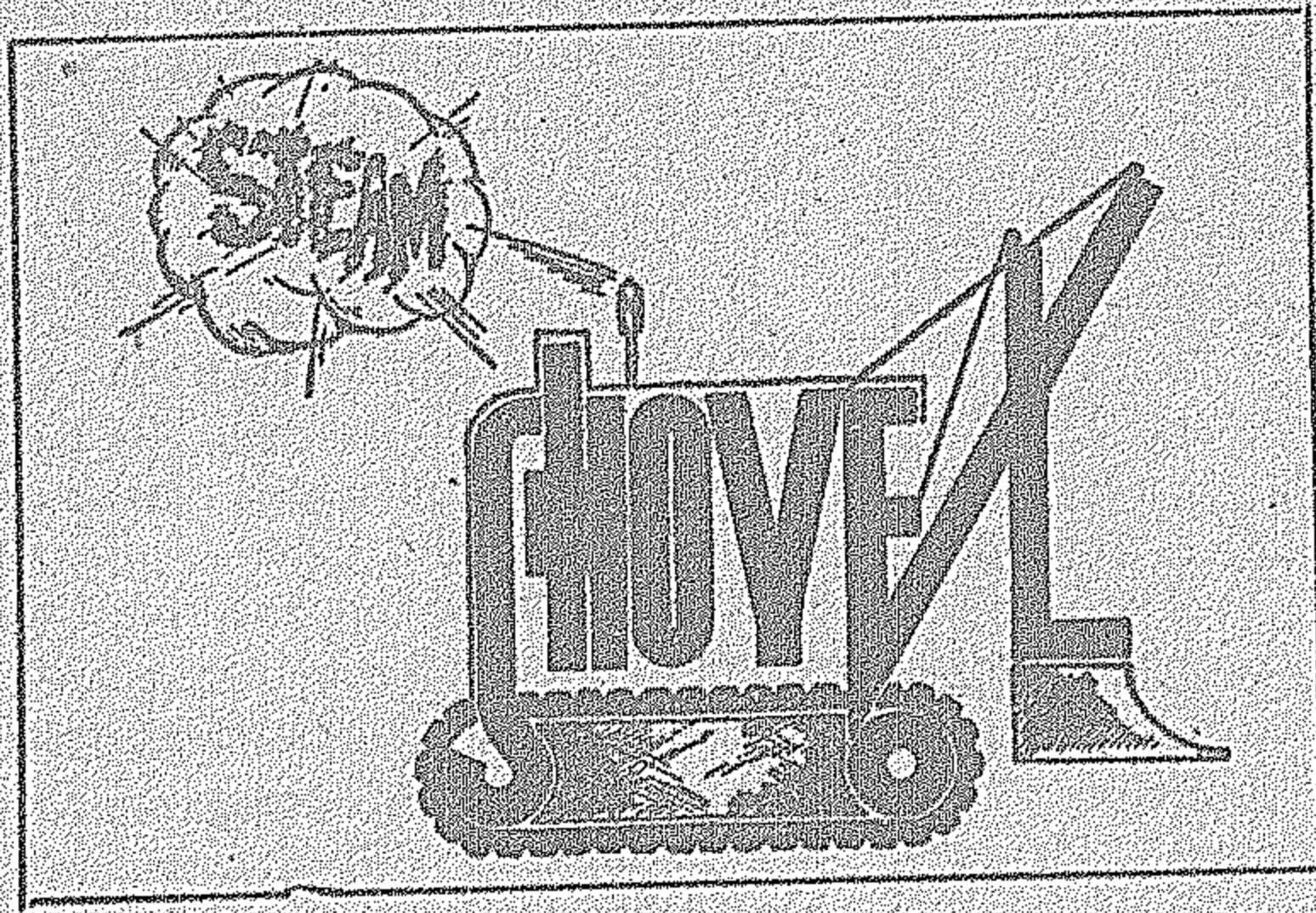


CHICAGO—

# Belle Davis Makes "Old Acquaintance" Click



TAKING a highly dramatic role, Belle Davis treats it as she has so often before, and makes it click. She plays the part of an "old friend of the family," the title role in "Old Acquaintance," unreeling at the State-Lake theater.

The part of Kate Marlowe, the "acquaintance" is one which could easily be hammed up. It has a "Little Orphan Annie" quality of long-suffering nobility and "good shall triumph" about it, and it requires a really good actress to handle it. Davis does it, and does it so well that it's convincing.

Assisting Davis in the dramatic duties, Miriam Hopkins plays the self-centered Millie, Kate's best friend; like the title role, it's with a brand of acting that comes only from experience and practice.

"Old Acquaintance" is an actor's dish. It requires real talent, and surprising enough, it gets it. The direction and writing are well done, too; there's a flash of comedy in just the right places to pick up the plot when the heavy drama begins to sag.

FOR the individual with a taste for suspense-filled mysteries, with Nazi and other assorted villains dashing in and out, there's "The Fallen Sparrow." The main feature of the picture is a well written script; it's being shown at the Palace Theater.

John Garfield does surprisingly well in the part of the victim-hero of Nazi hatred. Throughout the eight reels, he has his hands full solving a couple of murders, saving his own neck, and taking care of the three editions of glamor parading around the screen.

The picture has its share of overly heroic sentiments, but it gets over it with a plot which recovers from a slow start and sets a fast pace. Suspense piles up and the whole works ends up with a bang.

## Research Reports—

### Harris and Hunter Investigate Problems of Synthetic Rubber

(Editor's note: This column will present each week a brief report of the various research projects being carried on at IIT. Since *Technology News* is the student newspaper of a technical school, these articles will be of a more technical nature than would be possible in an ordinary newspaper, but they will nevertheless be written in such a manner as to be accessible to the majority of the student body.)

"Natural or synthetic rubber—which is best?" Such is the question asked by C. O. Harris, professor of mechanics and graduate student Tom Hunter in their research work on the properties of rubber under dynamic loading. The purpose of this investigation is to evaluate certain dynamic properties of both natural and synthetic rubber; from these results one will be able to determine the relative usefulness of natural and synthetic preparations.

In this investigation, quantitative expressions are obtained for the modulus of elasticity and the degree of damping of a rubber product. The experimental data is found by subjecting the rubber to a vibration and then recording the resulting motion. Much of the preliminary research work on this problem was done by Ted Zielinski, until recently an assistant in mechanical engineering at IIT.

A large part of the equipment used to carry on this investigation had to be designed and built at IIT, since it was not obtainable on the market at the time. The largest item of this apparatus was a specially designed pendulum with rubber springs. These springs first set the pendulum into motion; by observing the pendulum's resulting movement the properties of the springs used can be evaluated.

## the alumni corner

A brigadier general, an Armour graduate of the class of 1918, has been awarded one of the highest decorations of the Republic of Peru. The man is Douglas L. Weart, now chief of staff of the Caribbean Defense command, and the award is the Order of Ayacucho. Three months ago, Gen. Weart received the Legion of Merit from the U. S. Army for his accomplishments as assistant engineer of maintenance at the Panama Canal.

— IIT —

Since it takes a man to solve women's problems, Maj. Herman J. Pomy, class of Lewis, 1912, is in charge of the post communications system at Fort Des Moines, first training center of the Women's Army Corps.

— IIT —

To be chief engineer of Armour and Co., of meat packing fame, records show that one must be an IIT graduate. When Fritz A. Lindberg, Armour '01, died on July 19, his was succeeded by Oscar A. Anderson, Armour '15, as chief engineer.

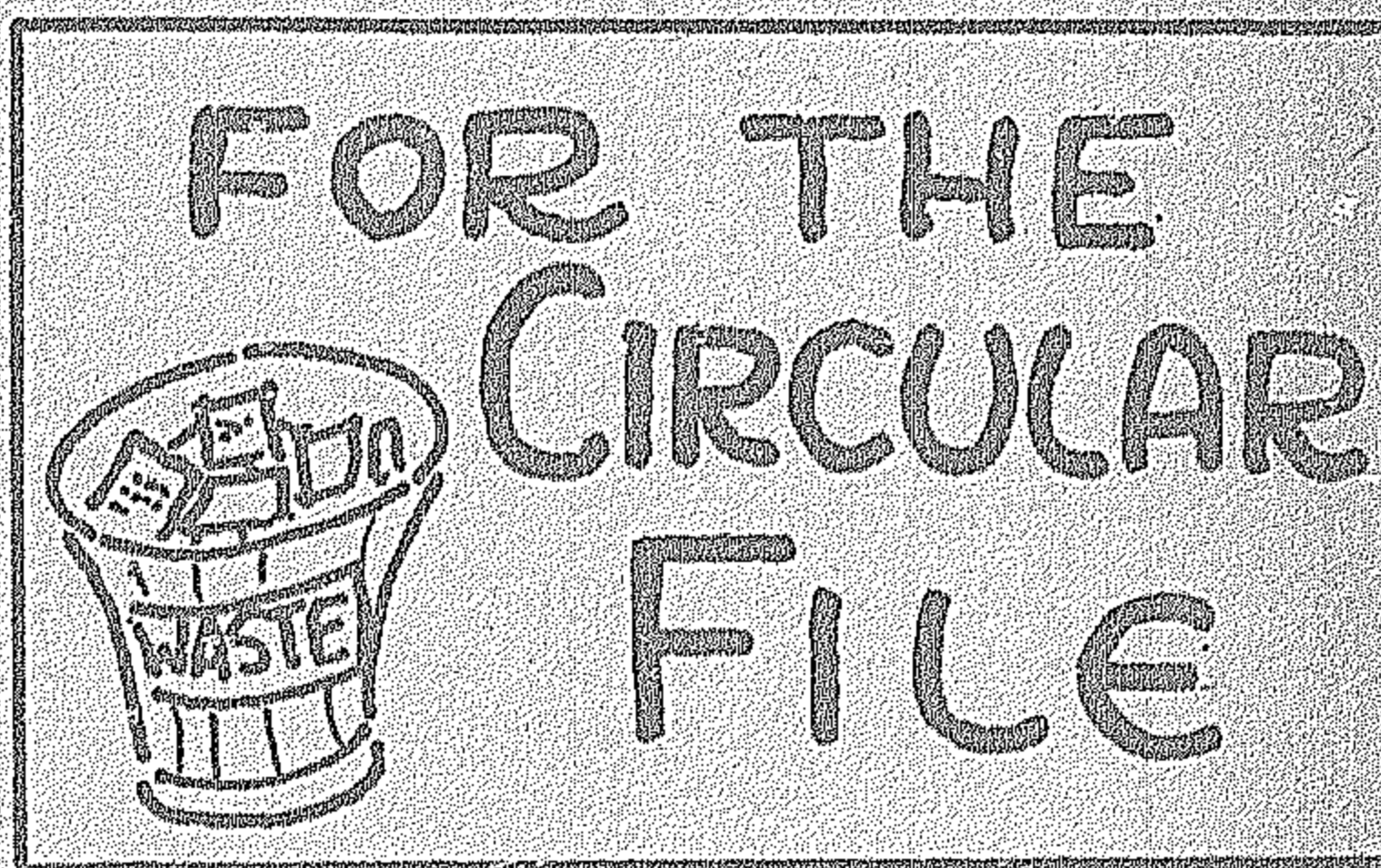
## Such Is Life

Friends, do you crave romance? Do you wish for friends and admiration? If you do, the *Technology News* Shoppers' Service has found just the thing for you, and it comes in a jar.

Exclusive Wentworth Avenue stores are offering the grandest cosmetic since the discovery of the enamel used to hide circles under the eyes. Properly applied, this new cosmetic hides every whisker for hours at a time.

Perhaps you've seen it advertised in such well known magazines as "Vague," "Saturday Night Out," and "Misfortune." You may remember these "He's glamorous, he doesn't look like he needs a shave, he's engaged" advertisements. If so, you undoubtedly are familiar with it.

Another wonderful feature of this new whisker hiding face cream is that it gives an earthly glaze to the features, and everybody knows that the glamor dictators have stated that the cadaverous effect is going to be all the rage this season. But one must be careful not to smile while wearing the whisker hider. The surface is liable to crack but that is just as well. No one can be a true glamor boy and smile.



STRICTLEE von HUNGER

Little Phineas Q. Ramshackle was not a pretty child. In fact, he acquired his middle name as his father gazed down at his small form and said to his mother. "Let's call it Quits." The only reason that he was not drowned as a child was that his father was ashamed to be seen carrying him down to the river.

His eyes resembled two billiard balls in their sockets. He was so crosseyed that when he cried, the tears rolled down the back of his neck. He had the type of ears that kept him indoors during a heavy windstorm. Is it any wonder, therefore, that wherever he went, people sprayed him with Flit guns?

Little Phineas was a very unhappy child. He felt that nobody loved him, and he was right. Nobody did. He was just too ugly to be considered altogether human.

But one day he took hope. He heard the tale of the Ugly Duckling and resolved to blossom out and be recognized by the humanity who hated him. He vowed that he would be better than they, and then they would bow to him.

Poor Phineas took all abuse silently, for he knew that someday, somehow, he would have his revenge on all these hated normal people. He would obtain this revenge through the one great gift that was his, a supreme intelligence.

The little hero used this gift to good advantage. During his school days, he mastered such courses as "Indifferent Equations" and "Bigger and Better Bessel Functions." He was graduated non compus mentis from Subb Normal College and went on to get D.T.'s from various universities.

Phineas realized that the completion of his formal education was but the first step in his process of revenge on humanity. He took his books and slide rules, crawled under his favorite rock, and proceeded to delve into the greatest research project of our time.

How could one man put humanity in his power? How could he have people work for hours striving toward a cherished goal and then smash their ambitions in one blow? In other words, how could he frustrate humanity as he had been frustrated? With these thoughts in his mind, Phineas conducted his studies.

After seven long years, his studies were finally completed on one September morning a few years ago. It was then that Phineas crawled out of his laboratory with the most diabolical scheme ever conceived by any mind.

Today, Phineas Q. Ramshackle is a successful man. He has several palatial homes, a tremendous bank account, and three pairs of shoes in his safety deposit box. Above all, he has had his revenge on the public that shunned him.

For you see, friends, Phineas Q. Ramshackle is the man that makes out the football parlay cards.

It's gratifying to know that someone somewhere reads this paper, but who thought it got as far as Elmhurst? Apparently it does, because "The Elmbark" student publication of Elmhurst College, Elmhurst, Ill., devoted part of a feature column to *Technology News*. Among other things, the phenorten contest was mentioned in a story written by a gal named Marie. The only thing wrong, though, was that she didn't know exactly what a phenorten is. She wishes she knew, gentlemen; who volunteers to tell her?

Four members of the newly recognized L.M.C. (Lewis Moron's Club) were seen by persons unknown under a large table at the Edgewater a couple of Fridays back. Rumors state that George Prochnow and Paul Werlein were ousted because of a brawl over who could stay sober longest. Dick Skibbens and Glenn Marsch claimed that they remained sober all night. Later the four couples were seen being crammed into Marsch's car and enroute to Sally's (nobody said who she was). The party picked up a wayside tramp to fill in the huge vacant spot in the front seat. Said tramp quaked with fear and soon begged exit because Marsch was too occupied with other matters to bother very much with driving, and the other six were just as busy.

Don ("Storekeeper") Arenson, of the Co-op Bookstore, is said to finally have found a woman who will laugh at his jokes. Despite this obvious defect, neutral observers claim that she is a little bit of all right. Name is Edie, and the telephone number cannot be disclosed at this time. After all, Don is entitled to a week's head start, but if the situation isn't well in hand within a week, who can tell?

Last week it was said that cradle snatching is reaching alarming proportions. Add this case as additional proof: Bob Unger, Ch.E. attended an affair with Zeta Beta Alpha, and started dancing with a little girl. Little girl is right; she was fifteen years old. Bob was exposed, however, and now turns a beautiful red when the affair is mentioned.

Cliff ("I understand women") Oliver misunderstood "Pigtails with the Dreamy Eyes," a young lady. The story heard is that Cliff met his buddy Jack Foxgrover at the bar of a local ballroom. Over a few glasses of amber juice these two chemicals forgot their fair escorts for almost two hours. Returning to the dance-floor Cliff met "Dreamy Eyes" who immediately gave him the "I want to go home" look. When asked about this misunderstanding of women he claims the existence of two types of females.

Everybody's buddy, Jim Neighbor, has been trying to suppress rumors that have been circulating about school that he claims are detrimental to his reputation. According to the official communique from the battle area, Sunny Jim escorted a young lady home from a social function early one morning last week. While talking to her in her parlor afterwards, he learned not only that she was from Canada, but that her husband was a Marine. On top of this, the picture that confronted Jim on the adjacent table turned out to be a photo of her young son. Luckily for the young lady, Jim held no prejudice, and arranged for another meeting before he left.

Al ("What you want, I can get you") Gaynor, host for the boys at Quarters # 2, broke down and got Jack ("Passionate Roger") Mace a date with a N.U. beauty last weekend. Jack reports she shouldn't have worn her fur coat 'cause it's shedding season right now. Jack came back to the Quarters with a brushed-wool uniform. Just call him "Hairy".

If anyone has noticed the long face on Irv ("I wuz swindled") Sylvan, there is a reason which should be told. Somewhere, somehow, he picked up a certain little dish to convoy to a Knickerbocker Hotel dance last week. She came with a label reading "good conversationalist", but some wires must have gotten crossed. La Belle Goon "conversed" at the rate of one word per hour, and had a personality to match.

—BROTHER TINSLEY PHENORTEN