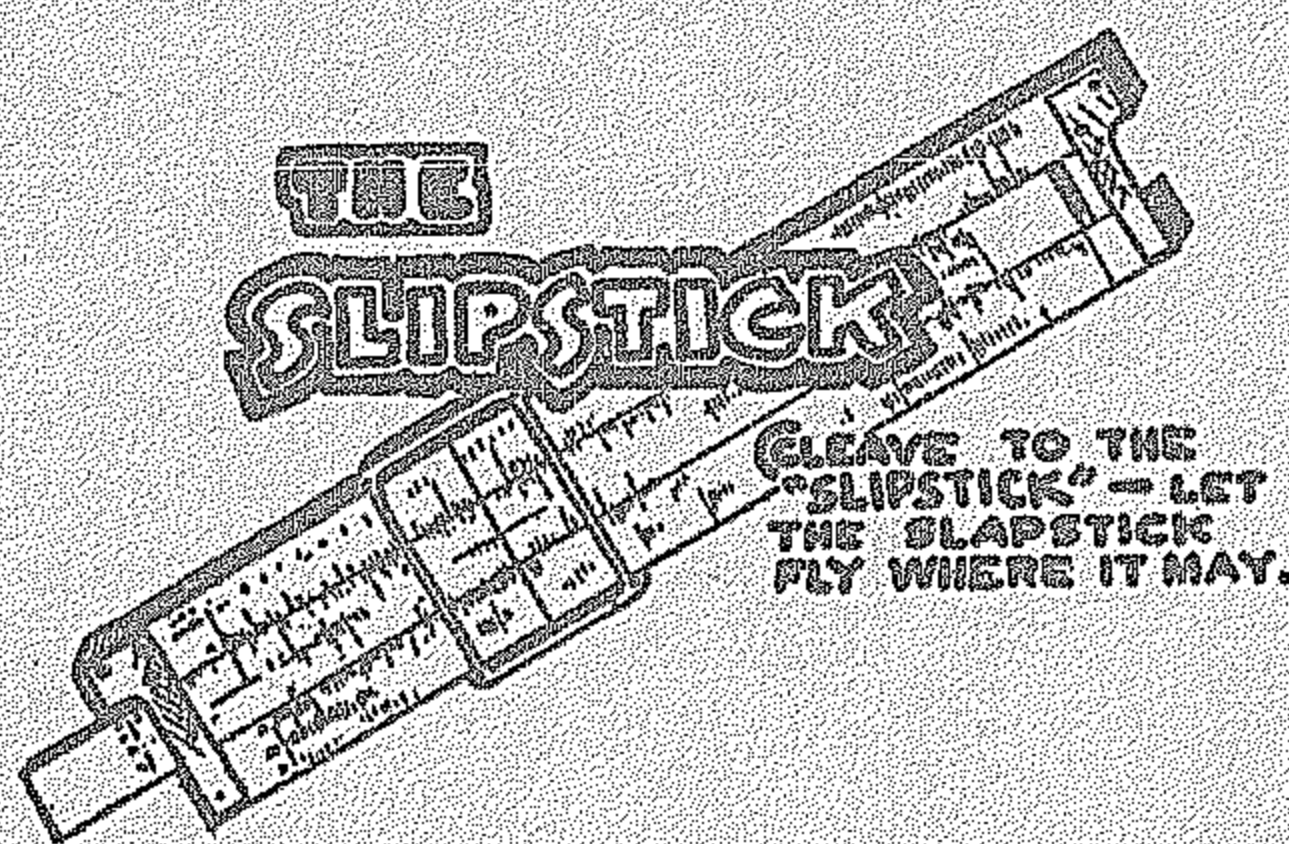


HIS

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Hi li! Hi lo! Hi li! Hi lo! So here we go,
so here we go! Yes sir, this week we're really
smacking 'em down. Set 'em up in the other
alley, brother. One for the money, two for
the show, three to get ready, and here we go!

V V V V
She laughed when he sat down _____
But when he started to play! I I _____
V V V V

Mo: "Iss potatoes in two kinds—male and
fimmale?"

Jo: "Of course not."

Mo: "Hmm, it's werry fony—the keptin's
telling me I should peel two sex of potatoes."

V V V V
Ring around the bathtub
Fourteen inches high.

Four and twenty boarders
All as sore as I.

When the door is opened,
The bird that leaves a ring
Is going to be as sad a sight
As the guy who used to sing.

V V V V

Sweet Thing: "Oh, darling, I'm so discour-
aged. Everything I do seems to be wrong."

Boyfriend: "Mmm. Well, what are you do-
ing tonight, angel?"

V V V V

Pa: "I think I'll have to go downstairs and
send Nancy's young man home."

Ma: "Now, Elmer, don't be hasty. Remem-
ber how we used to court?"

Pa: "For gosh sakes, I hadn't thought of
that. Out he goes!"

V V V V

The boys were griping about politicians'
sons, when up spoke a new voice behind them.

"I'm a politician's son," said the voice,
"and I'm here in the army just like you ordi-
nary guys."

The gang turned around to see who owned
the voice.

"Yes, captain," they said.

V V V V

"Look at that girl, pretty as a picture."
"Yeah! Nice frame, too."

V V V V

She was only a painter's daughter, but
there was nothing shellacked.

V V V V

YOU, TOO?

Don't worry if your grades are low
And your rewards are few;

Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut like you.

V V V V

The world's greatest optimist is the old
maid who pulls down a folding bed, and then
looks under it.

V V V V

The new lieutenant had just returned from
"executing" his first assignment. He wore
that smile of self-satisfaction that comes from
having completed a job well done. His
squadron commander came angrily around
the corner.

"Where is that horse I just ordered shod?"
"Omigod! Did you say 'shod'? I thought
you crossed that 'd'. I just buried him!"

V V V V

Fellows who drive with one hand are usually
headed for the aisle of a church. Some of
them will walk down it; and some will be car-
ried.

V V V V

Hi li! Hi lo! Hi li! hi lo! So here we go,
so here we go! Well, today, I think I'll sign
off with the sophomore's theme song, "Keep
'em Flying."

V V V V

Pete "The Old Fisher-MIN" Minwegen.

« « BLITZKRIEG! » »

They say that absence makes the heart grow
fonder. We hope that ours did. Too many
term papers and all that. Hope we didn't
make you angry. Remember, we never bore
you with the managing board's talk. There
sure is a lot of slush piling up so here goes
and let the mud fly where it may, and there
sure was a lot of it flying the night of the
basketball tournament.

CHAMPIONSHIP CHATTER

JIMMY (alias "SLUSHFOOT") VLCEK
slushing around the place with VIOLET SLAK.
But Jimmy who was handing out the slush up
on the third floor when the lights were out?

JACK CHAKOIAN will learn not to ask
his mighty atoms to take care of DIANNE
PRENTICE (his girl?). Jack had a hard time
getting her back after the Molecules started
"taking care of her."

Those two logical guys, PETE VINTILA and
JACK LEVINSON, were seen trying to beat
each other in the race for SYLVIA WCISLO'S
affections. From the looks of things the "Jack
of Hearts" was the winner for it was he who
was dancing cheek to cheek with the little
heart breaker (?).

DOTTY GIAMBELLUCA asking where
FLOYD L. (L for Lover) WUENN disappeared
to, and we are asking the same question. Was
it a she, Floyd?

JOHNNY POILE and PAT (not BUCKY'S
Pat) traveling around the sixth floor, and when
BILL LAUT and his FRIEND missed them they
went a looking around the fifth floor. Kinda
queer ain't it?

"Dem 'der was" the terrific Turks who were
seen on the third floor rushing to finish their
math. It's amazing what these engineers
think of.

LOVABLE LANDIN LAMENTS

GLORIA "GOING MY WAY BUB" LAN-
DIN was much in evidence at the Rat-Race
following the basketball game last Wednesday
evening, therefore, it is quite proper in com-
menting on the Varsity Aces for loway. She
stated and we quote, "Strictly Iowa, all corn."
My, my, are you going to have the friends,
Gloria.

LIBRARY LIFE

BOB (SONNY) TANDRUP was seen leaving
the TECHNOLOGY NEWS office at 10 a.m.
to read "The Grapes of Wrath" for a half
hour but returned at 4 p.m. saying, "Boy, am
I hungry, what time is it? No wonder I'm
hungry I read the whole book." These mod-
ern novels on poor starving people sure are
a bit suggestive aren't they, Sonny?

LLOYD CLINE, a blonde curly haired son
of Iowa, was quite up the proverbial tree the
other day while working in the chem. lab. Af-
ter making every test for unknowns that he
could think of, he seemed rejected and really
stumped. At that crucial moment JIM WIED-
ERER passed by or should we say rushed by
heading for the sink to wash off some of his
odorous unknowns that had spilt on his hand.
Cline's nostrils quivered and his senses awak-
ened. "Hold that smell," shouted Cline as he
dove into his locker and emerged with his test
tube of unknown. Smelling first the test tube
and then Widerer's hand and then the test
tube again he murmured, "Damn, I thought
that I had that odor down pat." It wasn't
scientific but it was a good try.

LEWIS LOVE(LIES)

Our esteemed ASSOCIATE MANAGING
EDITOR applying the war paint to "KEWPIE"
ARNS, this wasn't done so he could take it
off, however, for he later sent her out on a
spree with the rest of the "Kewpies."

Wedding Bells shall ring for MARY
THERESE McELHERNE who received a dia-
mond on Monday of last week. This is the
explanation of that far away look. The giver
of the ring is ELMER CASEY, one of Uncle
Sam's boys in blue.

BUD CARLSON in his dreamy way an-
nounced that DORIS said "yes" and he was
very happy.

REFERENCE FOR APRIL 1, 1943

When fixing the potion for A(alvin) R(rum-
pilstilskin) WHITEHILL on April 1, of 1943
remember the following:

1. Place the putrified meat in the top draw-
er of his desk.

2. Spill the bottle of oil of wintergreen,
it does not matter just how much of this is
spilt for the odor will be too pungent for old
rose and too acid for lavender, but do not
worry about this for all that need be done is
open the window.

3. Add a dash of acetic acid, this will re-
sult in the beautiful scent of jasmine, which is
preferred by Dr. Whitehill.

4. Do not apologize for the deed for "The
deed is done, and done it is and wise is he
that did it." And besides Dr. Whitehill en-
joys giving tests in little blue books.

5. Remember not to write anything for he
is a handwriting expert.

I may as well close the column with that
old ending that is used when the Lewis guys
and gals have a shindig coming up, COME
TO THE SOPHOMORE DANCE.

(Copy Editor's note: The column was sup-
posed to go into print a week ago, but un-
foreseen difficulties were run into, and what's
the use of writing another ending or a whole
new column. Too much work to read some-
thing and then have it cut, better yet run the
darn thing even if it's a week old.)

THE SIXTH COLUMNIST

MY AUTO

My auto, 'tis of thee, short cut to poverty—
Of thee I chant.

I blew a pile of dough on you two years ago,
And now you quite refuse to go,

Or won't, or can't.

Through town and country side, you were my
joy and pride,

A happy day.

I loved thy gaudy hue (thy nice white tires so
new),

But now you lose at least one screw a day.

To thee, old rattle-box, come many bumps
and knocks;

For thee I grieve.

Badly thy top is torn, frayed are thy seats
and worn;

The whooping cough affects thy horn,
I do believe.

Thy perfume swells the breeze, and good
folks choke and wheeze,

While we pass by.

I paid for thee a price, 'twould buy a mansion
twice;

Now everybody's yelling, "I-ee!"—
I wonder why?

Thy motor has the grip, thy spark plugs have
the pip,

And woe is thine.

I too have suffered chills, ague, and kindred
ills,

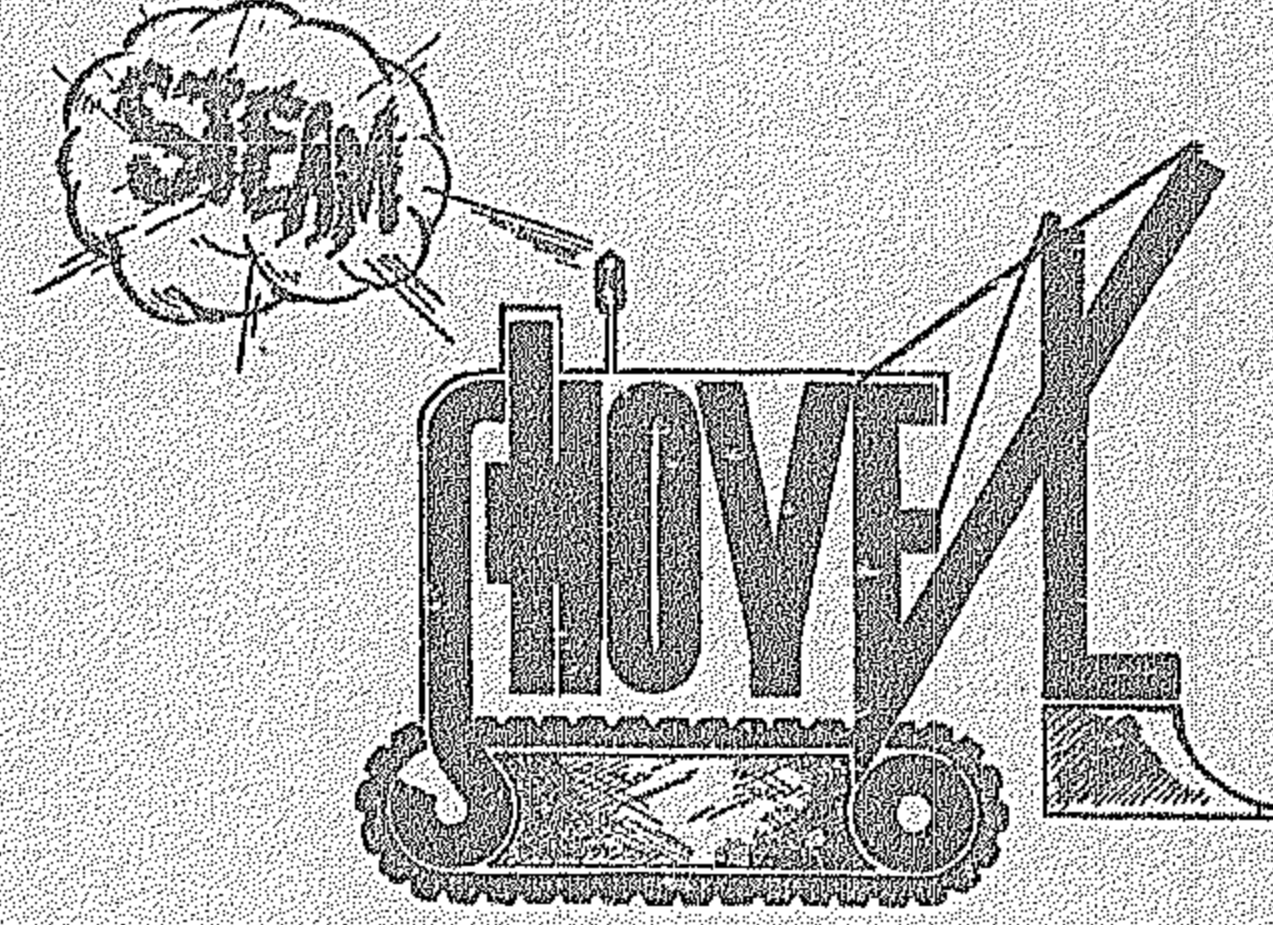
Endeavoring to pay my bills,
Since thou wert mine.

Gone is my bankroll now; no more 'twould
choke a cow,

As once before.

Yet if I had the mon, so help me, Brother
John—

I'd buy another car, I swan,
And speed some more.



Here's more dirt straight from the Armour
incinerator. The sophomores seem to have
conceded the Rush battles to the freshmen
and are looking for new victims for their
horseplay. A group of chems tried drowning
SCHMITZ, lab instructor, with hoses placed in
his pockets. TOM BROWN seems to be the
boy who will take MILT PLEVA'S place in
one of the school romances.

BUGLE-BOY KOLOM has made many an
enemy among the afternoon classes at Chap-
in. His soulful renditions on his toy trumpet
have awakened many a slumbering engineer.

After listening to the ear-scorchers, PRO-
FESSOR HARRIS was moved to say, "I've
been connected with four universities, and I
have never seen such a pile of nuts as have
accumulated in one place." . . . At a recent
Dance club session, a charming MISS from St.

Xavier, solicited help in solving a physics
problem. The response was a noble exhibi-
tion of beating around the bush by ED KUR-
EK, JOHN BRIGGS, MILT PLATZNER, and
SCOTTY KEZIOS, who were quite baffled by
the exercise. . . .

The recent AIEE smoker was invaded by the
Integral staff with the specific purpose of
seeing risque movies of the type shown at the
juicers' smoker last Friday. The staff was very
disgusted and peeved when they saw wild
west thrillers of 1903 vintage . . . At the
Alpha Chi Sigma progressive dinner, EARL
MILLS freely partook of Komarewsky's Rus-
sian vodka, and later complained of an ex-
tremely unstable condition.

TREGAY and BAGDON had quite a mix-
up about who was taking whose woman to
the sphomore dance. According to TREGAY,
his girl was supposed to be home sick with the
mumps; while BAGDON was all set with a
blind date. After exchanging observations
and passing a few comments, it was revealed
that BAGDON'S blind date was TREGAY'S
girl.

Echoes of the Hockey Hop: CHARLEY
PRIZER wasn't around to collect the radio he
won in the raffle. The dance committee
swears that he was found in a secluded corner
of the lounge trying out a new technique . . .
NAT RATNER (courageous soul) said he was
going to take a walk with his girl during the
intermission . . . HUGO GEISSLER didn't
listen to the alarm clock at the dance and
finally staggered in at the wee hour of five
in the morn. . . .

RAY SMITH, heavily armored against Cup-
id's darts, has fallen at last for an old flame
in Mansfield, Ohio. He went to see her over
the week end . . . HOWIE BROWN has been
raving trouble with his girl in Madison, Wis-
consin. She recently wrote him a very scathing
letter, inquiring if he still remembered her . . .
Speaking of the dangers of ricocheting pro-
jectiles, one of the senior mechs drew a bead
on one of his bosom buddies with a spit ball.

Said pal ducked, and aforementioned object
hit PROFESSOR YELLOTT dead between the
eyes . . . We thought ELMER RATZEL looked
too happy. When questioned about his source
of joy, he said, "I'm in love." Just wait 'til
he gets the ball and chain around his ankle
. . . If you are wondering about the bruise
under LEN "LAMBYKIN" LAMBIN'S eye, his
girl friend didn't give it to him. He just missed
a softball (that wasn't too soft) when it came
his way. Everything comes to him who waits.

The measles have struck the grads again.
This time it's LINCOLN and KRITCHEVSKY.
The rest of the graduate students hope that
somebody in the Graduate house will get
them, so the whole house will be quarantined.

The first paragraph of last week's Slip-
stick contained a derogatory term referring
to a particular racial group. Its appear-
ance was accidental; however, its being un-
intentional does not remove the harm done.
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