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Vol. XXIV OCTOBER 31, 1939 No. 6

### Department Antagonism—

A question which has long lingered in our minds is, "Why do the student members of a given department take the attitude that members of another department are not to be trusted in the matter of class activities, offices, and administration?"

As far as we have been able to see, there is no valid reason on this earth why there should be any amount of animosity between men of different fields of endeavor, and yet this type of action has come to the fore in every class election within our memory. Men of one department band together, for no particular reason, to fight against the men of some other department on some point which is of no great importance to either. Antagonism and ludicrous charges are hauled out of the archives each year to bring the same old feelings to the surface. After the meetings are over the whole thing is forgotten in a short time, but let some incident come up where this sort of sentiment is needed and it crops out with the greatest of ease.

Kid antics of this variety are really beneath the level of college men. If there were some good reason for rivalry, some real prestige to be gained by having the men of one department be the most class officers, run the publications, lead the students, excell in the field of athletics, and lead in scholarship, then there would be an excuse for friendly razzing back and forth. However, in a school of the character which ours seems to be, there is nothing to be gained by such tactics.

Sectionalism and selfish interests have long been a source of ire to many of our national figures, but it makes not one iota of difference what magnitude the operations involve, the results are those to be expected from the amount of real altruism shown. Don't lower your standards of humanity by following in the small, petty, self-centered path which has been blazed for years. In any election, for any cause, vote for the man, as you know him, and not for a faction.

### The Library—

Our attention has been called to the fact that there have been a number of disappearing books on the shelves of the library. Just what the cause is, no one seems to be really prepared to state, but the fact still remains that the volumes are missing.

We would like to think that this phenomenon is just as a result of pure forgetfulness, not with any malice aforethought. One queer thing does come to light, and that is that most of the vanishing volumes are from certain sections.

With the upper stacks open to all, whenever a student chooses to browse in the books he merely has to walk up a flight of stairs. It is quite a simple matter to walk down again with a book under ones wing and forget to check it out at the desk. As a gentle reminder to any men who happen to have any library books at home, look in the back of the books to see if the cards have been taken out. If they are still in place bring the book into the library.

Student conduct in the library seems to be on the upswing, at last. It would be interesting to know whether this is due to the increase in the number of places in which to blow off steam, as a result of the student union, or whether the students are finally realizing the true purpose of the library. We hope it is the latter.

## "The Slipstick"

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

Having heard from all sides, the shortcomings of last week's Slipstick, may we say in our defense that we do not edit our material, but rather this is done by our respective editorial chiefs. You may improve the quality of this column by your own contributions. Send in a few (Printable ones, mind you) and enjoy your own jokes. . . .

### WIMMIN'S LAMENT

*It's time to call a spade a spade,  
Admit life soon for me will fade.  
I'm convinced life's all a gyp,  
And yet I haven't lost my grip.  
It's smarter not to smoke, they say,  
Perhaps I've lost my taste for play;  
I'm sick of beer, tired of gin,  
Weary now of this life of sin.  
A handsome male gives me no thrills,  
My dear, I've had so many spills.  
Sophistication is my game,  
Men have said I'm hard to tame.  
I loathe adoring males and such,  
I mean, I think I've lived too much;  
My innocence is just a screen,  
How old am I? Why—I'm seventeen.*

"Hurry over to our fraternity house, Doctor, a fellow here has something the matter with his eyes."  
"It must be serious if you wake me up at this time of the night. What's the trouble? Does he see elephants and snakes and things?"  
"No, sir, that's why we called. The room is full of them and he can't see any."

*An absent-minded bride anxious not to forget to order two chickens for dinner, repeated to herself while clearing away the breakfast things: "Grocer—chickens—Grocer—chickens."*

*The words became confused in her mind, so that when she went to the telephone she asked: "Have you any nice young grocers?"*

*"Why . . . why . . . yes," replied an astonished voice at the other end of the wire.*

*"Well," said the bride, "send me two, dressed."  
"Dressed?" said the voice more astonished than before.  
"Why, no," answered the bride, "I believe you may send them undressed. If my husband comes home early he will wring their necks and the cook can dress them."*

THE ONLY THING SLIM ABOUT TOO MANY CO-EDS IS THEIR CHANCE OF LANDING A HUSBAND.

He had just stolen a hurried kiss.  
"Don't you know any better than that?" she demanded indignantly.

"Sure!" he replied, "but they take more time."

*Mary had a little slam  
For everyone, and so  
The leaves of her engagement book  
Were always white as snow.*

Marion: Why did you suddenly give that comedian the air?  
Eleanor: Why? Because every time I was out with him, he tried to get funny.

On a train one day, Little Audrey heard a passenger say to the conductor as the trainman punched his ticket, "Good morning, Mr. Glass." But Little Audrey just laughed and laughed. She knew that couldn't be his name, because glass is not a conductor.

This summer I worked in a small hotel nestled in the foothills of Pocono. It was called the Pocohantas Inn because there were so many John Smiths registered there. All in all, it was quite a unique establishment. It used to be literally lousy with bugs due to a lack of chambermaids and inclination to cleanliness on the part of the proprietor.

I was desk clerk one bright morning when a guest came down with rage. It seems that his room was infested with cockroaches and he hadn't been able to sleep at all. Of course, I apologized profusely and offered to give him another room. He opened the guest book in order to register again when a lone cockroach sped across the page. That was the last straw.

"Hell's bells," he bellowed, "I don't mind spending one night with the damn things, but when they send down a scout to find out my new room number that's going too far."

"No, you can't take my daughter riding."  
"Why not?"  
"I don't allow college boys to go out with my daughter."  
"But I ain't a college boy, I work over to Kelly's pool hall."  
"I beg your pardon, sir, my daughter will be ready in a moment."

*An American went into a London restaurant and sat down at a table.*

*He: What's good today?*

*Waitress: Rhubarb, rutabagas, ravioli, rice, roast beef, and raspberries.*

*He: My! You certainly do roll your r's.*

*Waitress: Maybe it's these high heels I'm wearing.*

*(Read it again, you'll get it.)*

HI YO SILVER.

## CO-OP NEWS

By H. E. Krantz

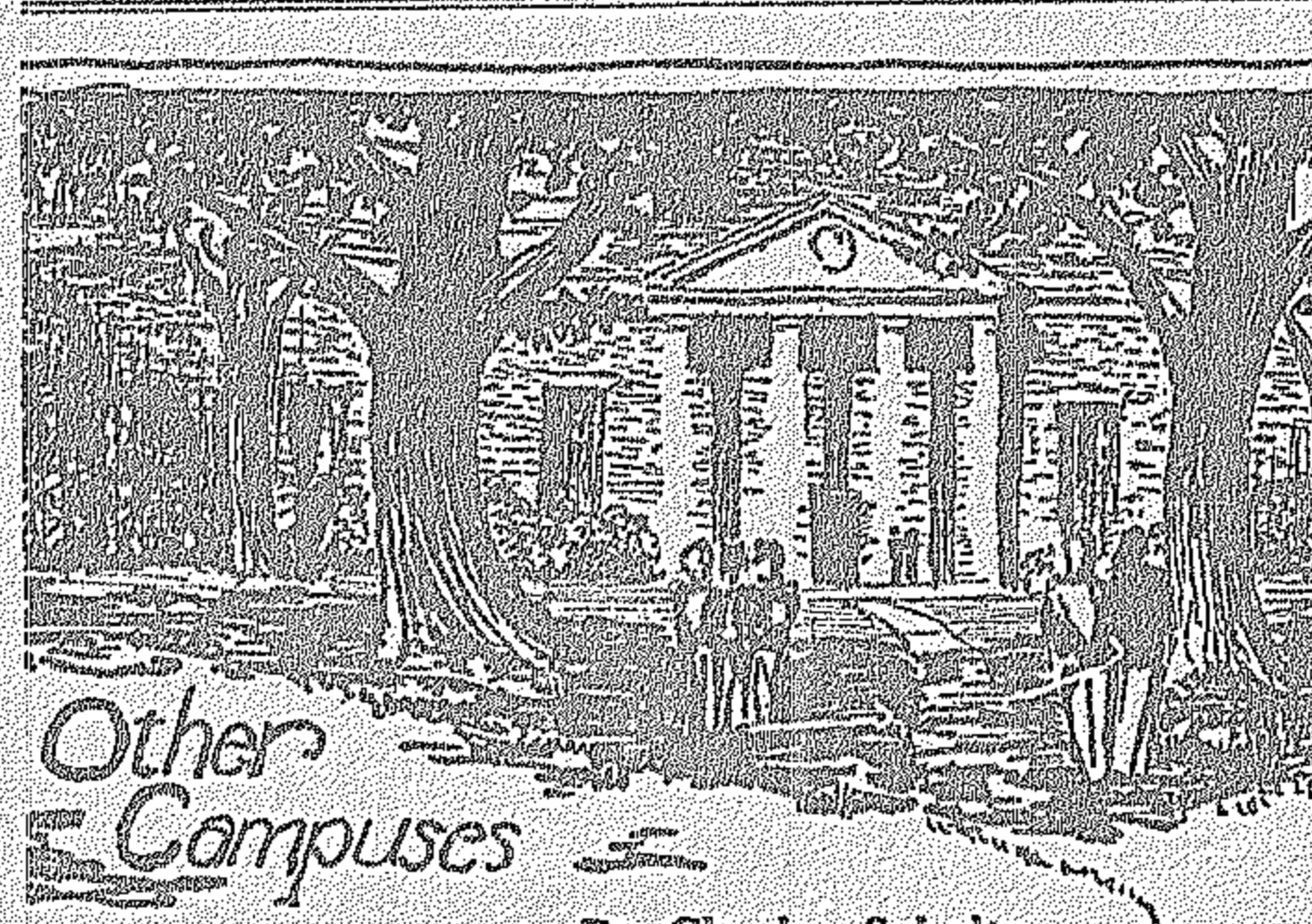
Wrestlers aren't always good football players. One look at B. J. Nigrelli, 4A, last Tuesday, would have convinced the firmest unbeliever. With a heavily bandaged wrist and a very evident dark blue semi-circle under one slightly closed eye, B. J. admitted he was no match for his fighting opponents who swarmed over Nigrelli and his teammates in an absolutely inhuman manner.

Of all places to study, Ralph Schmall, of the fourth year group, has probably landed in the most quiet and peaceful room, except for short periodic interruptions, that the Pi Kappa Phi fraternity house could provide. Not being a housekeeper by trade, and being a nature-loving man who enjoys his evening strolls, Schmall objected strenuously to cleaning house one evening last week. Amidst loud protests, pleadings, and threats, from his fraternity brothers, he calmly walked out the door to enjoy his stroll under the bright moon. Returning late at night, he went directly to his room to catch up on some much needed sleep. When he returned to his study the next day, his desk, lamp, papers, and books had vanished. After a thorough but unsuccessful search of the premises, Schmall abandoned all hope of recovering his furniture and books. Questions aimed at fraternity brothers brought only blank faces. When a short time later he entered the adjoining bath-room, his eyes opened wide, for there, in a far corner, he beheld his desk, chair, lamp, papers and books.

Members of the 2A class are now absorbed in the selection of a suitable class jacket. Several samples have been submitted by manufacturers and examined by the class, but a final choice has not yet been made. The jackets, it is expected, will be made of two shades of leather, with a heavy cloth lining, and the school emblem on the left front. After a lengthy discussion as to whether an A.I.T. or I.I.T. symbol should be embodied in the design, the class seems agreed that A.I.T. should be used.

Five fourth year co-ops are not only thrifty and ambitious, but are also in bad with Professor (Brother) Winston. The students in question purchased a text book for Prof. Winston's steam power engineering course at Wilcox and Follet, to economize, and at the same time asked for answer books to the text. The sales clerk, being grateful for their patronage, explained to them that he had no such books, but would gladly write to the publishers requesting them. In order not to disturb Wilcox and Follet, the publishers wrote directly to Prof. Winston, informing him of the request of the students (along with their names), and that they could not comply with those requests because no such books existed. Now Prof. Winston, also being very thrifty, and economizing even further, threatens to reduce the students' grade by ten cents on each dollar, or ten per cent.

(Continued on page four)



By Charles Schultz

Diplomacy is used in separating the Juniors of Rice Institute from their class dues, for upon paying their activity fee of \$5.00 the student receives bids to the '39 and '40 Junior proms. At \$3.50 a throw, the total return is 140 per cent over the original investment, and besides it shows that the classman has school spirit!

The employment department of the U. of Missouri has revealed that men students are more in demand as nursemaids (or men) than co-eds. Maybe it's just a question of the bed time stories they tell.

Thirty U. S. colleges use crimson as their school colors.

Elizabeth Hareness, a senior at Mississippi State College, was elected honorary cadet colonel of the ROTC unit at that school. That's what some of those big "tough" soldiers need, a feminine touch.

New York State College for Teachers is sponsoring a weekly "grooming clinic" for all co-eds.

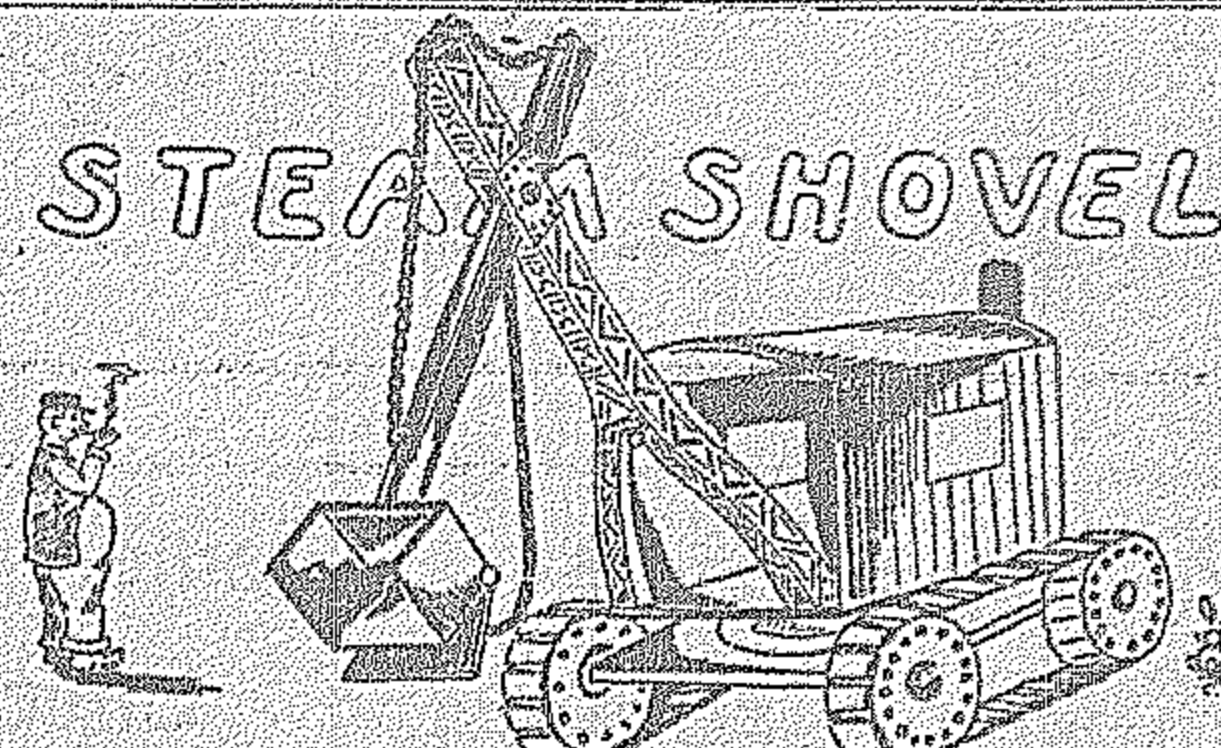
Amherst was the first American college to install a gymnasium. This in 1860.

The pet aversion of the American co-ed is men who stand in the stag line at class dances while there are wall flowers still blooming. That's the reason there are wall flowers.

The University of Toronto is going to organize a Dental Corps as a part of the C.O.T.C., a fellow organization of our R.O.T.C. It looks as though they are going to get the "Yanks" in there somehow.

Concerning the C.O.T.C. mentioned above, the sergeant in charge recently called out an unanswered name five times at roll call before it dawned on him that the name was A. Hitler.

The co-eds at Gustavus Adolphus college have requested their dates to stop using greasy hair oil. They must have an awful time getting it out from under their finger-nails.



Yessiree Sir! The Steam Shovel's always the first with the news. For instance read last week's article by Boz-Arts which says, "Things are in a — of a mess when I've got to read the Steam Shovel to find out what's doing in the frosh and soph rooms . . . Hasskari and (?) . . . and Elly Von Mueller, minute taker." We still can't see why he limited himself to underclassmen because we have just uncovered a piece of news about an Arch Junior. Yes, at last it's out why Bob "Women Beware" O'Brien is a perennial bachelor. The poor lad was jilted by a charming piece of femininity from a Northwestern U. sorority house. If Mr. Bozarts wants to find out who the above (?) is, he just has to read this column next week.

Who said there are no dictators in the U. S.? Just go up to the foundry any day after two o'clock and you'll find one staring you in the face, none other than Instructor Kube.

### Look Out for the Goblin

Last week LITTLE AUDREY came all the way from Milwaukee to see HANKUS VANDERWALKER to celebrate the second anniversary of their engagement.

### Look Out for the Ghost

We would like to warn all wrestlers that KILLER POCIUS is on the loose. Last Friday night he demonstrated this fact to COACH "BRITTLE BONES" WEISS-MAN when he tore one of Sonny's cartilages, and maybe a couple of ribs with it.

### Look Out for the Witch

CHARLIE "ROVER BOY" RYANT has the subject for his senior project. It will be "The Parasite Menace" or "My Battle Against the Insects." A better title would be "HEAVEN HELP THE ROVER BOY WHEN A GRASSHOPPER'S AROUND."

### Or You'll Burn Your Toast

No doubt a great many of you fellows have missed GEORGE BURSACH around the Registrar's office lately. George accepted a position doing the same kind of work for Uncle Sam with a chance for very rapid advancement. George will be missed a great deal but we know he left his job in the good hands of COUNT ALEX.

### Boo

Now that ALEX is Chief Registrar's Assistant, he's having a few troubles. Just take this postcard addressed "MONSEWER, ALEX, OFFICE OF THE REGISTRARARAR." It began "Dear Sewer: . . . Please send me one of your extra special Alexander's Ragtime schedules for day school year starting Setpober 1939. What is that, mon sewer? You refuse! (You garbage!) Very well then, take a cigarette and I will see you in-hale. Love from the other patients."

### Look Out for the Little Bogeyman

Don't trust RUSS FREEDIAN when it comes to making blind dates. He really knows how to pick them, but just try to beat Russ' time when he recalls what the gal looks like. Ask BOB JENSEN, he'll tell you.

### Who Wasn't There Today

More popular than ever now are Profs. PENN and SIMPSON, who dismissed their surveying and drawing classes to go down with all the fellows and see the snow cruiser. Three cheers!

### Look Out for the Holler Punkin Head

### Don't Answer All the Doorbells

The highly touted Davey Boosters were upset last Friday by the Freshmen "Shootin' High" Comets for their first loss this year, thereby dropping from the list of contenders for National Honors.

Doctor Davey, second string quarterback and Booster coach, claims he played his third team. Who does he think they are, Michigan?

### Or You'll Be Pale With Fright

At the Civil's camp this year GEORGIE HANNA high-tailed it to the woods everytime a certain young lady visited the camp. It happened that she was an old flame from the year before, and that he just lit a match to a new farmette, PHYLLIS by name.

### Boo

Anyone who went to the National Metal Show, will recall that he couldn't turn around without colliding with another Techhawk. To list the fellows who went would fill this column.

### Or You'll Be Old and Gray

Casting for parts in "BROTHER RAT" is going on all this week. You ought to see the smile on CHARLIE "DIRECTOR" SCHULTZ'S pan. The reason is that he's never seen so many actors since he entered school.

### Boo

WARREN (FIXER-UPPER) GROUNDWATER the St. Luke's entrepreneur, finally swindled one DONALD OREGO, the guy with camera eye, into going on a blind date with W. G.'s nurse gal friend's roommate. The adjective "blind" turned out to be more truth than poetry.

### Don't Dunk Too Deep for Apples

Master Prather, Senior Arch, has been bragging about the heavenly body he is escorting to the Arx Dance. We'll be watching with opened eyes.

### Don't Stay Out Late at Night

The interests in Southern Illinois are pretty strong for CRAWFORD, C.E. grad student, because he's even turning down offers to go to a Notre Dame game. . . . Him'm, wonder what her name is.

### YEP, IT'S HALLOWE'EN

HASTA LA VISTA BANANAS.