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Christmas—

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.) And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, (because he was of the house and lineage of David) to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

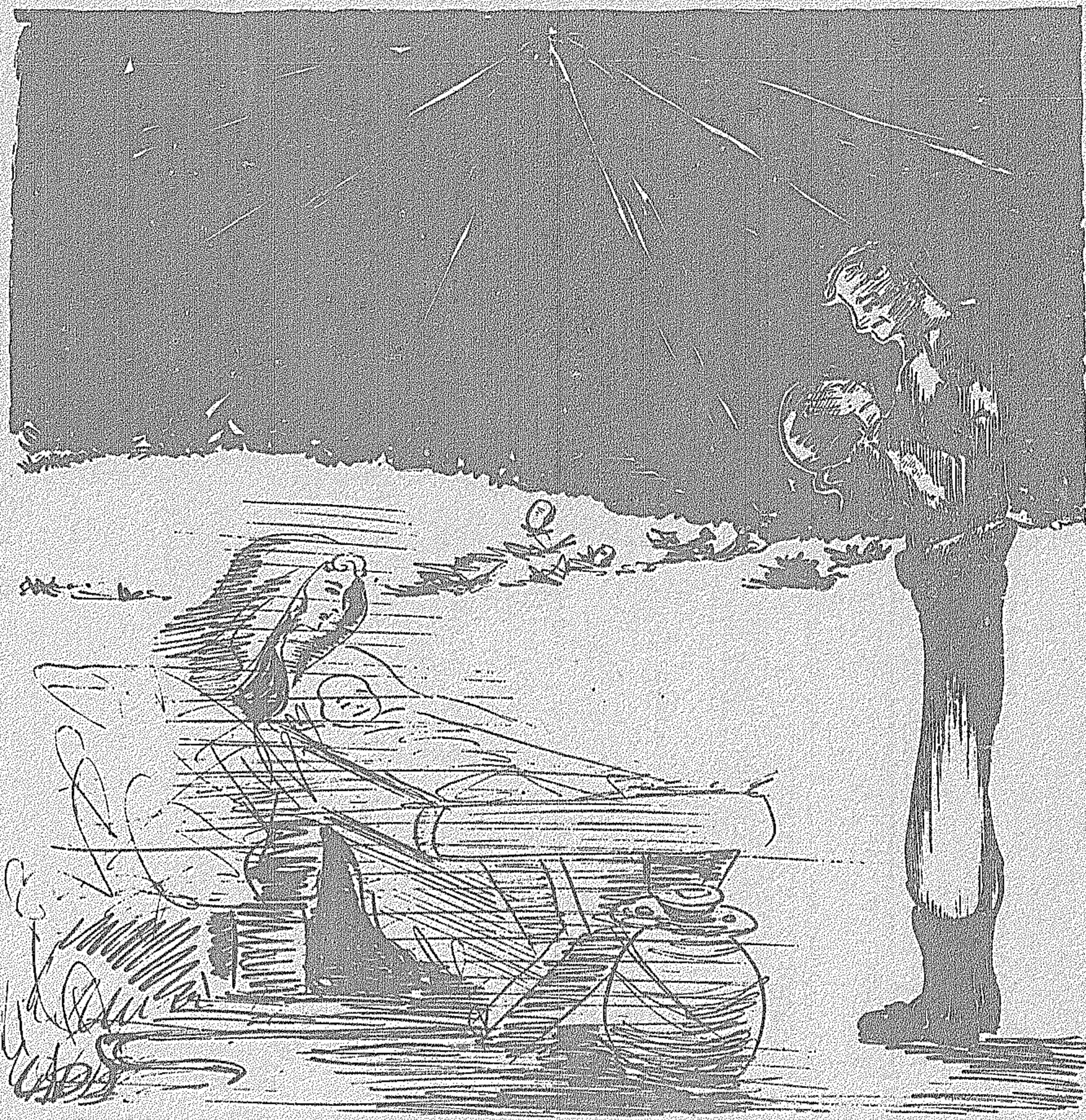
And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart. (Luke 2: 1-19.)

Even in the time of war and constant wrangling and strife, the world will stop to observe the birthday of the Prince of Peace. Christmas has not ceased to mean the birth of the Christ despite the growth of commercialism centering around this period.

The above sentences are very positive statements. Christians and other men of good faith throughout the world still find comfort and courage in this fact. Very often in modern times, the celebration of Christmas has become mediocre. People are too busy shopping and feasting to think of the basic reason for their seasonal happiness.

CEASE FIRING!!



BLITZKRIEG!!

Well, another week has passed—time to write "Blitz" again—Christmas just around the corner—New Year hugging its heels—Final exams sure to come bigger and worse than before—and me a perfectly genuine wreck,—just look. Can you bear it? Don't answer! So, anyway, let's get down to business.

To begin with, there are bells—Christmas Bells, church bells, school bells, dinner bells, wedding bells and lastly pretty bells. It is the last two bells that JOHNNIE MOYER is going to combine soon. He already has his "pretty belle" to whom he's just become engaged, but as far as wedding bells are concerned—well, the draft board's going to decide.

There will also be the familiar sound of wedding bells for Alda Karis and Bill Massman on December. Nice going kiddies that's the way we like to see the merger effect students.

Talking about Christmas bells makes us remember WARREN ANDERSON. Did you know that he's been playing Santa Claus for the kiddies in his church? WARREN promises to remember all the Lewis lads and lassies with appropriate toys for the nominal sum of a short beer. Cheap enough, eh what?

The following is directed to OLGA MARKOFF and REVA MILLER: Dear Kids: Please don't worry about your Physiology exam because it was a sting(?)er for the others too. It is our genuine desire to put a match to 'em and watch 'em go up in flame. Anything rather than get the results.

Other members of the Chemistry class are wondering how MEYER and JOHNSON rate special tutoring from their instructor during class.

AL SIMMONS is really a swell guy, we like him a lot, and like to see him happy, but AL, please, old boy, a little less volume in your laugh. It hurts our tympanie membranes and disturbs our kibitzing.

Something to thrill our hearts: the looks that silently pass between CORINNE LENSE and ERNIE HARRISON. It must be swell to be in love and get an Honor "I" from the one and only.

It seems to us that GLORIA KLOUZER has been exhibiting more than just a natural interest in her class at Armour on Tuesday nights. First we thought it might be the ride

in the station wagon, but then, finally eliminated that. Dear, dear, GLORIA, tell us who he is.

Ignatz Travitch, you're stepping on thin ice, we warn you. What's the idea of trying to impress JUDY EISENSTEIN, with yourself? You know that the other suitors might object and that'd only lead to bloodshed. (Why not save it for the Blood Donors Unit on January 14 and 15; —You're sure to win her approval then.)

Why was SID SHERR getting green around the gills last week when the MAGGIES (Medical Arts Guild) were at the Morgue? How come, boy, can't you take it?

Advice to the lovelorn: GRACE TAGLIERI has received an invite for a date. Go with him GRACIE, he's strictly O.K.

JACKIE and LOUISE CADWELL are anticipating going to Northwestern next semester. Don't leave, twins, we want you here.

BOB EBNER, we understand that you took a test down in the cafeteria the other day. Frankly, BOB, we're more than just a little surprised at the numbers you used. Oh, EBNER.

"DICTATOR" FINKLESTEIN requires an "allah" for anything checked out from the Chem storeroom. Note HY: no priority card is needed to obtain steaks for fat eyes.

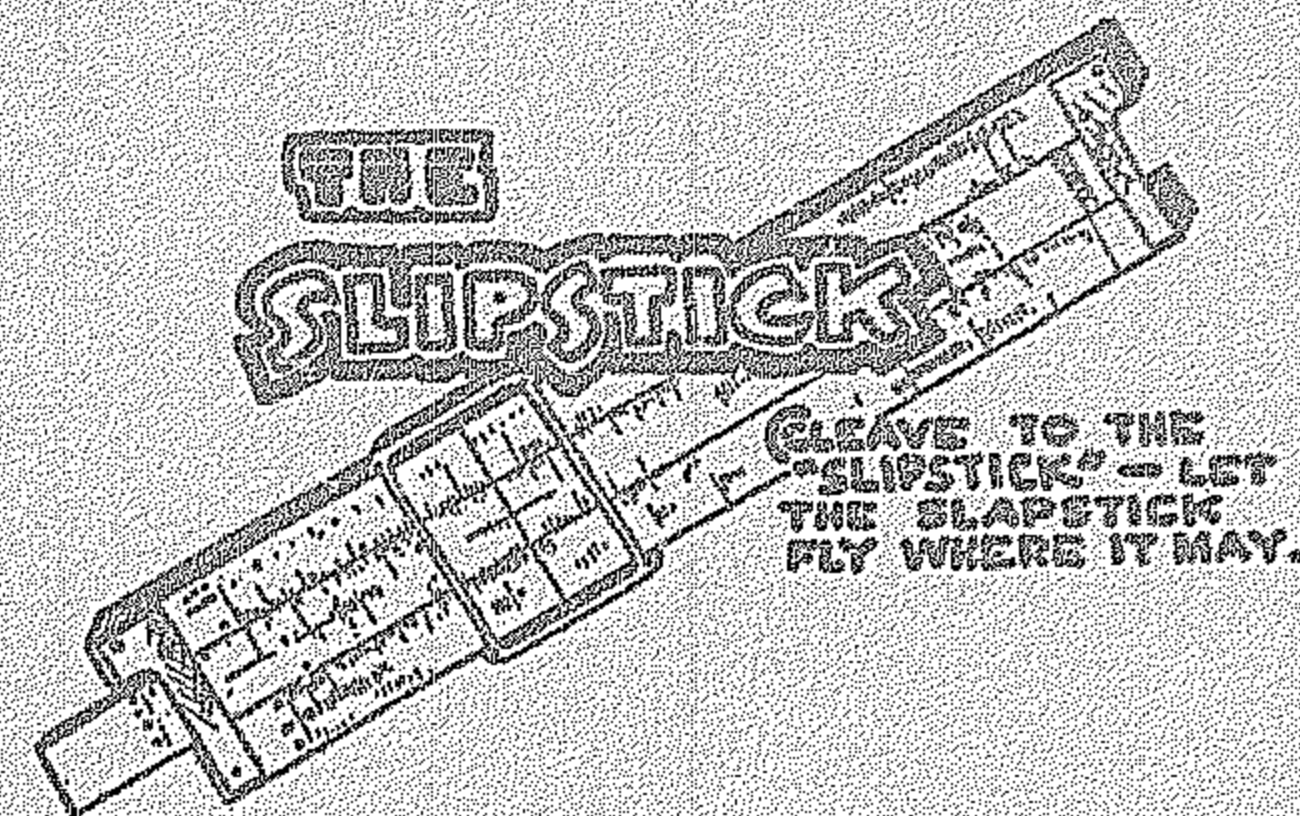
Talk about "luck o' the Irish" ED FARRELL has plenty of it. What with seeing the gals off on various street cars and "L's" the other night he got so entranced he lost his "memory". But thanks to advertising ED will get his "memory" back.

Latest flashes from the library tell me that the termites have done it again. They got at one of those new chairs and ate it right out from under BOB WALLACE. Very inconsiderate of them I should say.

How does DR. BODER rate those large malted milks he's been getting of late. What with two full glasses plus, when we are doing good to get one glass plus. Could be the gal that makes them has a crush on him.

Until after New Years then, we end with reminding you to register for the Blood Donations. Registration, this week in the second floor lobby.

Happy Holiday and to all a good night!!!



Jingle, Jingle, Jimminy jitterbugs do you jayhawkers know there's only a few days left till that jovial day of jubilant joy, yes indeed! And to start things off for the Christmas season remember the Christmas dance this Saturday 8:30 p.m. This issue brings the year of 1942 to a close.

So
here's
wishing
happiness
and every joy
for a very merry
Christmas to each
of you.

* * *

Girls: Creatures who are fond of pretty clothes, but are not necessarily wrapped up in them.

* * *

Bids 75c

Kindly Old Gent: "Are you lost, little boy?"
Tough Kid: "No! I'm making a geographical survey."

* * *

Ernie Nordeen and Orchestra

Paul Revere (shouting at window): "Husband at home?"

Lady: "Yes."

P. R.: "Tell him the British are coming."

(Shouting at another window)

"Husband at home?"

Lady: "No."

P. R.: "To hell with the British."

* * *

Bring your own Christmas Belle.

Sergeant (sweetly addressing his men at the end of an exhaustive hour of drill): "When I was a little child, I had a set of wooden soldiers. There was a poor little boy in the neighborhood and after I had been to Sunday school one day listening to a stirring talk on the beauties of charity, I gave them to him. Then I wanted them back and cried, but mother said: 'Don't cry, Bertie; some day you'll get your wooden soldiers back.'

"And believe me, you lopsided, mutton headed, goofus brained set of certified rolling pins, that day has come."

* * *

Sat., Dec. 19—8:30 p.m.—Dec. 20th
When a fellow breaks a date he usually has to.
When a girl breaks a date she usually has two.

* * *

Movies, dancing, and christmas trees etc. in the lounge.
Birthday Gift

Uncle: "I'm sorry you are not enthusiastic about your gift, especially as you had your choice between a large check and a small one."

Nephew: "Yes, uncle, but I didn't think you were talking about neckties."

* * *

Mother: "Marge, John brought you home very late last night."

Marge: "Yes, it was late, Mother. Did the noise disturb you?"

Mother: "No, dear, it wasn't the noise. It was the silence."

* * *

"And so to bring this year of 1942 to a close, I'll wish each and every one of you the merriest Christmas you've ever had and special wishes for a prosperous and most enjoyable New Year."