

# SCHOMMER DRAFTED!

## Uncover Illicit Still

### Federal agents raid Chapin

Undercover men of the Department of Justice have just uncovered "the largest bootleg still in the Middle West" in the basement of Chapin Hall. This unit is said to have produced thousands of gallons of illegal "Tech Booze" per day. "Revenuers" test whiskey by passing one hundred thousand volts of electricity through it. If nothing happens, the whiskey is poor in quality. If arsenic and lead precipitate,



the whiskey is passable. When this test was tried on "Tech Booze," the current was forced back into the generator. This led to speculation on the part of the investigators as to just what manner of IIT men actually drank the stuff.

With this sensational uncovering of the still, came the unmasking of the ringleader. He was positively identified as Dr. (Doctor of Plumbing) Claus Enmark. This mobster is said to be the last link of the Capone chain. Also picked up with this archfiend was one Sherwin Chase. Police released this suspect after their questioning gained nothing but incoherent answers. This led police to believe that Chase was but an innocent dope, putty in the hands of the Swedish Svengali.

The roundup of the ring-leaders broke up one of the largest, most intricate, uncover organizations ever known. The bootleggers had been distributing their product through an organization known as the Co-op Book Store. This distributor used the book store as a front to hide their illicit activities.

Now that this blemish has been removed from the chemical engineering department, it can go back to its normal occupation of making synthetic rubber from natural rubber automobile tires.

### 'Co-op expands' says Slone; new program given

A new \$3,000,000 expansion program was announced this week by "Diamond" Irv Slone, president of the Engineer's Co-op Bookstore. Munching on a twenty-five cent cigar, Mr. Slone said, "We are taking over first floor, Main, as soon as the dean can vacate. Hereafter, the shelves of the library will be used to hold our stock. We will be a bit crowded, but we will have to endure it somehow."

Mr. Slone and his staff are to be congratulated on their fine work. From a handful of stockholders, the corporation has now reached a total of 30,000 members. Stock certificates, once worth two dollars, now are valued on the New York stock exchange at \$43.41.

Bored members of the corporation are Maximo, Ulysses, and Mathias; (Langer, Backas, and Kill, respectively); to say nothing of Byron "Strongilus" Round, Earl "Jumper" Mills, "Tube" Tubergan, Ted "Big Mouth" Anderson, and Hank "I trust you all" Altenkamp. These members are, contrary to popular opinion, not in the \$25,000 bracket, although some of the single ones paid handsome taxes.

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### Sprig is cub!

Spring! Phooey! It's DISGUSTING! As soon as it gets warm we poor fools are resigned to a fate of pitting our pitiful efforts against the brain-wracking problems of the higher sciences. To make it worse, the doves insist on making love on our roofs while we slave away. While the rest of the world imbibes of the fragrant odors of newborn nature, we can only tell when another batch of pigs are being led to the slaughterhouse. Yet, while the nudist revels in the wondrous sunshine we must sweat and rave over the intricacies of thermodynamics and then have entropy go whirling round our brains.

At the beginning of each spring, the better class bums pick out a high class box car, snatch a final cigar butt from their richer patrons, and head back to the north. Each morn-



### Course to protect lilies of manhood

Professor John U. Yellott has recently announced the inauguration of a new defense training course. This course has been deemed necessary because of the manpower shortage.

The purpose of the new course is to protect the fair lily of manhood from the ravages of prowling women. This course will stress the danger of lone men thumbing rides, wearing pants cuffs above the ankle, and the dangerous effect of tight T-shirts. All of these can easily arouse the animal instinct of the opposite sex.

Another very important rule to remember if whistled at by a girl standing on a street corner is to increase the elevation of the probiscus and increase the extension of the posterior. The woman is unusually discouraged by the sight of the caboose and probably wait for a streamliner to come by.

ing we must head south in a common carrier, a mid the stenches of a putrid humanity to begin another day on the rolling green camous of IIT.

### Sumpin new? Ask the OFC

A new invention has just been announced by the OFC (Office of Foolishness and Confusion). It is the Hydrostatic Turbo-Generator, invented by Joe Sptfsk, a student at IIT. It was said in the OFC release, that this new machine may prove to be our much sought after "secret weapon."

When interviewed by this reporter Mr. Sptfsk proved to be extremely modest. When asked to explain his new invention he replied, "You aint got nothing on me. I didn't do it." Reassured however Joe consented to offer this explanation.

"The impeller screw rotates around a double rheostatic valve which has a fenarsus pin attached to an iffin rotator. The perambulus has an opening for the super-high speed thingamajig which fits into the whatchamacallit giving it a very high modulus of elasticity. The coefficient of expansion of the hydrostat can be found by taking the square root of the long of log x multiplied by the integral of the log."

Joe says he can calculate this mentally.

### Last appeal fails; Uncle John burns Private Schommer's knowledge of bugs garners promotion

John J. Schommer has been drafted into the army of the United States. I'll repeat it. John J. Schommer has been drafted into the army of the United States. It came about in the following manner.

The sage of IIT was making a personal appeal to one of the selective service boards in behalf of a prospective engineer. After hearing Uncle John's eloquent appeal the board held a secret meeting. The coin came up with the "Defer" side up, and the board head went back to announce the decision to the waiting Mr. Schommer.

"My boy," wheezed the octogenarian spokesman, "we have decided to accept your recommendations. After considerable debate, we have decided to defer the man in question for the normal period of two days. There is just one more item, sir. If you don't mind my asking, just what in h— is keeping you out of the army?"

"B-But" stammered John, his cigar hanging perilously on his lower lip, "but—"

"Do you breath?"

"Yes."

"Then we will expect you at Camp Grant in the morning."

"But my name is John J. Schommer. I'm an advisor to the state selective service board, director of placement and athletics at Illinois Tech and —"

"Yes," smiled the little man, "and I am Orson Welles. You must see my new picture when it plays at Soldier Field."

"You can't do this to me!" boomed Mr. Schommer. "I'll take this case to the highest tribunal in the land—the Good Will Court!"

"Not even Mr. Anthony can save you now, sonny," sneered the member of the committee of his neighbors. "We need you to earn the gold star for recruiting."

All this transpired during the last week. In his last letter, Private Schommer stated that his knowledge of bacteriology

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## Editorial

Several hundred IIT students were outraged last week when all semblance of order was suspended for twenty five precious minutes!

During times such as these, such a flagrant waste of engineering man-hours is nothing short of punk. In fact it is not only unwarranted but it is unnecessary, uncalled for, obnoxious, unduly prolonged, exasperating, and several other nasty adjectives.

If this is allowed to continue, in fact almost every hour, and reliable sources insist that new precautions will be rushed in if found necessary. Nevertheless, at all costs these affairs must be eliminated.

If vitriolic words will stop this threatening trend, we must use them. Senator Wavering, commenting on the situation, stated, "During times such as these, such a flagrant waste of engineering man-hours is nothing short of punk," which leads us to believe that others feel that we feel that they feel that we should feel more like, like . . . well—like feeling.

Anyhow, it is obvious that this condition, if allowed to continue, will soon, if not prohibited in some manner, might easily, provided that it is allowed to become rampant.

Only if we all cooperate with a total, unwavering, and concentrated effort toward that end. Further comments on this issue, affecting the very lives of every engineering student in the country have been compiled and will be published under the title "Poems," to be found in the archives of every engineering library throughout the land. Comments are asked for, and no quarter will be asked; other donations kindly accepted.

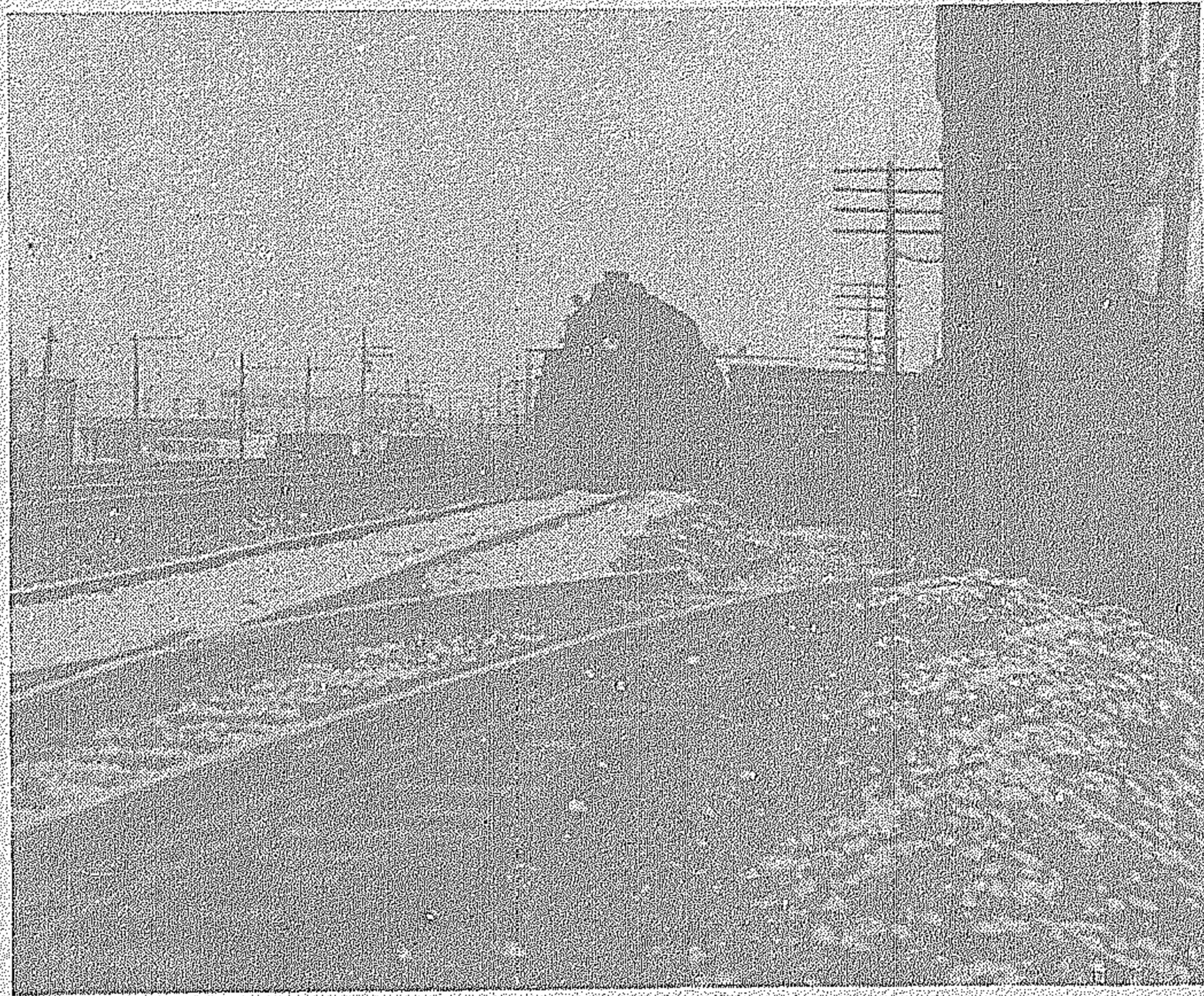
But we reiterate—this is no trifling matter. Some of the greatest minds in the country are now pondering over it. If mind does not conquer over matter, we will be forced to take the matter into our own hands.

Must this happen? If it does, we are left with but one alternative. Must we continue to write editorials that sting?  
Ed. note. Read that right.

## Ach spring! Ach, phooey!

Also, when spring rolls around your girl friend has the urge to sit under the stars during the week days as well as over the week-end. You must stay at home studying heat transfer. So what happens; your girl friend aint. So what? Women are like street cars, aren't they? But no, you've grown so fond of her that all you can do is sit home and pine. Spring! Phooey!!!

## New track star for Tech



Shows smoke in first tryout

## Letter to editor:

Michigan Square Building,  
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

No doubt you have heard of me and my great work in the field of TEMPERANCE. Perhaps you are acquainted with my latest publication, titled "Rum and Rebellion."

In addition to my work as an author, I also tour the country during the summer months, preaching the Great Crusade. During the past few years, I have had as my faithful companion on these missions one Herman Schmalz. Herman was originally a man of good breeding and fine family background, until he succumbed to the Demon Drink. Herman would sit on the lecture platform with me, drooling at the mouth and staring at the audience through bloodshot eyes, and I would point him out as the horrible example of the ravages of drink.

Unfortunately, during the winter, poor Herman has passed away. A mutual friend has given me your name, and I wish you would accompany me on my spring tour and take poor Herman's place.

Sincerely,  
Waldo M. Beemiss.

## Debugged degain!!

Following the immediate induction and departing of Dr. Albert Bluehill and Mr. Edward Ciespack of the Biology department, Dr. Lester P. Hedry, the department's head, has been quite bespugged.

It seems as though there are no Biology teachers available at the present time, and he is taking over 16 classes, all by his lonesome self. The hours range from 8:00 to 5:00, five days a week, and just to make it exciting he has two classes in the evening school division, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, from 6:30 until 10:00 p. m.

Anyone knowing of an able qualified Biologist or Biologists

## Take xa— for a ride

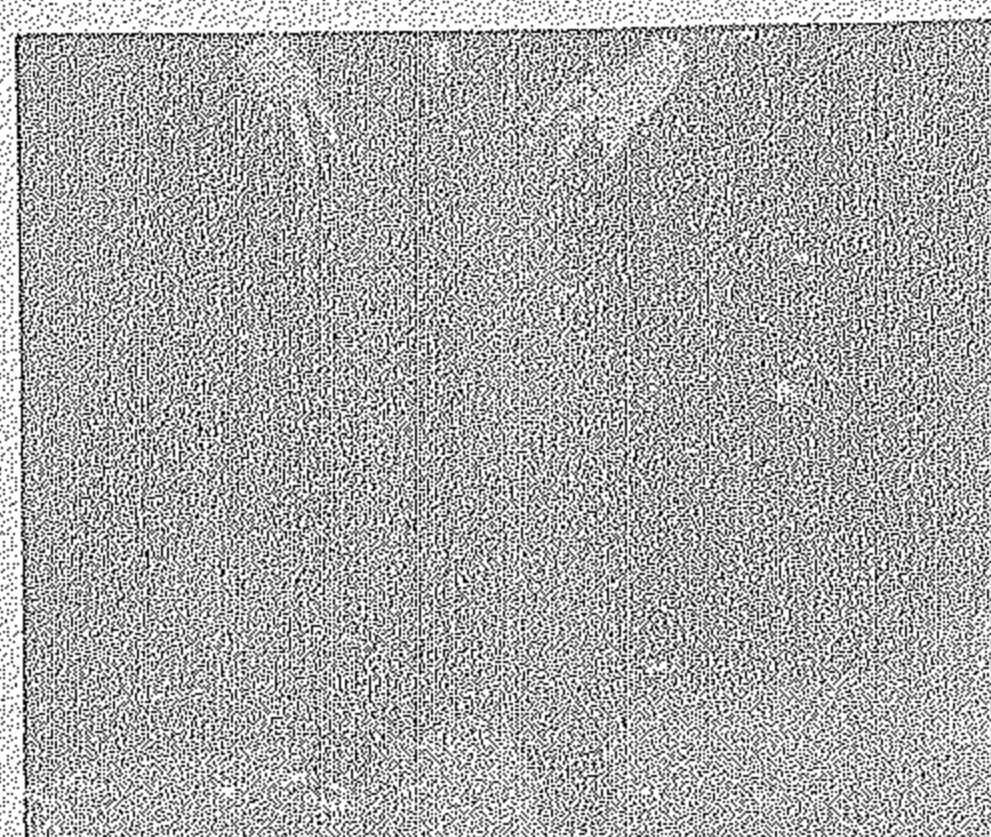
In order to cope with the tremendous amount of students at both campuses, and with the hope of saving the health of the students, two modern, beam elevators have been installed.

Microphones have been installed by the Pho Epsilon Club, (I believe they call themselves that), so you now can announce to the operator the direction you wish to travel and the floor you wish to get to.

Before the committee decided in favor of the elevators, another brainstorm was suggested by one of the students. This was to install escalators. By doing this a person could travel either up or down without having to tell anyone where he was headed for. This was disregarded as the committee just couldn't see how the janitors could sweep the stairs while they were in constant motion.

Previously the students of Lewis had quite a time trying to let the operator know where they were going, or mainly where he was going. To prevent the riders from forgetting to call their floors, a mechanical device has been installed. A long arm reaches out and as it taps you on the shoulder, a romance voice asks, "what floor are you going to Bub"? What will those engineers think of nex?

## TONY GOING DOWN



to take the places of these men who have left to serve their country, please contact Dr. Hedry who says, "please help me, for I'm tired and I'm 'tleepy and I want to go to 'tleep."

## Arson Joe Finnegan rides again: caught in act

"Firebug Finnegan," the junior fire chief from IIT, long addicted to fire engine chasing, has finally been caught in the act of "arsoning" the Armour Research Foundation. This famous corset factory was burned to the ground last evening.

After a tough, 3 hour grilling under hot lights and cigar butts, your reporter obtained an incoherent story from the dribbling pyromaniacs.

He confided to me that ever since he gave his wife a hotfoot through open toed shoes, his mania for setting fires has been irresistible. In his mentally disarranged state, he often stopped to mumble prayers to the fire god "Hot Lips" Robinson.

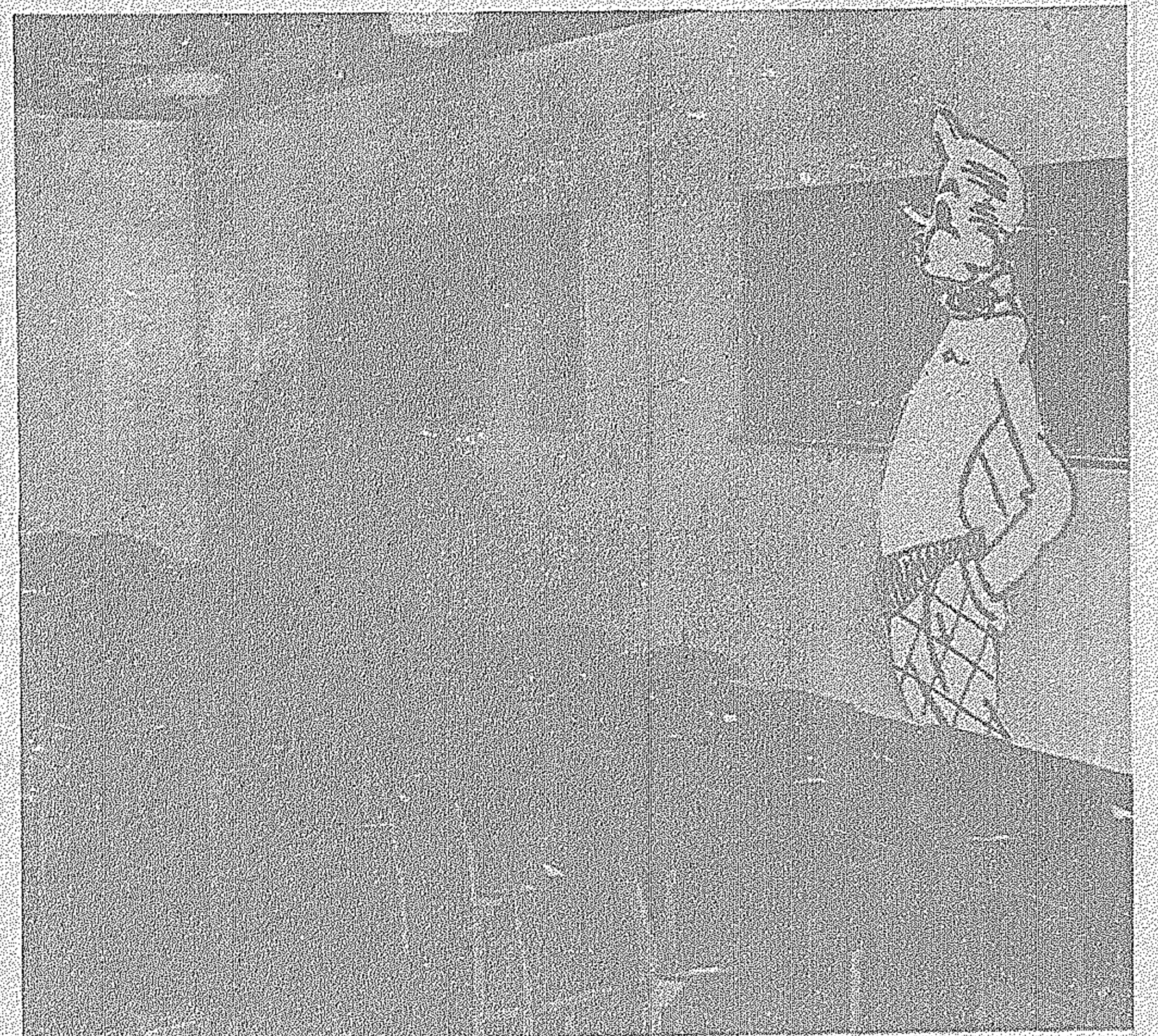
"I started the fire cuz I wuz cold," he said. "But it couldn't have burned down! I fireproofed it!" Then he broke down into hysterical laughter and shouted "They can't give me the hot seat. I'm a good boy." Then he gave the real reason for his abominable act. "It's them \*G\$ \*?G?G\$ maintenance men. Always is them radiators too hot. But I fixed them. Now they

won't have to turn on the heat for a long time. Ha, ha, ha!"

Finnegan has been chairman of the local Low Order of Pyromaniacs for the past 72 years. This position was given him after he kicked Mrs. O'Learly off her milking stool against her lamp, thus starting the Chicago fire. He later attempted to repeat this feat. One day when he wanted a barbecue feast he stole into the pig's pen at the stock yards and started to roast a pig. Other pigs in the pen, who had heard of him through the Better Pigs Pork Bureau, attempted to get his autograph and spread the flames in their rush. "Firebug" stayed until his pants started burning (he sat in a mud puddle to put them out). The great stock yard fire which resulted earned him the distinction of being the "Big Bug" of Chicago and suburbs.

It is believed that Finnegan will be sent to the Underwriters home for the mentally deprived for observation. The members of his fire making engineering classes were determined that he go there because of his act of being burned by a match.

## New prof holds class spellbound



## Greeks highly honored by Mr. Nick Depopouloupoulos

Owner of the local ulcers factory "Acropolis No. 6," smiling Nick Depopouloupoulos last week spoke at the Illinois Tech interfraternity banquet held in said establishment. It seemed appropriate that so distinguished a gentleman as Nick should speak to these gentlemen who also claim the title of Greeks. Mr. Depopouloupoulos talked on the important subject of the day, "The Relation of Horse Meat to Peptic Ulcers," a subject all restaurant owners are well versed in these days.

Quote Nick: "This horse meats are like a you say in ol' country—tough chewing. Mr. Socrates O'Toodle, my butcher, says to me, "Sports—wat you

want for nothing? Egg in your cogniac? Even today this henfruit she is hard to get. Whata my gona sell to da costumur, eh? Ima gona tell you what I'm gona do.

Blueplate lonch for my menoo is a gonto be mince meat pie. Shesa gonto be mooch closer to real meat than thisa pony flesh."

Nick also devulged the latest secret of the profession. Quote he, "The sawbones, they give me the commission for all horsepital cases. Pretty soon Ima gona buy Acropolis No. 7, 8, and 9.

Bellybrass Mac Goldberg thanked brother Nick and all adjourned to the nearest stomach pump.

# Mr. Slushpump does it again!

After weeks of sleepless nights spent by your requiring reported spying on the midnight activities on Ogden Field, facts were gathered that impelled him to call in the IFB (I'm Fulla Bull) for an official investigation.

It was only after great difficulty that the IFB office could be contacted, office hours being limited from twelve to noon daily, except week days and Sundays.

Naturally utilizing the brains apparent in every IIT student, your reporter quickly solved this bottleneck by declaring daylight saving time, turning the clock back an hour, and walking into the office when the alarm went off.

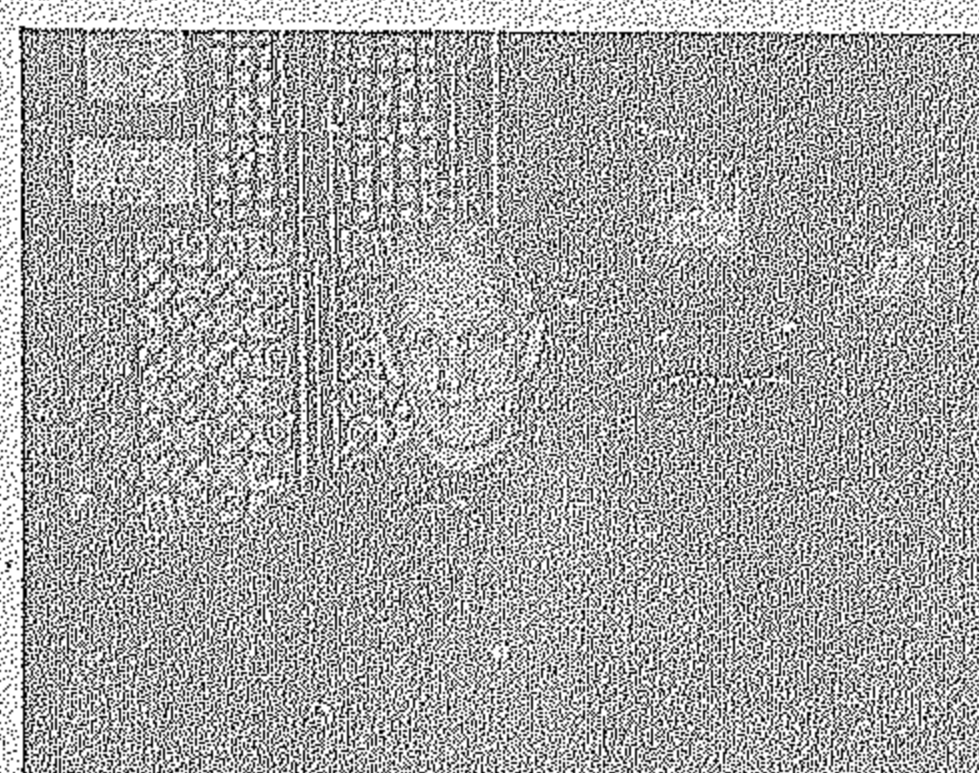
A most intelligent agent, THE Mr. Slushpump, was finally assigned to the case. Slushpump went to work immediately tracing down every clue to the bitter end. Twenty four hours did not make a long enough day, so the mental wizard immediately switched back to daylight saving time. The extra hour allowed him time for the interviews which eventually solved the case, so after solving the mystery, Slushpump now pumps the slush.

Ogden Field has been a graveyard these many years! Yes, Ogden Field. Instead of carrying the ball over from the twenty yard line our heros of touchball fame have in reality been scoring from the graveyard line. Official confirmation to this catastrophic fact was made only after a grueling third degree (Ph. D.) by Dr. Morpheus, inactive president of the SAC (Send Another Corpse).

Quoting Dr. Morpheus in his office in the Morgue building concerning this important issue, "If the corpse still groans and squirms, Lay it peacefully mid the worms."

With this stirring slogan in mind, Slushpump rushed out of the office, pursued immediately thereafter by the good Dr. Morpheus. Rounding 33rd at top speed Slushpump handed the following communique to your reporter: "I'm leaving for the ghost immediately—this guy is the head of my draft board."

## Tony going up



Dr. F. K. Richter announces a new language course to be inaugurated shortly. It will be a course in Esperanto, and Dr. Richter guarantees to teach the student to speak the language like a native.

# It broke!



Rushing to hear one of Dr. Lowgtin's famous, intriguing lectures, five chemical engineers were killed by the sudden collapse of the Armour chimney. The bodies are lying in state in Armour lounge. A wake will be held Friday.

## WAVES invade TECH campus; sabotage?

A job of super-sleuthing by the staff of the Technology News has uncovered an astounding, pernicious, dastardly plot. The WAVES are going to take over IIT! Many times we have been assured by the heads of the Institute that the army and navy are not going to take over the school. Notice the sly evasion on the part of these scurilous rascals. They avoided any mention of the WAVES. They merely said that the army and navy would not take over.

It is evident that the faculty was an accessory before the fact to this vile coup d' iit. When suddenly questioned as to the possibility of the majority of Tech's students soon being of the fairer sex, several of the instructors smiled broadly, and said, "Yes, demoralizing, isn't it?"

As partial evidence in the case, one need only note that slow infiltration of women into the classes of the south side campus. These girl freshies (about whom the cafeteria wolves cluster) may seem harmless enough, but in reality they are the advance guard of an amazonic invasion. It may come slowly, but it will come surely. Remember, gentlemen, Rome wasn't built in a from little acorns grow.

A letter has been intercepted, written by one of the important men in the Institute (whose name we withhold until all evi-

## For dateless males

To facilitate those individuals who invariably find it difficult to secure a date and for the benefit of those new men who we find hither and yon on our broad campus, we offer the perfect blank form letter to a prospective date. Regrettably we are not allowed to release our list of "Perfect Prom Dates" due to an agreement with the Better Business Bureau.

Dear Miss Zilch  
Bessie Darling  
Hello Again  
Hey ister

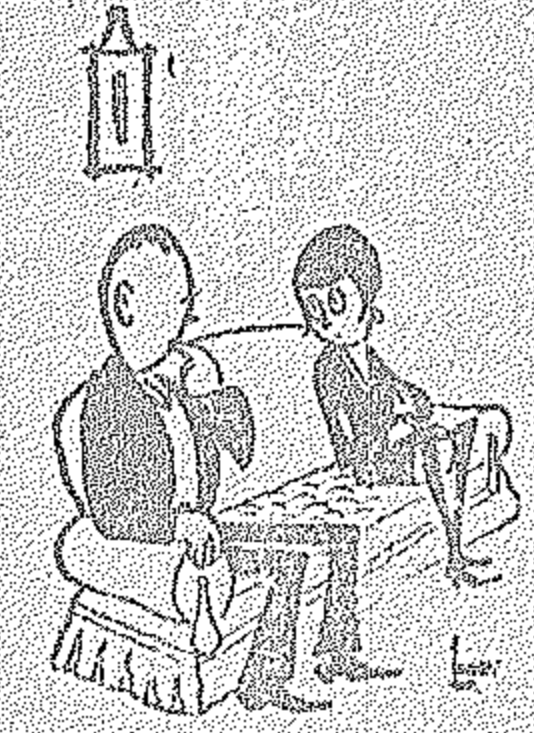
I have been thinking of you 1. (now and then) ; 2. (constantly) ; 3. (very seldom) since 1. (that night in Paris) ; 2. (you stood me up) ; 3. (you picked my pockets).

I am writing to ask you if you'll come up for the Prom because 1. (I love only you) ; 2. (You're so darn charming) ; 3. (You like to sit them out) ; 4. (You always split the bill) ; 5. (I can't get anyone else), and if you don't accept I will be 1. (overjoyed) ; 2. (disappointed) ; 3. (just as well off). As you probably know, the Prom will be 1. (worse than ever) ; 2. (terrific) ; 3. (the nuts) this year; it will be held 1. (at the Ritz) ; 2. (at the YMCA) ; 3. (in a barn) with the 1. (Jerry Livingston) 2. (Salvation Army Band) ; 3. (Lord knows who) supplying the music. Don't forget to 1. (bring your own liquor) ; 2. (advance me a five-spot) ; 3. (bring listerine) as 1 1. (have your best interests at heart) ; 2. (I am broke) ; 3. (can't stand your breath). My roommate, who is 1. (a charming fellow) ; 2. (a darn fool) 3. (an octogenarian) hasn't a date yet, so bring along your 1. (sister) ; 2. (worst-enemy) ; 3. (grandmother).

Disgustedly  
Ever thine  
Passionately  
Goombye Plitzz

(sign here if you know your name)

dence has been gathered) to an officer in the Waves. We quote excerpts:—  
Dear Madam,  
I am sure you will find the atmosphere of IIT admirably suited to the plan you have in mind. The ivy-covered buildings, with their quiet, dreamy atmosphere, . . . The surrounding territory has much local color, and the girls need not worry about a lack of attention from the natives. . . . All members of the faculty . . . will be quite cooperative. . . .  
Yours sincerely,  
Men of IIT, we must arise and put an end to this disgrace to our beloved school. What will become of our rush traditions? (An interesting question, indeed.) Unite! Revolt! To arms!



## New sororities become reality

Materializing into realism the four Sororities of Lewis Institute now share the modern sorority apartments, newly constructed and located across from the green, beautiful park on West Madison street.

Struggling for these dwellings for more than four years, it was a great surprise when President Dorothy Fried of the Han Pellinic Council announced this newest achievement.

Girls will move into the rooms beginning next week and each sorority president will be in charge of her individual group until a woman of moderate age, who neither smokes, drinks, nor gambles can be found. To date this has been a major problem.

Upon entering these lovely portals you find a large reception room outfitted with pink satin furniture, and with large crystal chandeliers adding the finishing touches to the picture. After climbing the long circular staircase one can readily see the sleeping quarters. Here we find twelve rooms identically furnished

## Schommer

(Continued from page 1)

has already earned him an advancement. He has been appointed head of the downstream sanitation division, an integral part of the Army Engineers.

Uncle John also states that the Army has finally granted him one concession. They have allowed him to wear his old felt hat as part of his standard uniform, but made him paint it a khaki color. John says that this chapeau is the only headgear that will cover up the traces of the GI haircut he has received.

This is the story of how Our Boy went off to battle the Ravaging Hun. As soon as the axis reads that John J. Schommer is in uniform, you can expect their announcement of unconditional surrender.

and each decorated with a different delicate shade of the rainbow. It will be a pleasure to sleep in rooms of such a nature. (It will be a pleasure to sleep anywhere!)

Meals will be served every three hours to cope with the unsteady flow of girls in and out of the house, and lights will go off at 12:00 sharp, which is rather nice.

As Illinois Institute of Technology grows it is promised that a left wing and perhaps a right wing will be added to the house to enable more women students to live happily and comfortably.

## Co-op

(Continued from page 1)

Financial statements for the year can be obtained by sending an old slide rule and one Busting Lab report accompanied by a side of black market salt pork. Brief statement of the report is given below.

Assets	
Cash in bank....\$	0.32
Building and equipment .....	4.22
Stapler (borrowed from News Bureau)	0.35
	<hr/>
	\$ 4.58
Liabilities	
Borrowed from Yokel Loan with collateral of pound of Stone's flesh. ....	3,000,000.00
Bad debts .....	0.02
	<hr/>
	\$ 3,000,000.00
	000.01

Net Worth	
Capital Stock ..\$16,000,000.	000.00
Surplus .....	0.04
	<hr/>
	\$16,000,000.04

These above statements do not balance, but these may be traced to a few back yard socials of galloping dominoes. They also check with what the Accounting department agrees to be accurate statements.

finest soirees, and has been recommended by the student Guidance Department as "the" thing to cure depression, melancholia and book-worms itch.

From the freshman viewpoint: "Broc" Hoaglund, with his 20-15 eyesight, is the president of the Organized Wolves Association on his merits. He can spot a trim pair of legs or a pretty face at 200 yards. . . . The soberness of Bob "Poker-face" Whalen can be traced to recent break-up with "Molly." (That is the only name by which she is known to us). . . . Al Ullis suffered an embarrassed let-down when red-haired June Cox spurned his invitation to a date.

A group of junior juicers almost passed out last week at the bowling alleys. Bob "High-pockets" Lamons "popped" for the juicers bowling team—Beech, Parmet, Pottenger, Sharres and Jack Shepherd. . . . At the Casino, 63rd and Drexel, Angelo Angelosi and Larry Cernauskas were the only two fellows emerging without dates, thus disgracing the OWA. . . . The more important men in the co-op book store are identifiable by their odd but poetic names—Chuck "Mathias" Kill, "Ulysses" Backas and "Maximo" Langer. Whew! . . . The shining lights of the junior class "got lit" at a party for By Round celebrating his coming marriage to Miss Helen Simons. Nat "One-round" Ratner, and Tom "I-want-a-glass-of-a-milk" Dressler entered the happy land of stupefaction hand in hand. The party continued about their inert bodies. Movies on current mechanical problems and travelogues were an added attraction. A bunco game (two dice) in which Bob Burkhardt and Cliff Oliver "cleaned-up" occupied much of the spare time. . . . "Triple-date" Ted Pilat and his cohorts, George Erkert, and Reynold Berggren are definitely off group dating. Everytime Ted goes out on a three-way excursion, his date gets married shortly after—to another guy!

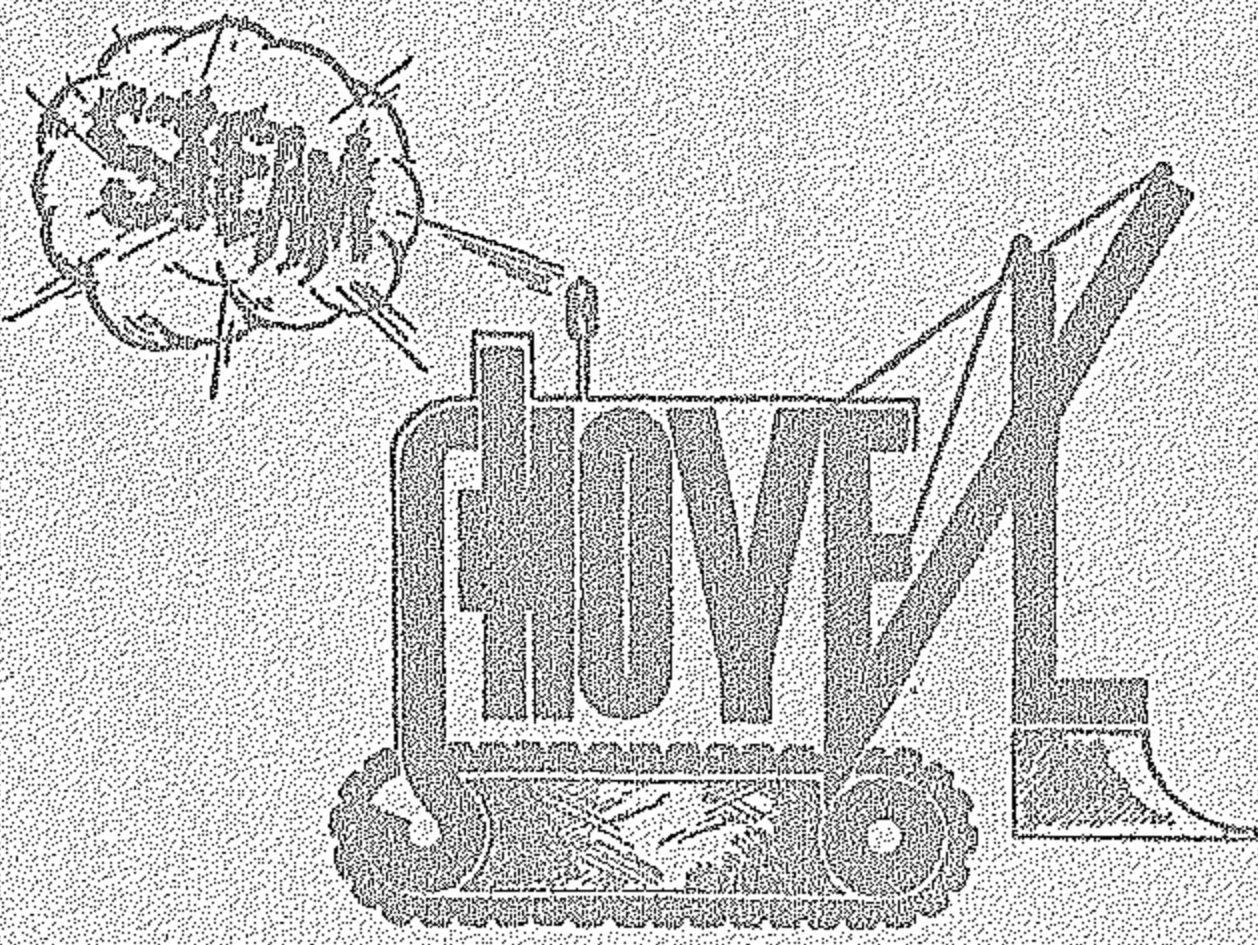
Questions bearing investigation: Why and by whom is Cliff Oliver affectionately called "Lover-boy"? What did Roy "Feuhrers Face" Boedeker think of his musical rendition of that song? (He's modest, but tells everyone it was very good.)

Campus notes: Lu Myers, petite business office employee, promises that she will do her celebrated "Electric Fan Dance" at the Hockey Hop. . . . Mike Schultz, eminent tennis coach, since his "parting of the ways" with Norma has been out on the prowl. Although giving an appraising eye to Tech's secretaries, Mike informs us of a "smooth" number he's been dating. . . . Bob Johnson, recently graduated, commutes from Milwaukee, where he is now working, to share his week-ends with Nancy Callahan. Really!

At last week's sing-fest, co-navigators Jack Byrne and Chet Swan operated Professor Roesch's one cylinder engine to stimulate the mingled sounds of a plane engine and machine gun fire. . . . Among the many signs now in evidence in the cafeteria, add this one: "No Necking from 9 to 5." This being specifically directed to Jack Wagner and Ruby Lemke. Ruby, bless her heart, has been handing the "malarkey" to two friends (via the post) in the Army to such an extent that they are both on the verge of rushing in to marry her. Whatta mess! . . . Sylvia Linta and Ray Tubergen have been gadding about of late. From reliable sources, I have been informed that Sylvia and friend Molly are embarking on another (the third) visit to the Trianon on Wednesday night. Inasmuch as the Trianon is closed on Wednesdays and Thursdays, we wonder?

Though this is the April Fool issue, this columnist has indulged in no levity up to this point. At this time we wish to report the results of a recent laboratory experiment: "Steele Necks at the Yield Point."

The Bard



Biggest item on this week's dossier, is the news of the Hockey Hop. On Saturday night, April 3, the lads and lassies of "deah ole" Tech will cavort to the strains of Carl Oberman's "Swing Fifteen." The dance will begin at 8:30 and last till who knows when. All things taken into account, this promises to be one of Techs

(continued on top of this column)

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Editors,

I been hearing that you wanted real interesting letters to print. All my friends say to me "Gee Joe, you're a riot." So here I am writing to you. I don't know how I think up such funny stuff to write. It's just like I was inspired. My girl friend, Ruby, says to me, "Gee, Joe, I could listen to you all day." I suppose you'll think I'm bragging but a lot of people have said to me, "Joe, your wasting your time being a hod carrier's helper you ought to go on the stage. Well, that's all I've got time for

P.S. How's chances of getting a couple of free passes for a ball game?  
Joe Rubonkewits

## The Story Corner

By BOB KING

Our first impulse was to put this column in the corner but we decided it would be more in keeping with the spirit of the day if we put it in the middle.

It's fortunate indeed that all of our students don't have to stay home nights studying. While Bob Lyden, Junior Architect, was making the rounds of the south side night spots last Tuesday studying human nature in an effort to substantiate the "Darwin Theory of Evolution," he heard a woman scream. "What would John Schommer do," he asked himself? Quickly reaching a decision he dashed towards the sound of the scream.

Bob found two frightened and disheveled girls. A shabby looking youth who had molested the girls was running away. Lyden set out in pursuit, probably wishing his wind wasn't so good.

By this time a man in a car joined the chase. Our hero picked up an iron fence rail and jumped on the running board of the car, and they gave chase.

As they closed in on the fugitive, Bob leaped off the running board just like they do in the movies. He ran at the youth brandishing the iron fence rail and banging his teeth together. His knees knocked as well when he saw a knife in the fellows hand. His voice ringing with authority Lyden commanded the degenerate little fellow to drop the knife. The fellow dropped it and who wouldn't with Lyden waving a fence rail in true "Hiram Holliday" style.

Bob held the fellow while someone called the police. When the police arrived they picked out the most degenerate looking one of the group and began to beat up Bob Lyden. Explanations were made and if Bob hadn't mentioned that he was an IIT student he never would have been taken along as an accomplice.

Note: Although certain parts of this story became slightly colored in the process of being written, the main facts are true, and Bob Lyden did a nice job.

This Blank Space  
Contributed by  
Doris Meller

## Our Cafeteria



THE FOOD IS LIKE THIS

OUR CAFETERIA



THE SERVICE IS LIKE THIS

OUR CAFETERIA



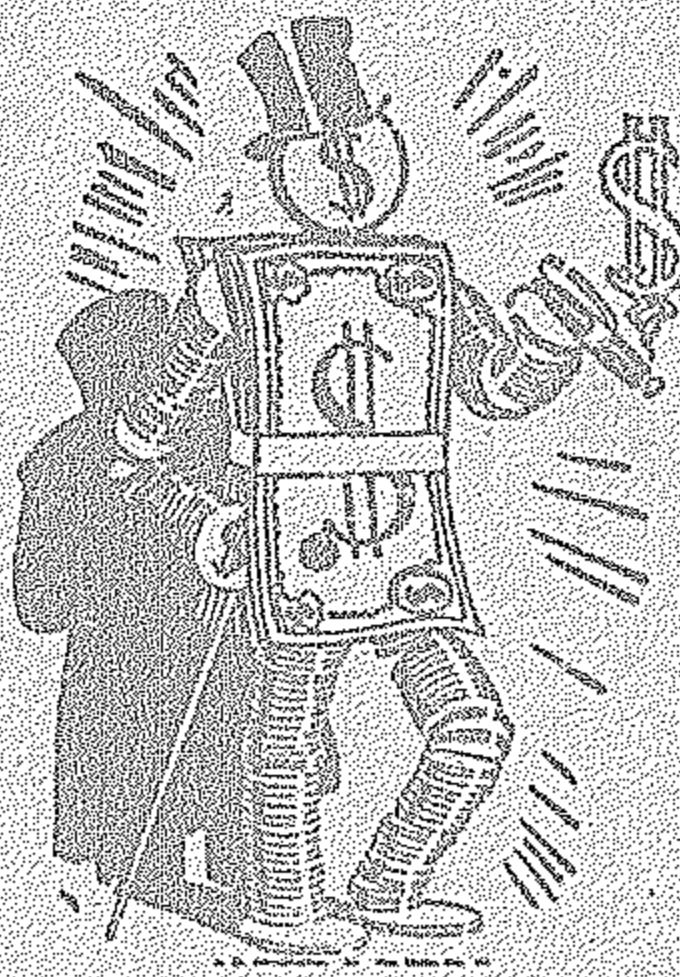
THE WAITRESSES DRESS LIKE THIS

OUR CAFETERIA



YOU CAN GET ANYTHING YOU WANT

OUR CAFETERIA

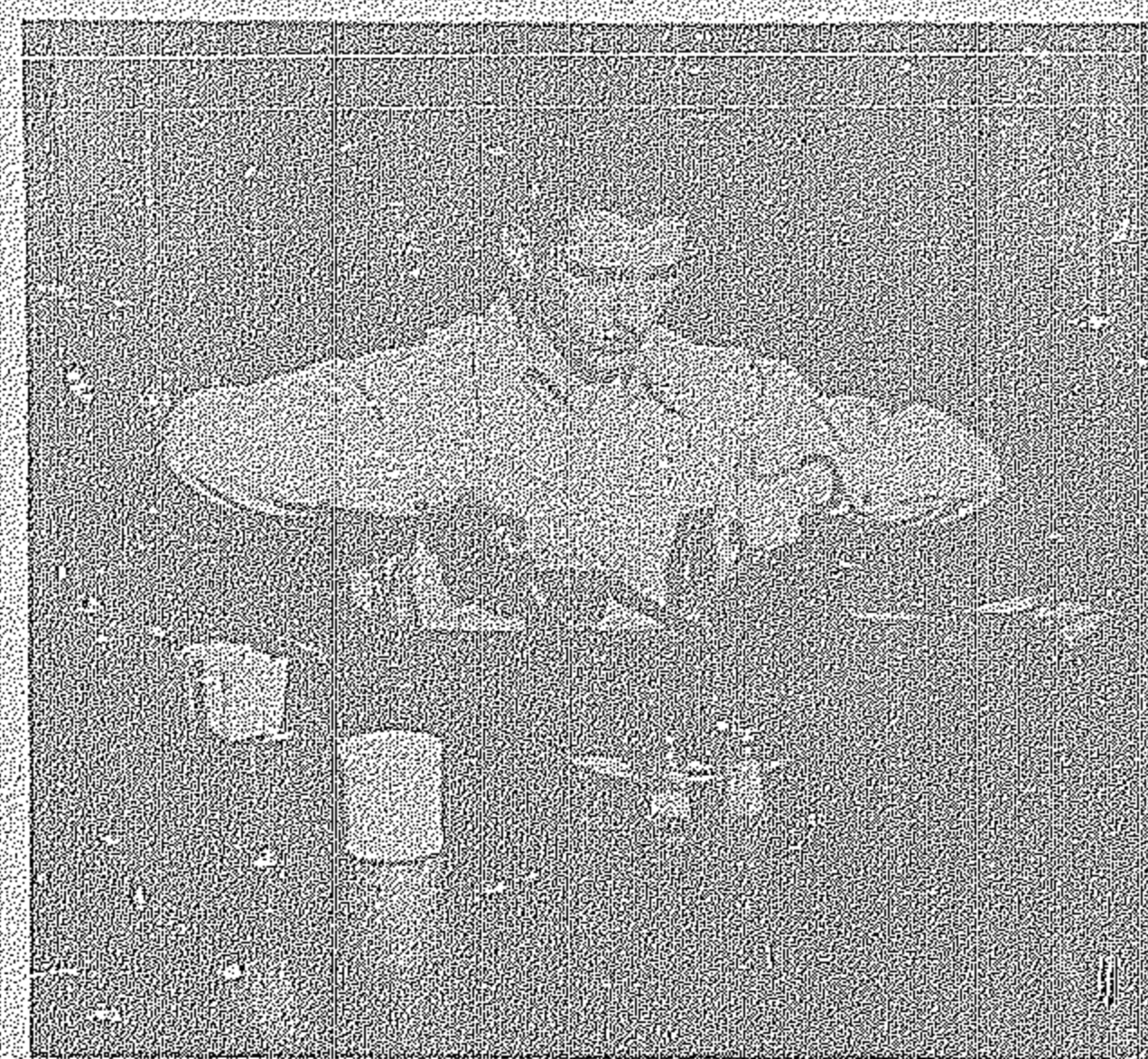


YOU COME OUT LIKE THIS

OUR CAFETERIA

# APRIL FOOL

## SLIPSTICK



FISHER "MIN" LUNCHES LUNGER

This weeks column is dedicated. It really ought to be don't you? Any similarity between anythin' living or dead is purely! And what would you do if that happened? Run to your nearest Floor-greens pug store and phone a student nurse! Take her tongue, look at her pulse and they do have nice sweep hand watches which would go good on your lapel. And if your not feeling good take a dose of little livers cotterpins.

V V V

Bissell: "Funny what a girl will do for a drink."

Bissell: "What she'll do after one is a lot funnier."

V V V

Bissell: "For two pins I'd park this and kiss you."

Jean: "Here, take these—my hair will come undone anyway."

V V V

A young married woman wanted her new maid to be pleased with her position. "You'll have a very easy time of it here." She explained sweetly, "because we have no children to annoy you." "Oh," said the colored girl, generously, "I'se very fond of chilluns so don't go restrictin' yourself on my account."

V V V

Virtues are learned at Mama's knee, vices at some other joint.

V V V

Bissell: Shay do you know what time ish is?

Friend: Yes.

Bissell: Thanksh.

V V V

An old lady kept a parrot which was always swearing. She put up with this but on Sundays she kept a cover over the cage—removing it on Monday morning.

One Monday afternoon she saw her minister coming toward the house; so again she placed the cover over the cage. As the reverend gentleman was about to step into the parlor, the parrot remarked: "This sure has been a damn short week."

V V V

The gum-chewing girl  
And the cud-chewing cow  
Are somewhat alike  
Yet different somehow.  
What difference?  
Oh, yes, I see it now;  
It's the thoughtful look  
On the face of the cow.

V V V

And always remember, Bissell, that the difference between a model woman and a woman model is that the former is a bare possibility and the other a naked fact.

V V V

We like April, but June's three months hatter!

Pete Fisher "Min" Minwegan