

Pierpont Pays Price; Beware You Slackers!

There sat R. S. Van Pierpont Jr. mournfully contemplating a hunk of blueberry pie and a pot of tea. With his glassy eyes he was a tragic sight as I watched him. He had good reason to be sad. He moaned as he squeezed the lemon into the tea; he whimpered as he added 6 soupspoons full of sugar to it; he wept as he swallowed a forkful of pie. Alas, he had paid the price. Yes, and what a price to pay. It was almost unbearable to watch that dejected individual fiddle with that sharp knife. To those who wonder what may have caused this dejection, I will explain.

Trouble Begins

Yesterday, this same lad was one of the happiest Techawks one would have wanted to see. Long about eleven in the morning yesterday his downfall began. A phone buzzed merrily in the Registrar's Office. Mr. Kelly answered. The voice on the other end of the wire happened to be R.S.V.P.'s Dad. "Would you mind finding Reginald?" was the innocent query. "Just a moment," was the reply. . . I am sorry sir, but I am unable to find Reginald." The other party answered "I wanted to ask Reggie if he wanted to use the Duessenberg and an extra \$25.00 allowance as I am going out of town this afternoon and will not return for a week. Since you cannot find him I'll take the car down to my garage and have it completely checked during the week. Thank you and good-by."

Was that all? you wonder . . . Five minutes later the phone jangled again. "Oh, Reginald Seronge Van Pierpont, Jr? No, I'm sorry we will be unable to locate him, Miss. What's that? Oh, you say that you wanted to know whether he would go with you to the Scrumptious, Unexcelled Leap Year Formal. The bids are \$8.00 and you foot the bill. I'm terribly sorry we cannot help you."

No Luck

Yes, there he sat as he picked up the last crumb of pie between the forefingers of each hand and tenderly crammed it into his already bulging mug. Just then he broke down. Going over I scratched his back and patted his thick shaggy head with a book end. Just goes to show you fellows that you better turn in your program cards and be on the safe side.

It's On With New; Stoopbrain Takes to Cycle

Deer Sally,

It haz ben sum tyme sinze I rote tew yew laste, but deer Sally, I hav ben thinking of yew offen. On account of pressing duties (not in a taylor shop) at skool, I haven't had much tyme. Exams hav gone and passed, I am now in my laste year at colledge, and I hav retired (the polite word for it) from the skool newspaper—the Armore Wrecked News (we got a gude feed owt of it at the end, anyway). I hav got owt my pedals and hav joined the cycle staff, whose slogan iz: "A Cycle built for yew."

Soshall activits hav reeched a new high at skool. We gave a musical klubs koncert on feb. 4 at an Indian reservashion nown az the Shawnee Kountry club, withe a brawl and beer (or wuz it tea—it seemed tew hav foam on it) bust, afterwards. A couple of weeks later we had the Suffermore danze thrown by the Kluss of '42 in the Blue Boiler rume of a downtown hotel (on account on sesorship, I kan't mension the Stevens name).

The most rescent bige soshall event wuz ovr Goodman theater koncert sumplace near Kitty Davis'. Boy, oh boy, wat an affare. O. G. Erienson, the conductor, up there punching transfers az the curtain whent up. The koncert began withe a jews harp quartette playing the symphony "Picking Shells At the Seashore, Nellie" (dediated, I gess, tew ovr librarian) and ended up withe O. G. singing "Get Owt of Townn—before it's tew late."

Wel, deer Sally, az the tramp sed tew the tourist, quote: Speaking of bathing in famous springs—I bathed in the spring of '86!"

Yures,

STOOPBRAIN BLISS.

SIDELINES—

(Continued from page five)

mission might not have been necessary.

Since Italy is not actually in the war we may wonder why Mr. Welles conferred at length with Signor Mussolini. It must be remembered that Italy occupies a strategic position in the Mediterranean and is hostile to France. Perhaps the assumption is that if the war should spread into the Balkans, Italy cannot remain neutral. Premier Mussolini's demands for Tunisia, Corsica, and a share in the operation and management of the Suez Canal might also have been discussed.

Traveled Widely

To the time at which this is being written, Mr. Welles has been to Italy, Germany, and France. There has been much speculation in the press regarding the minimum terms for peace each belligerent outlined to Mr. Welles. All such reports are unfounded, since President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Cordell Hull are the only two persons to whom a report will be presented.

BONNIE BAKER—

(Continued from page one)

suing from under a shy smile, died a shy death in the confines of the room, and springing to the rescue, the gallant Orrin, tendered his services as microphone, amplifier, and loudspeaker.

It was in Orange, Texas, in the year 1918, that old Sol first gazed upon Evelyn Nelson, alias Wee Bonnie Baker. Huston, however, soon became her habitat, and it was there in the school plays of De Salles Academy that the first sugary notes of Bonnie's voice crept forth across the footlights. With incredulity and amazement the world greeted her synopated whisper; but little did it know that the miracle of the vacuum tube and the acetate record would soon transport it into the top night spots of the nation to thrill the most blase of sophisticates, the most listless of hearts, and, oh yes, the Armour Tech lounge lizards.

Rises To Fame

The shyness and intimacy of Bonnie's sensational warbling had its most startling effect with the resurrection of "Oh Johnny." It is officially estimated that this song has been rendered about 1,000 times a year, since Bonnie joined Orrin Tucker's outfit in California four years ago. Performing currently at the Empire Room in the Palmer House, Orrin and

Bonnie have drawn crowds not seen there since the regime of Veloz and Yolanda. Incidentally, the publicity of both these teams has been handled by Al Fuller, Palmer House's front man, who Orrin claims is primarily responsible for the phenomenal attention received by Bonnie and the orchestra.

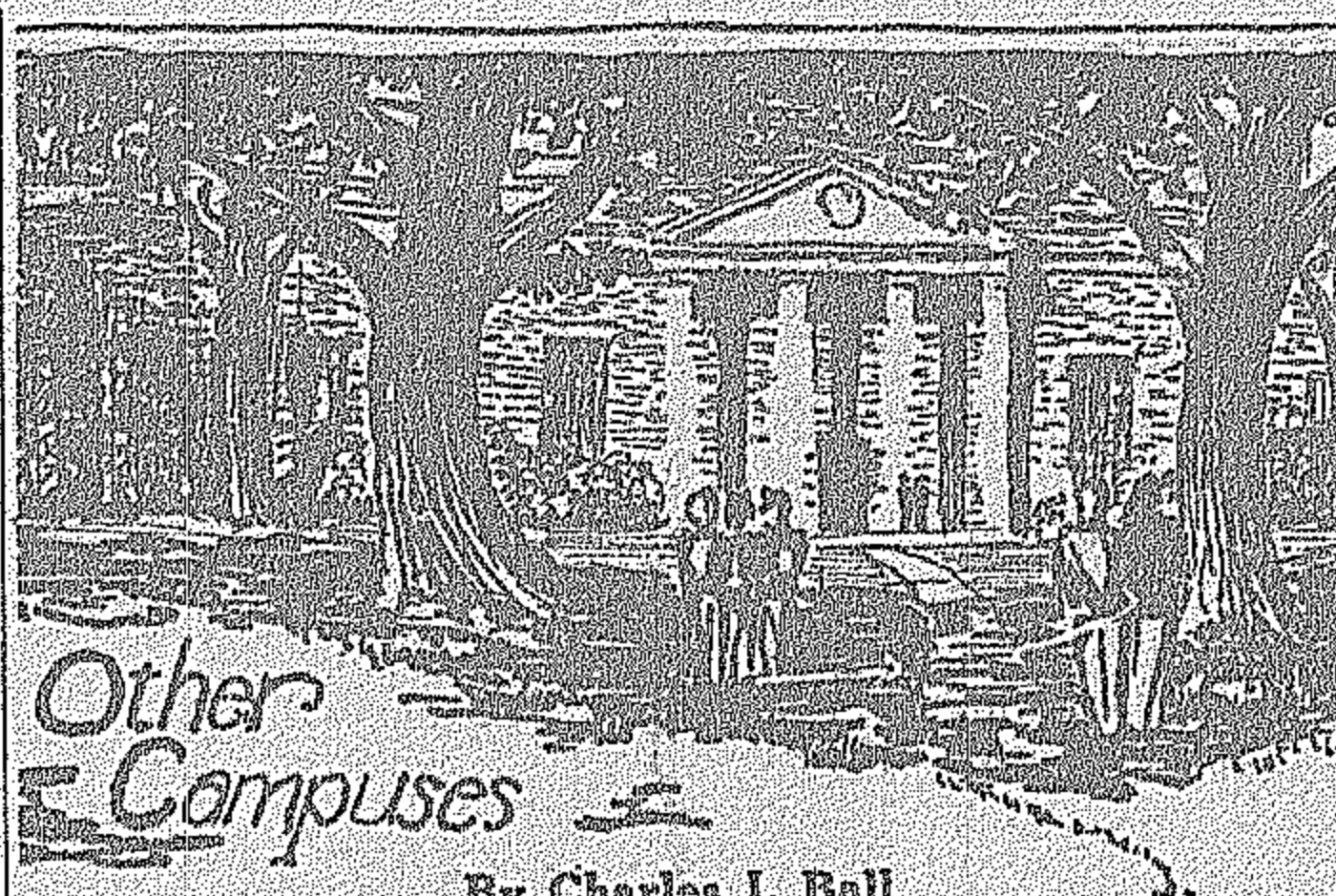
Feature occupant of the lighter side of Bonny's life is "Toby," her diminutive fox terrier. Toby's canine charms are the only object of Miss Baker's affections right now (so she says). When asked, however, why he assumed such a protecting attitude toward Bonny, Orrin peeked slyly at Bonny, and replied "That's all she'll let me take." The tittering of the sob-sisters in the audience didn't phase the Baker kid at all though, who smiled sweetly at one and all, and kicked Orrin caressingly in the teeth (wishful thinking).

Long Hours

Eating ice-cream, according to Bonnie, occupies only a small part of her time; for, upon arising at 1 p.m., she spends 16 hours of each and every day rehearsing and performing. In addition to the Empire Room, the band plays for station WGN and for the Lucky Strike Hit Parade. Upon conclusion of their Palmer House engagement, plans include the week of the 29th at the Chicago Theater, a short stay at the Orpheum Theater in Minneapolis, and then an airplane dash to the Waldorf Astoria in New York. The thing that struck this reporter most forcibly during the interview was the curious lack of the much-played-up glamour in this dance band business. Performances, preparation for them, recordings, and publicity, take up so much time that there is not even time for dates. Orrin claims he's seen only one movie in 10 weeks. Which one? Why, "Gone With The Wind" of course.

New Recording

Promised to be released this week is a new song featuring Bonnie and the "Bodyguards" entitled "Slh, The Baby's Asleep." In this record Bonnie and the Boys are reported to use a style differing from anything that they have done before. According to Robert Orrin, the problem of picking songs that will be popular with the nation's dancers is highly uncertain, and a tremendous amount of the band's time is occupied in mulling over a vast selection of songs, old and new, and analyzing them for adaptability to Bonnie's style of torching, "danceability," and possible popularity.



Other Campuses

By Charles I. Bail

It's the coeds who paid at the Leap-Year Dance of the Central Y. M. C. A. College of Chicago which also featured an all-girl band. The leap-year etiquette was an inspiration to the male species . . . the young lady bought her date a garden variety corsage . . . she checked his coat, scarf, and other garments . . . she stood aside to let him enter the door ahead of her . . . she also obligingly held his comb and wallet (!) throughout the evening. That last item requires full investigation.

Three former college presidents are featured among the Educators set of the Famous Americans' Series of postage stamps recently issued by the United States. These famous men of American education are Mark Hopkins of Williams College, Horace Mann of Antioch College, and Charles W. Eliot of Harvard.

Columbia Broadcasting System's American School of the Air is the largest in the world. Eight million boys and girls in over 200,000 classrooms attend through their radios every weekday in the school year.

Chalmer Hopper, senior at Kansas State Teacher's College, works his way through college by preaching. Besides carrying a full 17-hour course he preaches three sermons every Sunday along with funerals and weddings during the week.

No swimming at Swarthmore College! The swimming pool there is occupied by a porpoise which is being studied in the hope of finding out the process by which oxygen is supplied to the brain and tissues.

The South Dakota State College offers a summer course in botany at a camp in the Black Hills.

A complete date, including admission, refreshments, and taxi, can be had for less than 75¢ at Texas A. & M. dances.

Stout Institute, Menomine, Wisconsin, student opinions on their leap year week. . . Um—I'm just crazy about it . . . Oftener—three or four times a month. . . It gives the coed a chance to show her appreciation (for what?) . . . It's all right but the girls are too bashful.

"Jezebel" was selected by the student body of the Kansas State Teachers College as their favorite movie. "The Great Waltz" and "The Life of Emile Zola" were second and third choices.

A special course that deals with history of the middle west is given at Knox College.

COOP NEWS—

(Continued from page two)

Ed Ruhe, 5A, illustrator, cartoonist, and (believe it or not) censor on these class cartoons, rates his training at Armour so highly that he trips into class even though the assembly is due to adjourn within five minutes. His right hand man, "Stooge" Wilms, is of the same mind.

Spring isn't here as yet and neither is the first robin, but Mike Larinoff swears the first mosquito drew blood from his precious hide last Tuesday in Chapin. It's quite possible, of course, that Mike mistook a pin for the pesty creature and someone's automobile horn for the too-familiar buzz.

"What form . . . what poise . . . what stance . . . what graceful movements . . . what a back hand"—that's what the co-ops are saying of Ralph Schmall, 5A, the ping pong artist.

The results of the basketball tournament to date indicate that seniority and superiority are somewhat associated. Hutchings and Heidenreich led the seniors to a 25 to 12 victory over the freshmen while the juniors, paced by "Pot Shot" Noyes, subdued the pre-juniors in a defensive game, 16 to 10. Bill Manstrom, 4A, suffered a sprained ankle in the game and will be lost to the class for the remainder of the season.

Last week "A" Sogin and "I-Got-One-Too" Woodbury, 2A's, were confronted with the problem of whether Sogin owed Woodbury two cents for milk or vice versa. After much figuring, Woodbury paid the two cents and Zimmerman collected 14 cents (one of the extraneous roots introduced).

The ping-pong tournament is taking its toll among the lower classes. Two games are already bitter memories for the losers. Co-ordination and skill proved too much for the soph team of Minter, McMacken, Woodbury, and Adams, which was crushed by the seniors: Parker, Olsen, Taylor, and Kosley. Likewise, the juniors, Gibrey, Boyer, and Stukile, fell before the strong senior third combination of Schmall, Olinger, Heidenreich, and Jones.

The other day while roll was being taken, Adams, 2A, informed Prof. McDonald that his seat was full and then the class informed Adams what to do about it.

Baby Sandy had better watch his step in economics. He is pledged to the Beta Omega Mu and Prof. Davey is one of the Actives.

"Speed Demon" Wittekindt, 2A, claims that he and his T-rusty '36 Ford are the answer to the problem of pursuing the Green Hornet.

Last week Prof. Potter encountered some of the difficulties of climbing when the "early bird" first row blocked the aisle to the back of room where the rest of the soph class was seated facing the side board.

From now on Croak, 2A, is an apple core eater. He has found this to be a sure way to cut his time in class exactly in half.

In answer to the question "What is the difference between an impulse and reaction turbine?" Prof. Perry received the following quotes:

"Percy Nigrelli: "Where are all my bowling pals?"

Hutchings: "I read it but it wasn't very clear to me."

"Percy Van Skyler" Ruhe: "In an impulse type of turbine the expansion and consequent pressure change occurs entirely within the nozzle, which directs the steam in jets against the rotating buckets."

Voice in the rear: "By McNaughton in 'Steam Power Plant Engineering.'"

The Busiest Cigarette from Coast to Coast

Miss Hazel Brooks

... photographed at New York's new municipal airport. MISS BROOKS is chief instructress of stewardesses for American Airlines and one of the busiest people in America's busiest airport. Her passengers all know that Chesterfield is the cigarette that satisfies.



Chesterfield is today's Definitely Milder... Cooler-Smoking Better-Tasting Cigarette

Flying East or West, North or South, you'll always find Chesterfields a favorite of the airways.

You'll never want to try another cigarette when you get to know Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best tobaccos. You can't buy a better cigarette.

They Satisfy... TODAY'S COOLER-SMOKING BETTER-TASTING... DEFINITELY Milder CIGARETTE