SCHOMMER DRAFTED!

Uncover Illicit Still

Federal agents raid Chapin

Last appeal fails; Uncle John burns

Private Schommer's knowledge of bugs garners promotion

John J. Schommer has been drafted into the army of the United States. He'll repeat it.

It was making a personal appeal to one of the selective service boards in behalf of a prospective engineer.

After hearing Uncle John's eloquent appeal the board held a secret meeting. The cause came up with the "Defect" side up, and the board head went back to announce the decision to the waiting Mr. Schommer.

"My boy," wailed the over-enthusiastic speaker, "we have decided to accept your recommendations. After considerable debate, we have decided to defer the man in question for the normal period of two days. There is just one more test, sir. If you don't mind, we'd like to know if you're keeping out of the army?"

"But..." stammered John, his hand hanging limply on his share of all he knew.

"Do you breathe?"

"Yes."

"Then we will expect you at Camp Grant in the morning."

"But my name is John J. Schommer. I'm an assistant to the select service board, director of placement and athletics at Illinois Tech and..."

"Yes," smiled the little man, "and I am Orion Welles. You must see my new picture when it plays at Soldier Field."

"You can't do this to me!" howled Mr. Schommer.

"I'll take this to the highest tribunal in the land—the Good Will Court!"

"Not even Mr. Anthony can save you now, sonny," sneered the member of the committee of the   eighties who was the cause of the deferral.

"As a rule, the gold star for excellence is earned in the gold star for excellence.

All this transpired during the last week. In his last letter, Private Schommer stated that his knowledge of hydrodynamics..."
New track star for Tech

Shows smoke in first tryout

Letter to editor:

Take a- 
for a ride

Debugged degain ! !

Ach spring !

Greeks highly honored by

Mr. Nick Depopoulopoulos

Mr. Nick Depopoulopoulos does not smell like fruity or foreign fragrances, but  
he has a faint smell of blue paint on him. He is often seen wearing blue  
clothes, which could be the reason for his smell. However, he always  
smells nice and fresh, and it is a pleasure to have him around.

Owner of the local newsstand

"Apopope No. 5", smiling.

Mr. Nick Depopoulopoulos, a local newsstand owner, was spotted last week  
outside the store, wearing his usual blue shirt and trousers. He was  
smiling as usual, and his blue eyes were sparkling with enthusiasm.

New prof holds class spellbound

"Tony Going Down"

"I want to take the place of those men who have left to serve their  
country, please consider me," said Mr. Depopoulopoulos, "Sir."
Mr. Slushpump does it again!

After weeks of sleepless nights spent by your reporter reporting on the midnight activities at Opden Field, facts were gathered that implied him to be in the ITP (I'm Tony Ball) for an official investigation.

It was only after great difficulty that the ITP office could be contacted, office hours being limited from twelve to midnight, except week days and Sundays.

Naturally, the brains behind the magazine, a IT student, your reporter quickly solved this bottleneck by declaring daily staying time, turning the clock back an hour, and walking into the office when the alarm went off.

A most intelligent agent, the Mr. Slushpump, was finally assigned to the case. Slushpump went to work immediately tracing down every clue to the bitter end. Twenty-four hours did not make a long enough day, so the mental wizard immediately switched back to daylight saving time. The extra hour allowed time for the interview which eventually solved the case, after solving the mystery, Slushpump now pumps the sluice.

Opden Field has been a graveyard these many years! Yes, Opden Field. Instead of carrying the ball every over the twenty yards, the ball has been enduring its own death. No one seems to have been aware of this from the outside. This is a fact.

Quoting Dr. Morprheus in his office in the Morgan building concerning the case of the ball, "If the ball is not there where you have seen it, then you have seen the ball from an impossible angle."

With this stirring slogan in mind, Slushpump roused out of the office, pursued immediately by his fellow reporters and Dr. Morprheus. Rounding 33rd at top speed Slushpump handed the following communique to your reporter: "I'm leaving for the ghost immediately. This guy is the head of our board."

Tony going up

Dr. F. K. Richter announces a new language course to be inaugurated shortly. It will be a course in Esperanto, and Dr. Richter guarantees to teach the student to speak the language like a native.

It broke!

New sororities become reality

Materializing into reality, the four Sororities of Lewis Institute now share the modern, sparsely furnished, apartments, newly constructed and located across from the green, beautiful park on West Madison street.

Beginning its grand opening for more than four years, it was a grand surprise when President Dorothy Fried of the House of Petrich Commonwealth announced this news of the newest achievement.

Girls will move into the rooms beginning next week and each sorority president will be in charge of her individual group. Under the guidance of a woman of moderate age, who neither smokes, drinks, nor gambles can be found. This has been a major problem.

Upon entering these lovely apartments, a young woman will find a large reception room with quiet, study furniture, and with large crystal chandeliers adorning the finishing touches in this picture. After climbing the long circular staircase one can readily see the changing quarters. Here we find twelve rooms. Identically furnished

Rushing to hear one of Dr. Lowche's famous, intriguing lectures, five chemical engineers were killed by the sudden collapse of the Armour chimney. The bodies are lying in state in Armour lounge. A wake will be held Friday.

WAVES invade TECH campus; sabotage?

A job of super-sleuthing by the staff of the Technology News has uncovered an astounding, persistent, deadly plot. The WAVES are going to take over IIT. In many cases we have been assured by the heads of the Institute that the WAVES cannot be taken over. Only a few of the WAVES.

The WAVES are merely the army and navy who are not going to take over. It is evident that the faculty was an accessory before the fact to this crime. It was the WAVES, the WAVES.

As partial evidence in the case, one need only note how slow infiltration of women into the classes of the south side campus. These girls freshmen and sophomores are making a remarkable impression. In several of the classes, the WAVES are the only women.

The WAVES are simply not enough, but in reality they are the advance guards of an impending invasion. It may come slowly, but it will come surely, remember, gentlemen. I'm sure it won't be starting from a little acting now.

A letter has been intercepted, written by one of the important men in the Institute (whom we name withheld) all evidence has been gathered to an officer in the WAVES. We cannot excuse.

I am sure you will find the atmosphere of IIT admirably suited to the plan you have in mind. The ivy-covered buildings, with their quiet, charming, atmosphere, the surrounding territory, which has much local color, and the girls need not worry about a lack of attention from the natives.

All members of the faculty will be quite cooperative.

Yours sincerely,

Man of IIT, we must move and put an end to this disgrace to our beloved school! What will become of our fine traditions? (An interesting question, indeed!)

(Tony Ball) To arm

Co-op (Continued from page 1)

Financial statements for the year can be obtained by sending an old side plate and one of pound of house's fish. Be sure the report of the report is given below.

Assets
Cash in bank $3,000,000.00
Building and equipment $4,222,000.00

Liabilities
Borrowed from Yale Loan with collateral $3,000,000.00

Net Worth $6,000,000.00

The above statements do not balance, but there may be traced to a few back yard accidents. The Accounting department agrees to be accurate statements.
Letters to the Editor

Dear Editors,

I am hearing that you wanted real interesting letters to print. All my friends say to me, "One Joe, you're a riot." So here I am writing to you. I don't know how I think of such funny stuff to write. It's just like I was inspired. My friend, Ruby, says to me, "Gee, Joe, I could tell you all day." I say, "It's a good thing you brought it." A lot of people have said to me, "Joe, you're wasting your time being a comic." I think you're just trying to make a joke. But what's all the fun if you don't have a laugh?

P.S. How's chances of getting a couple of free passes for a ball game?

Joe Rubenewits

The Story Corner by Bob King

Our first impulse was to put this column in the corner but we decided it would be more in keeping with the space of the day if we put it in the middle.

It's fortunate indeed that all of our students don't have time for home nights studying. While Bob Lyden, Junior Architect, was making the rounds of the junior hall last Tuesday studying the elements of design in his class, a junior woman screamed, "What would John Schonner do," he asked himself, "Quickly reaching a decision he dashed towards the sound of the squealing.

Bob found two frightened and disheveled girls. A statuesque looking youth who had witnessed the girls was running away. Lyden set out in pursuit, probably wishing his wind wasn't so good.

By this time a man in a car joined the chase. The car pulled up to an iron fence rail and jumped on the running board of the car, and they gave chase. As they closed in on the fugitive, Bob leaped on the running board and yelled to the driver that he was driving fast in the street. His knees knocked as well when he saw a knife in the man's hand. He then reached for his authority, Lyden commanded the disheveled little fellow to drop the knife. The fellow dropped it and didn't feel so bad.

Our Cafeteria

Our cafeteria

The Service is Like This

The Waitresses Dress Like This

You Can Get Anything You Want

Our Cafeteria

You Come Out Like This

Our Cafeteria

APRIL FOOL

The Bard

Biggest item on this week's docket, in the news of the Home Hop. On Saturday night, April 8, the kids and despite all the above. The news will begin at 8:30 and last till 2 a.m. when the house will be closed. A decision made by the band and by the student body. The final result will be one of Tchaikovsky or Chopin.