



Man Of The Week—

James ("Jimshoe") Oldshue Is Top Sportsman and Journalist

By TOM KILGARIFF

The outstanding accomplishments of James ("Jimshoe") Oldshue in the fields of scholastic, athletics, and student publications results in his being selected as "Man of the Week."



JAMES OLDSHUE

His recent nomination as sports editor of the coming integral is his newest achievement in literary endeavors. Only last semester he was pledged to Pi Delta Epsilon, the honorary journalism fraternity, for his meritorious work on the Technology News as sports editor.

"Jimshoes'" 6 foot 5 inch frame dominated the pivot position on this year's highly successful basketball team. His play was augmented by his previous year's experience on the varsity squad and with the Cicca Wizards. Jim's presence on this freshman basketball team enabled them to become intramural champions and to defeat industrial and service teams like Acme Steel and Navy Pier.

Continuing in his athletic endeavors Jim pitched and played

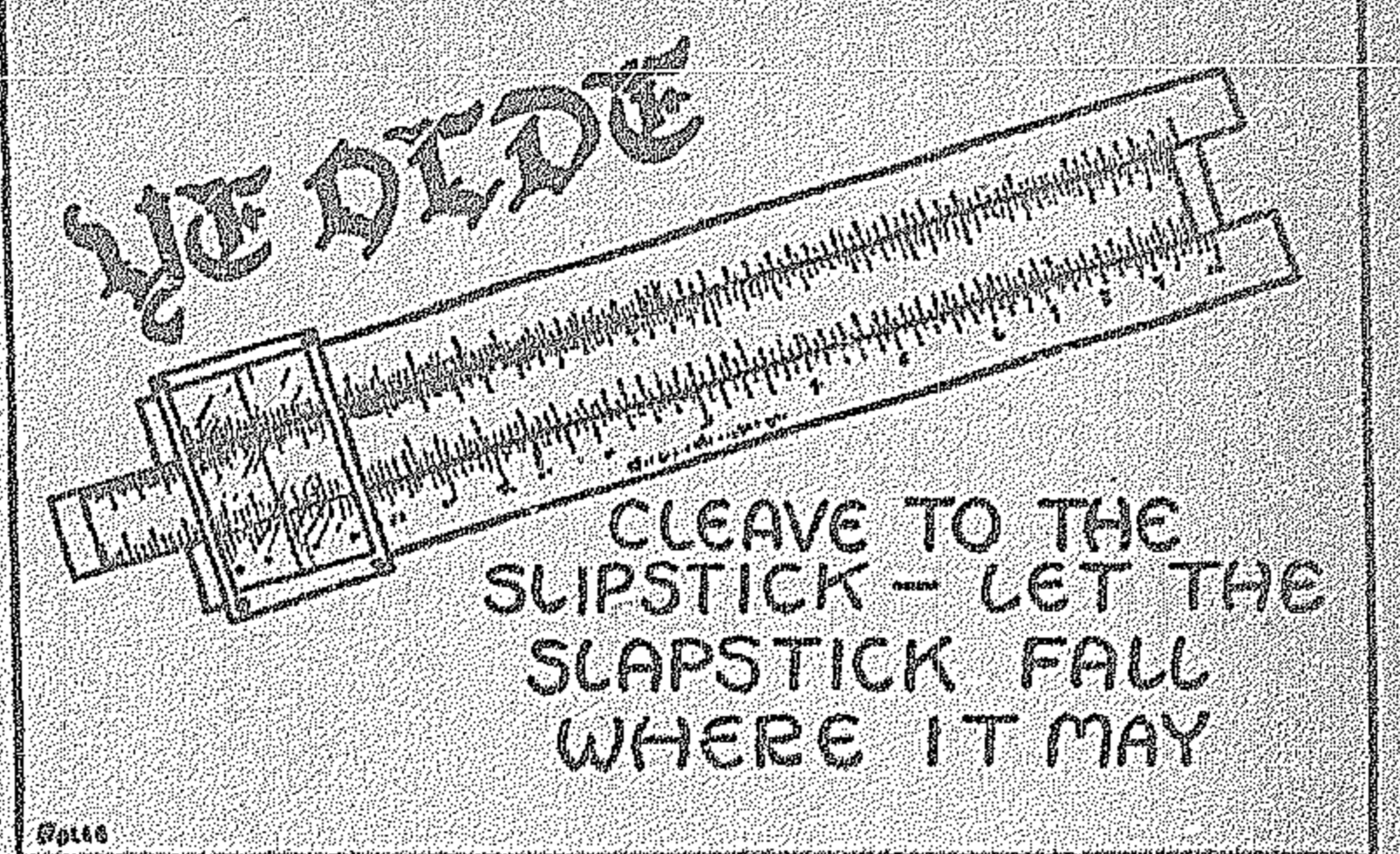
first base for the baseball nine. Before entering IIT he played baseball and basketball for two seasons with Fenger High School.

Not only a BM OC (Big Man on Campus) and a school athlete, Jim is also an excellent student. Winner of a freshman scholarship, he has been an Honor Marshall for the last two semesters. His average, which is a personal secret, is one of the highest in the school.

Majoring in chemical engineering he is a member of Alpha Chi Sigma, his professional fraternity. Jim is also a student assistant in the same department.

Although unattached to any one particular girl, Jim still attends most of the school's social functions. His leisure moments are spent in playing "Boogie-Woogie", no less.

His easy going manner and likable disposition can be partially attributed to his frequent trips to Alabama, the former home of his parents.



As a new semester begins I am taking over where Bis Smith left off. Bis thought he would rather tell his jokes to the Army.

He: Since we met I can't eat, I can't sleep, I can't drink.
She (blushing): Why?
He: I'm broke.

MacTavish: How do you like your radio, Fergusson?
Fergusson: Mon, it's grand! But the wee light's hard to read by.

Girl: Does this lipstick come off easily?
Clerk: Not if you put up a good fight.

Husband: "Darling, I have made up my mind to stay at home."
The better half: "Too late dear, I've made up my face to go out."

Engineer's expense account:

Date	Amt.
1 Ad for girl steno	.50
2 Violet for new steno	.95
8 Week's salary for steno	15.00
9 Roses for steno	3.00
11 Candy for wife	.75
13 Lunch with steno	6.25
15 Week's salary for steno	20.00
17 Movie for self and wife	.30
18 Theater tickets for self and steno	7.50
19 Candy for wife	.75
20 Lillian's salary	25.00
21 Theater and dinner with Lillian	21.75
22 Fur coat for wife	625.00
23 Ad for male steno	.50

The fellow who sits in his car all night isn't waiting for his wife. He's waiting for two gentlemen; the fellow who owns the car in front and the fellow who owns the car in back.

Then there is the one about the girl that had such beautiful shoulder blades that she always put her sweaters on backwards.

First cow: "Where are the rest of the girls?"
Second cow: "They are over in the other lot having a bull session."

Little Jasper trembled with excitement. Such a project had never occurred before.

I'll go alone, I'm not afraid, Mother. You've nursed me thru childhood. God, I'll never forget. But I'm something of a man now. Yes, sir; one of that seething mass called youth. And what's more I'm game. I don't need your help as I once did. Cripes, Mom, don't cry. We men gotta stick together. I won't be long, just wait."

Little Jasper's face beamed with angelic nonchalance as he pushed open the door to the men's room.

Curious Old Lady: "I see that you have lost your leg, haven't you?"
Cripple: "Well damned if I haven't."

Some girls are like cigars in that they have to be lit up before you can tell if they are good or bad.

A couple were sitting on the lawn admiring the scenic beauties.
"Some moon out tonight," said he.
"Some stars," said she.
"Some dew on the grass," said he.
"H—, but not me," said she, and left.

A sailor was cast away on a desert island. After he had been there for nine years, he woke one morning to find a lovely young woman had floated ashore on a barrel.

"Heigh ho," she said. "And how long have you been here?"
"Nigh on to ten years," said the sailor.
"Gracious," said the woman. "Then I shall give you something that you certainly haven't had for a long time."

"Bust my leg," said the sailor. "Don't tell me you got beer in that there barrel!"

Bear down on those books fellows, remember that March is the shortest month of the year. After all, doesn't the wind blow three days out of every week?
Larry (ex-lover) Cernauskas

By Alan Grant
The Carnegie Institute of Technology (Pittsburgh, Pa.) had so many women enter the armed services that they decided to have a separate service flag for the girls. The flag now has 103 stars.

Students at Alabama Polytech (Austin, Alabama) claim that their football team was the first to use the hidden ball trick. To substantiate their claims they brought out evidence that their team of 1895 first employed it.

In accordance with the leap year custom, students at Stout Institute (Menomine, Wis.) threw a Leap Year dance in which the gals had to pay the men's way and generally reverse the usual procedures.

Speaking of Leap Year, the girls of the State College of Albany, New York auctioned off the kisses of four male students at a State Fair sponsored by their War Activities Council. Women always find the means to achieve their ends.

The effects of the war on student enrollment are very evident at Grinnell College (Grinnell, Ia.). Their school newspaper, The Grinnell Scarlet and Black, announces a registration of 7 students for the February term.

Room and board at Harvard has increased 30 fold and tuition is 70 times higher than when Harvard was new according to the University of Cincinnati News Record.

"Jeeps, jeeps and more jeeps" can be the motto of the War Bond drive at the University of Kentucky (Lexington, Ky.). The faculty alone has contributed enough money to purchase 84 jeeps.

Mottos remind one of the business college of the University of Indiana (Bloomington, Ind.). With slogans such as "Satisfy Your Gripe", and "Don't Squelch Your Squeak", they have originated a "Squeak Box" in order to receive suggestions to better the activities of the business school.

A poll was taken among the men of St. Mary's college concerning a proposed change to make the school coeducational. Results show that they are against the change.



CLAUS von FREDERSDORFF'S father Count von Fredersdorff, was an intimate friend of the late Kaiser Wilhelm...A/S GEORGE MARTINKO worked as a senior draftsman for the Republic Steel Company before entering IIT, yet he was required to take TD III when he enrolled there...PROF. R. V. PERRY holds the longest teaching record at Armour. He started his career in 1901...JOHN ENANDER attended IIT for two semesters before he received his high school diploma...JUNE ZIMMERMAN, graduate student, won a city-wide Yo-Yo contest in Milwaukee in 1936...RAY OLSON, sophomore mechanical, is following in the footsteps of his brother ART, who graduated last month. They both were Valedictorians of their respective classes at Tilden Tech...TOM LECHNER, a/s, backstroke for the Tech-hawk swimming team, is the only squad member who has taken a first place in every meet...ROBERT G. WILSON has made trips by bicycle to Canada and Minnesota...VIRGINIA PENNISTON, graduate student in biology, is the only out-of-town day student at Lewis...DICK TRUEMAN has never drunk any coffee in his life while JIM OLDSHUE has had only one cup.



(EDITOR'S NOTE: This column is for expression of ideas from readers. Letters containing not more than 250 words will be printed. Anonymous letters will not be considered for publication, although a writer's name will be withheld from publication if desired. The Managing Board reserves the right to select the letters to be printed whenever the number of letters submitted exceeds the space allotted for this column.)

Lunchroom:

Concerning the lunchroom, the food is improved. But, the service is poor and the hours are no good; for example: the last class ends at 5:30 and the lunchroom closes at 5:30. Therefore, students attending the last class and having night classes also, have to chew their fingernails during class in place of other nourishment.

Can nothing be done about this? At least sandwiches could be sold later in order that these victims of circumstances could have something to sustain them for their classes. Of course, eating is not a required subject for an engineering degree, but it could be included in the program.

It seems that I recall reading in Technology News some rather uncomplimentary things about the lunchroom. Having heard so many complimentary things of late, I thought perhaps I'd better get them on record.

It seems to be the unanimous opinion of the faculty that the food has really improved. I've heard nothing but the highest praise for the food (can't say the same for the cokes) from the faculty. One instructor who says he has been conducting an informal survey each day among those eating around him reports that he too has found nothing but real satisfaction with the food and the new management.

Another, ala Lil' Abner, even remarked the other day that he'd gotten the best pork chop he'd ever

eaten in the Faculty Grill. I'll agree that the food has improved, but not having the privilege of eating in the Faculty Grill, I won't be quite as lavish in my praise as is the faculty. The secretaries feel the same way, I am told. We're enjoying the food the new regime has brought us—but how about getting us as completely sold as is the Faculty?

Do we get the same food as does the Faculty?

D. J.

Student War Council:

During this period of war all the interests of Illinois Tech are subordinate to the one great interest of winning the war. In order to coordinate the defense activities at Illinois Tech, the Student War Council was created. Its members were appointed by the ITSA. In its first year of existence the Student War Council did not do much of anything. In the ensuing years, (we are now in the third year) this body has kept up the high standard with which it started. To top off this brilliant record the graduating seniors took it upon themselves to appoint their successors, thus establishing a dynasty of "do nothings."

At the present time the Red Cross is conducting a national drive in which every group, especially Illinois Tech should take part. The War Council has taken the situation in hand, and as usual put the hand into its pocket. War Council, where are you; who are you; and why aren't you doing something?

J. J. Drain