

## ARX NEWS

This is your new informer scribbling his way through his first Arx News. We've given the matter some thought, and decided the column has a threefold function: news, down-to-earth dirt, and serious opinions. We're mixing all three this week, so here goes:

Initiated into Scarab last week were juniors Art Lillibridge, Wes Pipher, and Jack Randall, not to mention sophomore Tom Reagan.

Frank "Casey" Stengel, a night-school student last year and a part-time junior this last semester, is now in Detroit, working for a Big Architect.

The freshmen contend they haven't done anything fit to be included in the column this week. What is this, a mutual silence pact?

Honey Chile (Linotyper's note: Oh, he means Miss Mary Elizabeth Spies) is up to that game, too. She claims she's been a good girl, so we've got nothing on her, and she doesn't want her name in this week's Arx News. All right, Honey, you win.

Bill Hasskarl had some difficulty with a broken zipper one week ago today. We can't go into detail, but after Mr. Peterhans' class Hassky had to put on his topcoat before he could talk to the prof.

Add this one to your list of junior nicknames: "Swifty" for O'Kelly. His girl friend calls him that, and we can't find out why. But we have ideas . . .

By breaking the bonds beset before him, bungling, boastful, bashful, Bill (the big bundle of blah from Braska) begot himself a "B" in Beaux-Arts behavior . . . All of which means how did soph Bill Daly get that high grade in freehand?

Meanwhile Marshall (Porky) Rissman has gone into mourning because a prof with initials Mr. Mell prohibits the use of corner windows . . . And Eddie (Norfolk) Pressly finds it necessary to go edgewise through doors because his tailor upholstered his muscles too well.

This guy Sherlock of the tankery! He finished up most of his courses even though he did have to drop out in mid-semester. If we could all work 8 plus hours a day and do our school stuff like he does—eh?

All kidding aside, the recent forum begot many enlightened faces and reset the spirit of work. With this and our entering the great conflict, which slowed us all momentarily, came means, if it hadn't come before, to realize the worth of our work. The presence and prospects of added technical work are welcome as increasing our value in defense.

But let's not forget that the shortened time for our design should only make us more conscious of the stimulus we can create for a more clean architecture.

You and the guy next to you can simplify man's problems and clarify his purposes by giving him the right environment. And we all know what that environment is.

If we live this stuff, it oughta help us to the next move a lot more easily. Think it over, arx.

A PROPOS.

## SLIPSTICK ANNEX—

"I was motoring with Jackie last night and he had to stop because he lost his bearings."  
"Well, at least he was original, Lorraine. Most fellows run out of gas."

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The orchestra stood rooted to the spot—it had played "Trees" once too often.

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Sign in a girl's dormitory: "If you need a man after ten o'clock call the janitor."

## MEET JOE TECH

Say, fellows, I'd like you to meet Joe. He's a good guy, but the poor boy just came to Illinois Tech. He'd like to learn a little bit about the sacred halls of "dear old Tech." So he does the most logical thing and asks some of the boys, "Where can I register? What is the Student Union? Where can I eat?"

To the first question, he gets an answer of "huh" from a seasoned sophomore; but a stolid junior gives a three hundred sixty degree turn with his finger and points in as many directions while saying, "over there." However, the worldwide senior looks down on the lad and says, "Live and learn, my boy, live and learn." So now, Joe knows just where to go. He follows the rest of his fellow sufferers into the registrar's office but finds that his high school football shoulders are no match for the jostling IIT boys in the registrar's office. Shaken and worn he finally learns that he is to register on the second floor. After the rough grind of registering, Joe is really hungry. Man alive, he feels like he can eat a horse. So he goes to the lunchroom and gets horse meat. Oh, he ordered roast beef all right, but he can't quite believe that is what he got.

Now, Joe is really an up-and-coming, enterprising freshman, so he asks if there is anything that can be done about such food? Somebody tells him that the whole school went on a strike for better food last semester and certain things were accomplished. "How could anything have been accomplished with such food as that still being served?" But then, Joe calms down and asks what has been accomplished. The junior who has been listening to Joe's questions does not want to be stumped by a freshman for, after all, he is infallible and knows everything. So, Joe is introduced to one on the lunchroom committee whom the junior has almost forgotten about. Joe fires his questions to the members of the lunchroom committee. "Okay! I'll try to answer some of the questions. Hamburgers and hot-dogs, for the first time, are being offered as an everyday attraction."

"Well, the last one I bought was rare-quantitatively and qualitatively."

The story continues and Joe hears about how Mr. Allison has promised to have a French-frier in for the beginning of the semester just started. "Where is it?" Joe asks.

A feeble reply is made that sounded like: "Pretty soon; the contracts are out."

"But, it is really coming—and a grill, too."

"I'll believe it when I see it," Joe says. (You see, he has really become an Illinois Tech man already.)

Joe's next question is inevitable. "How come the lunch room is so much like the pig pen back on my dad's farm?"

"Now, Joe," says the committee man, "you shouldn't ask such embarrassing questions. That is part our fault."

"I don't care who's at fault! I don't like to eat in a place like that," comes the indignant answer.

"Take it easy, Joe. After a month or two, you'll swear the place looks as spic and span as a mother's kitchen. It's just a matter of getting used to it."

Thoroughly aroused by the frosh's unappreciative attitude, the now willing escort decides to play his trump card to display to this novice the ultimate in scenic beauty—the Armour campus. Realizing the psychological implications involved, our far-seeing friend refrains from describing the impending eye-treat. When they emerge from the Student Union, both the freshman and upper classmen pause and look about. Completely speechless, the frosh turns hungry eyes upon the beauties wrought by nature and man in this Eden of learning. Finally, the innocent speaks thusly, "Where are the trees, and how did these buildings (the two that are not yet condemned) get so filthy?"

All of the literati, the cultured gentlemen of IIT, burst simultaneously into tears, mourning the lack of imagination and the untutored demeanor of this unfortunate. Gulping down his heart-felt sympathy, the Techman begins his enlightening discourse:

"The broad land over which these stately oaks bow their leafy heads is known to the city fathers as 'Federal Street', but we at Armour call it 'Flirtation Walk.' Look out for that speeding car! Directly across the campus (ahem), can be seen the towering Main Building, housing within its ivy covering the administrative offices. Here, youngster, let's sit on one of these convenient benches and I'll tell you the story of IIT—its past, present, and future."

DON'T MISS THE NEXT INSTALLMENT! SAME TIME, SAME STATION.

## CO-OP NEWS

## WELCOME FRESHMEN.

Yours is the heritage to be brothers in the long and painful process of becoming engineers. Many will be the grueling hours patiently spent burning the midnight oil. Many will be the grueling moments spent trying to pass those quizzes under the ready eyes of your watchful pedagogues. Many and varied will be the exasperations you shall have felt before leaving IIT.

Ah, but not we hope completely expectant ones as we, too, have felt many of your pains and anguish.

(Perhaps the best advice that we upper class men can give you at this time may be enumerated in a quotation by a wise, bespectacled, and long dead gentleman of the Orient. A popular ramification of the old saying goes thusly; "Man who ride on eight ball will not be caught behind it." In other words boys its your to do or die, so let's get in and plug. Beat those quizzes, join those clubs and activities, and yours shall be a happier life at IIT.

Educators proclaim that extra-curricular activities are an essential feature in any well-rounded college program. The knowledge, enjoyment, and friendships to be gained from such activities are especially valuable as a stabilizing influence in the stiff engineering program of the co-op course. In other words, it will keep you from going crazy after a few terms of collage algebra, physics, and calculus.

There is a literal gold mine of opportunity now awaiting interested co-ops. The Yearbook needs men for rewrite, identification, articles; the Tech News can use students in all departments: reporting, rewrite, sports; and the Co-op Book Store also has places for energetic co-ops. Experience is not necessary; kinetic energy is the only requisite. Freshmen and sophomores will be welcomed with open arms. (NOTICE TO OUT-OF-TOWN CO-OPS—These organizations are glad to have co-op helpers just for the eight weeks school period. Just drop into the Co-op Book Store, 1st entrance, fourth floor, Chapin, and talk to Fitch, Bechtolt, or the writers of this column.)

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On the first few days of the school period co-ops are busy greeting old friends and acquaintances, most of whom haven't been seen for eight long hard weeks. About this time they begin to miss some of the familiar faces usually seen running around Chapin Hall. After that they wonder what has happened to these good souls. To ease the minds of all co-ops this column will devote a paragraph each week to list the whereabouts of our wandering brethren. The following concern former members of the 4A class.

Marshall Minter is now supporting Uncle Sam as a member of the Marines. Minter, we are sure, will make his mark there as he has done here.

Eugene Colombe recently accepted a tool design job in Detroit. A former president of the 4A class is also among the missing this term; namely Jim Woodbury. He is now a co-op in the electrical dept. at Northwestern.

F. I. Johnson and Bob Piepenbrook have enrolled in the day school this term, while Roger McCormick has decided to work for awhile.

The Engineer's Co-operative Book Store wishes to express its apologies to 3rd and 4th year classmen for not having had several books available to them early on Monday morning, Feb. 2. A delayed shipment from one of the New York Publishing houses was the cause of the irregularity.

Reports show that the co-op students have been responsible for a good share of the business done by the ECBS. They say thanks for the generous patronage.

## What to Do in Case of An Air Raid

- As soon as the bombs start dropping, run like hell. (It doesn't matter where you run, as long as you run like hell.)
  - Wear track shoes if possible. If the people in front of you are slow—run over them.
- Take advantage of opportunities afforded you when air-raid sirens sound the warning of attack; i.e.
  - If in a bakery, grab some pie or cake.
  - If in a tavern, grab a "slug."
  - If in a movie, grab a blonde.
- If you find an unexploded bomb, always pick it up and shake it like well. (Maybe the firing pin is stuck.) If that doesn't work, heave it into the furnace. (A good funeral man will take care of the rest.)
- If an incendiary bomb is found burning in a building, throw gasoline on it. (You can't put it out anyway, so you might as well have a little fun.)
  - If no gasoline is available, throw a

bucket of water on it, and lie down; you're dead.

P.S. The properties of the bomb free the hydrogen from the water causing rapid combustion. In fact, it will explode with an awful crash.

- Always get excited and holler bloody murder. (It will add to the fun and confusion and scare hell out of the kids.)
- Drink heavily; eat onions, limburger cheese, etc., before entering a crowded air raid shelter. (It will make you very unpopular with the people within your immediate vicinity, eliminating any unnecessary discomfort that would be more prevalent if people crowded too closely.)
- If you should be the victim of a direct bomb hit, don't go to pieces. (Lie still and you won't be noticed.)
- Knock the air-raid wardens down if they start to tell you what to do. (They always save the best seats for themselves and their friends, anyway.)