

"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 ½ flea power engine of two years ago. I repeat, what is it?

Its a Hootnanny, 1940 model, sooper dooper, low swung, supercharged, stream lined, Radium plated, and features variable meow, dual ratio, floating gyroscopic relativation, over head cams, super finished kenip-ton pins, de-flookannized cannaffog-rapier, 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.

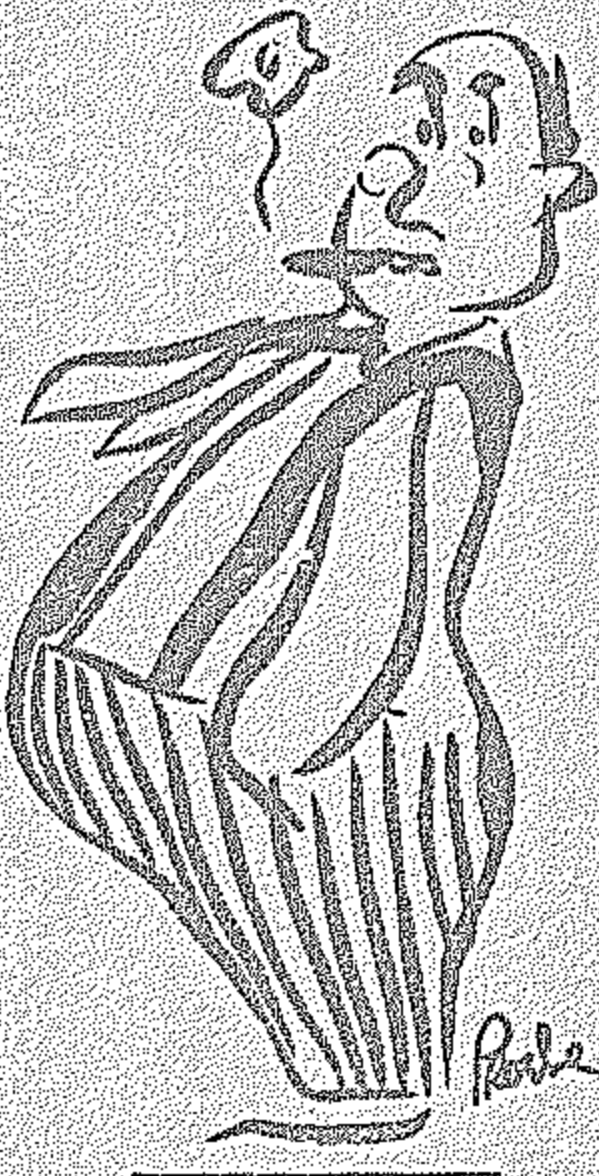
According to Professor A. Kornn, affectionately known as "Pop" Kornn, the revolutionary discovery of a method for depopping popcorn has now been perfected by the Foundation. The secret process uses a pressure of 10,000 atmospheres in a helium chamber to depop the corn. Other factors used in this new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

"Pop" Kornn 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 Skooter 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—

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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 fellas 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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