

TECH TRACKMEN RUN AND RUN BUT CAN'T CATCH UP

In a very brave but vain effort the brawny-brained, sunkenedchested trackmen engaged the Webster Grammar School and Woodlawn School for the Aged in a spectacular dual meet late last night. The Spaulding School for Cripples was expected to compete but due to a last minute protest were ruled out on account of professionalism. Three men were caught buying the referee. The Techawks fared not too well for the meet was a heated engagement between the two strong opponent. Oh, yes, we lost again for at the final interpolation of results Webster won 85-82 over Woodlawn while we got 4 points. This was much better than last year when we received .01 of a single (Spaulding was in the point. meet).

Ah-Ah-Choooo

The gaily decorated Fieldhouse was the scene of the melee and the spectators filled our famous athletic emporium to the very rafters. The Techawks hopes were shattered from the very first when Erkert on the 49th lap of the mile run collapsed on the back stretch behind the third row of lockers. He was not found till the next month when the scrub woman was sweeping up the debris. Webster swept the dash, but Tech might have gotten something if the starter hadn't pointed the gun at Osborne at the start. He will be buried under the mound in Ogden Field.

The kindergarten star of Webster, "Chicken-Leg" Brown, was an easy victor in the high jump but "Grandpappy" Shrivelhip former Olympic Champ in '72 was a close second.

Parks Parks Carcass

Parks, Tech's hope in the high jump, broke his leg on his first jump when a board in the Fieldhouse floor collapsed under his terrific spring. In slight argument over the possibility of sabotage having been afloat, Coach Root was knifed. "Boy Scout" Huebenar attempted to save the coach's life by the pulmatory method which worked alright until he found out he had read the manual wrong. It seemed water not blood was supposed to be removed from the body.

Over the Bar Chick!

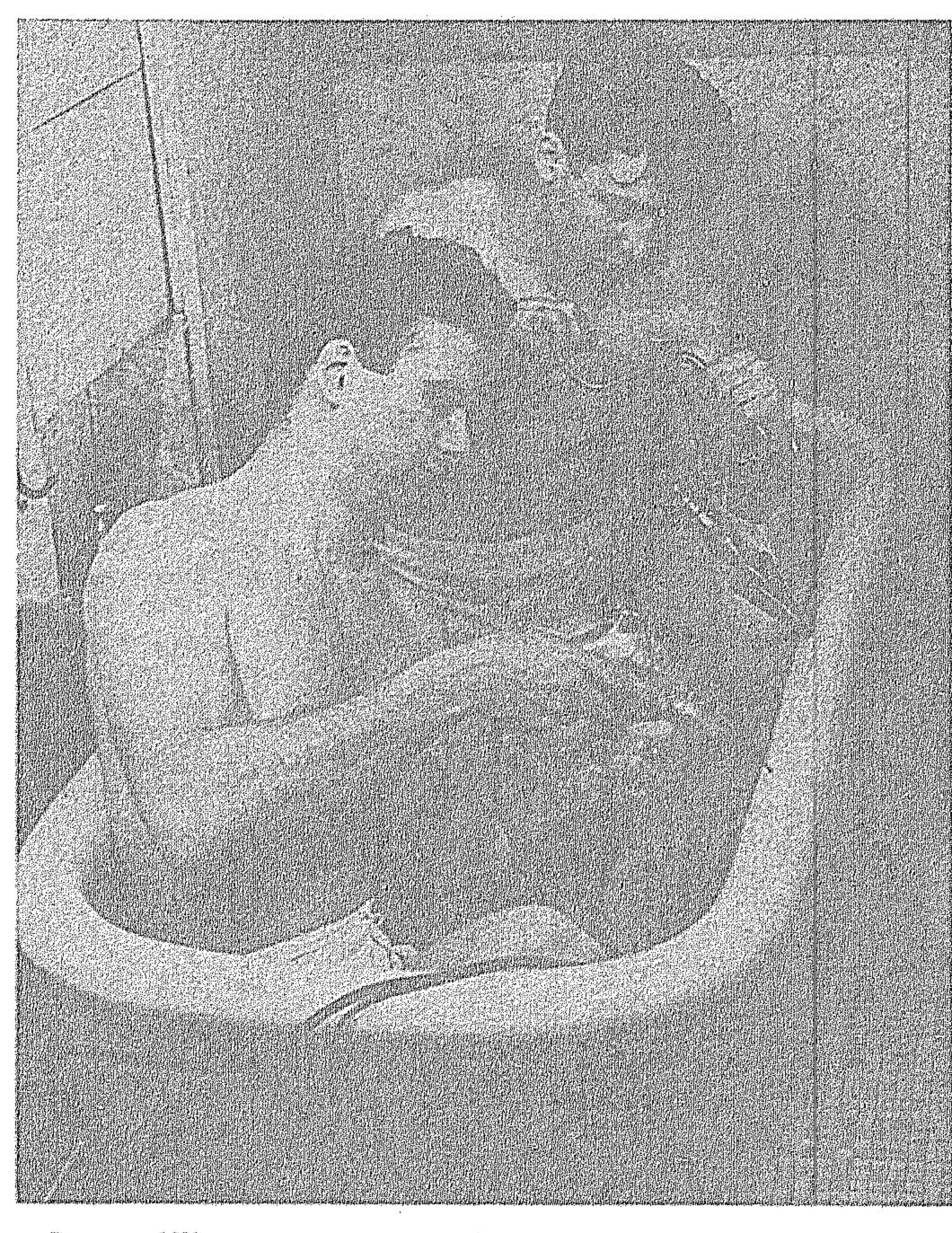
Meanwhile the meet kept on at a merry pace. Tech looked like a cinch in the pole vault until his aim went a little off the beam. So poor Harry was evicted for unsportsmanlike conduct when he pinned three of Websters stars straight through the middle and broke a wooden leg belonging to Woodlawn's star distance runner. That was what really put him out.

The hurdles were a supreme disappointment for Keigher withdrew while going over the second high hurdle. His metabolism was a 93 at that point so he laid down. Barry in his exuberance to win kicked over three rows of lockers crushing most of Woodlawn's gray-haired cheering section along with scratching his little finger. The first 9 places in that race were taken by Woodlawn. 'Twas rumored that these were the famous "Nine Old Men" of yesteryears who our scout claimed had retired. Geeve it to 'im

Tech had the first four places in the half mile sewed up until (Continued on Page Bight)



ALLISON ECONOMY MEASURE



George Allison, treasurer of Illinois Tech has forced an economy move upon the swimming team. Dut to lack of funds, the team is now drilling in the bathtub.

Latest Move Expected In View Of Sinking

Hopes for a superb swimming team for next year were dashed to the ground when it was disclosed Friday that the ITSA board had refused to grant any additional funds for the team expense next year. The reason for this sudden reversal of form of the "got all muddy" Board were not disclosed by its emminent president Dick "Bootjangles" Larson, but it is intimated that the recent five day debauch of the Maremen in the Southern states may have something to do with it.

Cheap!!

Instead of the customary \$3000 the swimming team has been used to spending, the watered stock lads will have to skimp along on next to nothing. Already the effects of this dictitorial edict have taken its toll. Lawrence Rademacher, faced with the prospect of starving — for food and women — without the aid of the weekly stipened paid to him for "services" has already left school. And so for Whitney Pearson coming back to fight for dear old Tech. . . . that's a thing of the past. Michigan offered him fifty a week, whereas the best Mac could do with the reduced fund was thirty five.

Bring wallender with

However, things are not so bad. There still is water in Bartlett, and all warm blooded creatures are invited to come down and dabble their feet in the special ice water reserved for Tech swimmers. Towels and soap are furnished free, and if enough men come out to fill a uniform, Tech will have a team next year.

This year's manager, Dick Larson just got a new suit and car to match.

SHORT PANTS

Illinois Tech's boxers will be led next year by 'Honey-Chile' 'Yo all' Spies. She will not only lead the boxers but the wrestlers, trackmen and any one else who wants to follow.

The 'Roy Scouts' meet again today in the Lewis gym. These Lewis coeds are headed towards Armour. Watch out mon! At the same time the Thirty-third street troop of 'Girl Scouts' will be headded for all points east, west, north, and south. It looks like a tough fight folks.

ZZ-Z-zz-zz-z! Gosh I fell alseep.

Golfers, take notice. The Illinois Tech golf course, an eighteen hole affair covering forty-seven square miles, will open tomorrow afternoon.

Reliearsal for the wrestling team's next four-act play will be held sometime.

Whish! Where are the trackmen running to? There must be a sale on State street.

Torrid Johnnie Butkus, they call him, has announced an engagement. Well, anyhow, he has an engagement to see the dentist this week. I betcha.

Pass that beer this way piceze. Slup! Thank you.

John Schommer held a tea party in the new \$10,000,000 fieldhouse yesterday. Larry MacPail and Dizzy Dean joined the champ in a tall tale contest. We ought to join them, too!

Diam, Diam, Diam, Diam, John Markett, 1986

did it.

GOLF

Flash!!! Last Saturday the Illinois Tech Golf team steamed down to Australia (wait till Allison sees the bill) and annexed the International Closed Open to their long string of titles. The dubs who cornered the title for IIT were led by Al Duckmore, Mel Quack, Harry Potcher, and I. M. A. Stinker, (A for Adam); don't ask me, I don't know where Eve was. After stepping off the boat the boys had little difficulty in finding the roll of the green but they were kind of dumbfounded at way the fairway tilted under their feet.

Two Men Die

On the first tee the boys all got off to a good start with Duckmore out in the lead by a nose, and going around the first turn Quack lined out to Patcher playing goalie for the Stinker's A. C. The boys were all hot, no wonder, it was 112 in the shade and the rain was pouring cats and dogs, (hey, call the Humane Society). Coming up to the eighth ball which was a tough water hole the boys went in for a drink and after ordering a dozen zombies they came out smelling like four roses, hic, hic.

Two Green Cows Sick

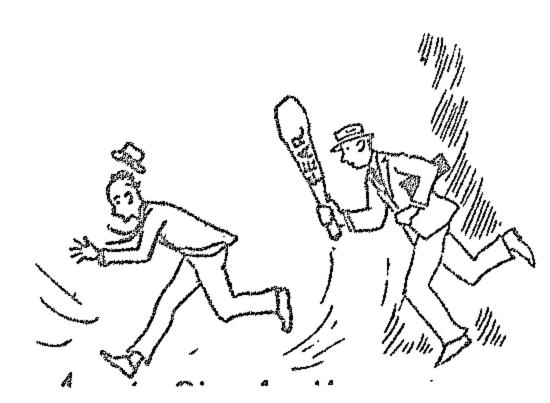
Coming down the home stretch Potcher was leading by two clublengths with Quack being stuck in a sand trap (he buried his head in the sand trying to get a ball in a gopher hole). The most spectacular shot occurred when Stinker called his shot off of two trees a sparrow, telephone pole and club-house roof and sunk the ball in the nineteenth hole. The Tech men were closely pressed by the Abyssinian Black Balls, and the Chinese Boboes.

Tiddle, Tiddlewinks Up With All The Manhole Covers

Can didates for t h e Illinois Tech tiddlewink team are requeste d to meet today in the boiler room for first sp r ing workout. Special notice! Each player must bring his own polished man-hole covers as t he school's supply of them is limited.

Coach Nell "You're one day overdue" Steele has announced the schedule for the coming year. The first opponent will be Vassar Coll ege followed by, uh, you and me (Who wouldn't follow those girls,) wow. Say, what sport is this?

Oh, Yes, tiddlewin k s!



Yumpin' Yimminy

Rem ember it takes only fourteen men to make one man-hole cove r make the next one jump (an then I don't think it can be done, but if it can Illinois Tech will do it). One, two, three-poosh. One, two three — poosh.

Already, a hu ge mob of one person has reported for the squad. They are John, the Armour cop, but he's always wandering around on Federal Street anyway.

By Owa Taj Ark Butchers delighted . . . Taxidermists ask for more—Heald numes gym . . . gad this beer is sour . . . the room. Why? Where? Sonny

And me without a speen

A wild workout was held with the National Hamburger Wrest lers Association. The meat was short made of a gold colored cloth which he met in the middle of the ring of the opponent's nose all of the tricks. Wash this glass. Somebody.

Sonny Knifos Rof

All "Fish" Till needed was an eye-opener — some dumb cluck brought a can-opener. The referee wouldn't allow Sonny to use it. Till got dirty and chewed his opponents leg off after his false teeth were shoved down his throat by the same leg. Somebody started to cheer-never finishedtossed him down the sewer with a pall of water. The next two bouts were easy on the foam, dear —of the same caliber. . . . Give me a cigar honey— beer tastes week.

Sonny Shoots Limekooper J. Q. Butkus was the only character that (Q for questionable Jark) the knifing foray that caused the decapitation of the other men.. He was caught hiding under the mat. Well, he had his match -They're repairing the hole in the north side of Main, Machinery Hall and one side of the Board of Trade Building. Wonder what ever happened to him?

Killers On The Loose! Illinois Tech in Uproar

"Set 'em up, we're ready to nock those pins for a loop". Thus spoke those three demon howlers, "Honey" Weissman, Harold "Syracuse Herculese" Davey, and Jesse "Bookstore Bandit" Kramer, The occasion was the crisis of the intramural bowling tourney, the Killers were trying for their first match victories.

Bowl 'om Over

Their opponents had already bowled and on comparative scores the Killers had won their first game while the opponents had won the second. In their third game the opponents had turned in a score of 450 pins. The first two men on the Killers had turned in 300 pins between them. This left the three Killer stars "Hal", "Honey", and "Jesse", with only 151 pins to knock over for a victory.

Surely this task was not too great for these stars. First "Honey" waddled up to the starting line. His famous words before fireing were, "I'm going to exhibit a hook that will make the national champ envious". "Honey" threw his beautiful hook, but sad to say it hooked so darn much it landed in the gutter. On his next ball "Honey" boasted, "Well, this time I'm going to hook that ball right into the pins". He threw the ball and sure enough nocked down all ten pins.

"Honey", however wasn't watching the pins for he was howling in pain, "My thumb, my thumb, my thumb"! In throwing the ball "Honey" had practically tossed his thumb with the ball. In this manner, he had managed to break

(Continued on Page Eight)

