

BLITZKRIEG!

Once more the school bell tolls, and all the "ten o'clock scholars" resume their duties of apple polishing; everyone having found out that patience is a virtue, after waiting a good two weeks for information concerning their grades. Remember?

To begin with I believe I will tell you a little story.

TIME: 7 P.M., Friday, January 23, 1942
PLACE: TECH NEWS banquet. Northwestern's Abbott Hall on Chicago's lake front.

SETTING: Dinner table; with all the guests waiting for the official gong to start in a diggin'.

Waiters began bringing out plates and before you knew it a delicious slice of roast beef and all its trimmings was set before you. But here is where the story really begins; through some misunderstanding, the Friday fish eaters were forgotten and the problem arose as to what to feed them. After a long conference, unpalatable vegetable plates were decided upon and the vegetarians went to work. What they needed in their kitchen was a few of the home economic girls from down here, to show them how to put a good meal together in a minute's notice.

With the coming of the new semester we find that our pal Mary "Butch" Flasher has lost interest in school, and has dropped Lewis and is now enrolled at the Illinois Business College. We'll miss her but we wish her luck and predict that shortly she will become "Mrs. Johnnie," but who are we to say?

"Oh, for the life of a sailor." These are the words Dave Kester is now repeating, seeing that he has also left Lewis and enlisted in the navy. Probably by the time this news reaches you he'll be sailin' the seven seas.

It's true there are many who have left us, but from the looks of the many new happy smiling faces, passing through the hall, we're sure many newcomers are going to be ready, willing and able to do their darndest for good old IIT.

But now getting back to Uncle Sam. Marge Murphy, our librarian, seems to have received a long distance call from Hawaii. She has a soldier friend down there and is doing her part to aid defense by "Keepin' 'em Smiling" and . . . interested.

John Williams met with a mishap while running our elevator. He forgot to pull his toes out of the way and consequently got them caught between floors. Just look at his shoe, and you'll see his famed "big toe" which missed being chopped off by a narrow margin. Nevertheless, John is still pretty chipper, and is always ready to give out with a "good morning."

It seems that Steve Mendak and his able bodied assistants Kasper and Thomas are "doggin'" it during the noon hour in the cafeteria. They are so slow that one of the women in kitchen has said that she alone could do more work in a half hour than the three of them do in an hour. But don't fret boys; we agree with you, hurrying doesn't get you anywhere.

The latest addition to our school is Elaine Simone of the Simone Simon fame. It seems that during roll call Dr. Whitehill chalked up a little French to his credit, for he called Simone and everyone wondered just who he meant, but as time passed we all found out.

Well, it looks like there isn't any more, for today, but I'll be back trying as hard as ever and hoping that everyone will turn out for the Lambda's Valentine dance, Friday, the thirteenth.

THE SIXTH COLUMNIST

STEAM SHOVEL

That bunch of stumble bums that arrived at school last Tuesday morning were none other than the members of the Glee Club and orchestra returning from the yearly publicity tour including Ottawa and Davenport. Quote Prof. O. G. Erickson, "What a success, we wowed them." Quote Dick Eckstrom, "Boy, oh boy (hic) were we gooder than ever (hic)." The consensus of opinion was (hic) some fun.

From now on, Julian (Lover Boy) Bowers can not be trusted. To listen to him you'd think he was faithful forever to his Lucie down-state. But he and Blake Hooper disappeared too fast after the Davenport concert and returned just in time to catch the last bus. They were still wiping their lips half way back to Chicago. Another victim, Harry (You've Got Me Wrong) Anderson is well on his way to becoming a complete dissipate. Wine, women, song and tobacco have their grip on him. Quote Harry, "Somebody spiked my straight (?) coke and I had to drink it so I wouldn't be wasting any alcohol during the national emergency." This boy Anderson really knows how to talk to women, Mary Kay had a short course in calculus, organic and physics by the end of the evening and she looked it.

Warning! The sophomore class threatens mayhem to that troublesome third year chemical Kapranos, if he doesn't stop annoying the belle of the sophomore class. Just the other day several sophs caught Cappie stealthily following her but Don Maihock, Bob Dundas, Ed Lewnard and Ray Tubergen (all of whom have been smitten) captured him and let him go with admonitions to keep away!

If you don't know your chem and calc, at least know your teachers. Anybody looking for Harold Ross, Ken Page, Larry Magill, Bruce Worcester, or Jack Hoyt can always find them asking Bernstein or Bibb some silly questions to impress on them their willingness to learn. Ha! Ha! It is so successful, though, that the boys are now setting up a short course on how to do less and get better grades—through apple polishing. Watch them in action sometime. They're plenty good! Time: 10 o'clock, M.T.W.; Place: 305M—for short demonstration.

Bill Watson of the powerhouse junior mechs clique has a new and unique method of winning his wrestling matches. Weissman please note. Seems as though the mighty Watson huffed and puffed but couldn't pin Bachman. Finally in desperation, Bill used his head—on Bachman's head—result—Bachman was pinned 30 seconds later.

Notice to the Lochinvars Club of Illinois Tech. Certain members of the swimming team have passed all entrance exams with high honors and must be admitted as members in good standing. During their recent trip to Greenville, Tennessee, Bill Maur, soph mech, did the following in one night: Started out by slurping up a few beers; met a blond and attended a two-gun Western thriller. Of course, during this interval they became well acquainted. From there they took a taxi to the blonde's rooming house but mama had papa's shotgun cocked and ready. (Jean, the blonde, had never been out before). Both wandered about town and they were able to converse in the close intimacy appreciated by the enamoured!

The wonder boy from Illinois Tech, better known as Cookie, is a real drinking man. Two drinks at the Blackhawk and he is a fire engine. "Whee! I'm a fire engine," he would yell as he was escorted out by his sober friends, finally throwing dollar bills all over the street when reaching the great outdoors. His case is not entirely hopeless, however, because Ed Oz, one of his drinking companions, fell asleep in his car, or so he says, but we know different.

The basketball team must certainly have had a swell time on their trip to Grand Rap-

ids and Detroit. The stars and best wolves of the team were observed earning their expense money working on EDT to spend down in the Detroit night clubs. The hard working stars were Capt. Pendlebury, Ray LaGodney, Jack Byrne, Harry Sieg, and Bob Neuhaus. A couple of the boys worked all night so that they could have enough money to keep up with "Sonny" Weissman and take good care of him. (They were instructed to watch Sonny and keep him out of harm's way by Mrs. Virginia Weissman.)

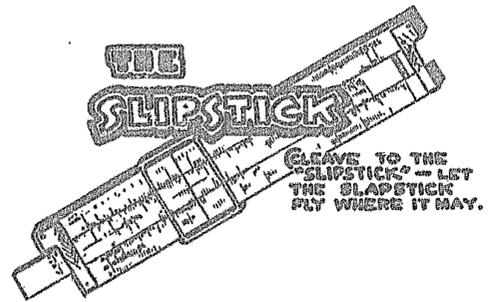
Don't be surprised if a large moving van pulls up in front of the Student Union within the next few days and the driver starts unloading a bowling alley! Al Petronis ordered this alley from Ottawa, Ill., for while there, it was on this alley that he rolled his 646 series and a 265 game. Al insisted that with this alley (and the pin boy that went with it) he would lead the Soph Chems to a smashing victory in the IIT Keglers Loop. However, filthy rumor has it that Aloysius could do perfectly O.K. by just hiring that Ottawa pinboy because they work very well together!!

Ping! Cupid pulled the bow, the arrow flew directly toward the target, and beautiful romance once more struck ye olde campus with the proverbial bang! And of all places for a thing like this to happen—yup, in the musty, drowsy atmosphere of our library. And now that we've set the stage let us introduce our cast, viz., Pat Johnson as the beautiful heroine, Elwood Daly as the gallant young lover, and Nell Steele as the cruel, mustached villain. The standard stuff—Armour wolf sees pretty girl, gets on the beam, and they live happily ever after! So it says here!!

On that eventful Musical Club's concert tour, the schedule called for leaving Davenport, Iowa, at 1 A.M. Tuesday morning, giving the boys about three hours to do anything they pleased. Rising to heights of great leadership, Norm Lettvin decided to give a few of the boys a special treat and announced that he would arrange a small dance at the Blackhawk Hotel (and provide the girls!!) After this startling declaration, Norm started right out to make every word that he had uttered. He worked in close conjunction with the supt. of grammar schools of said town. The evening found Mr. Lettvin surrounded by a bevy of beauties, all of them college-boy-crazy, as most twelve year olds are. Leaving no detail undone, Norm had arranged for several chaperones thus making this cradle-robbing legitimate! All the IIT men were tickled pink with the results of Master Lettvin's enterprise and gave him three rousing cheers as they carried him to the shower room!!

What your scribe is wondering about is whether the EDT secretaries also work to 3:30 A.M. when the Jr. Mechs and Co. stay here to that unearthly hour on "EDT business"? If Rose and Ann stay down we're going on record right here and now to say to you, almighty Weissman, that our services are yours for the asking—we may even be willing to work without monetary retribution!

Pin boys beware, the 3A keggers are all set to start off the first round of the Co-op Bowling Tournament. Come Wednesday, their four 4-man teams will be over at Milo Weisner's with blood in their eyes and bags underneath. That man of many accomplishments (from dancing instructor at Melody Mill to boogie-woogie ivory tickling), Harry Lee Schrader states, "If 3A bowlers can't defeat any team led to the slaughter by the other co-op classes, I will share my little black books with all wolves."



Here we are back again. Yep, wide awake and rearing to go. Keep 'em rollin' and here's lookin' at you.

HE DID

O: "What was that explosion on Si's farm?"
K: "He fed his chickens some lay-or-bust feed and one of them was a rooster."

Did you hear about the young lady who, when asked why she ran home the other night, answered: "Because I was being chaste."

One of our more or less prominent men about town was describing his family.

"Yes, sir," he said, "my father had seven boys. The first one grew up to be a banker and the second one was a crook, too. The third boy finally got a job on a WPA project. The fourth one wouldn't work, either. The fifth boy went into the drying machine business and the sixth got to chasing around after women, too. As for me—well, I just grew up to be an old bachelor like father!"

"Well, my son, what did you learn in Sunday school today?"

"We learned all about a cross-eyed bear."
"About a what?"
"Yes, sir, named Gladly. We learned a song about him; all about 'Gladly, The Cross I'd Bear'."

BEFORE RATION CARDS

"Hello! Is this the Smight apartment? . . . Well, I'm McTavish in the apartment below you . . . Listen, it's three in the morning now, and your party has kept me awake all night. I don't mind the pounding and shrieking and music stamping and singing and banging that's been going on over my head, but put some more sugar in that Tom Collins that's dripping through the ceiling."

WHAT ABOUT CHATTANOOGA?

Handsome Johnny: "Can you read my mind?"
Beautiful Eloise: "Yes!"
Johnny: "Go ahead."
Eloise: "No, you go ahead!"

"Fifteen minutes after putting on a pair of socks I made a hole in one," wrote an enthusiastic golfer to the sock manufacturer.

COLUMBUS?

Sonny: "There's a nice looking gal rooming across the court from here, but I don't like the way she dresses."
Ray: "How does she dress?"
Sonny: "In the dark."

"Whaffo' you sharpenin' 'at razor?"
"Woman, they's a pair o' gentmun's shoes undah yo' bed. If they ain't no one in dem shoes I's gonna shave."

THERE'S A REASON

An Irishman, inviting a friend to his wedding anniversary, explained how to find him in the apartment where he lived. "Come to the seventh floor," he said, "and where you see the letter 'D' on the floor, push the button with your elbow and when the door opens put your foot against it."

"Why do I have to use my elbow and my foot?" asked his friend.
"Well, for heaven's sake!" exclaimed the Irishman. "You're not coming empty-handed, are you?"

Hit the road, you bums!
OH MINI!