



Boy am I burning up!! Am I bubbling over with excess indignation! How "Morgue" Fitch could sit behind a typewriter with his bare face hanging out and so distort the facts on that FEATURE STAFF-sports staff touchball game as to leave an impression of a sports staff victory is beyond any reasonable conception! Obviously such a person must be completely devoid of any conscience or even a reasonable accurate facsimile of the same, and furthermore, must be a blood relation of Benedict Arnold! And now that I've got that off my chest let me give the REAL score of the contest—FEATURE STAFF 15, sports staff 0!!

FLASH: "Kitty" Koos has been offered a job by the 'personnel' director of the Rialto (Chicago's legitimate theater) at a startling salary! "Kitty" is to replace Charmaine as the feature attraction—and also sell peanuts, candy, and what have you when he's not performing.

The latest addition to the "I Got It Bad Club" is Johnnie Cotter, the "Slinging Sammy" of the soph mechs. Every evening at 5:30 p.m. Johnny's carcass can be seen hanging over the phone in the registrar's office talking to his lady love!! As a matter of fact this incident occurs as regularly as the transit of Arcturus across our meridian. (Attention Prof Penn — such knowledge should merit an "A.")

Every time you hear the jr. mechs talk about the study session they're to hold "tonight" you can bet your boots that a great deal will be accomplished. The 'boys' hold these meetings at Midge Goluska's place, whose dad owns a liquid refreshment parlor. If we know the mechs, Mr. Goluska Sr. doesn't have much trouble making out his income tax form because the mechs drink like fish—when it's free!!

There'll be no more singing "Gloria" for the sr. civils now that Jackie Jackimiec has traded in his Gloria for her best girl-friend—Lorraine. If queer behavior is an indication of the presence of Mr. Love Bug, Jackie's in like a bunny because he's been cutting out paper dollies in all his classes and has been observed going through cradling motions to the tempo of Prof. White's masonry lecture!

Bob Neuhaus, Honor "I" pledge from the ranks of the bucketeers, is on the black list with the actives of this group. Last week-end Bob went out of town and Mike Carey hearing of his intentions to do so, demanded, as a pledge requirement, that Bob hand over to him his gal's phone number! Pledge Bob refused, thereby showing his lack of brotherly cooperation, and now his initiation into this select group seems rather doubtful. And Mike would have taken good care of the young lady, too!!

We understand that Bob Funk has found a greater interest than his studies. This interest takes the form—cute, too—of his gal, Pat Carter, nifty popularity queen of the West Aurora high school. It seems that Bob cut thermo and strength and ditched his fellow teammates during an important touchball game to watch his heart-throb lead a parade, as drum majorette, down the main streets of Aurora. In a way we don't blame him, for, after all, watching a pair of shorts walking down the street is much better than listening to Seegrist's spiel on a subject as interesting as thermo.

If the sages are right, and variety is the spice of life, Prof. Krathwohl is really having a helluva time living. Of the twenty-one solutions to a problem concerning "pressures on a parabolic dam" presented by his calc class, there were nineteen different answers ranging from 7 to 5000! One of the students, as he left the quiz room, was heard exclaiming, "Boy, that damn problem was tough!" For the benefit of you scholars the correct answer to this teaser was 173. ((Krathwohl insists that this particular quiz was one of the snappier of his patented snap quizzes!))

SOOPER SNOOPERS.

YOU NAME IT!

by Art Minweg

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE CHUMS, THIS IS GOING TO BE YOUR COLUMN SO COME ON AND NAME IT. OF COURSE, WE'RE NOT OFFERING \$10,000 FOR A NAME LIKE THE NEW NEWSPAPER IS DOING, BUT WE ARE OFFERING A COUPLE OF TICKETS TO THE CHICAGO THEATER FOR ANY EVENING, ANY DAY. YOU CAN'T LET AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS SLIP THROUG YOUR FINGERS SO START COOKING ONE UP RIGHT NOW. THE DEADLINE IS GOING TO BE WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19.

To help you a little bit I'll give you the idea of the column. It's going to be made up of contributions (we hope). These contributions will concern little known facts, odds 'n ends, that everyone would be interested in learning. To make it still easier, I'll slip in a few of my own to get the ball-rollin' . . .

Standard equipment of modern U. S. battleships includes 100 typewriters.

"Galloping Dominoes"

There seems to have been no period of history and no nation in which some form of dice has not been used. They are pictured on early Egyptian monuments. Those excavated at Thebes are almost identical with the ones in use today. Their use is attested by laws regulating the games played with them in ancient Greece and Rome as well as in most of the later European countries. The invention of dice is attributed to Palamedes, who lived about 1244 B.C., but the use of cubes with numbered sides is slightly older.

Leonardo da Vinci, who produced many of the most famous paintings in the world, was left-handed.

A major rubber company has developed a powder to eliminate all static from automobile radios. One teaspoonful blown into each inner tube is said to be sufficient.

It is a little known fact that the United States narrowly missed coming into the ownership of the great Lake Superior iron ore ranges; one of our richest natural resources.

More than 1700 million tons of ore have been taken from these ranges since they were opened in 1848—85 per cent of all that is produced in America. They are the basis

of our industrial development.

In the Handbook of the Lake Superior Iron Ore association, the statement is made that the astuteness and farsight of Benjamin Franklin—plus good luck—were in large responsible for a northern boundary line that put the Upper Peninsula of Michigan in the United States instead of in Canada. Franklin also helped to get northeast Minnesota for the U. S.

As one of the commissioners appointed to draft the Treaty of Paris in 1793, Franklin, working with inaccurate maps, proposed boundary lines that "happened" to include the richest of the ore fields. These tentative boundaries were fixed definitely in the Webster-Ashburton treaty of 1842.

What the histories of Canada and the United States might have been if these fabulous iron ore districts had been the possession of our northern neighbor would be a strange contemplation. The debt which this nation owes to Franklin seems to grow with the years.

The longest stretch of straight railway track in the U.S. is on the Seaboard Railway between Wilmington and Hamlet, N.C., a distance of seventy-nine miles

YOU CAN IF YOU WILL

An 800-pound steel bar, eight feet long, was suspended by a chain, and a small cork at the end of a string was swung lightly against the bar. At first it seemed to have no effect, but after ten minutes of tapping, the great bar began to tremble, and at the end of twenty minutes, it was swinging like the pendulum of a great clock.

Cheddar cheese was named for the village of Cheddar, England, but today more Cheddar cheese is made in Wisconsin than ever was made in all of England.

The swastika sign used by the Nazis is probably the most ancient and widely distributed symbol that has ever existed. It was used by the early Egyptian artisans in their domestic architecture, furniture, fabrics, pottery, armor, weapons, and sacred monuments. It was also used in ancient Greece, Troy, Persia, India (where Buddhists still use it as a religious symbol), and in China, Japan, and in North, Central, and South America by the American Indian. It was a symbol of the sun's strength and energy, thus, a reminder of immortality, and was used as a talisman of good luck.

Who Done It ?

By Richard K. Nell

Sauer Kraut, alias "Liberty cabbage," World War No. 1 (alias "Four Freedoms" cabbage, World War No. 2?) is a most interesting variety of "pot luck." It is to the vegetable kingdom what salt pork is to the meat kingdom, and Kraut and pork make a very good "ersatz" of porterhouse steak and French fried potatoes.

Because of its name and origin, it may soon be against the law to use the salty stuff, but it has always been slightly on the "unconstitutional" side due to its nature and chemical properties. But it absolutely cannot do anything that a gallon of warm milk chocolate won't fix, and during these times of national defense it does help conserve the mineral oils.

Now there is an old old, tale told about the first sauer kraut. The event took place over a thousand years ago, and I was a bit too young then to get in on the fun, so I'll have to tell you the story rather second handily, for it was first told by my K great grandfather (K=17 greats). The story is that a long, long, time ago the Teutons were at war with the Croats, and that one day a Croat runner rushed into one of the villages some distance from where the fighting was taking place with the cry, "Danger, danger, enemy near! Evacuate at once!! Burn or destroy all that you cannot take with you."

The people, who had been expecting something like this for sometime, were well prepared to carry out these orders. Everyone had his task to perform. The men wrecked the buildings and burned all extra grain. The women and children gathered the belongings of the family together with all the food they could pack on the beasts.

Then all stood by awaiting further orders.

Suddenly, one of the inspectors noticed that a large cabbage patch had not been destroyed. He ordered one of the men to root up the heads, to cut them up into fine pieces, and to salt them far beyond the usual amount so as to render them useless as food. These orders were carried out and the deputy, thinking that he could improve upon the command, hid the salt cabbage in a big vat and placed a heavy grindstone on top of the pile. The tribe then departed, having completed, as they thought, a very good "scorched earth" plan.

It took the Teutons several days to reach this city. They had met with stiff opposition all along the way, and their supplies had run very low. Needless to say, they expected to find food at the village, and when they discovered that everything was gone, their hunger got the best of them, and they broke up their unit into small groups, so that a search for food might be undertaken.

In some way or other, one of the searching parties discovered the cabbage dump and reported it to headquarters. The general in charge, ordered his cooks to go out and prepare it for the men regardless of its condition.

That night the first sauer kraut banquet was held, and since then it has become a staple article throughout the civilized world. It is a mighty fine treat alone, but with spare ribs, rye bread, and beer, it becomes a positive joy to the palate.

We cannot thank Germany for producing Hitler, but we must grant her a vote of praise for developing the great national dish of sauer kraut and introducing it to the world.

Blitzkrieg!

Shades of red, white, and blue!! Today's the day we doff our chapeaux and blossom out with a real khaki komplex for the boys who left the home fires burning a few years back. So let us poke up the smoldering embers a bit, and give out with a hale and hearty farewell to

"Ace" Perkins, who left us in a blaze of glory last Wednesday. Kissin' the boy goodbye were all the Lewis Lovlies. Time to boot grandma out of that rocking chair what gets you, girls, and click merrily on to the tune of knit one, pearl two, and turn out some unique linings for those size 10½ dog-houses. When you're makin' like Smilin' Jack over Lewis, Ace, don't forget to drop us a courtsy.

If you want to know just what makes the wheels go 'round, and then come off, ask Eileen "Mike" Robinson. The cruisin' Chrysler ended up a definitely lopsided limousine, with the passing of the third wheel back. What with no bike, 'twere a hike for Mike.

Hickory Dickory Dock,

The shoes are on the clock.

"You know what I think,"

Said the clock with a wink,

"Confidentially, they . . .

bear a strong resemblance to the size six Butch Flasher used to shuffle around in. In case you haven't noted the latest brain-storm in interior decorating, the next time you're listening for that next tone beat just check it with the clock in roof 313.

A great big "Hiya Stinky" to Dick Johnson, who booked return passage from a bunch of pesky flu germs. How does it feel to set foot on terra ferma again, Stinky?

Drift Diggins

Tom Cateas settin' the world on fire again, at the drift. This Amorous Arsonist, a traitor to the ranks of the Boy Scouts with that match, burned the dainty digit of girl friend Connie while lighting up the cigarette what satisfies. Newsome Twosome very much in evidence were Bill Brown and Flossie Mossi, two of the more steady customers in the two up and one back department. The music went 'round and 'round, and so did Howie Reiser, he of the one, long sleepy pan, kicking up his heels and pirouetting about most energetically with not one, but all of the conglomeration of co-eds. The E.D.T.'s were rhythmically represented by Jim Cimino and Dom Bruschi, givin' the gals a break. "Ace" Perkins waltzing for old time's sake with Sylvia Weislo. Crewsin' around with hair standing on end was our boy Dick Barnes. And then there were fugitives from a barber shop like Samson . . . but Dick did right well for himself sans two inches of topnot. We wish to thank the powers that be from the bottom of our record player for that sonorous loud speaker attachment.

The latest to be caught in the draft is Sid Greenberg, who really goes in for that Southern Exposure in a big way. S.G. is our bet for the original kid in the three-cornered tear. Simply ripping, wot??

Ann Mossner's chief cohort in keeping up in this Vitamin Voolishment is the fruit peddler on Madison St. The Daily Donations consist of apples and oranges in assorted sizes and shapes. Another Healthful Hannah on the way!!

"The Hills of Home" definitely erupted, and with a loud crash in Glee club the other day, when Mary Ann Knirsch bore down upon the pedals with a venomance that really laid them out . . . on the floor. That's music that's really lowdown, Mary Ann!! Or is that what you term knockin' 'em out!!!

Jack Chakoian, the original "thumb fun kid," did a fairly good job at practice by demolishing a digit with the inauguration of that 33-55-77 yipe play last Wednesday. How are you going to solve those complicated math problems Jack?

Giving that Liberty Gal a run for her money is Lorraine Richtik who's carrying a mighty big torch. (Attention, Ed. It's still burning and so is Lorraine!) Honey, I can fairly see the glow from here!

Seen apple polishing around these premises was Al Reynolds, who, according to him, was going to take it to his night school teacher.

Well, this winds up the week's tired business man's session, so until it's called to order next week, just remember—circumstances over which we have no control, make this column possible—or impossible!

THE SIXTH COLUMNIST