



By Bob Saigh

Bob Chester has just waxed "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," going back many years to dig this one up. The disc played at a medium tempo, is full of saxes with hot trumpet licks. Betty Bradley sings this one. On the reverse side is "Somebody Stole My Gal," another classic tune with Bill Darnell doing the vocal. This side features excellent trombone and trumpet work. (Bluebird, B-10987) The man who plays the blues, Woody Herman, styles "I Should Have Known You Years Ago" (from Hal Roach's picture "Road Show") in a smooth arrangement. The coupling is a tune from the musical production "Meet The People," "The Stars Remain" (Decca, 3544) The M. G. M. production of "Bittersweet" has given us some excellent recordings of the sophisticated music of Noel Coward on Columbia records. Nelson Eddy, star of the film has recorded five numbers from the picture. His dynamic baritone accompanied by Robert Armbruster and his orchestra delivers these melodious songs with great expressiveness and appeal. "I'll see You Again" and "Tokay" (4263-M). "Dear Little Cafe," "The Call of Life," and "If You Could Only Come With Me" (4264-M). The Decca Salon Orchestra records "I'll See You Again" and "Zigeuner" both from Bittersweet. (Decca, 3563). Victor's mellow tenor, Lanny Ross, sings "The Last Time I Saw Paris" and his version is the last word. It is coupled with "High On A Windy Hill" which features Lanny's high note finish. (Victor, 27254) . . . Dick Jurgens and his orchestra have waxed a new Ray Noble tune "Isola Bella." An unusual arrangement coupled with a swell vocal. The companion piece is "I Do, Do You." Both are done in the excellent Dick Jurgens manner. (Okeh, 5898).

Arx News

Now it can be told, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Dodge announce a new 1941 model Dodge. A seven pound boy—Who'll Be Next! . . . we hope Ray won't forget the cigars . . . we also see where our former coed Elly von Mueller is married . . . speaking of coeds that gal from the deep south is certainly trying to attract attention, imagine, dropping a tray of food in front of all those engineers and wearing the fire red socks for the Art Institute to notice . . . Does Lindgren have a secret love? who does he wait to see go in the Art Institute every day?

Pointek is now an untouchable after bringing such unspeakables to work . . . what price glory to pay to become famous . . . is Betty Wright chasing Farrell . . . and Wright around or is it visa-versa . . . It's said Chuck Wright is really a killer diller with the women . . . Look out Betty McMaster chasing down to see that gal from Springfield . . . We hear Reinke sells forums, it's as good a racket as gold bricks, you just sell them and take trips to Wisconsin.

On the loot to see the little woman . . . What could have caused that staunch Republican Gettle to Denounce Willkie? . . . and then there is Lackner telling Mr. Hammer how the French language should be spoken . . . O'Kelly had better watch out for that molten java he drinks out of that bucket before it puts him in a stupor . . . is it true Daly misses his Omaha pastimes?

And now the time has come to say adieu, it's all been in fun . . . the job of slipping you the news, dirt, and etc., has gone from BOZ-ARTS to SPECS and now to CENTER. . . . Some of you can breathe easier now. . . . I hope—not. . . .

SPECS.

Blitzkrieg!

Dear People,

Even though you should read the first page first and find out what great events have taken place at old IIT, we can't blame you for flipping right over here to get the lowdown on your "friends", so we won't keep you in suspense any longer but dig right in.

That is not a bit of old Mexico trotting around the halls, but our dear old ed, (Lil.) sporting the loot a friend brought back from a recent vacation. Complete with sandals, necklaces, rings, pins, and high-powered perfume, she resembles something whipped up by the Mexican Chamber of Commerce. Though she denies it heatedly, I swear that alligator on her handbag snapped at me! (Sober up-Ed.)

They tell me Bernie is burning since his protege has taken to too-numerous consultations with her new musical collaborator. It seems Mr. S. is too generous with his introductions to his gifted friends and fears that his latest one may have backfired, but don't worry, boy. I have it on good authority that this is a strictly business proposition.

From the looks of the number of books being carted about, several of our freshman friends have turned over a new leaf this quarter. Maybe they have finally found out that education is not all cokes and jokes. By the way, Fred Hummel has been getting quite a few letters post marked Mexico. It seems that in spite of the number of ardent Mexican youths who are trying to sweep her off her feet, Louise Cadwell is still true to our boy. Ain't romance wonderful?

"Pres" Greener (he of the autographed shirt cuffs) is quite the boy for making tea. He "serves" in the chem lab where he concocts this potent mixture over a burner and serves in beakers. This certainly is a new idea around here, but the Home Ec girls seem to love it. I wonder if he also demonstrates the technique of a salmon going upstream at these chummy little get-togethers?

The wolf pack has started yapping again and it is small wonder. The object? About 5 feet and 7 inches of brunette loveliness named Gloria. How about cutting me in, fellas? After all, a monopoly is illegal.

Paul Moy and his little Ming Toy have started their afternoon sessions in the library again this quarter. How can we poor studes keep our minds on the dryer things of life with Danny Cupid working overtime right under our noses? Levinson chooses to cart his homework down to the cafeteria, but we think his mind is on "red" subjects, and we don't mean Communism (unless you pronounce it Connie-ism).

"Si" Froelick has made himself pretty scarce around Haeseler's these days. It seems that while he was demonstrating during his lecture on the "bare facts of life" the other day, he let his enthusiasm run away with him and wiped out some of their best crockery. Needless to say, the company didn't thank him.

Flash! The Sooper-Snooper has ben confined to a hospital bed for the past week. When the poor little thing tried to bolster his ego with that unearned pat on the back last week he overdid it and knocked himself out. Result: one broken arm and several ribs in his straight-jacket.

Bill Kaska finds the society of the Drama Club extremely interesting, especially after the house lights are dimmed and the leading lady has gone home. The walls have ears and the doors have eyes. Indiscretion does not pay!

That Crosley that has been parked on the two foot square on Damen is the pride and joy of our old friend Quen Junger. Four people in formal clothes will fit in it. If you don't believe me, ask Quen.

The sight of the week is Art Petterino's new hat. They tell us that he hasn't had it off since he bought it, but he claims he just has it on a day to day rental basis and wants to get his money's worth. Some crude individuals claim that the C.A.A. used to use the brim for wings on one of their planes, but don't quote us.

Gotta go now, kids, and get my ears washed so I'll be all purty for the Snow Ball. Take it easy until next Tuesday, and in the meantime, if you can't be good, be careful. Ta-ta, old thing!

STEAM SHOVEL

(continued from page four)

make this public but since said professor insists on flunkin' us we shall be rootless.)

Ladeez and gentlemen! in this corner—at 130 pounds, we have battlin' "Aldy" Kairis—and in this corner—at 150 lbs., that quick stoppin', fast workin' "gentleman" of might, Art "Killer" Hauswald—Now the ref. is calling them together so they can shake hands. Hey!! they don't call that shakin' hands where I come from! cut it out!! Hey!—Aw Nuts!

Leaving school at 10:30, Joe "Imaman" Vlaming proceeded to an undisclosed location (See Lukens). At 2:30 he reappeared in a gorilla-like manner—Beating his chest and emitting Tarzan calls. He spent the remaining portion of the afternoon smiling to himself in the lounge. . . . (They finally let him in the Rialto.)

Following up his wrestling bouts at the gym, Fred "Woo Woo" Till goes to the Michael Reese Hospital. "Woo Woo's" interest there do not lie in the medicinal field but in the nurses. A white smock has been issued him by his nurse because frequent visits in "civies" have made him conspicuous. Sonny Weissman's report of Till is: "Woo Woo's wrestling weak."

The I.I.T.W.A., after judging carefully the demerits of each of the following men, has decided that they have fulfilled all the prerequisites for membership. The new pledges are as follows: James "Wild" West, Warren Hartman, Charles L. Ball, Berny Cooper, Larry Harach, and RoJo Sullivan. Good wolffing fellows.

Our theory, that when women haters are finally hooked by some female the landing is about as difficult as bringing in a sun-fish "Muscles" Sanowskis has been a member of this group of diehards all his life but last weekend he went to a church shindig—you know what they're like—and there met a fair maiden whom he immediately confiscated her from the wolves and danced with her all evening. This week he's been whistling "Our Love Affair" from morning till night and has already flunked three quizzes.

Charles Lachman, asst. manager of the basketball team, had a date the night of the North Central game with Lee, a brunette from Lucy Flower. She had the watchman at the Armory call Chuck to the phone twice to arrange a meeting at 11 o'clock in front of the Armory. Well she went to Armour and Chuck waited at the cold Armory till the wee hours of the morning.

FLASH:—Mr. Kozacka, following a precedent set by him all semester, is still calling George Pederson, Leo.

Note to Bill Krause from the Senior Mech's Football Machine: If you want us to take that touch-ball championship you better quit going to her house before every game. (Ed. Note: They're right, Bill, so how's about us taking over??)

FROM THE WASTE BASKET

An optimist is a guy who doesn't give a hang what happens, so long as it doesn't happen to him.

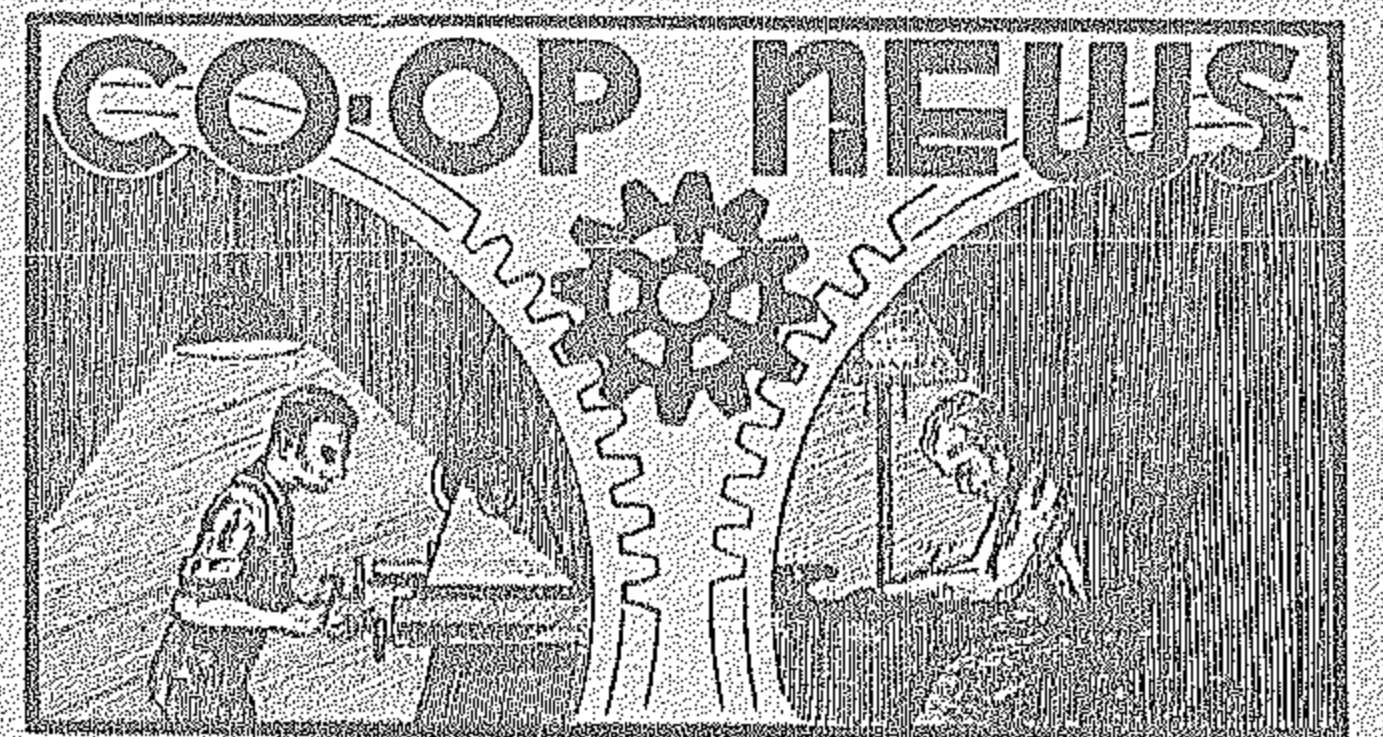
Buck: "Did you ever get in a jam with a nifty cutie?"

Jake (dryly): "Not exactly—but I've had many a tight squeeze."

"Can you tell me what they mean by 'selling short' in Wall Street?"

"It means buying a thing you can't get, with money you haven't got, and then after selling what you never had and did not pay for at more than it costs."

And with thoughts of the Thermo exam, I'll end by saying it sure is getting hot in here.



By Ed Wierzbicki

(Ed. Note: The column today is respectfully dedicated to the senior class—E.P.H.)

The co-op seniors are anxiously awaiting "der tag", Wednesday, January 29th, when they will march down the aisle resplendent in cap and gown with the distinction of being the first co-op class of Illinois Institute of Technology to graduate.

Your columnist was the first and only one of the B group seniors to receive his selective service questionnaire.

Special agents report "Romeo" Zywtot to be keeping steady company with a certain someone (first initial Pearl) from Calumet City who keeps him up all hours of the morning, tsk., tsk., Walter.

"With apology to the A group seniors": The banquet to be held at the Edgewater Beach Hotel January 31 at 8:00 P.M. as announced by Dave Whittingham, is open to both the A and B group seniors. Since this is the last get-together of our classes, lets have a complete turnout.

Bert Nelson and Harry Gaderlund, the Foote Brother twins, are each sporting new cars; don't say I haven't warned you fellows.

The B group will have its alumni functions handled by Nelson, Anderson, Krahulic, Lavold and Wierzbicki, who will act as the alumni committee in cooperation with A group committee. Let's have 100% cooperation, fellows.

"Radical" Anderson: "A.T.S.A." Appelt; "Research" Anthony; "Swede" Burkland; "Let me pitch" Colantonio; "Foote Brother" Gaderlund; "Sleepy" Garvey; "J. C. and C. F." Hill brothers; "W95RO" Hawkins; "Joliet" Johnson; "Brain Trust" Krahulic; "Lap plus Lead" Lavold; "Reverend" McKeon; "Deacon" Maertin; "Tubby" Nelson; "Pretty Boy" Olinger; "Grand Rapids" Parker; "Transit" Sweitzer; "Star" Schmidt; "Butter ball" Whittingham; "Where-is-becki" Wierzbicki and "Romeo" Zywtot.

Tau Beta Pi claims David J. Whittingham as one of their brothers, D. J. W.'s scholastic average of 2.86 leads the class.

Fred Krahulic was vice president of Pi Tau Sigma in his fourth year while D. J. W. and Bert Nelson are active members. The class is spending many of its lonely hours testing round bakelite balls for their rolling resistance at the new Illinois Institute laboratory annex at 35th and Halsted.

We're happy to report that none of the graduating seniors as yet have been married, although we have no shortage of great lovers. Bert, more affectionately known as Bertel, has been going for five years with Jane—Dave has his Gimie,—Fred has Lucy and J. C. and C. F. their Margie and Dorothy respectively. Our greatest of lovers Hawkins with his Helen holds the record. ah dear Elizabeth.

The Monarch Surveying Company composed of John Sweitzer, Fred Krahulic, Charles Hill and John Hill have finally reimbursed the school treasury with the price of a badly bent transit.

The coop basketball tournament is turning out to be a very even race. So far every team has lost at least one game. Last week the Pre Juniors beat the Frosh 22-17 and then the Sophs 24-15.

The Frosh then took the Juniors 26-7 for their second win.