

BLITZKRIEG!

Just about this time every year we all look forward to the "Spring Thing." If you've been to one, you'll go to them all. (Some of my agents tell me they are planning an all male review.) You had better be there—everyone else will be.

WELL GOSHI

Little Bo Peep (PETE VINTILA), the little sheep herder, is having considerable trouble nowadays protecting his flock from very fickle, prowling wolfesses. We understand that occasionally Bo Peep makes apologies to the wolfesses to maintain the moral integrity of some of the older rogues (LEVINSON, BROCKMAN, REISER, et al.) of his flock. It wouldn't be a bad idea if the she-wolves hunting upon the premises of the cafeteria were assessed a fee of one dollar for authorized hunting licenses. This money could go to Little Bo Peep so that he could buy defensive equipment for his flock. Who are the wolfesses? We ain't talkin'. (Editor: include me out, if that helps any.)

Spring has come—that's the most logical explanation for the lecture on nature study MR. PAUSTIAN gave in his social anthropology class. The most enjoyable part of the lecture was his animal imitations, but the call of the coyotes in the dead of night under a full moon excelled all others. 'Twas very interesting. Spring might also explain MISS CADIGAN'S calling the TECHNOLOGY NEWS Office and saying "Boo."

PERSONAL

In the very early hours of Sunday morning, PAUL LIVINGSTON received a call from a young lady inquiring as to his whereabouts, telephone number, and hotel address. If MR.

LIVINGSTON will stop in the TECHNOLOGY NEWS Office and leave the above information, we will be glad to forward it to the night watchman who can dispense it to his female acquaintances. (Editor's note: Bucky Walter is also available and willing as —aawk—cut that out, Patricia!)

MINKLER'S crew of motley men must now, by all things sacred, vow to refrain from cussing, tobacco chewing, spitting in the corners and leaving a certain door ajar as the women EDT's have invaded their sanctum sanctorum on the sixth floor south.

ALMOST CONFIDENTIAL

Presenting . . . our man of the hour . . . the honorable J. M. C. The man with the greatest intestinal fortitude that IIT has seen in a long time was carried bodily from the physiology laboratory as a result of a small amount of blood which was drawn from one of the students. DR. WHITEHILL said that the picture on page 353 of the text is a typical example of the J. M. C. type. (Walter's note: I got blood, too. I keep it in a vial in my desk drawer.)

Have you ever seen peas without potatoes, Amos without Andy, picnics without ants, hot-dogs without mustard or RUTH STEINMAN without BEN KNAZAN? That warrants looking into.

HANK PACHOWICZ, using all his manly strength, begged, borrowed, or stole a mirror for the purpose of beautifying the news office. No sooner had HANK adjusted it with the deftness of an expert "mirror hanger upper" than REISER and BROCKMAN scrambled over each other trying to adjust their

respective ties and comb their curly locks. Such modesty should be well rewarded.

DOC BODER has submitted his suggestion for the IIT yearbook. To wit: the "Pearl Harbor." Since everything is "Remember Pearl Harbor," it would be only fitting that we have a book by that name.

"This space is devoted to RUBIN BLOOM grand master, secretary-treasurer, member, etc. of Zeta Beta Alpha fraternity, at the request of RUBIN BLOOM.

THAD BARZYNSKI sauntered into MINKLER'S descriptive geometry class a little bit late the other day with an enlightened expression on his face. The cause of this intelligent appearance and tardiness was the fact that THAD was pursuing geometric figures between classes. Nice "figure," THAD. (Walter's note: Thad, you're an amateur, piker, and slacker. Watch me for pointers.)

If you look closely and are in the right light, you can see a light fuzz on SY SALK'S upper lip. It might be called a "Young Mustache," and then it might be called something else.

We didn't mind JOE MINGA offering to pose as a model for the textile class, but when we learned that on two consecutive Thursdays, he had his nails manicured in a very seductive carmine, we began to wonder . . . whether JOE is just an egotist or merely thinks that he is ultra attractive and is doing his utmost to capitalize on this.

JACK HALLORAN was serenaded by Sigmas and his fraternity brothers, the other day. The occasion was his birthday. The boy was actually blushing.

THE SIXTH COLUMNIST

STEAM SHOVEL

W. C.

A newly married couple were looking for a house in the country, and, after finding what they thought was a suitable one, were making their way home. The young wife, after reaching home, happened to think that they had not noticed a water closet on the place, and decided to write the landlord about it.

Being very modest, the young bride hesitated to spell out the word "water closet", and so decided to refer to it as the "W. C." The owner, having received the letter, pondered many hours over it, and he finally decided that she had referred to the Wesley Church as the "W. C." So he wrote this letter in return:

Dear Madam:

I regret very much the delay in answering your letter, but take great pleasure in informing you that the "W. C." is located about 7 miles from the house, and is capable of seating about 1,260 people. This is very unfortunate, indeed, if you are in the habit of going regularly, but no doubt you will be interested to know that a great number of people take their lunch with them and make a day of it; while others, who cannot spare the time, go by auto and arrive just in time; but generally they are in too great a hurry if the place is crowded. The last time my wife and I went was six years ago, and we had to stand all the time.

It may be of interest to you to know that it is planned to hold a bazaar to raise funds for plush seats for the "W. C.", as that is a long-felt want. I might add that it pains me very much not to be able to go more often; it certainly is not through the lack of desire. However, as we grow older it seems more of an effort, especially in cold weather.

Yours truly,

The Landlord

When any of youse guys think that you are working too hard or feel down on the world because of the work, take a look at UNCLE JOHN SCHOMMER. Any man that can keep going and fight up and down the line the way he has for us bums around here is all right . . . "Was that ever a big meal"; GUS STAATS speaking after the Inter-honorary banquet. HAROLD HOFFMAN could not even say this much after the banquet . . . DICK DUNWORTH had a hard time getting his picture taken for the yearbook. It seems it was to be a sport shot on tennis and Dick was so "weak" that he could hardly stand up????? Many weeks ago the Steam Shovel dug into SORIA, an electrical engineering grad student, and prevented the poor boy from enjoying a good lecture every week . . . JIM WABER, Lochinvar of the school, wooer of every secretary's heart has been bestowing his attentions of late on the heroine of the school play, every Wednesday night . . .

It seems that DAN BROWN, ED MICHALEK, and company, pretending to be students of Central "Y," managed to meet a few of the coeds of aforesaid school after the Inter-honorary banquet and had quite a hot time at one of the local night spots . . . It has been brought to the attention of the staff that there has been some differentiation between "MEN" and "FACULTY" in Chapin Hall. Wonder why????? Latest location of Physical Chem Lab is fifth floor Main where BRUCE showed up the other Thursday to take attendance when a luckless frosh met with the junior firemen bathing party . . .

SCOOP: LARRY RYAN, about to arrange for his first date, spends ten minutes talking to the girl's mother. Trying to make up with mother for keeping daughter out late before it happens????? The Co-op Bookstore Office has been redecorated by MORGAN FITCH. Seems he keeps all the feminine legs ampu-

tated by the Integral staff and has posted them about the room . . . The junior A.C. classes are daily awakened from their mid-morning nap by the passage of the ESMĐT secretaries. The sudden flurry of enthusiasm and alertness has quite baffled PROF. FREEMAN . . . Which reminds us of the time that one A. COWIE, not believing the whistles of his class, had to investigate for himself . . .

MILT PLEVA, the peroxide Henry VIII of the senior civils, has been given more space in this earthy column than he deserves; however, MRS. MUUSS reports that he and DOT-TIE of the Mephistopheles glasses have been warming the second floor landing of the back stairway with their nightly tete-a-tetes.

DON KEIGHER, BOB ZELIN, and ED FARRELL, after talking to one of Don's little women for an hour finally found out that she has been given a ring by some interloper; also, they found out that they had eavesdroppers galore. We implore an encore with gore galore.

If EDWARD PLAYER doesn't quit looking at the underpinning of the girls on his way to school, he will be pinned-up on a light post . . . Adding to the list of track men with feminine admirers, we have DICK BARRY with the little woman in the stands . . . Orders from MC NAMARA: Stay away from BILL RUSH'S DOTTIE, she has the measles. For that matter, you'd better stay away from Bill . . . This fellow ED COLLENDER adds to the interest of his year book by adding pictures of his own—ask him . . .

The YEARBOOK has suffered a major tragedy, the boys do not seem quite satisfied to have been set back on their heels umpteenthousand times. Some enterprising student swiped the sports negatives and will he p-l-e-a-s-e return them some way, some how

Other Campuses

by Raymond Sauer

The tradition of Homecoming was started at the University of Illinois in May, 1910.

Samuel G. McLellan, 20-year-old Harvard college senior, went on a five-day fast to obtain material for a thesis entitled, "How It Feels to Starve."

Two fellowship grants of \$200 each, for research work in the department of business administration, have been announced at Wayne university.

The average college freshman in Oklahoma is more intelligent than he used to be, according to Dean Clinton M. Allen of Oklahoma City university. In a series of tests, the average I.Q. for entering students was found to be 108.6, pointing to the conclusion that fewer dull students are entering college than in past years.

Dr. Walter D. Coking, ousted dean of the University of Georgia college of education, has been appointed consultant in program planning by the federal security agency.

Success in growing vanilla from seed, which has been considered virtually impossible, has been reported at Cornell university.

Franklin and Marshall college will receive about \$50,000 from the estate of Benjamin F. Fackenthal, Jr., former chairman of its board.

to the yearbook office . . . Say, fellows this school isn't tough, there isn't much homework or anything; why, you can even play pinochle while you do your homework, what there is of it. At least GUNNAR OHMAN gets by with it . . . Most ardent purchaser of "Nana" of the week was DUMELL; he spent a week hot on the trail of that book????? The ALPHA SIG basketball team could hold themselves to training for only so long. However they popped off with a big party the other day, a very ardent party to say the least . . .

PHIL RINCK has finally started to wash his car. It seems an enterprising inebriate started on the wheels and now PHIL has to finish the job . . . Reason for the added inches on the waistlines of HIND, LANDSMAN and TED ANDERSON is that DR. KRATHWOHL has been stuffing the boys with chocolate-covered raisins . . . The worser half of the Senior Chems, viz: MICHALEK, GUY, KOZIOL, and MILLER, have degenerated from screwballs to pyromaniacs! Recent acts of arson in the lunchroom roused SONNY from his usual genial attitude to astronomical heights of wrath . . . WILLIAM WATSON, now "WAITER" WATSON. Why? Because he's carrying lunch up to a certain civil secretary who prefers mechs to civils . . . Not only are the senior civils losing on the social front, but also on the athletic front. They've turned chicken, in the eyes of the junior mechs . . . They recently backed out of an offer to play for a dollar a man and the cost of the alleys . . . Ask WALLY GOW where he got that spring feeling last Friday????? Innovation: TOM MOORE and MINEHART twiddling thumbs in 'TWEETER'S fluid mech class.

Dick Larson, soph chem, is being hailed by his cohorts as a modern "Miles Standish." It seems that "timorous Dickey" prevailed upon a fellow Techman to date up a north side miss for him, but to no avail.