

were higher today, with sugar, coffee and cocoa, the only soft soft spots. Cotton, rubber, silk and cottonseed oil futures scored good gains, while lead, wool and hides were somewhat mixed, with an uptrend predominating. Silk gain 2 1/2 to 4 cents on a report that

ALL YOUNG LADIES AND PROFESSORS WHO DO NOT RELISH THE "FINER THINGS OF LIFE" ARE REQUESTED TO DEVOTE THEIR ATTENTIONS ELSEWHERE. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FOLLOWING AND ANY RELATION TO JOKE OR OTHERWISE IS HERE DEEMED PURELY COINCIDENTAL AND UNINTENTIONAL.

A 96-year old man was being wheeled down the boardwalk at Atlantic City when he noticed a beautiful girl on the beach. He turned to the chair pusher, heaved a sigh, and exclaimed, "Oh, to be 80 again!"

We wonder why the iceman smiles so,
When his glance happens to meet
The sign: "Please drive slow;
The child in the street
May be yours, you know."

From one of our colleagues has come the report of an artificial propagation of a rabbit, which just about takes all the fun out of being a rabbit.

A few years ago, a survey was being made in order to find out how many Technocrats there were in a certain district. One of the men who was making the survey was questioning a farmer's wife, and asked her if her husband was a Technocrat. She called up the stairs and said, "Ole, are you Technocrat?" He yelled back, "No, I'm just shaving."

NERTS

Not long ago, a coed from a mid-western college crashed through with this daffy definition: "A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal, such as iron, with a square bunch on one end and a lot of scratching wound around the other end. A nut is similar to a bolt, only just opposite, being a hole in a chunk of iron sawed off short with wrinkles around the inside of the hole."

There's always a chance for a girl to succeed, perhaps.

Red Maslanka: "Any nice girls in this town?"

Dick Bergstrom: "Why, sure, all of 'em."

Red: "How far is it to the next town?"

Agitated Old Lady—At the time of the burglary I was sound asleep in my bed room, and so were all of my guests."

BABY TALK

Census Taker: "How old is your child lady?"

Mammy: "Wal, lemme see. He done arrive three years after my husband left me, and that was ten years ago, so he mus' be goin' on seven."

"There is a man in this congregation," said the preacher, "who is flirting with another man's wife. Unless he puts five dollars in the collection box, his name will be read from the pulpit."

When the box came back it contained 19 five-dollar bills and two dollars with a note pinned to them which read: "This is all the cash I have with me. Will send balance tomorrow."

A young lady found herself for the week-end with a notoriously straitlaced country family in New England. Fearing that the pajamas she wore instead of a night-gown might be considered improper, she carefully hid them every morning when she got up.

(continued on page six)

Ax News

News and snooze from the land of Cokes and Smokes. Odd Gus delved into the life of an architect this week and really came up with a load of pay DIRT. So here goes with the week's drippings of the Artists (satire).

Our man (?) of the week Mustache Sherlock, rates three belles (woo-woo, says we):

1. Have yo heard about Sherlock feeding a colored life model peanuts. Apparently all the female models go for that weather beaten cooky duster.
2. After a "gentlemanly discussion" Sherlock was forcefully, but neatly laid flat on the floor by Half-Wit Pearson.
3. Sherlock is unmarried, but on his income tax return, claimed exemption for TWO CHILDREN! Tsk tsk.

Oh Kelly's hag "Haggie" seems to wear the pants in the family. The other day O'Kelly had a dickens of a time getting the belt and pants to cooperate.

Why has a certain chubby Englishman, whose initials are Bernie "Slim" Goodman, been wearing two belts and a pair of suspenders lately?

FLASH! The only place Pearson makes models is in life class.

"Lard" Chris is willing to match his hips with any in the department. He's slip-hippy, perhaps.

The Spirit of Sir Oliver Newton is anxiously awaiting developments in the Bloomstein-Goldsmith feud.

Casanova Comfort delights in carrying knives, guns, and black jacks. Use them to fight off the feds with Casanova?

Martinek, 'tis said, can determine your age, parentage, breed, and chances of raising a mustache—All by your hand writing. P.U.rely Personal Patter

*Martinek Came to Mechanics last Tuesday — No kids.

*Did you know that Abe Frehlich is Mike Todd's idol?

*Have you heard of Burly Burleigh's red headed girl friend who's so egotistical she writes his letters with red typewriter ribbons.

And so, as O'Kelley said when his belt broke, let's drop the whole thing.—An so long until the next time.

GUS TOPPO.

Woo-Men Only

New spring wear is now being displayed. Stylish stouts will truly be in style with the latest checks in red and black that are being shown. Slim Suzy will be the center of attraction in the black full length satins that are on display.

Gay torrid red with the usual trim of canary yellow has met with a decided up-seep in popularity. A new bonnet designed by Scapanelli combines these colors to the best advantage by using a live canary sewed on to an oval torrid red which is perched on milady's brow. It is difficult to maintain equilibrium, however, when the little bird decides to take to wing. In order to counteract this off-balance Scapanelli has comdescendingly supplied a bird cage to keep the bird from extensive flight. At its off moments the cage can also be used as a hat box.

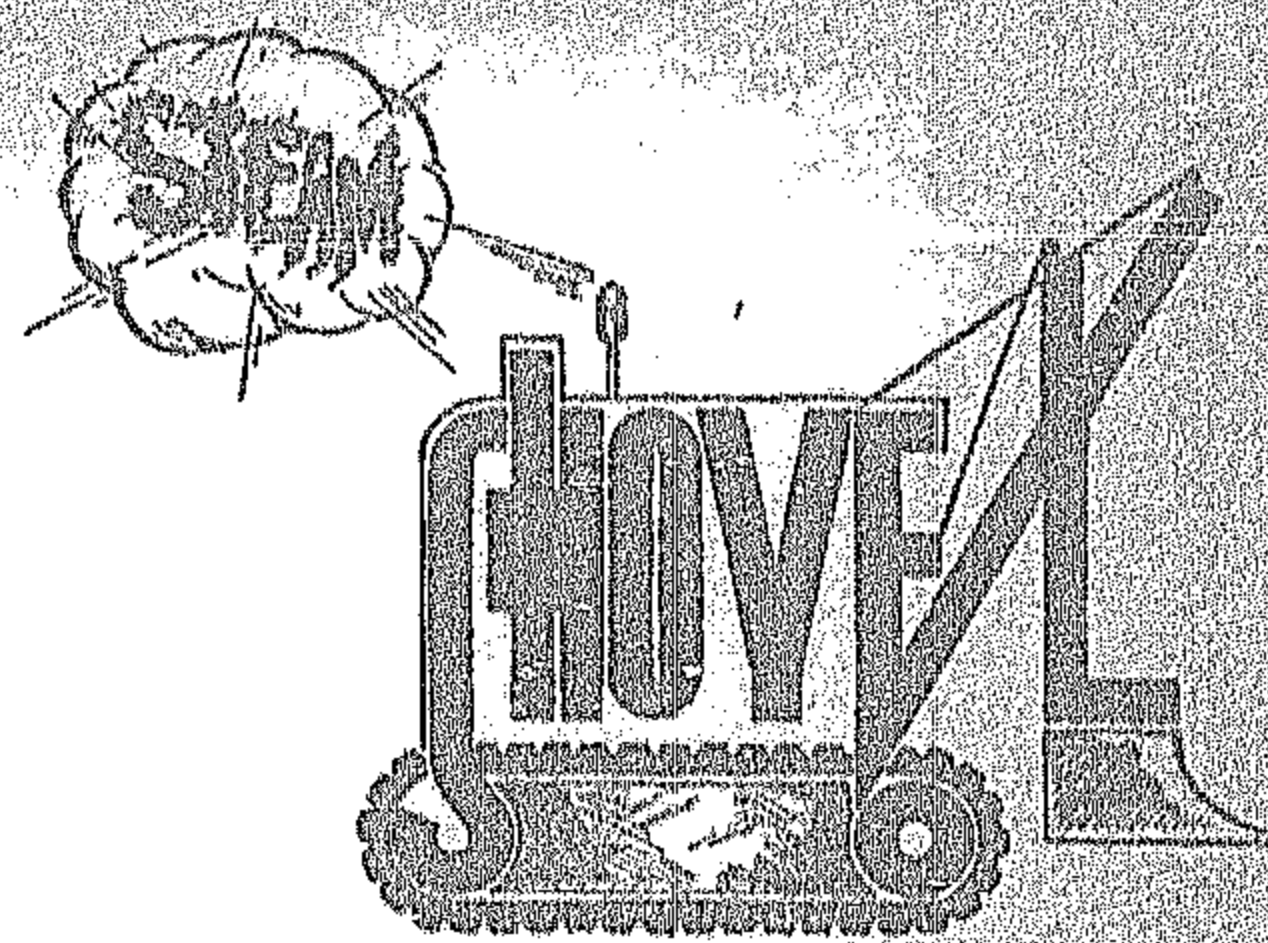
For evening wear Mignet has designed a dignified dinner straight jacket, thus enabling the guests for dinner to refrain from pocketing the silverware. Hosts of week-end parties have hastened to buy a complete stack of these jackets, for once their guests have donned these jackets their pockets can be easily picked. Consequently the host operates at a profit instead of a loss.

No longer will a windy day along Lake Michigan be a field day for photographers. For today Viodes is happy to announce the completion of an all-over cellophane zipper jacket. Now milady fair can strut in the Easter parade with no fear of having her appearance ruffled by the naughty wind or having her sensitive nature agitated by inconsiderate photographers.

Now as never before we know the answer to that question "Are they mice or men?" Mice is the answer, for it took the mouse to revolutionize men's wear. Yes, the mouse brown check is foremost in the Easter parade.

Patent leather gloves, patent leather pumps, and a patent leather wallet with a patent leather bow precariously perched on his patent leather toupee complete the accessories to this mouse brown suit.

And so my dear fashionables we take leave of you for today. See you in the spring parade.



Mmmm—Ahhh Spring.

Bootiful spring . . . In the spring a young man's fancy darkly turns to bock beer . . . Beer, ah yes, beer—can you imagine a long, slender, frosted glass filled with that delectably luscious, soul stirring, sensation producing . . . Oh the hell with it, it's good stuff and we love it, even if it does make us burp. And due to our unforsaking love for this elixir of life, we, your drunken reporters, do hereby issue a proclamation to the effect that we are dedicating today's column to—yes beer!

BURP

Bill Laube is devoting his life to research. Falling time and time again in picking up a wet quarter off a sticky bar, "Bock" Laube is now conducting experiments in the "Ace of Clubs" reputable hostelry on North Clark.

SLURP

FLASH — Ed. Michalek and Lou Piper sober all week.

GURGLE, GURGLE, GURGLE

The latest project being undertaken by the Research Foundation is being conducted by Prof. Vassili Illyitch Komarewsky. One problem under consideration is the effect of beer on the coefficient of resistivity of a system preferably female. The results are being awaited by the IITWA and its affiliate, the ACBD (Association of Collegiate Beer Drinkers.)

AM-M-HMM

Oddities in the news: As a confirmed beer hater at IIT Professor-r-r Cowie quotes Beer-r-r bah. For-r-r a r-r-real Dr-r-rink give me Dugan's Dew as br-r-rewed by the Edinbour-r-rough Br-r-rewery unquote.

HICI

GLUG, GLUG

15,000 students can't be wrong. A petition bearing 15,000 students names demanding beer for the water cooler in the Union has been presented to Sonny Weissman. His approval which is being anxiously awaited will prevent further students from dying of thirst.

HARUMPH

..Baron (Beer) Tachau, swilling conasewer of "Ten Nights as a Bar-Fly" renown, has issued the following statement for the press: "American beuh has German beuh by the proverbial—you know, and Hitler be damned!"

WIZZAG

The Board of Trustees is happy to announce the establishment of a fund for the perpetuation of beer drinking on the campus, George W. Allison eagerly backing the idea! The first step in this huge movement will be a super-colossal beer guzzling contest under the auspices of said Board of Trustees, which will be held this coming Friday at 3 p.m. in the cafeteria. All contestants are requested to come equipped with one unopened half gallon of the amber fluid (make sure that it's ice cold). The first five men to finish their bottle and remain alive for 5 minutes after doing the same will automatically advance to the finals, which will be a feature attraction

(continued on page six)

STRIP TEASE

One Performance Only
SEE Gypsy Rosalie BARE ALL
In Daring Hair-Raising Dildoes
See Page 5. Immediately.

Amour Star Hams Render Exotic, Exquisite, Excellent Masterpiece Of William Hendricks Shakespeare

Time, place, and situation: Noon on a crowded south-bound south campus express; the innumerable industrious Eds and coeds of Illinois Tech are hurrying to their first hour class. The seats are occupied by the coeds (Surprise!) while the ardent, attentive, considerate males study the prerequisite of all courses, namely strap hanging. (Imagine women considered first in an Institute of Technology!)

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Cleopatra—the school bell of all time, neatly attired in her sparkling white saddle shoes, a 'just long enough' skirt, and of all things, Nylons. (My the boys are observing.) A personality child, she is 5'11" tall with a cynical little no-it-all smile.

Oswald—her 5'2" escort, scarcely noticeable behind his major letter for football, carrying not only his own well-padded enormous briefcase, but clutching in his arm Cleo's many volumes of learning.

Boob—the IIT activity man, reading the current events in the school daily. (What no comics! I didn't know they taught reading in college.) Attired in of all things a complete business suit. Not a slouch, he can't understand why he can't get his B.S. in activities. (And he can—it's B.S. from the start.)

Professor A. Flunk—a timid little hen-pecked man who prefers his own company. Takes out his grudges on his understanding students.

Scene 1 (The first and last)

Cleopatra: Aw now Oswald, don't tell me you didn't have a good time at the dance sponsored by ITSA Flop. Why, you danced with everyone but me; you must have had a simplee marvelous time.

Ossie: No, my little pie-eyed plum, I didn't. You know I couldn't find another girl tall enough for me—all those Lewis girls are so big for their age, and besides the belt buckle on your new dress intrigues me. I like to study materials texture while I dance. I haven't yet figured out what it's made of.

Cleo: Speak a little louder, Oswald; Prof. Flunk over there will think we're talking about him.

Boob: Shut up you two! I've got to memorize this joke so I can tell it at the Stupid Concil Tea. I don't care whether you're tired or whether you had a whooperdoo of a time or not.

Prof. Flunk: Well I do. I like for the youngsters to get so tired that they want to sleep in my class. Then I don't have to prepare my lectures.

Boob: My Gawd, the man's human! Mom always told me men became professors so they could ask questions. They don't know the answers.

Cleo: Well, I thought a professor was a sandman; he puts people to sleep, too.

Oswald: Careful toots! Don't get yourself in too deep.
Conductor: (Where did he come from? He's not in the cast of characters.) ALL OFF, and I mean it! This is the end of my rope. Hang it all!