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Senior Curriculum Committee

Supplying Armour's faculty with what it hopes will be a valuable source of constructive criticism, Armour's Senior Curriculum Committee presented its report to Dean C. A. Tibbals last week. The report is the summation of the results obtained in a survey made at two senior class meetings. At each of these meetings, the seniors freely expressed their opinions and gave suggestions relating to teaching methods at Armour.

In addition a poll was conducted at each of these two meetings to obtain the opinions of Armour seniors in a manner which permitted their statistical tabulation. The poll was conducted on the assumption that "the one who knows the most about a teacher is not the professor, or the Dean, but the man who spends three hours a week in his class."

The likes and dislikes of the Armour student, relating to teaching methods and the grading system here as indicated by the poll, are very definite. The average senior at Armour prefers a teacher who is well-groomed and who enjoys a bit of humor in his class occasionally. He likes to know his teacher outside of class but strongly disapproves of a teacher who can be "politicked." The assignments should be definite and it makes little difference to him how far in advance they are outlined. Although he believes that the daily assignments should contribute a definite value towards the final grade, he wants to be able to hand in late work at a reduced grade.

He thinks that lab reports are too long for the credit obtained. He favors many quizzes but wants to know just when they will be given. He likes a lecture class using the text as the general subject matter with volunteers answering any questions. He dislikes the memorization of formulas and wants credit for the method of his problem rather than the answer. He believes that the teacher should admit his errors. He thinks that there are many courses for which he is either given too much or too little credit, and that some courses pertinent to his field have been omitted while he was compelled to take required courses which seemed to him unnecessary.

He does not believe that the electives offered are adequate, and, in selecting electives, he gives a slight preference for non-engineering subjects. He approves of final exams but is undecided as to the value of the present grading system. He strongly advocates the selection of professors on the basis of their teaching ability and personality rather than on their professional reputation. He does not approve of the present method of shop instruction but does like the split lunch hour. He believes that for maximum benefits, the recitation sections should not exceed 22 in number.

The results of the poll were tabulated in percentages for each department and also for the class as a whole. Out of the 96 seniors who expressed their opinions in the poll, the men most in evidence were those who are in the activities of Armour and represent about 90% of the upper half, scholastically.

The Senior Curriculum Committee, headed by Don Charlton and consisting of Art Hansen, Len Wolniak, Frank Opila, Tom Hunter and Dan Shaver, is to be congratulated for the sane and intelligent manner in which it conducted the poll.

"The Slipstick"

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

With nothing else to think of we'll take it out of the censor's hide again this week. Yes sir, the danged censor declares the same thing as the man who chased the cow out of the farm yard saying, "I sure put my foot down on that."

And One Rising Floor

A bailiff went to levy a seizure on the contents of a house. The inventory began with the chattels in the attic, downward to the cellar. When the dining-room was reached the tale of furniture ran thus:

"One dining table, oak.
"One set chairs (6), oak.
"One sideboard, oak.

"Two bottle whiskey, full—"

Then the word "full" was struck out and replaced by the word "empty," and the inventory went on in a hand that straggled and lurched diagonally across the page until it closed with:

"One revolving door-mat."

On the Beach, Too...

Curious—Why do they call sail boats "she"?

Cautious—Because they make a better showing in the wind.

*He mopped his brow beneath a tree
He felt a rain drop fall,
He wiped his bald head tenderly,
It wasn't rain at all.*

Sad often are the experiences of the newly wed. He came home from his day at the office. She had roasted her first chicken. She placed it, steaming, on the table. He was about to carve. He paused.

"What did you stuff it with, dear?" he asked, sniffing.

"I don't understand, darling," she replied, a bit puzzled. "It wasn't hollow."

"Didja get out and walk?"

"No, the mean thing threw my galoshes out of the car when I wasn't looking."

WON'T BE LONG NOW

*On the streets, on sultry eves,
Girls promenade a lot;
Dainty damsels, summer dressed,
And some—ahem—are not!*

Father: Son, can't you cut down your college expenses? You know, you are almost ruining the family.
Son: Well, I might possibly do without any books.

Love is the only game they say that isn't postponed on account of darkness.

The old maid stopped sweeping under her bed when she heard that man was made of dust.

Then the Fur Flew

"Were you and daddy good boys when I was gone?" asked the mother.
"And did you treat nurse respectfully?"
"I should say we did."
"And did you kiss her good night every day?"
"I should say we did."

Tense Moments

The lowly cub reporter who was assigned to cover the class plays of the high school came in for his share of the literary fame when the following turned up in his write-up:

"The auditorium was filled with expectant mothers, eagerly awaiting the appearance of their offspring."

The old narrow trails where two cars could barely pass without colliding are happily being replaced by splendid wide highways on which six or eight cars can collide at one time.

Golf Instructor: "My advice is to go through the movements of driving without using the ball."

Pupil: "Why, Instructor, that's just the trouble I'm wanting to overcome."

*I kissed my girl to beat the band;
But, boy, did I get sore
When I found out the whole darned band
Had beat me to it weeks before!*

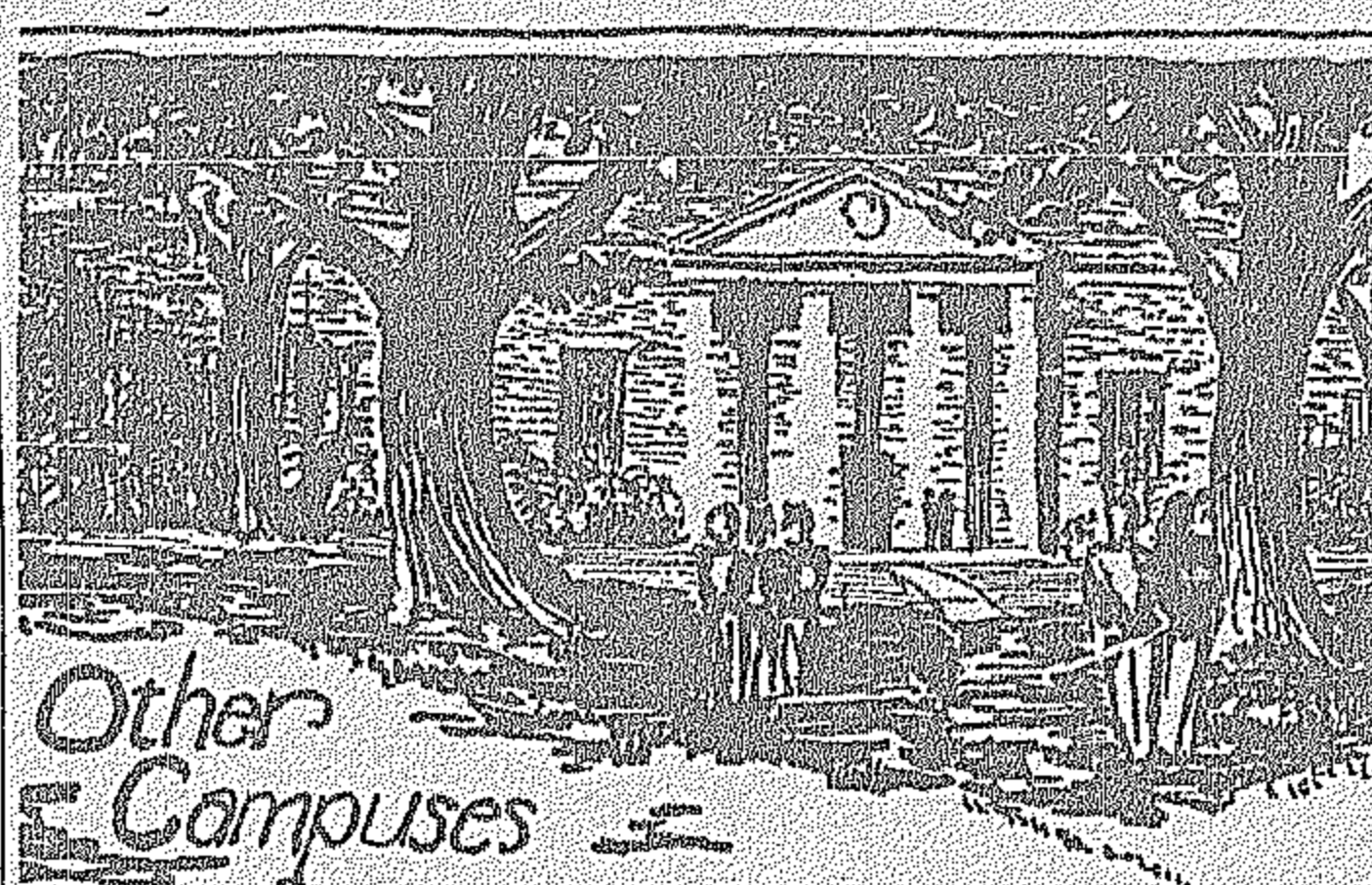
Lawyer (to rattled witness)—"Did you, or did you not, on the aforementioned day, Tuesday, January nineteen, feloniously and with malicious aforethought listen at the keyhole of the third floor rear apartment then occupied as a residence by the defendant in this action on Seventieth Street near Park Avenue, and did you not also on the Friday following the Tuesday in January before referred to communicate to your wife the information acquired and repeat the conversation overheard on that occasion with the result that the gossip of your wife gave wide and far currency to the overheard conversation before mentioned? Did you or did you not? Answer Yes or No?"

Witness—"Huh?"

A guy shipwrecked by himself on a desert island is like a chap who makes ten bucks a week—both lead to a lonesome life.

Thinking about the show business, I just discovered that the director can't fire any of his chorus because he hasn't anything on any of them.

OH MIN!



By Charles I. Ball

Dr. Oliver H. Ohman, Cleveland College psychologist, says he has discovered a definite correlation between weather and crimes. Assault and battery cases are most numerous on days of low humidity, suicides are most common on clear days late in the spring, and inmates of mental institutions are most disorderly during periods of extreme variation in temperature. He has also found that teachers have the most disciplinary problems in windy weather.

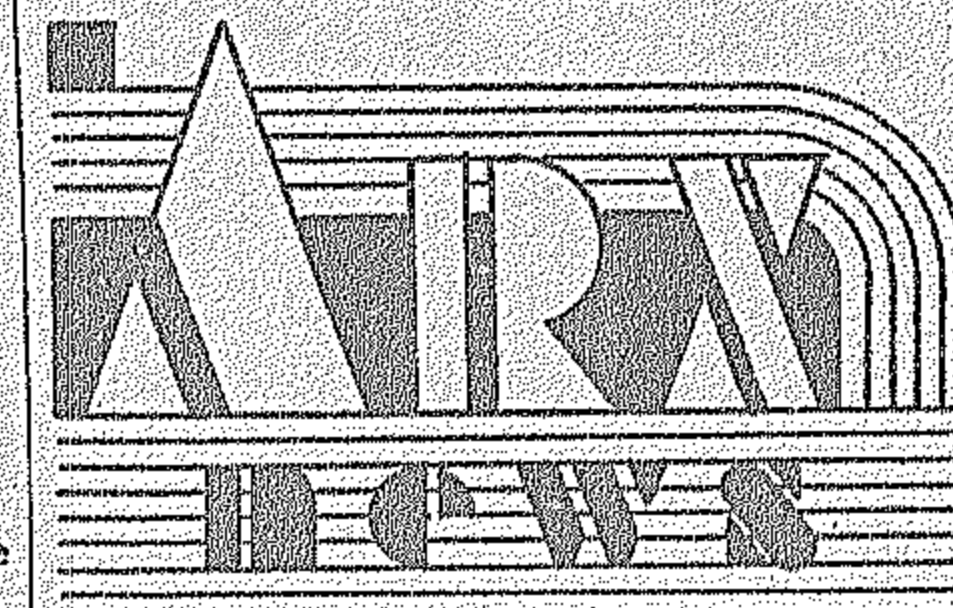
Arizona State Teachers College at Flagstaff, Ariz., has had a varied history. It was first a reform school, next an insane asylum, and now finally the present college.

The University of Colorado recently held a "Return of the Prodigals Week" with the slogan, "Come on home, all is forgiven" for the purpose of recovering some of the ten thousand books which have disappeared from the university in the last fifty years.

While on the subject of libraries, the Brigham Young University of Provo, Utah, has an average of 157½ sticks of gum on the underneath of each of their 33 library tables which represents a total outlay of \$52.00.

Students at Morningside College, Sioux City, Iowa, have a Walkout Day in which a trumpet blows during the first period of the day to signal the exodus. Classes are dismissed for the rest of the day which is devoted to sports and social events. The catch is that the students aren't informed what day the walkout takes place and therefore don't know until they actually hear the signal.

The flags of seven nations have flown over the land which now is the campus of the Louisiana State University.



Well, here we are back again digging and probing around in midst of that letdown following Junior week (the one set aside for studying . . . oh yeah) . . . Speaking of Junior Week, we hope you saw the Arx exhibit . . . It cost Pehta quite a bit of sleep, but he's used to it; in fact, when he got home after the informal (in the wee hours) his father thought he was getting up to go fishing; loving fishing too, Bill went out; as yet we don't know if he was awake enough to catch any . . . As a commercial we might say photos of the exhibit may be had at reasonable and unreasonable rates from Center, Dodge, Horton and Hutton . . . Hutton had a record made of his glorious voice . . . ahemm! . . . a fine thing to bring to a friend.

Salzman was at Informal . . . you recall that flash of color, that was on him . . . it was sort of a prelude to the junior trip to the Lighting Institute . . . We see where the Seniors are now studying "Visual Training" from what we hear several of them don't need it . . . Skip it . . . If you should happen to visit Kallike and find you can't go in, it's because he hasn't room for you and the two four-foot model "Snow Cruisers" and planes that go along with them . . . He's putting all brush designs on them before they are sent to the New York Fair . . . Reinke, incidentally, helps him in this work.

The date is finally set for the Junior-Senior baseball game . . . next Friday . . . at which time some will have to eat their boasts . . . Who! We'll see Friday . . . lest you forget, Mr. Dornbusch is serving refreshments.

Specs.

W.S.E. SPEAKER—

(Continued from Page One)
an increasingly popular feature at Armour, their nature being almost entirely restricted to interesting non-technical subjects. Such stimulating addresses as those delivered by Carl Van Doren on the American imagination, Sam Cambell on American wild life, and Abbe Dimnet on Europe's political and military crises, have proved to be vital in bringing a correlation between the engineer's professional and cultural nature.



Ol' Shov' during a very recent sojourn through Europe found nothing anywhere but blitzkrieg, blitzkrieg, all over it was blitzkrieg . . . I tank aye go home . . . I go, and what do I find . . . blitzkrieg, blitzkrieg . . . those (censored) Sophs beat the (censored) out of the the frosh . . . Blood and broken bones covered Ogden field . . . Yes, yes, life's just a racket . . . you can't win.

We cast a vote for Wolniak as the campus' best undressed man—his modified and rather severe version of the Gandhi shawl presented rather a startling effect.

In addition to many other accomplishments, Prof. White is also adept at the ancient and mystic art of legerdemain. He pulled up in front of his coupe, opened the trunk, and out popped Prof. Griffis. I'd like to see him do it with rabbits and a topper.

The last report on "Red" Findley's gal Cecilia was that she was still out. She went out Friday the 10th, (Junior Scramble) stayed out and is still out.

The word is now definitely around that "Passion Flower" Groundwater is going steady. Quote, "Yah, I'm nuts," unquote. Watch out, Passion, June is near.

Milwaukee has been arrived at, seen, and a very good %age of its liquid goods have been carted away . . . The singing wolves cornered "Josephine," "Jeanie," "Dorothy," "Edid" and did their best . . . Everything wassh perfect—including a moon stoo howl at—oh yessh, yessh.

Rumor has it that the tallest delegation from Armour to the G. M. shindig in New York cut up in true Tech style. Not to be outdone by Dr. Larkin's vociferous actions, Peter (whoops, we spilled it) visited the original Dead End street and met up with a charming debutante. The results: two dinners, one lunch in her pent house. He took the tall beauty to a concert.

**They "talk it over" . . .
73,000,000
times a day!**

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