

SUPERCOLOSSAL PREVUE!

ALLISON FAINTS AS DANCE FUND IS "BORROWED"

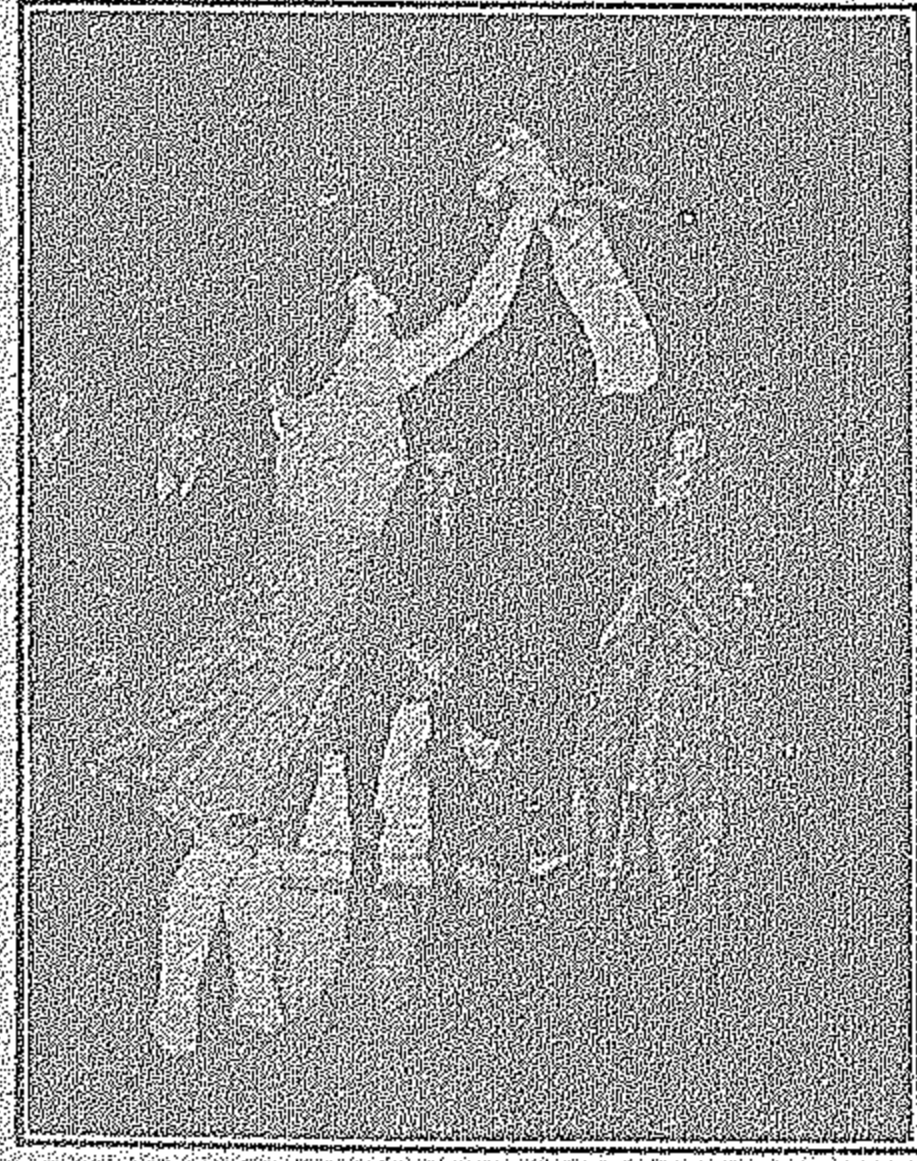
"G"-Men Trace Thief Through Highballs

Last Friday evening under the very noses of several house detectives and members of the social committee, the chairman of the Junior Formal scurried away with the money which was to be used to pay the orchestra and hotel. Within a short time, however, the detective bureau had located him and he was returned to the scene of his crime. Whereupon, the bills were paid, and his friends helped him sober up from the results of too many Kitty Davis' high-balls. It is believed without a shadow of a doubt that it was his intoxicated condition which prompted him to such an act. Probably the most serious result of this incident was the total collapse of Mr. Allison who could not withstand the shock. The house physician was quickly summoned, and with the aid of a stiff shot of coco cola and the presence of the money he was soon in better shape.

However, the labor put forth by the social committee was not in vain. In spite of this trying incident, the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Heald, Dean Tibbals and Miss Orcutt along with Mr. and Mrs. Allison brought smiles to the faces of those in charge.

Dinner was served to the scintillating music of Bonnie Leighton and his cowboys. Bonnie's orchestra, which has a fine reputation for its unique style, was far from good. It seems half the cowpunchers were more than lathered.

The special entertainment of the evening received a great reception by the Armourites and their friends. The first novelty was presented by Dean Tibbals and Miss Orcutt who demon-

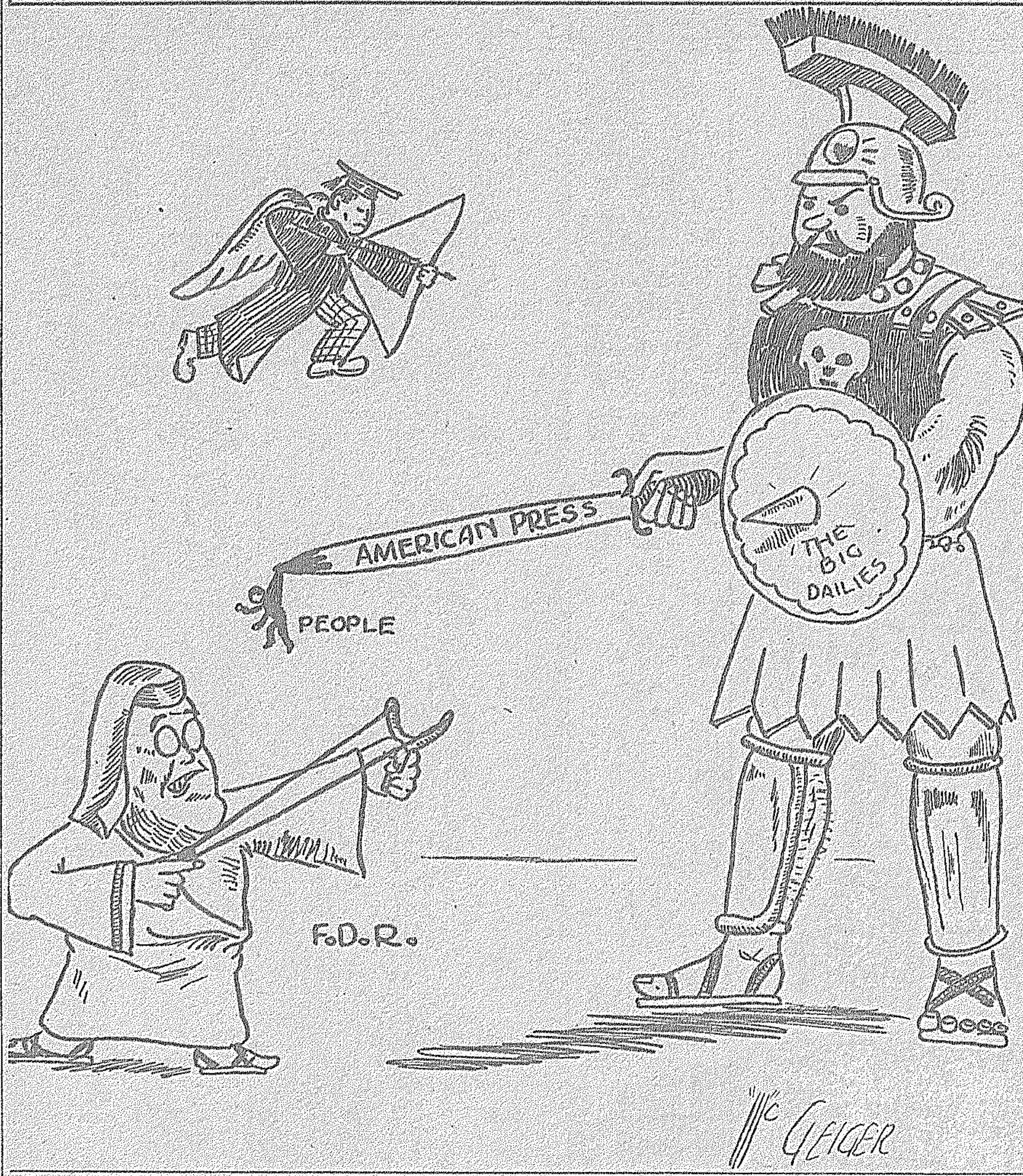


Scene at Junior Formal as Tibbals and Orcutt reached the climax of their sophisticated routine.

strated a difficult ballroom tap. The climax of this act is seen in the picture above and, for those who know, it is quite an accomplishment. After this number, Dean Tibbals lauded the efforts of the Armour Tech Dance Club, saying it was here he was taught this and similar interpretations of the game known as shag. Following this, Mr. Allison was duly presented and received thereupon a chatter of pennies and slugs. His offering to the party was a few pointers on sleight of hand tricks.

Some of the more interesting points of his act were the changing of a screaming five cent piece into a shiny new silver dollar, and the transformation of two cigarettes into a carton. On bowing to his grateful audience Mr. Allison captured the coppers dropped by his audience.

FRANKLIN "DAVID" ROOSEVELT



Passionate Story Run-off Before Thrilled Audience for First Time

Dictator Hitler to Bellow in Vacuum About Fatherland

From the Reichs-Cancel-ory in Berlin came this astounding decree late last night. Throngs were gathered about in the streets under loud speakers installed specifically for the purpose of carrying this announcement.

Der Fuehrer's voice bellowed amidst the dreary silence of the blackout. In hysterical tones he cried, "The national birth rate is being retarded enormously by the lack of adequate bathing facilities on board our undersen craft. The situation is alarming. Submarine crews are being shunned by their wives and sweethearts and in many instances divorce proceedings are under way and many desirable marriages have been called off."

"Just this morning," he continued, "Mr. Churchill ordered all His Majesty's destroyers and cruisers to report at the nearest contraband control station to be loaded with these formidable weapons. Think of our position and you will realize that we must strike back. So, I ask you to donate to the fatherland all your spare plumbing fixtures. The bathtubs must be installed immediately if we are to frustrate the efforts of our enemies."

The dictator spoke solemnly as he continued. "Doctor Schmitzelmas von Geruch attributes the cause to odors that the crews are being subjected to when fish get caught in the propeller shaft and torpedo tubes.

Speaking now in a low, whispering voice that made his listeners perk up as attentively as though they were being let in on a deep secret, Adolph began, "Our enemies have learned of our plight. They are no longer dropping humane depth charges upon our hapless seamen, but are substituting the barbarous stench weapons consisting of aged eggs, charges of H-S and other similar stench materials." "Heil Myself." With these words the wise man ended his soul stirring oration.

Leady LaPants Rises To Dramatic Heights

This is station W.P.N.U., the Voice of the Peepul, Chicago, bringing you a word picture of the mighty spectacle being staged this evening at Armour Institute of Technology, a broadcast direct from the great black way of the south side of Chicago where the World Premier of the greatest epic of all times: Leady LaPants in "No Drapes She Hath" is about to be previewed at the gigantic Armour Tech News party being held in the magnificent Empire Room of the Student Union Building of Armour Tech. The adjacent Blue Smoke and White Tile Rooms are also being used this evening to accommodate the vast number of distinguished guests. Our location at this time is near the beautiful wite canopy which leads from Toity-toid St. Boulevard to the door of this magnificent structure. Great beacons flashing huge streams of wite rays shine down from the nearby towering structure known as Machinery Hall. Great droning motors nearby remind one of airplanes winged overhead (actually the 8:55 down by the R.I. tracks). What an event this is, ladies and gentlemen, and station W.P.N.U. is extremely happy to be able to broadcast it. Ah, here comes a huge limousine up to the curb. It looks like an 18 cylinder Maxwell. . . . The crowd of spectators strain forward on the ropes. . . . A man alights from the car and helps his lady alight. . . . It's Peter Woods, the Editor of The World's Smelliest Paper! He's resplendent

(Continued on Page Three)

Billy Rose and Sam Bibb Yield 5th Dimension

Samuel Fletcher Bibb, while copy reading the printer's proofs of his latest book, "Elementary and Advanced Analysis of the Pretzel" admitted your correspondent into his study and allowed the first interview on his theory of the fifth dimension. Mr. Bibb said that he first received an inkling that there was such a thing one nite last summer. It seems that he was site-seeing in New York on one of those open top double-decked busses, and he stood up to get a better look at the curves in Billy Rose's Aquacade just as they entered the Holland Tunnel. As the reinforced concrete met the reinforced cranium his thinking processes began to unravel the complexities of the fifth dimension. Mr. Bibb was fortunately accompanied by his private secretary and she whipped out her shorthand book as he began dictating in his delirium. Just when he was halfway through the fifth and about ready to start on the sixth, somebody threw water on him and stopped the oracle. Then he pulled himself together, went home and began to assemble the notes that his secretary had taken. All went well up to the point that he had been revived and there he was stymied. He couldn't continue his thinking processes from there on since he wasn't in the mood. Then he had a brain-child, "Why not get back in the mood?" Ah, yes, that was it, but how to do it? It was a little hard on one's head the way he did it the first time. Well he just started wandering about aimlessly thinking of some way to recapture the mood. Just then he happened to be going by Kitty Davis'. Since he had heard so

(Continued on Page Four)

Sludge Gripes; Morals Ruined In Washroom

Sludge McTehawk, prominent senior A.I.T., yesterday filed in the Supreme Court of the United States a suit for \$10,000 against Armour. Sludge contended that his morals were corrupted when he was compelled to wash his hands in the presence of freshmen in the lavatory of the main building.

Mrs. McTehawk, elderly society matron and mother of Sludge, was abashed when she heard what her darling son was forced to do. School officials have never experienced any difficulty before, but have always felt that individual wash stands with partitions and locking doors should be installed. According to Sludge, his mother will withdraw the suit if the Institute remodels the washroom within ten days.

Put Put Potter to Execute Plans to Blow Up Ogden

The freshmen this last week indicated their plans for blowing up Ogden Field about the time the sophomores reach the grab bag in the center of the field.

Prof. Potter is to be the chief plunger in charge of all discharges. Mines are now in the process of laying. This is to have more than one advantage. Besides removing the major portion of obnoxious sophomores, the explosion will act as preliminary excavation for the new fieldhouse which will not be built.

Prior to the rush a scavenger hunt is to be held in which all of the neighborhood tripe will be collected and placed on the field. All articles will be returned to the neighborhood African fashion in a jiffy.

The hunt is to be run on a point basis. Highest honors are to go to the group collecting the most out-houses and women's underwear. No new clothing or houses will be accepted.

Included in the week's program are such thrilling games and contests as the following: Jacks, hop-sotch, bean-bag-pitching, hoop-rolling and cockroach racing. Many of the fellows are now training their stables of roaches.

The week will end with a general decapitation of all undesirable members of the faculty.

At the sound of the next tone beat you will hear the

WEATHER REPORT

"Red" Activity Seen In Paper Price Advance

Charging that the communists in Armour's administration are the ones responsible for the growing poverty noted among the engineering students, Mr. I. Rousem, friend of the student, branded the 0.1¢ per lb. rise in price of notebook paper as being detrimental to the well being of Armour students. Mr. Rousem charged "that chubby little rascal on the second floor" as being the one responsible for the new price rise.

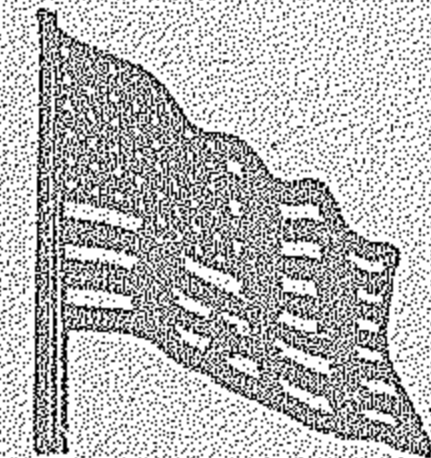
"During the last year," Mr. Rousem stated, "the price of notebook paper has been boosted seven different times, and as a result, Armour students are being forced to pay 0.7¢ per lb. more for paper than they have ever paid before! This preposterous rise in price hasn't taken place without repercussions, you may be sure. Today, instead of the jovial, well-clothed fellow who was seen on the campus a year ago, a sullen, anti-social student wearing shredded clothing and no shoes is found."

"The bolsheviks in the Armour administration are the ones responsible for this tragic downfall," Mr. Rousem pointed out. "These men, if they can be called that, rob the students of their notebook paper funds, and then use this blood money to spread communist propaganda."

The S.P.C.A. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Armourites) has in its files photostatic copies of receipts which were issued to communist members of the Armour administration in exchange for money, taken from the pockets of Armour

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NEWS SCUMMARY



You Know, Nothing Ever Happens.

TECH TRACKSTER FINALLY CROSSES FINISH LINE

Frat Splashers Blubb, Gurgle

With the interfraternity swim scheduled for this week all of the houses are feverishly trying to get their teams into shape by drilling in the bath tubs. Houses were compelled to keep the tubs full while the other members practiced diving, drowning (opponents), and freak-style swimming.

As one of his pledge duties, O. I. Gurgle had to make a report on the condition of the lake for swimming. When he did not return after being given his assignments, several other members went over to the lake and freed him from the ice.

The house warming party of P. D. Q. at which nearly a hundred guests were present was interrupted when one promising member tried to practice his racing start in the finger bowl.

The feature race of the tourney will be a swim across Lake Michigan, lengthwise. If they make it, the winners will receive a ticket to the water ballet at the University of Godunk in Delake.

LOVE COMES TO ARMOUR

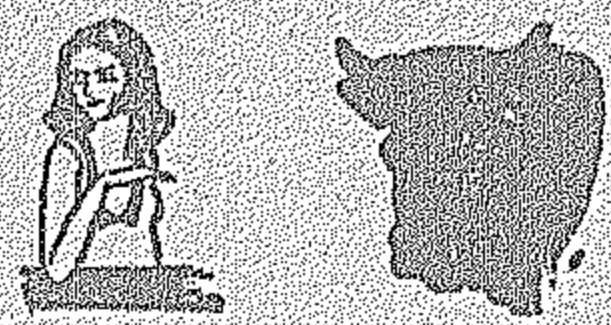
(Continued from Page One)

in white tails and . . . oh, my gosh! He's forgot his pants!

The Editor strides up the walk, a more democratic man you never have seen. He says something to that great body, the Armour Police Force. Let's catch his words . . . "Hello, John!" . . . Yes, you heard it, ladies and gentlemen. . . Well, here comes another limousine. A tall and handsome man alights. . . On second thought, he's mostly tall. . . It's Thomas Alexander Hunter III. He alights from the Ford, picks up his cane and hobbles in, mutter, "Lunch room, Bah!"

. . . The crowd is streaming into the auditorium and there on the stage resplendent in a bathing suit and freshly waxed mustache is the Dean. He says a few words and now the lights are going out, and the picture, the greatest of all time: "No Drapes She Hath" begins. . . Now, just a second, folks, until I get this peanut brittle out of my pocket. . . My, some picture. Ah, she takes them off and places them on a chair near the dresser. Stripped bare. Now she pats them smooth. She stands in front of the window with the breeze blowing past her tepid brow. Say, I've never seen a movie before where a woman changes a bed. . . Ah, it's a summer day again, and the great lover, Bypass Power, takes her in his arms and plants a kiss upon her lips. What a scene this is. Thirty seconds, he's still kissing her. Sixty seconds, still at it! Three minutes and going strong! . . . Three minutes and forty secon. . . What's this? He throws her aside. He speaks: "You've been eating garlic again!" The great lover storms out of the house. In desperation she throws out her arms to him. No avail. She picks them up again, and calls in the maid to sweep up her broken heart. She drops her eyes when she thinks of the precious moments she has spent with him. . . She picks them up again. . . She finally backs away from the window as she sees him disappear down the road and bumps into the whirling fan. IT DISASTER! . . . The picture fades. Ah, the end. Well, time to get my chewing gum from the bottom of the seat.

Let's take the microphone around and question some of the distinguished guests as to their opinions about the picture. . . There's Professor Billy Goats. Pardon me, Mr. . . . "Get out of here. Now where the Hell are those damn shoes of mine." . . . There's a lovely lady over there and from here she looks like one of the Petty drawings. Oh, good evening, Miss, what is your name? . . . "Nellie Steal, young man. . ." Oh, hello, Professor Roesch, having trouble with your garter? . . . Why, Miss Nichin, why the bored look? Didn't you like the picture? . . . "Oh, I don't know" (she snaps her gum); it isn't the way I make love! . . . Well, it looks like we have seen just about all we can see around here, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, and so we bring to a close our broadcast over a nation-wide hookup through the channels of station W.P.N.U.



Pitchers Display Curves As Tech Coeds Work Out On 'O-G-D-N' Field

Next week will see the opening game of the baseball season in which the Techawks swing seventeen, captained by that shapely hurler Elly Von Mueller, will indulge in a bit of wand waving at the blazing fast ball of Mary Elizabeth Spies, who has kindly volunteered to assist a floundering Chicago Teachers College eleven.

Odds on the outcome of this bloody battle as quoted by "Swing" Not-in-cheek are at present 1/2 to 142/17 that the Bloomer Girls from Armour will not last more than 3 1/4 innings, that is if inclement weather, snow, rain, thunderstorms, tidal waves or Acts of God do not prevent the inhibition of knitting at Armour.

In their last game this year, the regular nine men from Armour lost their pants in a game with Sweetpea Academy for Girls. The boys were actually caught with their britches down when, just before the game started, Blondie Hmmm, Sweetpea's pitcher, blew a fuse in the clubhouse while listening to Little Orphan Annie on her radio. All lights in the dressing rooms went out and when Armour's team recovered, it was found that half the players had disappeared. By queer coincidence, the same number of Sweetpea girls were also missing, but the game went on. It was later discovered that rather than pitch baseballs the girls had preferred to pitch woo and therefore the teams went to an afternoon tea dance, etc., at a local hotel.

Next week's game is against 33rd Street Grammar School. We might win, fellas. Come on out! Pretty please.

SCRAPES off my SHOES

(Just a lot of dirt)

Spring hab cub, I thought I had a frog in my trout, but I guess it was just a toad in my nodes.

Ah ah ah choo o o o . . . Well that's out, so let's take off our panties and spring, not fall, into the news of the sporting world.

Colyume Won

Armor Technocracy's nose thumbing team worked out in the gymnasium this year, but the full team squad could not report because of the recent out-of-town hitchhiking trip.

Colyume Too

Yonny Cerovski and Yack Clark, each hath two arms and two girls . . . Yim Fahey recently returned from a trip to a classroom . . . Sunbeam Weissman's hotspot in the Student Union was raided by government men (the N. Y. A. boys invaded the lounge with broomsticks) . . . Jeorge Hanna, wrestling captain, won the inter-city Boy Scout knot tying contest. He tied the officials in knots and wouldn't untie them until they gave him first prize.

Tra-la-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la-la, all out for the spring butterfly dance. Up one, up two, gosh I'm happy.

Poisonalties in Ah-amour-News

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I feel just like the piece of dandruff that was trying to get a-head.

CONTRIBUTIONS



Sudden Thoughts

Since Louis got Paycheck, how much was it? Or is the check blank?

I. Musby Nuts.

Dentist: A guy who can't get along without a pull.

The Dentist's Chair Man.

The Scrape It has
Contends No friends

To keep her off his corn.
He cared not for her score;
He offered her his street car seat.

no,
He knew that she would thank him

WHY HE GAVE
She: "Well, I'm not a bank."

He: "I'm a bank examiner."

Gimp: "What happened when you caught the iceman necking your wife?"

He: "She just looked over his shoulder and said, 'Drag up a chair honey, and learn something.'"

Stale Joke No. 428,456,729,693
Sap, Boy, is my girl mad at me?"

Dope: What's the matter?
Sap: I told her that her bustle was slipping.

Dope: Why, that shouldn't have made her mad.
Sap: Yah, but she didn't have one on!

When Lights Are Low
Lovey: "I think you'd better go home, Jack."

Dovey: "Why do you say that, Frieda?"

Lovey: "Because I can tell you're not feeling well tonight."

Wind Bags See Hot Air Action

Thomas Alexander Hunter III, senior F.P.E., was unanimously declared the victor in the semi-annual blowball tournament held in the student union, sometimes. The tourney was sponsored by the Blowhard Windmill Company of any city and the prize was to be a huge wind bag to store hot air.

Runners-up in the contest were Genie Worcester, senior F.P.E., and Ernest "Stop-a-minute for some breath" Lindgren, soph Archtickle. Competition was keen and the air was thick with heated gusts of argumentative wind as the boys blew to their hearts' content in an attempt to send the little round piece of celluloid across the table.

The wind kept gushing forth, the crowd was cheering wildly and for the first time in history the competitors were free to continue with their blowing. Blow, boys, blow—blow, boys, blow. Finally it broke into a cheer, "Blow, blow, Yea team," and they blew, "Whewoooo."

After the contest, we interviewed the winner.

"How did you do it, T.A.?"

"Well, I just took a deep breath, held it for ten minutes and then—"

Lest the readers do not know what blowball is, let us begin by saying that the Olympic Committee has thought of letting Messrs. Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, etc., compete in a game to decide which has the most wind. So, on with the game.

Blowball is played on a standard ping-pong table with a ping-pong ball used as the recipient of all directional winds. The contestants line up on either side of the table and attempt to blow the spheroid across the top. There—ah—foah, the man with the biggest air capacity, doubtless, will be the winnah. Therefore it was, therefore we'll have another contest soon, therefore, why write any more about it. Goodbye.

Distance Man Breaks Tape in Record Time

'What Day Is It?' Asks Smiling, Gasping Runner

As the caretaker let loose with a thunderous round of applause, one Armour Tech track man tumbled over the finish line at the University of Chicago fieldhouse. He said that he was in the two-mile run and he voicefully demanded his medal.

"What two-mile run?" quoth the caretaker.

"The Armour Tech Relays, sir," quoth the Techawk.

And so it happened. Although the Tech Relays were held on March 16, it didn't matter much. Armour had finally crossed the finish line in a two-mile race.

Honor 'Eh!' Washes Ears

Honor A will hold a coming out party for the pledges. Fri—April 5th. Due to financial reverses Honor A is not able to procure a good place to dance—so the Lounge of the Student Union must be used; for the same reason a phonograph will be used, but unless one is brought down by the boys the dancing will be to the accompaniment of hand clapping and foot stomping. Because of increased costs in electricity, candles will be used from 8-12 o'clock. The engineers responsible for the egg that will be laid are Hen, A., and Bushed whose combined efforts are just as well uncombined. This so called dance is in the honor of the following new victims of the Society: Harry Son, Wm. Tell, New Grill, Hot Shins, Sure Shaver, Glums Mule, R Carry Her Waywout, Yoore Sis Crows, Sorrowski, Burpman, and Matt Hughes.

EXTRA Mildness

EXTRA Coolness

EXTRA Flavor

WITH SLOWER-BURNING

Camels

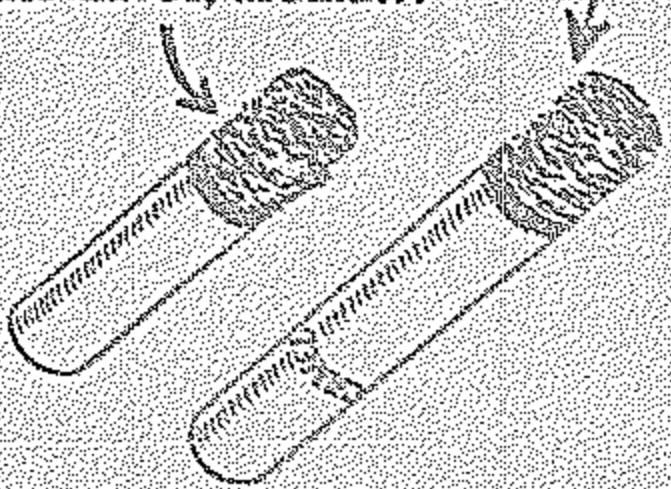
In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them. That means, on the average, a smoking plus equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



SLOW BURNING—protects natural qualities that mean mildness, thrilling taste, fragrance...a cooler smoke...

FAST BURNING—creates hot flat taste in smoke...ruins delicate flavor, aroma...



"Honey" Weissman's Den Is Closed as Impresario Is Jailed After Grand Jury Returns True Bills

Decapitation of Potter Certain For Rush Week

After three futile attempts to stem the violent Freshman-Sophomore riots that started two weeks ago, the Chicago Police Department finally resorted to calling out the National Guard. The move of the city police department was made after forty of its men had been neatly tucked away in hospital beds as a result of the uprisings.

According to communications received from the Frosh Front the Class of '43 will not consider any peace proposal until its five point plan has been accepted by the Sophomores. Its demands are as follows:

1. Sophomores, instead of Freshmen, must wear green caps.
2. Every Sophomore must remove his green cap in the presence of a Freshman.
3. Sophomores possessing seats in either the cafeteria or the lounge must, on seeing unseated Freshmen, immediately offer their seats.
4. The Sophomores and upper classmen must promise to hurl only the freshest eggs at them during the rush.
5. Above all, the Sophomores must return the unmentionables formerly worn by the Freshmen.

If the Sophs do not accept these five proposals, the Frosh, according to reports, will stage a blitzkrieg so horrible and destructive that in one day the number of Sophomores will be reduced to less than unity.

Meanwhile, the Sophomores, unwilling to comply with the Frosh demands, have taken drastic steps to insure themselves a victory. The main building has been converted into a Soph fortress with its chemistry laboratories working day and night to turn out high powered explosives and poison gas. Dr. McNamara has been abducted to give first-aid to wounded Sophomores who are already occupying the complete fifth floor of the building. Dean Tibbals and President Heald are being held by the class of '42 as hostages in case the National Guard decides to do something drastic on its arrival.

The city police, armed with sub-machine guns and tear gas, were unable to cope with the situation. The National Guard, called in by the desperate Chicago Police Department has not yet arrived at the scene of the hostilities, its arrival being expected by late this afternoon. As soon as anything new develops, the Armour Tech News will issue a special edition with full details.

Doc Catlin Is Proud Father of Hootnanny

Come one, come all! See the forty-leventh wonder of the world! Yessir, it has thirty sets of gears, a reduction ratio of 9,000 to 1, takes a full hour to complete its gyrations, weighs close to forty pounds, looks like Rube Goldberg on a spree, and will give any on-looker the galloping wimwams in one fourteenth of a microsecond. What is this marvelous invention? Step in closer, please, gentlemen, for this will amaze you, rite down to you last maze. It is none other than Doc Catlin's latest brain storm. His greatest achievement, surpassing in sheer genius even the 1/2 flea power engine of two years ago. I repeat, what is it?

Its a Hootnanny, 1940 model, sooper dooper, low swung, super-charged, stream lined, Radium plated, and features variable meow, dual ratio, floating gyroscopic relativation, over head cams, super finished kenip-ton pins, de-flockannized cannaffog-rapher, vapor stage, hyper-enthalpy interthermal universal jernts, and, believe it or not,—it works! So there, too.

You know, or at least you should realize after all that high falutin language, that Hootnannies, real Hootnannies and we don't want any of that Ersatz stuff, are scarce. In fact, this one is the only one in captivity.

Depopping Corn Is Newest Discovery of Research Lab.

Continuing to astound the scientific world with its brilliant and revolutionary discoveries, the Research Foundation of Armour Institute of Technology has just completed two very important projects.

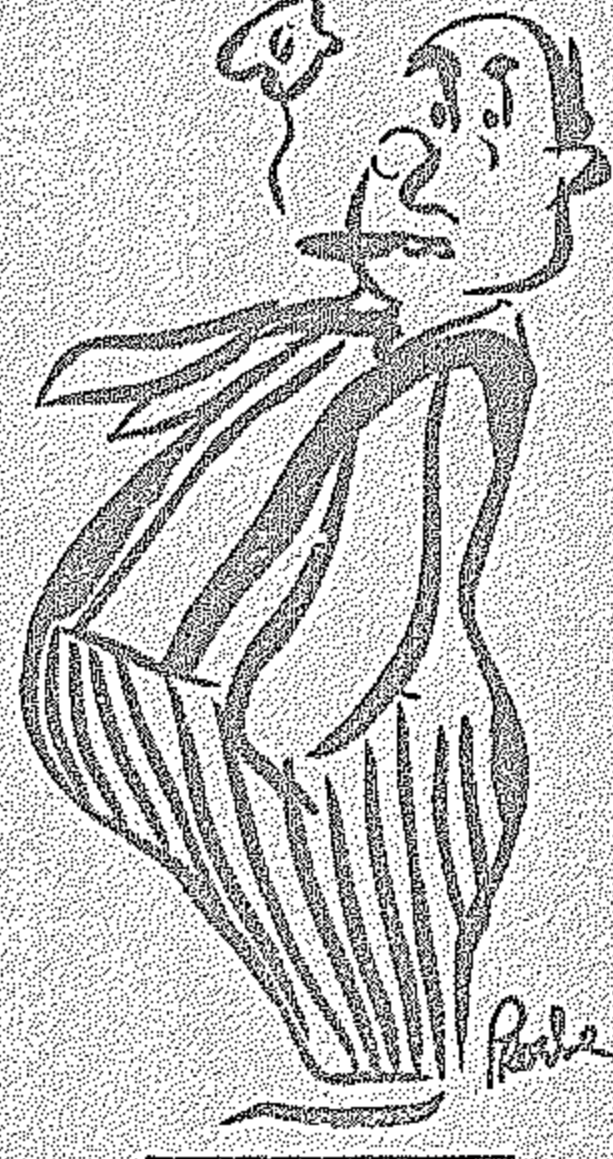
According to Professor A. Korrn, affectionately known as "Pop" Korrn, the revolutionary discovery of a method for depopping popcorn has now been perfected by the Foundation. The secret process uses a pressure of 10,000 atmospheres in a helium chamber to depop the corn. Other factors used in this new process include cathode rays, Raman rays, X-rays, forays, sachets, and calculus.

"Pop" Korrn says that the public is almost entirely unaware of the applications of his discovery. Making unpopped popped popcorn easy to distribute will greatly increase its demand, and it is hoped that the popcorn raisers will become so prosperous that the entire national debt may be wiped out by a proposed tax of \$.0000000001 per kernel. This tasty delicacy will now be enjoyed by eskimos, explorers, Big Shots, hot tots, Hottentots, and Zulus.

The other important project is the Foundation's long awaited publication of its directions for folding roadmaps. Under the able direction of Dr. Cart O. Grafer, this handy manual of instructions for tourists is to be expected April 1, 1940. This project has been under compilation since 1933 with funds furnished by the W.P.A. The first section will consist of all maps, since 1930, of the State of Illinois. For the benefit of traveling salesmen and others who wish to carry these instructions with them while motoring, a special thin paper set of only 73 volumes are to be made available.

The Foundation is working on an attachment for smashing machines which will enable them to be used as nut crackers, and a system for making moving pictures without sound.

No! You'll Have to Pay Now.



POULTER'S TROUBLES—

(Continued from Page One) enforcer would pay no heed. Finally Dr. Poulter remembered his old standby, his Tom Mix, Square-Shooters pin. When he showed this to the Sheriff he was immediately released after a short exchange of secret handshakes and signs. It seems that the sheriff was the head of the local chapter and knew that Poulter must be a regular fellow if he was a member of the Square Shooters. The sheriff was given a few short spins around the town hall in the cruiser just to show that there were no hard feelings between them. On one of the spins Dr. Poulter let the sheriff do the steering. The sheriff was pretty good at this, but nobody had told him where the brakes were. Since the sheriff was a man of great dignity he didn't let this upset him; he just calmly proceeded to look for the instruction book. By the time he had found page 3, the page on which the brakes were described in detail, there was no need for it because about a half minute before the cruiser had taken things into its own hands and had stopped itself, that is after going through the town hall, Bijou picture house, and Newt Petersen's outhouse. Dr. Poulter wasn't mad though, because now his Snow Scooter had all modern conveniences including a slightly used mail order catalogue.

Accomplice Also Faces Smuggling Charge

Weathering a hail of sub-machine gun and pistol bullets, church detectives—known as "A-men"—closed in on "Honey" Weissman's vice den today. After weeks of secret investigation, a detective, disguised as a spittoon in the master gangster's closely-guarded Student Union arsenal managed to photograph the ledgers of the nefarious organization.

Upon being questioned by reporters, as to the change of name, the arch-fiend replied he had changed his name to "Honey" because the detectives had put the "bee" on him. "Honey" was alleged to be operating a room in which students prepared for examinations, known as the "Horse Maternity Ward," because the boys made so many ponies in it. Attempts to force the cafeteria cooks to join the Cement Workers' Union were also revealed.

The lack of any forms of animal life around the cafeteria were revealed to have been caused by "Honey's" economy and graft measures. It doesn't take a linguist to tell who put the "cat" in the catsup. The doubtful taste of the clam stew was accounted for, too, "Honey" and two of his muscle men were gathered around an opposing gangster that wouldn't talk, forcing him to drink bottle after bottle of whiskey. Suddenly the door opened, the cook stuck his head in and said, "Say, 'Honey,' have you got that clam stewed yet?"

A gangster with luxurious tastes, "Honey" had, in addition to his own yacht, country estate, etc., his own songwriter. When the law officers closed in, the tunesmith was just completing the new song for test-tube babies, "No Mamma No". Also finished was a new suicide song, "Lean-in' on the Old Third Rail", and a song designed to be sung after an automobile accident entitled, "Scatterbrains."

Wholesale pilfering of padlocks in the chemistry lab was attributed to "Honey's" cafeteria criminals. They used them to make combination salad. To go with "Honey's" bow tie, many students' Arrow shirts were stolen. The detectives tried tracing the "Jesse James of 33rd Street" by the size of his feet, but as no one had seen him with his shoes off, they didn't know if he had big feet, or not.

Along with the professional kleptomaniac's dishonest tendencies was an acute stinginess. He was known to have his breakfast bacon fried in Lux so it wouldn't shrink, and he always worked cross-word puzzles up and down so he wouldn't have to come across.

The "Crime of the Century" was solved when the investigators found the priceless original Euclidian geometry text book that had pages in the back like a tree grown in a small box—with square roots. In addition, "Honey" is facing a murder charge, as he's known to have killed many a quart of Scotch.

Among the other accomplices to the crime arrested, is the stork that brought "Honey". He was arrested for smuggling dope.

BIBB'S PRETZEL ANALYSIS—

(Continued from Page One) much about the place he thought he might just as well drop in and see it once and for all. To his surprise he found one of his old pupils tending bar. Now it seems that these two never did get along well back in the classroom and that Mr. Bibb had flunked him because he had cheated in a calculus exam, yes, he had been caught counting on his fingers when he thought nobody was looking. Well, in short, the lad eventually slipped Bibb a Mickey Finn. After the usual number of "here's looking at you's," Sammy downed the drink, his tongue, and both his uppers and lowers in one gulp. He gave one short impersonation of the whirling dervish and then fell flat on his puss. After about a minute of squirming and writhing on the floor, he began to tear into the different dimensions. This lasted for two days and four nites. Now this may not seem rite, but that is the way that time is reckoned in the fifth dimension.

Poulter Blames Anarctic Failure To Silvershirts

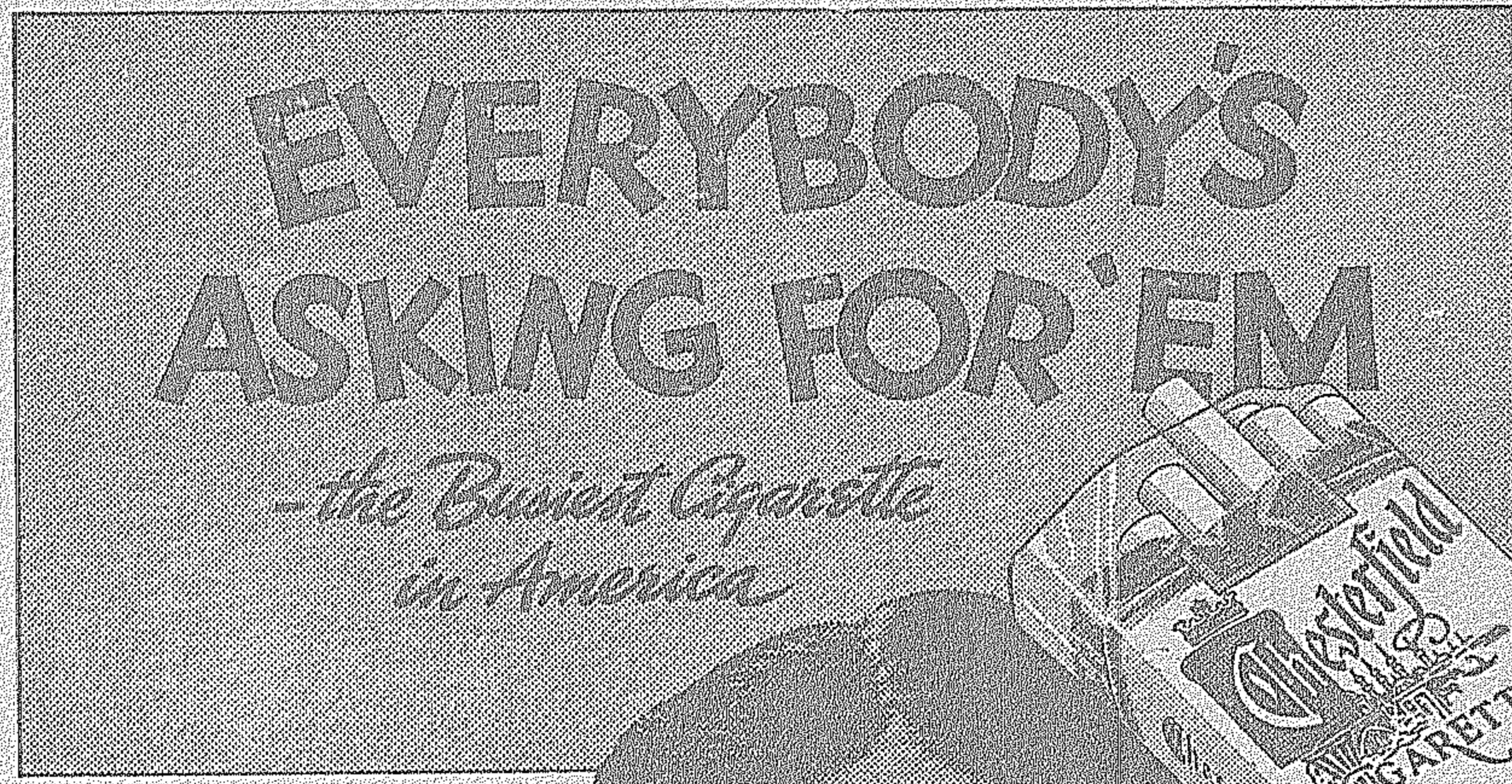
In an S.O.S. signal from the Anarctic regions last week came the details of a story so fantastic that upon first being received, its authenticity was doubted. The uncensored and full content of the message as received by the men in Little America is as follows:

"Calling Little America . . . Calling Little America . . . Snow cruiser calling Little America . . . Hello Little America. Is this Moe talking? Well, this is Joe. We would like to place a rush order for one set of Super Duper tires for the cruiser. The d - - n penguins stole the set we had

right from under our buggy a few hours ago. You see, Moe, everything was just fine as we were driving along this morning, minding our own business, when suddenly we were ambushed. Yes, I said ambushed . . . jumped by a flock of penguins. These penguins must have had the whole thing planned out in advance, because they had built up a pile of ice blocks on a steep mound that we were to pass. As we rambled by, one of the birds blew his whistle and the others pulled away a lever holding the blocks in place. The pile of ice then rolled down right in front of us, blocking our path. Before we knew what had happened, about a dozen of the penguins had rammed ice wedges between the door casings and the doors, locking us inside. Well, Moe, we fel-las riding this snow cruiser are pretty clever, but these birds had us buffaloed! Looking out of the windows, we saw the penguins jack the cruiser up on ice blocks and tear the

tires off the wheels. Well, when I saw that, you could have knocked me over with an iceberg! After the birds had rolled the tires away, we managed to break out of the snow cruiser. We followed their tracks for about a mile when suddenly we spotted the whole flock . . . tearing our Super Dupers to pieces! Well, Moe, we couldn't do anything but watch and see what they wanted to do with the rubber. As we watched, we saw one of the birds tie a band, cut out of our tires, around his neck. The band was thinly cut with a bow shaped object on the front. Have you already guessed what their motive was in stealing our tires? Sure, you've got it Moe. They wanted bow ties! They figured that all they needed was bow ties to make them look like they were wearing full dress.

Well, Moe, send out those tires in a hurry, because we're getting tired of lounging around in this /*-XIX snow plow."



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