

We find it very difficult to write anything this Friday eve because there is too much noise in the News office. The boys have just unearthed a bunch of old issues of PM, Field's New York publication, and are beating each other to a bloody pulp grabbing those issues that contain "personal" photos of our American beauties! The place is a mad-house, what with such wolves as Bob Arko, "Morgue" Fitch, and Art Minwegen on the fly. Cripes, you'd think the mugs had never seen a nice girl before. Hey, who the heck is that? Let's see that, will you? Wow!! What a beauty! Whew! Look at that sweater! . . .

Well, well, well!!! What do you know! Our old friend "Cappie" Kapranos has finally fallen into our clutches! For two long years we have been trying to get something on this "pal" of ours and now, all of a sudden like, we get enough on this guy to hang him. What good fortune! Goody, goody! "Cappy" has finally given away his secret. He's in love—yessir, really hit—but good, yet! Who is it, you say? None other than that charming young science student, Miss Rosamond Golden. In due respect to this budding romance, the Junior Chems have adopted the tune "Rose o' Day" as their class anthem and can be heard rendering this piece at every opportunity (every time "Cappy" is around. Very touching!!

Honor was once more brought to the Armour campus when Vlad Filko, local man-about-town became the holder of the world's record for the shortest engagement in the Midwest. He obtained this award on the basis of his activity on the now gone and forgotten last New Year's Eve. Vlad took his ex-lady love to a party that night and presented her with the "bracelet" at approximately 10:30 p. m. After performing this ceremony, he adjourned to the bar to celebrate the momentous occasion, at which task he remained for the next two hours. He made one little mistake however, and that was that he neglected to take his tootsie with him. After said celebration, Filko, in some manner, managed to navigate back to the little woman only to find her dancing with another lug. Irritated by this "lack of faith", Filko decided to blast this "louse" off the map. It was at this moment, as he was shouting out his intentions, that his apple dumpling calmly ripped the ring off her finger and hit poor Vlad between the eyes, scoring a T.K.O. After Filko had been revived, he made a few startling announcements:

1. That he would return to school to receive his flunks.
2. That he would stay drunk until after the exams.
3. That he would join the Foreign Legion as soon as he got official notification of his "grand slam" of course failures.
4. Women?? Nyeh!!

"Those" Jr. Mech's, disheartened over their present failure in the intramural bowling tournament, have decided to turn their attention to other sports—ones in which they are more successful. If you doubt their success, just ask that lowly, but flavid, freshman who dared to ride the elevator last Thursday afternoon. It is a confirmed report that he stayed at school until 7 p. m., that night, waiting for his clothes to dry before he proceeded on his way home.

FLASH!! We have just been handed a late bulletin (very late), stating that Wally Gow came back from visiting his gal in New York, without a wedding band on his finger. We understand that her old man tried his level best to do right by his daughter, but due to the present ban on shot gun shells, found himself stymied. Consequently, Wally escaped with his neck, but the boys in the know are laying 4-to-1 that Wally's next trip will be his Waterloo.

SOOPER SNOOPERS

Blitzkrieg!

Now that the cold wave has left our windy city (we hope), the coeds are once again returning to school without their ba-booshkas, earmuffs, and slacks. Spring is on its way and with it comes the thoughts of a moon . . . a girl . . . a park bench . . . and . . . Oh! . . . There I go, just dreamin' . . . but let's skip it and get down to business.

Last Tuesday in front of lockers 281 and 282, respectively, two figures stood. From the back it was hard to tell who they were. Could they be espionage agents? Slowly one figure began removing clothing, first a jacket came off, then a hat, scarf, sweater, and —Oh my gosh!!! At least twenty other pieces of top clothing and by golly if the strangers didn't prove to be the twins, Jackie and Louise, who were all bundled up beyond recognition for protection against the sub-zero weather.

All set to go for a joy-ride in Jack Chakolan's car, George Drevikovsky and Red Johnson were quite disappointed when they discovered that the weather had gotten "Leapin' Lena" down, and she just refused to run. Finally after pushing and tugging they got started. All this work was not done in vain, however, for George achieved a slight layer of ice on his "cookie duster" which gives him a right to the title of possessing the "first oddity of the year!"

In the lobby of our west side campus occurred the championship bout of the year. John Poyle, Frank Maurer, Frank Oddi and Jim Vocheck had a free for all. As yet we do you know what blonde's telephone number they were arguing over, but they did prove one thing. NOTE: "Sonny" Weissman, they have the makin's of wrestlers!! Speaking of wrestling Phyllis Haeger and Jim Sullivan were having an Indian wrestling match in the lunchroom the other day. Who won? Well, Phyllis seemed to put up a good fight.

Rather discouraged Ethel Witt announced that her prize rats were not accepted by Lennie Wezeman, her guest in the lab., but don't take it too hard Ethel . . . could be that he was interested in a different specimen present.

Lawrence (6'5") Kjellberg's most embarrassing moment occurred at the Stadium

last week, when his mother called, "Jr. don't light your pipe here!" Oh!! Mom!

The physics survey evening class is sure having a gong up time. Dr. Countryman has a new "fan-dangled contraption" connected to his room clock which is supposed to ring out every hour. Due to some cross in the wires the bell began ringing every minute. But did this discourage our friend and "countryman?" No! He only remarked "I'm glad I don't have to give a cigar every time it rings." Have patience students . . . Give him time.

If any of you noticed a certain person hobbling up and down the stairs, it's only "Hop-Along" Body, suffering the effects of a week-end of ice skating. Another student having difficulty in locomotion is Red Johnson. He was seen walking very slowly into chem lecture showing all the traits of paralyzed pedal digits. The case was rapidly diagnosed by the "Herr Doctors" of the Chad-renewal Clinic. Their accurate diagnosis revealed two pair of shoe laces tightly knotted.

Any calls for help that were heard echoing from the third floor, last week belonged to Connie Cary (she certainly was in a predicament). Several fellows had tied her hands on to her home ec. apron strings and then on to the knobs of the first and sixth lockers, just far enough away for her to worry about how she could untie herself. Time and struggling proved for the best and once again "Red" went about her business not a bit mad, proving she can take a joke . . . That's the spirit!

Back with us is Jack Halloran, who slid down some highly polished stairs (a week BEFORE New Years) and dislocated his shoulder. We all hope you'll be O.K. in a short time.

I didn't want to say anything sooner, for it would probably bring about some loud Oh's . . . and Ah's . . . but, exams are this week. Although the professors may pretend to like you, they still would like a change of faces in their classes so come on get to work and see if you can't get all A's like yours truly.

SIXTH COLUMNIST.

Did You Know?

By ART MINWEGEN

How much is a billion dollars? Yessir, it's a tidy sum anyway you look at it. In fact if you owned a billion dollars and undertook to count it at the rate of \$100 a minute, 48 hours a week, you would need more than 66 years to complete the job. By that time you'd be a wee bit too old to have any fun out of the money.

A pursuit plane has 15,000 parts in fuselage and wings, all held together by 78,000 rivets, plus welding. There are more than 6,000 parts in the motor, and approximately 190 in the propeller. There are at least 90 instruments, dials, knobs, buttons, and valves for the personal use of the pilot.

Cattle thieves more dangerous and ruthless than any in the history of the West overrun the island of Marajo at the mouth of the Amazon in Brazil. They are the giant crocodiles that infest the swamps and marshy fields of this river island—larger in area than Switzerland.

These deadly marauders take a heavy toll of farmers' cattle, but the natives have novel means of fighting the reptiles—with lassos and harpoons. It would seem logical, and much less risky, to shoot them. But this is impractical, as a crocodile that has been shot at, whether wounded or not, may survive to continue his career as a cattle killer.

So the farmers have adopted surer means. When they come upon a big crocodile mark. ed for death they lasso him with the skill of a Texas cowboy, drag him ashore, and dispatch him with an axe. When the victim is in deep water they set out in frail dug-outs, and with uncanny accuracy hurl a harpoon into the barely visible animal and drag him ashore to be bludgeoned.

Either method is very perilous. A crocodile can bite off a man's leg, or break him in two with a blow of the tail.

Brakes now being made by industry for defense purposes are so powerful that they

must stop 80-ton bombing planes rolling along the ground at 80 miles per hour in 10 seconds flat.

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR
(Dec. 7th, 1941)

REMEMBER THE MAINE
(Feb. 15th, 1898)

With the new war slogan, "Remember Pearl Harbor" most people think of a similar war-cry "Remember the Maine" but few know more than that.

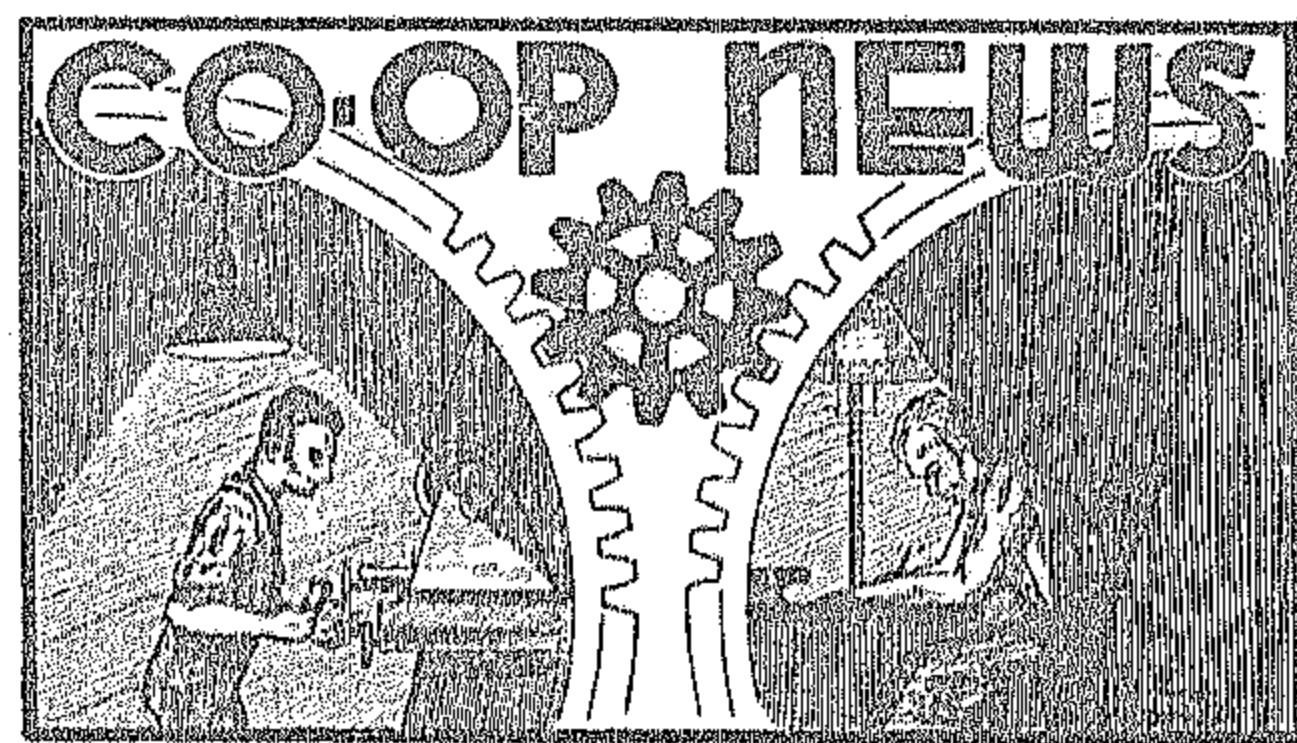
Public feeling in the United States at the time had been gathering intensity over the state of suffering in Cuba which resulted from Spanish treatment of insurrectionists. On the morning of February 15, 1898 this feeling was fanned to fever height by the destruction in Havana Harbor of the United States battleship Maine with a loss of 260 killed and 90 wounded.

News of the disaster caused great excitement and accusations were made against the Spaniards by leading American newspapers. Soon the temper of the nation was crystallized in the slogan "Remember the Maine," events moved rapidly to a climax and on April 20th war with Spain had begun.

Investigation of the wreckage of the Maine shortly after the sinking revealed that there had been both an internal and external explosion.

The conclusion was that most likely a mine had been the primary cause and that the forward powder magazines ignited as a consequence. No direct evidence could be discovered which would fix responsibility for the placing of the mine and some experts asserted that spontaneous combustion in the coal bunkers may have been responsible.

The wreck remained in Havana harbor until 1911 at which time Army engineers built a coffer dam, sealed what remained of the vessel and floated it to sea. On March 16th, 1912, with its flag flying and the guns of accompanying warships booming salutes, the Maine sank slowly to its final resting place on the ocean bottom.



By Bert Milleville

The reaction to last week's column was really terrific—especially in the matter of suggesting a new name to replace "Co-op Column." Perhaps our difficulty is our own fault, since we did neglect to mention that any name submitted MUST be printable. Besides, we think the names suggested were purely personal opinion, and not representative of the opinion of the majority.

As that famous old philosopher, Justad A. Shortertoo would say: "Never let a kick in the face get you down in the mouth." Braced by these noble sentiments, we grit our teeth (both of them) and carry on.

John R. Nieman pulled the big surprise of last week when he marched in on his old classmates (4B's) in the C.E. drafting room. It's Sergeant Nieman, now—he had three chevrons on his sleeve and a little bundle of Texas sunshine on his arm. Typical reaction, as voiced by Fred Brown: "Why the --- have I been trying to keep out of the army?" John explained that he was on his way from Texas to the officers' training school at Norfolk, Virginia, to start work toward a commission.

The graduating seniors are planning a whirlwind climax to their five years of all work and some play. The commencement will take place on Wednesday, January 28, in the auditorium of the Museum of Science and Industry. Mr. Raymond J. Koch, president of Felt & Tarrant Co., will give the commencement address. On Thursday, a "bunch of the boys" are going to whop it up at a stag party—(Yippee! Hie!) Then on Friday, the class of '42 bids its fond adieu to a dance. Presumably, the adrenalin will then be rationed out and the new B.S.'s will set out on their divergent ways.

HELP! HELP! HELP!

We need contributions from our readers, if any.

The Junior basketball team continued down the victory trail last week in their title defense, defeating the Sophomores and Seniors in stride. After working hard in the first period to earn a 13-8 lead at half-time, the Sophs were held to 2 points in the second period, as the Juniors scored almost at will. Merle Dargel and Wayne McCullough accounted for 24 of their team's 28 points, and close guarding by Dan Shearer and Leif Lunde slowed the Soph's offense down to a walk. The final score was 28 to 15.

In their second game of the week, the Juniors swamped the Seniors in a rough-and-tumble session, 39 to 16. The Seniors led momentarily at the start of the game, but were hopelessly outdistanced as the Junior sharpshooters started to hit. As usual, McCullough led the scoring with 17 points. Ansell (Gangleshanks) Winterbauer finally found the range, scoring five baskets from the floor.

After having the misfortune to play their opening game against the defending champs, the pre-juniors defeated the Frosh, last Thursday, by a score of 38-23. Cross led the winners in high scoring honors, with Ceroke, Swan, Sholeen, Sternberg, Ferkan, and Platzner all contributing to the downfall of the Frosh. In all fairness, due credit must be given to the stellar play of Costello and Hess, of the first-year men who, incidentally, have scored over 86% of their team's total points this season.

Attributing his team's showing to a rejuvenated offense and defense (what else is there?), Captain Swan of the pre-Juniors has issued a challenge for a return match with the Juniors. Poor Chet—never knows when he's had enough.

The Standings To Date

	W	L	Pts.	Op.Pts.
Juniors	3	0	82	43
Pre-Juniors	1	1	50	38
Sophs	1	1	41	48
Frosh	1	2	90	90
Seniors	0	2	42	86