

## Why Cant You Be Superman ?

by E. JAMES HEGARTY, c.e., '42  
Lifted from Rose Technic

That's what it says, why can't you be Superman? Just because you don't look like Clark Kent when you're out of character, don't give up. Don't worry if you can't fill out your union suit like Superman would. His suits probably aren't made by the same union anyway. The main reason you are not Superman himself is because you are holding yourself back. Honest and truthfully, have you ever tried walking through a brick wall? Why not? Just say to yourself if Superman can, I can, and you will be surprised at the results. I've tried it and I was surprised. Surprised.—I didn't have a nose to blow or enough teeth left to brush. Don't overdo it at first. Walk through thin walls then work your way up to concrete pillars and small dams. You will be a sensation.

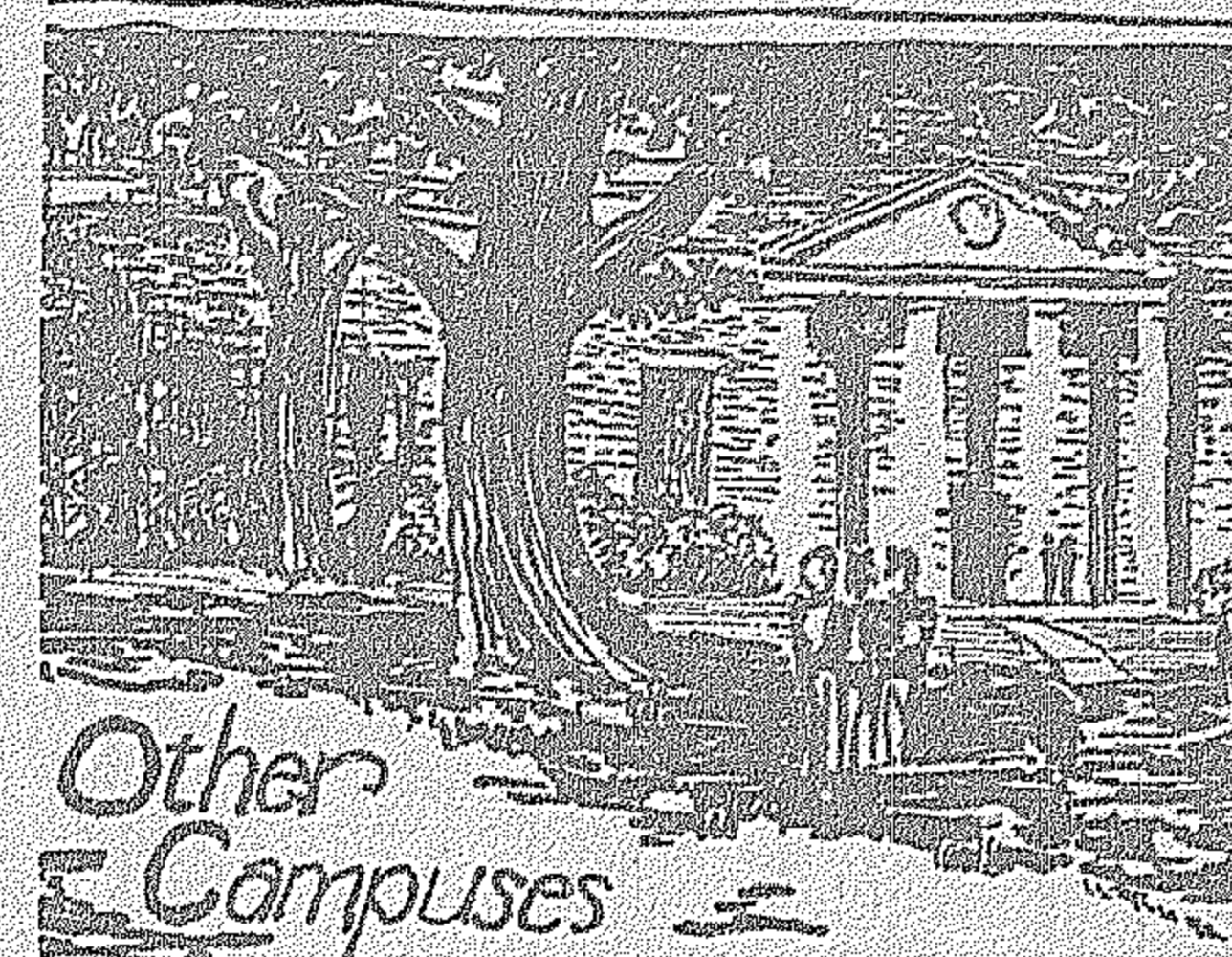
Superman flies, birds fly and so can you—tell yourself. You don't have to have big ears to fly. I do and I haven't been able to fly as yet. I started by jumping out of a first story window but the ground never gave my arms and ears time to warm up. I then, after jumping out of the second story window into the hospital, tried the fourth story. I did not fly as I hadn't the two other times but I was embedded in the ground a foot and a half deeper than before. My folks told the man who came to dig me out of the petunia patch in the front yard that he could save them quite a bit of time and money if he would dig four feet deeper and say a prayer. He dug me up, though, and I spent some more time in the hospital telling people how I had jumped through a screen and strained myself. You can become stronger each day. Just try lifting

anything you think you might have trouble lifting. No, don't refrain from taking baths. I have an uncle that carried out this policy. He had more trouble than you might imagine.

If you have been unfortunate enough to live in Pittsburgh, Terre Haute or some other very smoky city, take a few minutes off each day to run twenty miles out into the country and take a deep breath of fresh air. Always be looking for ways to build yourself up. I tried to build myself up to the place where I could stop a cannonball with my chest. I withstood the pea-blower and the slingshot but my brother shot the twenty-two right through me which was not as fatal as it sounds. Your diet will become an important factor if you expect to become a Superman. Eat that extra flake of Wheaties each morning. Eat grass, worms, caterpillars and the other stuff birds eat to help you with your flying. Remember don't peel caterpillars before you eat them because if you do they taste just like worms which isn't bad, but would be better if they tasted like caterpillars. Arrange it with your ration board so you can drink a quart of hi-octane gas with each meal to give you speed in the air. If you live near the seashore eat mussels, there isn't much sense in growing them when they are so handy.

I'm telling you all my knowledge on this subject because my days of trying to become Superman have passed. My insurance company keeps sending me threatening letters, and I have given up on account of this. Just practice, Supermen of the future, just practice. Practice makes perfect and perfect is Superman and Superman can be you.

Who am I fooling?



by William A. Nash

The twentieth chapter of Chi Epsilon, national honorary civil engineer fraternity, has just been installed at Georgia Tech. The organization was founded at the University of Illinois in 1922 and less than a year later the second chapter was added at what was then Armour Institute of Technology.

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No American college had a physician on its staff until Amherst appointed Dr. John Hooker in 1859.

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One person out of every forty in the United States is a college or university alumnus giving a total of approximately 3 1/2 million alumni.

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All buildings of the city college of New York are connected by tunnels.

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During the first World War, President Woodrow Wilson issued an order abolishing fraternities for the duration. However, the order was rescinded three days after it had been issued after a flood of protests from fraternity men all over the country.

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In sharp contrast to conditions prevailing during the first World War, the demand for courses in German at Simmons College this year is the greatest in the history of the institution.

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A retired chemistry professor at Park College has found, by experiment, that he could get twice as many cups from the usual portion of coffee by boiling an hour, and the coffee was just as tasty if he could capture the vapor. He did it by joining a flask to a glass funnel by a hollow cork; as the coffee boils the vapor rises into the funnel where it condenses against a cover and drips back into the coffee.

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Figures released by the Office of Education disclose that college and university enrollment fell off 14% between October 1941 and October 1942. 15% of the nation's male students have left college, while 11% of the college women have dropped out.

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Purdue University engineering students are producing war machine parts for Westinghouse Electric Company as part of their shop practice. Their output equals that of a seventy-five man machine shop.

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In Clinton, New York, Hamilton College's huge indoor hockey rink has sprouted a year-round 300 yard obstacle course patterned after similar facilities at army camps and navy stations.

An outstanding classroom boner was recently committed by a student in a descriptive geometry class at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, who, after watching the professor demonstrate two methods of solving a problem in intersections, asked if it was a coincidence that both points thus found were the same.

And since we are all here for a full semester for the first time, we have a much better opportunity to participate in all school activities. So let's work on that, you practical men!

## COOPSCOOP

by Bert McCleneghan

New semester, new schedule, new books—but the same old A group co-ops are back stronger than ever; this time, though, we're all on a fast schedule, doing our bit to be of service to the nation and industry at an early date. And it's mighty good to be back in the saddle again, especially for those of us who are answering the last roll call here at IIT.

Most of the boys must be pretty flush this time, judging from the great numbers of this class that showed up at the Ration Rumble which was sponsored by the co-ops at the Knickerbocker Hotel on Feb. 5. The rhythmic tunes and novelties of Lew Diamond's music makers were enjoyed by the four hundred and fifty odd couples in attendance. The only complaint that could be heard was that there was too little space for too many people. It really was a swell function—the most successful co-op social enterprise to date. Its success was due mainly to the sweat and strain (with plenty of brain) of Warren Moore and his boys, Milt Platner, Ed Opila, Chuck Roser, Lou Wengel, Bob Negele, Bob Andeson, Earl Long, and many others.

It seems that Shorty Neidel was reluctant about procuring a mixer for his date at that affair, so the task fell to Casey (the Thief) Puchalski. And it's been known for some time that Larry Aggerbeck is a drip, but he didn't have to degenerate into a drizzle Friday p.m.

Note to all co-ops interested in completing their college education: The office of the Industrial Co-ordinator announces that all sophomores, juniors, and seniors will be considered for deferment by the school. Therefore, you should notify Mr. Lease immediately upon receipt of your I-A classification. Freshmen should also take this action so that the school knows where you stand.

Norman Addie, 4A, who is convalescing in the Berwyn Hospital, spends his time working max-min problems between rub-downs. Those nurses surely are inspiring!

Here it comes again—make room for more stars in our service flag; more of our boys are crowding that heroes' bench. Herb Howe,

The best tunes of all move to Chapin Hall, Yes! the best tunes of all move to Chapin Hall. I guess they must have bought a new radio in one of the offices or something, but anyway the best tunes of all move to Chapin Hall. Okay Engineers! Hop to it, start a whistling pick your tune—I wonder what happens to the best jokes of all?

V V V

A cannibal king, noticing the beauty of a young girl about to be put into the kettle, was heard to say—"Stop! I'll have my breakfast in bed."

V V V

"I need a holiday," said the pretty cashier. "I'm not looking my best."

"Nonsense," said the manager.

"It isn't nonsense—the men are beginning to count their change."

V V V

Mushy

Blessings on thee, pretty miss;

Quaker maid I long to kiss.

With thy merry wanton quips,

And thy quirking lipstick lips.

All that sort of thing connotes

That thee knows thy Quaker Oats.

V V V

"I'm glad your last customer looked so pleased," said the manager to the sales girl. "What did he want to see?"

"Me, at seven thirty."

V V V

A tourist stopped in front of a little country store, dumbfounded at the sight of an enormous display of salt piled on the premises. Stack after stack, boxes, barrels and bags. Tons of salt, inside the store and out. "Ye Gods, man, you must sell a lot of salt," exclaimed the tourist. "No, I don't sell much," replied the storekeeper, "but you shoulda seen the guy that came here last week. He really could sell salt."

V V V

Critics—people who go places and boo things.

V V V

Tourist (in village store): "Whaddye got in the shape of automobile tires?"

Saleslady: "Funeral wreaths, life preservers, invalid cushions and doughnuts."

V V V

His Father's Son

I crept upstairs, my shoes in hand,

Just as the night took wing—

And I saw my Dad, four steps above,

Doing the same darned thing.

V V V

Young Husband (proudly): "My Baby can say 'da-da'."

Bachelor: "Mine can say 'sugar daddy,' 'highball,' 'oh hell,' and 'step on it.'"

V V V

Lady: "Do you take childrens' photos?"

Photog: "Yes madam, we make a specialty of children's photos."

Lady: "How much do you charge?"

Photog: "Only \$5 a dozen."

Lady: "Well, I shall have to see you later. I have only eleven children."

V V V

Lives of golfers all remind us

We can tip and slice and hook

And departing leave behind us

Words you won't find in a book.

V V V

"And when I start telling them why I got in so late last weekend" they say, "I heard that song before." Which just goes to show you that, "The best tunes of all go to Chapin Hall." Bye now kids.

Pete "Fisher 'Min" Minwegen