

Member
Associated Collegiate Press

Official student publication of Illinois Institute of Technology, 3300 Federal Street, Chicago, Illinois. Published weekly during the college year. Represented for national advertising by National Advertising Service, Inc., college publishers representatives, 420 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. Chicago, Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco. Entered as second class matter October 10, 1940, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rate, 2.00 per year.

New track star for Tech



Shows smoke in first tryout

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!!

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 romantic 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 'tleepy."

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.

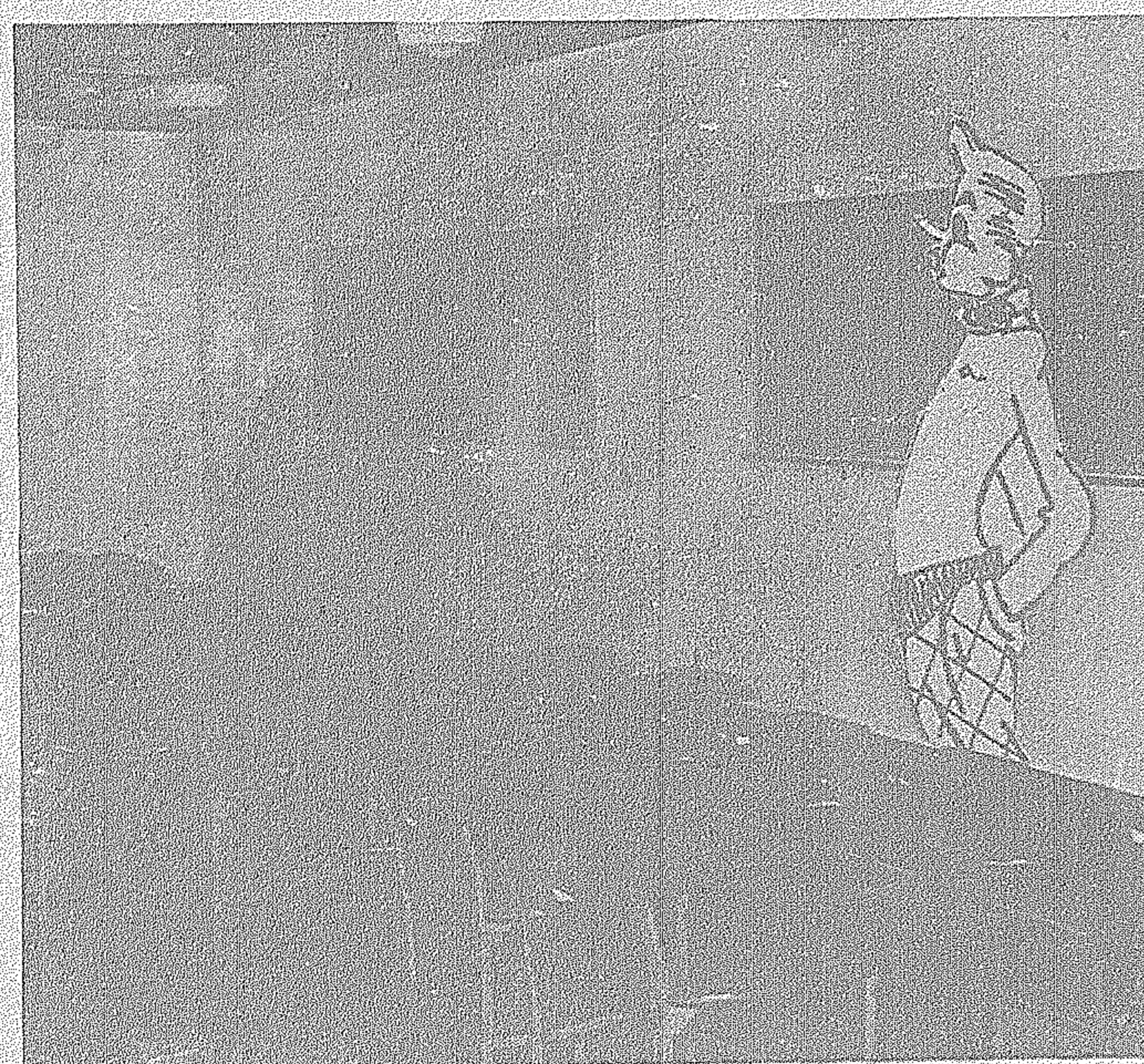
"I started the fire cuz I wuz cold," he said. "But it couldn't have burned down! I fireproofed it!" Then he broke down into hysterical laughter and shouted "They can't give me the hot seat. I'm a good boy." Then he gave the real reason for his abominable act. "It's them *G\$ *?G?G\$ maintenance men.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