

There are proms and there are more proms, but nay have they touched the heights as the one all reminisce on now. Twas' most perfect from the black bowtie to the lightest zephyr of the music. Gad, what a statement but nevertheless true. . . S'help me.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Electrically speaking

"If your sweetheart is a blonde and you love a brunette—transformer.  
"If she gets grouchy—tickler."  
"If she wants to meet you for lunch—meter."  
"If she wants a new car—resister."  
"If she continues to insist—eliminator."

\* \* \* \* \*  
Johnny: "Every time I kiss you it makes me a better man."  
Lill: "Well, you don't have to try to get to heaven in one night."

\* \* \* \* \*  
The vicar will continue his pleasant series of Friday evening addresses. The subject next Friday will be "Hell". The vicar hopes to see you all there. A collection will be taken up for a new heating system.

\* \* \* \* \*  
You're as pretty as a picture—why don't you hang yourself?

\* \* \* \* \*  
Daffynotions

Snood—Flakes from Heaven, like it snood last week.  
Oersted—losing a job by request.  
An itch—something that when you have both hands full you always.  
Erg—what a hen lays.  
"The good old days"—the time when a car parked and somebody got out.  
Phase—the part of one's anatomy that is fed.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Wife: "Just suppose we wives should go on a strike?"  
Husband: "Go right ahead. I've got a peach of a strike-breaker in mind."

\* \* \* \* \*  
The minister advertised for a manservant, and the next morning a nicely dressed young man rang the bell.  
"Can you start the fire and get breakfast by seven o'clock?" asked the minister.  
"I guess so," answered the young man.  
"Well, can you polish the silver, wash the dishes, and keep the house neat and tidy?"

"Say, parson," said the young fellow, "I came here to see about getting married, but if it's going to be as much work as all that, you can count me out right now."

\* \* \* \* \*  
An explorer leads a dog's life because he travels from Pole to Pole.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Ample Grounds

Mabel—Why did you break off your engagement with that goodlooking young doctor.

Betty—Oh, it was his terrible writing. Every time I had a letter from him I had to take it to a druggist to find out what was in it.

\* \* \* \* \*  
An old-fashioned girl blushes when she is embarrassed, but a modern girl is embarrassed when she blushes.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"My husband travels so much that each time he comes home he seems a perfect stranger."

Her friend: "How thrilling!"

\* \* \* \* \*  
The real trouble with our youth today is that they were out all of the night before.

\* \* \* \* \*  
It doesn't breathe, it doesn't smell, it doesn't feel so very well.  
I am disgusted with my nose—  
The only thing it does, is blows. . . .  
(You ain't lyin'!)

Again we close the curtain and bid you a cheery adios.

OH MIN!

## Women Only

By Viodes

It's common knowledge that the male gender are worse gossips than the femmes are reputed to be. And critical—YIPE! Your stocking seams continually get the glad eye, your nails are a constant subject for criticism, and numerous and sundry other little details. But when you've sprouted a new hair do or come out with a swish new outfit you might as well have spared yourself the effort, for they've suddenly waxed deaf, dumb, and blind.

So let's start spring cleaning early by airing out some of our pet peeves about the domineering male set. Since the boys are so delightfully candid in their opinions, let's set the stage for a comeback. Here it comes.

Fellows with Cookie Dusters:

What do we think of pickled herring with ice cream? We like our boys clean shaven unless he happens to be another Clark Gable or Robert Taylor. Come out from under, boys, unless you feel the need of a disguise.

Manners:

It's the small thoughtful things that count. Do you help the fair maiden on with her wrap? Do you make a special trip to close the car door after her? Do you help her across the icy streets? If you don't, brother, you had better start cutting—or she will!

Clothes:

Those baggy tweeds that have been in the offing for months are downright disgusting. These sweat shirts and turtle neck affairs belong with your overalls—and the bright plaid flannel shirts are loud enough to be heard a block away.

Cigar smoking is highly reminiscent of that last movie I saw starring Edward G. Robinson—replete with big town racketeers and gangsters. Thumbs down, no matter what the White Owl ads are featuring. Dancing plays a pretty important part in any fellow's social life. Most girls would rather dance than eat, and if you don't brother, Joe is going to afford some stiff competition for your Lady Jane.

Familiar Ways are apt to get you nowhere, but quick! The saying, "It ain't what you do but the way you do it" should get some careful consideration.

Are you an egotist?

Do you brag, make an effort to get into the spotlight or try to grab the center of the stage? You can talk right into a minor role if you don't watch your cues.

Cheap Skates will find themselves right on the bottom of the heap every time! A girl doesn't offer objections when a fellow decides to spend an evening at her home, on occasion, but when he begins to look as much at home as the lamp in the corner, he is apt to discover a sign on the front door, "MEASLES, KEEP OUT!"

Are you a good sport? Can you take a fair amount of kidding without getting all nettled up? Can you take "No" for an answer? Do you mind when the girl friend goes out on her own once in awhile? Orchids to you, if you can!

## Blitzkrieg!

Students:

We want you to know that circumstances over which we have no control make this column possible—or impossible.

Seen at Michael Todd's Cafe, practically falling into their drinks whilst gazing at Gypsy Rose Lee, were those two blond bombers from this side of the tracks, R. Weiss and "Doc" Trojan. Guess there's no competing with that, gals! But who put Florine into such a daze? Pish Tush to you for falling asleep in Dr. Meech's Chaucer class. Horrible!

And then there's the one about that old cut-up Chamberlin, who has taken to manufacturing paper dollies in class. Hobby Lobby's looking for people like you!! Speaking of unique goings on, there ought to be an ordinance against dancing at drifts without shoes. Remember the Minnesota Strike!

Personal: Mr. P. K. Reade—methinks that perserverance is a good quality all right, but how long does it take to get on the in track with some people? Or are you just having fun? While on the subject of potential killers, looks to me like Killer Kearney is trying to discover who of the Sigmas and Lambdas will give him the best price on a cigarette. And him with that swish new convertible all done up in beige and blue.

Friday is the day for the Wagnerian hepcats to get together for a program of classical records. Bernice Feldman is one of the originators—but what was Petterino doing there??

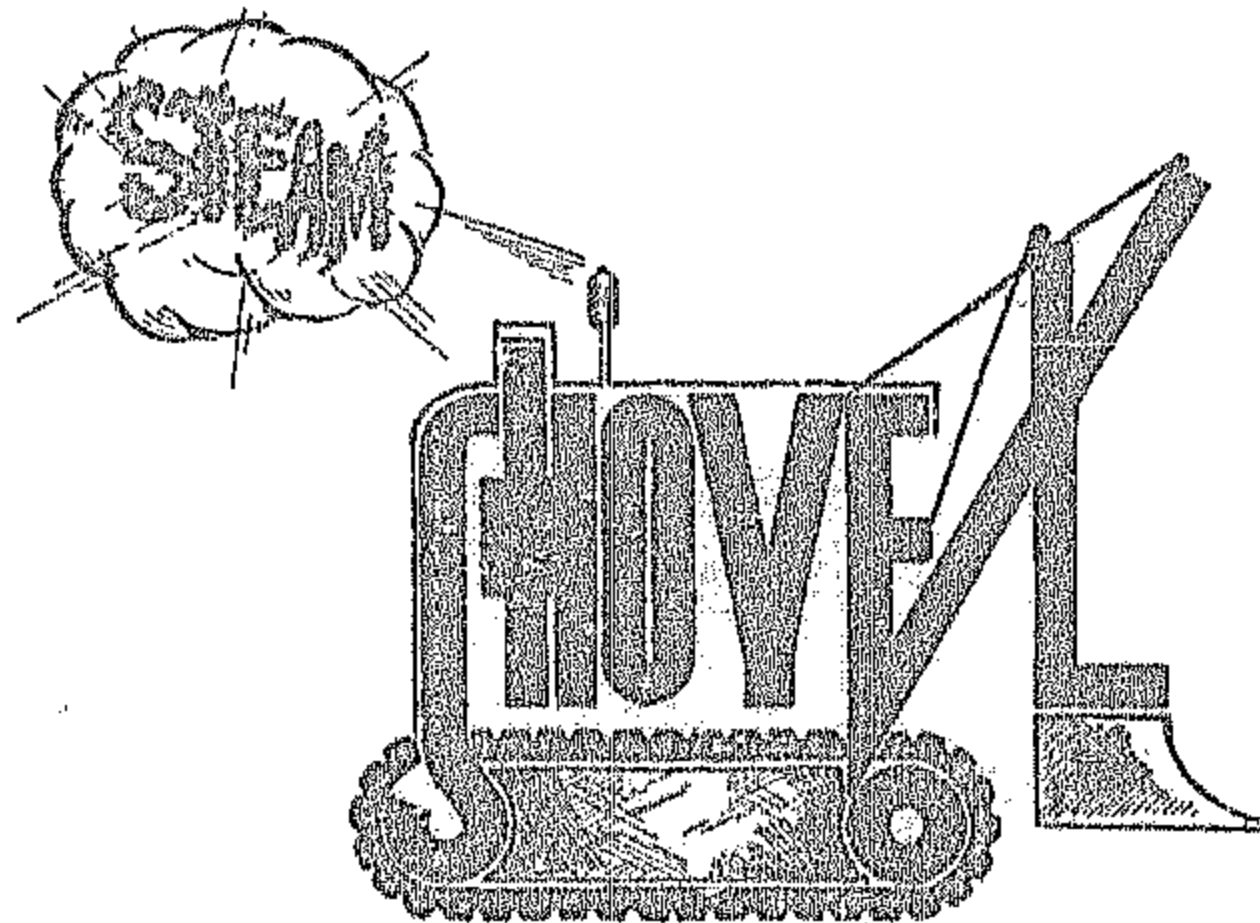
IIT—home of the Spaghetti Slurping Sororities. The Kappa Kuppies and Lambda Lulus arrived Monday morning with spaghetti fairly stickin' out of their ears. (They forgot to put it up Sunday night.) Seems the respective groups suffered a convenient lapse of memory in regard to that little matter of a diet, and really indulged. Speaking of food, "Vittin' Time" Goelet just ain't normal! She tucks five pieces of cake under her belt, and she's flittin' around as graceful as a little gazelle, minus a few pounds, while Bob "Tiny Tim" Meyer just smiles cynically about the whole thing.

Department in charge of the tables that are turned: Where, oh where are the biology lab tables that Doc Hedrick was so sure of getting? There just ain't no justice! While on the subject of the learned men who give us the higher learning that institutions are dedicated to, Kharasch's chem class adjourned to the Wells' St fire to glean some first hand knowledge on combustion Wednesday, A.M. And in the biology department we find our friend Herman who demands that the speaker be recognized by the chair—how does that cone shaped hat fit?

The junior civils no. 2 who started roaring through the intra-mural bowling tourney like a west bound steam train, ended up like a Paducah local. Lotsa cheers and stuff for the Lewis Institute Streamliner!!

Wally Werneck, he of Armour, can't keep

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Well Chillun it happened. What? no introduction. Who the hell do you think we are to think up a new intro week after week and incidentally, this column, the same as the Wake of the News, depends upon its friends and their contributions. All material received by the Tech News Box or reporters will be judged upon its demerits and if found sufficiently unsavory will be printed (in the Blitzkrieg, and Super Sludge will find its way to that paragon of perfection, the Shovel).

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FLASH:—Call out the Reserves! It's a 4:11 Alarm!! Armour's singing wolves, better known as the Glee Club, will rehearse tomorrow night in the auditorium with the Lewis Girl's Glee Club. The IITWA. will be on hand to scout out new pledge material.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Overheard in Sliwa's car after the Armour play: (characters—Dick "Lamby" Parkin and his date.) She: "Don't, Dick, don't! Stop it! Stop it! . . . S-l-l-lap!" Dickie's statement to the press in explanation of this incident was quote—I didn't do anything until we got out to the Outer Drive—unquote. However, our informer didn't give us a report on activity in Sliwa's county, which means that "Hank Boy" must have kicked over plenty to keep things quiet!

\* \* \* \* \*  
First reports on the swimming team's trip to Tennessee, are very vague—as first reports generally are! No one wants to say anything, but our stowaway on the Tennessee trip, Yehudi, disclosed the following slush! "Playboy" Rademacher almost had a nervous breakdown when the boys dropped into the University of Tennessee cafe for lunch. He tried to date up every coed in the joint. Result: He got his date, Miss Jane Ellis, and found a letter from her awaiting him on his return to Chi!! And so the Armour wolves' technique draws blood in another new field!

\* \* \* \* \*  
FLASH: Howie Young seen at the bowling alley "pitching" four strikes in a row and muttering, before each delivery, "This one's for Marge." . . . And then he got a 7-10 railroad! Who was that for, Howie??

\* \* \* \* \*  
After that Friday nite concert at that South Side Church, the senior civil "Glee Clubbers" and Mr. Lillian Butkus advanced on 'Cal' city—Yup, from church to 'Cal' city! Once there, they invaded a taxi dance-place—That's where the story ends—I guess we'll have to get a whole new staff of agents—dese mugs bribes too easy!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Recognition has finally come to the IITWA. Sonny Weissman, as of Sat. Feb. 22, 1941 is by unanimous approval the faculty sponsor. After the play, Sonny sent his wife home and danced with Elly "Legs" Moore, Mickey Walker of Lewis, and as many of the others as possible

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Carousal at the Junior Formal

Before dinner: Prof. Zwissler starting early with Old Overholt highballs flowing like water; Orescan, Goodman, and Jacobson helping Zwiss to smother the stuff . . . Big Pete muttering sweet little nothings to his itsie bitsie Eileen Robinson. . . . The Rho Deltis occupying three tables; everyone very formal and dignified. The password: "How about something to drink?" . . . Dan Brown sneaking up, ch so close, as he emanates loving glances for his Elaine. . . . Doc Davey, disgusted, with his shirt flapping all over as he takes tickets at the door.

Under the Time—Table:

10:31—Zwiss and Nichin really emote. To see those two acting up one would think the cameras were trained on them and they were butchering a scene from Romeo and Juliet.

11:03—Johnny Butkus makes his first exit (with Lil, of course) and nothing is seen of

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## How To Master The Art Of Bowling; Become A Whiz In Six Easy Lessons

Bowling is a game of tenpins of which nine are used. The other one is always left standing. It is a game in which one rolls a heavy ball down a lane called an alley flanked on each side by a gutter that serves just as a sand trap does in golf. The ball is aimed at a mess of standing wooden clubs technically speaking, pins, arranged there by a pin-setter who may be your friend or not, depending on how much you pay him.

This is a vital factor because it is here that the tenth pin comes into play. If you want it left standing you don't have to pay him a cent but if you want it down that's a matter to be decided between yourself and your ally the pinsetter.

When you have come to terms you can begin bowling. You hunt for a suitable ball. This is one of the mysteries of the game. Usually someone else has the one you want or there just isn't any such ball at all. So you pick up any kind. You don't realize that you selected one whose thumb hole is

much too small until you see the ball bounce merrily down the alley into a gutter. You view all this from an unceremonious position on the floor. Next time you'll try not to slip.

For your second shot you pick out a ball with an enormous thumb hole. You're not taking any chances this time and you slide up to the line. Bam! The hole is too big and the ball drops. That's right, on your toes. It always happens that way.

The pin-setter doesn't see your misfortune but he hears the ball drop. He thinks you just bounced another ball down the alley and so he kicks over a few pins. He hears a chorus of moans to the effect that he shouldn't cheat so openly.

After you have nursed your toes back to their original shape, you continue. After ten frames of this suffering you are sold on bowling because you and your ally have put through a 27 game. It's a record, they tell you. They won't tell you what kind.