

Undaunted ref reports

by Bob Duerrstein

From the realms of the ostracized clan, the intramural referees, comes this tale of woe and misunderstanding. Banished from the friendship of his fellow engineers, scorned upon by the underclassmen as "that jerky ref", he often has a chance to meditate and wonder of things in general as he officiates at one of the "massacres". From the deep realms of his troubled mind came forth those gems of wonder as the Monday afternoon quarterbacks madly cheered the last vain efforts of a dying team, the Senior Mechs.

The Senior Mechs, by the way, were sadly outrun on practically every play by one hundred fleet Coop ends who, as winged Mercurys, waltzed thru Mechland with the touch of Don Hutson on a binge. Mud bespattered and weak of limb and leg, the brave little referee stood up to Swan, Martinek, Zemaitis, and why go on, and calmly paced off penalty after penalty. With derision ringing in his ear the same thing was duplicated in the Senior Civil-Soph Mech game. This game proved to be a masterpiece of misjudgements as an "interference" decision proved highly unsatisfying to the losing Senior Civil team.

With sprinkler heads dangling and standpipes dragging an unknown group of Samsons known as the Senior Fire Protects have just challenged the Bears to a Practice game. From their ranks have come many of those bedraggled referees, due no doubt to the extensive program of those mistreated firemen. Laboring under the terrific load of ten hours those same Fire Protects have proven unbeatable so far. Come one and all, the Firemen go on forever.

Backs weakened from ale kegs and root beer bottles, the Senior teams in general have been scraping the bottom of the barrel at the end of the first half. Panting and blowing the Senior Chems bowed to perhaps the best Soph Juicer team ever seen on Ogden field. Two brutal juicers, La Cavita and Sheppard, short-circuited the best efforts at saturation by the Chems.

Deep from the heart of Texas comes a wail low and mournful. Soon the upperclassmen and the Senior Mechs are to receive their old age compensation and retired to a quiet little chicken ranch where solitude will take the place of losses, draft and female elevator operators. It really behooves one to take notice of the expanding waistlines of the Seniors in general; the large receipts of ice cream in the cafeteria during the summer session, and you would take heed lest year fall.

News has just come in from our reporter on the Stalingrad front; the Russians want the Senior Mechs to please come home, all is forgiven. Along with them it is requested that any and all Illinois Tech referees return as well. The Vodka brewers would also like to see any chemicals, synthetic Vodka now being used to run tanks, burn factories, grease engines, as well as being the sole salvation of all defeated touchball technicians.

LINING, DIGGING, JUMPING



Intramural touchball really gets going. In the top picture Al Kole, Charles Peller, Jack Mahoney, and Joe Anony Mous cooperate in the lining of the Ogden field touchball rink. The center picture presents the maintenance crew hard at work preparing the new ball fields on Dearborn between 32nd and 33rd. At the bottom we see Michael Plotz making a desperate leap for one of Al Dambros's long heaves. Unsuccessful as you can see.

Splashers paddle out plans for war curtailed season

The swimming team will start making plans next Wednesday when Captain Larry Rademacher calls for all candidates for this year's team. All embryo swimmers are to be in U2W of the Student Union building at 5:10 o'clock. All returning members from last year's team are also asked to attend.

Last year's team was one of the most successful teams on the IIT campus, winning seven out of nine meets. Leader of that bunch of tankmen was Earle Huxhold, a stellar backstroke. Larry Rademacher, this year's boss splasher, claims that all indications point to even greater success this season. Among the returning men who will make for a well balanced unit are Jim McNerney, Jack Tragey, Jimmy Bell and Bill Maier.

Condolences are offered to the families of all deceased referees. Exemptions are in order for Jack "Mulrooney". Innocently and naively Jack has passed on this horrible task to unsuspecting flunkies.

Since the Navy has taken over Bartlett pool, site of practice session in previous years, the team will move to the pool in Ida Noyes hall on the University of Chicago campus. The new pool is located at Fifty-ninth and Woodlawn avenue, just off the Midway. Hours for practice will be announced at the meeting.

The war transportation emergency has effected the team as it has every one else in the nation. Since traveling plans are very uncertain, the boys will be forced to hold their meets with teams in the very immediate vicinity of Chicago. Teams in this class are Loyola, De Paul, Chicago, Lake Forest, Chicago Teachers, Wheaton and others.

The ITSA board has set aside \$650 for all expenses of the team. Managing the team this year is Larry Ryan. Brother Ryan wants an assistant to take over the team after he graduates in February. Anyone interested should contact Ryan at the team meeting next Wednesday.

Senior teams lose: Touchball rolls on

The opening guns of the touchball parade roared last week, and sad to relate, Senior squads appeared to be the main targets. Lowly Sophs, untried and unheard from, rose from their separate shelters to find new worlds to conquer; and conquer they did to the man.

Upset number one reared its ugly head in the form of six determined Soph Juicers. Sparked by Bob LaCivita, ace Tech boxer, and Jack Sheppard, the juicers found themselves in the second half in time to convert a 7-0 deficit into a 26-7 rout of the Senior Chems.

Backas started the electrical's scoring when he snared a long pass from Sheppard in the end zone. The conversion failed, however, and the Chems held the lead until LaCivita eluded their secondary to score again. After Backas' conversion, Sheppard eluded the charging Chems to jaunt half the length of the field on a fake pass play. Joe Kovar scored the extra point.

Another Sheppard pass found Steve Baluk to finish the scoring. To add insult to the injury, each juicer played the entire game, and every man scored at least one point. Sheppard's and LaCivita's pass interceptions were the main reason for the onesidedness of the fray.

The Soph Mechs found the Senior Civil's a little tougher, but the result was the same. Logan did all the scoring for the Mechs, running the length of the field for one tally, and going over from one yard line on another run after a pass in the end zone was declared good due to interference. The Civil's scored when Earl Sherman blocked a kick and a pass from Silla found Lachman's open arms two plays later. Final score, 14-7.

The Civil department found some consolation, however, when the Sophs waged a successful fight against the Junior Mechs. Both teams battled to a scoreless first half, but the Civils returned from the intermission with blood in their eyes.

"Feets" Swanson passed to Jim Hinde for the first counter, and Jim liked the idea so well that he returned a punt the hard way, all the way from his own goal. Good blocking on the part of Roy Andrews and Milt Garfinkel featured the play. Hinde then snared Swanson's pass for the conversion.

Pete Minwegen got the idea and grabbed a touchdown for himself. There was no stopping the Civils then, and Roy Andrews intercepted a pass in midfield to score again. Final count: Civils 25, Mechs 0.

Seniors found the range at last when the Junior Chems found the Senior Juicers' Tom Clarke behind their goal too often. Starting like the Bears, the juniors rolled over the goal twice in the first six minutes. A pass from Marv Larson to Dick Larson broke the ice and Arnie Jirasek found the ball knocked into his hands in the end zone four plays later.

Jim McDonald found the range for the juicers when Clark broke in to the clear for the first time. The conversion was unsuccessful and the half ended with the Chems six points ahead.

Dan Workman broke through to

Last Friday in the mud of Ogden Field the Senior Mechs No. 1 again went down in ignominious defeat. A week ago it was the galloping firemen of the Senior Class, this time it was the 2A Coops who gave them a taste of defeat. The score was 14-7. The game was not a regular league game as many of the bystanders thought but was merely another practice game for both teams. The Coop teams have a regular schedule of their own but this particular team is desirous of entering the regular competition. The Coops would provide excellent competition but their school is over in November and the league competition is never decided until well in December. This makes for a difficult situation since it does not seem fair to let this team eliminate other teams from the tournament and yet not play all of the regular league games.

The game was definitely not an upset because the 2A Coops outrushed, outpassed and outkicked the highly touted Mechs. The Mechs were the first to score when Martiniek took a long pass from Pete Zemaitis, and they promptly put over the extra point. The Coops then came back to score with a beautiful pass from Dick Gilbert to Herb Howe. This pass play was exceptional in that the safety man for the Mechs was caught sleeping and allowed Howe to get behind him. The Coops missed the try for extra point and the half ended with the Mechs leading 7-6.

In the second half it was all Coops and with only 5 minutes of the half played Gilbert threw another pass to Howe on the sidelines and he again went across for the touchdown. The Coops again missed the point and the Coops led 12-7. The Mechs came back on the kickoff but failed to score and lost the ball on downs to the Coops who in their turn failed to get anywhere. Then Gilbert kicked to the Mech's 1 yard line and on the first play Chet Swan was tagged behind the goal and the Coops led 14-7. From then on the game was a seesaw with Gilbert intercepting a pass on his own 5 yard line to break up the last Mech drive.

In way of closing all spectators saw an excellent exhibition of rushing by Buzz Hillman and Ralph Sullivan. They made Pete throw them too fast or else blocked them completely. This was an important reason for the defeat of the Once unbeatable Mechs.

Marv Larson behind the goal on the second play after the kickoff. The Chems punted and Jim McDonald took a pass over his shoulder soon after to bring the count to 14-12.

Misery still dogged the Chems as Tom Clark counted twice more on long passes. With three minutes to go the Chems began to roll again. Ted Anderson grabbed a pass from Dick Larson that nearly every man on both teams had their hands on, and raced down the sideline to score. Harry Anderson added the extra point. Gordie Fleisher's pass interception gave the Chems another chance, but the drive failed when Larry Rademacher knocked a pass out of Fleisher's reach.