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Blood!!

One of the things that saved many lives during and after the battles of Bataan, Dunkirk, Africa, the Solomons, Pearl Harbor, and many others was the ready availability of blood for transfusions. Don't take our word for it, read the reports of the battles. This blood came from the "blood bank" of the American Red Cross.

You fellows are all jittery and many of you want to do something more for the "war effort" than going to school. Donating your blood is one of the biggest contributions that you can make.

Everybody buys life insurance or puts money in a bank, or hides money home in a sock. The same holds for the "blood bank." You may not see the return on your investment. But—that man standing next to you may profit. It is not all inconceivable that you may get your own blood back in some field hospital in Africa.

By giving your blood, you are helping win the war, saving lives and eliminating suffering—your own and your buddies'. You are making a contribution to the war effort that is worth more than a defense bond. You are making a profitable investment.

So, no matter how you look at it, whether from a selfish point of view, a business point of view or with a humanitarian view, you can't lose.

The War council needs 500 pints of blood—it is our job as patriotic Americans and future service men to sign up for blood donations.

Let's have everybody in school wearing a Bronze Red Cross Blood donor's or silver button. Good idea, don't you think?

January 20?

A question before the ITSA is—Shall there be an ITSA banquet?

The school calendar sets the date for the affair as January 20, 1943. As yet no steps have been taken towards arrangements for the affair.

President Hugh Story states that the purpose of the banquet is to award the letters for some sports. Since no letters are to be awarded—therefore, no banquet.

We wish to argue some of this logic.

In the first place, letters were only awarded in a few sports at former banquets; therefore, we feel that if none of the letters are awarded the banquet still serves its purpose.

We define the purpose as—a means of honoring members of the teams and other school activities as well as a father and son banquet. If this is not the definition, we will back down.

The swimming team, basketball team, wrestling and boxing teams, hockey team, and rifle team have all been representing the school in inter-collegiate competition. These men deserve the recognition.

If someone argues that banquets are not in vogue during wartime and that there is a meat shortage, we propose to call it a dinner, hold it in Student Union, and serve spaghetti. Thus, the cost will be held to a minimum.

We further state, that the purpose is to get the boys together—for the last time.

Well, ITSA, it is your move now.

Donald J. Keigher

"Ach, Hermann, soon they'll look like you."



Behind The Curtains

by Anon

During the last week, the hockey team has been putting in a lot of time getting their rink in shape. If they do any more work on it, the Blackhawks will be out to play their games on the rink. It really is nice.

At long last the publishing date of the yearbook can be officially divulged. Said date being January 25, 1943. It is a beautiful book in many respects.

The paper staff had enough to eat at the News banquet to last for a year. Smorgasbord and chicken dinner filled the empty cavities of the staff. We had better be careful that the Tribune does not find out about this or we may run a close second to Mrs. Hopkins.

The AICe is coming up with one of the top society programs of the year on January 15. Gustav Egloff is the speaker, the topic—Substitute Fuels. Mr. Egloff is probably the top man in the field of petroleum in the country. He is director of research for the Universal Oil Products company and is on many of the government advisory boards on fuels. He is truly a great man.

While we are on societies we might mention that the FPE's fell down on their smoker for last Thursday night. It seems that the seniors could not find time for the affair.

If you have any ambitions of being a manager of any of the teams, forget them. Or, that is what the present managers feel like. Not only do they have a tough time with the regular work but now the transportation problem is really becoming acute.

Thirty days from now, we will have seen three dances. The Techawk War Party takes place on the sixteenth of January, the Senior closed dance January 30, and the all school dance, sponsored by the co-ops on February 5.

The War council really needs blood donors.

We need five hundred men for when the Red Cross comes out. Sign-up in the lobby of the Student Union.

Because of the contract and the government regulations, you will not be able to see the school basketball games that take place in the Armory. However, the advertising that comes from the basketball team playing basketball more than repays the investment.

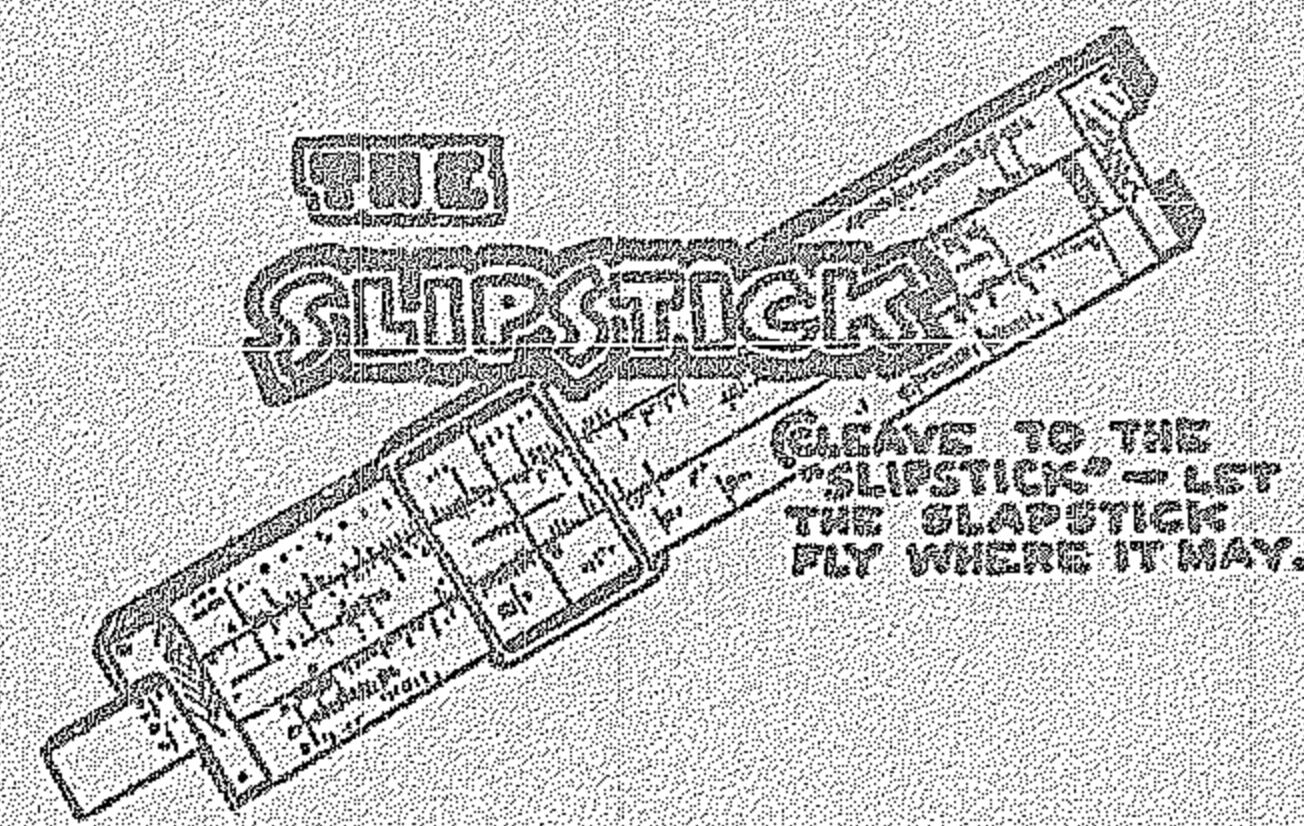
There was a near disaster in front of Main building last Wednesday when a large lump of snow or ice hit the top of Professor Michaelis' car. A sizeable dent occurred in the top of said car. The result has been the blocking off of Federal street during the days.

We were walking out of the fourth floor Chemical engineering office the other day with John Schommer. We were talking about discipline and morals. Schommer looked up and said sarcastically, "There is your discipline and morals." He was referring to a group of co-ops pitching pennies on the said fourth floor.

Remember, we have visitors at the school every day. And, there may be a war going on and the price of rice in China may be forty cents a pound, but please do not gamble in the buildings.

The place of graduation has been changed to Orchestra hall from the Chicago Medina temple. According to our last calculations, each senior will be allowed approximately seven seats. Therefore no tickets will be used.

It seems that something stronger than a warning is needed to make the school policeman quit saving space for the special people of the school. Is there some graft involved in this privileged parking system? So far as we can see, this is still city parking space and we pay taxes, therefore we all should be allowed to park in front of school on a first come-first serve basis.



Another year, a new start, and to show you the efficiency to be used in this Victory and war winning year for us—WHAMMM! Company A—Attention! 1st Battalion—On guard! 56 Th. Bn. Charge! Camp Wolters, et al, at ease! Okay, Texas take it away! The new 1943 Slipstick is in action!

V V V

Gal: "There's nothing unusual for two people to have the same ideas."

Pal: "Yes, I have found that out since I started going with boys."

V V V

"I didn't raise my daughter to be fiddled with," said the pussy cat as she rescued her offspring from the violin factory.

V V V

I never saw a vitamin,
I never hope to C-I
But I can tell you anyhow
I'd rather C than B-I.

V V V

"There's the air-raid warning—let's run."

"Wait! I get my false teeth."

"What do you think they're dropping—sandwiches?"

V V V

"The best of friends do Park."

V V V

Old lady (severely): "Young man, do you drink?"

Private: "Yes. Where shall we go?"

V V V

Gal: "What is the difference between a girl and a traffic cop?"

Jim: When a traffic cop says 'stop', he means it."

V V V

Bride (viewing twin beds): "Oooohh!"

Husband: "What's the matter dear?"

Bride: "I thought we were going to have a room to ourselves."

V V V

"I'd better warn you—my husband will be home in less than an hour."

"But I've done nothing I shouldn't do."

"Well I just wanted to warn you that if you're going to, you'd better hurry."

V V V

Them days is gone forever!

In Atlanta it was Mabel

In Mobile her name was Flo.

Cincinnati it was Dolly,

Betty Jane in Buffalo.

In old Philly it was Mary.

Down in Tampa it was Jean.

But on his week's expense sheet,

It was "Meals and Gasoline."

V V V

Conductor: "Hurry up—we can't wait all day."

Feminine voice: "Gee, cantcher wait till I get me clothes on?"

The whole train load craned their necks. A girl got on with a basket of laundry.

V V V

A clergyman who had been badly beaten on the links by a parishioner 30 years his senior, returned to the club house rather disgruntled.

"Cheer up," his opponent said. "Remember you win at the finish. You'll probably be burying me some day."

"Even then," replied the preacher, "it will be your hole."

Keep em Rolling! Bye Now!

Pete "Fisher'Min'" Minwagen

DONATE BLOOD
FOR OUR
FIGHTING MEN