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Assembly

General Assemblies at Armour are too often sketchy events with a fair-to-middling speaker and a slim audience. Even when the speaker has been one of high caliber, his subject has often been so specialized as to be unattractive to many of the men who are expected to attend. This has been more or less true of all assemblies given in the last few years with a few exceptions, notable among which were such programs as the Polaroid talks.

The great student response to the assembly given a week ago today is conclusive proof, we feel, to statements which have been made repeatedly by a certain group of students more or less constantly in the last year and a half. We refer to the Armour branch of the Western Society of Engineers, which organization was responsible for bringing Mr. Campbell and his delicious natural color films to the Student Union stage.

The history of the W.S.E. at Armour is the history of the ugly duckling forced upon a scornful world (the reader will pardon us if we digress for a few lines to give a brief resume of the Society's struggle for proper recognition at Armour during the last few months). Up until about two years ago the society at Armour was practically the property of the civil engineering students and was considered as the official Civil Society. With the development of the A.S.C.E., the W.S.E. declined in strength and a strong attempt was made to bring students of other electives into the organization as a truly non-specialized society. After struggling along with this idea for several months, a few of the guiding members conceived that there was a place in the extra-curricular activities at Armour for a central society to which all members of the other professional organizations would automatically belong and whose board of control would be made up of officers of the specialized societies.

However, the plan met with considerable opposition from students all over the school. A great many non-civils (including a few of us, we are reluctant to admit), considered the movement as an inspired attempt by the civils to shift the burden of an unwanted society to other shoulders. In the face of caustic opposition, leaders of the movement insisted that there was a genuine need for a uniting body at Armour that would be in a position to sponsor outstanding programs of an unspecialized engineering nature, or, better still, those of a non-technical nature which would appeal to all men in the school. A plan was set up which provided for automatic membership of all students in school upon ratification by the various societies, and, after much blowing off of steam, for, and against, some societies approved the plan rather reluctantly, and one flatly rejected it.

In the face of all this ill feeling, the organization would never have lived to present such a fine program as we heard last Tuesday if it had not been for the loyal men, most of them civil engineering students, who stuck to their guns long enough to override petty opposition and establish the W.S.E. as a dominating extra-curricular body.

"The Slipstick"

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

Well, I'll be . . . I can't think up a good (?) beginning for you screwballs. You lugs probably don't read it anyhow so what in blazes am I worrying about. Let's go!

When she was good, she was very, very good. But when she was bad she was better. Yeah man!

Vern Gerth: "My dad has the worst habit of staying up until two or three in the morning, and I can't seem to break him of it either."

Groh: "What does he do all that time?"

Vern: "Waits for me to come home."

BRITISH TOMMIES

"So you complain of finding sand in your soup?"

"Yes sir."

"Did you join the the army to serve your country, or complain about the soup?"

"To serve my country sir—not to eat it."

Shall I fall far behind the times
And let my waist be free,
Or join the modish sisterhood
In laced up misery?

Shall I become a tailed type
With lots of vim and muscle
Or be a Godey lady
With a bosom and a bustle?

Rastus—"Teacher, kin ah leave de room?"

Teacher—"No, Rastus, you stay here like a good boy and fill up the inkwells."

She: "What would the neighbors think if they saw me on the stage in tights?"

He: "They would think that I married you for your money."

Next to bowlegs, a girl's worst handicap is a sense of responsibility.

Matt: "I dreamed about you last night."

Kay (coldly): "Yes."

Matt: "Yes, and then I got up, closed the window, and put an extra blanket on the bed."

WHAT SIZE, PLEASE?

Young lady: I want a pair of shorts to wear around my gymnasium.

Clerk (absent-mindedly): How large is your gymnasium?

Man is the only animal that blushes; the other animals don't need to.

A canny young fisher named Fisher
Once fished from the edge of a fissure.

A fish with a grin
Pulled the fisherman in—
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.

Father—"Remember, my son, beauty is only skin deep."

Bob Felber—"That's deep enough for me. I'm no cannibal."

Sweet young thing to floorwalker: "Please could you tell me where I could get some silk covering for my settee?"

Floorwalker: "Two aisles down and one over for the lingerie department."

BLONDE'S LAMENT

I had a beau,
He had a car,
And I was envied near and far;
I had a friend,
She had red hair.
Now I take busses everywhere!

Art Hansen: "Just one kiss, dearest."
One of his Harem: "No, dear, we haven't time. Daddy will be home in an hour."

Sadie—That husband of mine is a worm if there ever was one.

Daisy—Yes, I just saw a chicken pick him up.

Grandma (looking up from paper): "It says here that young women are abandoning all restrictions. Now, mind, don't let me catch you going out without yours, Ethel!"

An apple caused man's first downfall, but peaches have handled the business since that time.

Southerner: "Waiter, bring me a Kentucky breakfast."

Waiter: "What's that, sir?"

"A big steak, a bulldog, and a quart of bourbon."

"But why the bulldog?"

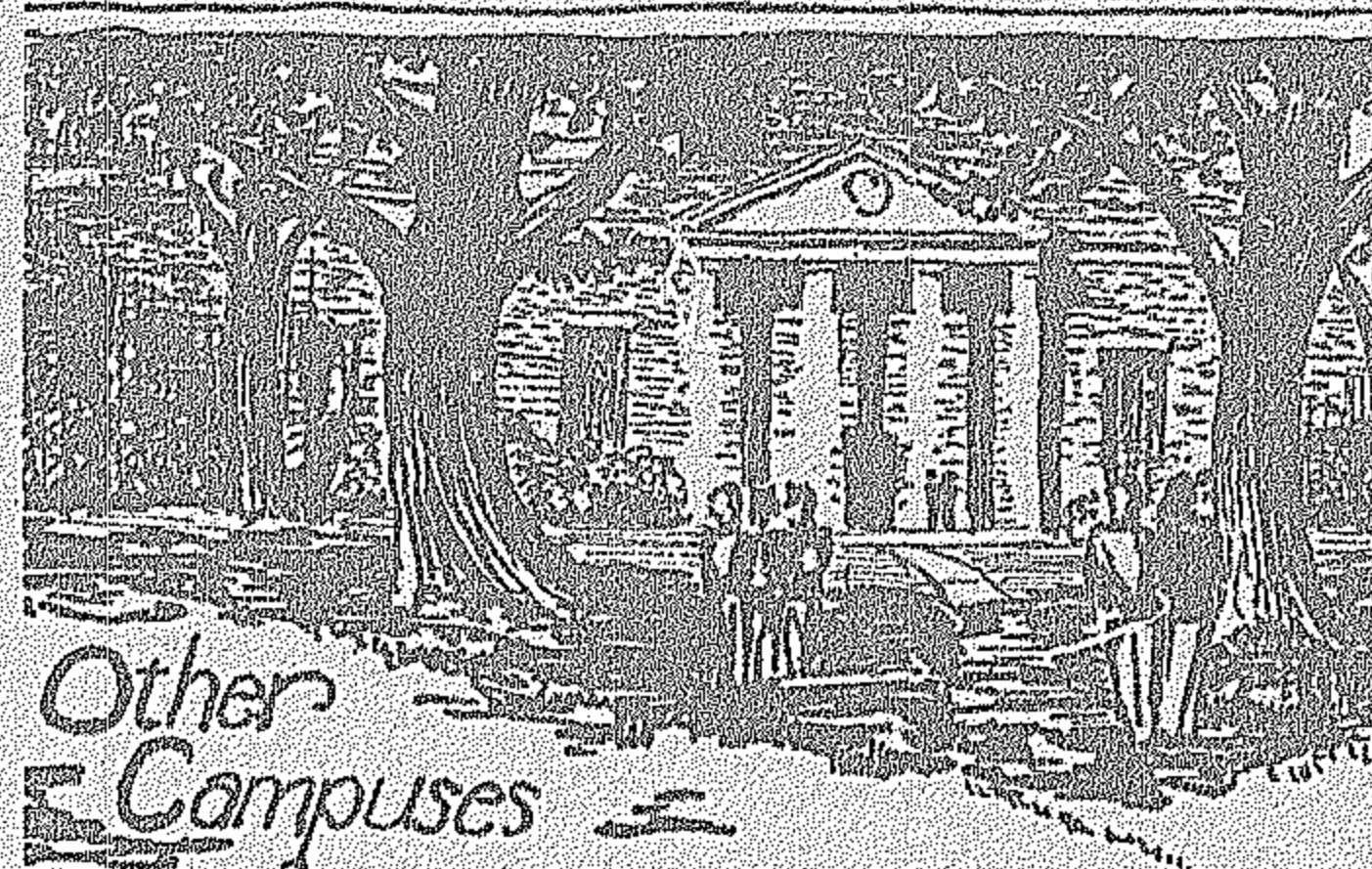
"To eat the steak, suh."

"Was he surprised when you said you wanted to marry his daughter?"

"I'll say he was. The gun nearly went off in his hand."

According to a friend of ours, there's nothing more fun than having an old-fashioned cocktail in your hand and a modern girl in your arms. Aw River.

Oh Min!



Other Campuses

By Charles I. Ball

Prof. J. E. Dykstra of the University of Missouri doesn't mind if his students sleep or even snore during classes, but he draws the line when they hiss as he enters the room.

Unofficial figures reveal that M. I. T. graduates have an average of 1.26 children, and that Vassar grads have an average of 1.86 children. Evidently it's true that women have more babies than men.

The University Daily Kansan's "Confessions of a Coed" expose we told you about last week has now undergone its fourth rewrite. Maybe it will turn out to be a Sunflower State version of "Snow White." Keep tuned in for further developments.

Entomology, botany, drainage problems, turf culture, and soil mechanics are some of the subjects comprising a ten-week course for golf greenkeepers offered at the Massachusetts State College. Gosh! Maybe someday you will have to have a Ph.D. to mow the lawn.

Library please note. Investigators say the noise in the Kansas State Teachers College Reserve Library is unavoidable. The library building also houses the Home Economics Department, the campus paint and repair shop, the ceramics laboratory, the campus garage, the campus construction crew's headquarters, and the locksmith's shop. All they need is a steel mill next door to make it complete.

"If you want a kiss, why take it," advises Arlene Dixon, freshman at Kansas State Teachers College at their Valentine Leap-Year Party. Did someone say that freshmen are unsophisticated?

Seventy-eight University of Indiana graduates have become college presidents.

CO-OP NEWS

By H. F. Krantz

Again we urge the co-ops, especially the freshmen, to participate in extra curricular activities, a very necessary part of a well rounded education. If you have any interest in athletics, radio, newspaper work, or any society or club, become familiar with that organization and its benefits now and apply for admission. Participation in the co-op basketball and ping-pong tournaments is excellent, and prospects for a bowling tournament are very good.

Two co-op classes held elections during the past week with the following results:

Senior class:

Stanford Meyers, President
Birger Johnson, Secretary-Treasurer

Sophomore class:

James Woodbury, President
Fred Johnson, Vice President
Lawrence Aggerbeck, Secretary
Glenn Wittekindt, Treasurer

Ping pong has gained such popularity with the co-ops in the last few weeks that a tournament was necessary to decide which class is superior. The winners of the tournament will challenge the winners of the regular day school division. A schedule is posted on the bulletin board, Chapin Hall, 2nd floor, and includes only those already signed up, but will gladly be altered to accommodate new entrants. An effort is being made to obtain medals to be presented to the winners.

Seven men in the fourth year class comprise the ping pong squad. They are: Manstrom and Grote, doubles; Anderson and Kreagle, doubles; Boyer, Gibney, and Suecheli, singles.

Not to be outdone, the freshmen have announced their "winning" team: Resnais, Modson, Witmer, Mahoney, and Rowbotham.

Another tournament will be in full swing very soon, namely, the basketball tournament. A schedule of games and dates will be posted on the bulletin board, Chapin, 2nd floor, this week. According to advance information, the first game will find the 3A and 4A classes at each others throats.

Last year's winners, the seniors, are quite certain the trophy will remain in their possession another year. The trophy is now on display in the student lounge.

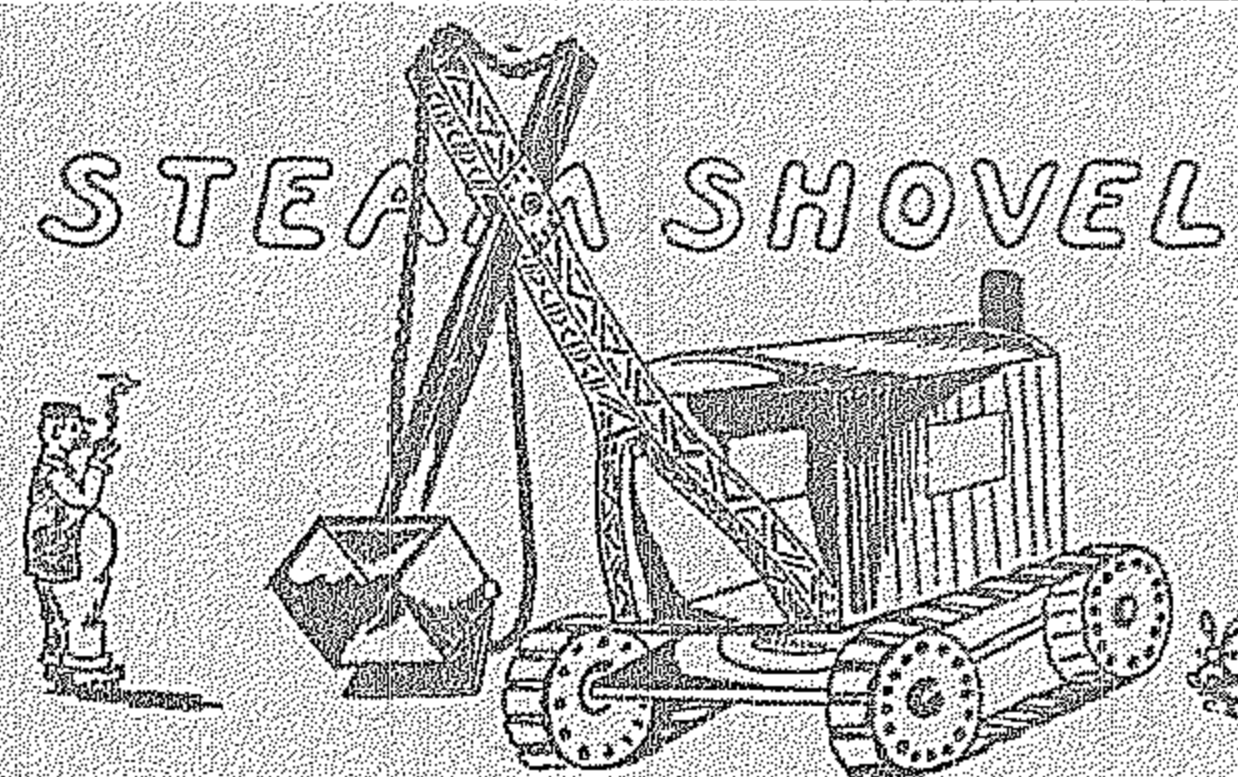
One group has already submitted its list of players: the freshmen. The squad consists of McHugh, Olsen, Turner, Sommers, Resnais, Monson, Rittenhouse, and Carqueville. The list of the pre-juniors are not complete as yet, but reports are that James Withgott will be the manager.

The senior bowling team, consisting of Nigrelli, Hutchings, Schmall, Taylor and Olinger, hereby challenges all co-op bowlers, especially the sophs, to a showdown. Anyone accepting the challenge may see the manager, Hutchings.

Speaking of bowling, Wally Villiers, 2A, rolled a grand total of 23 points in one game.

C. V. Fitch, 4A, now holds the title of Fourth Year Wonder Man. He's the only man known to smoke a cigarette from both ends.

One of the members of Prof. Davey's hockey team is George Crawford, 2A, who swings a mean club.



Now that the light is being let in and that semi-black-out condition lifted from our domain through the polishing of the windows life has become exceptionally brighter, especially for the old ditch-comber who has just discovered what is really goin' on around here under the dust. Heh Heh!

Idea of the week: PROFESSOR CLEVELAND'S demonstration of his idea of the perfect black body to his physics class the other day really has the fragrance of genius. The Professor's brain child consists simply of a black derby hat on a black head, with a small hole pierced on the side of the hat. He swears that a light beam entering that hole hasn't got a ghost of a chance. An interview with a stray light beam by your stray reporter later proved the Professor to be correct. Upon being chased towards the derby the last utterance of the poor little beam was heard to be "Greetings Gate, let's suffocate."

Most optimistic man in the School: JOHN S. GOLDEN, who called up the JOHN CRERAR Library last Wednesday afternoon and asked them to give a short proof that e is less than 3 over the phone.

That big dinner O. GORDON ERICKSON promised the musical clubs previous to the concert at Harvey, Ill., had the musicians dashing again for the food table after the concert. They left, however, with their tongues still hanging out, following a gigantic course of cake and coffee.

That mean man FRANK SLAVIN had an altogether too loud laugh at the disappointed and hungry musicians. The wily warbler took advantage of past experience and fortified himself with a turkey dinner before the concert.

What's this? What's this? Hear tell Dick "The Lip" Dunworth's been stealing suitcases from pretty girls on the train so as to play bridge. But, Dick! Is that all?

G. "Little Fox" Hollander didn't have a girl when he started out for the concert, but he managed to make up for it on the train.

BILL DIESKOW. Soph Civil, led the Grand March of the Colonial Ball at Wright Junior College last Wednesday night with the President of the Women's Club.

LARRY LEIBRECHT attended his first sorority dance last Saturday at Northwestern University.

Now that the lunchroom pinocle club has elected Bill Krause and Ted Lewis (nope it isn't that 'Is everybody happy' man) as prey and Vp. respectively. Now we're wondering who will be the secretary, Ed "Deuces Wild" Knorrer or "I Pass" Russanowski.

"Come on, boys, it's 63rd!" were the words of Mr. O. G. Erickson as he rose from his seat with a sweep of the arm on the I. C. train last Sunday. The conductor was equally fast on his feet, however, as he said, quote: "Shut up, you! I'm calling these stations, 79th next!" Mr. Erickson's face quickly assumed the appearance of that well known vegetable, the beet.

That post-dance supper at ISBELL'S finally wound up as a seventeen-couple affair in a private room. . . "PAT" PATTERSON'S date thought he was "perfectly disgusting" . . . FRED "KLUCK" KLEIN (remember him from last year) when, retreating from the menacing gestures of "THE SIP" (need we say more), managed to spill a quarter of a pitcher of water down his girl's neck. . .

Arx News

The C. I. Steel field trip brought out the Senior and Junior class to get the inside story on making steel . . . it also brought out several aching corns and blisters . . . Danforth enjoyed it, especially the lunch . . . in fact he was still enjoying it that night . . . Then there was Dedge sitting on a Grant Park bench with Mavis . . . Sort of rishing the springtime, don't you think? . . . Pointek too is on the go early, its called petticoat fever . . . His chief inspiration is Stowell who on short notice succeeded in rounding up an Art School gal for the Soph dance . . . Hmmm!

Weese had perfected the theory of balance of two by fours until Helen tripped lightly in and destroyed said balance . . . Orchids to Coyle; after viewing this Lake Forest gal we find she has more on the ball than anything we've seen around here . . . Foot prints on the ceiling, foot prints on the wall, somebody was walking upside down in the hall . . . Guess who!

We wonder? . . . Who was eating the still life, fruit. . . Will Howe come back . . . What does Blumberg know about Sagatuck that Salz is keeping quite . . . Why can't the gals leave Mandel alone . . . Was Pehta lucky Francia had a date . . . What senior is overindulging in cokes . . . What made Ossie write about the "booful" gals at Ill. . . These and many other questions will be answered if you will just tear down your locker and send it to the dean.

Our travel this week is to the Soph room where oft times abides Ferdinand, wherein the validity of rumors such as if the Russian Baltic fleet really attacked the North Star believing it to be a Finnish rowboat are debated; wherein organized quartets and "sweet potatoes" sing and play songs that suit the whole darn Institute . . . Oh yeah!