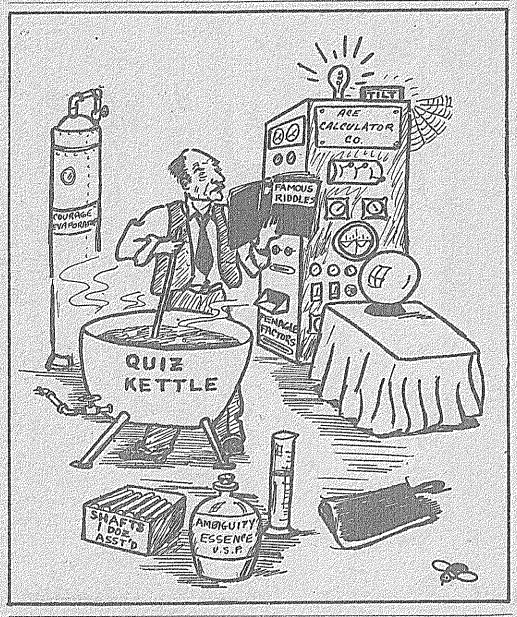
'House of Magic' visits campus today

"House of Magic," General Electric's science show which proves that scientific fact is stranger than fiction, will be presented in the NU auditorium, today, at 1 p.m. and again at 4 p.m. Admission is free.

A man shaking hands with his own shadow, visible sound, a toy electric train which obeys voice commands, and the lighting of an electric light with a match will all be demonstrated by William O. Hoverman, young engineer from General Electric's research laboratory. Rather than being a magic show, as the above would indicate, it is a demonstration of scientific phenomena discovered in research laboratories.

For seventeen years the "House of Magic" show has been presented at every major exposition, and for innumerable groups, all over the country. During this time it has been continually revised to keep it up-to-date. Now it is the most complete show of scientific phenomena in the country.



Active bidding brings auction profits to $20

By Bill Wechter

"Who'll bid 30 cents for this notebook full of valuable information? . . . Well, who'll bid 20 cents for this notebook? Just look at it, men (I use the term loosely), the fine construction, the firm lines, a complete math pony and all that sort of rot . . . SOLD to the gentlemen in the rear for one thin dime."

Yes, over forty-two items were disposed of at bargain basement prices during the auction of unclaimed lost and found articles last Tuesday. Cliff Nelsen, the hockey stick wielding auctioneer, kept the bidding lively for over half an hour. His assistants, Harry Ashbridge and Monica Migesz, reported an income of $20.13.

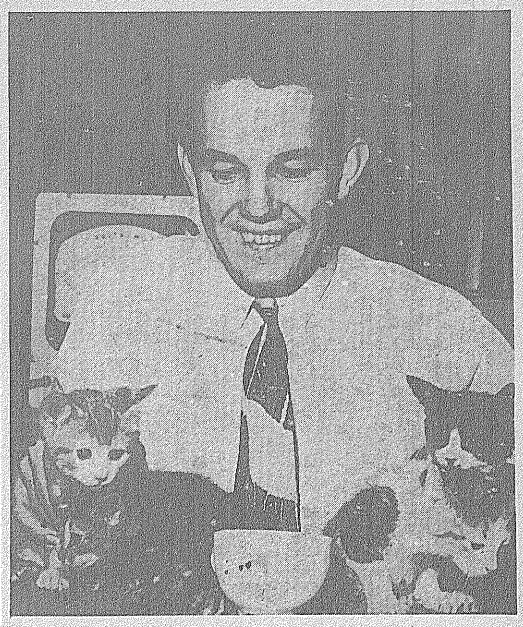
Biggest bargain of the day went to Bob Gach who stole a three ring notebook for the magnanimous amount of two cents. It is believed that Louis Pernick is the most puzzled purchaser of the auction. He got away with a book on Star Altitude curves for 15 cents.

Suddenly, during the normal trend of bidding, the swag was pushed to 55 cents for a closed bag. Upon opening it, Orlando Marvella found filter paper, two beer glasses (one somewhat damaged: broken, that is) a can of Half and Half pipe tobacco (for a friend(?) who might like stale smoking) a miniature jack, and a gear for ME 322. Murray Luftglass, another to fall heir to a closed bag, found a somewhat overused Shick razor, comb, combination lock (no combination) and some extraneous dirty laundry.

So until the next time there is an auction I remain in hope someone will lose a Cadillac.

Airplanes buzz Ogden

The IIT Model Airplane club held its second outdoor meet of the year Saturday. The speed event was dominated by Ernie Iversen, who managed to top all other contestants by clocking 104.0 mph, Second was Don MacKenzie with 78.3 mph. In the stunt event Hank Nicinski walked away from the field after he put his white stunt ship through a series of inside and outside loops, figure eights, and inverted flights. A number of unfortunate accidents due to high winds prevented the combat event from being run as originally scheduled.



"PSYCHOLOGIST AND FRIENDS" might aptly describe this scene as Ross A. Dykman poses with four kittens destined to cause a stir in the science of psychology.

'Cat Man' Dykman working for Ph. D.

By Otto Kroh

Ross A. Dykman, instructor in the department of psychology and education, asserts that he was born in the usual way in Pocatello, Idaho. He attended George Williams college, but due to turbulence on the international scene, his education was interrupted by Uncle Sam.

Appearing at the induction center, a sergeant told Mr. Dykman that in view of the fact that he had taken many courses in physiology and allied subjects he would make a good man for the medical department.

"No, I'd like to do something different," he said.

"Well, how are your feet?" asked the sergeant.

Unwittingly, and more than somewhat naively, Mr. Dykman replied, "Fine. Never had a bit of trouble with them in my life."

Highest grade attained by Mr. Dykman was sergeant in, needless to say, the infantry.

George Williams college awarded him a BS degree, and in the summer of 1946, Mr. Dykman found himself enrolled in the University of Chicago where he was in attendance until the fall quarter of this year.

At present he is putting the finishing touches on his doctoral dissertation. His research work for the dissertation has been carried on entirely at the Illinois Institute of Technology under a grant awarded to Dr. Phil S. Shurrager, chairman of the department of psychology, and his wife, Dr. Harriet C. Shurrager, by the U. S. Public Health Service.

Mr. Dykman has read a paper on this work at a University of Chicago symposium on human development, and is to read another at the American Society for the Advancement of Science seminar over the Christmas holidays.

He teaches courses in introductory, child, physiological and social psychology, his working day beginning at eight oclock "or thereabouts" in the morning and extending until midnight. Almost any Saturday—or Sunday, for that matter— that one walks into the physiological psychology laboratory in 406C, he will find Mr. Dykman among hordes of meowing cats.

One might say that the perimeters of time are ill-defined in the case of this psychologist. Yet he believes that the good student should spend a wholesome portion of his time in recreational outlets. Mr. Dykman, at present doesn't practice what he preaches.

In spite of his business, Mr. Dykman likes students and encourages them to "stay around." More than one innocent person has strayed into the laboratory to view the proceedings and has wound up in some voluntary capacity with a job lasting several months. In Mr. Dykman's opinion, the laboratory is one of the greatest single educational devices offered, if the student has the ability to profit from such an experience. Students have worked with this psychologist for hundreds of hours without receiving a single credit hour or a single cent of remuneration.

Gaebler's Black and Gold Inn, Columbia, Mo.

Gaebler's Black & Gold Inn at Columbia is the favorite off-campus haunt of University of Missouri students. That's because Gaebler's is a friendly place, always full of the busy atmosphere of college life. There is always plenty of ice-cold Coca-Cola, too. For here, as in college gathering spots everywhere—Coke *belongs.*

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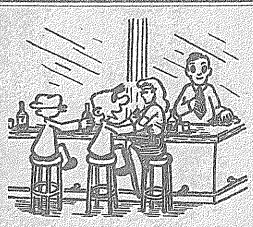

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