

Through the Alimentary Canal with Gun and Camera, or Just Plain Nuts

By Richard Weissman

Dear reader, when you read the first paragraph or two of this astounding revelation, you may think the author mad, but when you have completed this fantastic tale, you will know it.

It all began on a cold night in Siberia. Everything was covered with snow. I began nodding my head because I had nodding else to do. Just as I was about to fall asleep, I was aroused by a loud, raucous laugh. I raised my head, and what do you think I saw. You guessed wrong. I saw nothing. Nothing to the left of them, nothing to the right of them, rumbled and thundered. On through the alley of death, rode the three hundred. Or were there only three hundred? But that is beside the point. Speaking of points, how many points make one cavort? As I was saying before I was so crudely interrupted, I saw nothing. Do you know why? Because the lights were out. I turned them on, and hello and behold, there was the devil, his sultry majesty himself. I looked around, and there were the eternal fires blazing away. "See here," I said, "What's the big idea of waking me up? Don't look at me in that tone of voice! Shut up! Say something for yourself! Stand up! Sit down! Jump through this hoop!" "Sa-a-y," he said, "you act like you own this place." "Sure," I said, "Mr. Fulghum gave it to me when I was on earth, for writing a theme." "Ha ha ha ho ho" laughed Nick. Then I laughed. "What are you laughing for?" he said. "That joke is so old that it is not even rotten, it is petrified. Do you know that you are going to be put on trial for the murder of a joke? And the penalty is DEATH. Death by roasting, if you are found guilty."

Went a Word

He clapped his hands three times, and said a magic word. I think it was *Highconsuperfatiolocatedphonocinematograph*, or something, most likely something, and two imps appeared. They led me through dark passageways, over narrow bridges, past roaring furnaces, and between towering rocks, to a huge cavern, with many niches and ledges in the walls. Upon these were such decorations as skulls, weird drawings, smoking embers, grotesque statuettes, and many other bizarre odds and ends. A bluish light, the source of which was not visible, seemed to emanate from certain portions of the cavern, and this dim light was the only illumination, casting odd shadows, and giving the place a strange and ghostly atmosphere. The regular dripping of water was the only sound to be heard. At one end of the cave were nine judges, whose entire bodies were covered by black robes, with the exception of their faces, which seemed to be nothing but grinning skulls. Shadows flitted about, and occasionally a bat would brush past my face.

The silence was finally broken by

President Hotchkiss Makes Annual Report

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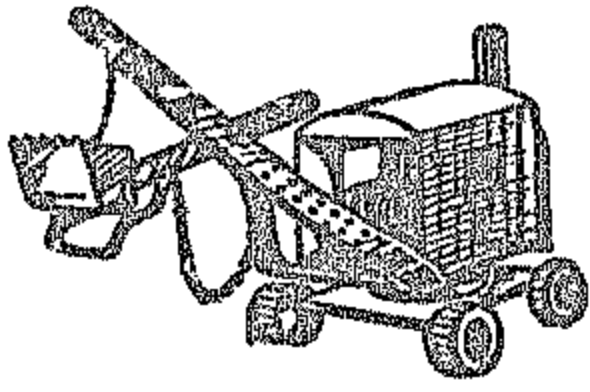
Committee, the Board of Trustees has constituted the Treasurer as the Endowment Officer of the Institute. In this capacity it will be possible for him to aid greatly the Executive and the Public Relations Committees in securing ways and means by which the Institute may forge ahead.

In order that the Treasurer may be able to discharge his new responsibilities the Trustees have created the office of Comptroller to be filled by a properly qualified person directly responsible to the President. It is not contemplated that this change will cause any net burden on the budget.

On recommendation of the President and the Executive Committee, and in view of their long and valuable service to Armour Institute of Technology, the Board of Trustees has voted that Thomas E. Doubt, George F. Gebhardt, Charles W. Leigh, and Guy M. Wilcox be awarded the rank of Professor Emeritus and be carried on the rolls of the Institute with that rank.

Respectfully submitted,
Willard E. Hotchkiss,
President.

THE STEAM SHOVEL



Has anybody here seen ADOLPH Christoph around?

The Steam Shovel hopes that the little pooch which the sophomores decorated with a green ribbon likes that ribbon—because, while they can take a frosh's pants off for not wear-

again, "You have escaped hanging. For you there will be no noose." "No noose is good news," I said. Immediately the judges growled and gnashed their teeth, while the audience howled with rage. "For that last crack," spoke the judge, "you shall be executed. Your only consolation is that we must allow you one hour of grace." "All right then," I said, "bring her in."

It's About Time

The shock of realization came to me only when I saw my head in a guillotine. The knife above my head was swiftly falling. It was terrible. Would no one save me? My head rolled into the basket with an air of finality. That explains why there is no sense to this atrocity.

The moral to this thing is: "Let that be a lesson to you."

Editor's Note: This trash was found in the gutter. It should have remained there.

ing a cap, what will they do when the hound doesn't wear the ribbon.

The senior electrical collection of Berwangers, still undaunted and undismayed by their defeat at the hands of Purdue—or, the Fire Protects, challenge anybody in general to a game of football...and the Fire Protects in particular to a game of "King of the Hill".

People who think Floyd Gibbons can talk should hear Nathan Diesenhau, alias "Little Edison"—whose period of silence is plus or minus 3.86 minutes—mostly minus!

And incidentally—the best laid plans of mice and men go astray sometimes—even departing parties by Junior E.E.'s!

If anybody wants to know how to fly a glider, just ask ROGER SMITH, '38. And for evidence of ROGER'S general ability you can go down somewhere on U. S. Highway No. 64, and examine the remains of his glider and pants!!!

And BEETLE informs us that MARTY LOFTUS has started a brand new system of wasting time in class. Marty's now working on a new "tonsil oil" to enable him to talk more with less effort.

The junior mechanicals believe in the old apple adage; they presented Brother Winston with a baked apple to keep the quizzes away.

AULER AND GARTZ became so engrossed mentally in native brawls, that NACHMAN must remind them that they are in a THERMO class.

Fischer Gives Team Pointers on Fencing

The fencers and near-fencers are obtaining pointers and elementary instructions in fencing from Prof. Hans Fischer, newly acquired faculty member. Practice is held every Friday at 10:30 in the gym and arrangements are being made with Dean Heald for another hour of practice.

The ambitious carvers are taking these instructions more or less to heart. For instances, Krok broke his foil in one of the practice engagements and jabbed his opponent in the stomach with the broken end. The contestants are repeatedly interrupted in their intentions by Fischer, when bad form, footing or method of offense and defense are observed. Professor Fischer claims that fencing is not a strenuous exercise, and points out the 73-year-old French fencing champion as an example. It requires, he claims, dexterity rather than strength or brawn.

To Present "Aladdin" at Goodman Theatre

Next Saturday at 2:30, the Goodman Theater will open its season with a plan entitled "Aladdin." It was written especially for this production by James Norris, a New York actor, and will be interesting not only to children but to adults.

This play will run for five Saturday matinees, and will be followed in succession by a comedy of Robin Hood, the Sleeping Beauty, Huckleberry Finn, and a comedy of Red Riding Hood.

Runners to Face Strong Schedule

Now that winter is just around the corner, the Techman are turning their attention to indoor track. Plans are being formulated for the organization of the team, foremost among these being the meeting scheduled for the week before Thanksgiving. Those whose names will be most prominent are Lonnie Stagg, the coach, Johnny Roberts, captain, and Charles Handler and Chedo Grakavac, the co-managers. The prime importance of this get-together is to size up the candidates, both freshmen and upper classmen, in view of obtaining a general idea of the strength of the future team.

A strong schedule is being planned which will include all the opponents of last year plus a new addition, Carrol college. The season is too early to make any rash predictions, but due to a strong backbone of former varsity men, the best is to be expected.

SIDELINES

(Continued from page 1)

ideals of city management would coincide with the higher ideals of the management and the larger exhibitors of the original exposition. In referring to local developments, we have heard the backers of Mayor Kelly label him as "an engineer too." That may be so, but we know of very few people who would grant him custody of a monkey-wrench, not to mention a World's Fair.

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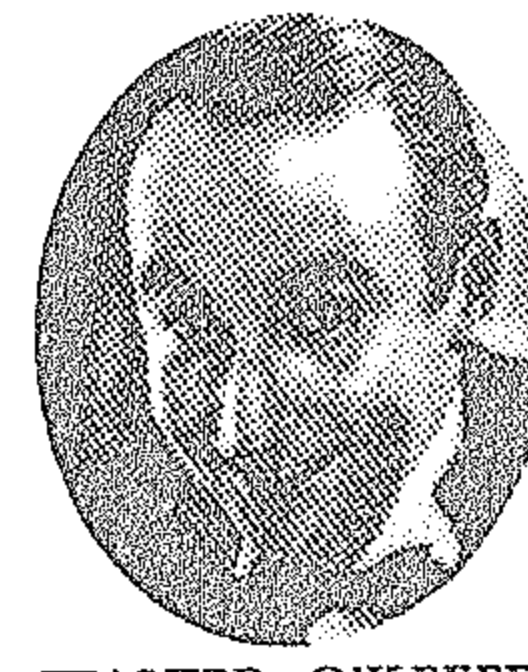


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