

Well here we are again—all set to go but unable to think of a good beginning! Beginnings are a pain in the neck anyhow and should be banned from all classical writing which means that this colyume is included. So here goes—and we don't mean nothing!

**FLASH:** Butch McTchawk enters new research fields in attempt to learn the truth about life! Steve Dokos, rhumba master of the Dance club, has announced that he will soon reveal all about the dangers and intricacies of modern marital life. In order to get first hand information, Steve has enlisted the aid of a young lady who, although married, is sort of one the outs with the old man! Stevie says he is learning plenty but that he must know all before he will reveal the ghastly truth!

Boy! Happy days are here again!! What are we talking about?? We mean that we're once more able to report favorably from the Eileen Robinson-Gus Mustakas sector. We have it on superauthority that these gaga two were smoochin' in the phone booth in the Student Union last Friday eve. A communique of this nature can mean only one thing—that operations are progressing according to schedule!

What's this we hear about "Morgue" Fitch having a little mawntin flour what goes to the Yooniversity of Nortwesturn?? Careful me boy — these interlechs are more potent den jenuwine mawntin dew!

By the way kiddies, we understand that some of the sr. civils are organizing an organization for the purpose of organized combat against the freedom of the Steam Shovel! It seems that we've been stepping on a few of the boys' insteps and they're right peeved. Our answer to this move is the following statement: "We're withdrawing our ambassadors immediately and are announcing that a formal state of war does now exist!! So there!! Fuy on yuy.

The raucous laughter stuck in his throat and almost choked him when Bob Klein realized that the dance which Bub Cotter had to attend in his battered condition last Friday eve was given by Rosary college. It seems that Klein's girl-friend attends Rosary but had not invited him. This fact hit him between the eyes as he was driving home from the Chicago game and he almost killed all twelve passengers trying to drive into a phone booth to make a call.

The Legion of Decency missed out on a good affair last Saturday eve.—The senior mech stag held at Senior Plumber Jahnke's home. The affair lasted into the wee hours of the morning, when the projector burned out. Being engineers, no one could be found to repair the outfit, so the film was cut into strips and distributed among the attending stags.

During the showing, strong men fainted and faint men collapsed. Plumber Bob Arko had to be revived by Fire Squad No. 9, which had to pour gallons of water on the lad before he was cool enough to handle.

Resting forlornly in the bottom of the mail-box in the Armour bookstore is a lonely post-card from "Norma" of Ottumwa, Iowa, begging for the address of Le Roy Van Auken of Illinois Tech. If anyone knows of the whereabouts of this Chicago heart-breaker please notify the editors of the Steam Shovel so that this heartless Casanova may be brought to justice.

Sparks will soon be flying in the electrical dept. Frosh Juicer Bill Murphy and Soph Juicer Ev Munson are both developing a high tension over Lewis Coed Marilyn Johler. We'd hate to be around when the insulation broke down.

## Blitzkrieg!

With the mercury hittin' new all time lows, and' the weather man beatin' out a mazurka on the molars, 'tis high time to hitch up old Dobbin to my slanderous sleigh, plough through this week's slush, and make tracks from my door to your'n. And here comes Bozo, the Bistlin' St. Bernard with his little goblet of gossip.

President of the Casanova cab service is our Al Falkman. Ever since the advent of that jitturbuggy of his, the tire tracks can be traced from lower Madison Street to all points North and West. Any customers in the offing for this gratis service? Remember, Al's motto is: "A Lake—No brake—A wake."

The flower of knighthood has perked up its drooping head thanks to the tender care administered by Lewis Johnson, he of the wild red hair and awesome titian beard. This gallant Galahad was viewed recently, giving the once over lightly to the petite bootery of Mary Linke.

A soul-weary boy is Howard Reiser these days. Showing the paradoxically ignorant Howie the fine art of traversing on the incline, sans elevator, was Gracie Taglieri . . . or don't you believe in getting up in the world, Howie??

Let Elinor Wick beat out a rhythmical tattoo on those drums of hers in tribute to the thoughtfulness of Ethel Witt. Seems the little refugee from the hot stove which the women allegedly slave over, supplies ye olde scribes with scrumptious goodies scrambled up in the home ec. hodgepodge room.

*Whilst vampin' a few vitamins in the cafeteria last Wednesday, John Boynton dumped a whole glassful of what Elsie soup from moo to you into—or onto—an inverted glass. No use staging a lacrimal lamentation over the proverbial spill milk Johnny.*

Out of the several hundred E. (with the) D.T.'s we have come across one lad who should be handed a great big hunk of credit stuff. We refer naturally to the "brain" of the S. Damen cult; namely, John Sheehand who currently disproves the theory that you glean from enterprise as much as you give. He gets MORE out, entertaining a minimum of effort, he's still leadin' the field in the stretch with those "go or no-go" things.

Then, too, those three ogling assimilations of psychological lore who ghoulishly enjoyed viewing our absent pal Bernie Deer give out those complimentary tickets to minor traffic offenders at Clarke and Madison after the psych meeting at the Cordon club.

### STATISTICAL STICKLERS

A copyrighted official TECHNOLOGY NEWS statistical survey reveals that in an average class Professor Fodor makes 57 trips to and fro. Resultant factor! The ambulant professor travels in a fifty minute period an average of 1025 feet or in the vicinity of a fifth of a mile. Fodor marches on!

*Also in the line of statistics is the report of convalesced Patty Arns, the dear old slave driver. This dimpled darlin' reports that there are 72 serial programs wending their way over the ozone between the hours of 8 a.m. and 5:45 p.m. at a mere drop of the bat, she can also dig up from the deep, dark recesses of her excellent journalistic memory the names, sponsors, and principal characters involved.*

This week's bunch of orchids goes to Elaine Maggio who was the only femme to endure the severe chill in the chem lecture room without the shelter of a sweater, smock, or coat, a mute tribute to her endurance was the fact that the keeper of the igloo, Eskimo Supple, found that the tertiary butyl alcohol he had brought for demonstration purposes had frozen. Honest!

What's this we hear about you Mr. Lowy? Are you a metalurgy instructor now?

Dr. Boder has made the column of a daily paper, so far be it from us to pass him up in this column. Nice going, Doc.

Pictures are now appearing on many desks, but the one that Mort has on his desk cops the cookies, and he says that she is his sister!

Old Dobbins greetin' a bit wobley at the knees, the sleighs puttin' on the stall, and bozo's gone back for a refill, so until next week's trip,

THE SIXTH COLUMNIST

## IT'S EASY

By Bennett Edelman

You don't have to go around with your arm in a sling! Why should you go through life with people staring at you and whispering, "He doesn't know how to carve a turkey." To avoid becoming such a social outcast, your moth-eaten reporter will tell you the correct way to rip a turkey.

First secure a calendar, a jeep, a sub-machine gun, and a small coke. The calendar is to find out when and if Thanksgiving comes this year. The jeep is for a quick getaway after borrowing—er—buying a turkey. The submachine gun is to explain the situation to the owner of the turkey, and the coke is to drink if you get thirsty.

After getting the bird, (not that way) tie it to a table. Then go into the next room and cut the string that is tied there. This will release a weight, which in turn breaks a window. This automatically sets off a fire alarm. The firemen rush in swinging their axes, and one of them accidentally chops the head off the turkey.

Then place the turkey in the oven for one hour. Remove the bird from the oven and see if it is done. If the bird is still raw, place it back in the oven. This time turn the gas on.

The most important step is the carving of the turkey. First empty the house of all the people, breakable furniture, and the insurance policy. Then, using the double x-9 method, slowly approach the bird. Grasp one leg in each hand, and start to pull. If nothing happens, pull out a bowl of wheaties and eat the bowl. This will leave you with the wheaties. Send them plus \$24.05 to cover the cost of mailing and somebody's new suit. Then forget about it.

Now, that you have re-inforced yourself with nourishment, return to the turkey. Softly place a bicycle pump in its mouth and start pumping. If this doesn't tear the turkey apart, at least you have had exercise, and now you know the bicycle pump works.

If all of these sure-fire methods fail, then cover the bird with nitro-glycerine and place a stick of dynamite in its mouth. Light the dynamite and then rush to the nearest restaurant for a real Thanksgiving dinner. After all, you can wipe and the little woman can wash, or maybe you can even pay cash.

## SLIPSTICK—

(continued from page six)

First old maid: "I wish I could stop dreaming about having a husband."

Second old maid: "Some day you'll wake up to yourself."

First old maid: "Say! That's all I've been waking up to for the last forty years."

Advice to the profs: Always help your wife. When she cleans house, clean house with her!

The little old lady bent over the baby in the cradle.

"O-o-o, you look so sweet, I could eat you." Baby: "Oh, no—you haven't any teeth."

Said the little termite to the bartender: "Beat me daddy, I ate the bar."

### OUCH!

"Can I stick this wallpaper on myself?" "Well, yes, but it will look much better on the wall."

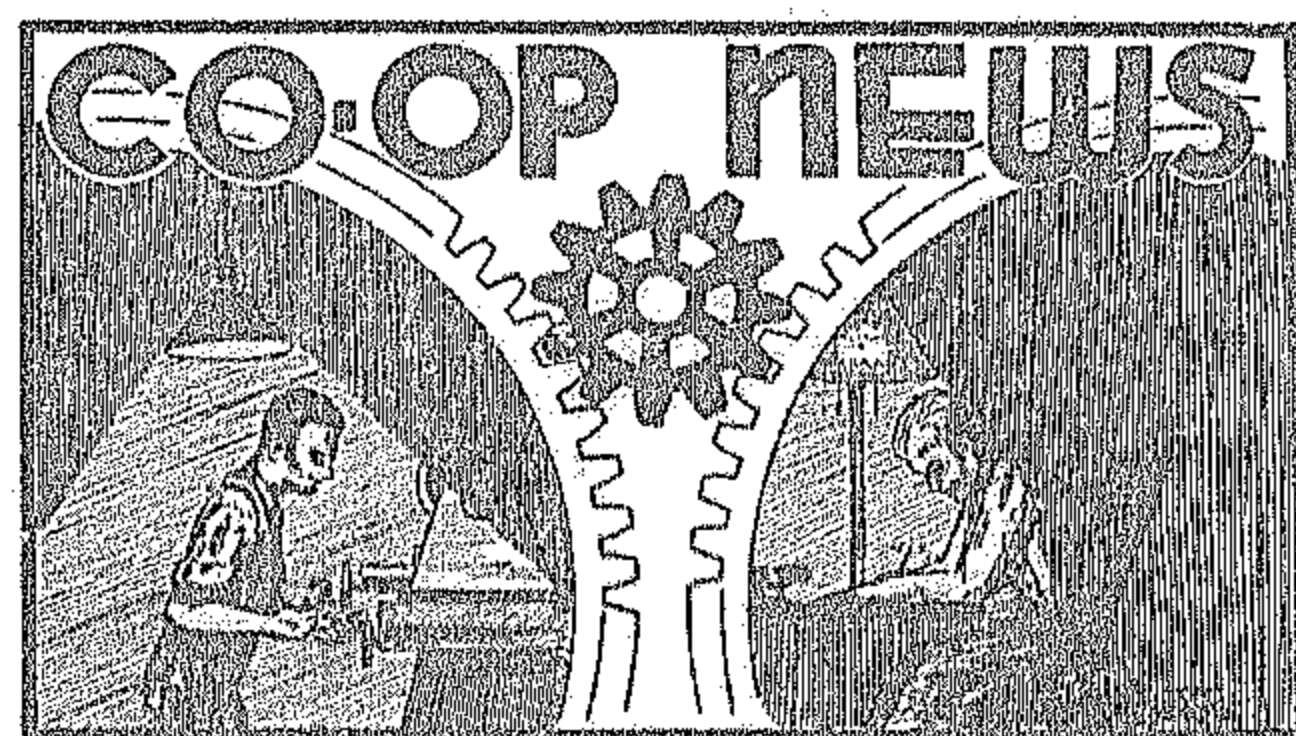
An English boy was talking to an American boy about his ancestors.

"My grandfather was a very great man," he said. "One day Queen Victoria touched his shoulder with a sword and made him a knight."

"Aw, that's nuthin'," the American boy replied. "One day Red Wing, an Indian touched my grandfather on the head with a tomahawk and made him an angel!"

Well, that ought to satisfy your appetite for jokes (?) until Thursday when you can really sink your uppers into something.

OH MIN!



By Charles Rowbotham and J. Van Santern

The IIT Co-op Book club has already developed a large membership among the student body. At the time of this writing approximately 20 co-op students from the "A" group have paid their \$2 entitling them to charter membership in this up and coming organization. At the first general meeting, Henry Altenkamp, 2A co-op, was elected to the board of directors, and will represent the co-op students in that capacity. In a recent press interview Mr. Altenkamp said, "Cooperative students should be particularly interested in an organization of this type for its practical economic value as well as the sound ethical concept behind it."

The grapevine has it that Herb Otto and Don Banks will waylay Jimmy Carroll and Harry Schrader to some remote Woodstock hideout while a contingent from the soph co-op class led by Russ Mueller and Warren Decatur spend the Thanksgiving holidays with the two Miami university coeds, Dolores and DeElda. Russ Mueller, spokesman for the invaders is quoted as follows, "We can't let our personal regard for Jim and Harry interfere with this glorious opportunity. A promise has been made and it must be fulfilled."

Four of the better known "wolves" of the 3A class took it upon themselves to celebrate Armistice day by watching the parade (it says here.) We have it on authority that J. P., "The Horselaugh," had more spectators watching his antics than the parade. Ask any 3A fellow as to the identity of "The Horselaugh."

Bert McCleneghan, 3A, Frank Carqueville, 2A, and Don Keigher, junior FPEE, made quite a stir at the Rosary college dance in their tuxedos. Rumor has it that Don bought a tuxedo just for this occasion, and future occasions, too, he hopes.

Impeachment proceedings are under way for Marty Kraegel, 5A pres.. The prosecuting attorney claims that Kraegel has shown a degrading lack of school spirit. In fact, the defendant has not watched the 5A team come through its schedule unbeaten.

The freshman flashes led by Capt. "Casey" Puchalski defeated the Soph Co-ops by a score of 14-0. Wally Moe starred for the "Flashes" with a thrilling touchdown in the last quarter.

"Ace" Ramseth, 3A, has applied for a pilot's license so that his paper planes won't be confiscated by the Interstate Commerce Commission. National defense needs more men of Ramseth's calibre.

About 5 couples gathered at Hank Alderson's, 5A, place for a housewarming party last Saturday.

The other day in the 3A mach. design class, it seems that Prof. Perry had to throw some chalk at two conversing students; the missile missed, and struck somnambulist Wittekindt. G. A. was properly indignant about being awakened during lecture.

That quartet from Rockford, "Gus Denney, Harry Ritter, Louis Long, and Bob Elliott," all of 1A, were crowned "champion donut devourers" at the Frosh-Soph hayride last Saturday. Imagine 4 beautiful girls jilted for a plate of donuts.

After two easy terms, the prejunior have run into a few tough quizzes. Now they are so disgusted that they resort to profanity on the quiz papers.