

INFORMATION FOR FREE

Perhaps the gentlemen who are opposed to football don't realize it but the Institute is harboring one of the greatest single collections of broken-field runners in the country.

Even such able grid factories as Notre Dame must spend more than a little of its time in hunting for material for the coming seasons. Were the Irish to glimpse some of the talent currently frittering away their time at IIT they would pale at the thought of having Illinois Tech on their grid schedule.

Anyone who doubts these statements might spend an afternoon on the corners of 33rd and State streets, or 35rd street and Wentworth Avenue. The number of students who cross these corners daily without becoming another statistic on Chicago's death list is a tribute, not to the educational facilities of the Institute, but to a massive crop of undeveloped talent.

They say that George McAfee, former Duke all-American now with the Chicago Bears, would start faking out opponents 30 yards away. McAfee is a bush-leaver compared to the boys and girls of Illinois Tech who day after day send those 10-ton trucks careening off in the wrong direction after a near miss.

It must be the sporting blood (ha!) of the members of the administration that allows these activities to go on without benefit of traffic lights. Perhaps they—along with the Chicago Traffic Commission which probably insists not enough traffic passes those corners—are amused at seeing the occasional student, who was a split-second off in his timing, swept to the curb in pieces. But then these are the gentlemen who ride around in cars.

It's unfair to the student body and to the grid world in general that this talent is not exploited through a football team at Illinois Tech. After all, even George Connor, 236-pound Notre Dame left tackle, couldn't be as fearful at a State street.

● CURTAIN CALL

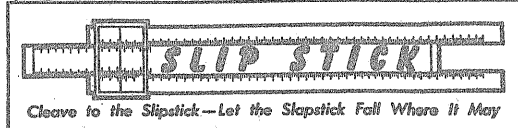
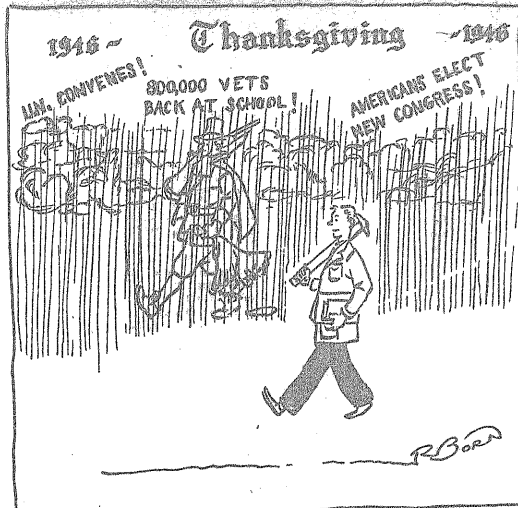
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million." This same "Saint Joan" is also one of the first stage plays I ever saw. I also had fun with Mr. Shaw from behind the footlights in "Candada."

His plays and the wit and philosophy in them are somewhat like olives or hard liquor in that you have to keep subjecting yourself to them to really enjoy them to the fullest. In fact, if you go to see "Saint Joan" and it is your first contact with G. B. Shaw I would advise you to go see it at least a second time. The first time you will undoubtedly be fascinated, but may go away from the theatre in rather a dazed and perplexed state of mind and emotions. But after the second time I know you will positively say it's the most wonderfully penetrating and caustic bit of slander on the follies of humanity that you have ever seen.

The play deals with just what you would expect from the title: The heroism, martyrdom, and sanctification of Joan D'Arc. How Joan, a poor country girl, persuades the foolish Dauphin later Charles VII of France, to put her in charge of the French armies to drive the English Goddamns from France; how she is burned at the stake by the Duquisition for heresy in her insistence on the right to follow God's will as revealed to her by heavenly voices; and later how she is absolved of this crime and raised to the stature of a holy person by the same church that killed her; and finally, four centuries after her death, she is elevated to sainthood for the very acts for which she was burned is the theme of the play.

But the theme is only the means for presenting Shaw's overtones on the absurdities of man-made pomp and power; and on the misuse of



Two drunks were standing on a street corner when a nude woman passed by.

First drunk: "Shay, did you see that?"

Second drunk: "(hic) Sure." First drunk: "Boy, how would you like to see that in a sweater?"

Parson: "Goodbye and God bless you. Be careful that the rowdies in town don't play any tricks on you."

Newlyweds: "Don't worry, Parson, they won't catch us napping."

Mother: "You acted wrongly in disobeying me. I am punishing you to impress it on your mind."

Sonny: "Aren't you proceeding under a slight misapprehension as to the location of the mind?"

this pomp and power for political expediency, Like Gilbert and Sullivan, Shaw is taking a swing at the high and mighties on the pedestals. Gilbert and Sullivan used farce set to music as their bludgeon; Shaw's club is his earnest seriousness spiked with hi ironical wit.

If after this dissertation you should still care to see "Saint Joan" why don't you drop up to the English department and get yourself a student's ticket. Admission to an evening of fine entertainment awaits you there at half price.

"Daddy, how do they catch crazy people?"

"Well, son, with rouge, lipstick and a fetching dress."

Remember, your girl still enjoys candy and flowers.

Let her know that you personally contacted hundreds of colleges and universities. In addition to their work in this country, they have established sixteen di-

A little nonsense now and then; A little horseplay on the side. Was relished by the wisest men Who really lived before they died.

Patron: Is it necessary to have the cat walking around the tables?

Waiter: When there's rabbit stew on the menu, the manager thinks it adds to the enjoyment of the meal if our cat is well in evidence.

A social worker went to visit the insane asylum and spotted a chap in the nude sitting in a cell with his hat on.

"My good man, that's no way to be sitting around. Why don't you put some clothes on?"

"Oh—nobody ever comes to see me."

"Why do you wear the hat then?"

"You can never tell . . . somebody might!"

THE OBSERVER

LOU FISHER BOB GUTHRIE

I suppose at one time or another we have all tried to imagine ourselves in the position of the signers of the Declaration of Independence—what feelings of futility—of fear—of hope—might we have experienced had we committed ourselves to such

means. Those epical moments in history in which man has risen to the task at hand are indeed few and far between. There is today, however, just outside Chicago, on the campus of Northwestern University, a group of students our own age who have dedicated themselves to a very bold, optimistic, and liberal cause—right or wrong may it be—the cause of "World Government."

"We the people of the earth—united across our national boundaries by our common desire for freedom, justice, and a warless world, . . . alarmed at the imminent threat of global war, . . . feel that a federal world government is an urgent necessity." So reads their petition which they and several other world federalistic organizations are circulating. Within the next few months they hope to garner over ten million signatures.

In a recent visit to the group's headquarters I could not help but be impressed by the students' inspiring will, their fanatical devotion to their cause, and most of all,—the amount of actual work that has been accomplished in the few months of their existence. About three hundred strong, these men and women have personally contacted hundreds of colleges and universities. In addition to their work in this country, they have established sixteen di-

Fraternities & Sororities

Sigma Beta Theta
The Sigma Beta Theta sponsor, Mrs. Helen Stevens, was the guest of honor at a Sigma dinner party at Bit O' Sweden, Sunday. Mrs. Stevens had just received an appointment as associate professor in the English department.

Arrangements for the annual Active-Alumnae Christmas Party in the loop have been completed. Mrs. Ise Gilbert, a charter member of the group, will be present.

Phi Kappa Sigma
Passers-by on the street might have wondered, had their gaze included the front room of the Skull House Saturday night November second. A low whistle would have been appropriate for the Phi Kaps were having their Halloween Kid's Party for the members and their

dates. The ladies, bless 'em, were all clad in skirts a full four inches above the knee. And all juvenile games were in order—among them, hop-scotch, jacks and toss the potato. Bob Mielke officiated at these games with his little "bronz-cheerer", eliminating the contestants with a vigorous "Braaack!"

The spirits of that evening were irrigated from a cider barrel and after the dust had settled, it was noticed that considerable quantities of the cider had been appropriated by George O'Brien and George House. They won't tell where their cache is hidden but talk about how time and impurities will improve the flavor.

Triangle
The Triangle Mother's Club is sponsoring a dancing and card party Saturday evening, December 7. The fellows may bring their dates, their mothers, or they may go stag. Three men were pledged at the last meeting; Ken Miller, Leonard Dale, and Robert Palkovic. Palkovic has returned to IIT after entering the service in 1939.

Ken Thompson stated that the Triangle T-shirts were now available to those who ordered them.

Noon meals in addition to suppers will be cooked at the fraternity house commencing December 2 by Mrs. Peterson stated Roy Norrlander, commissary chairman.

Sigma Alpha Mu
Newest addition to the Chapter is Sammie, a black four week old kitten, who was acquired by Al Wengerhoff on a scavenger hunt during the recent Halloween Party.

The house is being redecorated in part by the pledge class and plans are being made to renovate the interior entirely.

After a terrific struggle, and the excellent playing of Mark Levy, the chapter won the Inter-fraternity tennis tournament.

Al Raff and Lenny Rabins have arranged a hayride the last Saturday of this month and a suite of rooms have been obtained for New Years Eve at the Southmore Hotel.

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