

# Mistaken Identity

By E. J. WILTRAKIS  
A Short Story

An express train was rushing through a hilly part of Idaho. A long string of cars was following the engine as it wound in and out among the different hills following the course laid out for it along two silvery steel ribbons. A tiny stream ran along the embankment and suddenly swerved aside as though it had been frightened by the onrushing limited.

Inside the cab of the engine the two men were busy at their work. Both looked their part and somewhat resembled each other. The engineer looked out through the window and then turned to his fireman.

"Tim!"  
"Aye, John. What's botherin' ye now?"  
"I'm getting nervous like me old woman, Tim. We're gettin' near there."

"Near what?"  
"The place where the holdup was last week. You know we're carryin' about half a million oursels."

"Not half a mill— Say, John, you're kiddin me?"  
"Sure, and I'm not. The orders for this trip said there was half a million on the train."

"Holy St. Patrick! I hope them durn bandits don't know we got it. They might take a notion and wreck the train and then where'll we be?"

"Well, I'm not going to stop for them. If they want to wreck me, I get wrecked. I'd rather get killed than have one of them durn idiots point a gun in my face. It might go off."

"Whereabouts is this place, John?"  
"I got the paper with me. I cut it out the next day after the robbery and put it in my pocket so I could find the place."

A small smeared clipping was pulled from the rear pocket of Jim's overalls.

The fireman read the clipping.  
"That's down near them two big hills where that Injun was shot about eight years ago."

"Yeh, that's the place and we'll be there in 'bout five minutes now. I hope them crooks broke a leg or somethin' and can't get here on time. I shouldn't have left my lucky piece at home. And me wife told me to take it this morning."

The fireman blessed himself and started tossing some more coal into the fire.

John climbed up into the window.

Two large hills, standing out from a colony of smaller ones, were approaching the train at a fast rate. They circled in and out the other hills, coming closer and closer to the limited. The steel rails disappeared between them. Just this side of the two hills was a flat ribbon of white which crossed the tracks and lost itself among the surrounding hills. A tiny black speck moved along the road seeming as though it was trying to escape from the white cloud behind it.

The engineer muttered to himself and pressed the throttle down as far as it would go. The train grumbled at the extra strain and then surged forward faster and faster.

The hills loomed directly in front. The whistle shrieked to warn the autoist and the train rushed between the hills.

A sudden shock jarred the train.

"Holy Mary!" ejaculated Tim as he crossed himself again.

The engineer muttered to himself. His hand was still forcing the throttle.

Fragments of something flew by the cab windows but the train kept surging onward. The roar of the limited deafened the hills with its noise.

"Durn them. They can't stop me," muttered John.

"God—God help me."

The fireman turned to see what caused this fervent outbreak.

"They got us, Tim. They got us."

Tim climbed up to the window. A young fellow was moving slowly along the side of the engine boiler toward the cab. In one hand was a piece of shiny metal; but despite it, he clung to the engine with both hands.

As he reached the cab and saw the two men, fear left his eyes and a little sigh of relief escaped him. He pointed a hand at the two men and they fell back into the cab.

A few minutes later the young man climbed into the cab.

"Don't shoot. Don't shoot," screamed John.

The youth looked at his hand, and then threw whatever he held, from the cab.

"Shoot! What d'ya mean?"

"Ain't you holdin' us up?" asked Tim.

"Holdin' ya up? Ha! Ha! I'm thanking heaven that something held me up."

"Then how did you get here?" shouted the engineer, trying to cover up his fright with a gesture of authority now that the scare was over.

"How? Take a look. My car's parked out in front."

A Ford body swung jauntily on the 'cow-catcher' and fell off as the train rumbled and groaned around another curve.

(The End.)

Carlton Patton, 18, a freshman Harvard lately put something at Arkansas State Teachers' Col—new over on the student world. A lege at Conway, Ark., has been physics professor recently surprised crowned here as "star farmer of his class by calling time after the America," and given a prize of first half of the physics examination, and requesting them to step Patton, a modest, drawing into the next room, where they youth, has earned more than \$2,500 were served cocoa and cookies, from farm operations in the past That's just what we'll need to pull three years. us through finals.

## POETRY CORNER

F. F. Strassenburg

### Stone Bridges for Little Brooks

"This culvert should be large enough for such a rivulet."

The selectmen said to the roadmen as they sized up the jet.

For the brook was held of small account where the highway it pased under.

But soon came a night of dreadful storm, and the stream roared down with thunder.

In the morning they saw where the brook came down,

a chasm across the road.

The selectmen saw they had misjudged the size of eventual load.

And now they have built a stone bridge to let the water pass.

And now the rivulet laughs to itself as it runs through the grass.

Walter Hendricks.

### Jot Down a Rime or Two

If you're so happy you could shout Get by yourself and yell it out,

Then with your pen 'ere you get blue

Jot down a jolly rime or two.

Mayhap you're siezed by desire,

hate,

Or love, become compassionate;

That's the time verse comes to you,

Jot down a fiery rime or two.

### Golfing Activities to Cease Until Spring

Applications for the managership of the golf team are now being received. Although no action in this regard has been taken because the services of a manager, at this early date, are not needed.

After a building up process, the team found its stride last season, as was indicated by the showing made against some of the leading college teams.

It was hoped that the tournament this fall, through a series of eliminations, would result in the determination of the school's outstanding golfers. With this idea in abandonment, the prospects of next season's golf squad will remain a mystery, until next spring, at which time a tournament will probably be held.

Or when you think the world mis-treats you

Don't let disgust o'ercome and beat you

Pour out your woe, it's good for you

Jot down a moody rime or two.

Great poets lived, their work lives on,

Universality for them won.

Let your name shine among the few

By jotting down a rime or two.

Contributions to this column will be accepted. Place in Tech News box at the elevator shaft on first floor main building.

F. F. S.

If you're getting out a new soft drink name it "Hello Everybody," because then it will get so much free advertising over the radio.

### Alumni Notes

Word has reached us of the engagement of Robert D. Peacock, class of '27, to Miss Frances Molt. Miss Molt was graduated from Northwestern University.

A. T. Martin, Ch. E. '30, writes from Buffalo, New York, that the Cellophane division of the Du Pont company is beginning to realize his worth. Art was signed up with the Rayon division of the same company, but seems to have landed in the Cellophane section instead.

John Brady, '29, the last man to have the title, "Tech Cheer Leader," visited school the other day and looked up some of his old friends. John's cheer leading activities were in no way responsible for the abolishing of this school position. He was pretty good at it.

I. G. Katz, Ch. E., '30, is located in Kansas City, Mo., where he is working for the Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.

A smoker for alumni of Tau Beta Pi is being held to-morrow night at the S. K. D. house, 3344 Michigan Ave., at eight o'clock. All the grads

who were Tau Betes while at Tech are invited, as well as the faculty members and active members of the association.

"Vern" Sturm, Ch. E., '30, former president of the Honor "A", holder of many track records at Tech, etc., is working and going to school for General Electric in Schenectady, N. Y.

Bob Serson, E. E., '30, is living with Vern at Schenectady. He, too, is working for General Electric and attending the classes which they conduct for their student engineers.

John Hommes, F. P. E. '29, is expected in town sometime this week. "Johnnie" is an ex-editor and the founder of the Tech News.

Yale students participated in a riot which was friendly until the arrival of the police and the students began to throw books, bottles and firecrackers from the windows at the police and rioters.

A census held recently at the door of the library building by enterprising males has revealed that 26 out of every 41 co-eds at the University of Arizona are going stockless.

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### Herbie Kay—Popular Orchestra Leader at the Aragon—Wearing an Artica Llama Pile Coat

"Here's real warmth and style that 'clicks'"

—says Herbie Kay

When my orchestra is trying out a new song I can usually tell the very first time if it is going to go over. It either "clicks" or it doesn't. When I slipped into my Pile Coat I knew immediately that it "clicked." Something about its style—its feel—got over! Why not try one yourself?



Genuine Artica Llama Pile Coats

\$85

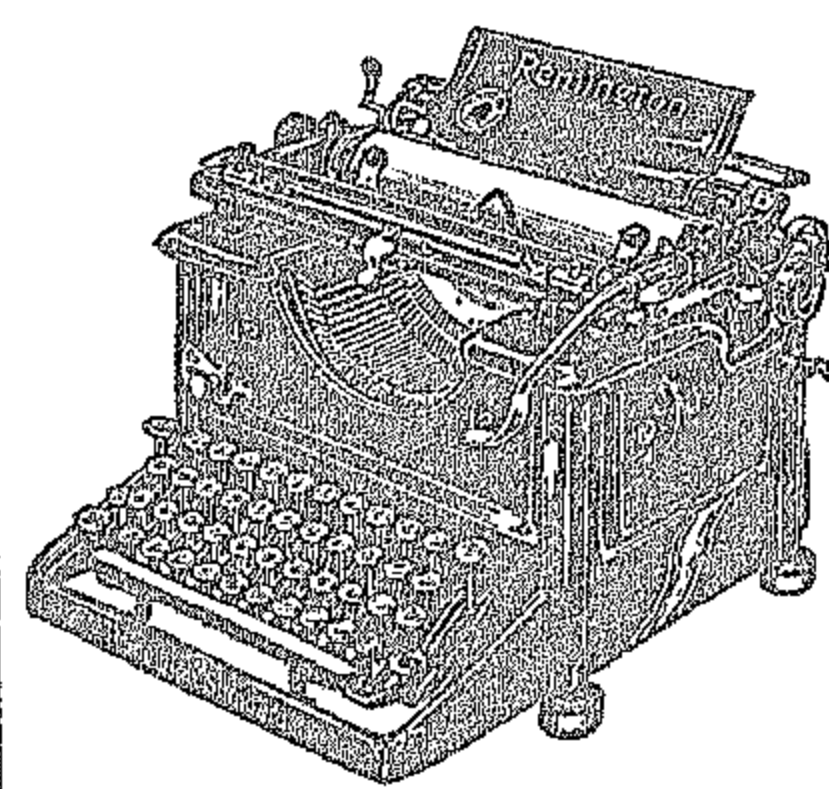
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