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"Liberalizing" the Engineer

Has engineering education made really significant advances in the last few years? Are these men who are about to leave us by that impressive and elusive escape-hatch—Graduation—really better fitted for their positions in society than the engineering graduates of 1910?

Certainly the engineering graduate of today has been exposed to a far greater field of knowledge than was his counterpart of thirty years ago. He has at his "fingertips" bits of knowledge in nearly all fields of engineering as well as in his own option. He has a smattering of accounting, law, English, economics, and the social sciences. But have the changes in curriculum all been good ones?

We hear so much from every side nowadays of the engineer who is "becoming conscious of cultural deficiencies in the profession," of his "social shortcomings." At first everyone laughed off the idea as propaganda from the "crackpot" educators, but the problem is a real one to an increasing number of engineers in industry today. Our engineering schools have honestly tried to make up this deficiency by adding courses of a "liberal" nature to their regular curriculums.

However, the main error that has been made in the liberalizing of engineering education is one of poor motivation. English has been presented as "Report Writing for Engineers" or a course for a man who has to learn to "get up on his feet and say something"—if he wants to make money. The current fad seems to be expressed in psychology courses which will enable the budding engineer to outsmart his competitor in a business deal.

Also illustrative is the cynical paraphrase (by a noted industrialist) of a statement which is found in many engineering school catalogues today, "We give 'em a real practical education but out of four years we chisel 10 per cent in which we make 'em take culture, damn 'em!" The trouble with our so-called "liberal" courses given today in engineering schools is that we try too hard to justify them in the same way that we justify our technical courses. The engineering student has been taught to appraise a prospective course with the question, "How much can I make if I take it?" Courses are weighed one against the other to determine which will produce the greatest yield in the future. Many are decry by the student because he doesn't expect to "use the stuff."

If the engineer of tomorrow is to "direct the forces and materials of nature entirely for the service of mankind," he must, of all men, be mentally flexible, capable of adapting himself to men of different vocation with whom he must collaborate, and of visualizing the social objectives of his work, its impact on the lives of others, its influences on their institutions and preferences.

This end certainly can not and will not be attained by teaching the student only those things for which he will have definite use. If Liberal Arts courses are to be worth anything as an aid to the cultural betterment of the engineer, they must be presented in their true colors, as knowledge for the sake of knowledge, by teachers respected in their fields, and in a manner which emphasizes the essential beauty and intellectual attractiveness contained in them rather than the amount of money which they might earn.

"The Slipstick"

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

Alas, alack, again the last column is written. Some of you are glad; some of you are sad. This last brief bit is dedicated to the graduating seniors, among whom are some of the finest fellows Oh Min has known. We all know de mugs will carry on in their true Armour fashion.

Clear as Mud

A precocious five-year-old son of a professor asked his father what was the exact meaning of the verse beginning: "Jack Spratt could eat no fat."
 "In simple terms," said the professor, "it means that Jack Spratt could assimilate no adipose tissue. His wife, on the contrary, possessed an aversion for the more muscular portions of the epithelium. And so, between them both, you see, they removed all the foreign substances from the surface of the utilitarian utensil, commonly called a platter. Does that make it clear, my son?"
 "Perfectly clear," ejaculated the son. "The lack of lucidity in these alleged Mother Goose rhymes is amazingly apparent to one with an intellect above the moronic grade."

* * * * *

*There was an old man from Dorem,
 He bought overalls and then wore 'em.
 He stooped and he laughed,
 And felt a big draft,
 And he knew right away he had tore 'em.*

* * * * *

He: "All you think about is men."
 She: "Oh, no, I think about you sometimes."

* * * * *

And then there was the squaw who liked Indians with reservations.

* * * * *

*In front of a coming train I'd lay,
 And gladly, too, the bore
 Who greets my story with, "Oh, say,
 I've heard that one before!"*

* * * * *

OBVIOUS

A candidate for a police force was being verbally examined.

"If you were by yourself in a police car, and were being pursued by a desperate gang of criminals in another car doing forty miles an hour on a lonely road, what would you do?"

"Fifty," promptly replied the candidate.

* * * * *

ARMOUR'S SENIORS

*I come from Armour Tech
 Where the co-eds are so few;
 The professors are so smart
 And the buildings are not new.*

*It's at Thirty-third and de Trucks
 And the trains run by all day,
 I study all day long
 And spend my daddy's pay.*

*They say the first four years are the hardest,
 Now I'm waiting for that day
 When I'll get my coveted sheepskin
 And work on the W. P. A.*

Lenguenis.

* * * * *

Officer (in charge of rifle range): "Don't you know any better than to point an empty gun at me?"
 New Recruit: "But it isn't empty, sir; it's loaded."

* * * * *

Two ex-sailors had been partners in business for thirty years. But now the partnership was about to be dissolved. The sufferer called his friend to his bedside.

"I know I haven't much longer to live, old man," he said. "But before I go I've got a confession to make. During the years of our partnership I've swindled you out of thousands of dollars. Can you forgive me?"

"That's all right," said the other one cheerfully, "I poisoned you."

* * * * *

Tom—My pa is very religious. He always bows his head and says something before meals.

Dick—Mine always says something when he sits down to eat, but he don't bow his head.

Tom—What does he say?

Dick—Go easy on the butter, kids, it's fifty cents a pound.

* * * * *

Tall men lack leg room in theater seats, but by stretching their necks they can see over the hats of the ladies in front of them.

* * * * *

D

Mike was smoking in the waiting room of a railway station. A porter said to him, "Don't you see that notice on the wall, 'No Smoking Allowed?'"

"Yes, I do," answered Mike, "but how can I keep all the rules? There's another sign on the wall, 'Wear Gorgeous Curve Corsets.'"

* * * * *

He: "You remind me of my mother."
 She: "I had to. You were beginning to get rough."

* * * * *

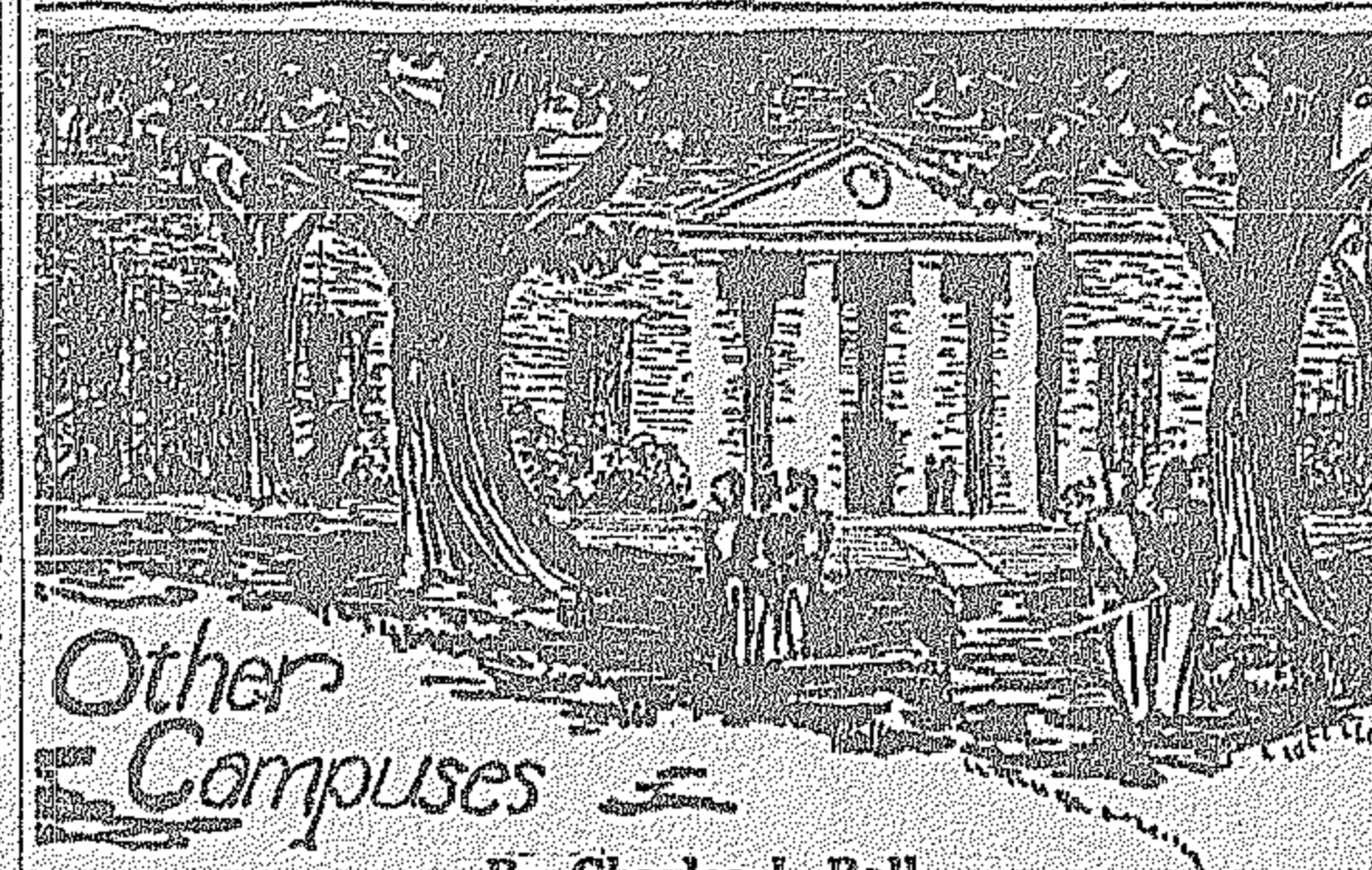
Father was standing at the edge of a cliff admiring the sea below, the sandwiches in his hand. His son approached him and tugged at his coat.

"Mother says it isn't safe here, and you're either to come away or else give me the sandwiches!"

* * * * *

Well, it looks like we pull down the curtain on another year, so as the summer months roll by just remember that two million years from now the scientists can start a row by claiming that the creatures of that period descended from man. Auf Wiedersehn!!

OH MIN!



Other Campuses

By Charles I. Ball

Bennington College of Bennington, Vermont, has no professors or assistant professors on its faculty. The titles are considered more bother than they are worth at this New New England women's college.

Canada has only 23 colleges and universities which have an enrollment of over 400 students.

Brooklyn College, although founded only ten years ago, has an enrollment of over 13,700 students—the largest college of its kind in the United States.

A student living in Belgian Congo mails in his assignments to the correspondence study bureau of the University of Kansas which numbers 3,088 students in all parts of the world.

Miss Mary Stevens recently helped a Tufts College of Medford, Mass., fraternity to pledge a number of freshmen. After the rushing period, because of her help, the grateful brothers admitted her to full membership in the fraternity.

A "Gold Rush" day was held during Junior Week at Wheaton College. The sum of \$16,000 in boom money was given to each junior student after which the campus buildings were auctioned off. A syndicate of six juniors pooled their capital and were thus able to buy up nearly the whole campus.

At Rose Polytech of Terre Haute, Indiana, only the seniors are allowed to wear corduroy pants—an unwritten law which is forcibly maintained.

Brigham Young University recently had a "Scandal Dance" during the course of which choice bits of campus dirt were revealed.

A course in the study of the causes of war is being offered at New Rochelle College.

Professor Taylor taught Latin at Colby College from 1867 to 1932. His 65 year tenure of continuous teaching must certainly be a record.

Salary checks received by the University of Illinois faculty bear the following notation on the back: "If endorsement is made by mark (x), it must be witnessed by two adults who can write." Draw your own conclusions.

One out of every three of Harvard's 3,500 students makes use of at least one of the many types of tutoring available in Cambridge, Mass. They have paid as high as \$700 each for "cram sessions" which gross over \$200,000 annually.

Hartford, Conn., home of 44 of the nation's largest insurance companies, was chosen as the city which will contain the only degree-granting insurance school in the United States. This graduate school, which will give courses in life, fire, marine, fidelity, and casualty insurance, will be a sister school to the Hartford College of Law.

The University of Newark, N. J., last year conferred the honorary Doctorate of Canine Fidelity upon Bonzo, a German-shepherd Seeing Eye dog, whose blind master had just earned a Bachelor of Arts degree magna cum laude.

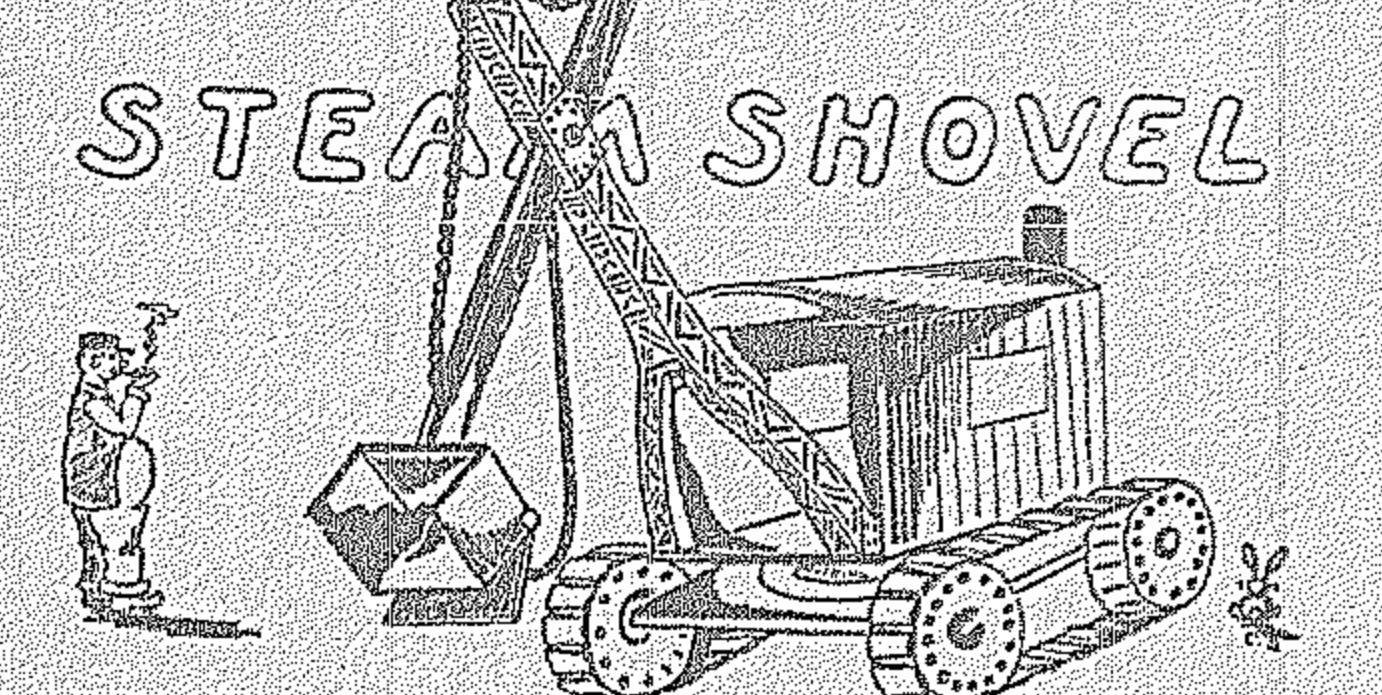
Harvard University observatory has the largest collection of portable sundials in the world. These small sundials, over 150 in number, have to be set by a compass, and tell time as well as larger stationary dials even though they are small enough to be carried in the pocket. One in the collection is even mounted on a finger ring.

CO-OP NEWS

E. P. Hanuska

Our guest columnists of the last two weeks, Bert Milleville, 3B, and Ed. Wierzbicki, 5B, did a bang-up good job. In this issue I shall just bring the column to a peaceful close until next September by thanking the above mentioned gentlemen for their energetic interest, and all my fellow Co-ops who contributed items throughout the term.

Ordinarily the A group would be in school today, but they will not start until Friday, according to latest reports. Seems like the profs. will be too busy with their regular day students during this hectic exam week to take the Co-ops. . . . Major mystery in the 4B class is how Fred Till ever got this far in the course using only one of those 25 cent sliders. . . . We'll have to doff our hats to Dr. Davey's Boosters for their recent triumphs—much to our chagrin. They beat us (the fourth year class), 12 to 4. But our teams lasted right to the semifinals, and that's pretty good. . . . Captain Windstrup and Manager Erickson are to be congratulated for their part in the development of the team. . . . First meeting of WRANGLERS will be held next Monday, June 3, and it promises to be a historic event in Armour's history. So long now—take over A group!



The old Shovel has strained and groaned and warped its boiler and is now ready for the scrap-heap. . . . Tra-La . . . Tralala . . . With a charge of alcohol in our radiator and a big asbestos overcoat, we begin the last mile into the jaws of death. . . . Armour's inferno beckons, and the De'il's playmates are sharpening up their instruments of torture and are preparing a nice hot bed of coals for us to rest on and to be raked over and over. . . . The best laid plans of mice and men oft gang a-gley, and the road to Hell is paved with . . . Finals . . .

Deadstick Patterson, the dirty fiend, has evolved a new method of dealing with the lassies. . . . Sayeth He, "They go steady with you and you go steady with all the gals in Dear old Chi." . . . This attitude is sure to break poor lil' Pinkies' heart if she but knew.

A case of beautiful salesmanship if we ever heard of is the case of "Pretzles" Pearson. . . . Encountered by a person with an article to sell down on Maxwell Street, he, the old sharper, talked her down from \$25 to the sum of \$10. . . . After all the talking he didn't buy the article. . . . At least not right then and there.

"Sir Walter" Bay, the answer to a maiden's prayer, demonstrated his knowledge of E. Post at an N.B.C. broadcast on an evening of recent date. . . . He sat. . . . She sat. . . . He helped her off with her coat. . . . (Pause). . . . She slugged 'em. . . . Well, life is like that.

Frank Kelly, of erstwhile cloakroom fame, has been attempting to get some nature study shots of our old gal "Legs" Moore. . . . It seems the only difficulty is that the Drug Store won't print the shots after he gets 'em. . . . I wonder what the little gal in the downstate college would do if she heard of this.

The Booster-Soph Mech game of last week proved to be the best show the old Shove has seen in many a day. . . . Blood, broken bones, flying bottles and all the trimmings . . . It would have delighted the heart of any sadistic Senator from old Rome. . . . Ogden Field took on the aspect of a blood-soaked arena. . . . Yes, yes, sportsmanship of the highest caliber. . . . yah . . .

"Killer" Clark, Armour's Beau Bum, after the Banquet last week, screamed sweet nonsense at one of the Koo Koo's Korus gals. . . . Screaming was the only way that a conversation could be carried on over the din raised by about 20 other celebrants. . . . After hollering with her for ten minutes he refused to pay for her drink saying very vehemently. . . . No Spika Da Eng. . . . You must admit that it is a good system and we do mean system.

And there was Herb Sher striking matches in a very dark and dingy corner of the old Rainbow Inn at 61st and Cottage. . . . It was in the wee small hours of the morning. . . . His claim was that he was studying his Briefs for an important quiz in the morning. . . . Inasmuch as Herb is a gentleman we can do nothing but take his word for it.

At the banquet, the announcement of the coming year's baseball mgr. "Yutch" Daly was met with resounding and thunderous applause (?). . . . That's O. K. "Yutch." We know who the mountain Canary was and we can assure you of an arrest in 48 years. . . .

To the fellows that have been experiencing difficulty in putting the Bee on "Jimmy da Wabe", the answer is thusly. . . . Jeannie eats too darn much in those high priced places. . . . Yah, she eats Breast of Guinea Hen like and as often as we eat stew. . . . The depression is definitely here.

"Wouldst That I Could But Kiss Thy Hand, WO Babe." . . . We are wondering if this sudden burst of Spring Love in Bloom could have anything to do with "Jeannie with the light brown tan." . . . We would like the cooperation of the Public in verifying this statement therefore we ask that each of you ask Al Reynolds if the statement is true.

Another weird and eerie call has been silenced. . . . The Armour Weir have lost another brother. . . . Gerry Reimer tossed aside the code of the wild and has taken the job of supporting his bride "MYRT." . . . One of the past masters at the art has gone down the last mile and loped off into the West.

The Junior Mechs (the 8:00 or middle of the right class) are apologetic these days and there is a good and just reason for their acting thusly. . . . One of the boys sneezed last Thursday morning and completely awakened "Speed" Minarik.

Here comes one of those rare birds known as a contrib. Al Faulkner has got brains galore. None such as he live anymore. His place at Armour is unique. He's come book learning here to seek. This shy young lad has no time to be. A bad, bad boy like you or me. No cute young thing his lips have kissed. Ah! Griff please tell me what he has missed.

Amca.