' man. In spite of this fact, he still left the party unaccompanied. Tsk. Tsk.

Take up room at Room Service
We'll be looking for you.

Prof. Cleveland had a written vote as to whether the lads in the class were in favor of attendance being taken every day or not. . . . The result much to our amazement read something like this. . . . No, No, No, No, a thousand times No, and away down at the bottom of the page was a single and solitary yes. . . . The person has as yet not been apprehended but a score of handwriting experts have been called in and an arrest is promised in 48 hours. . . .

Very Soggy and Good Pie.

Arx News

This pre-open house period known as ye Arx lazy week (oh yeah!) has finally caught up with us. . . . Such industry. . . . such diligence. . . . in fact, Pointek is so busy making his model that he is doing it at home to save time spent on the "L". . . . Tough, too, with Pehta claiming Pointek's recent actions have definitely established that spring is here. . . . Another sign is that the frosh freehand class was held outdoors. . . . amid the trees and bees, etc. . . . The sophs turn out en masse for baseball every noon. . . . The juniors tried it but the next day stiffness banished any further thoughts of baseball for a while. . . . Which just goes to show that they work too hard. . . . Hutton, Horton and Mandel (the silent partner) are building a model of "How Kenasha should be" by "In Another World" Goldsmith and Monson who incidentally took a certain prof. by surprise by coming to class protected from the glare of. . . . what?

Chief in the talk of the Arx Social is the loud suit Salz showed up in. . . . Junior Marshal Dodge has been fidgeting with his tie lately, due to some remarks of the past social. . . . The seniors have challenged the juniors to a baseball game some time after open house. . . . The juniors claim the seniors rank amateurs. . . . The seniors think different. . . . The best part of the challenge seems to be Mr. Dornbusch's offer of refreshments after the game. . . . So, pencil-pushers, adieu for another million lines.

SPECS.