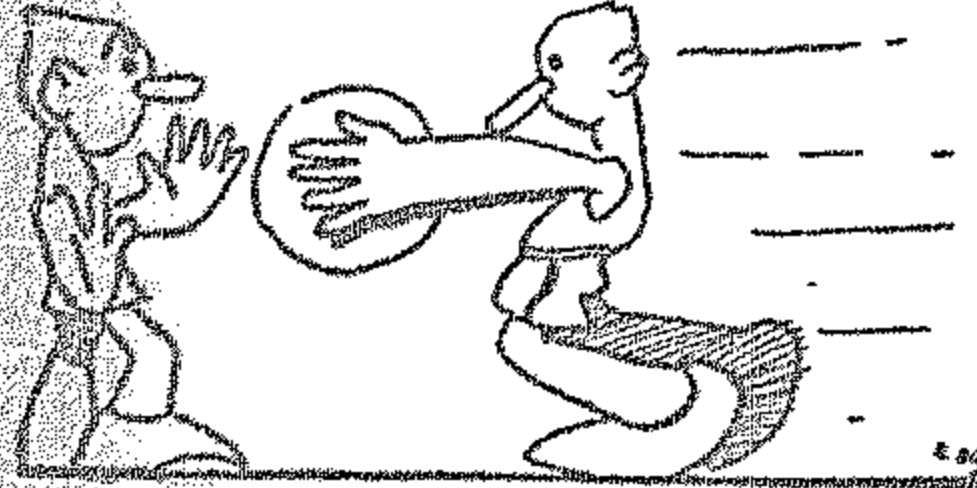


In The Hoop, Oops Out Of The Hoop, Tech Whips Maroons

Last Sunday morning at 2:00 the "IT" basketball team arose from the grave of the 1940-41 season and dropped into the University of Chicago Fieldhouse to test out the Maroon cagers in a little post-season tilt. Members of both teams had just returned from Joe's joint and were really quite up on the ball.

Final score-Illinois Tech 50, University of Chicago 9½. Soon after many a dreary season, the Teched-hawks wrought their revenge on their friendly neighbors from the



Middle of the Weight. The big nine and one-half team was paced by Joe Stamp (phf), the Big 9¾ (Stock went up ¼ point) scoring champ.

Burns Burns Up

Ill-in-the-nose Tack was paced by Yack Burn and Hubert Padder-of-berries. Hubert has been forced to be capten of the team for the next season (if he lives that long, heh, heh). Yack led the scoring with 47¾ points while Hubert climbed up on the basket and dropped in the remaining tallies.

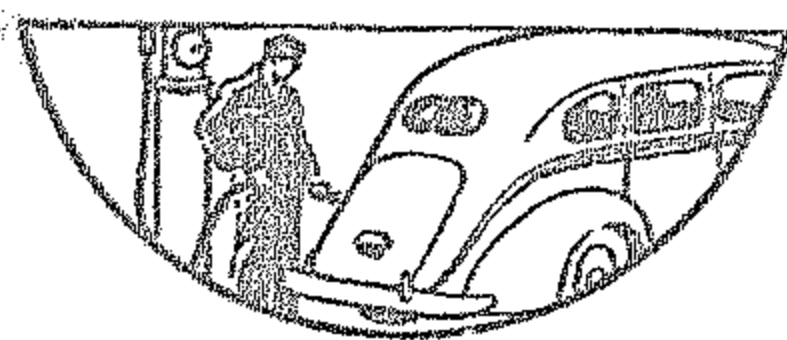
The first quarter was slow. So was the second quarter. The third quarter was the same and the final period, bingo!

Plato to the Rescue

Bub Nudehouse and Hinky-dink Slinka caught on to the Chicago style of play and disappeared at the half to dig into a few volumes by Plato and Shakespeare. They returned in the final period loaded down with quotations and the Maroons were helpless.

Ray La Goldenrod and Johan Beerbelly played at the guard positions for Illinois Tech and spent the game engaged in a gruelling game of chess. Just as Beerbelly was checkmated the Chicago team started a spree and would have scored if the Maroon player hadn't an attempt to help out the losing stopped to kibitz in the game in player.

The Chicagoons had a fast passing game, but they weren't making passes to one-another. Their passes were tossed at the beautiful Lewis coeds who were on the sidelines cheering the Technology Center lads on to victory.



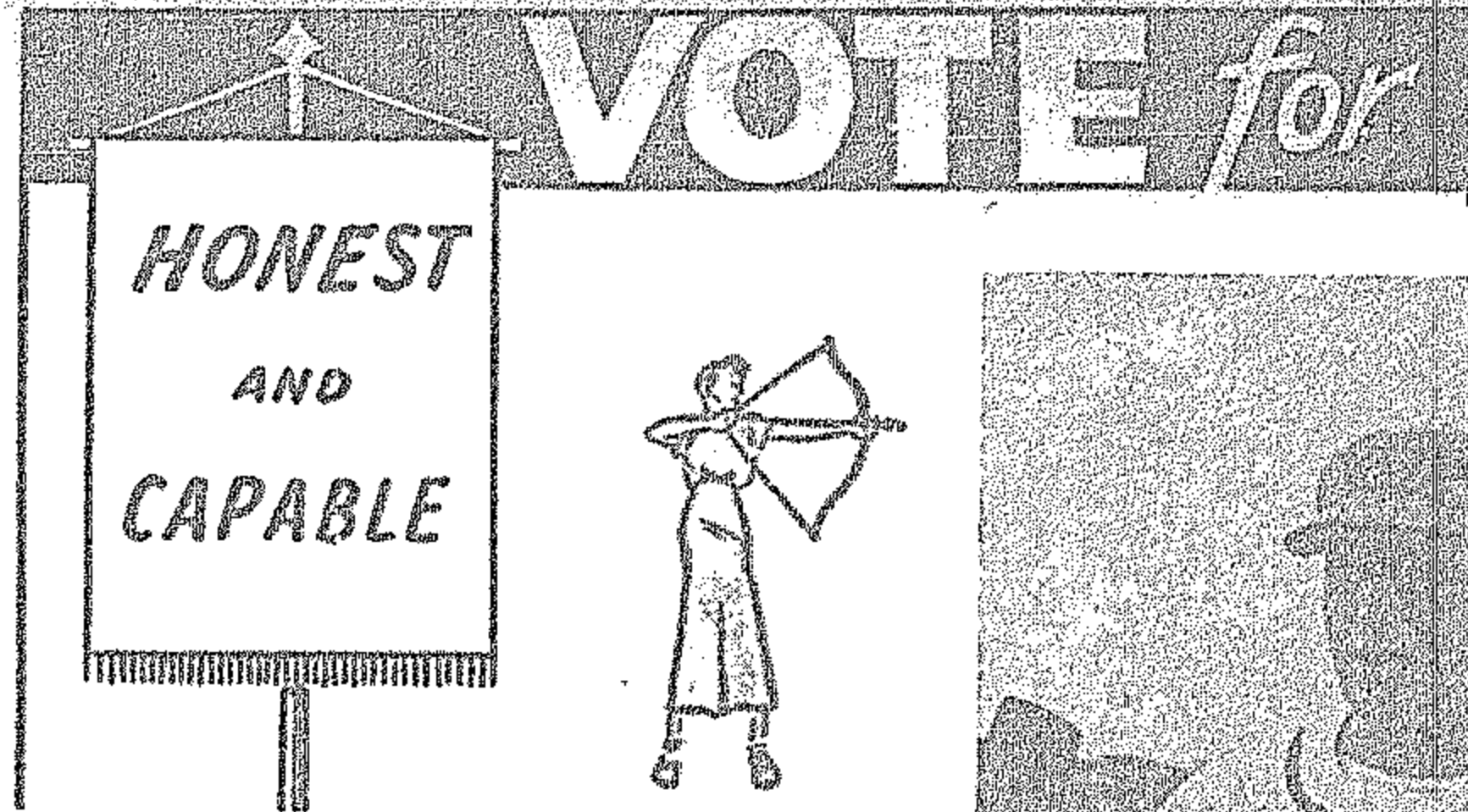
More Hot Air!

Joe Funs, Chicago star, came through with a basket early in second quarter. The only trouble was that it was too early and the referee hadn't been awakened from his between quarter nap. 'Slap-happy' Know-all of the Tech team also came through with a basket, but this one had some food in it from Slap's grocery store.

Beer, bear, beer

Coach 'Do-Re-Me' Miser of the cagey cagers gave the squad a pep talk at the end of each three-minute period. He told them to score a point a minute, 'bock' beer to be the reward. The boys missed. Tek, ts, ts, too bad. (Boy that beer was gut)

The crowd numbering 10,148¾ packed the Armour Fifth Floor bandbox to capacity and a good time was had by all (after they got out and could breath again).



This year Tech eight and a half will no doubt face its most disastrous season in a decade, proudly beamed Tech's embryo coach Bernard "Beat me Daddy" Weissman as he surveyed the hollow headed knock-kneed group of men (?) that comprise the 1941-Illinois Tech Baseball Team. Untalented, ignorant material, stinky coaching, and no dough from old pinchpenny Allison will ruin the erstwhile chumps, I mean champs.

No Pitchers?

Ed. Note: Any similarity to persons living, dead or in a state of suspended animation is purely coincidental. Another factor which will definitely hurt the teams chances of winning the pennant is the loss of last years Captain and star pitcher (woo woo) Elly Peterson, nee Von Mueller who was traded to Dan Cupid Red Soxin return for two players Butterball Brierly, and Eileen (mm) Robinson, who also does a little pitching once in a while.

Directing the baseballers training program from a silk damask chaise lounge, Sonny the Weiss warbled forth his strict orders between sips of a mickey finn. Der Coach is looking forward to the season opener against Sally Rand



Tech student leaps with joy as he is released from mustache growing bot.

Tech as he expects the boys to take the worst beating in recent years. Doubtless many fans will turn up for this event. The team will be led by Elwood Daly, the teams mgr., as Coach Weissman is goin' to Sox Park to watch a ball game that day.

The pitching staff will be headed by Alexander Yursis from the picture of the same name. Yursis is a lacadasical fellow whose slow ball is absolutely indefatigable. Assisting him will be Mario Silla (That waste paper wizard) who has confined his pitching to the davenport in his girl friend's parlor for the past few seasons. Another hurler, Lefty Bay, who was kicked out of Vassar when he went out for the swimming team, helps to round out the pitching staff.

Whose Relatives?

In Bauch and Lukens, Illinois Tech has a pair of excellent receivers, as both men (?) are quite adept behind the plate. The infield is stuck with a bunch of returning lettermen. Mike Carrier, Weissman's nephew on his other side, although he has not shown up for practice yet, will start at first base; Rog Mueller, that fouled friend of Carrier, will play second, Wee Willy Gross, a braille student will play short stop, and "dead pan" Thodos, god's gift to the axis powers, will play third.



The 'Diz' — Leading candidate for baseball team captaincy.

NEW STADIUM FOR TECH IN 1929! HOORAY

Plans are being made by "Uncle John" (Schommer to youss guys that are new here) for a full schedule of football games for the dedication of the Illinois Institute stadium. At the first games next year against Southern California (remember, they won the Rose Bowl game) the new gleaming white marble stadium seating 10 people will be opened to the basement of the field house.

Running Water, Ah!

This field house will be the newest thing in modern construction. It will be entirely underground to protect the boys and the spectator from the glaring sun and the dust of the Rock Island-New York Central train tracks. (Some bright Arx student thought it would be cheaper to build it under Ogden field than to clean it every year. Those trains do give off smoke and some dust, you know. Also, the possibility of invasion by the brilliant Arx (or was he a civil) men from Jupiter prompted this to combine the features of a stadium for football with a modern bomb shelter. Construction is



One rheumatism germ's aide to another, "Let's go to another joint and get stiff."

now going on (Now you know what those men were doing out there last week.)

Gridder Groan

Coach Grant (cheesebox mentor) Stenger has devised a marvelous new system for the IIT gridmen. With help of the boys from B.B.F.'s department (Prof. Freud to the uninitiated), Stenger is devising a compound of lecithin that will develop the footballers into giants that will literally scare the opponents off the field. (Or should I say out of the hole). The only rub is that these physical wizards will be deficient in brains (who isn't at this joint). Ah well, if the first effort isn't enough to scare the opposition out of their wits the team will retire and dream us some other chemical aid. (Anything but work).

Tickets for the opening game may be secured through the Subway department of the City hall. Since this is a subversive (underground, if you don't get it) activity, guards will be posted to warn the players when Chairman Dies shows up.



Track —

(continued from page five)

the triple dose of adrenelin wore off were mere inches from the finish line. The manager got the half miler's hypodermic needles mixed with the quarter miler's. Which explains the reason for Matthews tearing the east end out of the fieldhouse on his limbering exercises.

The final event of the night was the two-mile run which at the present writing (841st lap) has not been decided. But giving a "five" to the other figure jugglers it has been announced that Tech would get third. If our expense account was bigger maybe we could buy a second.

Ugh, Ugh, Ugh

Both teams looked a little better than the previous game in 1932 when they lost to the Matilda school for young ladies. Of course, the squad still misses the four team members who caught athletics foot and had to be shot by Doc McNamara. It was one way of preventing athleticism becoming prevalent about the campus.

YEAM AN!
HERE IT IS



WHAT DID WE TELL YOU?
We told you Gypsy Rosalie would do a daring takeoff!

Bowling —

(continued from page five)

Next on the firing line was the good Doctor, "Hal" Davey. After five minutes of struggling, he managed to pick up the large spheroid and stagger up to the firing line. He exclaimed, "My backspin is going to make Weissman's hook look sick".

The "Bookstore Bandit" strode up to the starting line confidently. He said, "My average of 150 will certainly carry me through the battle". "Jesse" started to fire away and the din was terrific. "Jesse's" biggest threat was his butterfly ball which floated down the alley and lured the pins after it.

Hear
DONNA DAE
with
FRED WARING
and his Pennsylvanians
in "Pleasure Time"

FOR IIT
Mon., Tues., Thurs.,
Fri., 10 P. M.
Wed., 6 P. M.
N. B. C. Stations

**IT'S
CHESTERFIELD
WEEK!!!**

Hear
RAY EBERLE
with America's No. 1
Dance Band Leader
GLENN MILLER
in "Moonlight Serenade"

FOR IIT
Tues., Wed., Thurs.,
at 9 P. M.
C. B. S. Stations

Chesterfields really Satisfy

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