

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.

MANAGING BOARD

Editor.....Richard Larson
Managing Editor.....Florence Bartusek
Assoc. Managing Editor.....Arthur Olson
Sports Editor.....Ulysses Backas
Feature Editor.....Charles Rowbotham
Business Manager.....Jerome Houle

NEWS STAFF

Assignment Editor, Armour.....Milton Burkart
Assignment Editor, Lewis.....Blanche Fried
Rewrite Editor, Armour.....Harry Burkart
Copy Editor.....Herman Nelson
Copy Editor, Lewis.....Robert Weiss
Headline Editor.....Douglas Snyder

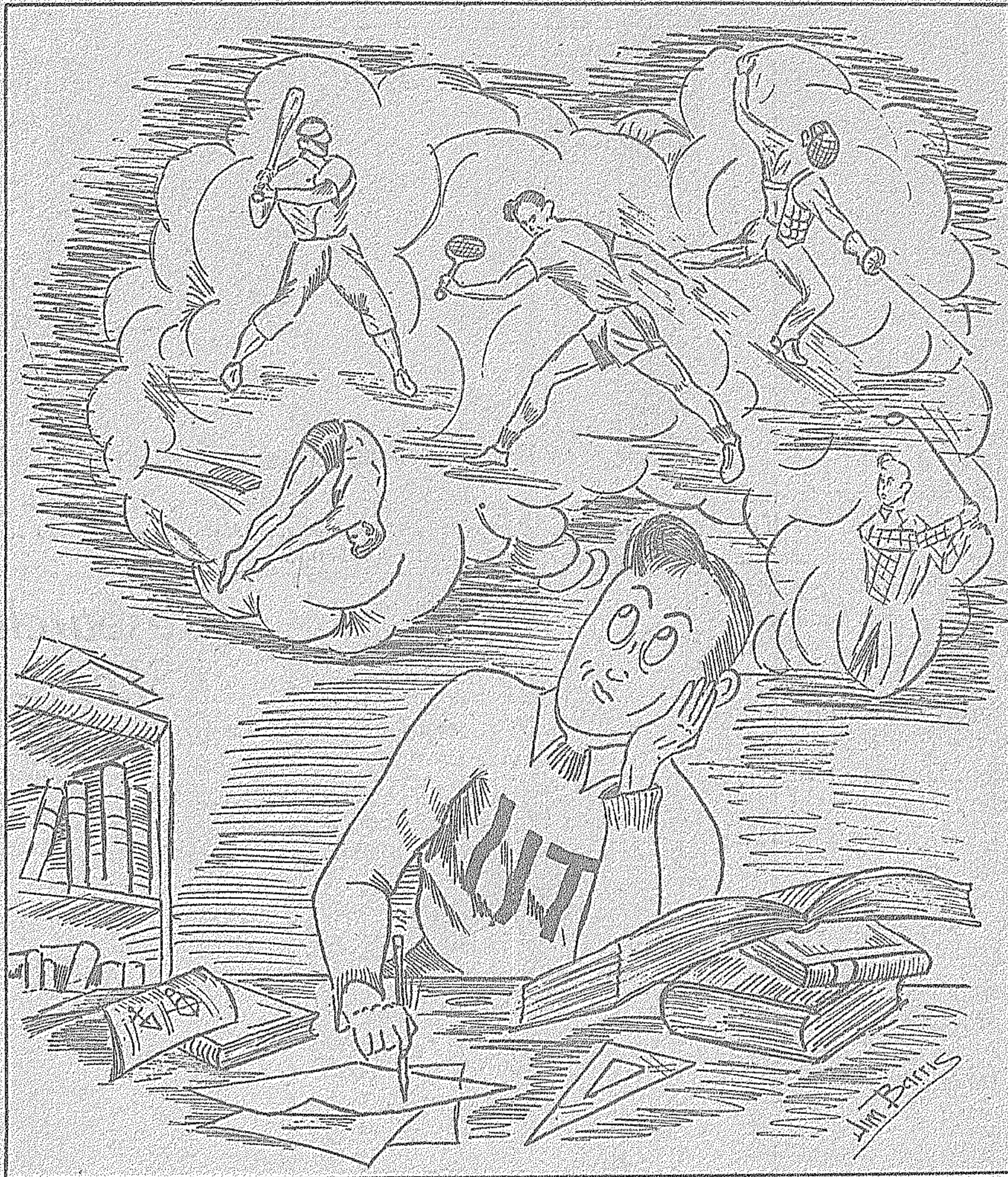
FEATURE STAFF

Assistant Feature Editor, Armour.....Peter Minwegan
Assistant Feature Editor, Lewis.....Isabella Winter
Rewrite Staff.....Robert King, Doris Meller

SPORTS STAFF

Assistant Sports Editor.....Cliff Oliver

Collegiate Gremlins



Danger

Students of Illinois Tech are about to begin the most strenuous physical activity in the history of the school. Elsewhere in this issue is found a story telling of the new obstacle course that is being built. By reading this story you may start wondering, as I have, about the ability of some of the fellows around the campus to endure exercise of this sort. This question prompted a one man investigation and here are some of the things I found.

Most of the upper classmen have either been examined by the school physician when they were freshmen or when they enlisted in the various reserves. Therefore a good majority of them know whether their bodies are able to take physical exercise and how much they can "take." But there is a loop-hole in this picture.

The administration's policy is, and has been (and rightly so), that every new student must see the school physician so that he may be classified according to his physical fitness. Although this has been a policy there has been no actual enforcement. There are hundreds of freshmen who have not kept their appointment with Dr. McNamara, and it seems that nothing is being done about it.

Dr. McNamara posts lists of the thirty students that are supposed to see him, every day. The student is automatically excused from class for that period; yet one day last week only one of the thirty kept his appointment. Why isn't there some sort of enforcement for these examinations?

Another very important matter was also brought to my attention that may affect each and every one of us.

It is a fact that during war times disease and epidemics become more prominent. It has been a relatively common occurrence for Army camps to be quarantined for weeks because of one soldier having contracted a contagious disease such as measles, small pox and scarlet fever. We here are just as susceptible as those in the Army to contagious disease, yet we have no way of controlling them in this school. A student can get measles today, and before his quarantine is up he may return to school, and according to medical advisors, spread the disease. Because of the insufficient roll calling, a student may not even be missed from the school for weeks.

These conditions are not healthy, to say the least. It wouldn't help the war effort if an engineering school was to close down because of one inconsiderate individual. There must be something that the administration could do to insure against an incident of this sort.

Ulysses Backas.

MAIL CALL

By Pete Minwegan

U.S.S. Prairie State
Tuesday, March 30

Dear All—Mechs, etc.

Well, here I am. What a place. If I get a leave, I'm going to drip in at Armour for a real home cooked meal in the lunchroom. If Bryne and Swan think I'm kidding—just wait.

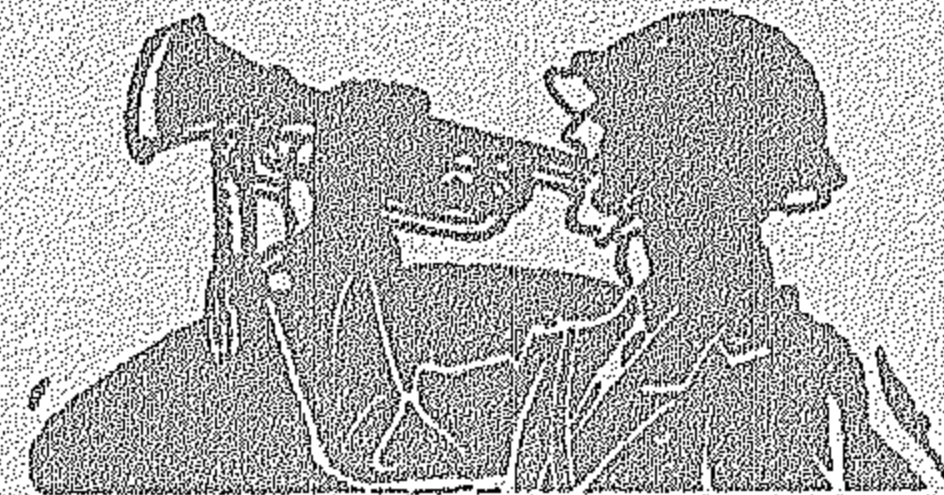
I have never seen people move so fast. Last week I spent 20 minutes smoothing out my bed and tenderly patting wrinkles beneath the pillow so they can't be seen by the inspecting officer. That night—I'm in the 'head' having a smoke and what happens? They make with the siren and up the ladder I go hell bent for election to my locker for my raincoat and then to my beautiful bunk where I destroy my work of art by ripping off a blanket. From then on it is every man for himself. Down the passageway and gangway, over the dock and into the N.Y.C. freight yards before you can say Pussyfoot. Of course, we only have fire drills, etc. if it is raining or extremely cold. On warm nights we needn't go outside.

They have a swell sick bay here—four bunks, one thermometer and all the horseneedles and "shots" man has yet devised. We are such healthy creatures that they get lonesome in sick bay. So—for the first three weeks they gave us typhoid shots. Did they have a rushing business. Were you ever packed in ice up to your neck and then had an oven put around your head? Add to that 40 Loogans pounding away at your whole body with sledge hammers and you'll get the general idea. Out of the first eleven days I was here, I spent three in bed with the above reaction.

One of the fellows timed it and found that 45 seconds were required for one man to have both arms cleaned, 3 injections, one vaccination and be checked off on the roll call. Henry Kaiser's coming to N. Y. for the next class to get some pointers.

The ship? Aw, this is a swell place. Our only trouble is fighting off the cockroaches. They even cry out, "Halt, who goes there?" as we open our locker doors.

I would suggest that Jackson and Chet study up on E. E. 414 and 415—we get the whole thing in three months. Know the Morse code COLD. Sending and receiving six words (five letters each) a minute is the requirement for graduation. Know the 70 signal flags required. They are: Inter-



national alphabet flags, International number pennants, Navy number pennants and the special Navy flags for formations as given in plates VI and VII of the Blue Jackets Manual. The names given to various letters such as "A"—able, "B"—baker, etc. should not be known because they were recently changed.

The three weeks course we had in math consisted of trig, logs, thermo, heat transfer, statics, kinematics, and slide rule. These should be reviewed thoroughly. Semaphore signaling is also required.

Learn to run your tail end off and keep your mouth shut no matter what they do to you. And, cheating on quizzes or homework should be left at Armour. Once, and you are on a train for home within THREE hours after being caught if a train is available. If you see someone cheat or "gouge" as they call it, and do not report him, you, too, will be thrown out. The reason is simple and sound. Why let a man be an officer who might be in charge of a whole shipful of men if he doesn't know the score? The guy you let get away with cheating might be the very one who is on the bridge some night while you are sleeping. If he sinks the ship because he missed something that day by cheating, you're to blame more than he is. The same applies if he copied your homework and the same thing came up at sea. It's not a case of squealing. It's just being smart. If the honor system at Armour had any "teeth" in it such as in the Navy, there would be NO cheating after two months.

The only difference between here and Armour is that here we have Armour plus M.I.T. in three months with discipline thrown in. If a fellow studies here, he won't have much trouble. We usually have an hour of study for every hour of class. They see to it that we don't have too much free time.

The first three week-ends here we were restricted to three blocks east of the ship and ten blocks north or south. Now we are off from 3 p.m. Sat. until 5:45 a.m. Sunday and can go anywhere within a fifty mile radius of downtown New York without a special pass. Everyday we are allowed to leave the ship from 5 until 5:45 for haircuts, shines, etc.

I have a class now so I must run. I sure would like to hear from the gang.

John "Mulroney" Mahoney.



I'm usually at a loss for words to open up ye weekly Slipstick but today let us start off with—"The Best Tunes of all move to Medinah Hall." Yes, the best tunes of all move to Medinah Hall. Remember the all school Army-Navy War Relief Dance! April 30. Medinah club of Chicago. Art Kassel and Orchestra! Gloria Hart! \$2.50 a couple including tax. Get your bid today!

V Art V Kassel V

Boy friend—We're gonna have a swell time together, Hon. I've got three seats for the movies.

Sweetie—Three seats? What do we want with three seats?

Boy Friend—One for your pop, one for Mom, and one for your kid brother.

V Gloria V Hart V

"S'funny but a teacher can be easy on the eyes and hard on the pupils."

V Medinah V Club V

"Ah, my dear young lady!" exclaimed the attendant at the awesome entrance of a silken hung room, "You wish to consult Madame Maharajh, the great mystic of the orient?"

"Yep," replied the caller, "Tell her that her kid sister's here and Ma wants she should get a couple pounds of liver-wurst on her way home."

V \$2.50 V a couple V

At twenty she was a "Turtle-dove."

At twenty-five, a wren.

At thirty-five, a partridge plump.

And now she's just a hen.

V Dancing V 9 till 1 V

Mrs. McTavish (looking out the window): "Sandy, here comes company for supper."

McTavish: "Quick, everybody run out on the porch with a toothpick."

V Bids out V today! V

A little Swede lumber pillar was making a more or less informal call on the wife of Nels Swenson, who was supposed to be on the night shift. Suddenly there was a rap on the door. The visitor, at the agitated advice of the frightened wife, dove into an empty tank and closed the lid. The door opened and in came Nels on the run.

"I'm yust in time," he cried excitedly. "Hurry! Hurry! The house is on fire!"

"May gudeless!" exclaimed the frustrated wife. "What shall we do?"

"Yumpin' Yiminey!" came a frightened idea from a hidden voice. "Qvick, trow out de vindow dis tronk!"

V Army-Navy V War Relief V

I think that I shall never see a billboard lovely as a tree. Perhaps, unless the billboards fall, I'll never see a tree at all!

V Engineers Castles V in the Air V

Little girl: "Nurse, will I have a moustache on my lip like Daddy when I grow up?"

Nurse (absently): "Pretty often dear, I expect."

V Kassels in V the Air! V

Pete Fisher 'Min' Minwegan.