

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, amid the stench of a putrid humanity to begin another day on the rolling green campus 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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