

Behind The Curtains

BLITZKRIEG

By ANON

So much that happens around school, just happens, so far as ninety-five per cent of the students are concerned. This column hopes to bring some items forward that are going to happen or have happened—behind the curtains so to speak: This column or any part is not for reprint. The feature editor consented to take the blame for the content. He will then murder the writer. ANYWAY, HERE GOES.

The frosh are showing good spirit in wearing and buying their hats. The Co-op and administration book stores sold them at cost as a service to the school. The hats serve an excellent purpose.

Watch for something to cook on the health plan. It has been kicking around too long in the Board of Trustees inner sanctum. Hugh Story ought to have something cooked up pretty soon along that line.

Also, look for something to happen pretty quick on the Field House fund. The paper or the ITSA may start the fireworks soon.

It was surprising how many things the ITSA can do when they put their minds to it. Maybe an editorial now and then can keep them moving to really constructive work. Just in passing the faculty and administration outnumbered the students at the last ITSA meeting. Something is cooking to remedy this.

The blocking pads were ordered by ITSA. Ken Jacobs seems to think that with these pads the boys will play a harder game and more people will get hurt. If many more injuries occur watch for much more strict and concise reffing. A bad injury may mean abolishment of the game. At least that is the trend.

The frosh are showing great spirit. Thirteen teams grace the freshmen football league. A class like that is going places. However, their spirit may be broken a little if they continue to ride the elevator.

Jobs are open every place. It is not too early to consider Christmas jobs. Go to the placement office—it does not make any difference what year you are in at the school. The post office has started recruiting in the high schools already. You had better get moving—QUICK.

By the time this paper comes out, the freshmen fraternity men may have dominated the frosh election. If not, watch for this control in the finals next week. Stop any clique that is trying to get in power for its own benefit and not for the purpose of bettering the job.

We hope that you fully appreciate what John Schommer is doing for you. He was a mighty sick man when he talked to you in the assembly, Tuesday. He would walk right into his grave helping you—and probably will—many years from now, we pray.

President Heald left himself wide open at the assembly when he said you could ask him any question. We do not think that he realized at the time what such a statement would result in. One man actually asked him the difference between the V-7 and the V-5 programs. This has been discussed at numerous assemblies. Our President is a busy man. If your questions are really important, he will be "tickled to death" to answer them. But use a little discretion in asking them.

The yearbook is hard up for men. This book must not be another one or two man affair like the last one. The work involved is tremendous and requires many late nights.

Along with this plea for men on the yearbook goes a plea for underclassmen to get interested in all activities. The top jobs are wide open—even in the paper. No one controls these jobs, we just want good men.

The paper has been blessed with swell cartoons this year. Responsible for this are two freshmen, Walter Pruter and Jim Ladd. One of these boys will soon be called into service on the yearbook leaving the other for the paper.

Clubs and organizations on the ITSA budget must keep within their budget. Even the music clubs are going to have to stay in their appropriation this year since the ITSA gave them a raise in pay.

Zemaitis and Keigher will pay dearly for their misdeeds in the past. Active members of Honor I have promised this.

The club that is doing great things this fall is the dance club. Its youthful president is doing a "heck of a lot of work" on it. Its membership is pushing one hundred.

Another active organization, the ASME, has opened new offices on the third floor of Machinery Hall in Professor Flanigan's old office. This organization is destined to go places this fall.

Bob Bechtolt is taking over the Managing Editor job equipped with about the greatest knowledge of newspaper journalism of any other student in the school. If you see an improvement in coverage and journalism—look to Bechtolt.

Next week we will go deeper into back stage—see you then.

Greetings, Pals;

This column smells,

And so do those who write it.

Hey, wait a minute, what am I saying?

Let's begin this week of bliss and joy

By spreadin' some dirt about each girl and boy.

So here goes—

VIRGINIA BLUE and the MADALINSKI'S RAY

Have been going together, we've heard say. Then there's OSHEROW'S JEANNIE, too. Whose boyfriend, WILLIE, is a Second Lieu. And there's ANNIS on the other end. Whose soldier, DAVE, is the steady friend. Now we come to the LEVIN'S ROSE. Whose been writing to PAUL, as the school well knows.

Now that we've started Cupid on his way, We hope that you too, 'll be bitten some day.

It has been called to our attention that HENRY GOLDSTEIN and MAJOR SMALE have been tossing ill-reputed women around. Tut, tut, what are the ethics classes coming to?

As a result of a final analysis taken, we observed that there will be a tremendous increase in the female enrollment in the chemistry classes this spring. Could DR. DAVIDSON'S clear blue eyes have anything to do with the situation? We do wonder.

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Humor Note of the Week

Time: Monday's Physiology Class

Place: Biology Laboratory

Characters: DR. WHITEHILL

Scenery: Frogs

Background: Students

Dialogue: "Life is one thing after another.

Love—is two things after each other."

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Has anybody noticed any stray vertebrae scattered around the gym? If so, please do not mistake them for shuttlecocks, because they belong to PHERO THOMAS who lost them while playing Badminton last Thursday.

SYLVAN SALK has acquired a new steady girlfriend. Why don't you bring her around, SY, so's we can all meet her?

BLANCHE FRIEDE has finally received a letter from boyfriend, BILL ROCK, former IIT, now doing defense training in Milwaukee. Any interesting news, BLANCHE? What's up?

Poor JACK HALLORAN is having more trouble lately with the Haessler Chorus Cutties(?). It seems they insist on having Jack wait until the very last in order to be served. Maybe they just like him, huh?

Question of the week: Why is a mouse when it spins?

O.K. Kiddies, that covers just about all for the week, so if you'll just tear off the tops of five convertibles and send them to us with your name and address, we'll send you one "over-ripe tomato or a reasonably accurate facsimile."

Be good now, and bear in mind that swell-egant dance, the "Witches Whirl" is whirling around, come the 30th of this month. . . . See you all there with your favorite Spook.

rection when a sharp "Keigher, get out of that!" brought him to. His excuse: he didn't read the signs. . . . Latest war communique from the Registrar-Bursar war front states that a stalemate has developed. Generals Sylvia Lynta and Karl Brown are conferring with their councils to determine what action should next be taken against one another.

And so we'll close, wishin' ye a braw Halloween night, when Lak Tan-o-Shanter ye'll see. "Warlocks and Witches in a dance."

—The Two Druids.

STEAM SHOVEL

Let's start diggin'. The latest correspondence with Washington tells us that Dr. Hal Davey, the "Syracuse Superman," will become a proud papa next May. . . . There's a battle rewbin' between the seniors and a group of frosh. The frosh are planning to take over the table in the cafeteria reserved for seniors. It'll be a bloody day when the frosh tangle with Cowboy Zemaitis, Hardrocks Martinek, Baby-face Swann and others.

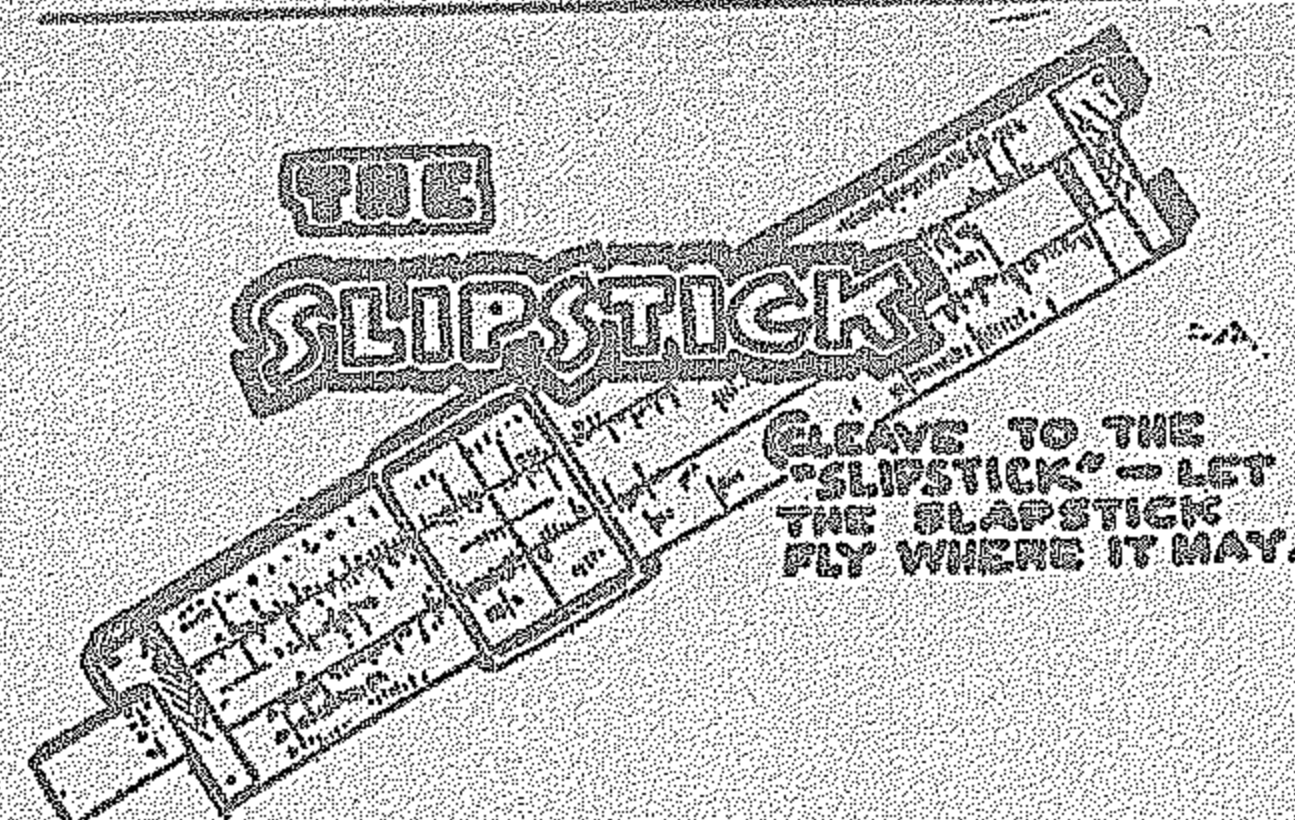
Sophomore Bill Murphy thought he could do some convenient wolfing when he found that a former steady now works for the "Institoot." "Murph" was a sadder but wiser man when he learned that she has been hooked by another laddy. . . . Methinks Bob Kline is commercializing his fraternity pin. At the recent Theta Xi open house he was renting his pin by the hour to several of the lassies.

Looks like "Brush-face" Dambros and Nancy Callahan of EDT are a permanent combination. . . . Two Junior Mechs, both enlisted in V-7, have passed out engagement rings. Vernon George has coupled himself with one Miss Elaine Brown, while Vernon Selbach has slipped the metal to Miss La Verne Drabeck. . . . Benny Chertow, that suave grad student has enlisted feminine aid in matter of choosing a wardrobe.

Although the Fuller brush man has won wide reknown for his exploits of verbal persuasion, we deem the Senior Fire protectors superior to the afore mentioned bristle vendors. While inspecting Marshall Field store, they met a cute wee lift operator, by name, Francine. Although she changed elevators many times to avoid the job of ferrying the firemen up and down, they followed her all over the store. Bob Duerrstein and Joe Pruzinski even wangled a date out of her for that evening, but Shylocks Duerrstein and Pruzinski decided they needed money more than social life, and so, worked the evening away while Francine pined her heart away. Shy Shylocks.

It has come to our attention that the most avid follower of this column (excepting ourselves) is "Doc" Krathwohl, whose pet pastime is teasing "Kappy" Kapranos about articles concerning him which appear in this column. . . . We vote Mr. Nachman of the M. E. department this week's award as the absent-minded professor—he walked out of his office and locked the door, forgetting that when he shut the door, he locked the secretary, Helen Artus, out of the office.

Don Keigher must still think he's in the north woods. While in a theater lounge last week, he started to wander in the wrong di-



Gadzooks, but the days are flying by! Every week a new heading. Zookgaddles, let's get to work! The other day a couple of farmers in England were running through a field ducking the bombs being scattered by the enemy. One farmer hollered over to the other "Say Zeke, do you know what it is when a bull swallows a bomb?" Zeke, puffing and very much out of breath replied: "Why that's abominable." *****!! NO! PLEASE, FEL-LAS—never, never again!—Nurse! come over here and hold my hand.

Blame it on the rationing, Sis!

Supervisor: "Hello! Hello! Do you wish to call a number?"

Sambo: "No, sah, miss, ah don' want no numbah."

Supervisor: "Then don't play with the telephone."

Sambo: "Ah ain' playin' wid no phone. De receivah fell in de sugah bowl an' I'se been lickin' off de sugah."

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"I hear your daughter is practicing daily on the harp. How is she getting on?"

"Well, her mother isn't quite so keen on going to heaven as she was."

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LORNETTE: French name of a dirty look that you can hold in your hand.

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Little Billy brought home his report card, and with it was a note from the teacher.

"Dear Mrs. Blank," said the note. "Billy is a bright boy, but he spends all his time with the girls. I'm trying to think up some way to cure him."

The mother studied the note, then wrote the teacher as follows: "Dear Miss Scruff: If you find some way to cure him, please let me know. I'm having the same trouble with the old man!"

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Gob (writing a letter to mate sitting on bunk: "Hey, Joe, take yer shirt off. I want to see how yer spell Matilda."

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How about it, Joe?

J.R.—"Today I met a girl who had never been kissed."

H.R.—"I would like to meet her."

J.R.—"You're too late now."

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She: "The doctors now say that low-neck dresses help women ward off colds and pneumonia."

He: "Well, I was at a swell restaurant last night where all the girls seemed to be trying to ward off lumbago."

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She wasn't an Ojibway!

An Indian girl recently won a beauty contest. Her name was Pretty Bear. We haven't seen a beauty contest winner yet that wasn't.

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An unobtrusive gentleman in the museum was gazing rapturously at the huge oil painting of a shapely girl dressed in only a few strategically arranged leaves. The title of the picture was "Spring." Suddenly, the voice of his wife snapped, "Well, what are you waiting for? Autumn?"

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Some girls proclaim their beauty from the Hose tops.

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MERCY! MERCY! . . . MERCY! MERCY! I'za comin' Granny! I've only been here a little while and you haven't showed me any MERCY at all. I think I'll leave.

Byope Nopow

"FISHER'MIN'!"