

“DAVIS CUP A CINCH” --- NATINCHEK

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 maulers 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 Natinchek 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" Natinchek 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

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

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 fence'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.

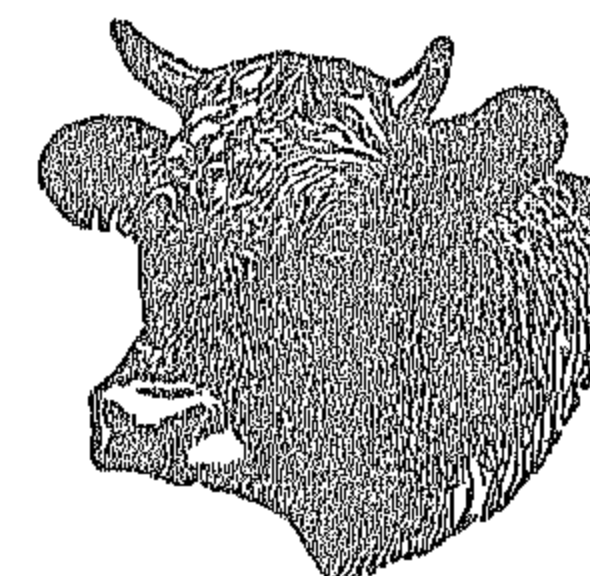
When Coach Colvert heard this team had finally agreed to win the Cup he suggested that the finals be held behind Chapin Hall and save the trip to Wimbledon. Furthermore, he expects to be introduced to the members of the tennis squad sometime next week when the team holds its annual tea dance and bridge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

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

Rounding the last turn of the ate atey 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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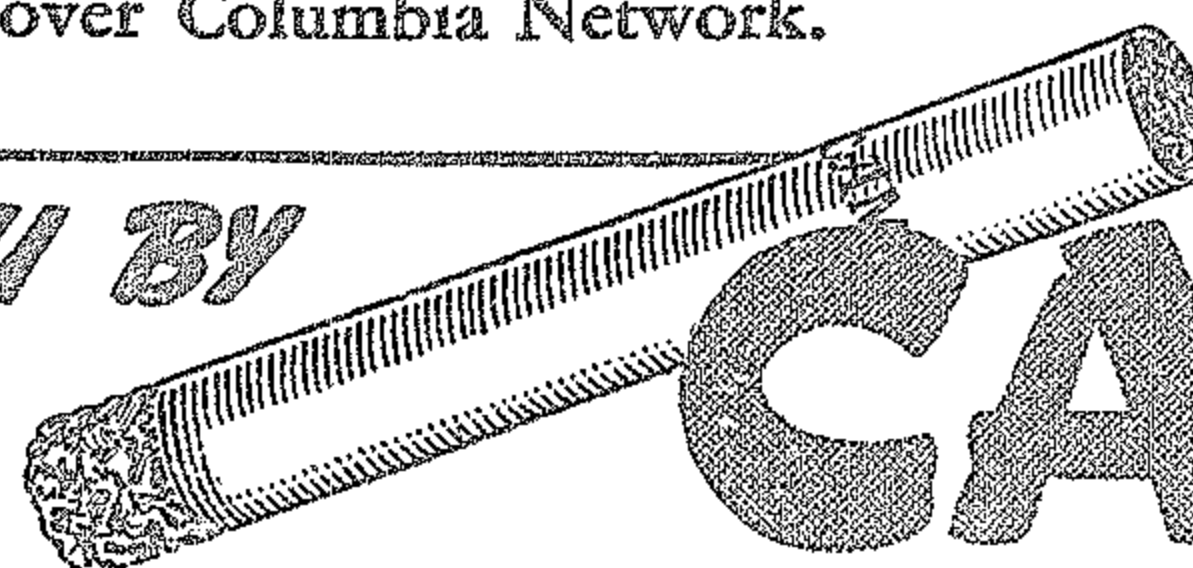
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