

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 8, 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 MONEY
BUSINESS MANAGER WILLIAM SPETH
FACULTY ADVISOR WALTER HENDRICKS

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

News Editor John Kucera
Copy Editor Robert Mead
Re-Write Editor Paul Beckmann
Desk Editor James Waber
Assignment Editors Dan Brown, Tom Brown
Feature Editor Art Minwegen
Re-Write Department James Murray, Warren Spitz
Sports Department Arthur Hauswald, Ass't Editor;
William Douglass, William Grosse, Richard Guetzw, Frank Hull,
Howard Obergfell, Earl Sherman, Warren Spitz
Feature Department Charles Ball, Tom Brown,
Matt Ciembronowicz, Edward Hanuska, Herman Krantz, Jack Mays,
Robert O'Brien
Fraternity Editor Don Knief
Copy Readers Bernard Chertow, Charles McAleer
Cartoonist Harold Cordes
Reporters R. Bergstrom, M. Camaras,
B. Chertow, E. Colant, D. Crego, E. Doran, V. Filko, E. Frank,
R. Freedman, C. Glanz, J. Golden, P. Higgins, M. Kunz, W. Laube,
P. Leopold, J. Mays, C. McDonald, B. Milleville, H. Obergfell,
A. Pocius, P. Roarke, E. Sherman, H. Story, H. Tachau, R. Underhill, W. Vizard, J. West

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

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

Vol. XXV. MARCH 12, 1940 No. 4

Armour's Policy

Probably there is nothing of more concrete interest, nothing more vital to the future of Armour, than the administration's recently inaugurated program established for the enhancement of Armour's rating among engineering schools. That the policy's effect in general has been felt throughout the institution through policing rules, class room procedures, and so on, is generally recognized. That it has had repercussions on the faculty through the importation of new men and through the insistence that advanced degrees together with representative lists of publications be possessed of all members is quite well known—perhaps, too well as is evidenced by the administration's unwillingness to acknowledge that research and scholarship are not the only criterions for the measurement of teaching ability. That the recent policy has had little or no effect upon the undergraduate curriculum in general is only too obvious.

Over a period of years the curriculum has suffered relatively little if any innovation. So effectively have the voices of progressivism been silenced that the purpose for the existence of many courses has been supplanted if not by custom, by virtue of that awe inspiring, soul invoking cure-all, tradition. As students of Armour, we have been told to expect and consequently have a right to demand an engineering training based upon fundamental principles and universal methods applicable to individual cases, and not a training founded upon summaries of narrow, particularized instances. Adherence to the latter of necessity implies an inordinate inclination toward trade-schoolism.

Lest we be termed guilty of a mere destructive attitude, however, we tender a list of correctives, some positive, others negative, through which we may constructively serve our point.

a) Courses dealing with a particular or narrow field of engineering, with skills or routine operations—or with mechanical methods that serve to constitute a course but not much else, should, in our estimation, be definitely minimized if not eliminated. The outstanding example in all three points is found in the Mechanical Engineering Department in which the "sacred cows" of tradition, steam power plant engineering and engineering shop together with descriptive geometry continue to hold forth, come hell or high water.

b) We advocate a complete readjustment of the "weighting" of courses. That a mathematics course involving only algebraic manipulations and the downright memory of investment formulae should be assigned two credit hours whereas a study in mathematical statistics should be permitted but three, is untenable. The Mathematics Department is not alone in this.

c) Unquestionably, more electives of a "liberal" nature must be offered and less subjects of the mandatory type should be required. Discretion on the part of the student tempered with individual counsel would prove most helpful. We welcome the advent of "listening" courses and extend the issue to the suggestion that courses be offered exclusively for that purpose.

"The Slipstick"

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

The jokes we've got, you may not like; but those you want, we just can't write. No! that can't be right. Or is it? Or—Oh crab-apples. Begone Satan!

Matt: "I hope I didn't hurt your foot when I stepped on it."
Kay: "Oh, that's all right. It hurt the first few times but it's numb now."

LIP-READING LESSON

Red Head: "I hate that man."
Blonde: "Why, what has happened? I thought you liked him so much?"
R. H.: "He said I couldn't whistle and just to show him I could, I just puckered up my mouth just as sweet and round, and what do you think he did?"
Blonde (blushing): "How should I know?"
R. H.: "Well, he just let me whistle."

Pretty Sales Girl: "Could I interest you in a bathing costume, sir?"
Oh Min: "You betcha could, babe, but my mother is over there at the glove counter."

Dinner Guest: "Will you pass the nuts professor?"
Absent Minded Prof.: "Yes, I suppose so, but I really should flunk all of them."

Twenty years ago the girls never thought of doing the things they do nowadays. That's why they didn't do them.

Charley Becker (as they drove along a lonely road):
"You look lovelier to me every minute. Do you know what that is a sign of?"
Betty Lee: "Sure. You're about to run out of gas."

"How did she get along at the seashore?"
"Oh, in fine shape."

Room-mate (during intermission)—How do you like the date I dug up for you?
Ditto—Rotten! Throw her back, and start digging some place else!

Women's styles change BUT—their designs remain the same.

"Hey 8 Ball, whaddia runnin' for—where ya' goin'?"
"I just bought a new textbook and I gotta' get to class before the next edition gets out . . ." You tellin' me.

Spinster: "You are the most disgusting drunk I've ever seen."
Drunk: "Lady, you're the homeliest woman I ever seen. An' another thing: tomorrow I'll be sober, but you—wow!—wow!"

"I'm trying to break myself of smoking."
"How are you going about it?"
"I work in a dynamite factory."

LEGIBILITY PLUS

Student (to Prof): "What's that you wrote on my paper?"
Prof: "I told you to write plainer."

Wife: I didn't like that new secretary of yours, so I discharged her this morning.
Husband: Before giving her a chance?
Wife: No, before giving you a chance.

"You look like a nice sensible girl. Let's get married."
"No thanks. I'm just as sensible as I look."

O'OH DUCK, AND QUICK

He: "I have come a thousand miles through ice and snow with my dog team just to tell you I love you."
She: "That's a lot of mush."

A woman went to see a doctor. "Doctor," she exclaimed loudly, bouncing into the room, "Tell me frankly what's wrong with me."
He surveyed her from head to foot.
"Madam," he said at length, "I've just three things to tell you. First, your weight wants reducing by nearly fifty pounds. Secondly, your beauty would be improved by freer use of soap and water. And, thirdly, I'm an artist; the doctor lives on the next floor."

"Did you make the debating team?"
"N-a-no. They s-s-said I w-w-wasn't t-t-tall enough."

"Don't you think George dresses nattily?"
"Natalie who?"

"You look as though you were poured into your dress."
"Oh, thanks!"
"But you shouldn't have run over."

Cannibal Warrior: Your majesty, I raided the Trans-Africa circus train today and captured a dozen midgots.
Cannibal King: You lout! Why didn't you bring back a dozen fat missionaries instead of wasting your time on small fry.

I shot my arrow into the air,
It fell to earth I know not where;
I lost ten of the damned things that way.

Hi diddle-de-de. Well, as the little boy who ate too much water-melon said, I gotta go.

OH MINI!

CO-OP NEWS

By H. F. Krantz

Last week's absence of this column indicates that at least a dozen co-ops read the news. The interest is sincerely appreciated and hereafter we hope to make the column bigger and better.

Conversation among seniors proceeds among many and various channels. One such recent exchange of knowledge is especially noteworthy. Its two main ex-postulators were Hank Garvey and Schoeffmann, the Pride of Albany Park.

Quote Garvey: "Say Schoeff, did you hear the dramatization of that 'City of Flint' incident on the air last night?"

Replied Schoeff: "No, I didn't. What do they manufacture there?"

Debits may be debits and credits may be credits, but cash on hand is usually what counts. For those seniors who discuss bookkeeping in terms of cash only, Prof. Dutton's definitions of debit and credit were quite adequate. Said Dutton: "Debits are always additions to assets except when they are expenses, and credits are always incomes except when they are liabilities."

If only we could publish Armstrong's remarks on "Public Utilities" made in Prof. Davey's junior social class. They were so full of life . . .

Since Prof. Gidding's stinging math quiz, the class motto of the optimistic sophs has been "Plunk now and avoid the April rush."

Several interesting incidents were enacted during the senior boiler tests made last week. For instance, "Benny The Boob" Kallevik and "Cicero Stan" Zalewa upheld their "shovel" titles by feeding 2500 pounds of coal per hour to the big coal hog . . . Mike Larinoff and Stu Olsen came dressed in suits (purposely) and nearly passed out when the coal heavers threatened to quit and leave the task to them . . . Frank Heidenreich was induced to climb up thirty feet to read a thermometer that just wasn't there . . . Birger Johnson used all his intestinal fortitude and all but strained that heaving coal into the stokers . . . Garvey wore himself out, and his shoes too, running back and forth collecting and recording data . . .

Evading a prof's inquisitive inquiries involves a technique altogether unknown to bashful Andy Blaida, 5A. When Prof. Dutton directed a question at him last week, Andy slid down in his seat and held his silence amidst a rising uproar in the class. When one student, intent upon supporting little Andy, ventured a half whisper that Andrew was not among those present and Dutton commenced to mark his black book to that effect, Andy suddenly sprang to life and announced his uncontested presence.

(Continued on page six)

Fraternity Notes

BASKETBALL

In a hard fought game, Phi Kappa Sigma edged out Alpha Sigma Phi 18-16, with the advantage coming in an overtime. By winning this game Phi Kappa Sigma became the interfraternity champions and got the cup.

At the interfraternity council meeting at the Pi Kappa Phi house it was decided that interfraternity sports manager Sweeney should confer with Frank Opila and set the date for the interfraternity swim.

Beta Omega Nu

At the regular meeting last week pledges Matt, Stein, and Sandusky failed to meet the tests, and since Sonny Weissman was absent, they were placed on probation until next meeting.

Delta Tau Delta

After two weeks of quiet studying and chess playing, the Deltas have decided to have an informal radio dance to try out the new records that have been acquired during the past month. If they fail to make a hit, Haubert will get the blame.

Albert Garnier is slated for initiation tonight. Having already undergone the informal portion of his pledge-ship, Al is looking forward to being able to wear his new badge to the dance.

Alpha Sigma Phi

The Alpha Sig's are anticipating a gala affair at their annual Relay Dinner Dance, to be held Saturday, March 16.

Honors came fast and furious to certain men last week. Robert Schmidt was awarded a major letter in basketball; John Cerovski, captain of the track team, represented Armour at the Big Ten Meet at Michigan State last Saturday, March 9; Dave Whittingham, president of the co-ops, was pledged to Tau Beta Pi last Friday; Jim Brown was the inspiration for the formation of "Tau Beta Mu" club, whose ideal is propagation of "cleaner living."

Rho Delta Rho

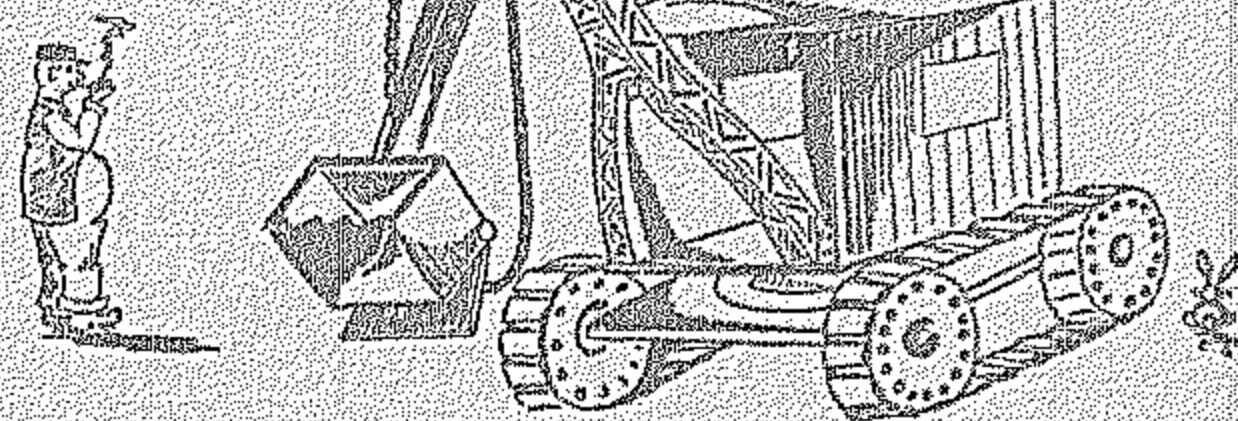
The murderers' row of the Rho Deltas is whipping into shape for the approaching hell week which will begin on March 18. Pledge Captain Phil Rosenberg and his scheming committee have planned an exceptionally gay schedule for the erstwhile pledge class.

Sigma Alpha Mu

Sigma Alpha Mu's stag social last Saturday evening was a gala affair. Attended by a large number of alumni, the rousing get-together took place in the recently re-decorated and refurbished rooms in Chapin Hall. It wasn't till way after midnight before the boys started leaving, complimenting the super-abundance and variety of the buffet supper.

This week's response to the request for fraternity notes is the poorest in a long time. The thing that makes it worse is that all of the houses had promised to turn in notes when they were asked at the interfraternity council.

STEAM SHOVEL



The old steam shovel puffs and whistles, sifts and digs—24 hour service—with the explicit purpose of presenting wholly, the holy truth . . . Amen . . . Hold your hats, kids, it gives thusly . . .

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in some of our downtown halls . . . they crooned and cried and howled at the moon all the way from South State to North Clark . . . Beginning at the Poo Poo Pub the caravan wended its weavy way to the Club Hagknees. Next a door was kicked out of Wildcat Davis's and then the Capital's mike was taken over . . . The boys adjourned quietly to the Dankee Yoodle where a pleasant though uneventful evening was ended . . . Romulus, the Wolf Boy, Mankus showed a special technique in rolling the little squares and rolling eyes at the last mentioned hottie . . . The rest of the boys reading as does a football lineup, were Hawrysh, Findley, Gow, Bell, Peterson, Walker, Michalek and their coach, a certain Mr. XXX . . . Yea man we want more concerts.

Hasskarl, the Karloff of the Art Institute, landed No. 7th post position in going stead with his goil . . . Was it Monday or Tuesday that was left open, Willie boy?

Another of the boes (this is not a typ. error), one "Splash" Dodge, by name, roaming about the towering halls looking as though he had just finished riding Seabiscuit . . .

Cemeteries at any time are bad places to be in, but midnight on Saturday is especially bad . . . So sayeth Byron (Don't quote me) Ellis of the Oak Park Ellises . . .

Bob Beeson has threatened to blitzkrieg "the Lip." Dickie Boy promised to show Bees how to eat fire . . . Wow . . . All Bees got was a Busse theme song . . .

What, may we ask, has caused the never ending march into the library and the demand for that book, IBID? (it's the holy truth) . . .

Sammie Fina, after two of those pills, could be heard mumbling "Would that I could but kiss thy hand Oh Babe" . . . (I gotta get some of those pills) . . .

"Show Stopper" Bergie Bergstrom is up to his old tricks again . . . The audience in one of our downtown "Opree Houses" got a two minute hang out of one of his baldhead row quips the other day . . .

We heareth that Milwaukee hath felt the charm of "Passion Flower" Filko and a certain buxom blonde is still quivering and shaking. He was the lucky one of six Armour Gay Boys. She avoided him all evening.

Alex, of Registrar fame, has stepped off with a little lassie. Congratulations and besh wishes from all the boys. —Don't do anything we wouldn't do, Alex.

If you're wondering what the young wife said to her young husband on the first night after their wedding, just dial Web. 9996 for the answer.

Unlike time and tide this drool does not have to go on . . .

Adieu Stews . . .

Arx News

According to a soph survey each coke that is guzzled during class hours costs you thirty-six cents . . . Pity the fends . . . The bid for the Junior Formal designed by Dan Miller . . . Rumors of air brush work in the graduate room . . . Dodge getting all the Junior ARX votes for head marshal? . . . Pehta longing to ask his latest to the Junior Formal, and wondering what to do with the date he already has . . . The Armour Tech Relay posters by Kulieke and Reinke Inc' . . . Why can't the class be legally sent to the movies more often . . . The doors to the Junior Senior room wired shut . . . Gittel-son consistently late, or else he comes early for night school.

How does Ernie soothe his conscience with his pin on Ruth and then running around here on all these coke dates . . . Dare we ask how in the heck did Reinke's pajamas get up on the ceiling . . . That recent flash going through the Soph room is a Fresh Kappa runner, bearing letters addressed to "Yo' All," alias Mary Elizabeth . . . The Senior heart games haven't influenced Weese . . . we hope . . . although we heard he was invited up to Francis' apartment Friday nite . . . That Alpha Epsilon Foo spending more time checking up on a certain Junior than at Northwestern.

The A.A.S. meeting last week was conducted as an informal discussion which was led by Professor Peter Hans . . . About one third of the ARX turned out and found it very interesting and enjoyable.

SPECS.