

BLITZKRIEG

Here we go again, gang. Your own little garbage gatherer has found a few choice morsels around and about these murky halls of Lewis and is bound and determined to go into every detail.

Someone should do something about this. Before the physical training program set in, Dan Ryan was a lad in the full bloom of healthy young manhood. Now there is nothing left but the pitiful shell of what he used to be. The hapless youth is now thinking of putting his briefcase on wheels. (ODT please note.)

Just to show how fair he is, Mr. Bob Weiss went stag to the Hula Hop. It seems that, unable to decide which Lewis beauty to choose, he gave all the girls a break.

Now, lend your ears, chillun, if you want to hear about the inhumanity of man to women. Jimmy Romac, who has been concentrating on the charms of red-haired Connie, walked our pretty librarian, Mary Frost, to the "L" station. Quick, Connie, deFrost him!

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

New York City has nothing on Armour for we too have a "Paving Block Scandal."

It seems that several hundred feet of what I, in my naivette, thought was public street are in reality privately owned. Claim to these lands is staked daily by their pseudo owner with large stone blocks.

Just in passing, do you suppose our hero purchased these blocks or did he simply purloin them from scenic "Stonehurst" across from Chapin Hall.

If one steers one's car toward a parking space which is marked with the inevitable stone block, a swarthy gentleman rushes up snarling and making motions like drawing a pistol. You hear something about throwing you in prison for the rest of your life. You move on wondering if he could really do it.

Upon payment of several sous weekly to the presumed owner of these choice parking spaces one receives the exalted privilege of parking his little car thereon. What a difference now as you drive up to Chapin Hall! Your genial host of the parking space approaches bowing and scraping and smilingly sweeps the stone from your path.

This landlord of public property is reminiscent of the legendary larcenist of New York City who peddled the Brooklyn Bridge to visiting yokels.

Bob King

Dear Editor:

In freshman drawing we were told to maintain a high standard of drawing at all times. That is now reiterated in descriptive geometry. In fact, a student may fail the course if his drafting is poor. I agree with the department on these accounts; however, I disapprove of them for imposing conditions which are inconsistent with their own policies. For example, the examination of March 5 was so long that it was impossible to do good drafting and finish the test in an hour. One of my fellow students who disregarded quality and finished the test in an hour received 98 as a grade. Nothing was deducted for poor draftsmanship. My grade was considerably lower because I was able to finish only three-quarters of the test. I am informed that students in certain other sections were given an additional half hour in which to finish the test, and thereby earn a better grade. This seems to be rather unfair to our section.

The method of grading used in this department is comparable to the method of mass murder used by Germany, because in both cases no regard is given as to what the conditions are and the same stale criterion are used to determine mechanically what the verdict ought to be. Plotting grades on the normal distribution curve is an unheard of thing in this department.

Something ought to be done about the disheartening methods used; especially in the face of the new three semester a year plan which will place an additional strain on the routine work.

The administration of such tests is subversive to our Honor System and I suggest that the ITSA or the proper organization look into this matter.

Respectfully yours,

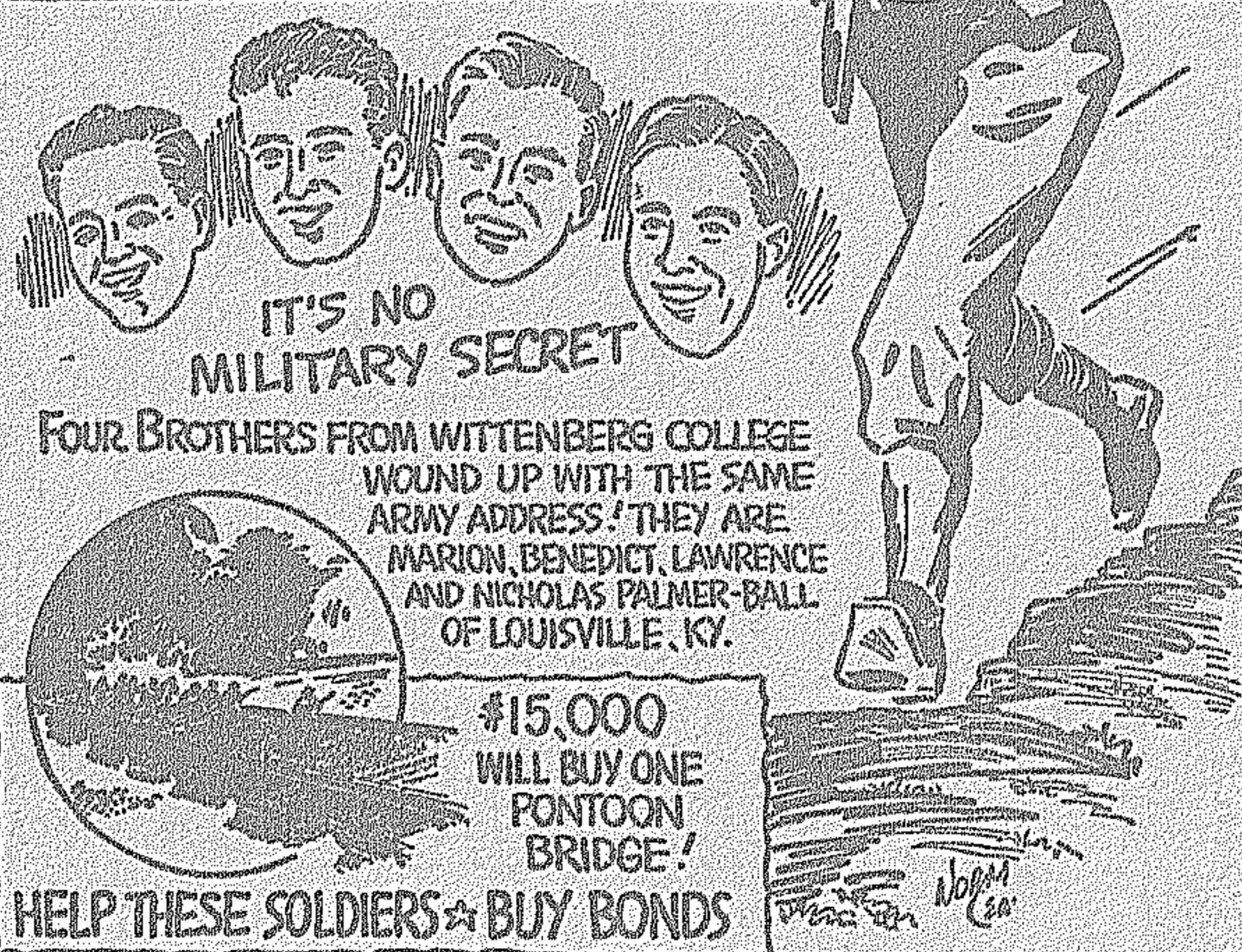
Tony Lameika

Campus Camera

SCHOOL BACKGROUND OF DRAFTEES

11% ARE COLLEGE TRAINED
58% HAVE HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATIONS
31% GRADE SCHOOL OR LESS.

CONTRAST THIS WITH
WORLD WAR I WHEN
COLLEGES PRODUCED 5%,
HIGH SCHOOLS 16%, AND
79% OF THE SOLDIERS HAD
GRADE SCHOOL OR NO FORMAL
EDUCATION AT ALL!



COOPSCOOP

Bert McGleneghan

It is with high hopes of a lasting contribution to the science of anthropology that the 4-A class presents an insight to that specimen of humanity that corroborates the Darwin Theory, namely, the composite 4-A co-op:

HAIR	Eddie Hemzacek
EARS	Hy Yessne
FOREHEAD	Carl Sundeen
EYES	Frankie Carqueville
DIMPLES	Jim Van Santen
NOSE	George Kennedy
LIPS	Jim Carroll
TOOTH	Zdenek Lansky
PHYSIQUE	Harry Schrader
LEGS	Phil Rinck
FEET	Reid Cameron
POSTURE	Bob Bonthron
SCHOLARSHIP	Bill Clark
STRENGTH & SILENCE	Gerry Golden
EVEN TEMPER	Howie Dvorak
DANCER	Lowen Shearer
GENTLEMANLINESS	Bill Mahoney
SENSE OF HUMOR	Jimmy Bourke
FAITHFULNESS	Rog Olsen

From now on, starting the second Tuesday of next week, "Casey" Puchalski and his twin, "Clare," (3-A's), intend to stay home every night. Reason: their steadies, "Bets" Manning and "Ginnie" Kresin, began their nurses' training course last Monday. Among the other class members who gathered to wish the girls the best of luck were: Joe Rimac, Ralph Rybicki, George Buess, and Ed Cygan.

Late information indicates (all previous reports to the contrary) that H. R. Johnson, the "engaged man," is getting that "I want to go home and be happy" look in his eye—and also that Bill Logue isn't helping matters a bit.

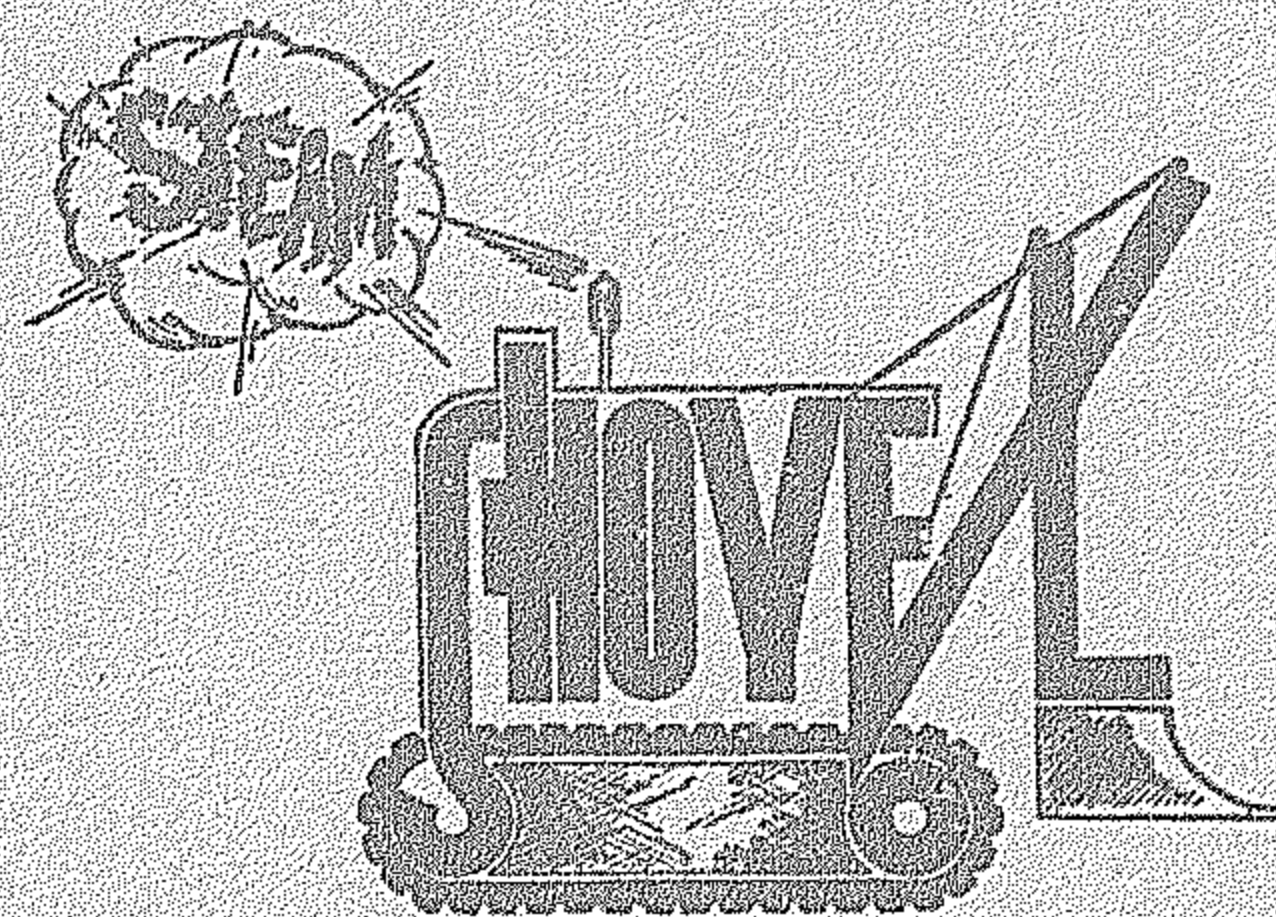
Incidentally, H. Carlson spent his sleeping hours with L. Aggerbeck last Saturday night; all doubt as to that unusually haggard look Monday morning is hereby removed.

The 3-A co-op "Lounge Dance" held last Friday was thoroughly, completely, and unequivocally enjoyed by the large crowd that turned out. Records contributed by Ed "Little Man" Neidel were a tremendous boon to the success of the affair which exceeded all other functions of this class is every way.

Johnny Briggs, Tarrson, Voderburg, Adamek, and Platzner, of the banquet committee last week are now in hiding for the topics they assigned to the seniors to speak on after the dinner.

It is understood that Ralph Rybicki recuperated from a severe cold just in time to be in top shape for his army physical exam last Tuesday—Uncle John certainly keeps busy doesn't he?

Rumors have been heard that J. Van Santen is pining for a job—as a deck officer on a submarine; that certain members of a specific class in internal combustion engines have become highly "irregular" of late; that Sogin is delving deeply into the fundamentals of integration (or is it differentiation); that Sundeen is too heavy for the lightweight elevator in Main; that words of defamation were emitted from an otherwise mild heat power class the other day; and, furthermore, that news for this column should be turned into your class reporter by Wednesday afternoon.



With the object of increasing the coverage of the steam-shovel—digging up more dirt in more places—the staff has been increased to five personable snoopers. For obvious reasons, these gentlemen prefer to remain anonymous—but they'll be in there every time, punching hard. First, comes the report from the "nose" of the frosh class.

Bill "Errol" Flynn, noted individualist and egotist, has undertaken the writing of a book to be titled "The World as Affected by Flynn." Please subscribe early as there will be a limited number of copies. Associate George Ecklund, Massachusetts' gift to Illinois Tech and the ladies, has been attempting to suppress "Errols" oft repeated praise of his lady-bug. It seems that, since he will remain a civilian for some time, she has taken on the WAVES uniform.

"The Real Thing Club" is now in full swing. (Poetic, eh wot?)... Anyone desiring admission to this select society should see its president, Don "Hot-Lips" Jutzi. Now don't get the wrong idea! This is a group of couples who have made those vows of mutual faith, fidelity and undying love. "Hot Lips," (he plays a trumpet), "first lady" is Miss Eileen Rooney.....Vince Haughey, the notorious wolf of the basketball team, and his partner-in-crime Henry "Hank" Pyper have extended their previously restricted territory to the other side of Stony Island. The wench's name is Trudy Foote ("Tooty-Fruity" to the boys!)

The Cicco Wizards have issued an all-encompassing challenge to the—ahem—"Joy-boys" of Tech to meet in a game of "Jug-a-Lug." This interesting pastime takes place, necessarily, in a tavern. The two "teams" must down their beers in one swallow. Another round follows immediately after. Et cetera, far into the night. Last man, remaining conscious, wins for his team. Mainstays of the Wizards are Tom Sloyan, Charley Buckley, former student Tom Hurst (he's waiting for the call from his draft board), and Tom Kilgariff.

Now comes a brief report from the sophomore investigator:

Charles Swanson, that "smoothie" who graces the basket ball floor upon occasion, gave a lecture in the cafeteria, the other day, on how to develop a wave in the hair. This is done by wearing a hat pushed back on the head. Other beauty aids for gentlemen by "Swannie" will be printed upon request. Woo! woo!.....The advantages of engagement: Jack Haberkorn being soothed and calmed at the Relays by his, one and only, Pearl Goerres.

Attention attention attention, junior enforcement committee: Thursday night, Claude Anderson defeated Jim Bell in the semi-final bout of the middleweight intramural wrestling tournament. Among the spectators, were three freshmen, Doris, Olga and Shirley, all of whom rode up and down on the elevator. Such flaunting of school tradition must stop!... Incidentally, Vince Haughey, after being assured by a senior (on the first floor of Main) that it was O.K. for him to ride the elevator, was accosted by several juniors and given the cold-water shower treatment. Chief valve-turner Bob Burkhardt and Boatswain's Mate Dan O'Connell were forced to undergo a bit of the same in order to effect a complete bath for the hard-fighting Haughey. . . . "Pete" Pollard has solved his homework problem. He is now engaged to the beautiful Anita Cohen and every night they get together and whisper sweet nothings; such as 746 watts per H.P., modulus of shear, and so forth. Oh yeah? . . . Al Purzycki was left at the post when Ruth Anderson dated six marines . . . while Ella Mae cried her heart out, dapper Jack Eulitt "tripped the light fantastic" at the Policemen's Ball with Danny Regan's sister last week-end.

The Bard.