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War ... and tactics

Evidence that it takes university trained men to teach the science of modern war is found at Uncle Sam's newest war college at San Angelo, Texas. With only a small proportion of its future officer personnel reported in for duty, there are nevertheless over eighty college degrees represented in its teaching and administrative staff.

There are five instructors with degrees of Ph.D. and an equal number with the degree of M.A. At least one has a Diploma from Sorbonne university in Paris.

There are several bachelors of law and masters of science. The balance is about evenly divided between bachelor of arts and bachelor of science.

Lt. Colonel Harry Crutcher, Jr., Director of training at this bombardier school, pointed out yesterday that the job of teaching the deadly art of the air forces bombardier calls for much the same qualities required in teaching any exact science.

"An appreciation of the pupil's point of view, a thorough knowledge of the subject and an understanding of teaching techniques are the basic requirements here, as in any college," he said.

"There is a major difference, however. The students here—cadets—undergo the most intensive course of study ever scheduled. They don't coast along for a week or two and then cram just before an examination. They cram every day—Sundays and holidays included—for thirteen weeks. Our instructors, who are comparable to college professors, must know how to pour out the maximum information that a group of students can absorb, without ever exceeding that maximum."

Advances in science

Blood transit

A refrigerated container, originally developed for transporting small quantities of perishable foods that require temperature protection in transit, is now being used to carry blood from Red Cross collecting centers to laboratories where it is processed for shipment to America's armed forces overseas.

Designed by Major Elihu Church, built by refrigeration experts of the General Electric Company and transported by the Railway Express Agency, the Church Containers service the nation's 17 blood centers where 50,000 contributions a week are being made by blood donors.

The Church Containers look like large trunks. Made of galvanized steel and mounted on casters so they may be moved easily, they have an insulation thickness of four inches and a capacity of ten cubic feet. A bunker, which may be loaded either with 100 lb. of dry ice or with 90 lb. of water ice, provides low temperatures in refrigeration.



STEAM SHOVEL

Here are some observations on the doings at the south campus. "Terry and the Pirates" now rates only secondary interest to the Tech men when they read the morning paper. The early morning lunch room crowd is now engrossed in the escapades of Errol Flynn....

Last Hallowe'en saw several of the boys on the prowl at the recent Chicago Teachers' dance. Larry Rademacher and Ulysses Backas had quite a workout with the "schoolmarm".... Cliff Gorski seems to have an interest in anything in skirts that is around the campus....

The local wolves might be interested to know that "Texas" Seaberry, of the News Bureau traveled down to Elkhart last Saturday to visit her chief interest in life....

Ensign Ray Smith, fireman extraordinary, is spending the week in Youngstown with the girl he left behind him, when he came to Tech.... Those intellectual giants of Pi Tau Sigma, Bob Rose and Hans Knapp, are using their genius for anything and everything but school work.... They recently modernized the game of "battle-ship" by the addition of submarines and PT boats, and proceeded to wage battles at a moment's notice. Now they are devoting their efforts to the useless problem of determining the volume of a cube that has had a hole drilled through each surface. God help Tau Beta Pi with Bob Rose in the president's office....

Speaking of honoraries, several pledges and actives of these organizations currently find themselves in quite a battle for supremacy. Ray Sauer is a pledge to Honor I, and takes quite a beating at the hands of active Don Maihock. However, Maihock is a pledge to Chi Epsilon, civil honorary, and is in for merciless treatment at the hands of active Ray Sauer. Mario Silla, active and pledge captain of both organizations, is having a difficult time keeping the lads from slashing each other's throats....

Johnny Valentine is having some skull repairs made by Mary Jane Holderness, a comely nurse at St. Lukes, who has been tentatively described as the "vacuum-cleaner type."

The Senior Juicers gave Miss Keplinger a huge box of candy just before she left to join forces with the Curtiss-Wright Corporation....

Al Cole, senior mech., has called off all Wednesday afternoon classes, so that he can meet the woman downtown.... Any day now the sophomores are expecting Bissel Smith to announce his marriage to a gal from nearby St. Xavier's college.

Professor Bicek, of the Chemistry department has been selected as the best-looking member of the faculty. The IITWA has issued an edict that Prof. Bicek has been disbarred from competition in local wolfing circles, since he enjoys unfair advantage.... Several Tech-hawks were struttin' about at Mundelien's Sophomore Dance last Friday night. Amongst these were sophomore Bill Murphy, and senior Don Keigher....

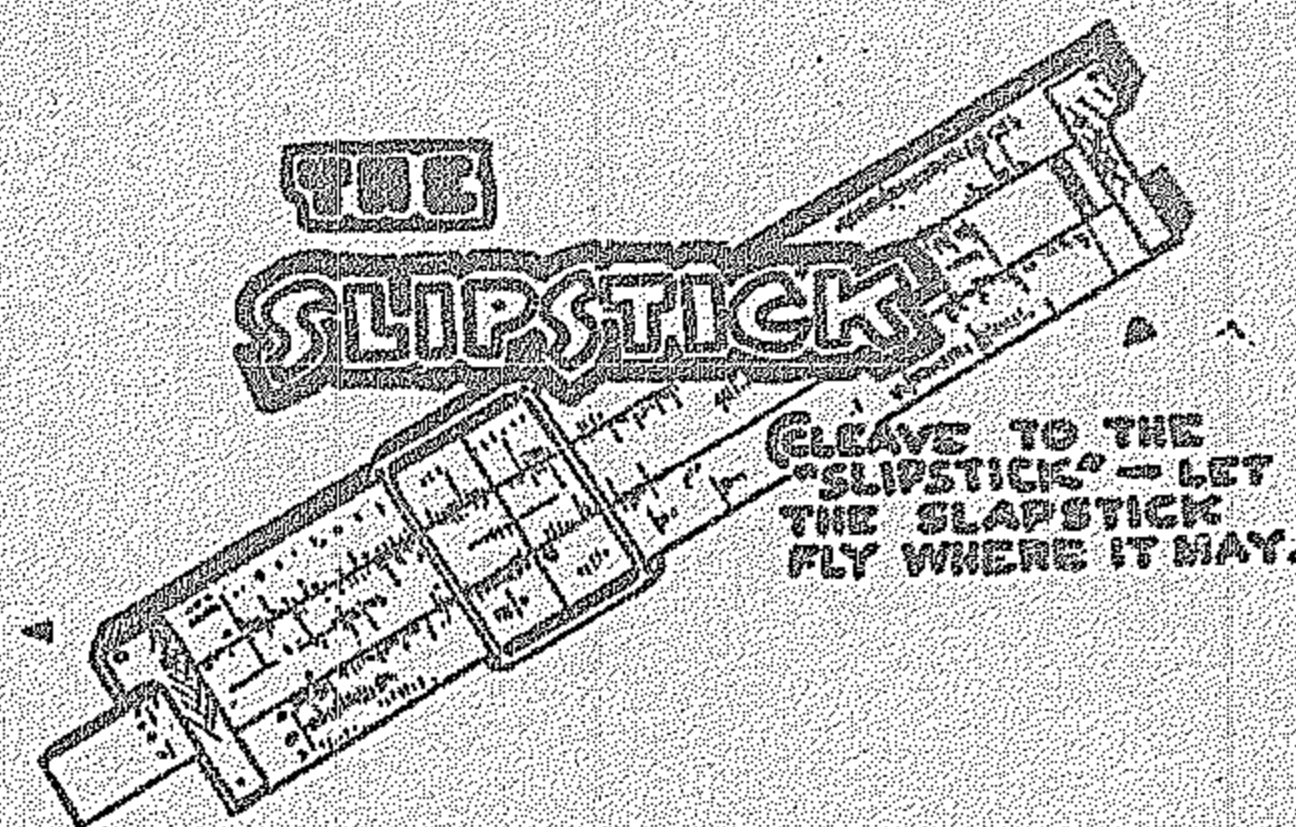
The kidney pads used in the touchball games are preventing a lot of injuries but they are having devastating effects on the players' pants. Along about the second half of the game, the seams start to go and the laddies are operating under forced draft.

Notwithstanding the cold fall weather, Jim Mc Nerney, the Soph swimming star, last week indulged in his favorite sport when nine Juniors persuaded him to frolic in the shower on the fifth floor of Main.... Freshmen and Sophomores please take note.... Incidentally last Thursday the word that the upperclassmen were on the prowl for unauthorized elevator riders, got around quickly, too quickly for even an object lesson to be taught.

The shaggy haircuts, unshaved faces and alcohol laden breaths around campus are merely by-products of the Armour Players Guild production "The Drunkard." Cliff Oliver and Howie Ziemann are the main proponents of the true characterization. The casting for the play has not as yet been completed and those who think that they can blow the foam off of their beer in professional manner, are urged to see the eminent producer, Miss Lucile Myers, on Tuesday or Friday nites.

It happened in the news room on Thursday afternoon of last week, Lawrence P. Ryan refused a proffered cigaret thereby proving that it can happen here.... Got to get a date for the dance November 21, so operator, give me Kildare....

The Twa Gaels



This week in another very orderly fashion I shall make the second dedication of the slipstick for this semester. Here's a column especially for Art "Oh Min" Minwegan. Jump on your snowshoes Art and head for the depot, here's a Slipstick heading your way.

V V V V V

Cop: No parking; you can't loaf along this road.

Voice within car:: Who's loafing?

V V V V V

"Did you knock on that traveling man's door and wake him as I told you?"

"Yes m, but he did's wake up so I finally had to go in and shake him."

"Heavens, don't you know better than ever to go into a traveling man's room?"

"Yes m, I do now."

V V V V V

"Did she blush when her shoulder strap broke?"

"I didn't notice."

V V V V V

They said Jean was a furniture finance officer's daughter because she wouldn't give any allowance on the davenport.

(Eh? B. J.)

V V V V V

Hotsy tots, pudding and pie.

Some people can write poems,

Why the hell can't I?

V V V V V

Tramp: "Has the doctor any old pants he could let me have?"

Lady: "No, they wouldn't fit you."

Tramp: "Are you sure?"

Lady: "Quite sure—I'm the doctor."

V V V V V

"Eavesdropping again," said Adam as his wife fell out of a tree.

V V V V V

Old man Rajik stirred uneasily in his igloo. He listened attentively but only the cracking of ice and a sibilant whisper came to his ears. The silence became oppressive and finally the papa Eskimo could contain himself no longer.

"Hey, daughter! he cried. "Are you there?"

"Yes."

"Is Bissel there?"

"Yes."

Satisfied, Rajik settled down to sleep. Time passed. Suddenly he awoke with a start. There was no sound below, but his daughter was not abed. Astonished, he looked at his watch. "Migawd, this younger generation," he hissed. "Hey, daughter!" he cried. "It's March. Isn't that young man going home tonight?"

V V V V V

A bright mind has suggested the training of "Hearing Ear" dogs which will nudge their deaf masters up to the bar when anyone offers to buy a drink.

V V V V V

"How do chorus girls get sables?"

"The same way sables get sables."

V V V V V

So long Art! I'll be skiing you.

"FISHER 'MIN'"