

Jivin' Jeeps

by Leonard J. Sechooler

It is something out of this world, the jeep. It can practically fly; it idles at 65 M.P.H.; it hits like Joe Lewis; and it looks like something Frankenstein dreamed up in a spare moment. It's beautiful.

Certain of its qualities are especially endearing to me. It's rugged, hard-driving, sturdy honesty of heart and purpose are the quintessence of the characteristics of my favorite people: the hardboiled, softhearted, great guys that I know who are working with their hands and their hearts and their heads on board ship, in the mills, on production commando squads in the shops, and wherever the going is tough. And then its like two fisted American travelers who are taking their O.D.'s, their guts, and their anger all over the world. Great people these guys and these jeeps. Handy to have around in a pinch.

And then I like the jeep because it's so beautiful. Those gorgeous "Miss America" fenders with the "up sweep" hair-do. It's gawky like my 17 month old niece. Gawky, but lovable. Lord, what a jalopy.

The jeep is a mechanical orphan born of the depression and the war, and conceived by a Willys engineer. Like most orphans it had to be tough. It had to be able to take it and dish it out. And brother! it can. I've had the pleasure of going up and over a street island in one of the little darlings. But then pleasure scarcely describes it. Those babies have taken sand, heat, mountains, cold, and artillery fire and have come back for more. They're practically indestructible. With their four wheel drive, partly welded constitution, and specially constructed motors, they can do everything. They can go through water up to their ears. They swim, fly, walk, talk and carry hand grenades. I am firmly convinced, and my faith is unshakable, that there isn't anything a jeep can't do. Gosh I love 'em.

The jeep is designed to make almost 40 miles to a gallon. With its aforementioned construction, it would almost never have to be repaired when in civilian, peacetime use. Inexpensive to buy (no fancy doo-dads needed on a jeep), inexpensive to operate—let's have jeeps just like the American people: plenty of 'em and all on the go.

Cussin'

Men are profane usually because they lack education and need profane words to express themselves forcibly or because they are naturally evil-minded. In either case men using profane or filthy language have something lacking for development into leaders of men, and they advertise this fact loudly every time they open their mouths. Profanity is not allowed and causes trouble to the man who uses it. One captain of a ship which was cruising in Central America waters noticed that some men in ordinary conversation were calling each other by the vilest names in loud voices with no regard for anyone. He issued an order whereby the profane man was to be put on the report for profanity, and the man who was called the vile name was to be put on the report for actually being what he had been called if he failed to take exception to it. The first case of two men being put on the report in accordance with this order caused a sensation. The man who was profane got many hours of extra duty, but the man who calmly took the vile name got a court-martial and had to prove his innocence. Several black eyes were noticed after this, but in a week or so profanity had practically stopped.

The above quotation is from the Bluejackets' Manual of 1940. This conduct applies to all seaman of the U.S. Navy. What about engineers, too?

Man of the Year

Because of the importance of this week's Man of the Week this column is changed to the Man of the Year. Man of the Year because of his completely unselfish devotion to Illinois Tech for more than the past year.

There are two obvious reasons for the naming of this issue's Man of the Week. First of all, Morgan Lewis Fitch is editor-in-chief of the 1943 Integral which is now in your hands. The second reason is because Morgan, "Mickey" to his friends, also heads the last class to graduate from Illinois Tech which entered as freshmen in old Armour Tech and the Institute's first class to graduate after a World-War-2-accelerated-senior year.



As editor-in-chief of the Integral Fitch has used his 5'11", 170 pound, vibrant, energetic frame to good advantage. It was through his tremendous driving inspiration that the '43 Integral came out before the seniors graduated. Assuming the helm of the '42 yearbook after the other editors dropped it, Mickey and his small staff finally got the book out last August 17.

Immediately after this Fitch whipped his new staff into shape and put out a far superior book in a far shorter time than for any book in many years. Total time from in-

ception to publication—6 months against the usual 9 months or more. The job—snappier, more lively, interesting and picturesque than in the history of IIT.

Senior Class President Fitch has led the wild, active senior class through the summer and fall of their last sojourn at Illinois Tech. He inspired this different, dynamic class to new heights in the field of scholarship, sports and activities at Illinois Tech. As revivor and revisor of the Senior Advisor plan, he led the group of seniors as they, in turn, guided the frosh in their first steps at the Institute.

As one of the members of the Honor Board, Fitch has helped to instill a new spirit of manliness in the IIT man.

Co-op Bookstore founder and first president, TECHNOLOGY NEWS feature editor, member of Tau Beta Pi, Phi Lambda Upsilon, Alpha Chi Sigma and Sphinx, just add to the list of the Man-of-the-Year's jobs.

Sometimes your friend, sometimes your enemy, but always working for your welfare. That's the story of Morgan L. Fitch. Graduating into probable service in the United States Navy, Mickey leaves a deep mark of service and sacrifice at Illinois Tech.

ARX NEWS

The big bye-bye for an even dozen odd seniors will come off a week from tomorrow, and we're taking this last opportunity to kiss the boys etc. So this week's simple stuff will dwell on them, and this week's profound thoughts will be written with them in mind, though it won't do the rest of you any more harm than usual to tune in.

Wendell Goldwin not Goldwyn Christensen is set for a commish in the yarmy, as is E. Raymond Pearson. We can see them juggling muskets like mad. Chris seems born to give orders, not to mention being a fine crap shooter. No, Chris, we meant with the dice. And Elmer should pop buttons off underling tunics with what somebody we know persists in calling his druvilog act.

Bob Shank will be off on his merry (and married way to California to take a job (not a position; pays more) stitching wings on sky streetcars. Ray Dodge will continue his job in industry, drag home what is known as the bacon, and dandle Donny (the offsprings) on his knee.

Jack Randall is due to end up an ensign in the navy. Says he'll be a deck officer, probably. And after the war we're sure he'll end up an architect, writing arx books, quietly happy with his Mousie.

George "Smiley" Borre and Ed "Ears" Farrell (bet that "Ears" won't get by the editor) (editor's note: didn't see it till the paper came out) are still scrabbling around for jobs in industry, preferably Chicago.

Wes Pipher's going into the services eventually, as is Earl Bluestein. In the interim before call by their neighbors, Wes intends to work somewhere and Blue will continue his work at school.

As we mentioned in a previous issue Art Lillibrige, Phil O'Kelly, and Henry Boles are

Hillbilly Rises Again

by Art Hansen

Deer Sally,

Won proverb that Benny Franklin forgot wen he wuz profitizing so much iz the won that Abe Lincoln sed tew the Union Army (C.I.O.) at Gettysburgh, quote: Two fellows whoo hav hot lips are a star trumpet player and a Scotchman finding a cigar butt, unquote.

Wel, deer Sally, it is awl over but the showing and bawling—skool, I mean. While the other poor suckers heer at skool slave over final exams thiz weak and next, us seniors, whoo hav waited fore yeers for thiz, don't hav tew take exams Hence we can sit quietly at hoam and due those ten laste Juice reports and finish up the thousand and won other problems overdo Then the Baggyloriate ceremony on Sunday and then the Beginment, or startment, or commencement, or sumthing like that the following Thursday, the sixth of June That iz the tyme wen the long windy speakers get up on the rostrum befour the parents and theyre lucky offspring whoo hav gotten thru fore yeers at Armore withowt speeches like hiz until that moment, and the speakers begin: "My frends, the tyme haz cum, the momen yew hav longed waited fore and looked foreward tew, the moment wen yew awl set owt on life's grate journey thru the world of the future, wen yew're hopes owr high and brite, and yew owr reddy tew est owt and revolutionize things in the whirled. Yew hav struggled hard heer at Armore (applause frum the laste ten guys in the klass), yew hav been heer a long tyme (the profesors start tew coun ton they're fingers how long sum of the felows hav been there, then whip owt they're toes two continue the count), yew hav countless opportunities ahed of yew (the poor senyors kant count muc hless the number the jobs avaleable), etc, etc, (pauses tew take a short nip from a bottle under hiz coat and aims for the cuspidor across the stage behind palms).

"And now, young frends, the sheepskins! Marshall, usher the sheep ontew the stage . . . Thank yew . . . George, did yew skin the sheep fore their diploma fees? . . .? Yew did? Good . . . Now, sheep, hear owr yewre sheepskins, bless yew, and pay yewre alumni contributions az yew leave the stage."

And so it goes on graduation day, deer Sally. Sheep tew the slaughter. Wich reminds me of the tyme that Paw found a mirror bak hoam owt in the backwoods brush. He looked intew it and sed: "Wel, if it aint my old dad. N neved noed he had his pitcher took." He took it hoam, and that nite while he slept, ma found the mirror. "Hum-um, she sed, looking intew it, "so that's the old hag he's ben chasin'."

The laste skool danze of the yeer iz next weak wednesday nite, and oh boy, am I goin' tew whip it up. It iz the senyor closed formal, the won I gess wear the senyots owr supposed tew kum withe their best close on. Frum wat I hav scene of the girl's latest fashions, there isn't much closed abowt there evening gowns (ob boy!).

The war iz certainly awful, isn't it? Better tip my pappy off that the laste won iz over, and they got a new won going. Keeping the hoam fires burning, I guess. The bombings and explosions hav ben quite bad (had tew get explosions in). Wich reminds me of the won about the fellow whoo remarked: "What wuz the explosion on Si's farm?" . . . He fed hiz chickens 'lay or bust' feed," sed the other, and won of them wuz a rooster."

Wel, tyme iz drawing short, and I'll be hoam rite after gradaution. Tew bad pappy and mappy aren't kuming up fore graduation, but pappy shud no better than tew bend over and pet a chicken wen grandpappy Bentwitz wuz sitting ten yards behind him cleaning the squirrel gun. He noes how nearsited grandpappy is.

Ed. (Continued in preceding column)