

Grim fairy tale found buried in ITSA files

A few ITSA Board members, whose identities are being concealed, unearthed a weird manuscript buried in the dusty files of ITSA. It is not an official paper, brimming with parliamentary phrases, but an allegory. Its clever authors realized that its meaning could be best preserved in a fable, as were *Gulliver's Travels* and *Alice in Wonderland*.

ONCE upon a time, in the land of Itsa, lived the Hawke family. There were Poppa and Momma Hawke and their only son, Techie. They worked hard for many years to gather money to put Techie through school. Techie even worked summers in a screw machine factory and painted cars for a policy runner after high school.

Though Poppa and Momma Hawke wanted Techie to be a very brilliant fellow, they still couldn't afford to send him to M.I.T. Instead, Techie went to the village school.

As the first day of school neared, little Techie was wild with joy. He had great dreams of all he would do. He was going to be *somebody*. He was going to be *active*. Then the great day arrived. Momma and Poppa Hawke sent Techie off to his first orientation lecture at the crack of dawn. Patting his pointed little head, they said, "Come back smart, Techie," and little Techie skipped gaily away.

During Orientation Week, Techie heard all about the importance of studies and the value of activities. He saw upperclassmen who spoke to the new students. They had long chains from their belts to their pockets, heavy with shiny gold trinkets that were dragging on the floor. Little then did he realize their terrible meaning.

These men—they called them "senior advisors"—told him all about activities. Techie's face glowed with enthusiasm as he heard of them. There was the road to campus leadership. "Activities, them's for me!" cried Techie exultantly. With 87 activities to choose from, what was Techie going to do? Oh, what to do? Suddenly, he remembered that he had a campus leader who was to be his advisor. "That's who I'll see," decided Techie.

Some days later, Techie saw his counselor in the cafeteria, dissolving his lunch of hard tack and cleaning his slide rule with coffee after a grueling machine design quiz. Techie walked up to him

on tiptoe, and timidly tugged on the grimy senior's key chain. The ponderous chain clanked, and savagely, the senior turned to face the cowering Techie. Techie summoned his courage to blurt out, "Mr. Senior Advisor, what can I do about activities?"

"Go way, you bother me," the disturbed senior growled. He turned back to his work of relocating the fudge factor on his slide rule.

"But please, sir; it's important," Techie begged. "What about activities?"

"Activities, schmactivities!" roared the senior, his key chain support creaking dangerously. "All right, Techie, I'll tell you what; we have six kinds of outfits here on campus: dependent, semi-dependent, independent, de-active, semi-active and in-active. Take your pick!"

"Dependent? On what?, and Sir, didn't you forget *active* organizations?"

At this the senior's face blanched, and he shivered as he hissed, "Don't mention that word around here. It's dangerous and forbidden."

"Why?" said Techie innocently, scuffing his right toe behind his left heel. "Is it a dirty word?"

"It's worse," replied the senior, somber now. "If the Dragon of Apathya ever heard you say it, you would be stamped 'Non-profit' and thrown by Force onto a dark shelf in the bookstore."

The senior looked cautiously about to see if any one else had heard their conversation and then turned ominously to Techie. "Just remember never to say it or you may have to wear a prisoner's key chain like the one I am doomed to wear. Now beat it, kid, and keep your nose clean."

This being all the information Techie could get from his counselor, he walked aimlessly away thinking "Does this campus leader take me for a dope? *Dragons* at the village school!" "Huh," he snorted, as the sound of the two o'clock class buzzer filled the air.

Is Techie a dope? Is there a real Dragon at the village school? What does the heavy key chain signify? Don't miss next week's installment!



as I see IT

By ED MICHELIC

CURIOSITY IS GREAT for drawing people to Junior Week exhibits, but the thing that makes them stay at an exhibit and enjoy it is showmanship. Being just a kid at heart, I prefer visiting exhibits with a lot of action in them, or, if inanimate, having some clever twist that holds my attention. I feel right in thinking that our visitors are like-minded.

I get a bang out of sparks that fly at the touch of a button, wheels rotating furiously, and a personable demonstrator who builds up one's anticipation of every "trick" and avoids a dragging anti-climax. The crowd doesn't want to be assured that "these phenomena can be explained by implementing physical concepts"; they want a show, and short, snappy explanations, if any.



It's grand experience for students to explain the workings of exhibit devices; they learn a lot about their subject and about people, too. True, the audience stands in awe of the beardless undergraduate who can inject a few mysterious technical phrases into his spiel, but they resent an attempt on his part to explain a process at length in technical language.

From the demonstrator's point of view, I realize that there are others besides those who tire quickly of the novelty and wish to move on. Some want more than a short explanation and will seek out a student or instructor in private.

Then there are those in the group who want to show their girl friend how smart they are. They will ask the demonstrator questions, trying to confuse him, or lacking that bravado, carry on a "private" explanation for their girl that everyone else can hear.

Rather than leave Junior Week display assignments to the last minute, as usual, I urge department committees to start picking men early and inspiring them with the spirit of showmanship. Of all considerations for student exhibitors, the qualities making for naturalness and ease of expression should be most sought, even over grade point average.

A local policeman stopped his squad car and hailed an inebriated gentleman who was making his dubious way down the street.

"Hey, you!" he shouted, "where are you going in that condition?"

"Gonna work," mumbled the drunk.

"Oh yeah," growled the officer, "what kind of work can you do in the shape you're in?"

"Minin'."

"Minin' what?" persisted the cop.

"Min'in' my own damn business," snapped the drunk, "and why don't you do the same?"

I had sworn to be a bachelor;
She had sworn to be a bride;
I guess you know the answer;
She had Nature on her side.

Little pay check, in a day,
You and I will go away
To some gay and festive spot;
I'll return but you will not.

"Well, my father has another wife to support."

"Bigamy?"

"Naw, I got married."

A young lady, aboard a fast streamliner, leaned out of her berth in the Pullman, and looked up and down the aisle eagerly.

Spying a young man, she asked, "Do you have the time?" "No," he replied, "nor the inclination either."

How about a parade?

To the Editor:

I wonder if anyone has ever thought of having a good old-fashioned, rip-roarin' parade as an integral part of the Junior Week festivities at IIT? At other schools, insofar as I have personally observed, parades of this type are very much in evidence for almost any type of occasion. Contrastingly I have been here for almost two years now without having seen a single parade, excepting the daily one to the 'L' at 5 p.m.

The enthusiasm with which the frats decorate their houses during Junior Week seems indicative of the enthusiasm with which they might attack a project of this type. The many organizations on campus could certainly make such an event an outstanding success.

I am not pretending that a project of this kind is easy to carry out, but I do think it a worthwhile one. Those actively engaged in campus organizations have become so with the purpose, at least in part, of gaining further recognition for Illinois Tech. And, to my mind, there is no better publicity stunt than a routin'-tootin' all-out parade.

P.V.C.

TECHNOLOGY NEWS

Published every Friday during the school year by the students of Illinois Institute of Technology, 3600 S. Federal, Chicago 16, Illinois. Entered as second class matter October 10, 1949, of the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Represented for national advertising by the National Advertising Service, Inc., 420 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Advertising rates furnished upon request. Subscriptions—Domestic \$1.00 per form. Foreign \$2.00 per form.

Editor-in-Chief.....ED MICHELIC
Business Manager.....CLIFF NELSON
Associate Editor.....JOHNNEY DEST
Managing Editor.....JOHN SCANNELLA
News Editor.....BERT COHN
Sports Editor.....LARRY SHAPIRO
Feature Editor.....BOB GREEN
Copy Editor.....JOE BASS
Copy Editor.....ROBERT ZEVITZ
Promotion Editor.....DAVE MILLER
Newsletter Editor.....VINCE MARSOIAIS

Slipstick

It has been rumored that King Solomon was the first UMW member because he took his pick and went to bed.

Father: "Late hours are bad for one."

Son: "Maybe, pop, but I ain't alone."

The progress that a young man makes with his girl friend depends on whether the oil he's using is refined or crude.

Techawk, to pretty girl: "Baby, the birds do it. Honey, the bats do it. Sweetie-pie, the little bees do it." Girl: "Are you suggesting that I take flying lessons?"

When you get slapped, she may not be wanting to hurt your feelings as much as she wants to stop them.

"I was looking at all the styles this afternoon. One dress shop either hadn't dressed the mannequins or the women just aren't wearing anything this spring!"

First Co-ed: "Jimmy is grand, but I think all men are trying, sometimes." Second Co-ed: "Men are trying a!! of the time, dearie."

Be seein' you soon enough again, fellas, so don't get excited!

Carbolic Gussie.