

# Armour Tech News

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### Welcome, Visitors to Open House!

As you walk about the campus tonight you will see many exhibits prepared expressly for your enjoyment by the various divisions of Armour Institute of Technology. Open House at Armour was created as a demonstration to parents, industrialists, and friends of the type of work carried out during the school. As an extension of this idea, we would like you to consider these pages which you now hold in your hands as the ARMOUR TECH NEWS exhibit, our contribution to the Open House tradition. This issue contains a number of features prepared especially by the Staff so as to be of interest to visitors.

### Junior Week

All of us who hold an interest in Armour Tech are certainly aware of the importance of Open House as an outstanding activity, but sometimes we are inclined to forget that the exhibits are only a part of the Junior Week program. Every year a group of outstanding students is chosen by the student body to plan and administer the events of the present week. These men have laid out an ambitious program which includes a concert by the musical clubs, an inter-fraternity sing, class rushes, pageants, a complete schedule of athletic events, and a number of picturesque "battles of wit" as exemplified by the notorious pie eating contest.

The student who fails to take advantage of the events of Junior Week is discarding one of the most valuable opportunities of the year for becoming better acquainted with his fellow students, and in many cases, his parents. In addition, he is passing up some rare recreation and humor. Since this is a democratic institution, the continuation of the purely student activities of Junior Week is entirely dependent upon the interest shown by the students themselves. The response from those outside of the school to the evening activities has been ample and unflinching. Let's compliment our chosen Junior Marshals by making the activities taking place during the daytime as successful as the Open House exhibits and the Spring Concert!

### "THE ENGINEER'S DREAM GIRL"

The waves of her potassium cyanide colored hair (average diameter .01cm), are like the graph of Y equals sin X. The light reflected from her eyes is analogous to that transmitted through a half normal solution of copper nitrate in H<sub>2</sub>O. The color of her cheeks has a wavelength of .00058 mm and her lips have a specific heat of .0001. Her figure reminds one of a hyperboloid and her skin is as smooth as the surface of a Johanssen block. Her voice is rich in overtones and the radiations of her personality vary inversely with the square of the distance. The touch of her hand is similar to the surprising discharge of a 10,000 volt condenser. The photometric value of her smile is 100,000 foot-candles when illuminated by hallway lights. The shimmering envelope of her calf is indeed a non-Euclidean skew surface.

## "The Slipstick"

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

Hello, Mom, Dad, "Sis," and Bro. Hope you liked our little show.

"Here's something queer," said the dentist. You say this tooth has never been worked on before, but I find small flakes of gold on my drill.  
 "Doc, I think you've struck my back collar button!"

He was out driving and he neared a dark side road, he noticed a parked sedan. . . . Approaching with apprehension, he observed that the sedan was shaking violently. He drew nearer and heard swear words. Creeping up closely to look in, he saw—well, you guessed it, he saw a big man strangling to fold a road map into its original creases.

*On Greenland's icy mountains,  
 That's where I want to be,  
 In weather, when the mercury  
 Abides at ninety-three.  
 For some sweet maiden Eskimo,  
 I'd swap Bess, Nell or Cora,  
 And at her daddy's igloo gate  
 We'd study the aurora.*

Don Long: "Darling, may I kiss your hand?"  
 Pat: "Sure, kid; hop to it, but be careful you don't burn your nose on my cigarette."

The nurse entered the professor's room and said softly: "It's a boy, sir."  
 The professor looked up.  
 "Well, what does he want?"

### Cycle of a Joke

Birth: A freshman thinks it up and laughs aloud, walking up two fraternity men in the back row.  
 Age 5 minutes: Freshman tells it to a senior, who answers: "It's funny, but I've heard it before."  
 Age 1 day: Senior turns it into magazine as his own.  
 Age 2 days: Editor thinks it's terrible.  
 Age 10 days: Editor has to fill magazine so joke is printed.  
 Age 1 month: Thirteen college comics reprint it.  
 Age 10 years: Seventy-six radio comedians discover it simultaneously, tell it, accompanied by howls of mirth from the boys in the orchestra (\$5.00 a howl).  
 Age 100 years: Professors start telling it in class.  
 Age 101 years: It's finally printed in—AW SHECKS!

Barber—"Was your tie red when you came in?"  
 Victim—"No, it wasn't."  
 Barber—"Gosh!"

Prof. Yehudi: "Now, Mr. Bjones, can you give the class an example of wasted energy?"  
 Frosh Bjones: "Yes, sir—telling a hair-raising story to a baldheaded man."

A specialty salesman shocked his customers by advertising underthings for nudists. Astonishment subsided, however, when his display simply disclosed smooth-surfaced cushions.

### JOL

*A choleric old army Col.  
 Had many disorders intol.  
 He ignored them at first,  
 But one day he burst  
 And descended to regions infol.*

"Hey, you! Stop spitting out of that window!"  
 "What's difference? It's starting to rain, anyway!"

### Election Year

Said an excited citizen to a candidate: "I wouldn't vote for you if you were the Angel Gabriel."  
 To which the politician replied: "If I were the Angel Gabriel, you wouldn't be in my precinct."

Show manager: Why do you say that the show was misrepresented?  
 Patron: Well, you advertised a chorus of seventy, and none of them looked to be more than sixty.

### Slam

The landlady brought in a plateful of extremely thin slices of bread and butter, which rather dismayed her hungry men boarders.

"Did you cut these, Mrs. Brown?" asked one.  
 "Yes, I cut them," came the stern reply.  
 "Oh, said the boarder, "all right, I'll deal!"

*The rain, it falleth on the just,  
 And also on the unjust fella,  
 But chiefly on the just, because  
 The unjust steals the just's umbrella!*

### A Born Entertainer

Bodger was trying to entertain his friend, Primun.  
 "Would you like a drink" he asked.  
 "I never drink," murmured Primun.  
 "Have a cigarette?"  
 "I don't smoke."  
 "Shall I switch on the radio?" said Bodger.  
 "I hate wireless," replied Primun.  
 "Play cards?"  
 Primun shook his head.  
 "I think I must be going," he remarked. "The wife's giving a party and I promised to get home early to amuse the guests."

When you get home just remember that a bird in the hand is bad table manners. So long.

OH MINI!

## Other Campuses

By Charles I. Ball

As a class project, students of the Shakespeare class of Mundelein College were required to edit a newspaper printing the news appearing in "Hamlet." The headlines of such papers as the Denmark News and the Court Circular were "Mass Murder Baffles Authorities," "Ambassadors from Norway Arrive at Elsinore," and "Lord Chamberlain Slain at Palace." One paper's platform was "Make Denmark the best country in the world. End the duels. Support the royal family!"

Prof. Herman J. Blackhurst, of Drake University, and his wife hunted everywhere for his glasses before leaving home, but to no avail. While addressing one of his classes later in the morning, he ran across the glasses in his vest pocket. Interrupting the lecture, the professor absent-mindedly called out: "Here they are, Mabel!"

There are 475 colleges and universities in the United States with an enrollment of over 400 students each.

Because of Leap Year the University of Arizona elected a campus King instead of the usual Queen.

Professor Wilbur C. Batchelor of Ohio State University strode into his eight o'clock class one morning, produced an electric razor from his pocket, and calmly proceeded to shave, while his astonished class looked on, amazed. The professor was only getting back at the coeds who had persistently made a practice of finishing their morning make-up in the class room.

An eastern college permits unlimited cuts from classes by women students while the men have to attend a definite number on the theory that women are more conscientious about attending classes than the men. Oh, well! It doesn't mean anything at Armour.

## RAMBLINGS OF A HILLBILLY

By Art Hansen

Dear Sally,

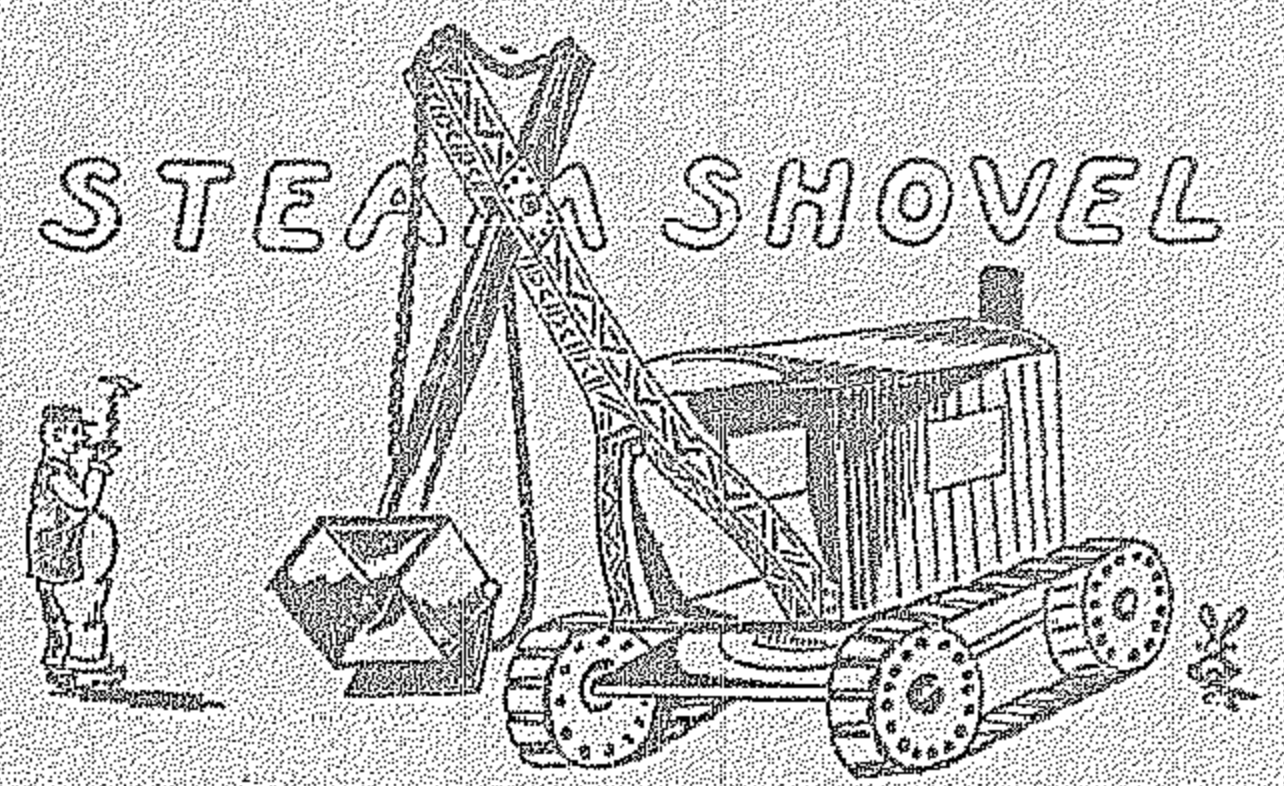
Another gay weak iz hear at Armour—Junior Weak—one in witch Armure itself opens its doors tew the publik for the annual inspeeshion, the gee klub and fraternity men open there mouths in song at the Spring Konzert, and the sophomores open up the freshmen in the Frosh-Soph Rush. And I might add, wen awl the hip-powered casanovas arouwnd the skool kum owt from the dark corners and rear seats in autos and try there high-pressure kissing on Armor's famus Kise-O-Meter, whose fame has spread farther than jam on bread ever has.

It iz truly a rip snorting weak, after that May day snow storm laste weak wen the queen of the may at Vassellesly College for Females and Debutantes, while whizzing & danzing arouwnd the maypole in that filmy stuff that looks like spider webs (more than won fellow wuld hav liked tew spider danzing in it) bekame so cold that the song hit "It's a Blue Whirlled" immediately climbed tew number won on the Hit Parade (read it againe, s l o w l y). Speaking of song hits reminds me of the fellow on the skool baseawl team who got konked on the hed withe a wilde pitch laste weak and had a "Starlit Hour."

There iz lots of things fore the visitor tew see arouwnd skool hear during open howse, and lots of smart stewsidents tew ask questions of, az me fore example. The chem labs owr putting on fancy displays, even more elaborate than the ones yew saw wen yew and cousin Lamebrain, brother Halfstoop, and grampa Bentwitz were up hear laste yeer during junior weak, wen they made ducks sink wen trying tew swim. I wuldn't be surprised if they made jackrabbits fly thiz yeer. Then they hav special displays of molycules and atoms and eves.

Fore sheer novelty and a boon tew the goldfish business won must see the poor fish being frozen tew death in the physics lab without anything on but a thin negligee of scales, and then being deiced and brought bak alive. That wuz certainly a grate crowd of 10,000 people laste yeer, or az the skinny man sed wen the fat lady shoved him onto the packed street car platform during rush

(Continued on page five)



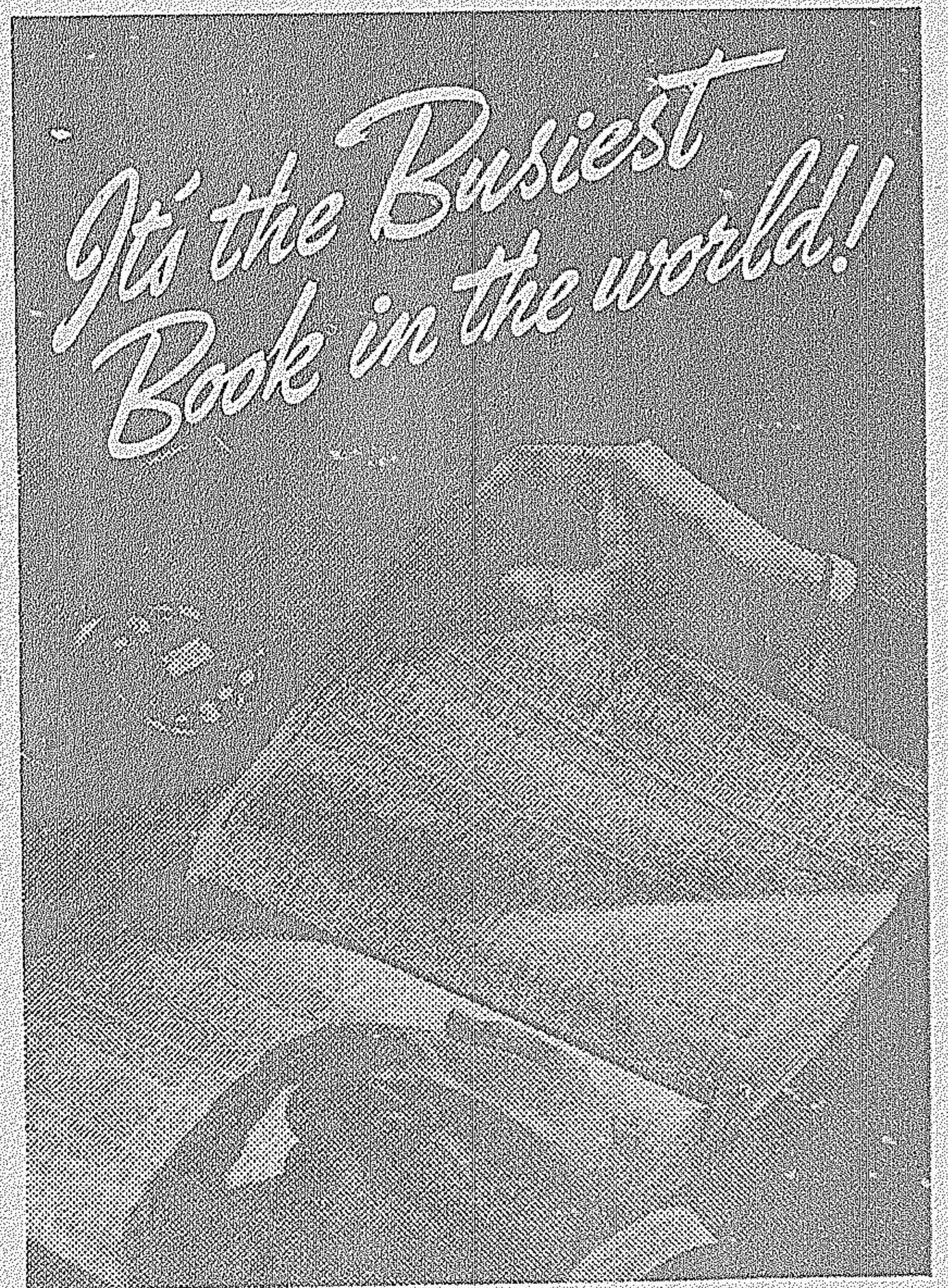
It seems that the dirt of this week is well covered by the snows of May. . . . Ah! beautiful May Day. . . . So we all struggle down to the brain emporium in our sleighs. . . . Don't let 'em fool you Spring is here. . . . My almanac tells me so . . . and to my dear public that does not read the rest of this rag, this week is actually and officially Junior Week. . . . The week of Joy, abandon, ten-thousand or more visitors who come to see what results our peculiar clan can produce, death to the Freshmen, and a chance to catch up on the work that should have been in months ago. . . . Save your kopecs and rubles and shine up your snow shoes. . . . It's the Junior Informal with Johnnie Gilbert at Westward Ho. . . . Ho Ho Vill Ve Haff Fun. . . . Put on your bibs, kiddies, and dig in. . . .

Congratulations and floral eloquence are due the junior dance committee on their distinctive bid. It is one of the most novel sed invitations seen in the "Towering Halls" in some time. The map inside is a gem and no doubt will be a boon to some of our slappy happy navigators.

"My Gawd! his throat is cut!"—screams, shrieks, women fainting at random and also on the floor—the blood all over the physiognomy of one "Rover" Rehwald proved to be only paint and we don't mean war paint. We need more men of this type for the wrestling squad.

Jack Sauvage, president elect of the A.S.M.E., has been sporting a right eye draped in mourning. No statement is forthcoming but the odds are 3 to 2 that he ran into a doorknob and that she stood up on a chair to do it.

The Sophs committed two fox passes Friday A. M.—The first was wiring the Frosh meeting in a manner so that it could be discovered and second was using D.C. current on an A.C. "mike." Both plans and "mike" of sed bunch went Blooie—anyway you boys had a good idea but you'd better let elects handle juice in the future.



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