

Nominate Safe-Blower; May Be Junior Marshal

Other Gang Members Help Voters Along

Junior Marshals for the 1938 Junior Week were elected in a series of departmental elections. The men elected are: Berlone Lickburg, chemical; Jacquemont Janicek, mechanical; Rhyndacenus Dixon, fire protect; and Theotocopol Collier, civil; Riemenschneider Bush, electrical; and Wolfram Wagner, architect. A leader for the band will be selected from one of the above things.

The toughest boys in each department guarded the doors to see that their "man" was elected. A man named Anderson in the electrical department would not vote for Bush, so was dropped out the third floor window of machinery hall.

Terrible Anderson

Anderson has been a member since he stole a nipple from the corner store, then being three years old, and lately had been on the "outs" with the bunch because of his attentions toward the fiber-haired dandel known as "Blondie."

Lickburg, popular member of the gang is known to most of us as the "inside" man. He has had a great deal of experience with the different kinds of "soups" and high explosives used by the gang. He possesses a reputation good enough to be slapped behind the bars for life if ever caught.

He is an active member of the S.B.R.S. (Safe Blowers Research Society) and has done extensive work in speeding the time required for the jobs. He was a member of the second team of the baseball squad while serving a short stretch up the river.

Janicek swung into office with use of his monkey wrench. He is well known for his ability of keeping the gang in trim. His job is to run up to the cops and holler, BOO! The gang then runs after the cop who usually leads the race. Janicek is a new member of the gang joining up with the boys one night at the Spill-over Cafe.

Three Year Record

Dixon, the gasoline spiller of the band is well known for his ability to set garages on fire and manage to outrun the police. For three years he has added to his record one of the worst in the city. To date, he has three hundred insurance agencies on his trail with more taking up the scent. One night when picked up as a suspicious character he blew off the handle like he used to back in the freshmen days. Some thought he was going to crack, but he managed to tell the cops a few good jokes and get out.

Collier, just joined last week after watching the slick operations of the group, offered his services. He is a member of the W.S.E. (We Slug
(Continued on page four)

Horse-Thief Ewing Thrown Into Jail

Paul Ewing, Armour's famous track star was hailed into the State Street police court yesterday. Caught under suspicious circumstances leading a horse across State and Madison, he was charged with horse-stealing. He was placed under \$1.98 bond and remanded to the grand jury.

When interviewed, Ewing stoutly maintained he only had the best interest of the track team at heart. In a private interview to the embattled reporters Ewing stated: "The two mile event at Armour has long been a failure with such deadbeats as Faust and Finnegan running. With this horse and me on the horse, we could win that race in a walk, or maybe a run. Only one thing puzzles me, how are they going to divert enough funds from the A.T.S.A. graft to feed the nag."

It is rumored that Lorenzen of the juice department is the brains behind the gang. He pushes buttons from his hideout, thereby issuing orders to his henchmen.

Fifty Schmiers Get Sleeping Sickness at A.I.Ch.E. Meeting

Amid the boos and hisses which were the only signs of life at the meeting, Chairman W. R. Marshall deftly dodged a well aimed missile last Friday as he called to a semblance of order the group of eccentrics who call themselves the student branch of the A.I.Ch.E. The con ??? ? ? ? crowd, however, was quickly lulled to peaceful slumber as Dr. Clarence W. Muehl Beeter, chief coroner's toxicologist of Cook County and Armour alumnus, reluctantly delivered his uninteresting lecture. His subject was "Solveny of Industrial Toxins."

According to Dr. Muehl Beeter, toxins are more toxic than anything and may be divided into two classes, the first and the second. It was emphasized that continued bathing in the complex modern solvents which are being developed may have unlooked for results. "Not all of these are harmful, however," continued the speaker as by way of illustration he seized a cloudy bottle from his brief case and poured it on his hand. When Dr. Muehl Beeter was revived, he continued his illustrations of toxicity as he produced a flask of brown liquid from his hip pocket and poured the gurgling contents down his throat. The lecture was immediately enlivened and when the bell rang at the close of the hour each student had tested the toxicity of one of Dr. Muehl Beeter's liquids and Ryant was heard insisting in unrestrained tones that that was not the way to prepare ethylene chloride.

The high point of the meeting was reached when professor Freud rushed madly into the room, knocking over all of the bottles, and turned the unruly crowd out of his classroom.

Motorless Jollopies; Esculating Highways

"The nut that holds the wheel still causes the most jollopy entanglements and produces the majority of fresh obituary copy despite the mad slipstick sliders' feeble attempts at improving those Coney Island straightaways." Such was a crack made by Professors I. B. Foo and U. R. Too, (alias Spears and Stevens), who, with the aid of a lead pipe, crashed the WCFL scientific bedtime story last Saturday. This was the third of the Civil Department's anti-insomnia drives.

It was hinted that 10 out of every 9 accidents occur on a straight curve, because straight curves are so rectangular that the diffraction of headlight beams confuses the back-seat drivers. Also, when the sleet becomes coated with highways, the fatalities are fewer because, well, because people stay home those days.

One of the most important phases of road plastering is the designing of curves resembling a horizontal projection of that much publicized Mae-Westian silhouette. Eagle Eye Schrieber was present to mix up the program as usual. Beginning the program with a beautiful flow of perfect slang, he introduced the auto drivers. "Youse guys shoul'da listen to us, we had a great time."

Modern speeds demand uplifting of the curves depending on the radius of curvature. Rolling and steep grades produce hazards at night (while low grades produce hazards at home). Widening of main lines has created much congestion due to attraction of traffic from narrower roads. Engineers now know it is better to develop several good lines, (WOO-WOO!). As a means of increasing traffic speed and reducing highway friction, future cowpaths will be coated with that frictionless land we have seen glisten so brilliantly on T. Wilson Yeakle's slick toupe.

Bang! I'm Almost Dead but It Won't—BANG! I'm Dead

Mort (to his friends) Lubber and E. J. (to everybody else) Pleva were found walking the streets in a daze last Saturday morning. Asked for the reason, Lubber was bent on insisting that for the first time, thinking it was a sports story magazine, he looked in a college algebra book. This meaningless stuff which he has been so aptly dodging for the past four years had suddenly gotten the better of him. Heretofore, his school daze had been one happy round of reading old joke books and putting them into what he called a joke column.

Ah, but poor E. J., his reason was entirely different, it was an affair of the heart. After deliberately getting sick to see Miss De Lovely, a nurse, at the Mercy Hospital, thinking of her by day, thinking of her by night, letting his school work (?) slide when he finally raised enough courage to spend the nickel to call her up, the following conversation took place.

E. J.—"This is E. J."
Nurse—"Who?"
E. J.—"The guy that was put in the morgue by accident, remember me?"

Nurse—"O, the dizzy looking goof with the fuzzy chin hiding behind a pair of cheaters."
E. J.—"Dat's me."
Nurse—"Well! Well! you are alive after all. I often wondered. (Bang, bang.)"

The first bang is the phone, the second bang is E. J. spreading his torso over the floor.

After four days under observation the dizzy droops still don't know which way is up.

No Freshman Dance, Leave Swipes Cash from Treasury

Stark tragedy struck Armour last week when H. N. Leave, freshman social chairman, absconded with the class funds. Because of this the freshman dance has been postponed indefinitely. The Lake Shore Athletic Club, and Charlie Straight are suing the freshman class for breach of contract. According to reports, school treasurer, G. Sinclair Allison will be forced to pawn his Packard to partially meet suit.

All class officers, and members of the social committee are being held because it is intimated that the money is going to be used to buy up all green hats so that the class of '42 will be unprotected.

According to latest police reports, Leave was last seen at Monties Bar drinking a straight root beer for a bracer. Latest bulletin from the dean's office states that classes will not be resumed until the culprit is apprehended.

Miss Nell Steal Receives McSquirt Prize for Valiant Work in Library

"Miss Steal, your bright smile and pleasant demeanor in the Armour Tech library were primary factors in making you our choice," said Hiram B. McSquirt today as he handed Miss Nell Steal the Hiram B. McSquirt prize for meritorious research in library courtesy. Miss Alice Kneel, charming and capable assistant to Miss Steal, also drew praise from Mr. McSquirt for her very successful application of Miss Steal's methods.

Miss Steal's tactful and courteous treatment of her student charges is nowhere in more evidence than in her method of quelling boisterous groups of "Her Boys." Quietly but determinedly she trips down the aisle to their table. With the cleverest kind of a Mussolini frown (she really doesn't mean it) and a low, modulated voice which can scarcely be heard in the Dynamo Lab, she informs them as to the quality of their character and forebears. If a student enters into the spirit of the thing and informs Miss Steal of the quality of her character and forebears, there ensues a lively debate much to the delight and edification of the other students. Let it be said

Mr. Goetz, Retract Them Cruel Words

Acting upon Prof. (G. Man) Goetz's open letter, a student honor commission has been formed whose distasteful duty it shall be to chastize them guys as takes ganders at other guys' papers which same practice has been termed cribbing or, "Taking a look at another guy's paper."

"Sure," you may say, "So there's an honor commission. What of it. I never wander from the straight and narrow, and besides, the Prof. never seen me." Well look, that's no attitude to take Prof. (Argus eye) Goetz says right here, "... it is pathetically easy to catch the offender..." But right away he proves himself to be only human; he doesn't know what to do with the sinner when the poor soul is caught. In point of fact the honor commission doesn't know what to do about it either so it looks as though the matter is a toss up between blindfolds and your own black and scarred conscience. Alright, don't get indignant. Everybody knows you're the origin of the classes homework papers. Just be firm the next time someone strides up to you and says, "Lemme see the homework, I spent three hours on calc, four hours on physics and made up a few chem reports last night and try as I could I couldn't work in this class before having to catch the L down here." Be firm, stick out your sturdy little chin and say, "No, every man should do his own his work." In this manner you maintain the old integrity intact and succeed in being the most thoroughly disliked chap in school.

As for the, shall we say collaboration, on quizzes, the spotless honor can take a terrific beating when the professor wanders out of the room on some vague mission of his own and leaves the question on the board and the answer on the arm of the shark's chair next.

Three Sewer-Rats Pledged to Chi Ep

Chi Epsilon, one of the numerous Honorary Civil fraternities at this institution, in a half-hearted, unwilling manner, is sorry to announce the pledging of "Sophomore" Ronald Monson, and "Freshmen" Carl Reh and Benjamin Kurz.

A scholarship was given to Francis Oplia, sophomore, who "got the drop" of the other "sophs" and won out with high honors, even in this edition.

Are You Going Hunting? Shoot the Bull at Dad's Night

Leaky Tin Can Boiler Perfected After Years of Research—Poulter

The ever expanding Research Foundation has built a new boiler. After combing the country for technicians, a large group of skilled workmen tackled the impossible. Resurrecting a tin can from the Armour catering service, they began their task. Placing the test boiler in a wide open field, 2,47645 c.c. of water was poured into the opening. A figure swathed in an asbestos suit bravely dashed to risk his life, placed a lighted match beneath it, and ducked behind the concrete barrier. Waiting tensely, for minutes nothing happened. Coming forward, with hesitation, the assembled scientists found the cause for the failure. All of the water had leaked out of the can.

Undaunted, they started afresh. Sending to China for a five gallon kerosene can, experiments continued with new energy. This time shielding the power plant with two foot walls, a fire was started. When accurate measurements were made and corrections made for vapor density, halitosis and flat feet, a new pressure record was found, 1,4653 ounces per cubic kilogram. Any Armour man bringing new forms of cans for the experimental work will be awarded a fellowship in the Tech Glee Club.

Armour Sponsors School of Love

Last week came the history making announcement that Armour Tech had opened its long contemplated School of Love. Long hours before registration, thousands of engineers crowded the doors. First in line, fighting every minute for his position was the gaunt, tense figure of E. K. Osterberg, eyes smoldering with the flames of love, passion burning in every fibre. "Gosh," quotes Ed, "a fellow has to know how to pitch woo when there's a girl like Betty Bennett." Strolling amiably along from the door came one G. Worcester with a diploma under his arm. "Yes," remarked Gene to the harassed Juicer, "I took an exemption test and am now going back to teach the P.G.'s."

The second day was a riot. Students paraded up and down carrying placards reading: "Now that we have 'phone booths, how about hostesses?"; huge cards said: "Get your Love's calculus here." Streets were littered with cast-off slide rules and log tables. Drafting tables were thrown out, and chorus girls moved in. Telegrams by the hundreds poured in from Chicago, N.U. and Purdue. Chicago U. is migrating north to take this exceptional course.

"Gosh, ain't love grand?!"

Romantic Two Reel Horse Opera to Be Seen Friday

Through the efforts of the General Motors Corporation, a romantic movie of two reels will be presented in the assembly hall Friday morning.

It will be the usual two-gun scene with the cowboys riding tractors with many other exciting scenes. One scene will show the motor cars of three hundred years ago. In this auto, the main point stressed to prospective buyers, was the machine strap carried in the rear seat. This arrangement made it possible to replace gears, tires and other parts when worn out. Another device was the fuel-saver which allowed the motorist to get the best mileage of any car on the market. The owners reported from one to two miles per pound of gasoline. According to Mr. Blow, the chief engineer of a competing firm, "the modern motor car has advanced so much it is now possible to maintain the same speed as a horse if the tires hold out."

Cabbage-Hash Dinner to Be Served

Tomorrow night will see Armour's sons and daughters and their pater's scraping elbows and knocking knees at the second annual Dad's night, the brawl to be held in the mediterranean cubbyhole of the Lake Shore Athletic Club. The birdseed and vodka, to be followed by the followers of the art of external combustion and nicotine distillation, will give the Armour Pops a chance to gab at each other, exterminate the well known bovine, and also to meet those dear old propounders of the arts of engineering. The A.T.S.A. (which promises to have Vassar's most radiant present) sponsors the affair. Opeelia Peach, famous woman engineer and alumnus of '76, will give a speech.

The evening will be divided into two parts, the beginning of the end, and the end of the beginning. The informal dinner will be followed by some very boring talks, and then at the end of the middle the usual entertainment of card games and bull sessions will follow.

Dad's Night

The chief filibusterer will be Rajah of Marquis John J. Schommer, who will act as M. C., and perhaps entertain with some of his "jokes" and fairy tales. Dean Heald, who will speak primarily to the fathers, and another speaker, Mr. Hilton, who was obtained by the A.T.S.A., will also be featured. An added attraction will be G. T. Danforth, who will attempt to murder the ivories in a few selections from Bah and Okowitch.

Schrieber Is the Man

Last year's Daddy's Night, the first, was a combination culinary attack and basketball game, held at the University of the Windy City, located on the Halfway. In the game, the ferocious Techawks were mentally strangled and physically maltreated, but won a great moral (?) victory. However, the 250 pappys present thoroughly enjoyed it. Last year's wind propellers were A. P. Schrieber, the guy responsible for Pater's Night; C. W. Dunbar, then vice-president of the Armour Tech camp-fire girls, who acted as toastmaster, Coach Grant Stenger, Dean Heald, and Prof. P. C. Huntly.

Co-op Brawl Apr. 1; O. G. Erickson Subs For Prindl's Swingers

The Co-op Spring Informal will be nothing to brag about, says Social Chairman Bill Anthony. Mickie Prindl's orchestra, which was recently featured at the Oak Forest Infirmaries' Big Apple swing it, will not be able to play as the boys in the band are suffering from nervous breakdowns, after spending an exhaustive night looking for the trumpet player's eyeballs after he hit high C above high C. As an emergency measure the ever alert social committee composed of B. Anthony, J. Ahlstromer, E. Mock and K. Olsen, obtained the services of the Armour Musical Clubs. "Cab Calloway" Erickson, on the spur of the moment, rustled the boys and came up with a special arrangement of Chopin's Funeral March for the grand entree.

The Ninth Annual Indoor Roller-skating meet was held in the Grand Ballroom of the Graemere Hotel and the floor resembles a plowed field. Chairman Anthony suggests to those unfortunate few who purchased their bids for \$1.50 cash, wear crepe soled shoes as a prevention against slivers. Oxygen tanks are also recommended as standard equipment as the spacious ballroom, which resembles a clothes-closet, is not well ventilated. The world's record for the mile is expected to be beaten by the tired dancers as they make a beeline for the lone chair in the lounge.

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Once each year, the students and members of the staff deviate from their policy for the April Fool issue. Things that have been preying on their minds are allowed to be printed. As this issue is edited for the pleasure of the faculty and members of the student body, it is assumed that all facts contained herein will be taken in a jovial manner. The Tech News does not assume responsibility for any of the material in this issue. Any resemblance of names, persons, or places, are purely coincidental.

PI KAPPA PHI

Bearing the flaming colors of dear ol' Pi to the umpteenth annual convale of the clan will be ol' brother Slavin (have to get around to asking his first name some day, everyone just calls him Bubbles). He's going to alternate with ol' brother Frank Heiden something (everyone calls him Spike).

S'tough about ol' Brinkman and Buckman; the chumps

got sucked into the Player's guild. Someone ought to take it up with the white slave commission at Washington.

Battling furiously for every point the Ping-Pong team crashed through to a terrific and exhausting victory over Triangle. We don't like to brag but those guys certainly are lousy players.

A guy named Dusell who claims to be an alumni dropped in last week and chiseled some meals. Coupla more bums like that and then we'll be bust.

DELTA TAU DELTA

This has been such a busy week at Tau. My dear, what with Ping-Pong and stuff we've been simply swamped. And then there was that ducky brawl at the Bal Tabarin at the Sherman or Drake or some place, no one knows, all we girls were simply blind under the influence. And just guess what. Go ahead, guess. We managed to rope in another pledge. But honestly. The dope's name is Harold Gustavson, a co-op, who has some idea of getting out of here in '40.

PHI KAPPA SIGMA

We've got a pledge. We've got a pledge. Yahhh, all you other ellysmay fraternities. Are you ever jealous. The name is Roger Olson.

We also managed to get twenty-five couples at the costume dance we deficated for. Everybody left early, the thing was a deadly bore.

Two good ol' brothers from Minnesota sponged off of us the other night and boy, do we ever resent it.

RHO DELTA RHO

The Cat's delight. "Our latest addition is really an asset. She is even house broken," says Jaffee, you know, he's famous, number 12 on the average parade. (Confidentially the guy's a grind. Allus got his nose in a book.) Max E. in his usual obseporous was simply forced his way into the column. But being a big man around the campus, he is always news. Max says, quote, We are so pure around here Ivory soap simply sinks beneath us.

PI PHI PI

We're practically ecstatic over here. The school is going to absorb our debt. As a matter of fact, the school is absorbing everything, house, members and charter. Our dearly beloved brother Caldwell is happy about the whole thing. "The only Thing I ever got out of the dive was indigestion."

TRIANGLE

Escorted by three armed guards the ol' jeweler made a visit to dear ol' Triangle and a lot of the ol' fellahs made their choice of the junk. Most of the stuff has disappeared as the lads made the trip to the nearest fence.

Wish the seniors would take it on the lam. They're all time stalling around the place and messing it up generally.

Candidates were nominated for various offices and promptly forgotten since the odds are the mortgage is going to be foreclosed before enough guys show up to make a caucus.

SIGMA ALPHA MU

We are going to have a colossal membership drive at the end of which we have every hope of corralling a member. We aren't too optimistic, though, there's nobody here but us officers.

The Slipstick

Cleave to the slipstick; let the slapstick fly where it may.

The propositions or laws of Structures affirm co-existence, as order in place, between the different parts of living bodies.

He: Realizing the scientific ideal of Biology, are high generalities wanting?

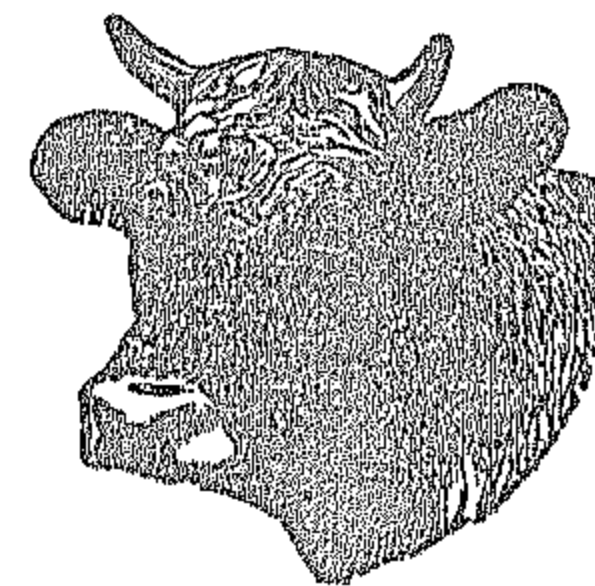
She: In Plants—all the parts are homogenous in structure; or, as otherwise expressed, the flowers are modified leaves; the monocotyledonous mode of germination co-exists with the endogenous mode of growth.

It is a deduction from the permanence of Matter, that whatever materials exist in plants and animals, must be supplied as a condition of their growth.

Father: "The Law of Conservation holds true in organic changes, and is a deductive key to the phenomena."

Daughter: "Gastric juice contains hydrochloric acid, whence the necessity of salt as an article of food?"

As regards Collocation, there is the peculiarity of the organized structure!!



Little boy: "Many of the propositions of Biology are defective in structure."

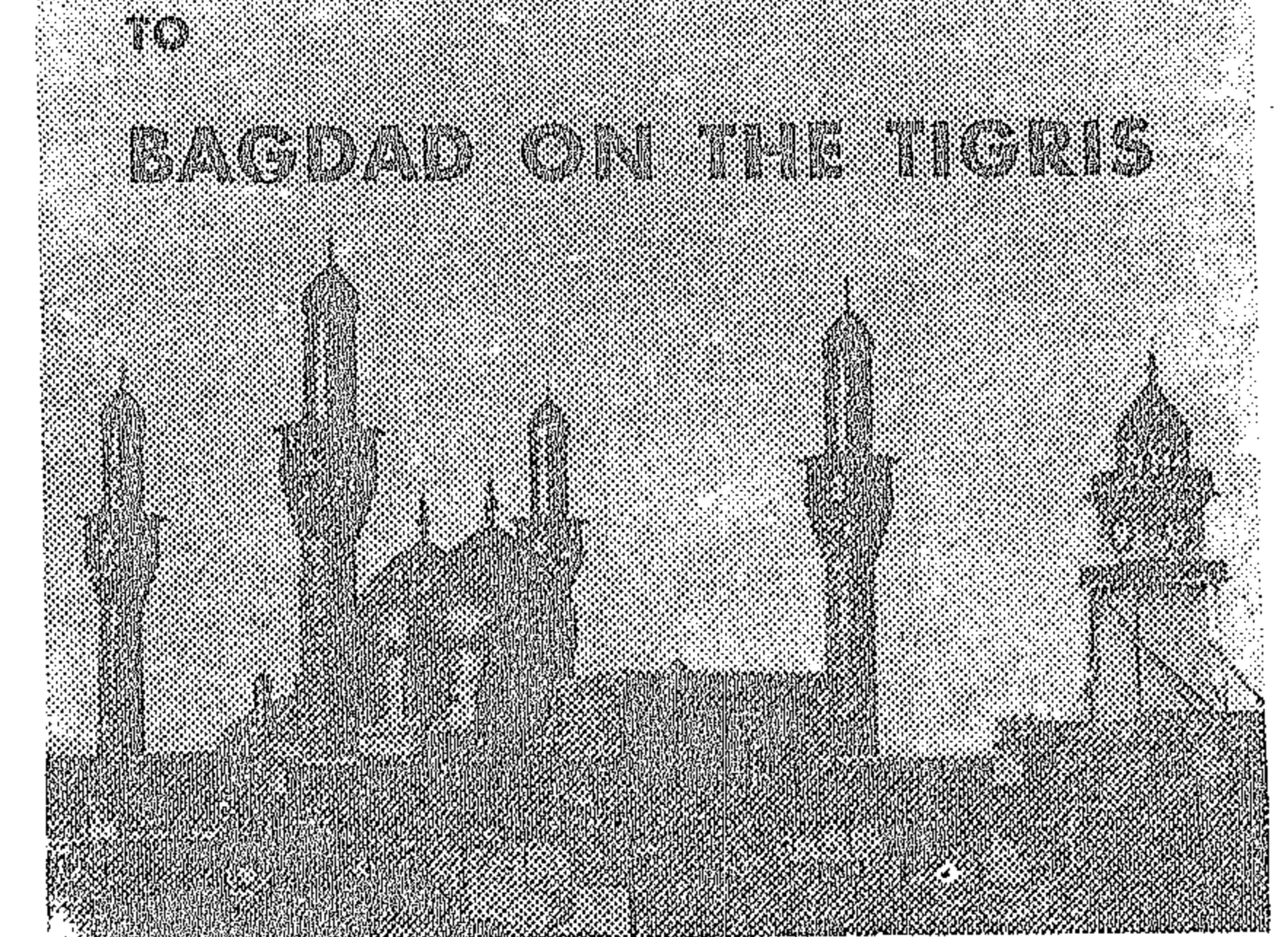
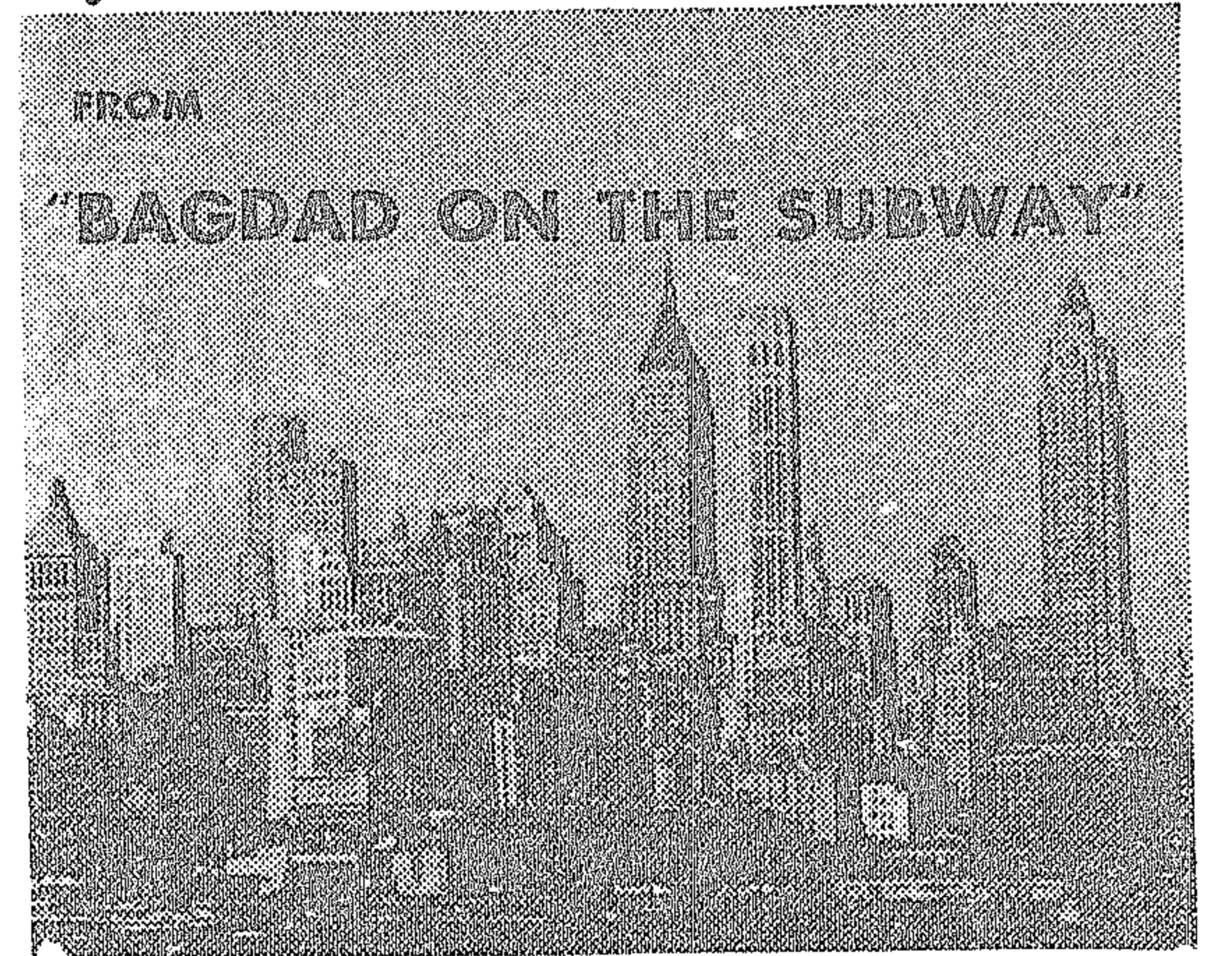
Little girl: "The character of the science requires the utmost aids that can be afforded by well contrived hypotheses."

Little Boy: Presumably!

The taxonomic value of the placenta in Mammalia is the number of characters that it carries along with it. But then, the dichotomous method of Botany, if fully adapted, as it might obviously be, would be still better.

As a final end is to discriminate the necessary from the unnecessary elements of the situation, we begin by a separate enumeration of all the circumstances, taking care to reduce each to its simplest components.

B (BO-PEEP) R.S.



BY TELEPHONE

"Bagdad on the Subway" (as O. Henry called New York City) is now able to telephone to Bagdad on the Tigris.

Today your Bell telephone puts you within speaking distance of some 70 foreign countries and a score of ships at sea—93% of all the world's telephones!

Whether you talk to Bagdad or Bali—to Oslo or Buenos Aires—or just around the corner, Bell Telephone service proves its value wherever and whenever you use it.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Hill Billy Honeymooners Tour New York: Bill Collectors Catch Up

My dear Sally,

"Quien mucho habla mucho yerra." Is this not so, my fair one? Of course, you would not understand this linguistic acrobatic juggling of the vernacular.

I received a letter yesterday from my sister—Amorphus—who is honeymooning with her husband, H. Brain Storm. They went to New York to celebrate. The other day they toured the town. Approaching the Hudson River, a man called out, quote—Ferry?, unquote. No, my hubby calls me Angel, replied Amorphus. Then they toured through the Bronx. "Fish, fresh fish," a fellow cried. No, we left our poles at home, said H. B. S. When they arrived back at the hotel, after spending twenty minutes trying to go up a down escalator in a department store, and waiting five minutes for a package of gum to come out of the ticket machine in the subway, hubby received his mail containing this bill concerning the wedding ring (solid tin, chromium plated): quote—The rose is red, the violet is blue, this little bill is overdue. Please pay it now—don't wait till when, the rose and violet bloom again. For if you do, delay it thus, no violet, no rose, will bloom for us. Unless you pay, the rose will rest, upon our fair and manly chest. The birds will sing, but what of that? We shall not hear them, where we're at. So come across, we need the dough, not in the spring, but now, you know. The rose is red, the violet blue, do we need the cash? I'll say we do. Unquote. (P.S.—he paid the 59 cents.)

City Dogs Are Smart

Sally, my dear, do you know why a chick walks softly? Because he can't walk hardly. . . . Don't hit me.

In the drafting class the other day, two students were arguing about who had the smartest dog. Gosh, that argument went back and forth, pro and con, for a half hour.

Finally, one fellow said to the other: Quote, My dear sir, if this does not convince you, your head is full of crevices (cracked, guess he flippantly put it). My dog is so intelligent he keeps up with the world affairs. Why, just the other morning I looked out of the window, and saw him reading the neighbor's newspaper.

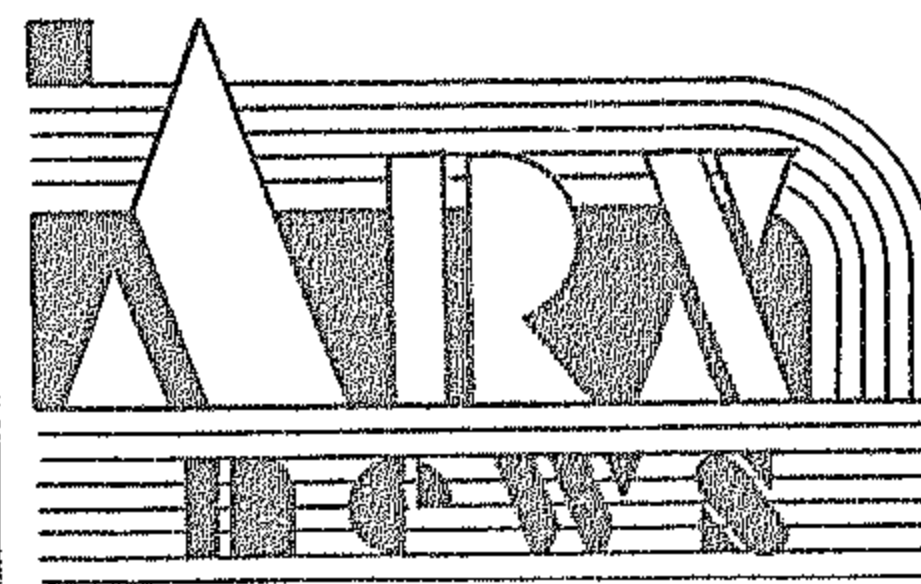
All Dressed Up

Pater's night is tomorrow night at the Lake Shore Athletic Club. Students by the hundreds shall see me there in white tie and tails. I shall shave for the occasion, all the way down to the good earth. I shall even take a bath—willingly and without reluctance. Sally, I am a new man. "School Life in Gulch Valley," or "You Can Only Die Once," as continued from last week. Orfy Basil-twerf, a student of the arts, a patron of the opera, a man with degrees of M.E., PH.D., B.S., B.A., and P.U., is complaining bitterly to a friend outside of the stable where he works. "Life is terrible. Everytime I let my work go, it keeps piling up. Suddenly he hears the eight gun shots. Jumping on his horse, and throwing in the clutch, he rides the 15 miles to Julietta, the fair's ranch house abode. He hears a scream, then eight more screams. Then a thud, then a groan, then a pattering of voice cries loudly, quote: Swing her, feet, next an Indian war whoop. A dip her again, unquote. A woman's voice hollers again, and again a stomping of feet. Then, all is silence. What terrible thing has happened? Dear Sally, I am to afraid to continue.

Well, as Euripedes once said—"Life is like a deck of cards. When you are in love, its hearts. Diamonds when you are engaged. When you're married, it's clubs. Spades when you're dead and buried.

Yours,

Stoopbrain Bliss.



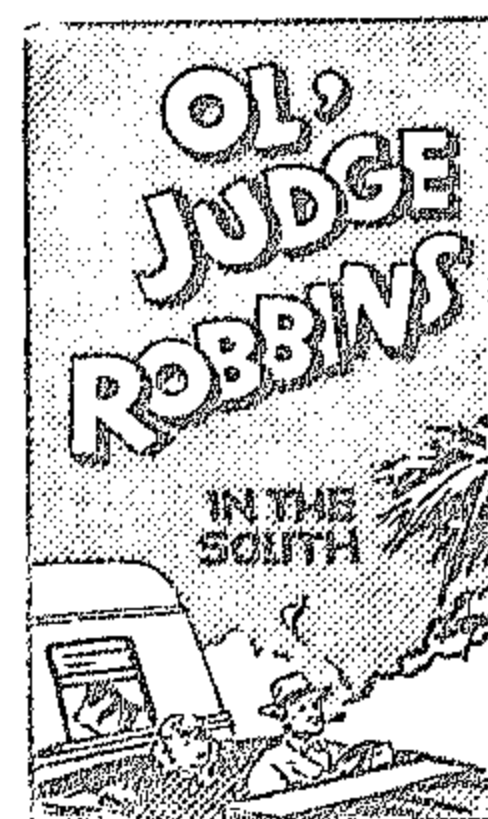
Boz-Art and Art Gum with the rest of the Arx are trying their darndest to rival the accomplishments of the Drunken Deltis. "Tough luck fellows but it was a good fight." It seems, if we are to believe reports, Viren started a good week by splitting his allowance into two parts. Three quarters went towards extra-curricular amusement and one-quarter went nobly towards tracing paper. His noble efforts were wasted, for on Tuesday he sold the paper and put the results in the stomach. He has taken up quarters for the present in the Life Class.

Wagner, of Beaux-Art fame, has acquired so many enemies that he has been doomed by popular vote to associate with engineers. His consultation prize was the Title of Junior Marshal.

Sauermann has a leaning towards the engineering fields. His first step in this direction was the acquisition of a slide rule. He won't say what her name is and after last night, we doubt if he knows (Delt competition was too much). "The only difference between my slide rule and the common run of them," said Sauermann, "is that mine doesn't offer so much resistance and after one night's practice, I know what every line means." I'm tired of virtue, I'm tired of sin, . . . etc. Oh well, every man to his diversion.

Barber Jakabowski doesn't approve of the slide rule system of emotional control. He favors the shaving system. It produces a new insight," said Jake. Scheel and Bradt had long been raising mustaches and as a result they become the first victims. After much practice, Jack went to work.

BOZ-ART.



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"DAVIS CUP A CINCH" --- NATINCHEK

Webster Grade School Noses Out Track Stars in Close Meet, 105-9

Techawks Lose Again; Fizzle Out Against Evanston Coeds

Armour's Party Boys End Worst Season In 20 Years

Coach Broke After Buying Team Cokes; WIFE THREATENS DIVORCE

Winding up a season strewn with noble defeats, Armour's inimitable and self-styled Techawks stumbled through their final contest with the National College of Education girls five, ending their schedule in a blaze of glory with a 47 to 13 defeat. The Armour squad showed unusual fight, eleven regulars being eliminated on personal fouls for holding and unnecessary roughness.

What (A) Form

Blondie West, star forward on the Teacher's five, was high scorer with eleven baskets and a couple dozen free throws. Whenever she got the ball the Techawk five was so impressed with her beautiful form they just stood by and let her shoot. Bill O'Brien took scoring honors for Tech when he accidentally sank two shots that were intended as passes to O'Connell, but slipped off his hand. Bill claims he couldn't help it.

Coed Forward Not Forward Enough for Swanson

The first quarter was a one sided affair (as though the remaining three were not). The home squad had difficulty getting interested in the game. After meeting his attractive opposing forward, a tall blonde named Olson, Ed Swanson wasted four minutes trying to wangle a dinner invitation and consequently didn't exhibit his usual flash.

Armour made her first tally when Jack O'Connell tripped over the free throw line and G. E. Brown kicked the ball through the girls' basket. Although not two points for Tech, it shows the unusual scoring abilities of Coach Grand Bencher's boys.

Henriksen Thrown Through Hoop

Henriksen opened the second period by making two points for Tech when he wouldn't let go of the ball and an Evanston Amazon heaved both him and ball through the Armour hoop to amuse the audience. The crowd cheered Ed Wagner when he bit the referee in the leg for giving Sylvia Sweet, N.C.E. star forward a free throw because he kicked her in the stomach.

Peeved at the decision of the scorer, the Armour five held up the game for eight minutes while they pouted under their opponent's basket and refused to smile for the newspaper photographers. Coach Bencher promised the boys free nickel cokes all around if they wouldn't get sore again, and the game continued.

Conspiracy Nets Two Points

Armour trailing by 36 points, the girls began to get bored. While the guards were talking about their last night's dates, flashy Bill Scherer deflated the ball and hid it in his trousers for a safe place. Disguised as a newspaper reporter, he sneaked along the sidelines until he stood under the basket. Bill O'Brien told jokes to the forwards and center to distract their attention from the Techawks scoring conspiracy, while Hoffman blew up the ball again. Norkus then held Scherer on his back and Bill dropped the ball through the hoop for a legitimate two points. Time was called while Manager Yeakle untangled Scherer's hand from the net on the basket. Bill had reached all the way through to be sure the ball would pass the ring and got caught in the net on the way out.

Chelgren Starts Fruit Dance

With two minutes to go, Al Schrieber was sent out to find the referees, who had stepped out for a couple of beers. By this time Armour had 13 men on the floor and the Freshman squad besides. The Evanston team captain complained of overcrowded conditions and poor ventilation, so the game was called when Bill Chelgren started a big apple in the free throw circle.

Tech's Bone Busting Skull Crushers Kill Seven out of Eight Opponents

Win U. S. Mat Title as Referee Flees from Sunbeam Weissman's Junior Butchers

Coach Sunbeam Weissman's mat manglers and maulers were awarded first place in the 1938 live stock show at the International Amphitheatre last nite. When Weissman found out the United States wrestling championships were being held at the stadium and not the amphitheater, he rounded up his herd of hard boiled hairy grapplers and went to 1800 W. Madison where his team took their second blue ribbon for the evening.

Dunne Amuses Crowd

Ten Armour gorillas entered the ring and ten disappointed opponents left it. At 11:30 last night the Chicago Fire Department was still trying to extricate the 135 pound opponent of Jimmy Dunne who got tangled in the girders when Dunne got tired of playing with him and tossed him skyward. Armour made 40 points for first place, while Wheaton, DeKalb and North Central were in a three way tie with 0.0933 points each.

McDaniel, 118 pounds of gristle and grr-r-, started the evening off by making four ladies faint in the front row when he smiled at them. He took his opponent in his left hand, squeezed the blood from his body with his right and then beat his brains out on the back of a third row seat.

Till Opens North Wall

Weissman cautioned Till's opponent in the 125 pound division not to get him angry. The sucker didn't believe in hints, and when he stuck his thumb to his nose, Till laughed a hearty laugh and threw him through the north wall of the stadium, where he was imbedded in

two feet of granite on a flat across the street.

Captain Dunne, a little embarrassed at the rash actions of his boys, tried to be gentle with his subject but gave it up after breaking both his arms with a couple of cute key locks. Disgusted with such business he tossed him into the roof trusses.

Hanna wrestling in the 155 pound class had an awful time locating his opposition. Every time he'd get a death hold on his man he'd lose him in the hair on his chest. Weissman finally gave Hanna a comb with which the latter extricated his 155 pounds of annoyance and proceeded to polish him off by weaving a human rug out of his limbs.

"Stretch" Maxant in a big hurry to see his gal, Bunny, took his opponent and pulled him apart in the short time of 22.1 seconds. When the referee and Maxant could no longer find any more of his contestant, he was awarded the bout on a default.

Yanks Head Off

Tullgren condescended to sign autographs for his feminine admirers before he took his man down. Tullgren isn't very gentle and Weissman had to remind him to leave his opponent's head behind before he took his shower.

McIntyre, "bloody Mac," for short, was unusually rough last night. After three seconds of speedy grappling he took his opponents heel between his jaws and bit his arch off. Mac lost his appetite due to stage fright, so he just took the several hundred pounds of beef he was contending with, broke it up and gave souvenirs to the ladies.

ARMOUR 100-1 FAVORITE TO LOSE

Reputable sources today disclosed the fact that Armour Tech has entered a team in the Davis Cup play for 1938. After 27 years of constant coaxing and pleading by the Cup authorities, Armour has finally condescended to let her talent predominate the world's most colorful tennis tourney. It was only after a written promise had been made that Tech wouldn't have to pay for her tennis balls did she agree to enter.

Tech Too Good for Prelims

Because Armour's team is rated the seediest, it will not have to bother with interzone play. Said Natinczek to the press in an exclusive and confidential interview, "It would just be a waste of time and effort for Armour to bother herself with eliminating South America, Africa and Australia in the interzone play. Besides we don't want to hurt their feelings. Hence, we have decided to play in only the semifinals, and of course, the finals." The squad will leave Chicago April 10 for Wimbledon, England, on an ore boat.

That Armour will sweep the finals and bring the old tarnished silver mug to 3300 S. Federal Street, has already been decided upon. At the squad's last meeting "Baldy" Natinczek admitted he could trim Baron Gottfried Von Cramm in straight sets for the singles championship. Palka and Kubik decided to whip Von Cramm and Heinrich Henkle in the doubles. Palka said he must remain true to his girl or he'd beat them in love sets.

England Faces Disappointment

Swanson has already written Bunny Austin, British dub, not to get his hopes up for the semifinals, since he hasn't a chance against him. Ed is to be commended for his kindness

Coach Root Overjoyed with Excellent Showing of Armour's Dubs

Outshining the Techawks in every event except the two mile relay, the colorful Daniel Webster squad cinched the annual Armour Waylays, staged at 33rd and Wentworth last Sunday night at midnight. About their loss in the two miler, "Streaky" Gravy, captain of the grammar school selections, said, "If you can't steal a chicken inside of a mile, you ain't livin' in de right neighborhood."

The trouble with Tech's low scoring in the 105-.09 meet, was accredited to the shorter distances demanded by the Webster marble shooters. While Tech has been doing the 70 yard events, the neighborhood opponents are used to covering only three or four yards per evening.

Dark Horse (?) Wins

The highlight of the meet occurred as Cunningham Slam, dark horse of the opponents, made a realistic finish that brought out the entire neighborhood, ten shotguns, and the squad. His event was a combined cross country, hurdle, and 50 yard event. The fastest run of the meet was clocked after he reached the 49th yard and the cops paced him back over fenske's for a 4:08.9 mile. A volley of shots from the various backyards that happened to compose the runway, led to the only individual award of the night—the

in trying to make it easy for English tennis enthusiasts.

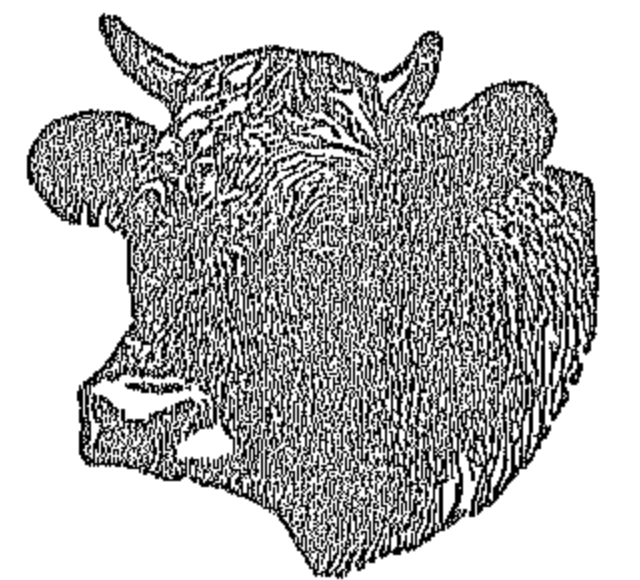
When Coach Colvert heard this team had finally agreed to win the Cup he suggested that the finals be held behind Chapin Hall and save the trip to Wimbledon. Furthermore, he expects to be introduced to the members of the tennis squad sometime next week when the team holds its annual tea dance and bridge party in the Armory.

shot put—put directly in the seat of Slam's shorts.

Rounding the last turn of the ate aley Ryan was right behind "Streaky" Gravy of the visitors—about 100 yards behind—when the safety pin holding Gravy's three-cornered pants gave way and he was forced to drop from the race.

In the quarter-mile Jerry Munch, 999's third grade sensation, and a teammate from sixth grade showed their unwashed heels to Covington who was all tired out telling them about the Armour Waylays. Bingham broke another Armour record as he took a third in the 100-yard dash. His new record for this event is 5 minutes and 40 seconds, Al having stopped off for only a short beer rather than the usual stein. Rothenberg had a little trouble in the high hurdles as he knocked down all but one hurdle and ran around that. Captain Dunbar put on a magnificent sprint in the 220-yard dash to almost catch those six eighth graders who led him to the tape.

TECH SKIRTS



Bill O'Brien entertained Jack O'Connell at tea last Sunday afternoon.

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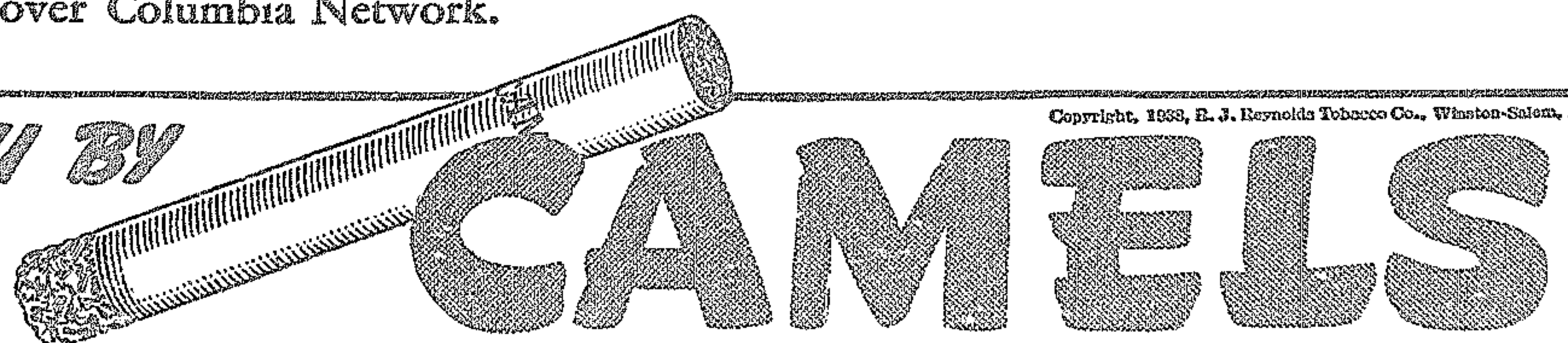
America's great fun-maker and personality — every Monday night at 7:30 pm E.S.T., 6:30 pm C.S.T., 8:30 pm M.S.T., and 7:30 pm P.S.T., over Columbia Network.

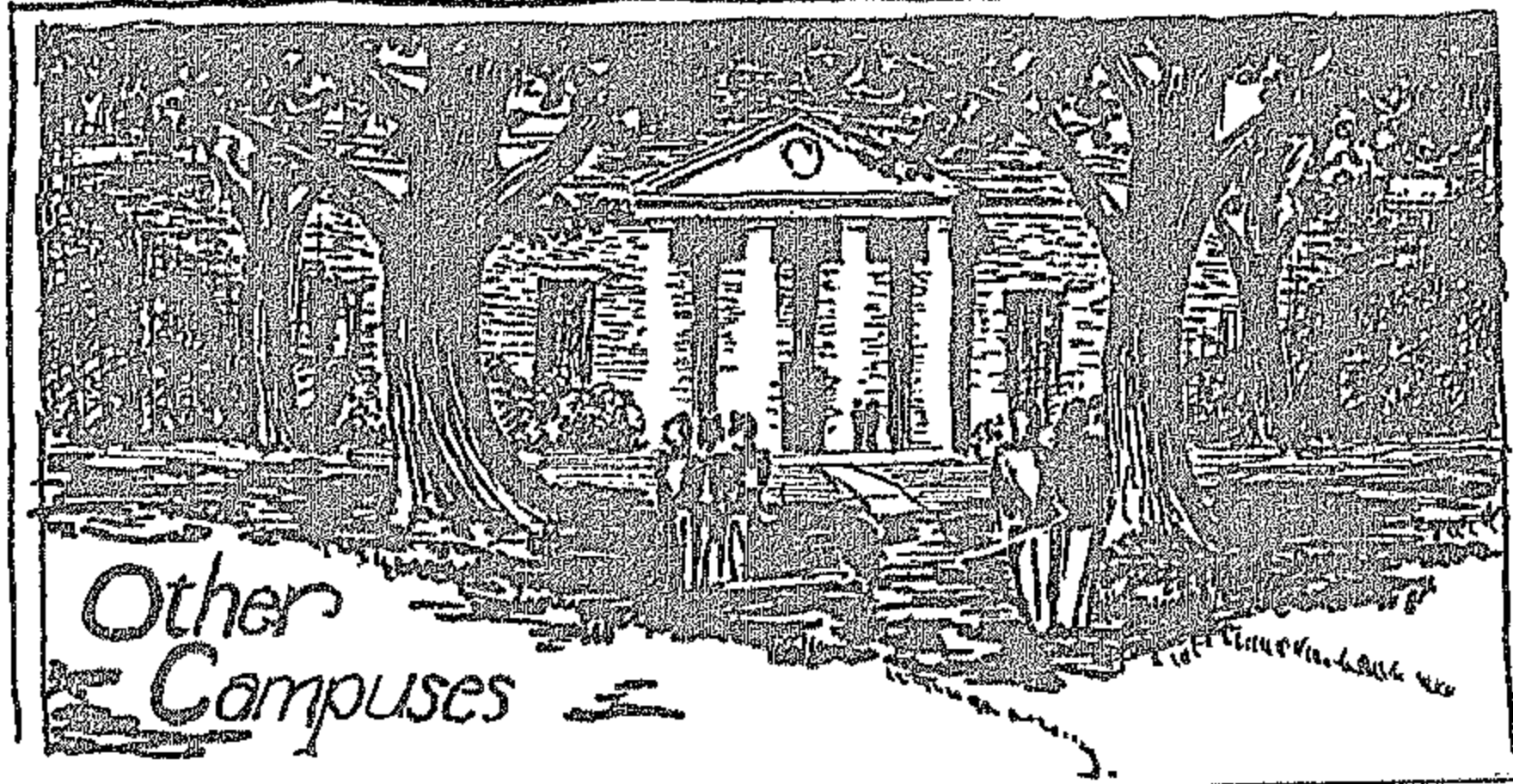


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Other Campuses

By J. Hebson

President Robert M. Hutchins of the U. of C. believes that schools of journalism are the, "Shadiest of educational venture."

Stanford U. school of journalism in instant defiance increased their course in journalism to five years to a master's degree, with the added privilege of all graduates being able to wrinkle their pants and call themselves, "Scoop."

Katherine Hepburn was mobbed by college boys from Randolph-Macon College in a trophy seeking mood when she visited there. Leaving the scene in a gracefully fitted barrel she chatted coyly and coldly through blue lips, "Oh, exuberent spirits of youth, *!); ;!;*?*)"

Governor Earle of Pennsylvania was announced as inaugurating a five million dollar building program at Penn State, but a letter has been dispatched pointing out what a crummy outfit that is compared to Armour near State and within a few days all tuition will be refunded as the school will be self-sufficient.

The Senior class of Micklenburg college is allowed to plant poison ivy on the campus if all members of the class are bachelors when graduated.



By MA MERAZ

USE SIMPLE WORDS

Aspirants for literary advancement should religiously eschew polysyllabic orthography. The philosophical and philological substructure of this principle is ineluctable. Excessively attenuated verbal symbols inevitably induce unnecessary complexity and consequently tend to exaggerate the obfuscation of the mentality of the casual peruser. Conversely, expressions which are reduced to the furthestmost minimum of simplification and compactness, besides contributing a factor of realistic versimilitude constitute a much less onerous handicap to the reader's perspicacity. Observe, for instance, the unmistakable and inescapable expressiveness of onomatopoeic, interjectional, monosyllabic utterances especially when motivated under strenuous emotional circumstances. How much more appealing is their euphonious pulchritude than the preposterous and pretentious pomposity of elongated verbiage and rhetorical rhodomontade.

Now if that isn't enough for you try this on your piano—"In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical, or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversations and communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compact comprehensibility, a coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement, and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pomous prolixity, setaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity, and grandiloquent vapidty. Shun double entendres, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscurant or apparent.

In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Don't use slang; don't put on airs; say what you mean; mean what you say, and avoid big words.

Safe-Blower

Continued from page one

'Em) squad and has a good record. Although he was a member of the Sissy Club at Sing Sing, he is gradually outliving his nickname.

Bush, a candidate for ring-leader has been the most important man in the gang. He is a member of the "I'll catcha you" club. While "brains" of the bunch only three men have been given the "hot seat." Having Redhead Cupie as driver of the speedwagon, the other members haven't been caught yet. Bush is well known throughout the underworld as the most brutal gun slinger there is in the city. After his thirty year term on the rocks at Alcatraz, he had emerged with a knowledge of the latest methods of planning jobs. Recently, he had a bomb placed in the stoker which blew a hole in the floor of the vault; the gang walked in and carried out all the bonds that were laying around. Upon returning to the hide out, they managed to paste them back together again.

Only having 297 notches on his machine gun, he is going out tomorrow night to see if he can't raise the ante and qualify for leader.

Wagner, is the "plan" man in the outfit. Making the bank floor plans, the jobs usually can be planned to perfection. Although the plans are often hard to read due to the blotches. Because of his sticky fingers from eating chocolate bars and drawing at the same time, his finger usually sticks to the trigger, often killing ten men instead of one.

All the above men are attempting to qualify for leadership by trying to carve the largest number of notches in their gats. Selecting a leader is

Armour Hams Appoint Bughouse and Others

The Armour Players, better known as the Armour Star Hams, are making every effort to maintain their financial integrity. They have announced the appointment of five dues-paying members to the Guild. The suckers are Bughouse Sternfeld, Wacky Buckman, Rancid Brinkman, Goose Danforth, and Rat-Face Erisman.

The Hams figure on tossing a shindig to celebrate their discovery of a stray bottle of Scotch Vodka, '76 which that mad Rushian (Russian to you) hid away during the last farcical failure, "The Marriage Flop." Professor Totenspuss found the stray bottle and in an effort to integrate the whole volume, he managed to consume a whole half. His lecture consisted of a discourse on the Armour Math Building which is being dug for him, third floor basement, Chapin Hall, room 320, and the art of swooning at frequent intervals ably demonstrated. Leskinen suddenly remembered the bottle of Vodka and thus the beginning of the present celebration.

Undaunted by the results of previous plays the group is said to be planning another potential failure. Professor Combs, Rat-Face Erisman, and Fulghum in order of importance and Hendricks will undoubtedly contribute to shearing the complete harmony of thesespspspsps players. The ring circus will be staged during Junior Week in R Mission.

a hard task, as he must be a murderer, killer, throat slicer, knifer, and be able to hold the gang in his hand at any time.

Pledge Prize Dope Into Frau Beta Pi

Frau Beta Pi has recently announced that Joe Collitch, Armour Tech's erstwhile electrical engineer, is being considered for election to that famed psychopathical society. Collitch nosed out Knowitallovitch by the wart on his nose. Collitch got 3 E's last semester. Knowitallovitch got only two E's. Both men took only three subjects last semester because they had so many incompletes the last five semesters that the bosses of the asylum deemed it hardly advisable for the men to over-exert their heads.

Collitch's average for the last seven years in the electrical engineering department has been—.041, while that of Knowitallovitch has been .0001 for the past twelve years.

H. Bodnar was willing to concede that Knowitallovitch had an advantage in point of seniority, but that Collitch was the better man. He cited for example the fact that Collitch has been thrown out of school twelve times, but returned each time with a larger endowment for the school lawn.

Witness the last investment from the endowment scattered all over the front lawn. The only reason that the lasting flavor does not reach around to the research laboratories is that Collitch's last endowment ran to \$1.26, just enough to flavor Dr. Thompson's 8:30 physics class with that well known fragrance, but not enough of the fragrant derivative lasted to be scattered in the vicinity of Dr. Poulter's emporium.

Gas Barrage Over Armour Impells Students to Flee

WAR GAMES AT ARMOUR

A noble move on the part of the Institute authorities to prepare and protect the sons of Armour for the inevitable war was made last week when the Dean's office ordered a six week session of war games on the Armour campus. Promptly at 8:23 Monday morning last, acting commander Tibbals gave the order and George Rhode and Fred White, peacetime gardeners laid down their first in a series of repeated gas attacks. Working with feverish activity, they were able by 9:47 to cover every inch of soil from Dearborn street to the railroad tracks and from 32nd to 34th streets with a two inch coating of the deadly substance, C₁₀H₁₃X₀₂.

Every Armour man was on his toes to receive the attack, and in 13.8 seconds (timed with stop watch from fourth floor), the campus was cleared except for the prostrate, crumpled bodies of three gasping sophomores who succumbed to the obnoxious odors and dropped into the east gutter of 33rd street. It is rumored that repeated excessive calculus assignments, overwork, and worry had greatly reduced the resistance of the victims.

The brisk breezes of Lake Michigan have carried minute particles of the lethal exterminator into every cranny of the college, sifting it, report would say, into slide rule cases, lunch kits and between the tines of the forks in the Faculty Grill.

Advertisement for Chesterfield cigarettes featuring a man in a Chesterfield cap, a pack of cigarettes, and the text: 'Mild ripe tobaccos..and pure cigarette paper... these Chesterfield ingredients are the best a cigarette can have. What you enjoy in Chesterfields... the reason they give so many smokers more pleasure... is the full flavor and aroma of mild ripe home-grown and aromatic Turkish tobaccos, blended like no other cigarette. The Champagne cigarette paper used in making Chesterfields is pure... it burns without taste or odor... it's the best cigarette paper money can buy. ...you'll find MORE PLEASURE in Chesterfield's milder better taste'