

If it's funny enough to tell, it's been told; if it hasn't been told it's too clean; and if it's dirty enough to interest the engineer, the editor gets kicked out of school.

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Monday—I felt highly honored for being placed at the captain's table.

Tuesday—I spent the morning on the bridge with the captain. He seems to like me.

Wednesday—The captain made proposals to me unbecoming to an officer and a gentleman.

Thursday—The captain threatened to sink the ship unless I agreed to his proposals.

Friday—I saved six hundred lives.

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There was the old farmer who noticed, while riding down a lonely road the other night, a young couple sitting in a parked car. The young man had a bottle in one hand and a girl in the other. "Harumph," said the farmer, "that must be one of them bottle-necks."

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UNPOPULAR

There was a young man seemed unique
Who considered himself quite a sheik,
But the girls didn't fall
For the fellow at all
For he made only ten bucks a week.

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The only difference between a cutie and an old maid is that the cutie goes out with the Johnnies and an old maid sits at home with the willies.

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Son (who has caught his father kissing the maid): "Whatcha doin' Pop, kissing the maid?"

Pop (thinking quickly): "Bring me my glasses, son, I thought it was your mother."

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A lady who had married a traveling salesman decided to raise chickens. When her husband returned from his trip he asked how the chickens were doing. With pride she answered: "Fine, I have five hens and two roosters."

The salesman was puzzled. "I don't understand why you have two roosters with only five hens."

"Well," his wife explained, "I got an extra rooster so the hens would still have one in case the other took a notion to go on the road."

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She: "A woman's physical charms are her chief weapons in the battle of love."

He: "Well, one thing is sure. You will never be arrested, dearie, for carrying concealed weapons."

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WE NOW STUDY MULES

On mules we find two legs behind,
And two we find before.
We stand before we find,
What the two behind be for.

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Jack: "I'm a man of few words. Will you kiss me or won't you?"

Gloria: "I wouldn't normally, but you've talked me into it."

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The reason no woman has ever married the man in the moon is because he makes only a quarter a week, gets full once a month, and stays out all night.

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Counsel (in divorce case): "Is it true that your husband leads a dog's life with you?"

Wife: "He did. He came in the house with muddy shoes, leaving footprints all over the carpet. He took the best place near the fire and waited to be fed. He growled at the least provocation and snapped at me a dozen times a day."

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Another fellow who lives off the fat of the land is the girdle manufacturer.

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Just remember now that if Dad is worried when daughter is out with a boy, it is because he has a good memory.

OH MIN.

Blitzkrieg!

Despite shufflin' with the Sigmas Friday night, yawnin' the next mawnin', Saturday night soirees, and buckin' the Sunday blues, these bleary old eyes are still able to see through you all, and blast forth with the results of last week's excavating escapade with Ye Olde Pick and Shovele.

You'll never guess who I unearthed in the process, either!! None other than friend Johnny Ferraro, paying his respects to the institution where he gleaned some of that information stuff they blow around here! Johnny's cuttin' himself a mean hunk of career in the Kankakee ordinance works in Elwood, Illinois.

George Drevikovsky is really sprouting out this semester . . . or haven't you noted the fringe bordering the chasm? Carry on from here, Glamour Boy! Habla usted, Espanol?? This whisperin' whisker campaign seems to be quite the thing this semester. Haven't you fellas viewed the poetic hints thrown at you while lurching home on the "L?"

This week's bunch of assorted blooms goes to Mr. Rebic for his splendid cooperation in securing the desks for the typing tykes in the News office. We thank you from the bottom of our filing cabinets, Mr. Rebic.

Apples and Algebra

The apple polishing business hits new high in the E.D.T. division, with Art Fingerhut really doing it up right!! Neglecting his quota of what one a day keeps the doctor away, Art promptly and efficiently supplied the learned Prof. Jordan with a whole passel of the better grade businesses!!

Playin' hard to get is Bernice Falk. In fact, Prof. Marks informed this refugee from an algebra class that he was by way of including a truant officer in his employ-

ment for the sole purpose of keeping the old eagle eye on the 16x3-64y3 evader.

Clara Fowler really believes in drownin' her sorrows! Seems the gal took the fatal plunge this summer . . . and darned near landed herself out of this world, waiting for "that" man to slip on his water wings and dog paddle out to save her. The whole idea is very definitely all wet, Clara!

The atrocious appellations that somehow or other find themselves an integral part of our salutations—Ed Weinfeld greeted as "Buttercup," Dick Johnson slightly perturbed when referred to as "Stinky," and Phyllis Hagar silently cursing the current nickname of "Fifi."

Ernie Lillek does it again!!! The happy little fixer with a mere grunt and a mighty wrench, broke the whole shaft of the water faucet up in the chemistry department.

Rendezvous Rambles

Betty Kennedy, Bucky Walter, "Moffey," and P. K. Reed talking it all over in the privacy of the back table in Haeseler's hide-out. John Boynton and Mary Flasher display a decided preference for the cloistered atmosphere proffered by the Lewis library.

Although we also have many minor "dirts" to reveal about the Lake Shore sweethearts, we'll keep you in suspense 'til Tuesday next.

Who said a woman can't keep a secret? Mercedes Brown has done an excellent job of secreting the work of Dan'l Cupid since she and Marty Gordon harmonized affirmance in St. Louis last April (inspired no doubt by the merger). The announcement of this startling news certainly stimulated the already live Sigma dance. Your Sixth Columnist takes this opportunity to express the belated "wishings well" of the Technology News staff.

THE SIXTH COLUMNIST

Stoopbrain Bliss Blitzes Back In Article By Hansen, Broken-Down Ex-Feature Editor

By Art Hansen, A.I.T. '40

Camp Wallace, Texas

October 24, 1941
(via pidgeon express)

Deer Sally:

Wel, deer mountin flour, hear I am wunce more, yewre own old sweetheart frum the hills, and now a soldier boy frum way up thar, in foreign service down hear in Texas. That exprezzion that General Sherman uttered after the laste campane of the Civil War still flutters tru my mind, quote and unquote: If I owned both Hell and Texas, I'd rent owt Texas and live in Hell. Oh, wel, wun shouldn't think that way wen wun iz down hear in the land wear the word "Republican" whent owt with the dodo bird.

I am sorry that I havn't ritten to my sweet little girl frend lately like I used tew dew wen I wuz picking up culture back at deer old Armore, but the army and "things" hav kept me busy down hear, "things" standing abowt 5 feet too, waying abowt 115 and having hair—yes, none of that false wig stuff that I used to goa to the skool danzes withe, ye no, the type that every time she saw a man and dropt her eyes coyly, she had tew bend over and pick them up again.

The army iz grate stuff fore building a man up, & I recommend it tew any young lady hoo would like tew join. First thing in the morning we hop owt of bed. (Then intew the shower rume and stand under the cold shower fore ten minutes (sum mornin' I'm going tew turn the water on). We dry owselves briskly by slapping at the moskeetoos at a cadence of 120 a minute. Then off we goa to breakfust of hen fruit and cow juice, followed by vigorous calisthenics with mops and brooms across the flore. Then we put on ovr uniforms and off we goa to work. Sorry, deer Sally, no more K. P. fore me, I am a goldbrick and work in the office at camp hqs.

I shure long tew see my olde mammy and pappy back in the hills, deer olde cousin Lamebrain, brother Halfstoop, grampa Bentwitz, my favorite skunk Otto, and more than him, yew deer mountin flour. I can still remembre that nite befour I whent off to the army, az yew and I and Otto sat under the tree down neer hollow gulch and held hands (yew and I, I mean), and I stroked the fur on his back (Otto's), and whispered sweet nothings intew your ears.

Then down at the station the next day tew see me off wuz the hole gang, and how grandpappy slipped me that 5 gal. jug of gude olde mountin dew, and how I explained tew the sargant at the induction camp that the notice had said that yew could bring along sports equipment, and that jug wuz awl the athletics I participated in.

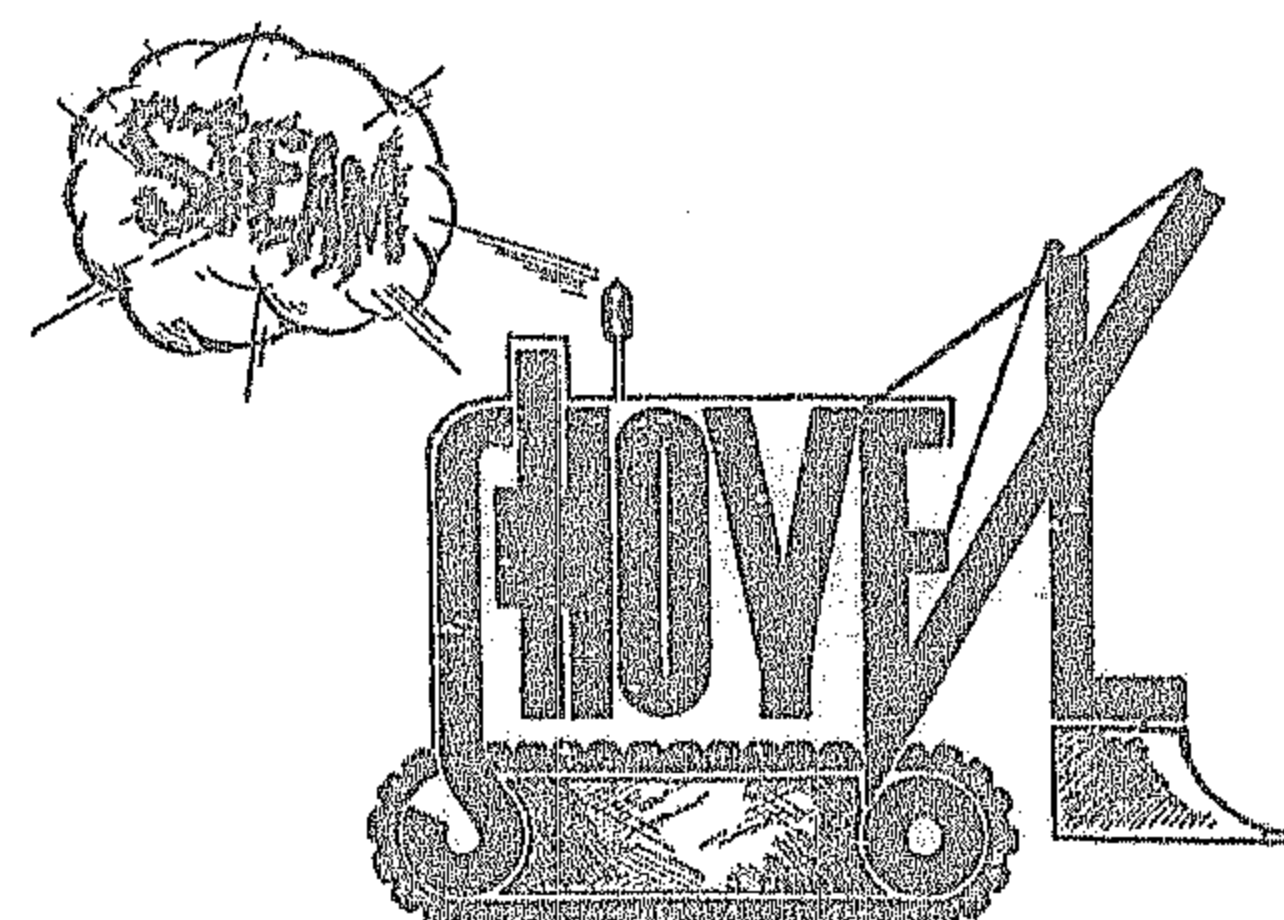
Wel, tyme passes on, and now I am a full-fledged buck private (\$1.00 a day insted of \$0.70). I remember wen we were on man-uvers. As a little olde lady approached a bridge she wuz in the habit of driving over daily, she wuz stopped by a sentry. "Madam," he sed to her, yew can't drive across this bridge. It has ben demolished. Leaving her dumfounded, for the bridge wuz in no way owt of kilter, he walked off. Az she debated the possibility the the sentry wuz insane, another soldier approached, and she beckoned tew him. "Young man," she inquired, "can yew tell me any reason why I can't cross thiz bridge?" "Lady," he replied soberly, "I don't know a thing. I've ben dead fore three days."

Sozial activity iz pretty good down hear arownd camp, deer Sally, but don't yew worry abowt me. Danzes, danzes, and more danzes every week end in Houston. Gee, the people are shure frendly in that city. And the southern feminine pulchritude—wow! Down hear yew don't weed owt the homely gals frum the pretty wuns. The problem iz two weed owt the pretty wuns from the gorgeous wuns. It's so common down hear that the fellows (most of them are in the army) don't even whistle wen they pass a pretty girl, they just spat, take another chaw of tobacco, and keep on going.

Yew may think that I am laying it on thick, Sally, but yew no I am no liar. (Speaking of liars reminds me of the incident in wich the inhabitants of a Norwegian fishing village witnessed the forced landing of an airplane offshore. A fisherman set out tew rescue the pilots but sune returned without them. "They were Germans," he explained. "But weren't they alive?" somewun in the crowd asked. "Well, wun of them sed he wuz, but yew no how theze Nazis lie.")

Wel, I hav gotten riters cramps, deer Sally, so I gess I better close and get back tew my duties withe Uncle Sammy. Give my regards tew everyone. I'll be seeing them again sum day, I hope.

Stoopbrain Bliss.



Good morning class. I want your attention for about the next five minutes while I relate to you the latest slosh and slush about your fellow students! All of you will be held responsible for this material so I would advise you to take a comprehensive set of notes, (easily converted into first class blackmail info), and then work a few practical problems involving the basic underlying principles! Nice work if you can get away with it! All right class, grab your pencils!

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Boy, is the administration glad that the Sigma Sweetheart dance is over and done with! Why, do you ask? That's easy—now the gals won't be around on Friday afternoons and the academic program can once more get back into swing. We understand that the various lab instructors have received orders to reopen the Friday lab sessions now that the source of local disturbance has disappeared! We're wondering what effect the gals' leaving will have on Midge Goluska, Pete Zemaitis, and their gang of rough-riding Jr. Mechs!!

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Dr. Erickson, of Leningrad fame, gave his lecture on "Finger Nails" last week and pointed out that it isn't nice for a fellow to ask a girl out and then sit next to her (with her nice clean nails in full view as a contrast to his dirty ones) and cause her embarrassment. One of his students hastily offered a field method to eliminate this difficulty, his suggestion being that the fellow not sit with the girl where it's light!! We guess that this will just about complete O.G.'s lecturing — next week the above-mentioned bright scholar will probably conduct class!

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It's really funny but the longer a guy stays around this joint the more evident it becomes that the regular school schedule takes too much of a student's time, interfering a great deal with his social life. This, of course, has a tendency to make the student live a fast life whenever he gets the chance. After many hours of research and deliberation, we have decided that the practical solution to this problem must necessarily be "a drastic reduction in the academic week and abolishment of all lab courses." We feel sure that the administration will give this matter due consideration now that they know how we feel about things.

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We understand that Brother Hemman has issued a statement to the effect that any group endeavoring to remove his exterraneous foliage will be doing this at their own risk! Nice of the lad, isn't it? By the way, boys, while your at it why not attend to Rog Mueller, too?

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WE HAVE RECEIVED THE FOLLOWING UNBIASED LETTER AND WE PRESENT IT TO YOU IN ITS ORIGINAL FORM:

To the Steamshoveler:

We, the students of Illinois Institute of Technology, do present this petition to the Steam Shovel to be forwarded to the proper authorities:

Whereas, the Blitzkrieg has descended to a level from which it cannot be raised, and

Whereas, the Sixth Columnist has demonstrated that he belongs to the 8th column of a Tech News sheet, and

Whereas, the column does smell to high-heaven;

Be it resolved: that the Sixth Columnist be banished to the French Foreign Legion, and

That the space formerly occupied by that column be devoted to more cultural subjects (namely, the life histories of A-1 burly-q queens, and

That the steam Shovel be given a vote of confidence in its outstanding column

(continued on page seven)