

SLIPSTICK

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Local Color

Lady: "I want to see some kid gloves for my eight year old daughter, please."

Clerk: "Yes, madam, white kid?"

Lady: "Sir!"

V V V V

The child took a long look at the old man and asked: "Were you in the Ark, Grandpa, when the flood came?"

"No, certainly not, my child," replied the aged man.

"Then why weren't you drowned?" asked the child.

V V V V

Charlie: "How about taking a ride in the country?"

Betty: "Not tonight. I'm too tired. Let's run out of gas right here in town."

V V V V

Mistress: "This food tastes terrible. Did you salt it?"

New Cook: "Yes'm, but I never used that brand before. It was called Epsom Salts."

V V V V

The spinal column is a bunch of bones that run up and down your back, keeping you from being legs all the way up to your neck.

V V V V

Kind Friend: "I'll give you a penny for a kiss, Betty."

Bright Lass: "No, thank you! I can earn more takin' cod liver oil."

V V V V

All Wool and a Yard Wide

First Gob: "Say, whatever happened to that hot romance between Sailor Jim and the hum-dinger sweater-girl?"

Second Gob: "Oh, he tried to pull the wool over her eyes."

V V V V

"How's your father coming along with his dairy farm?"

"Grand. He makes all the cows sleep on their backs."

"What's the idea?"

"So the cream will be on top in the morning."

V V V V

My Favorite

Wabbits have a funny face,

Their private lives is a disgwace.

Ood be surprised if oo but knew

The awful things that wabbits do.

V V V V

A customer sat down to a table in a smart restaurant and tied his napkin around his neck. The manager, scandalized, called a boy and said to him: "Try to make him understand as diplomatically as possible that that's not done."

Boy (to customer): "A shave or hair cut, sir?"

V V V V

"Hello, sugar, how's your conduct? Oh, you know who this is! It's old Jerry Totten, himself, your big sandman. I've got news for you. You're the lucky girl I'm dating tonight! Now don't interrupt. I'll be there at eight sharp, so dust the parlor and get out the album—Now, now, you just listen; I'll do the talking! And give the folks some sleeping powder and your kid brother some prussic acid. I'm not selfish, but I like to keep myself for you alone! What??? Is this you Mr. Thompson? -er-a-er—I thought you were Helen! Hal Hal May I talk to Helen, please?—Hello! Listen, Mr. Thompson, I was just kidding—hello!—hello!"

V V V V

Gob: "My wife's an angel in three ways."

Pal: "How remarkable. How's that?"

Gob: "Well, first, she's always up in the air; second, she's always harping; third, she never has an earthly thing to wear."

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D. J. KEIGHER — Farmer and Fire Protect

The following are excerpts from Donald J. Keigher's paper written as a requirement for entrance into Sphinx. Sphinx is the honorary literary fraternity. Notice that none of the words are over five letters long.

READ IT AND WEEPIIIII

Once upon a time, a score of years ago, there was born a baby boy. His mom and pop lived on a farm many miles from here. After a great deal of talk, both pro and con, they named this baby Don.

But soon the baby was given the name "D. J." It was a short and easy way of tying his first name, Don and his next name James into one.

This small boy's first years were spent like those of most any other farm boy's. He had pets of his own and other boys and girls to play with. But D. J.'s life was not quite the same as the other boys and girls 'cause his pop did not work on the farm. His pop had to work very hard every day in the big city. His pop had to ride a train many miles to the big city in order to go to work. Yet, in most ways, D. J.'s life was about the same as that of his small pals.

When D. J. was six, it was time for him to start into first grade. In his grade, there were two girls and one more boy. To teach them and the other seven boys and nine girls there was a lady. She was very nice and very smart, too.

Once while still in first grade, D. J. and his mom and pop moved to the big city to live for about half a year. By this time there were two baby girls to be taken care of other than D. J. When in the big city, D. J. was in first grade with a great many boys and girls. He found them to be just about like his pals down on the farm. One of his best pals was named John Flood, which was a funny name to D. J. at least.

After a short time, they all moved back on the farm. By now D. J. could do more than one thing about the farm. He used to feed the hens and the ducks and other fowl for his mom. He used to hunt eggs, too, but he broke so many he had that bit of work taken away from him. Even when a small boy of seven, he took care of the cows and pigs. The hired man named Fred also did some of the work.

By the time D. J. was ten, he was the smart boy of his grade, the fifth grade. That was due to the fact that the two girls had moved away and three other boys took their spots in

class. By this time he could play ball and lots of other games. He was boss of the ball team, but the team never had a game so it did not mean much.

D. J. had a new lady to teach him his last two years on the farm. She was young and good to look at. At least the boys said so, but they still hated her. She didn't like D. J. very much 'cause his pop and her pop didn't talk to each other. Once she made him (D. J.) do a lot of extra work as a task for being bad. D. J. and the other boys used to climb trees a great deal. This the lady did not like, so she gave him the task to do.

Soon our farm lad moved again to the big city. This move was his final move 'cause he has lived in the Big City ever since that time (1935). He then went to a place known as Leo high. It was a big place and many, many, boys went there. One of the first boys he met was a boy named Joe Ryan. They were soon great pals, and they were with each other just about all of the time.

First year was easy, but the next year was hard for there were a lot of smart boys in his class. Only once did our hero lead his class. But Latin and all the other work was not easy.

When D. J. was in his last year at Leo, he was on the paper staff, and on the staff of the book, The Lion, that they put out each year. D. J. and his pal Joe Ryan wrote sport copy for the paper. In fact, Joe was the sport boss. On The Lion, D. J. was the boss. D. J. was on the track team and had been for three years. Joe took care of the team.

About this time, the name D. J. was being heard less and less for more and more Don was the name used. Don began to go out with girls while in third year. He went to more than one dance at Leo and even took a date to a show once in a great while.

Along about June, 1939, Don got out of Leo after four years of work and play. Now he began to look for more spots to go to. He still liked to learn and study. By fall his mind had been made up for he went to a place known as Tech. It was here that Don began to hate study and work. He once more got on the paper staff and on the track team.

Now we are up to date on the life story of our once-upon-a-time farm boy, D. J., or Don. Where his name and life will go from here is a moot novel that only time and tide will tell. Soon he may be in the army or the navy in lands far away. But still the road of life is wide ahead, the trip just begun—I HOPE.

Tech Roving Reporter

Last week end found **TECHNOLOGY NEWS'** roving reporter on the Urbana-Champaign campus of the University of Illinois. The Military ball, the electrical engineering show, and the Illini nine's victory over Indiana's diamonddeers on the Illinois field were all placed in the background when this reporter discovered that Annabelle of international fame was residing on the campus. In a short interview with Annabelle on the steps of Alpha house it was learned that this youthful person was attending the University of Illinois to get away from it all. Holding Sally P. on his lap and trying to interview Annabelle as her Joe was whispering sweet nothings in her ear, was quite a task for this reporter, but in keeping with the loyalty to **TECHNOLOGY NEWS** which is the outstanding characteristic of all the staff, he did garner this info for IIT gents. Little Joe, Annabelle's B. F., is going back to Kokomo for a week or two, so drop a line or three to Annabelle, c/o Alpha house, 1207 West Spring-

field avenue, Urbana, Illinois. No sense in trying for Sally P. for she has arranged to date 467 of the 800 Navy boys that will invade the campus within the month. One thing we can't figure out is howinthehellcanshedoit.

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Soon after his return from downstate, the roving reporter wandered into the Lewis cafeteria in search of some relaxation. This he soon found in the form of the stud poker game that starts along with the crap games (which Flossie Moss doesn't think are proper), and rummy games just before the first period in the morning and lasts until long after evening school has started. While waiting for a seat as the pot grew, he aimlessly viewed the few people who were trusting enough to enter the Clouse-controlled cafeteria in search of food. In particular he watched one freshman who hopefully and hungrily requested a meatball "special." Longing for a camera, our reporter watched

OUR ANCESTORS

(Editor's note): The following excerpt is taken from the Chicago Tribune of 1901. We just found the bottom half so that we do not know the exact date. What went before the first excerpt is unknown. (Make your own guess.) However, as you go on you may find that times have not changed much.

"I would leave the matter to the men of the city instead of asking the police force to take it up," said Dr. ————. "The best remedy, to my mind, would be for the men to take it upon themselves to thrash the street masher. That would be a quick remedy and a well deserved one, and would not require a process of law. If the men would protect the women in that way the masher would at least gain a certain amount of respect for the feelings of other men in the matter, if they had none of their own."

"It's the young and pretty girls who should express themselves on this question," said Mrs. ————. "The elder women are not so much annoyed by the attentions of men who loiter on the streets. On general principles, of course, the movement is a good thing. It may be needed at present, and if so certainly should receive the attention of the Police department."

"I have no doubt the young women will appreciate Chief O——'s move," said Mrs. ————. "I have not noticed the difficulty as being peculiar to Chicago any more than to other large cities. There are a great many things of this kind in a large city and the more of them that can be suppressed the better and cleaner will be the life of the city."

Mr. and Mrs. Shaw of 385 expect to start this morning for an automobile trip from New York to Chicago. They hope to make the journey to their home here without mishap in six days. They retired early last night to get a good rest before the beginning of the long and tiresome expedition.

Few people who are familiar with automobiles believe they will succeed in reaching Chicago within six days. Mrs. Smith of this city, an enthusiastic automobilist, has sent to Mrs. Shaw a handsome silver cup with this message:

"If you reach Chicago in 12 days, I shall present to you this cup, properly engraved."

Mr. Shaw purchased on Monday the automobile in which they will make the trip. The vehicle is one recently owned by Dr. J. Grant Lyman and is an eight horse-power gasoline machine. The route will be as follows: From New York to Albany, to Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, Toledo, Waterloo, Elkhart, and thence to Chicago.

Mr. Shaw formerly was member of a firm which sold out to the American Biscuit company. In the last two years he has turned his attention to automobiles for pleasure.

holdover—

Fourteen gifts and grants totalling \$10,227 were accepted by the University of Wisconsin board of regents at a recent meeting.

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Olivet college, in keeping with its belief that college athletics should be as non-professional as possible, has abolished admission charges at all its intercollegiate basketball games.

as the lad was tendered a few crumbly particles of what had once been a small meatball. Shaking his head in dismay, the customer remarked to the air about him, "Hell, I use more priority-restricted metal in one of my chem experiments."