

WELL I DO mean really, this just HAS been a week, hasn't it? What with all the peachy activities that have been just packed into five little busy days one has had to hustle to keep up with things. I do think that we may call it a week of weeks. I mean really! Really, that is.

TAKE FOR instance the simply wonderful day we had last Tuesday. Why, the sun just shone and shone and shone, all day long. I really did think my nose would go and get all shiney. But I love spring weather, don't you?

AND THE delicious food in the cafeteria set my stomach all aglow. What I mean is, it was so good. Good, that is. I simply must tell you what I had for luncheon. We started with a big glass of orange juice—or was it tomato juice? It must have been orange juice because tomato juice makes me break out in a rash. Yes, it was orange juice, a great big glassful. And I just gulped it all down at once—it was that good. Funny, but I can't remember just what the rest of the meal was like. I guess maybe the orange juice went to my head.

THE CUTEST thing happened in class the other day. The lecture got quite dull and one of the students actually fell asleep. I mean he actually did! Actually! Now what in the world is this world coming to when people actually fall asleep in class, actually!

THE ITSA meeting was such fun last week. Everyone got a chance to get up and say just what he pleased, no matter what. President Makielski was a charming and affable chairman as he sat at the head

(See AS I SEE IT on Page 5)

Chaping Hole Has New Stair

Persons who claimed that Illinois Tech's multimillion dollar building program was only a figment dreamed up by some fat fig in a foul fog were dealt a body blow last week when the first part of the mammoth program was completed—the repair on the sixth step, first entrance, Chaping Hole.

The stair is of functional design and embodies the latest in stair engineering technique. Its dimensions are roughly 36.744x11.328x1.001 inches. It has a coefficient of expansion of .000003 parallel to the fibers and .000002 across the fibers, a thermal conductivity of 0.5 and a specific gravity of 0.34. The lumber used was Northern pine (when this was revealed, Senator Clag-horn introduced a bill calling for the ouster of the navy unit at IIT).

Mr. Knockon Wood, the nation's foremost designer of steps, stairs, and stoops, supervised the construction. The lumber, which was from the heart of a 200 year old, 165 ft. pine tree, was purchased from the Tough Termite Timber Trust of Texarkana, Texas.

When plans for "The Beautiful Board," as it is affectionately called, were being made there was great discussion concerning the foundation for the step. Some advocated merely tearing off the old step, which had served so well for 50 years, and putting another in its place. Others, however, advocated that while the step was being torn off, why stop there, tear the whole building down and start from scratch. Unfortunately the first course was followed. One detail was overlooked in the construction, however. No groove was cut in the step such as those worn into the other stairs and thus far three legs and two collar bones have been broken by unwary students who anticipated a groove. Also there have been twenty sprained ankles and four cases of heart failure on the new step.

But let this not daunt you. The IIT Building Program marches (or steps, as you will) on!

TECHNOLOGY NEWS

Vol. 43, No. 4

ILLINOIS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Monday, April 1, 1946

Heald Wins University of Chicago

Navy Informed Of War's End

Discharges to Follow In Six to Ten Years

The Great War is Over!!! This startling breathtaking news has just been released by the Illinois Tech navy office, via Washington.

This information, long awaited by a peace-loving campus, came as a shock to members of ship's company. Claimed one, "Now I'll have to go to work." Several of the officers have dispatched hurried telegrams to their former employers. One trainee is reported to have signed several specialists to work in his post-war factory which will process ration tokens into athletic gear.

The navy office has promised on a stack of navy "Regs" that all trainees will be discharged in less than six years and not later than ten years. A directive is being published for distribution to all trainees. This informative bulletin deals with the disposal of service flags. According to authoritative sources, the proper method of disposal of these items is to frame them. After all, claims this source, their owners were framed.

A special discharge button is being designed for trainees who have spent their time and the taxpayers' money in V-12. It consists of a wreath of poison ivy encircling a gilligalu bird. The gilligalu, long known to seafarers as the bird who flies backwards because he doesn't give a damn where he's going but he wants to see where he's been, has been chosen for this honor because of its lack of wings, a tail, a head and a body. This emblem is soon to be issued to all hands and is to be worn 17 33/32 inches above the back of the left knee-cap.

The effect of the announcement of the termination of the terrible holocaust, perpetrated during the last four years, on the Institution was breath-taking. "Happy Henry" Healed announced that Alumni Hall will now be used for storing of brooms, mops, range-finders, navigation tables, and other useless equipment. Chaping Hole, Healed screamed, will be used as a dormitory for underprivileged termites.

Gold Mine Obstacle To IIT Construction

Discovery of a long lost gold mine beneath the empty lot on 33rd and State streets has presented a new obstacle to the construction of the Illinois Institution of Technologicalology's new campus.

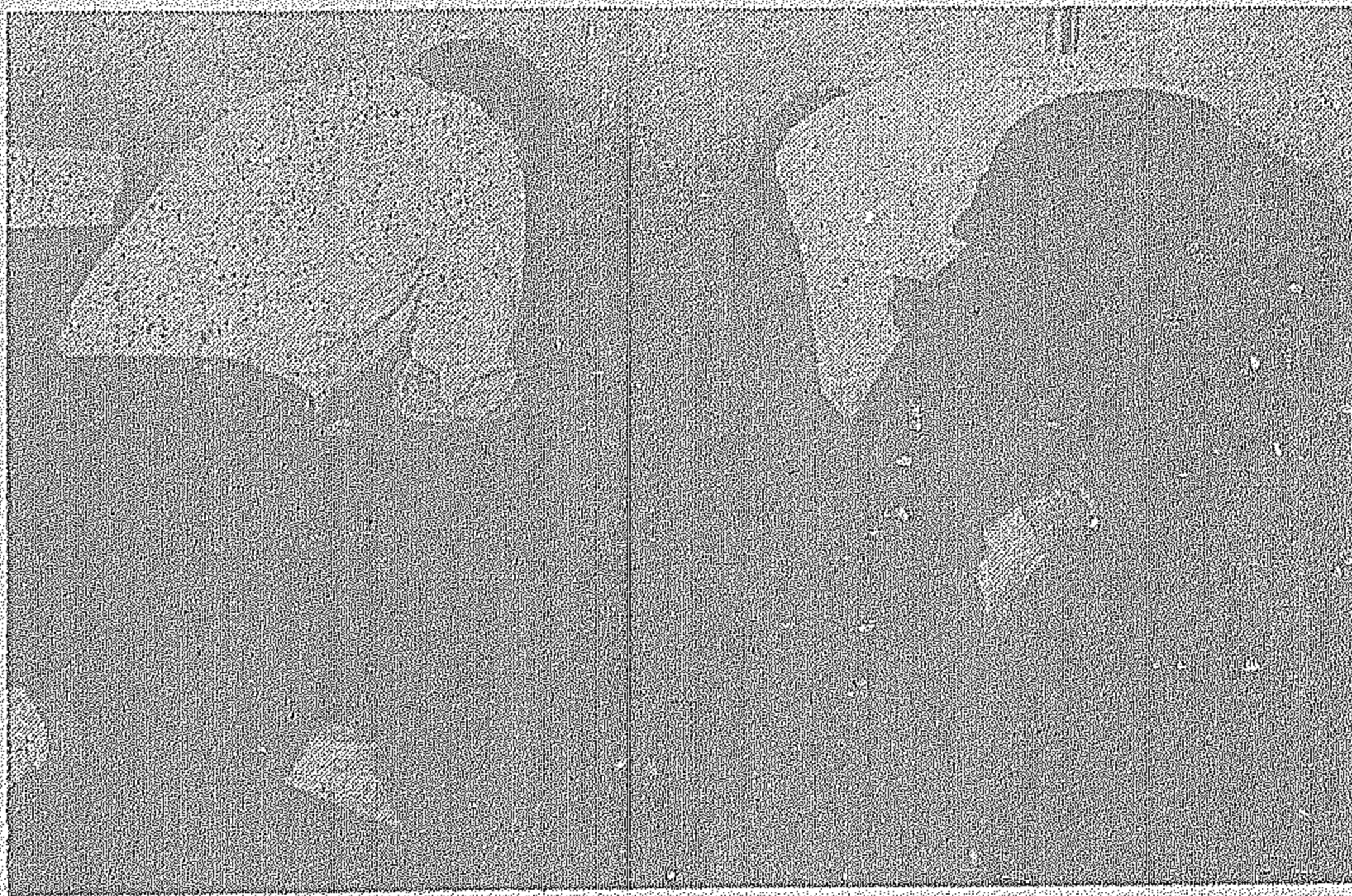
This paradox can be explained when one realizes the effect the sight of gold bearing ore, which says Roy McCauley, head of the metallurgy department, is the richest ever discovered, has upon the men operating the power shovel and trucks. Two thousand men had to be transferred to other jobs because the temptation was too great to resist.

The labor situation, however, is not the greatest problem confronting the planners of the new campus.

NOTICE

Senior class president Howie Johnson today announced that the Senior Farewell will be held on June 21 in the Grand Ballroom of the Masser Hotel, 65 E. 33rd Street. Further details will be announced in forthcoming issues of Technology News.

The Fickle Finger of Fate



"LITTLE JOE"—With one soul-crushing pass H. T. Heald wins the University of Chicago from R. M. Hutchins by rolling "Little Joe."

Miles von der Road Named as Respondent in Patent Suit

Professor Ludwig Miles von der Road, head of the architectural curriculum and designer of the Institution's new \$13,200,000 campus development program, was today named defendant in a \$5,000,000 patent infringement suit by M. A. Dorr, world famed green-house czar, it has been learned exclusively by Technology News.

When interviewed by one of the paper's cub reporters, Lee Grunter, Dorr stated "Road...er, der Road, er...das Road...well this....(your reporter covered each ear modestly)...has been skulking around my latest creation, the modernistic green-house in back of the Armour Research Foundation and jotting down notes on his shirt collar. I innocently

imagined that he was admiring the new nasturtium bed, but in actuality he was sketching the edifice for use in designing the new Alumni Memorial Hall. This is a distinct breach of trust, and I feel that my reputation has been defamed irretrievably and I will insist upon a full settlement and public apology."

It was learned that the good professor had set up a fortress at the Three Deuces and would resist any attempt at apprehension with spitballs, soaked in rotgut, at fifty paces.

Meanwhile it was reliably stated, by a normally unimpeachable source, that present plans for future units would be abandoned and that an even more modernistic type of construction would be employed for the remaining structures.

According to this rumor, the new chemistry building would be shaped in the form of a gigantic test tube with classes held PERPENDICULARLY along the sides of the edifice. During free hours, it could be conveniently used by basketball players for shooting through the top (See MILES VON DER ROAD on Page 5)

Man or Beast?



GORILLA—Sonnypus, 17 years old, over six feet tall—weighs 550 pounds. Most impressive anthropoid-human specimen in captivity. NOT A RIPLE OF EXCESS FAT ON HIS HUGE MAGNIFICENT PHYSIQUE; his deep purplish brown coat gleaming over iron-like muscles. Millions of people have viewed this amazing creature as he squats on the big steel stool of his one room zoo suite in the Student Union, grinning at visitors.

Happy Henry Rolls Little Joe To Win College

Old Theory That Two Plus Two Equals Four Blasted by IIT Prexy

Construction on Illinois Tech's new \$13,000,000.27 building program (people who live in glass houses shouldn't) came to a shuddering halt today with the revelation that the Institute has acquired the University of Chicago campus in an involved exchange arising from a mathematical argument between the presidents of the two schools.

In explaining the circumstances surrounding the deal, Henry T. Heald laid a tearstained cheek on your reporter's shoulder and said: "I can't remember."

Extensive research later revealed that the transaction occurred on Saturday night during the course of a meeting of the Mathematical Engineers of State Street. Following a discussion on "Subtracting Your Yearly Income from Your Wife's Expenditures" by MESS President R. M. Hutchins, who doubles in brass as head of the Midway Maroons, Dr. Heald approached the speaker with a clever brain twister.

"What," asked Heald with a nervous laugh, "is two and two?" After forty-five minutes of deliberation his colleague arrived at a definite answer. "I have found that two and two, on a clear day on which exploding uranium goes bang, equals four," he declared. "Wanna bet?" asked the ideal of all Tech-hawks, flapping his wings.

Bets were placed and accepted with both parties raiding the ante at the slightest provocation until finally, in a burst of enthusiasm, Hutchins shouted, "I will bet my

(See HAPPY HENRY on Page 5)

Chicago Fibune Loses in War

The Technology News managing board has just completed arrangements to take over the buildings and equipment of the "Chicago Fibune." The action will become final at the end of April, at which time the Technology News staff will move in.

This development comes as the result of a vicious circulation war between the two newspapers. The fight began over an advertising contract which each of the papers wished to obtain for itself. The contract was the prize of the advertising world, the Slob Soap campaign.

The "Fibune" advertising staff claimed foul play on the part of the business staff. It is rumored that a spy was planted in the "Fibune" office to learn the figure submitted by their staff. This stratagem, if it was used, worked. The Technology News submitted Lana Turner.

In retaliation for this behavior, the "Fibune" sent out its circulation staff to interfere with the distribution of Technology News. Superior man power, assets, and reader interest of the Technology News forced the publisher of the "Fibune" to the wall after months of bitter attrition.

As Col. McCosmic signed the papers turning the "Fibune" over to the new owners, tears streamed down his cheeks. His last words as his offices were, "Remember I made for true American high protective tariff, and al of the OPA."

Over a long period of time, the student body of Illinois Tech has earned the reputation of being a patient lot. Though annoying conditions have arisen from time to time, IIT students have realized that such things are unavoidable and have withheld the gripe to give forth the smile.

The students have not complained when the plaster started to fall from the ceilings of Chapin Hall during classes. They realized that the painters could not paint every room at one time. The sophomores have borne up bravely while wading through physics reports. Even they realized that the engineer who has not written one six hour report a week is so deficient in education as to be unfit to bear the name.

But there is a limit to which situations can be allowed to slide. This newspaper is not prone to point an accusing finger at the administration, but the time has come when conscience dictates that the facts be brought to light.

Conditions in the Illinois Tech library have become intolerable. The library should be one of the show spots of the Institute, but now the students are ashamed to let a visitor pass through its doors. The library should be the center of the school to which the students gravitate to partake of the joys which come from the pursuit of one's studies. Instead, at Illinois Tech, even the senior who fully appreciates the traditions of Illinois Tech and its library, sadly feels that the vile atmosphere of the cafeteria with its recorded music and soft drink is a better place in which to remain during a free period.

And why has this all come about? Because the administration is calloused to the traditions of Illinois Tech which are enshrined in the library and in the hearts of the students! The students are ashamed of their library because there is dust on the bust of Phillip D. Armour!!

Was it for this that so many have sacrificed so much? Can it be that the administration is totally unaware of the contributions of this idealistic man? How the glory hath departed!

Were it not enough that the memory of the man who produced Illinois Tech is profaned by a dusty bust, even the great Benjamin Franklin has been allowed to suffer. Not only is Ben dusty, but his bronze pate has a corroded appearance.

But not all is not yet lost. The student body is becoming impatient with such sacrilege and will rise up and take matters into its own hands if the administration does not correct its policy of flagitious neglect.

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PLOTTING BORED

Head Schlemel	JIM MOPEY
Second in confusion	PILL WORKHARD
Money Mad	HUBERT THE HELPER
Muscle reporter	CHARLES SHAFISTAT
Muse Editor	ITALIAN BALM
Drool Man	AL COCONUT

SHILLELAGH

Wavey Ed	Bill Charlston
Muscle reporter's helper	Ed Amos
Dean of Women	Carol Noses
Loafers	Pill Furlough, Pane O. Glass, Nit Wit Sickle, Murder Okay, Remington Rand
Drool Writers	Polton Ivey, Hank, Couldn't hurt
Fotomen	Ralph Sully, Charles Shafistat
Drawer	Comes the Dawn

LADYFINGERS

Basic Training, Helen Delicatessen, Nary A. Gumdrops, Back Alley.

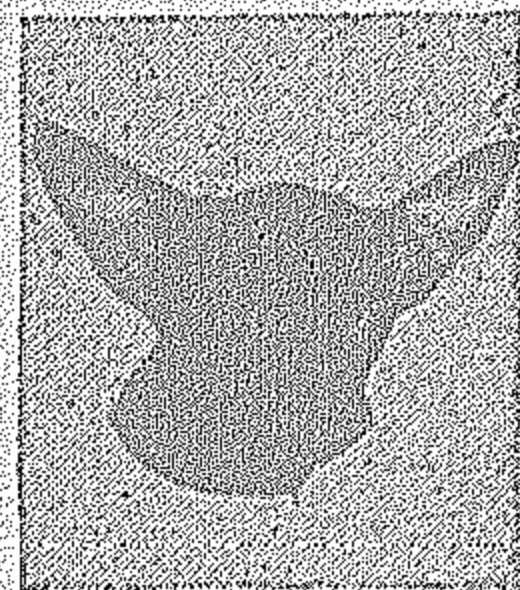
Hangers On	Hard Frought, Alan Grabbed
Faculty Assistant	Frank Coeler
Faculty Money Man	Harv Candyman

Man Of The Week

Fire Plugs and Trees Are Main Interests of E. Beagle

Standing in the spotlight as this week's Man of the Week is Mr. Eager Beagle, one of the biggest dogs on the campus.

A sophomore fire protection engineer, Eager's activities have been extensive. He was recently pledged to Gro Dammya Gro, a fraternity dedicated to furthering the growth of trees in Chicago. Although only in the bush league, he has made several donations to the



Blood Bank for the nourishment of anemic trees, and his extensive experiments in the field of soil erosion have helped save acres of valuable timber. Such activities, being a strain on the nerves, have caused him to become an inveterate beer drinker. But he claims it raises rather than lowers his efficiency. BON has made him an honorary member.

An honor student, his FPE average made him eligible for the FPE honorary, Smellamandear, early in his freshman year. Previous to that he joined FPES (Fire Plug Enrich-

ment Society) and became president in his third term. He is probably best known for his participation in the Bing Crosby drowning last year. He was in a dog show at which Crosby unwittingly sang "Trees."

Students may observe him trotting contentedly behind Lillian Segg as she makes her rounds on the maintenance department routine. Asked about his female preferences, Eager replied, "I'm still smelling around."

A close associate of vermin in general, he has taken a part time job in the News Bureau, where he serves as woof editor in charge of publicity for IIT coeds. His appreciative yipes are inspired by one Hellon Wheels, who works in a nearby office. A dog lover herself, she frequents the haunts of various other campus hounds. Eager gets revenge by reporting these scandals to the Steamshovel staff.

Beta Omicron Nu Has Brains, Brilliance and Beer

"Beer or nothing" is the meaning behind these famous Greek words, Beta Omicron Nu. The minute IIT men decided to have more cooperation among fraternity men, they got it and thus BON was formed on January 28, 1938.

BON is open to all fraternity men who have a large capacity. The men who join have to have a 3.2 average, and must be active in a dozen extra-curricular activities during their pledge period.

While they are pledges, they must collect .32 different beer labels. These may be gotten from full or empty bottles. They are required to carry around a bar-rag, which is used to polish the glasses of all the actives. They are required to have a race with a dog to see who can lap a saucer of beer the fastest. If they lose, they must practice until they can beat the dog. (Incidentally, they run this race with a celebrity—Eager Beagle is the Man of the Week).

Initiation takes place at the large, famous, Three Deuces. The informal initiation consists of a series of trials that the pledge must pass. The formal initiation takes place at Armour Mission—in a solemn ceremony held on the fourth floor, in the chandelier; and each pledge is required to carry a torch.

After the formal initiation the pledges are presented with their fraternity pin—which is a gift given by the actives—It consists of

a pearl encrusted beer-stein and a pearl encrusted pretzel guard. They are then required to attend every meeting, which is held every Thirsty.

There are three ranks of actives. Each man strives to reach these hallowed positions. They are; Apprentice, Drunkard, and Boozehound. The Apprentice must be a member four and one-half years, and must have drunk one tank-car of beer. The second four and one-half years, the active is a Drunkard. During his last year, the active is a Boozehound (Of course, all BON men are on the ten year, get-a-much-help-as-you-can-plan.

The offices are; Keeper of the bottle openers, and Keeper of the Rubber Check. The election is held semi-annually, and the person with the minority wins the election. This is done to avoid one fraternity running BON.

Like all good organizations, BON has at least one unofficial, official mascot. This semester his name is Seth Shelly. He was accepted as a member because although he was not in a social fraternity, but in actuality, he could drink the actives under the table.



As I promised you last week, here is the daring exposé of the lives and loves of various professors and people here at Illinois Tech. The material herein presented was stolen from the secret files of H. T. (Happy Henry) Heeled, president of IIT. Any relation to persons living or dead is honestly coincidental.

Professor Carrgder is suspected of carrying on an affair with a feminine elevator operator at a downtown department store. He plans to install her permanently in Chapin Hall in order to carry him up, and down the four flights of stairs to his office.

Few people know that well liked Lt. Moe Wrong, naval science instructor, was once in charge of a school for delinquent children, but because of his kind nature, joined the NROTC in order that he could be with nice children. Mr. Wrong promises that when he is Officer of the Day, there will be liberty for all hands, no study hour regulations and reveille at 1100.

Although Professor John A. Hern is a convicted arsonist responsible for the Chicago fire of 1871, he has reformed and now is teaching fire protection engineering here. The truth about him is that he was commissioned by vice-president Gintom E. Linter to burn down Chapin Hall. Plans have gone along fine and Mr. A. Hern stated today "Chapin will burn . . ."

Dr. J. E. Hopson, head of ARF has announced his engagement to an Armour magnetic wire recorder. Said he, "This is one marriage in which the husband will be able to do the dictating." The bride to be is reported to be thin and wiry.

Sonny Weissman's little daughter, Nancy, is taking after her handsome daddy more and more every day. Last Friday she smoked her first cigar. Quote pappa Weissman, "I expect bigger and better things for her every day."

Many people have wondered why Professor John DeChico talks so fast. Dr. Heeled's files disclose that DeChico's wife won a talking contest before they were married. All he ever gets to say at home is "But, I—", Therefore when he gets to class, he has untold oral energy and proceeds to cover three mathematical texts in one lecture. Dr. DeChico said his next lecture will be in German. "My students will be able to understand this just as well as my lectures in English," he said.

After receiving many fervent letters from Professor Rudy Soreye not to put his name in Steamshovel, The Scooper can not hold back any longer. This boy has a mad crush on a certain secretary, but because he is so shy, he has never done anything about it. His true love is an electron tube, named 5BP4. Soreye says that this cathode ray tube has made him see the light, and he is now on the beam.

Helen "Delicious" Delich has earned a reputation as a man hater. In her position in John Schommer's placement office, she has succeeded in putting more men in their places than any other woman in captivity.

Gordon Maneland, biology prof, has recently announced the discovery of the dropophila pithecanthropus erectus. This is a rare bug, which only inhabits the vicinity of Illinois Tech. The bug thrives on the pleasant aromas emanating from the Chicago stockyards and can be seen daily swarming on the flying cows from the yards. Dr. Maneland describes this insect as about 56½ centimeters long, round body, red nose and slide rule shaped head. The red nose is due to the fact that its ancestors once inhabited the area around "The Two Acres" and subsequently acquired this characteristic from the beer that Techmen brought over to school.

Coach Grant Stinger reveals that he won letters in hopscotch and jacks while working for his physical ed degree. He has received many letters from delighted Navy trainees lauding him for the sensible way he does every exercise with the men.

Anyone who does not believe the material herein presented may see the authentic files. Remember, The Scooper brings you the truth and only the truth. So until you are shafted next week, I remain—

THE SCOOPER

on Page 4)
Major sport, has hired a two man crew of bat boys to assist him campaign to club the Tech nine into shape.

ROSEMARIE

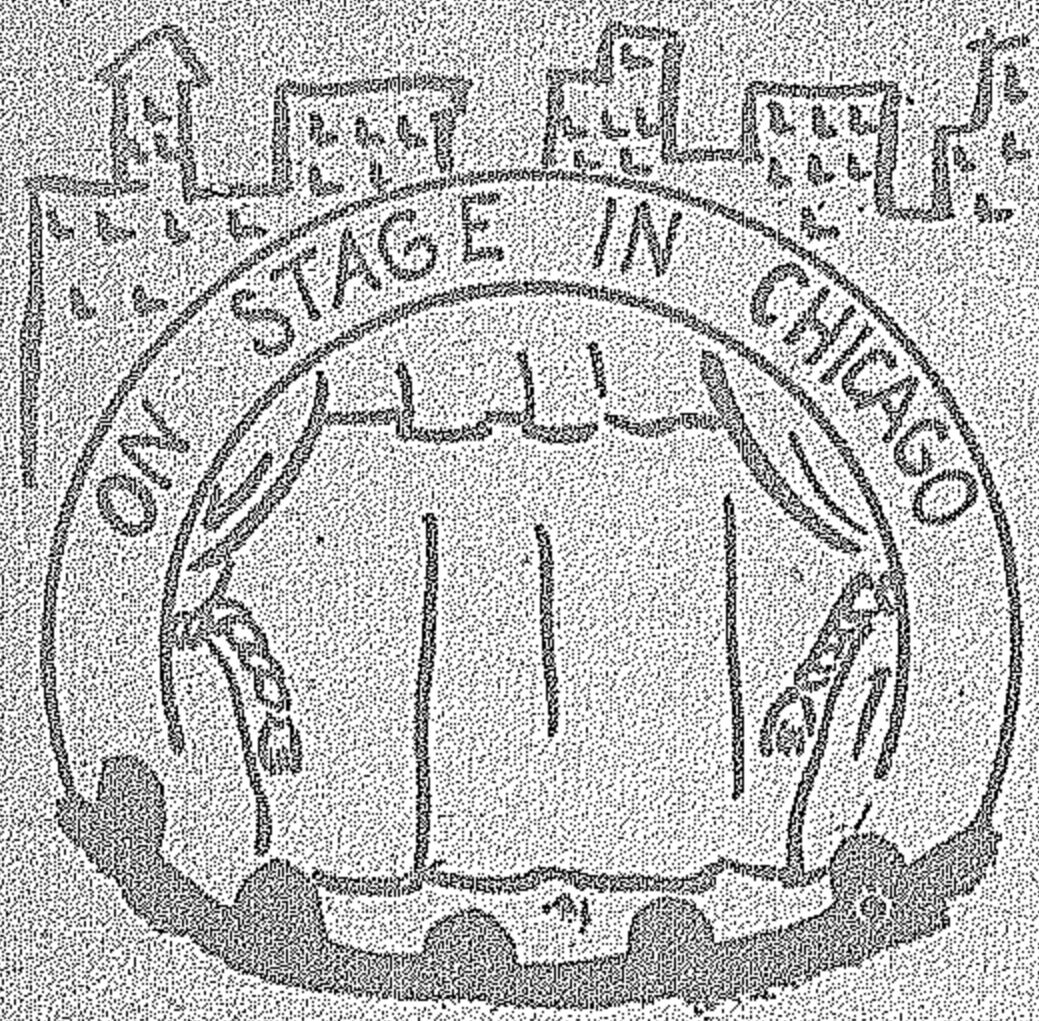
Dean Pebbles, the guy with the heart of gold ("gold is slightly softer than rock," quoting Roy McCauley) has volunteered his services to the athletic department, and under O. "Killer" Ericson, will assist in the renovation of the drainage system installed in the field house.

ROSEMARIE

Underworld athletics have been found to exist at Illinois Tech! De Witt Pickens has claimed responsibility for a huge gambling and vice establishment in a subterranean cavern beneath Quarters 2. Deep in the bowels of the earth he dwells, luring innocent NROTC students to their moral doom. Beware of this character—his picture is in the rogues gallery of the regular navy in Washington.

ROSEMARIE

Bill "Bunions" Smart, Tech cage star, who learned the art of keeping above his opponents' heads by climbing coconut trees in his hometown in the Belgian Congo, has decided to restrict his bounding activities to freshmen in the Webster High School.



Marshmallow Sundae

Burlesque Queen

In an interview held recently backstage at the L & L Club, Miss Flossie LaStrippe, start of the club dignified floor show, Miss LaStrippe expressed her appreciation to the college men, and mostly to the men of Illinois Tech.

"Never", said Flossie, "has there been so attentive an audience, and never have there been such regular attenders—being engineers, these men are interested in the show mainly from the scientific viewpoint. Anyone who has ever been to the show can really appreciate the show can really appreciate the beauty and dignity of all the acts and those Illinois Tech men really ought to know the entire show by her heart".

Miss LaStrippe, after mentioning the men at IIT, started talking about her private life—she leaves L & D at around 4 a.m., and then she heads for home. She reaches home at 4:02 a.m. (she lives next door, and usually retires. She sleeps until twelve, gets up, touches up her hair, and then goes down town. She spends the early part of the afternoon hunting for expensive clothes and men who will pay for the same. Then the later part of the afternoon, she does special research for her job—she attends the State-Harrison to see that her act is up to par with the other members of Strip Teasers Local Number 10009.

Following this she goes home, (undresses for her act) and by nine o'clock, she is ready to start out on the first of her ten floor shows.

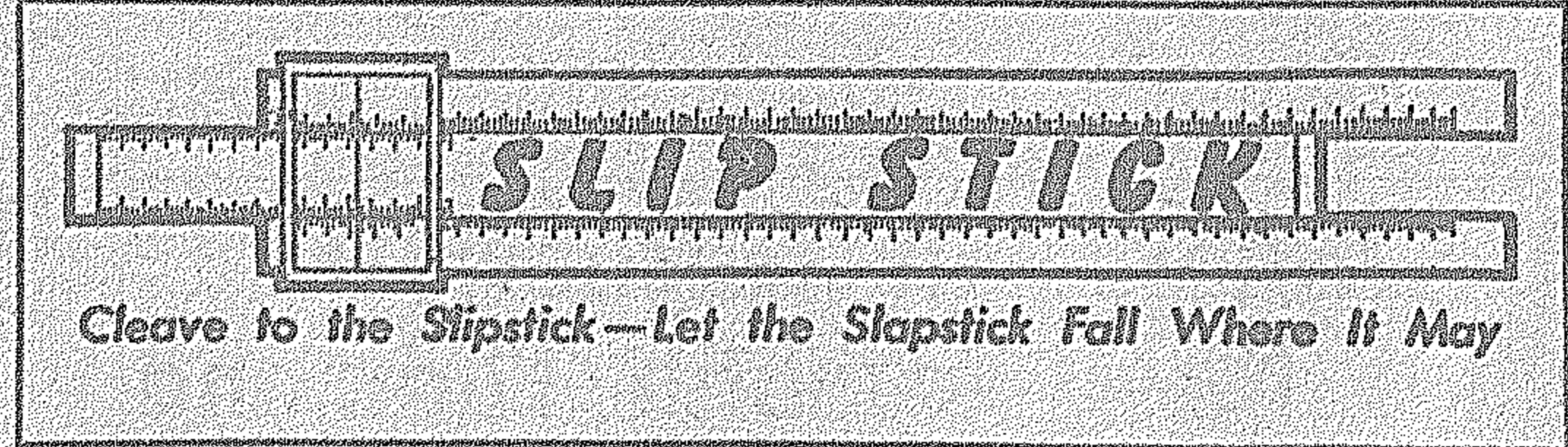
The floor show at the L & L is really very constructive—there are about nine acts—a number of these are strip teases—in fact nine of them are—the first one is a beautiful blond—the second is a beautiful blond—the third one is a beautiful blond—the fourth one is a beautiful blond—the fifth one is a beautiful blond—the sixth is a beautiful blond, the seventh one is a beautiful blond, the eighth one is a beautiful blond, and the ninth is a beautiful brunette—... Interspersed with the beautiful blonds and brunettes, there are two comedians, who are famous for their repertoire of cleanest jokes in Chicago, and believe it or not, they are funny—

Miss LaStrippe is a beautiful brunette, oops, I mean blond—it was brunette four weeks ago—and weighs a mere 90 lbs—small but oh my!—you must remember good things come in little packages—she has beautiful brown eyes, or is it blue?—oh well, who notices her eyes anyway?

In between acts, Miss LaStrippe has all the time to herself except for the time when she circulates among the customers and reads tea leaves, reads fortunes in the hands of the customers or holds hands, as the case may be—Just before the second show she drops in for a quiet little game of tag with her boss—then returns to her ardent and enthusiastic fans.

For the future, Miss LaStrippe has much to say—it has been her wish and plan that someday she might open a small ranch—some where in the Sobohi desert—miles from nowhere—where all the broken down strippers, and comedians may spend their ageing days entertaining each other—Here she also hopes to raise fried chickens, popped-corn, and roasted beefs. She plans to devote ten acres to the fried chickens, two acres to popped corn, four acres to roast beef, and in the rest of the land, she will raise Tom Collins, Southeastern Comfort, and Kentucky Gentlemen.

POLAR BEAR—Here's a picture of a polar bear eating a marshmallow in a blinding snowstorm at the North Pole.



Once upon a time there was a traveling salesman. He was travelling during a foul night, and the roads were almost impassable. He decided to stop at a farmhouse and ask to be put up for the night and finally came to a farm. It was a sorry looking farm. The barn had burned down and the little house at the end of the long path tilted at a dangerous angle. But there were no other farms nearby.

After pounding on the door for several minutes, the salesman succeeded in awakening the farmer.

"Farmer", said the salesman. "I can't drive to the next town in this weather, and I have no place to spend the night. I hope that you can put me up for the night".

"Well, I don't know about that," said the farmer. "Since the barn burned down, We've been keeping cows in the spare bedroom."

"I should certainly be willing to pay you for any trouble I'd put you to" replied the salesman. "If you don't help me, I'll have to sleep in my car tonight, and the roof leaks."

"Maybe I could put you up tonight", answered the farmer, "but I don't know if I should. I've heard about you traveling men before, and the only place around here where you could sleep is in my daughter's room."

"Oh", said the salesman, blushing prettily, "I'm not at all like other salesmen. I give you my word that I would do no harm, and I am willing to pay you ten dollars if you will let me stay here just tonight."

The farmer arose early the next morning, and peeped into his daughter's room. She was sleeping peacefully, but the traveling salesman was nowhere to be seen. Thinking that the salesman probably had gone down the path, the farmer looked out the bedroom window, but there was no sign that anyone had walked down the path that morning.

"I knew I couldn't trust that city feller", mumbled the farmer as he looked for the telephone number of the sheriff's office. Just then he heard a strange thumping sound coming from just outside the house. Running out through the doorway, the farmer saw the traveling salesman throwing a grapefruit against the side of the house.

"Hey," shouted the farmer, "What'aya think you're doing?"

"Throwing a grapefruit against the side of the house", replied the salesman.

—IIT—

Then there was another traveling salesman, and he, too, was traveling through the country. It was getting late for him, and he was lost. He stopped at a farmhouse and a young woman came to the door.

"Is your father at home?" asked the salesman.

"No," replied the girl. "He went to an agriculturists' convention in the city and won't be home for three more days."

"Well, then, is your mother at home?" inquired the salesman.

"No, she had to go to my aunt's house and take care of her. My aunt's sick."

"Well, then," asked the salesman. "Is there anyone at home with you?"

"My brother was supposed to come home, but he phoned to say that he wouldn't be home tonight. I'm all alone tonight and I'm lonely."

"I must get to the city," the traveling man remarked. "Can you give me the directions?"

"I could", she answered, "but it's too far for you to travel tonight. Why don't you stay here for the night?"

"Oh, really, I couldn't", said the salesman, but the girl insisted. The more she insisted that he stay, the more the salesman refused. He gave all manner of reasons why he had to get to the city as soon as possible.

Finally the girl blurted out, "I know that you haven't been telling me the truth. Why won't you stay here tonight?"

"Well," began the salesman, "It's like this. I can't stay tonight because I haven't brought any grapefruit with me." And he ran down the steps and drove away.

● FOOTBALL

(Continued from Page 4)

The practice site has not as yet been chosen, although it is rumored that the squad will knit at Red Cross headquarters downtown. All punched out eyeballs and torn off legs as well as splintered spines will be treated at the IIT infirmary, more commonly known as the "Three Dueces", with Calvert Reserve. The linament will be applied with an egg beater and the afflicted area will be carefully rubbed down with a steamroller.

With the first conference game scheduled for New Years Eve at the City Dump, Coach Greco wants the entire student body to form the cheering section. He made it known that one special cheer must be included. It is "Rooty de Toot, Rooty de Toot. We're the Boys From The Institute". When asked why he wanted that particular yell, Greco blushed and shyly said, "Why I used to sing that to myself when I was running the elevator."

Dear Editor:

I have this Letter to You written to let You know that i have my first Year of German just completed. Why we this Course at all to take have is a Mystery to me. It has all my writing and speaking Habits disrupted. And i have no german learned. I flunked the Course.

Faith In Men

Well, it won't be long, boys. We hear via the grapevine that real soon now some of good old IIT's most beautiful coeds (ahhh!) will be out in this beautiful spring weather (isn't it super, though?) playing tennis and golf and baseball and simply EVERYTHING in the sunshine. (Shorts, too, of course.) Well, it won't be long then, boys.

Well, that certainly was a cute outfit that "Hippo" Bottomly wore to school last week, wasn't it though? I hear that a marine stationed in New Guinea (I really do think that is spelled wrong and I'm truly sorry, Editor Mokey) sent it to her and said that's what the girls wear down there. Dean Wite asked her to write and see if he hadn't forgotten to send the other half of it but it certainly was cute, wasn't it? Well, it won't be long now, boys.

Well, tonight's the big night. The Scroogie Floogies meet the Whosee's Doosies in the grand championship game of the Pink Bloomer Hopscotch League. Between halves Sonny Wiseman will engage Anna Uppercutt in a special challenge match. Sonny will use wrestling holds and Anna will employ psychology. It won't be long now, boys.

Well, we certainly think Charles Shaftstat should change the sign on his office door. It reads "Sport's Editor" and 17 coeds went in last week by mistake and haven't been seen since.

Well, hasta la tra-vista,
Poison Ivyrson

It is so now getting that all my english germanicized is. When for the Time i ask, it has outcame "How much Clock is it?"

Also, am i with Inflections infected. All my Adjectives with Endings now appear. But what to my Verbs happened not to a dog should.

For instance, sing i the old Song "The Bells for Me and My Gal are Ringing?" and i like it not.

This is my Problem. I speak english not, nor german. What should i about it now do?

Yours truly,
Strictlee von Hunger.

Dear Editor:

We read your last issue and we think you are a &"!*,%\$, a / # ¼!;* and further more you should &,\$;"! % / # 88*!!!

Abercrombie A. Zampavomitch Ed. note—Thank you, Mr. Zampavomitch. *Technology News* always appreciates constructive criticism. Dear Editor:

As an interested reader of your weekly publication. I have a suggestion which I believe will prove acceptable not only to you and your managing board but will enable the Institute's building program to be carried out with a saving of 7 and five-twelfths months.

I advocate that you alter the name of your publication to "Tech New", thus permitting a notable saving in newsprint and in linotypists' efforts. The remaining syllables—"nology—" could be combined to read "snology", a course dealing with the sex life of a snowflake, and could be used in all forthcoming promotional material.

Helpfully yours,
Harvey Sanderson

Fraternities & Sororities

TIE SHAFTA HIGH

The Tie Shafta High local order of the national order of the highly perfumated garbage collectors announce that they will have a dinner dance at their estate located at Natchez and Altgeld right next to the scenic coca cola plant #4, according to J. P. Schliemiser, Arsonator.

ETA RYE

The Eta Rye fraternity house was just burned down according to T. Stumphreys, PFC at arms in the fraternity. A wide search is now being made for Shet (fire proof) Squirmir, blaze ace and local torch dancer for questioning.

STRICKLY OUTA LUCK

The sad lasses from Strickly Outa Luck had sad luck at a party they recently threw for some engineers. The ten hearty men became so engrossed in bottled passion that they were shoved out of the door one at a time in a rather uncoordinated state. Wanted: ten men who like milk.

FELTA SAW—OUCH!

The hungry tigers from Felta Saw recently held a rushing party in the cafeteria. They not only cleaned out all the food "Sandy" had in stock but took most of the dishes and silverware also. The house was also cleaned recently and twenty-three and 73/97 bushels of dirt and garbage was hauled out. This, it is rumored, was due to a recent party.

GO DAMIT BLOW

Go Damit Blow did that, and with their leaving more Armour Air was vacated for the new hordes wishing to enter. They left because they all received scholarships to the Texas

school for the education and enrichment of barroom tactics.

FRY TATTA PIGMA

The Fry Tats held a house warming recently. Since they had no stove they kept warm by other means. Because of this several of the men have decided to transfer to the Pie chapter which is located in Florida and remain there for about twenty years. Rushing is in full swing with all the girls rushing out the front door. They have received many pledges and they intend to rush new men also when they get settled.

ALFA PIGS

The pigs have just completed a semester of sports activities, adding 2 new cups to their collection which is now in the hundreds. They win all the time because they always play themselves. Seventeen new men were captured and pledged at an impressive ceremony. Whips of course were kept hidden. A swim party was held at the largest outdoor pool in the world located at 916 East Randolph St.

RAMMIES

All the little rods have enjoyed the forced vacation due to incriminating evidence found at the frat house. All the men expect to come back after their release. Plans for the future include a fire proof frat house, an electric alarm system, and a better brand of beer.

DANDELIONS

The Dandelions recently held their "hellweek". Two men survived and will be initiated after a short period of 6 years. They also decided to buy a cabin in the hills for "fishing trips."

(See FRATERNITIES on Page 5)

"Boopsie" Stenger Displaces Charles Atlas

Once Underweight and Frail Kid Makes Good in Cold, Hard World

Rambling Wreck Attributes Success to Life in Putty Knife Factory and Coal Mine

"I am Charles Atlas (thump, thump—cough, cough) the 46 pound weakling who became a 97 pound man!"

With this stirring declaration, Professor Grant N. Stenger, one-man-gang of the phy. ed department, last week was unveiled as the hero of every Techawk student with a quivering double-litismus.

"You may not believe this," said Stenger, emerging from a stinging shower becomingly draped in a turkish towel bearing the inscription "Masser Hotel" which covered his muscular torso, "but it's straight from the front office." (He gestured vaguely in the direction of locker number 142.)

"When I was a lad I was very slight, distinctly unlike the splendid physical creation you see revealed before you now." Stenger allowed the towel to drop three inches, displaying a pair of large, muscular, well-developed ears. "Yes, sir, I had, er, was a sad sack."

"Well, when I got to high school I first decided to become a great athlete and devote my life to physical fitness. I tried out for the football team, and the coach assigned me to blowing up footballs before the game. The pump backfired, though, and I was laid up for three weeks with a sprained adnoid.

"By that time the basketball season was at hand and I reported enthusiastically for practice the first night of the season. Naturally I was nervous and stuttered; when they asked what my name was everyone thought I said 'Shasakovitchkovic,' the Irish Hank Luisetti. For the first month of practice the ordeal of suiting up before workouts tired me out to such an extent that I had to lay down and rest through the whole drill. They thought I was bored, and didn't bother me, though."

"Well, the opening game of the season rolled around and we were scheduled to meet the Armour Missionaries, led by Leaky Lake. Naturally I was assigned to cover him and in the first half held him to a bare 312 points while thrilling the crowd with a neat two-step on offense. My only difficulty occurred when passing the ball—invariably the ball remained behind while I would fly into the embrace of a teammate.

"After the game ended most of the girls began to gain the wrong impression of me due to my offensive passing ('Just let him try to make a pass at me,' they whispered as I skipped past) so I quit to go out for fencing."

"At last I had found my sport. No one could stab me when I pulled my ears in due to my wiry torso. Unfortunately, toward the latter part of the season I developed a perfectly horrid case of bad breath and went into a prolonged losing streak from which I never emerged. The coach kept dropping me lower and lower on the squad, and I never would have gained my present prominence if they hadn't dug me up when unearthing the foundation of the navy building."

With a happy sigh, Stenger breathed deeply from his portable oxygen mask and concluded his recital. "Naturally I was too weak to move so I have stayed on at IIT ever since giving the young men of Illinois Tech the benefit of my knowledge of how they too can gain fame in the athletic world."

"Those pictures of Charles Atlas in the pulp love magazines, you say? Well, have you ever had your picture taken through an electron microscope?"

"O.K. Let's go. ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, uh-huh."

Suds Sopping Tops Tournaments

An intramural beer drinking tournament will be held Friday night at the "You Know Where Inn." Although the supply of suds is rather low, John Cockroach, proprietor, assured Marv Larson that he would be able to meet the demands for the contest.

The contest will be run off in accordance with true beer garden style. Larson said that a starting gun would be used and anyone jumping the start would be required to drink a case of Pepsi Cola first.

The only difficulty Larson has run into is the war shortened supply of boats, oars, anchors, and life preservers. Due to the expected run on the back room, Larson has arranged with Park District officials to have the facilities of Amour Square open to everyone.

Manager Cockroach has also been preparing for the contest. He asserted that an elaborate system of piping and outlets have been provided so that individuals can draw their own fluid. When asked how he was going to compute the charges, Cockroach simply stated that the beer would be metered. This will keep an accurate check on the amount used.

When approached by various students about eligibility rules, Larson stated that they were very simple. No entries over 21 would be accepted unless they displayed their draft cards. All entries would be required to deposit 2 boxtops from that favorite American cereal "Boopsies" plus a thin dime to cover the cost of navigating them home.

Members of Beta Omega Nu volunteered their services as escorts. The swimming team also agreed to stand by in the event of an overflow—

The winner of the tournament will be awarded six sterling bottle caps in recognition of his ability along with a keg of beer and a see no eye dog for future escapades. Second place winner will receive a magnetic replica of his front door key to facilitate late entries into his abode. Larson said that the booby prize would be a free trip through the Bowman's Dairy pasteurizing plant at 41st and State.

The tourney will begin at eight o'clock in the evening with the solemn keg tapping ceremonies, with

Wiggly Field—Techawk Diamond



NEW CONSTRUCTION—Built in the main beer cellar of Chapin Hall, the new Techawk baseball diamond has seating capacity for the entire student body in the newly designed window bleachers.

Oil Drillers Hit Gusher; IIT Builds New Baseball Diamond

Wiggly Field has been designated as the name of Illinois Tech's new baseball diamond. Installed in a lower berth in Chapin Hall, it represents the initial step in the Institution's newly organized athletic program, which is eventually to overshadow the Big Ten, All-American Conference, and Idaho A & A.

D. Warbucks Builds New Pinochle Parlor

Work on the new \$6,735,000 Illinois Institution Stadium will commence immediately, according to Phineas P. Pimplehead, freshman volleyball manager.

Daddy Warbucks, on a tour through the Student Union to inspect juke box records and Weissman's office, noted the astounding lack of adequate equipment available for the chiefs of the navy unit to indulge in their favorite athletic pastime. "Imagine four schlemiels playing pinochle under the proboscis of Weissman, missing the joys of sunshine and fresh air, liable to intrusion by the female inmates at the institution," said Daddy.

Arnold M. Bulbusgut, assistant to Dean Grunter, concurred and immediately screamed orders to his secretary to contact Miles Van der Oath, chief of the design section (he has designs on nobody in particular). Oath tore down his office at 18 S. Michigan and had a new one built to provide atmosphere for the effective concentration on the new stadium. Constructed of glass, the Pinochle dome will solve the sunlight problem, and a radical new system of fresh air piping from Massachusetts.

Mr. Hide, librarian, officiating. The contest will then begin with the juke box blasting out "Anchors Aweigh."



Professor Sunbeam Wiseman, galloping dominoes mentor, revealed the hottest dope of the week, when he disclosed the candidacy of Howie Johnson for the position of head cheese in the recently formed co-physical-educational branch of IIT athletics. Howie, winding up his tenth term at Illinois Tech, and having held every other position on the campus, has entertained thoughts of this branch of collegiate life ever since Lewis transferred to the IIT campus. Interviewed by the Tech sports editor, Johnson let loose with: "What the IIT campus needs is more women with better organization of weight, and I am to further the cause by coordinating navy PT classes, under one of the stoop and strain boys, with an extensive waste fat drive on the damsels." Howie thus goes down in history, another of those famous characters who invaded ancient Grease with the aid of a well-organized group of muscle men.

ROSEMARIE

Substitute baseball manager Jake Shore, under the impression that

(See LINE UP on Page 1)

Knuckle Squad Defeats MIT

Fuzzing a mighty Massachusetts Institute squad under their knuckles, the stellar IIT squad shot out a wholesome victory of two kanicks to 1 for the National Marble Title before thousands at Ogden Field on April 1.

Led by mentor Rufe Oldenburger, whose uncanny hunches astonished all with every under-hand and over-hand trick known, the squad hit every shot. Much credit, however, should be given to Associate Coach T. J. Higgins who juiced every play.

What might be called the sensational shot of the day was Bill Smart's open hand shot with hubba-hubba on it that cleared the pot in one attempt. Another outstanding play came about when Bill Maier's fuzzy knuckle shot hit Coach Atom of MIT in the peepers and romping Coach Oldenburger flew his ground airplane convertible submarine into the ring and swallowed all the marbles.

Bob Davis opened the initial onslaught with a back hand swish of his mighty tennis racket picking up all the spheres between his woven cat-gut. Fleet-footed Ben Sutton sprinted past Davis snatching his racket and depositing it in the large hole being excavated off State Street. This stellar play netted IIT their first kanick and paved the way for victory. Wrestler Humpf forgot himself and pushed his opponent, Big Nose Brain of MIT, into the pot instead of his marble. All this excitement put Humpf in the penalty box. Furious over this, Big Nose blew his marbles into the pot to even the score.

Going into the final event with a neck and neck tally, the fun really began to fly. Both teams put their heads to the ground and in a burst of superhuman effort, coasted Oldenburger and Higgins tickled their boys until they laughed and coughed up all their marbles into the hole. Alas, victory for IIT! Now they have all their marbles—or have they?

Football Added to Tech Sports List

The not so Associated as it used to be Press recently disclosed that the Illinois Institution of Technology has been received into the Big Ten in place of the Chicago Cacoons. Alphonso Greco, elevator operator at the Institution has been named head coach while O. Gordon (Tonsil Beater) Erickson has been given charge of the signal calling department.

At present Coach Greco is scouting local Boy Scout organizations in the hope of signing some gridiron hopefuls. The coach is also anxious to sign up Kilroy. According to the mentor, "Diagraming plays would be a cinch with his outstanding artistry and ability."

Although Greco was criticized for his appointment of Erickson, the all round, up and down athlete stood fast on his decision. He indicated that signals would be sung rather than be spoken as is customary and he plans to add Lauritz Melichior to his team. If Melichior does accept terms he will become a first rope player and will be known as the "Singing Hunchback."

Several practice games are scheduled, including contests with Webster School's Kindergarten and the "Home for Decrepit and Benevolent Scrubwomen Who Have Lost Three Little Sheep and Whose Theme Song is Oh, My Aching Back". Greco is optimistic over the Webster game but is in doubt about the HFDABS-WHLTSLAWTSIOMAB tilt. "Those danged old maids are slippery customers", stated the coach.

(See FOOTBALL on Page 3)

Nineteen extra-duty men from the physics lab (copying reports) will dedicate the new structure, making it possible for the athletic department to enjoy a well earned afternoon off from cleaning the lint off the cinder path on Ogden field. "Those awful track men get it simply filthy," said John Schommer, athletic director. "Don't they?" echoed Sunbeam. "I got it from the front office that they get their feet all over it," said Grant Park Stenger, blowing a cloud of smoke rings in the clear Techawk atmosphere.

It is expected that the coal mine operators roaming across the field may cause confusion in the ranks of Dreary Wiseman's diamond men during the game, but to date the performances on Ogden Field have been confusing enough to the average spectator (average—12), and the location of the new structure may serve to alleviate at least this aspect of the mess.

Technology News Sponsors Washroom Writing Contest

Technology News, the world's greatest college newspaper, has announced its annual Washroom Writing Contest under the supervision of Dr. S. I. Harykary, author of the book "Poems in Action."

Applicants may be any individual at IIT who has frequented these sacred shrines, all except those few who go in the door marked, "Faculty." All one has to do is submit a finishing line for the poem printed above together with two box tops marked "Serutan." Deadline for the entries is Wednesday at 5 p.m. Entries should be placed on the nearest washroom wall.

Jim Mopey, editor, stated that first prize will be two beautiful red and blue indelible pencils for the furtherment and pursuit of the famous art of washroom writing. Second prize will be three art gum erasers for men without imagination.

Technology News

Washroom Writing Contest

THE POEM ON THE WASHROOM WALL SHOULD BE A WARNING TO US ALL, THAT IF WE'RE NOT ON THE BALL

.....

* * *

my last line is:

.....

CLIP OUT AND POST IN NEAREST WASHROOM

● **AS I SEE IT**
(Continued from Page 1)
of the table and smiled and banged his little gavel.
AND DANCE club! Well I never! Never had I seen such a dance club as last Wednesday night. Never! There were just oodles and oodles of people there—and they were all persons! The music was just divine and the floor was out of this world. I simply danced my feet off. JUST THINK of the lovable Junior Week being planned for next May. Everyone is beavering his head off trying to make the affair a rousing success. Each and every last one of us really owes it to dear old IIT to get entirely behind the effort and push!
THE ORCHIDS this week should be given to the unknown genius who was so sweet as to wash the window in Main Building. I could actually see out of it this morning, actually, that is.
DO YOU know that I feel just so utterly utter that everything seems ducky. There is nothing in the world that is wrong right now; I mean really; really that is; really.

● MILES VON DER ROAD (Continued from Page 1)

and by the Deltas for storing used beer bottles.

The metallurgy building will consist of a deep hole in the ground, covered over by dirty old planks. Students will thus be given an opportunity to study underground rock formations at first hand and will aid considerably in the construction of a new sewage system through their perpetual diggings.

No plans have as yet been formulated for the proposed student union building since ITSA president, John Makielski last week declared his intention of expanding the campus westward to encompass the ground now occupied by the Three Deuces. The building will probably not be altered appreciably.

Plans for a Technology News Memorial Building, dedicated to students who have lost their sanity on Fridays nights in the service of their avocation, have been abandoned with the acquisition of Tribune Tower last week. Made possible through the generosity of Col. McCosmic, who simultaneously congratulated the Chicago Sun for its political stands, the building will be ready for occupancy soon.

The only activity which will not be benefited through this gigantic undertaking is the athletic department. In explaining this situation, Bernhard "Sonny" Wiseman stated, "I feel that our present facilities are more than adequate for a full program of intercollegiate activity. As a matter of fact we are considering giving Ogden Field back to the Indians." Mr. Wiseman is expected to return from Professor Spear's Home for Decrepit Mentalities late next week.

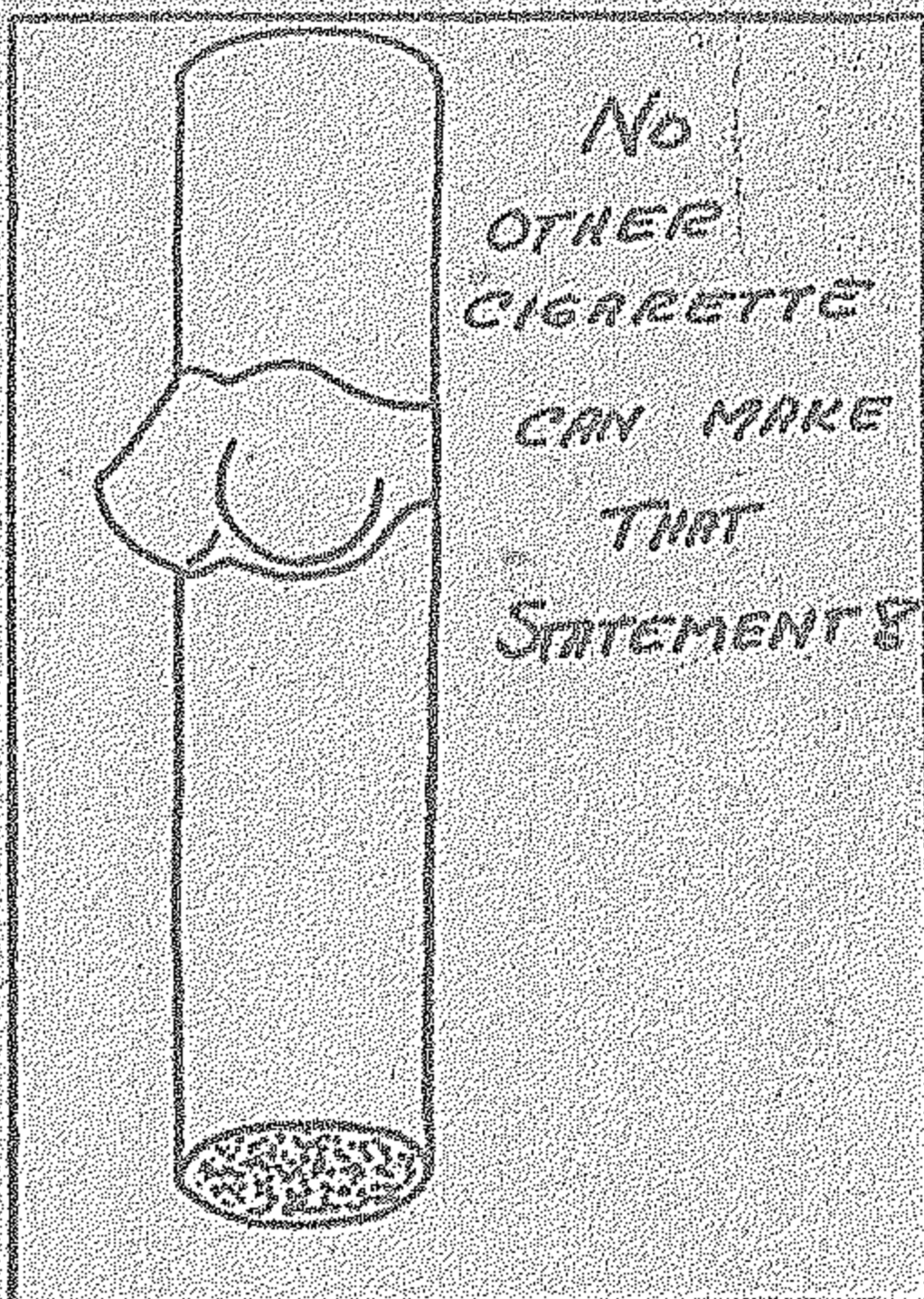
● HAPPY HENERY (Continued from Page 1)

campus against yours with a bottle of Seven-up thrown in. So there."

Heald answered unflinchingly, "Although I realize I am giving seven to one odds, I accept, and raise you a strawberry milkshake."

With a hushed silence obtained, Heald drew a pair of dice from his left hand trousers pocket and rolled a pair of deuces. "See," he screamed, "two and two is not four. It's LIT-TLE JOE!!!"

Pandemonium broke loose. Electrical engineers were electrified and atomic engineers were atomized. Fire protection engineers burned, and civil engineers even cussed. IIT



● FRATERNITIES (Continued from Page 3)

STIGMA BETA LATER

The Stigmas recently had a cake sale. Twelve IIT men were dead before the news got around. The remaining 3673 lbs. of cake was given to Department of Mineralogy of the University of Chicago and to the Firm Guys Cement and Concrete Company. After the trial they expect to resume their activities on campus. Warning is hereby served to all local men that these girls are "Out to Thrill."

SLY ANGLE

The Sly Angles have decided to dissolve their fraternity and go into hiding because 93.2% of all their actives flunked out when their grades fell below 0.00 said Con Teetsey. They also have decided to sell their study table for a bar.

PREHISTORIANS

The Prehistorians were founded shortly after the last drunken engineer was dragged away from the construction scenes at Armour. Originally known as the "Society for the Advancement of Loose Youth", when it became known as the oldest the organization changed its name unknown institution in the world outside of Armour.

CRAPPA FLY-DELTAR

The Crappas have just opened their new Sorority house. It is located on 12-17 South State Street in the heart of the finest section of the city. At the latest business meeting they decided to get down to bare facts and when they found that they were \$373 to the negative they decided to merge.

had won the University of Chicago in a dice game!

In order to soothe the students' homesickness the Institooters will take their fieldhouse along. It will be placed atop the International House as a living memorial of the glory that was once Technology Center.

Atomic Bomb Test Switched From South Pacific to IIT

The transferring of the site of the coming atomic bomb test was announced today by Seaman NO Class Howiemac Adam, IIT's big blowout in charge of atomic bombs and firecrackers. Said Adam, in disclosing the change of plans, "Boom!"

Originally scheduled for the South Pacific and intended to be tried on several hundred old warships, the trial was switched to IIT because it was felt that all mankind can be better served by an atomic bomb in the middle of Ogden Field. All rodent residing in the field have been asked to vacate as the price of atomized meat is unstable.

Though expected results are a closely-guarded, top-secret, and more or less unknown collection of obscurities, the situation has been clarified for students of the subject by an ambitious treatise by an obscure scientist who refuses to let his name be used. Unfortunately, the treatise is not available for release at this time. According to one competent observer the end result of the experiment will be a large hole. Other authorities do not concur. What the answer is, you may well ask; and we may well answer: "We don't know!"

In foreign circles it is being rumored that (six words censored) to the extent of being (four words censored) and furthermore that (hell of a lot taken out here). Since this dispatch comes to us through our foreign office it must be presented to you in this manner.

Latest information released indi-

cates that the large excavations now being unerected along State St. will be used as observation points by Mayor Smelly and his group of befuddled brain trusters. The mayor is contemplating doing up the explosion in water colors.

Highlight of the event will be a solo rendition of the Ballet Russe by B. "Daughter" Dumbboy. The entertainment is intended as an international gesture of good will.

Seizure of New Pledge Announced by Too Pae

Conrad Q. Finkelhauser, social chairman of the Sigma Too Pae honorary today announced the seizure of a pledge, Elmer Hairburner.

Last Wednesday the fraternity was bored at a lecture on inorganic stuff by Professor I. C. Ewe. After the diatribe, the kids were served arm coke and the rotten biscuits. A miserable time was had by all.

Tomorrow the boys will hold a dinner at which they will play host to the fraternity chapter of Webster Sub Normal. Tea and crumbs will be served. Heinrich Dumbjoe's Fife and Drum Corps will furnish music.



AWARD FOR SERVICE

A sleeping village in the path of a raging flood . . . at her switchboard an operator makes call after call to alert the community and summon aid. She leaves only when rising waters reach the board and the building itself becomes flooded.

For this and similar acts of public service, more than 1,200 telephone men and women have received the Bell System's most coveted award—the Theodore N. Vail Medal.

Service to the public has long been a tradition in the Bell System. The thought "service first"—day by day as well as in emergencies—has helped give this nation the best communications service in the world.



She's Lovely —

She's Beautiful —

She's Engaged —

She Uses Kitchen Kleanser

SEE IT AT YOUR DEALER.

ASK FOR THE BIG FREE TRIAL

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Graves Admits He is a Genius

Dr. D. (for Digger) Graves, professor of uneconomic theory at the Illinois Institution of Technicology, has just announced the publication of his latest book on methods of producing paper profits.

The book is entitled "Misrepresentation Made Easy," or "The Con Man's Handbook." It also contains a preface by Hale Drozen on the futility of life because of the refusal of people to abide with the laws of price determination.

Dr. Graves, when interviewed, reluctantly and modestly admitted that his book was "the most sensational, soundest, original, profound, scholarly work ever written. It is the most interesting, well written masterpiece to be printed since the day of Dante's 'Inferno.' No one will be able to set it down once he begins to read."

The reporter who succeeded in reaching the unapproachable and shy Dr. Graves persuaded him to allow the advance announcement of one on his latest discoveries related in the book. Up to now there have been two schools of thought on the subject of cash accounts having credit balances. The first claims that it is an impossibility; the other says that it is just a mistake. After a long period of research and observation, Digger has proved them both wrong. It is both a possible and correct statement when referring to a budget drawn up by a woman.

At the completion of the interview, the publicity shy genius stopped twisting the reporter's arm and released the thumb screws. The reporter will be out of the hospital by the end of the year.

Destroyer USS Hall Joins IIT Navy Unit

The USS Alumni Hall, newest addition to the IIT naval unit, belongs to the Drydock class, with a 191 foot displacement, and a main battery of sixteen inch slide rules and four T square guns.

It has peacetime complement of eight handcrabs and 125 half baked blue oysters. The Commanding Officer is U. P. Landborne, holder of the Navy Cross awarded for conspicuous gallantry in the battle of 33rd and Federal.

The USS Alumni Hall has on its bow drawings of three IIT buildings, signifying victory over the Chemical Engineering, Chemistry, and Liberal Arts buildings, in the battle of construction.

The Alumni Hall is being refitted at Pier 3, on 32nd and State. Captain Landborne stated that the power station is being expanded to include candle power in the T square gun rooms. Accessories for seasick sailors will be placed on the second deck, within reach of the officers' quarters.

The crew was recently granted a six day leave to attend mental hygiene classes at the recreational center behind the Art Institute.

All-Purpose Machine Is Developed at IIT

Illinois Institution of Technicology has good reason to be proud of the fine equipment it possesses. Recently a new machine, the invention of two of IIT's foremost instructors, Dr. P. J. Rompson and Dr. F. O. Longgold.

In describing the machine, Dr. Longgold said, "This machine will serve as a combination atom smasher, electron counter, voltmeter, ammeter, calculating machine, coffee dispenser, and malted milk shaker."

Dr. Rompson spoke enthusiastically about the device's capabilities. "This machine represents the high levels to which engineering know-how and research can ascend. We have just completed the first job on the machine. The process required only the full time work of 270 mathematicians, engineers, and clerical workers for seven months.

First ME Class at IIT



LOCO-MOTION—Pictured above are the students who were enrolled in ME 000, a course given in 1875. Professor Henry L. Sackman can be recognized as the barefoot boy on the far right.

First Mechanical Engineering Course to be Rejuvenated

Dr. John Retaliation, ME department head, today announced the rejuvenation of IIT's first mechanical engineering course, ME 000. He stated that the course will be under the supervision of Professor Hank Snackman, who was one of the original students enrolled in the course. This will not be the same course that was offered in 1895, he bellowed, but will contain among other things a derivation of the famous schlemel factor, 2 pi.

Mr. Snackman gave a brief description of the derivation of this famous quantity. By taking a polar vector inscribed in a unit circle and multiplying the guderanian of the function by its square crossed into the partial of the distance to the moon, all one has to do is add this to the hyperbolic log tangent of Einstein's equation. By a simple division of the result by the matrice of three-and-a-half things taken ten-and-a-quarter at a time, the bright young student just has to multiply by the integral of epsilon to the infinity cubed and if he is given an epsilon he can find a delta such that this

function plus phi(x) minus the function will be less than epsilon. All that is left is to take the limit as the tensor of delta approaches the square root of five and four sixths and THE ANSWER IS TWO PI; and two pi or not two pi that is the question.

Some other basic features of this fine course will be the determination of the termite capacity of Machinery Hole, oops, Hall. The inside workings of the outsides of boilers will be discussed in detail not to mention a fire cure for athletes foot. Snackman will be assisted by Mr. Hoodandholster and Z. Z. Twinecord. There will be seventy-five classes in the subject and it is open to the natives of this district as well as people.

Flatop President Of Cruelty Society

Carl Flatop has been elected president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Students at a meeting of the herd last Sunday morning. Also elected were Nicodemus Beezlebrain, vice president; Flaviknyz Nutloose, secretary; and Clamson Snifflerpuss, treasurer.

The Society will have a busy season; they plan to blow fuses, switch labels on containers in labs, lynch delinquent profs, and break windows among other peaceful activities.

The boys are proud of their consistent record in the school. No one is accepted who has a better than 0.5 average. All members must promise never to hand in any homework. They must have no contacts with other school organizations. Being seen at any Institute extra-curricular activity means instant expulsion from the SPCDS.

The SPCDS herd gathers every thirteen days in the basement of the new chemistry building. The boys are not concerned over the absence of the building—they meet in one of the craters on the future site of the building.

Last semester the SPCDS held several lecture meetings. They were honored by the appearance of "Slippery" Clodhopper, late of Joliet who explained on the ways and means of beating the Honor System.

This semester, experts on arson, counterfeiting, and class cutting will be guest speakers.

Homely Economics Prof To Talk on Doughnuts

Prof. Santa Clouse of the Homely Economics dept., will speak at Illinois Institution of Technicology tomorrow before a group of homely economics students. The subject of her talk will be "The Nutritional Advantages of Doughnut Dunking."

Mrs. Clouse is a well known authority on the styles and types of doughnut dunkers.

Dr. W. Goodman Falls Asleep In Class During Dull Lecture

Students Amazed as Former Advocate Of Alertness Goes to Land of Beddy-Bye

Former Hotfoot to Head Boy Sprouts At This Institution

As of March 31, 19948, troop 10 of the Boy Sprouts of America will be recognized at the Illinois Institution of Technology.

William Badman, professor of refrigerated remarks and cold shoulders will be sponsor. It is said that, Mr. Badman is the man for the job; he loves the joyous laughter of little voices and the patter of little feet. He is a proponent of "less sleep for students". He has been a Boy Sprout for 125 years, and had reached the high rank of hotfoot at the age of 22. He was then asked to go to another troop so as not to discourage the new crop of aspirants. With the transfer he began his rapid rise in the sprout world. He went from hot-foot to beagle, to 2nd class, to star, and finally became a member of the Order of the Sparrow—in fact, he even reached the 2nd degree of the order. At Camp Sam Beard, he finally asked to become an exposer, the intermediate Boy Sprout group.

The exposers are said to be the cream of the crop—they are put in this classification for want of another. Their activities are just what the name is—exposers.

Here at Illinois Institution of Technology, the Boy Sprouts are expected to be one of the most successful overgraduate activities, according to Dean Jack Black. They are planning to hold outdoor meetings so that each man can show that he really deserves to belong to the movement. He must light a fire with only ten matches.

The men will be expected to work constantly on their demerit badges. They must make it a point to sass the profs back, whisper through every lecture, and sleep through half the lectures. They must race everyone for seats in the streetcar. And if by chance, the other person wins, sit right on top of him. If they see a blind man or a helpless old lady they must push them down in a puddle.

During the Christmas holidays, the Boy Sprouts plan to set up camp in the dense forest of Ogden Field. They will live in pup tents, cook their meals over a fire (Bunsen burner) and make thirty mile hikes each morning before breakfast.

They are planning many social events. The first being a strictly formal dinner dance. Dinner will

Questions Fall On Sleepy Ears Machinery Theory Snows Prof Under Lecturer Sinks Into Chair With Sigh of Exhaustion Period's End Comes Before Students Awaken Teacher These Things Don't Happen

Professor Updown Talk To Take Up Elevators

The position of elevator operator will be the topic of a speech by Prof. G. P. Updown at the all-school assembly next Friday at 11 p.m. Dr. Updown is head of the aeronautical department at SIT.

The speech will cover all phases of the position, including the effects of high altitude on the efficiency of the operator and the rules on frosh passengers.

The advantages of hand-driven elevators will be demonstrated by colored slides of the brake power in the elevator on the Main Building at SIT.

Dr. Updown has just finished a public opinion survey on the question of elevators and the sample reaction is positive. Apparently the hand-driven elevator is here to stay.

Pinagain Goes Mad

Professor Pinagain, head of the FPE department, has left Illinois Institution of Technicology for a brief rest at the Bide-A-Wee sanatorium. His collapse was brought about as a result of frustration caused by his failure to set the new Alumni Hall on fire. Said "Fire Bug" Pinagain as he was being taken away, "It's not fair. I tried for 25 hours to burn that place down. That damn glass won't burn."

be served in the Luxurious Dining Room, commonly known as the cafeteria with music furnished by Womer Hickman and his band. As the guests leave the dining room, Womer and his boys will assume their places on the fifth floor of Main, sometimes referred to as the gym.

If you would like to join this organization, see Mr. Badman on the 18th floor of Machinery Hall. Any elevator will take you there. Mr. Badman can be found entangled in a maze of refrigerator coils trying to figure his way out with a slide rule and data book.



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