

SUPERCOLOSSAL PREVUE!

ALLISON FAINTS AS DANCE FUND IS "BORROWED"

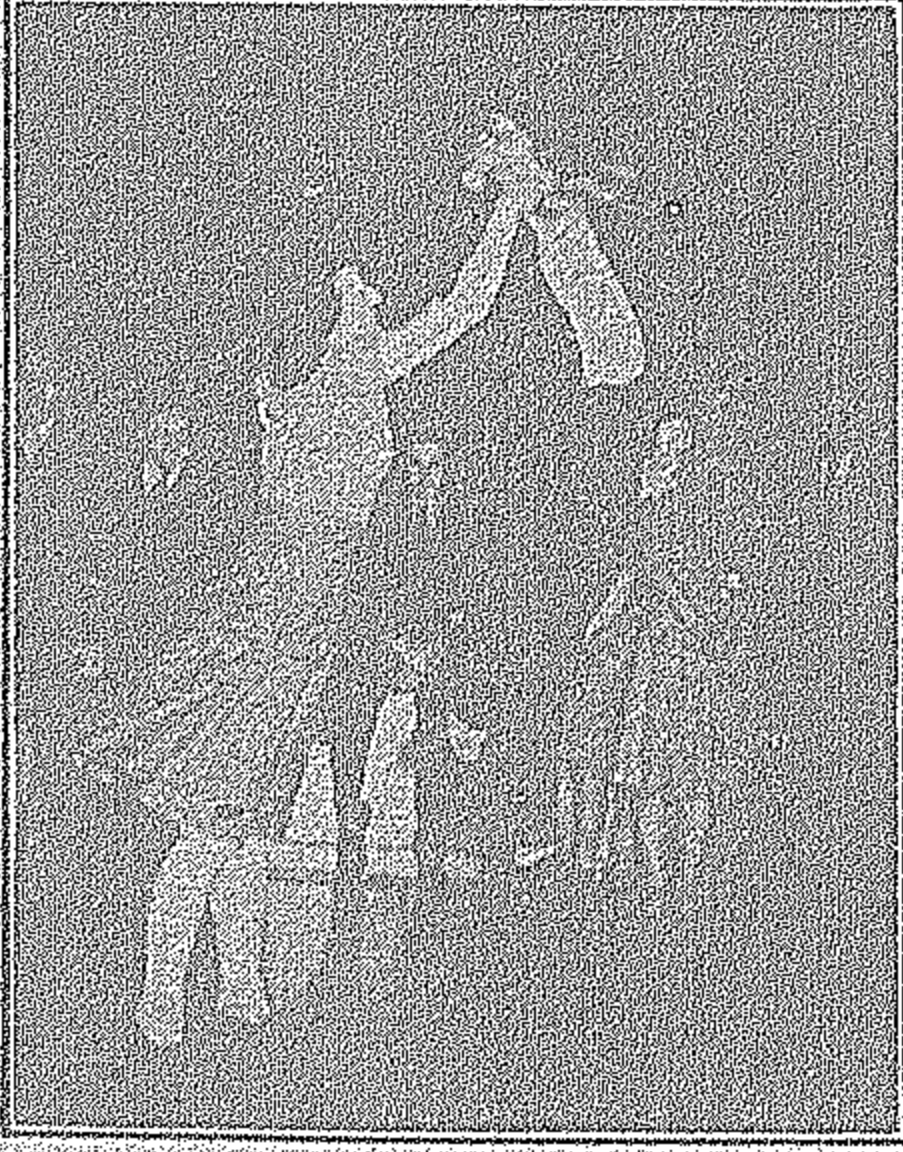
"G"-Men Trace Thief Through Highballs

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-

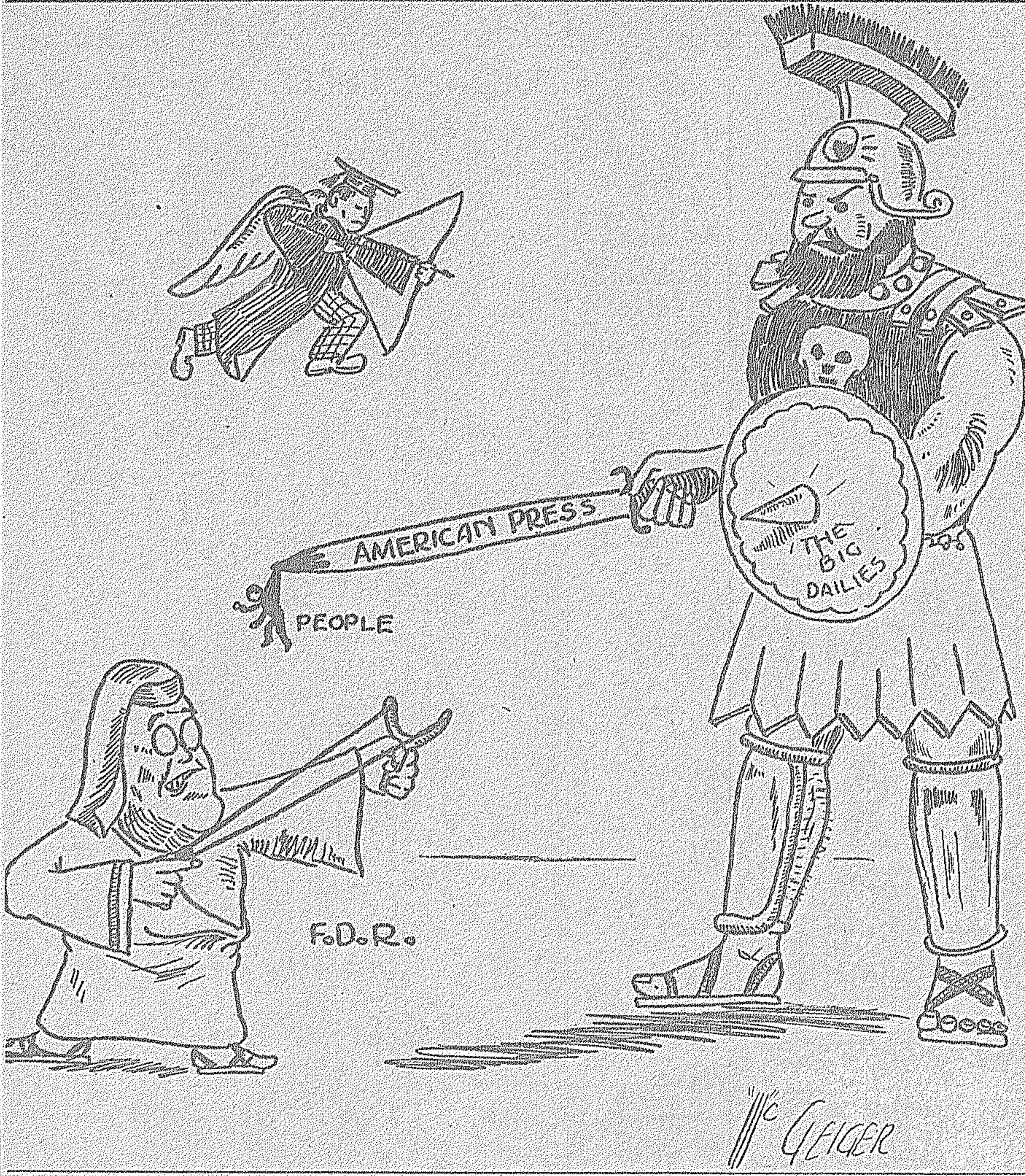


Scene at Junior Formal as Tibbals and Orcutt reached the climax of their sophisticated routine.

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



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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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 Schnitzelmas 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.

Poor Poulter! Snow Cruiser Meets Sheriff

Thomas C. Poulter today said he was at liberty to explain some of the troubles that befell his Snow Schooner. After many weeks of exhaustive investigation, they had found out that the main reason that his play thing had failed to function was that in the very beginning they had stripped the whistling pin that turns around on the mumbaling shaft. This caused the milk of magnesia in the radiator to boil over. Well by the time they reached Paduca, Ohio they had so much of this ethereal liquid sprayed on them that they looked like something out of an Orsen Wells production. Forgetting that he had on this white coating he and his friends got out of their contraption to get "cof-fee and . . .". Well no sooner did they set their feet on the good old sod that up rushed the town constable and promptly clamped them in the well known clink. Well, it just happened that the town council had just that week outlawed all forms of the Klu Klux Klan, and Tommy Poulter and his boys just weren't the ones to revive it. Even after producing all his credentials the law

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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-toit 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

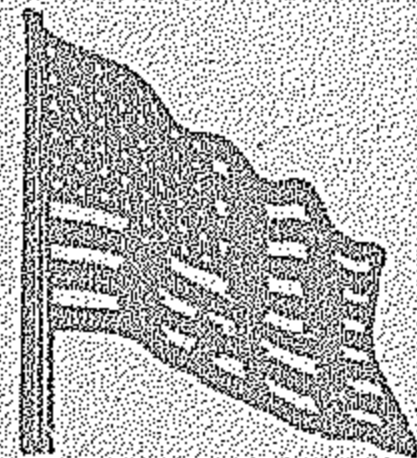
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Billy Rose and Sam Bibb Yield 5th Dimension

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 wondering 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

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NEWS SCUMMARY



You Know,
Nothing Ever Happens.