

# Techie's Grim tale gasps to a finish

Techie's senior adviser was just telling him that the Black Barons were being beaten by the White Barons. One Black Baron had found a way to avoid defeat by reading the front cover of his Technette.

**H**E went to the bookstore. 'Do you have any dragons?' he asked.

"Funny thing you asked that son," came the reply. "As it happens we're having a pre-inventory sale on dragons. I can let you have a big, green, vicious one, cheap. By the way, are you a veteran? You can't get dragons on your GI Bill until your third year."

"Not being a veteran, he paid cash for it, and after getting his dragon stamped by the man at the door, he returned to the battle.

"You can see what happened. The tide of battle changed; the Black Barons won. Now, they still have the dragon and hold him over our heads to keep us in submission. I, who was once a White Baron, have to wear my heavy keys as a symbol of my inadequacy in the 'Battle of Activity,' as it is now called."

"You mean that all those guys on campus that are wearing keys are White Barons?" asked Techie.

"Oh no! Not at all. At least not in the true sense of the word. They were in the battle but they gave up easily and, although they still have to wear keys, they received high positions in student affairs in return for their surrender. They are nothing but puppet leaders.

"As long as they show no initiative they can remain in office. In this way the Black Barons and their dragon are assured of having all dances fail, no attendance at assemblies or athletic affairs, and most of all, a newspaper that has the knack of saying nothing in a profound way."

"You can see, Techie, that these men are really worse than the Black Barons themselves. These men are to blame for everything."

"But what do you do about it?" asked Techie. "Are you just sitting back and letting things continue the way they are?"

"It appears that way to you," but actually big things are going on all the time. Two of our generals escaped the yoke of inactivity and right now are laying plans for an uprising. The day of activity is not too far off."

"But how will we know when they arrive?" said Techie excitedly.

"As legend has it, you will know them by these signs. They will be gay, handsome, debonair, student leaders, and will hold high student offices. They will be loved by all and hated by none. Their motto will be 'To accomplish the laugh is the primary consideration.' They will be noted for their song and dance routines during registration, and for their talent in the art of strip tease. They will be witty, carefree, and extremely intelligent and the most well rounded students on campus. They will succeed in all endeavors and last but not least they will be preceded by a horse in the cafeteria."

"But 'Campus Leader,'" said Techie. "There are two students now, who—"

"I know, Techie. There are two students who fit this description, but they have not made their plans known yet. Maybe they are the true leaders and maybe they aren't. If they are they will act within the next week; if they aren't, we will just have to wait a little longer. But don't worry, they'll come eventually."

## Insignia ban questionable

The ruling passed by ITSA which bans the wearing of emblems, letters, and insignia foreign to Illinois Tech leaves some question in the minds of these writers as to the legitimacy and logic of the measure. The arguments brought forth by Honor I, proponents of the law, simmer down to a petty attempt to remove from the campus any letter or emblem that would detract from the glory of that awarded by the Tech athletic department.

Honor I in the past demanded that they be allowed to approve all Tech emblems. Now they have gained, through the action of ITSA, the sanctions of the administration disciplinary committee. Thus, it becomes a "criminal act," subject even to dismissal from school, to wear apparel not appealing to the "athletic I."

Questioned as to whether he thought the decision was a reflection of student opinion, James Gaffney, ITSA president, stated, "I'm not concerned with the majority opinion. I vote for what I believe is best for the students." Obviously, Gaffney believes the students require the guiding hand of the "protecting Father" to insure ethical conduct.

In the interests of student welfare and peace of mind, we promise humbly to approach the almighty Honor I to gain permission to wear discharge buttons, class rings, tattoos, and monogrammed BVDS.

John W. Scannell  
Melvin M. Friedlander

## as I see IT

By ED MICHELIE

"APATHY" BY ANY OTHER NAME would still smell as bad. With apologies to Shakespeare, I want to answer some of the questions hurled at me about the Grim Fairy Tale we are concluding this week.

Why a fairy tale? Why a "Dragon of Apathy"? First of all, fanciful stories can sometimes carry a moral more effectively than a learned editorial. The "Dragon" is just a butt for the harping once carried on in these columns to the effect that our student body was apathetic, their activities trifling and mismanaged and that campus leaders were ineffective.

The story outgrew the minor proportions it was designed for and ran in three issues. As a good smash-bang ending, it would have been terrific to parade a Mardi Gras style "Dragon of Apathy" about the campus and submit it to the indignity of being killed off on the eve of the All-Star IM-IF game and following dance.

But what happened? No one was in a position to afford a dance this evening, least of all this newspaper. Our dragon idea went "floopy" when the price tag on the nearest healthy dragon read \$300. Downed by EE lab reports and flu, little Reb missed cartoon inserts for the last installment of the story. So, here we are, without a smash ending. Does the Dragon have the last laugh after all?

Now the question, "Well, if you don't like the setup, what better ideas have you got; who are your 'generals'?" In answer to that, I would like to write a long editorial. Seeing how successful our comic-book tirade has been, it might conceivably be about "Buck Techie in the 25th Century."



## Free political speech asked

To the Editor:

The smoldering embers of national politics are bursting forth in full flaming glory. Campaign pots are aboil. Obviously, election year is well underway. As is their custom and privilege, all American citizens will talk politics, arguing merits of candidates, parties, platforms.

To best perform his civic duty of interest and participation in public affairs, the citizen must develop an inquiring attitude; he must learn the issues; he can then vote in accordance with his thinking on these issues. This desirable attitude toward civic responsibilities should be acquired early in life.

At IIT, precious little attention is given to citizenship. Sure, we have some fine PS courses (PS 420, for example) but inadequate organized campaign oratory—electioneering, in other words! Let's lift the ban on freedom of political speech at Technology Center!

Part-time Non-partisan.



## TECHNOLOGY NEWS

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## Slipstick

The president of a large corporation married his secretary, who was at least a generation younger than he. Society pages were filled with news of the wedding. That is, all except one. That paper got its headlines mixed up and above the wedding story was this headline: "OLD POWER PLANT RESUMES OPERATION."

Chaucer and I wrote a dirty story,  
Bawdy and lewd from the start,  
But mine, people said, was porno-graphic,  
And Chaucer's was classical art.

A gold digger died, and all of her worldly possessions, including a parrot, were being auctioned off to the public.

"What am I offered for this beautiful bird?" quizzed the auctioneer.  
"A dollar," bid a bystander.  
"Two bucks," roared another.  
"Make it five," croaked the parrot,  
"and I'll give you a kiss!"

1st Babe: "I married a man on the fire department."  
2nd Babe: "Volunteer?"  
1st Babe: "Nope, Paw made him."

A spinster and her brother were talking together. Said the spinster of a nephew, "If he were my kid, I'd—"  
"Just a minute, sis," said the brother.  
"If he were your kid you'd be so busy explaining you'd do little else."

News items concerning the illness of a prominent citizen say: "He is confined to his bed with a trained nurse."

Going into a lingerie shop to buy a brassiere for his wife, the customer found it was necessary to know the size wanted. The friendly clerk tried to help him out of his difficulty.

"How about the size of a grapefruit?" she asked.

"No, smaller," replied the customer.  
"About like oranges?" hopefully asked the saleslady.

"Nope, smaller," replied the customer.  
"Then, how about eggs?" put in the clerk.

"Yeah," said the customer, "fried."

A girl standing on the street corner and wearing a low cut V-neck sweater was approached by a male student.

He asked: "Is that 'V' for Victory?"  
Replying, she said: "No, that's for virtue, but it's an old sweater."

Chic clothes are garments so designed that you can be seen in the best of places.

The skin you love to touch is usually covered up.

"Darling, I am groping for words."  
"Well, you won't find them there."  
Carbolic Gus