

Blitzkrieg

Greetings, all you happy people, long time no see, or hear. The past week has afforded your 7th columnist plenty of time for sneaking up on you, so let's see if we can't spread a little light on your innermost secrets.

It seems that LORRAINE KONENBERG has the knack of getting herself all tangled up with stairs. The other evening, LORRAINE did a beautiful swan dive down the main stairway, bringing the entire Signal Corps to her rescue.

Has anyone noticed the "blank" look on HELEN MARZULLO'S face of late? It so happens that Helen's interests are in the Navy, and oh—what an interest. Who's the lucky fella—"HELENE"?

JIM ROMAC sure deserves some swell grades in "Bacti" this semester. Boy—when a fella studies so hard that he radiates—brother—that's somethin'.

.. POEM ..

There are some things, we'd like to know,
Like what "PETE" said to "FAZIO,"
To make her eyes, with fury fill
Enough, to give poor "Pete" a chill.

We'd like to know why "GERT" is pleased
Whenever Donald Duck has sneezed.
Or how "BARTUSEK'S" temperature
Dropped to normal—that's for sure.

Another thing we'd like to know
Is, where our brain cells seem to go
When poems (?) like these are sent to press,
Gosh knows it makes this seem a mess.

We'd like to know why LEWIS MURRAY
Left the gym in such a hurry;
Thursday, when his blood he gave
When he went in, he looked quite brave.

We'd like to know why BROCKMAN (PAUL),
Keeps dodging people, in the hall.
And why IKE LIFSCHUTZ, pleasant soul
Is sure he always answers roll.

We'd be much pleased, if we could see
JOHN MOYER'S girl (and bride-to-be).
We hear she's cute as all get-out,
But JOHNNY keeps us all in doubt.

We wonder if JACK HALLORAN
Will ever learn to play a hand
Of bridge, it seems to leave a funny taste
To see those cherished honors waste.

Well, looks like all we've left to say
Is that we'll call this all—today.
So all be good, and study—cram!
You know—"No study—in a jam."
Exams are 'round the corner—yep!
Let's all get A's—good luck—stay hep.

ARX NEWS

Orchids to Profesor Hilberseimer, Leroy Binkley, Norman Hyams, and Earl Bluestein for their efforts in making last week's banquet a huge success. Among the eighty who attended were a number of AIA members . . . The Ring now has a new set of officers: Fred Trauth, president; Mario Fraccaro, vice president; Thomas Smith, secretary; and John Menzenberger, treasurer . . . Bill Hasskarl surprised the gang with a visit last Friday . . .

Now for the more serious side . . .

Mies is really training us to be architects. It's difficult for some of us to realize what the background of hand and eye training will do—some find out too late.

In the same sense, the study of fundamental principles of construction helps more than Vignola's Orders.

Studying architectural simplification for living is of greater importance than facade painting.

Continued drilling on proportion and expression has no competition from the impossible imaginative superfluousness of acute angles and perilous cantilevers.

It's a good thing if you've doubted—if it has made you think.

Now you may be able to analyze your problem, approaching it from the guts instead of the flashy dress.

A PROPOS

SLIDE RULE ETIQUETE

Lifted from The Minnesota Technolog

By RICHARD O. DRISKELL, senior, m.e.

Do you feel slighted when people pointedly refuse to eat in the same room with you? Do you feel embarrassed when you are thrown out of Joe's lunch for lapping the soup off the floor? Well, don't be. You are an engineer, my friend, an engineer and an individualist. You have the constitutional right to eat any way you please. Exercise the right. It was by bold uprisings against restrictions that made our country such a noble place in which to live.

You freshman engineers who still retain some shreds of decadent politeness must get rid of them at once. Remember that simply wearing a slipstick and having the ability to pick snipes out of the gutter with your toes does not necessarily make you an engineer. Drop these vile and sissified social graces. Step out with the bold free attitude of a true engineer. Do you wear shoes? For shame! No one with the slightest touch of the engineer spirit would stoop so low. Burlap sacking for cold weather perhaps, but never shoe leather. Have you taken a bath lately—say, in last year or two? If so go down to the M. E. lab and roll in the grease before you attempt to force your society upon real engineers. Have you gutted an Arts student recently? Why not? There are plenty of them running around in spite of our efforts to keep their number down. This article is merely intended to sound a word of warning, but one of these days you are liable to be stopped by a hairy senior who has at least three inches of respectable dirt all over him and who will demand to see the bloodstains on your sliderule. Then what will you do? The weak excuse that you are new will not serve, because for one who is truly an engineer at heart, the slaying of Arts students comes naturally.

And there are many other things you must watch if you wish to become a social success. How do you like your meat? Raw? Well, so does everybody else, so when two or three engineers are gathered together, don't try to hog it all. When you visit a fellow engineer

in his cave, go easy on the rubbing alcohol. The stuff is rather expensive even when you buy it by the barrel, and if you have just dropped in for a friendly belch or two, you should limit yourself absolutely to a couple of gallons. At big social events, such as the Sophomore Party, the supply is unlimited. Don't, however, wallow in the trough as such action muddies the liquid to such a degree that fellow engineers on both sides of you have trouble in swallowing. This is only a method of self protection, as the engineer beside you may be one who wallows himself, and he will hold back when he sees the dainty manner in which you refrain from fouling the drink.

Of course, the most important things with which the engineer occupies himself is women. Here politeness is the custom. A well mannered engineer will always whistle first to give one a running start. After that, of course, there are no restrictions. It is, naturally, not sporting to hook onto a woman that another engineer has flushed. Some times the temptation is too strong, however, and for such exigencies the rule has been made that if she passes within ten feet of you it is perfectly legal to make a try.

You are licked once you let them get away from you, but any normally fleetfooted engineer can snare a couple per week anyhow. There is only one other point of importance that comes up in connection with women. If any two engineers get their hands on one at the same time, don't let it be an occasion for bad blood. Let her go. She'll think it is safe to go past the haunts of engineers at any time and come back later. Then you will be able to have her all to yourself. This system is particularly recommended for queens, since the rest will come back anyhow.

So carry on engineers and continue to set the course for the well trained and educated to follow. Some day the rest of the world will beat a path to your door so that they too can become men.

SLIPSTICK

"I'm getting tired so I can sleep." I want to sleep so I can dream because boy! I'm really going to have to dream up something to get this Slipstick in action. Let's see now, a beautiful blue colored lake with a shoreline cluttered by tall green pines, just filled with muskies galore. No one has ever fished here before and the muskies are viciously awaiting the flash of a lure! . . . hmmm what? Oh Nuts! Oh well, "I had the craziest dream last night." and that's the way things go . . .

V V V

"How do you like my new evening dress?"
"I can't tell till you get up from the table."

V V V

"What did you name yoah baby, Mose?" a friend inquired of a proud colored father.
"Electricity," said Mose.

"Queer name," said the friend. "Why did you call him that?"

"Well mah name's Mose, and my wife's name is Dinah, and if Dinah-Mose don't make Electricity, what does that make?"

V V V

Roses are blue,
Violets are pink
Immediately after—
The thirteenth drink.

V V V

Shortcut to success

The stranger entered the barber's shop with a little boy and asked for a haircut, shave and shampoo.

"By the way," he said, after shave, cut, and shampoo was completed, "do you sell sponges?"

"Sorry, sir, I'm afraid we don't," replied the barber.

"Very well," put in the customer. "I'll just slip across the road to the chemist's. Meanwhile you can give the lad a haircut."

Twenty minutes went by and the barber began to get uneasy.

"Your father's a long time," he said at last. "I suppose he's coming back."

"That wasn't daddy," replied the boy. "That man stopped me in the street and asked me if I'd like a free haircut."

V V V

"Boys, I've quit the holdup game;
I'll hang around joints no more."
Limp and worn,
Threadbare and torn,
The garter fell to the floor.

V V V

Us Moderns

"If my kid brother sees you holding my hand he'll want a dime."

"And what will he want if he sees me petting you?"

"He'll want to stick around and watch us."

V V V

A small town merchant, on a buying trip to the city, boarded the sleeper and pulled back the curtains of his berth. He was—shall we say—surprised—to find two most personable blondes ensconced there.

After checking his ticket to make sure that HE wasn't wrong, he said: "I deeply regret this ladies, but I am a married man—a man of respect and standing in my community. I couldn't afford to have any breath of scandal touch me. I'm sorry—but one of you will have to leave."

V V V

And that's the way things go!
Hel---lloooo. — Good byeee. Hmmm.
Pete Fisher 'Min' Minwegen

Man of the week

Tomorrow, the yearbook will be distributed to the Seniors, with distribution for the rest of the School a few days later. You will pick up the book and say it is swell or cuss the editor for misspelling your name. This is about as close as you will come to appreciating the hard labor necessary in putting out such a publication.

One man stands out as the reason for the yearbook coming out on this early date; that man is Edmund Schulz. Never heard of him, you say, and you probably have not; Ed does not show off doing his work around the School.



Ed Schultz

He holds no spectacular jobs. He does the work, he is the motor that finishes the job—the man that does the dirty work.

Ed is graduate of Morgan Park high school and is an alumnus of Morgan Park junior college. Since coming to Illinois Tech, he has been enrolled in chemical engineering. He is a member of Alpha Chi Sigma and AIChE. He is co-Armour editor of the yearbook and one of the founders of the Co-op bookstore. He has helped on Technology News and worked as a civilian defense fireman on board a boat in the Calumet river. He earned money during his first two years as a soda jerk.

In order to put the Integral out as quickly as possible, Mr. Schulz had to work almost every night measuring pictures, typing copy, writing copy for those who did not turn in theirs, and a dozen and one other things that are necessary for the production of the Integral. Ed and other members of the staff had to type when it was forty-five degrees in the office.

Co-op Capers

By Lou Wengel

For those who have not heard about it yet we wish to announce this bit of good news. Co-ops who worked before enrolling in college for the first time are entitled to deduct the costs of tuition and text-books from their income tax. Well informed sources claim that this deduction can be made when the work in school is necessary to hold the position in industry. Therefore, students whose school work follows the same general pattern as their work in industry and fulfill the condition mentioned above, are entitled to this deduction. Doubtful cases can be settled by reliable persons at the time the tax form is filled out.

The pre-juniors welcomed back Bob Madson and Charles Newton for a brief visit. Both of these men enlisted in the Signal Corps and are now completing the tough grind of training laid out by the army.

Del Zeigler, the "Rialto Kid," spent practically a whole weekend at the famous burlesque palace. He claims that the picture was so good he had to see it several times and became so deeply engrossed he lost his muffler. Some picture!

The junior and senior Co-ops have pledged seventy per cent of their membership for blood donations. If other classes contributed the same percentage we would easily fill our quota of 500 donors. This is the best cause you will ever be asked to contribute to, so give freely that life-giving plasma.