

Under Martial LAW

In an event unheard of in the annals of the STEAMSHOVEL, a sinister bribery plot was uncovered by the feature editor. In behalf of justice and fair play the editor invades its heretofore sacred sanctum to reek wrack and ruin upon the wicked perpetrator, MILTON FRANCIS PLEVA.

The Master Smoocher, etc., because of bribery alone, was allowed to practice his malicious mischief and escape without the slightest fear of the persecution of the press. How many are innocent victims, is but a conjecture, but a conservative estimate by a fellow editor puts the figure well above fifty. Colonel Burton, as he is known to his fellow crap-shooters, had long been suspected of such practices especially when he was unanimously elected president of the IITWA and immediately started a class in smooching deluxe, etc. We are not attempting to further blacken the name of this super wolf in sheep's clothing, but we do advise you to chaperon your sisters if they are dating him. He doesn't do anything we wouldn't think of doing, but he wastes less time.

When the investigators finish sifting the evidence uncovered, a complete report will be published.

Let this be a warning to any other snakes-in-the-weeds to drive any similar ideas of evading justice out of their minds. IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE!!

Not so long ago, this pillar predicted that Whitney "Weissmuller" Pearson and Alberta Watson, Bill's sister, would be seeing a lot more of each other as the semester progressed! However, even we didn't imagine that Whitney would start mixing business with pleasure so early in his life. Last Thursday, Whitney was in charge of the cloakroom and theoretically was devoting all his time to playing maid to numerous and sundry hunks of wearing apparel. Closer investigation, however, disclosed the startling fact that Alberta had been smuggled into said cloakroom and that the two were as chummy as a couple of bugs in a rug! Clever, these Chinese, ain't it?

It seems that Bill Plengey, Sr. Juicer, believes in long engagements—very long ones. He's had a steady now for the last three months, but he hasn't even kissed her—he doesn't even hold her hand!

At this rate, we figure that the wedding of Bill to Jean will take place in the new Allison Chapel on the new IIT campus and will be conducted under the regulations stipulated in Uncle Jorgy's will.

(The standard rate for this ceremony will be at least one year's tuition, or a new Buick for Georgie Jr.)

The Steam-Shovel is proud to announce the coming wedding of Wally Gow to that pretty young lass from Rochester, N. Y. She sent him a proposal by telegram last week and he is now packing in preparation for his trip east during the Christmas holidays. He seems to have forgotten that it isn't Leap Year and that he doesn't have to accept her invitation. However, he did give her a ring last summer and maybe he figures that marriage will be easier on his nerves than a long drawn out court procedure! (Ed. Note: But not cheaper, I betcha!)

No use asking youse lugs if you've noticed that certain Winter Informal poster—you know which one we mean. Well anyhow, just in case any of you gentle people have taken that "drawing" to heart, we want to take this opportunity to inform you that in order to gain admission to the party

The Greeks

Helen F. Marzullo

Bob Creagan and Tom Cafcas

The Kappa Phi Delta sorority girls will keep up their athletic spirit throughout this year, as they have done so successfully in the past. This semester the girls have organized a bowling team, of which the pledges are also members. The pledges bowled one game against their active sisters and lost. But they'll do better next time—they say!!

The active and alumni members of the Sigma Omicron Lambda sorority enjoyed a pleasant evening at their dinner-dance last Friday. The girls entertained their escort guests in the Continental room of the Stevens hotel.

The Lambda pledges are, as yet, still collecting signatures for their aprons. The girls have been ordered to carry a black book every day, so that the actives may do some "checking up"—these are orders from Pledge-Mistress Mary Ann Knirsch.

The Sigmas had their candy sale at Lewis last Monday, and at Armour on last Wednesday. The actives are making plans for Hell Week, which is to be held from December 15-20. The details of their plans will be revealed later.

"Well, folks, that's all there is; there isn't any more!"

At a meeting of the Daedalians on Dec. 1, they decided to replace Bernard Wentworth as scribe since he has not returned to Lewis this semester. In the resultant election, Bud Carlson was unanimously chosen to serve in that capacity for the remainder of the year. Attendance at the D's Friday afternoon symphonic hour has been growing, but Ted Kowalski, who conducts these sessions, repeats the invitation to all who may enjoy a short period of relaxation accompanied by some good musical selections—room 305, 2 p.m.

To start the Christmas recess with a bang, Gamma Rho will hold a "Snow Drift" in the Lewis gym on Friday, Dec. 19, from 3:30 until 6 p.m.; price one dime (10 cents). In line with the holiday theme of the dance, the G.R.'s say that they are negotiating with Santa Claus to be present; that is, if he can get away from the Boston Store. Come out and get in trim for the mad whirl of the holiday season at the Snow Drift.

Friday night you and your galladly must necessarily wear a little something more. In other words, shoes are very much in order, and stockings, although not absolutely essential will distinguish the fashion-plate from the ordinary bums.

The spirit exhibited by the students who participated in the "biggest Pep Rally in the history of this school" last Friday morning, was something to write home about! It proved our statement that the school spirit is here if we can only bring it to the fore. However, as long as we're handing out pats on the back, we also feel it right to take a few verbal pokes at those few who held back and refused to take part. Such action is indicative of the lack of loyalty to your alma mater and we hope that your conscience won't let you rest until you have vindicated yourself. Any repetition of such an attitude will bring Mister X on your tail and that ain't good!

NOTICE: All boxers and wrestlers desiring positions as bodyguards, please see Lewis E. Dillon. This squad will be required to accompany Dillon to all IIT games and to protect him while he heckles the opposition. The necessity for this squad was very evident at the last IIT basketball game when Kid Dillon was challenged from the floor. Undaunted, our hero sneered back at them but refused to come to blows with the challengers. Good boy, Lew. We admire your spirit, but even Rosenberg met his Waterloo.

Mike Schultz is forwarding his flunk slip to the residence of Miss "Honeychile" Spies, since he claims that it is her presence in the Constitutional Law class that is contributing to his downfall.

Good night, children.

SOOPER SNOOPERS.

Who Done It?

By Richard Nell

The history of shaving is nothing for a man to get into a lather about. Yet ever since I became a little shaver myself, I longed to find out when the ornery custom got started and why if a peach looked good with lots of fuzz, man too, could not hide in his own bush without receiving that "come out or I'll shoot" look from all of his friends.

Indeed, I have spent many a fond hour dreaming over the portraits of Lincoln with his half beard, Pasteur with his full beard, Wagner with his famous "on the sides and under the chin" whiskers, and Santa Claus with his Johannes Brahms beard (or should I have put that the other way around?), and contemplated the days gone by when whiskers were made, not shorn.

You know the ancient peoples were a hairy race and the more foliage a man grew the more he was respected and honored in his tribe. When the Egyptians came along, the Pharos came to regard beards as a badge of royalty, and all of the lower classes were made to pluck their whiskers out.

When the Greeks came along, they decided to go back to the woods. However those young wolves who wanted to make a hit with the ladies, singed their fuzz off by sweeping a small torch over their entire face. Later on, some bright boy thought up the idea of scraping his excess hair off with a sharpened flatstone, and somewhere along the line, he made history by giving himself his first nick.

The Romans shaved both themselves and their slaves to keep their gods, who wore beards, from getting an inferiority complex. The constant fear of these early Latins was that the power of the gods varied with the distinctions the people gave them. And so the early knives and blades were kept busy reaping the human alfalfa.

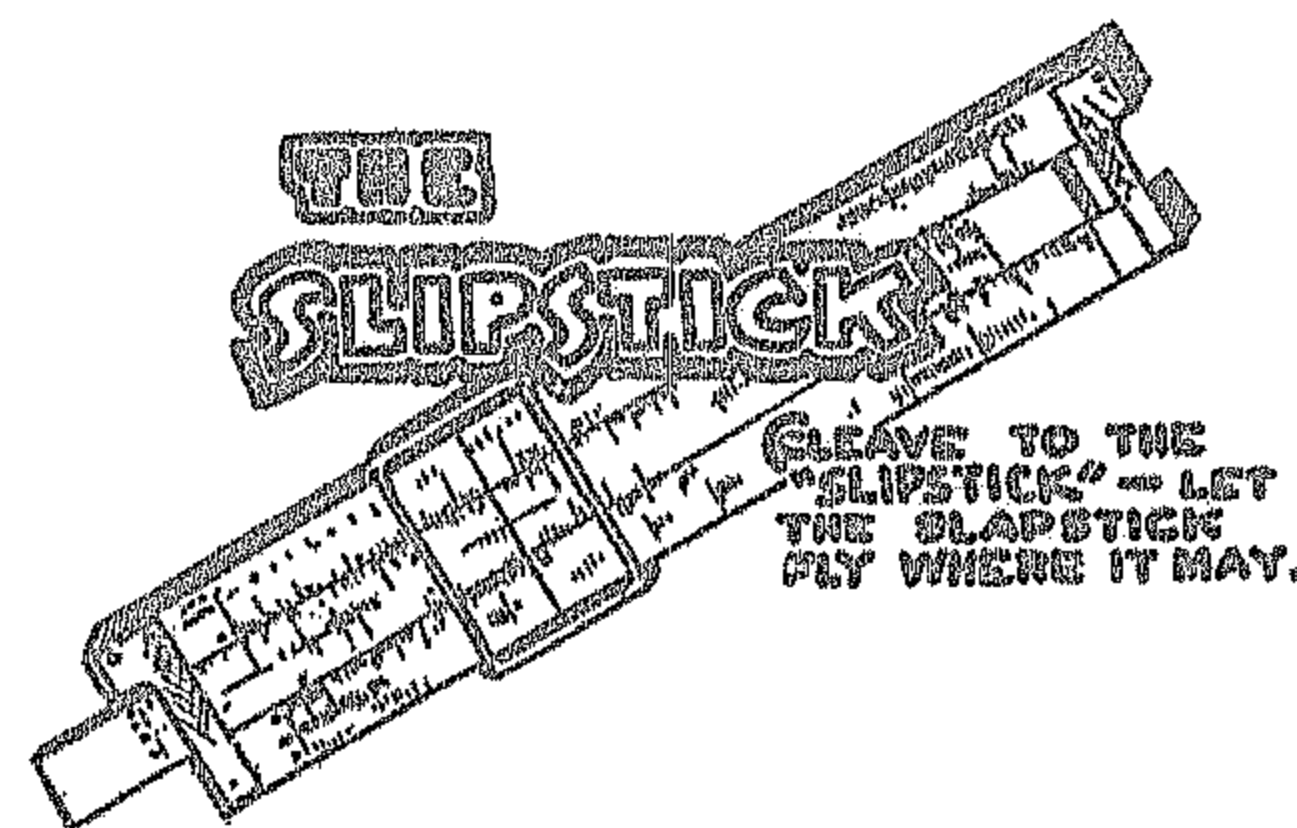
Now during the middle ages, the art of shaving practically vanished from the face of the earth. Everyone looked then, like the Dominican abbots do now. In fact, it was a common thing, during those times, for a wife to go through life without ever seeing the face of her husband. Picture if you can a Rembrandt, or a DaVinci without a beard . . . you can't.

Then about the later half of the nineteenth century a celebrated revival of shaving took place, undoubtedly influenced by the town barbers who were always looking up new ways to make money. The sacred formula for this famous daily write ran somewhat like this.

The gentleman enters the barber shoppe. He removes his coat, his celluloid cuffs and collar, his over-shoes, if the weather is wettish, and his hat, unless ladies happen to be in the shoppe. (In this case he removes his hat first). The gentleman then places himself in the hands of his barber who seats him and makes him otherwise comfortable. The barber then secures the gentleman's strictly private shaving mug, and proceeds to lather the gentleman with great gusto. The barber then proceeds to engage the gentleman in a conversation on polite topics whilst the barber strops his razor and shaves the gentleman. The conversation proves to be slightly one-sided due to the gentleman's inability to talk through the foam on his face, and the razors activity in the region of the gentleman's jugular vein, but the barber soon enables the gentleman to respond by placing a hot towel upon his face. The barber then places bay rum and talcum powder on the gentleman's face, helps the gentleman from his seat; collects his tip and . . . "Next."

Today we shave with brush and lather, with brushless cream, and with even electric razors. But the important thing is that we shave. It is rumored that many people in Russia and Germany are trying to get Stalin and Hitler to shave off their handle-bars, and Charlie Chaplin, respectively. Perhaps they hope their razors will slip.

WELL, AFTER READING THIS, I HOPE YOU ALL WILL COME TO VISIT ME AT MY NEW ADDRESS — THE HOUSE OF DAVID.



By jings, stuck on another opening comment. Could mention that it's only ten days before Christmas but I did that last week. Could remind you to do your Christmas shopping early but that wouldn't do any good either. Guess we'll just have to go right into the jokes without a beginning this time.

* BE *

Last summer we were out trying to get some new pictures of Trout lake when a stranger came across in a canoe and watched us.

"Ah," we said by way of conversation, "perhaps you, too, are a lover of the beauties of nature. Have you seen the golden fingers of dawn spreading across the eastern sky, the red-stained, sulphurous islets floating in the lake of fire in the west, the ragged clouds at midnight, blotting out the shuddering moon?"

"No," said the woodsman thoughtfully, "not lately. I been on the wagon for over a year."

* THERE *

The forest fire raged fiercely and the heat from it was terrific. To the amazement of the fire-fighters a badly singed jack-rabbit came dancing out of the flames. While jumping gleefully on his hind-legs, he cried: "Looky, looky, I been defurred. Whee!"

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Willie put his baby brother in the ice-box. When his mother found the darling there, He'd become a frigid heir.

* IIT *

The moment a girl finds her ideal she begins to search for a substitute.

* WINTER *

Milt: "How are you this evening?"
Snookie: "I'm lonely."
Milt: "Good and lonely?"
Snookie: "No, just lonely."
Milt: "I'll be right over."

* INFORMAL *

A couple were blessed with a child their first year of marriage. They did not, however, get to the hospital quick enough and the baby was born on the lawn in front of the hospital.

The itemized bill was finally received and the careful husband objected strenuously to one item—"Delivery room, \$25."

He returned the bill for revision. In due time it was returned with the objectionable item revised to read "Green Fee—\$25."

* THIS *

A theater in one night towns is always called by the natives the Oprey House, and is usually up one or more flights of stairs, the stage furnished with dim lights and the dressing room with nothing. In one of these Oprey Houses in southwestern Missouri a certain theatrical manager found but one dressing room—a large apartment beneath the stage.

"Where are the other dressing rooms?" he wanted to know.

"Thee ain't no others," answered the local manager.

"Well, what are we going to do? I have a large company of ladies and gentlemen and they can't dress in this one room."

"What's the matter?" drawled the Missourian. "Ain't they speakin'?"

* FRIDAY *

I tried to kiss her by the mill

One starry summer night,
She shook her head and sweetly said,
"No, not by a dam side."

* * * *

Sory: "Do you think kissing is unhealthy?"

Cute Thing: "It would be right now, my boy-friend's looking."

* * * *

She (in a florist's shop): "Have you any passion poppy?"

Old Salesman: "Have I? Just wait till I put down these roses."

* * * *

Just remember now. Don't kick a man when he's down. He may get up and knock your block off.

OH MIN.