

STUDY--ha, ha

Ah, me, what to do . . . a free hour and nothing to do . . . so off to the library to study (?). In this beautiful sound-proof room, equipped with indirect lights, soft easy chairs, lilting music playing in the background . . . we start to study. Then comes the pause that refreshes . . . and the noise that disturbs. We see the librarian approaching to squelch the onslaught of pandemonium. He stops at a nearby table and demands quiet from those seated there, and then returns to his little cubbyhole to await the next onset of noise.

All was quiet . . . not a person was stirring, and then—BANG! the disturbance began all over again and everyone was talking at once. This brought Mr. Smith out of his den, roaring like a lion with fire in his eyes and approaching the fair maiden and demanding to know if she had caused the disturbance. There was no answer. This lovely young thing was truly a maiden in distress. "Don't you know that this library is a place for study, and not conversation?" roared Mr. Smith. "It has not been the library's policy to allow such goings-on." And still there was no answer from this meek, mild miss, this virtuous queen of quiescence. "In view of the fact that you cannot conform to these rules, I think it advisable for you to leave the library until such time as you can conform with these rules." With this, Mr. Smith ejected this little maiden out into the third floor hall.

Great then was his surprise when he found out that this fair maiden, whom he had ejected, could not possibly have been the source of the disturbance; because she was a victim of laryngitis and had been unable to speak all day. This just goes to show you that "she who don't talk, get in trouble; he who does talk, get in more of a jam."

A. BOOKWORM.

ARX NEWS

Here we are again, and we'll start to work with celerity and devilish glee—and no introduction, unless you'd call this one.

Dick (Tomato Face) MacKenzie can be found prolonging his recent vacation under a sunlamp . . . and John (Can You Break a Penny?) Todd plunged again by making a 2-cent bet on the Creighton-Loyola game, Saturday.

FLASH! Eddie (High-Hips) Olencki was caught purchasing a pack of cigarettes last week. Can it be he's misering in case of a cigarette shortage?

We observed Wes Pipher cutting out a red paper heart the day before Valentine Day. We're referring the matter to our No Comment Needed department.

Amendment proposed that Phil (Red or O. K. or Shorty for short) O'Kelly—he of the multifarious briars—hereby be stipulated synonymously as "Stoker."

Center's gone astray lately. We should think when a guy's got that starry look over one twist he should avoid picking up others in the cafeteria.

All kidding aside, the directing forces of our enemies have taught their sons that killing others and themselves for their principles, is man's highest achievement.

Our democratic principles have taught us that leaving a contribution toward making the world a better place to live in, without hurting our fellowmen, is our goal.

The sons of our enemies can't think for themselves without their destruction.

We must think or it is our destruction. Architecture, the way we know it, can provide a clear channel of thinking.

Clarity of purpose and freedom of spirit in architecture, can exert a definite environmental influence on our thought.

A. PROPOS.

STEAM SHOVEL

It's unfair to organized labor. First we shovel dirt and snow off the walk at home; then we shovel dirt down at school.

Something ought to be done about the situation in Harris' Mechanics 201 class. Whenever the gorgeous civil secretary walks down the hall by the door, Larry Magill and Don Maihock just about dis-joint their necks watching her pass. Of course, they might have something there.

Flash! Basketball scouts can really see the flashiest team perform by merely watching the Soph civil team play up in the cheese box on the 5th floor. Young, Donahue, Parks, Barris, Houle, and Forrester, constitute the team that really reminds me of a bunch of 70-year-old garbage men shoveling their trade. Which reminds me the Soph Fire Protects are ready to throw in the towel. Ken Page and Jack Hoyt are still arguing about whose towel is going to be thrown in.

What have the Chi Omega's of Northwestern got that attracts the IIT boys so much? I know it couldn't be the pretty women, because it is a well-known fact that IIT men are not women-hungry, much. For further information, see Julian Bowers on the situation on the campus of our Northside competitor.

Incidentally, the Soph Mechs are bragging that they have the basketball tournament in the bag. Just ask Strickling, Huguélet, Ratner, Arboe, or Yehudi. Watch them play, and see why Yehudi helps them. They trip over their shadows; throw the ball out of the window; and keep in condition between binges.

At least the Sophs can be sure of one excellent representative on the track team this year. Bob Osborne, a former high school star and last year's high point man, should really be a team mainstay—if he leaves the women alone.

It seems as if we're going to have quite a few stars in baseball this season. The other day, three emaciated Sr. Civils tried to show off their ability as athletes by tumbling about in the snow. Namely, J. Sorenson, better known as "Soupsy," the lover of Mother Nature, R. Gerth, and a little boy, Sundstrom. It really is a shame that the little boy's aim was so bad because the target was "Soupsy", who was hiding behind a lady's skirt. (Is it usual practice, son?) Although Gerth happened to hit the target a few times, the percentage was not so good, so the little boy and Gerth decided that "Soupsy's" face was dirty. So, the boys started on the first clean-up campaign in their personal history. Result: "Soupsy's" face is one shade lighter.

Dick Roberts of the brainy half of the junior mechs, has hung his fraternity pin. The lass—Carolyn Rothschild. Don't worry, Dick, all good engineers will be deferred, whether or not they pop the question.

It seems that a certain secretary in the registrar's office is leading her ardent admirers to the "cafe" fountain; much like the Pied Piper leading his flock of ??? Although the competition is very keen between Milt Peva, Bob Adelson, and James Waber, plus innumerable silent admirers, it is reliably reported that the "Blonde Lochinvar" has the edge and is leading the pack.

After reading last week's article in this paper about "Don Juan" Kapranos and his Rosebud, we were bewildered to find him sipping cokes with another Rose. This one is not a student; but the flower of the EDT. What is your goal, Kappy? Four Roses?

In addition to this instance of spring fever, are certain other juniors. Namely, Bill Watson, Jack Byrne, Bob Bechtolt, Hugh Story, George Martinek, and many others. Even the faculty, too.

Because of their deep appreciation and true loyalty, found only amongst EDT employees and their employers, certain members of the student staff presented Sonny Weissman with the following valentine:

Dear Old Pussyfoot—
Bossy, bossy, on the sneak,
You oil the doors so they don't squeak;
And then, go on the hunt for trouble—
I'll say you're mean, and that goes DOUBLE!

News Flash!—The FBI investigates student staff of EDT at IIT.

What has happened to those home-like touches that Tony, the elevator operator, had on his elevator? Rumor has it that certain members of the administration ordered these decorations taken down because they were a disgrace to the dignity of the school.

A certain janitor in Chapin has objected vigorously to the slur placed on the beautiful buildings on the campus. It is the students that make the buildings dirty, and not the fault of the janitors. (Ed's. note—I'd say it was the too too twains.)

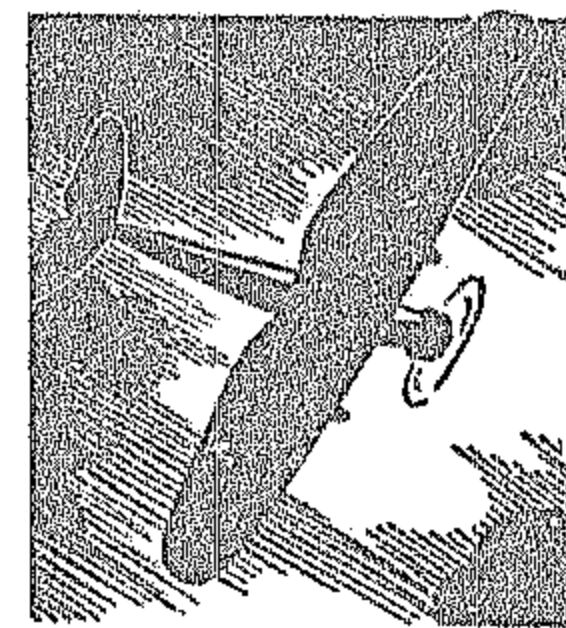
Fa-lash! Well, it seems the freshmen have been getting away with no less than murder the past few months, but the day has come. Yes, sir! Leading our list we find Bill Murphy, freshman class president, who just joined the "Freshmen No-Shave, No-haircut Club", escorting two Illinois senior coeds around Chicago. And, on two consecutive nights! Bill kept in the spotlight when he and Bob Pye took in St. Xavier's play last Friday night. Say, Bob, did Miss Dorothy Williams give you the reports on those ticket sales as yet—or aren't you interested? Hmmmm?

It seems that when the freshmen go in for things, they really go in for it in a big way. Jack LeVentis, former Calumet track captain, received a little package last week. What was in this package? If my eyes did not fail me, 'twas none other than a tiny red sweater (and it wasn't made to fit Jack). Said package came special delivery, from Kalamazoo, Michigan. "The Cowboy" made it with her own little hands. Right, Jack? They claim Jack is now in heavy training on his track work. This couldn't be a protection against the day when Marge (his Chicago steady) finds out about this, could it?

Another freshie having double-trouble is Larry Cernauskas. Last weekend, Marge Lane, his steady, found hairpins in Larry's car. Well, since Marge doesn't use hairpins, maybe we can find an explanation in the fact that Larry spends most of his free time nowadays up in the lounge writing letters to—Helen. Why, Larry!

The Frosh class has elected the following members of its class to represent them in their game against Great Lakes. "Sweet Water" Schober, and Herschel "I Can Play On One Leg" Franks, at guards; Larry "Lover" Cernauskas at center; Jim "Never Miss" Gibbons, and "Swisher" Gavin, as forwards. By popular demand the game will be held in "The Armour Gymnasium", 5th, main. If the weather is fair, a capacity crowd may be expected.

For a bunch of guys that have taken every opportunity to take a slam at the Civil department, those Jr. Mechs have really exhibited about as neat a to-the-rear march as was ever seen in these parts. With the arrival of "Mayor" Huntley's new secretary, the Dead End Kids started to go in to see Prof. Huntly about lab reports, research work, possibilities of becoming a Civil, Riverside politics, jobs, etc., etc. Even a marked change in their appearance has been noticeable; overalls having been replaced by suits, and torn sweat-shirts by clean, white collars. After this, nothing seems impossible—I'll betcha elephants CAN fly!!



BLITZKRIEG!

This is a day for Sweethearts;
So people often say.
But somehow it seems to me
It also is a day
On which we put our words in thoughts
Like other folks often do;
And say how nice we think they are;
For instance, folks like you.

This may be a little late, but it comes from the heart of "Blitz."

Speaking of romance—we wonder just who the lucky person is who will receive the beautiful valentine that Dr. Whitehill spent the major portion of one afternoon picking out?

Attention, men!! 107 strong, intelligent, able-bodied men are needed immediately. Dr. Countryman is organizing a group of such men to help him on his hunting expedition. It seems his pet turtle has escaped within the walls of his humble domain and he needs help to track it down.

You can't say that IIT isn't patriotic. It's patriotic to the extent that it costs each forgetful student of Minkler's class, 10 cents . . . Minkler charges this small fee for opening the student lockers if they forget their keys. As to what he does with the money? . . . He buys defense stamps. And that isn't all the story: Every four stamps the class buys, Minkler buys the fifth; all of which will later be donated to the American Red Cross.

Howard Reiser has been looking for a good excuse to keep him out of the draft. Lately, he learned he has dependents . . . Dr. Boder's rats.

It can't be said that Joe DePinto doesn't pay his debts. Joe, thinking that he was better than he really is, lost a bet of \$100 to Grace Taglieri. He's started to pay it off by taking Grace to the Lambda dance. That leaves a balance of \$99.87. By 1946, it should be paid. If . . . he changes his mind, he will be sued for breach of promise.

We have been wondering where Mr. Smith goes from 4 to 6, Wednesdays. Now we know . . . He's taking rhumba lessons.

"Alex" has been spending more time than necessary "cleaning" the library. Could Ollie Pierson be the reason?

Reva Miller was seen leaving school Thursday, with one rubber missing. When questioned about it she said, "With the shortage of rubber, I'm preserving the other rubber for further use."

Paul Brockman has his bid for the Junior Formal; but he lacks a girl. He's looking over the field, so look your prettiest, girls—you may be the lucky one.

Hank Pachowicz and Joe Minga have been notified to take their math exams over. They have been trying to figure out just when they took it for the first time. They claim they were in class all the time—present physically, but not mentally.

What's happened to the beautiful romance between Jack and Jacqueline? Could Diana Prentice have anything to do with it?

The girls are wondering who will receive Ed Kilfoy's basketball trophy, after the intramural tournament. Of course, he's going to win it!! (Ask Smiley.)

Birthday congratulations are in order for Floyd Wuenn. He wouldn't say how old he is, but admitted that he was of draft age.

"Charlie" Linke, when asked whether she was going to the Junior Formal, said she didn't know anyone with \$5.75. Show her she's wrong, boys. Get your bids early, and be sure of getting a date.

So long, 'til next time.

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