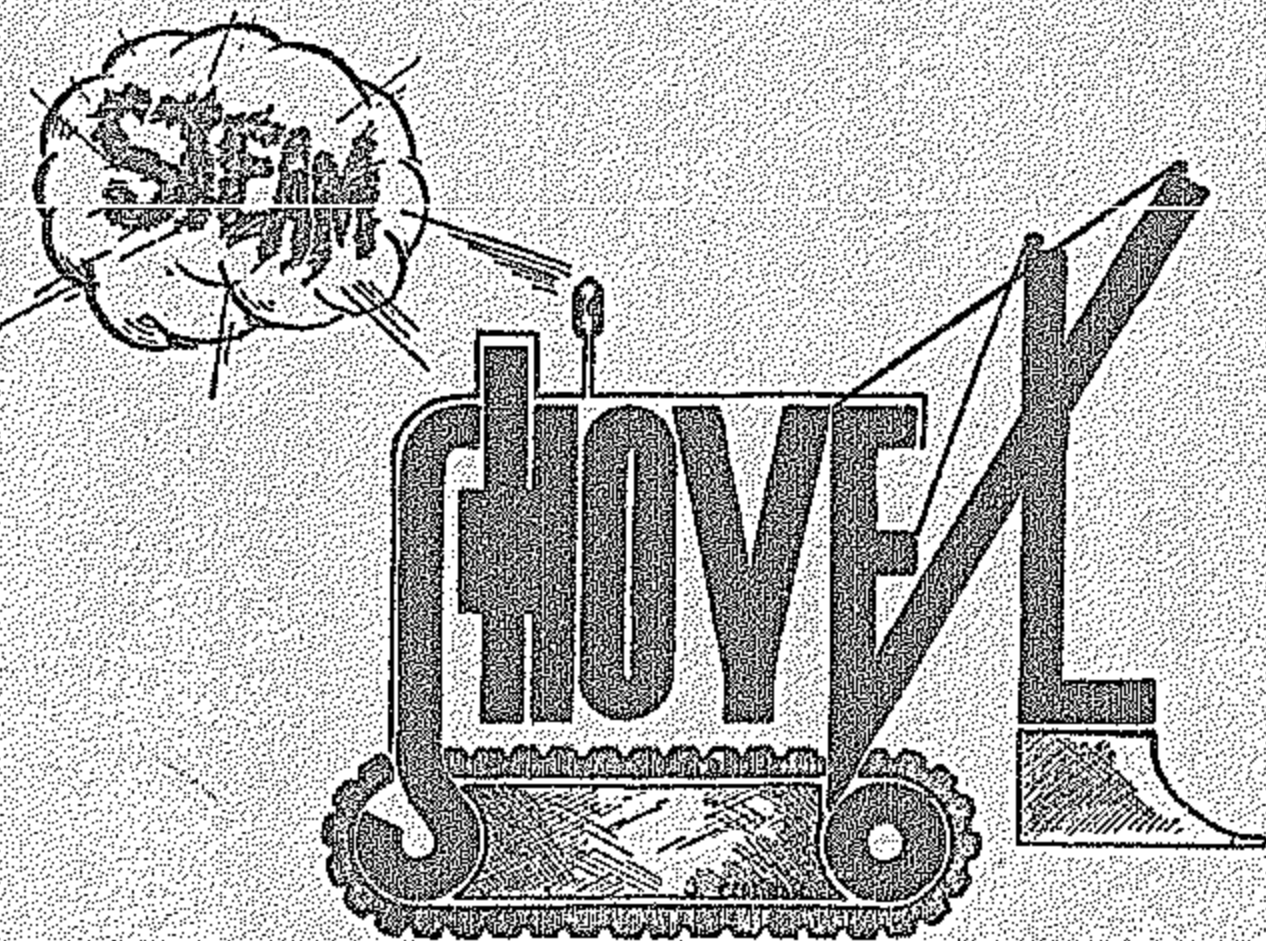


# BLITZKRIEG!



INTRODUCING . . . "The Steam Shovel" . . . Farrell style . . . the old "slave driver."

Harold Hurvitz, intelligent junior mech (???), wrestled a 250 pound blimp the other day at DeKalb. Only Hurvitz's superior weight won the debacle . . . Harry Anderson nearly met the fate of many sophomores as a result of his ride on the elevator. He is now threatening to eliminate the junior chems. Congratulations to Charley Prizer for the way he took his ducking.

"DOC" DAVEY is desperately trying to squelch rumors to the effect that a certain ring is not real. But, upon close cross-examination, he becomes vague in his denials . . . your guess is as good as ours . . . Advice to the lovelorn—join the Armour Dance Club and get a nifty woman just like HANS NORD'S—she's the essence of feminine pulchritude . . .

Probation period looms for ART (PUNCHY) ELLIS, ED OZAND, and "COOKIE" 'till they grow up . . . Those girls they tried to pick up at the railway crossing were too darn smart . . . The senior civils doubt Bill Waddington's excuse for his red nose. Plaintiff's contention: three week binge—Defendant's contention: sunburn . . . Henrietta continues to expound her philosophical utterances to the select few — they being Bob Adelson, Carl Forsburg, "Little-Boy" Sundstrom, and Wally Larson . . . Weekly report: the Daly-Johnson romance is still flourishing.

The senior juicers have become a depraved lot. They don't even look at a pair of silk stockings any more . . . High Lama of the senior chems, Doc Kintner, has made Edahl, Ralph Rose, Michalek, Pocius, Van Middleworth, Piper, and Carlson weep. This hard-hearted man flunked the boys and now they can't graduate . . . Soria, graduate student, plus Ruth Young, secretary, plus lecture (to be recorded by secretary and listened to by student) equals romance plus flunked student minus good record of lecture . . .

Professor Yellott would like to catch the boys who gamble with money around school—Guess who?? . . . Somehow 56 dollars ended up on one side of the ledger and ten-odd fellows went into the red on the other side . . . What sacrifice! Timothy J. O'Leary even pawned his address book to get \$5.75 for the formal . . . Tim, our heart goes out to you . . . Johnny Butkus, the Armour Rembrandt, will watch his talent from now on . . . The junior civils don't appreciate his works when they resemble one of the members of their class. . . .

Culminating a three hour romance in Day-enport, Roman Mankus promised the gal a date to the Junior Formal. Now she writes: "Dearest Roman, I am losing sleep waiting for you to ask me to the dance. I want to come." . . . Emily Post says, "If you invite a girl in from out of town, all the costs are carried by the fellow"—(Ouch!) . . . Roman figures the cost at thirty dollars. Now he has three alternatives—get his folks out of town, or complete the deal with Bruce Worcester, whereby Bruce and Roman split expenses and the latter gets a date for the Formal and the former gets a date Saturday night, or finally, he can write and tell her to go. " . . ."

EMIL GALANDAK asked for a job in the Co-op Office so that no outside love interest could come in and interfere with his courtship of MARTY. Now there is a new secretary and EMIL is in a high and mighty quandry . . . "Swede" Peterson leaves school on the "L"

Now, that the "Valentine Frolic" is over and many of us can walk again, let's get down to facts and personalities.

POST VALENTINE NOTE—Cupid's messenger didn't fail to visit "SONNY" TANDRUP, bearing a sweet smelling envelope designated in a feminine scribble. Seems Lil Audrey is getting down state competition for the cardiac anatomy of our glamour boy.

This next article should really be put into headlines. ETHEL WITT GIVES EVERYONE ON THE THIRD FLOOR KISSES . . . looks like our bashful lassie has gone forever . . . but oh pshaw . . . I've just found out they were Hershey's. Just when I thought I really had some real honest to goodness blackmail material.

Have you noticed the glow of love, and the June-in-January attitude of LORRAINE SURDYK? Could that little something decorating her sweater be the reason? Namely, an Alpha Pi Mu fraternity pin.

Since a taxi driver is the only one who doesn't worry about what goes on behind his back, BOB MEYER certainly has a constant job because, of course, he can't keep both HELEN and SYLVIA in sight constantly, although he certainly makes a good attempt. We know why HELEN occupies his time, but we aren't positive that he is just being a good fraternity brother by entertaining SYLVIA while ART PETERINO, once her one and only, is armedly serving his country.

ALDA KAIRIS, '41, ex-flame of that same BOB MEYER, answered to the roll call at the LAMBDA dance, and once again proved herself to be outstanding, only this time in a negative direction. She made the prize introductory blunder of the evening, to wit: When introducing JOE MINGA to her escort she said, ". . . and I'd like you to meet GORDON WALTER, who . . ." ALDA explained this by saying that, during the entire year in which all three were members of TECHNOLOGY NEWS, she never could tell these fugitives from a "beef trust" crous line apart.

ALEX BAILEY, that lovable lad of the broom, didn't get the least bit perturbed about the crack which we made in last week's communique. The reason was that the members of the Lewis TECHNOLOGY NEWS staff had depleted their "coke" fund by get-

ting a little "Valentine" for him in remembrance of his voluntary services to them.

Talk about the Lewis co-eds taking huge amounts of time to make themselves lovely in the "powder room" . . . that may be a manifestation of vanity; but, if so, what would you call the actions of our own ultra-masculine Sports Editor, P. ROBERT BECHTOLT?

At the printer's the other Saturday, "BUBBLES" arranged himself before a typewriter over which hung the largest mirror in the world. Of course, it may not have been vanity, but instead only pre-position of materials; so that he could, when short of an idea (if possible), look up at his handsome, virile countenance and thus gain inspiration to continue "Time Out." On the other hand, we must admit that perhaps he was only making sure that none of the treasurer's hirelings were sneaking up on him with homicidal intentions.

What is ANN MOSSNER going to do now that LENNY WASIELEWSKI has left school? Will it be the "Colorado Kid?"

Modern design makes the difference . . . but with JACK CHAKOIAN, or should we say the Intramural Manager of Athletic Activities JACK CHAKOIAN, it's daily shaves, specially draped suits, and large cigar, that makes the difference. It's made a Beau Brummel out of our little "school boy."

Did you ever see anyone write with his fingers? Well, come to 407 some afternoon and DR. HEDRICK will show you how it is done. The way I understand it, you must have a minute piece of chalk and some very lengthy lecture notes to write. You start to write, and when the chalk disappears you continue with your finger—simple, isn't it?

Could NAHTAN IGLITZEN be confining his study of curves to paper, or does he prefer a wider scope? According to his work in the library, I'd say the latter.

Credit for the laugh of the week goes to DICK "STINKY" JOHNSON, who answered HERR LEHRER HAMMER'S question, "What are the simple tenses?" with "Those that are not compound." Oh, well, we guess "THE NAIL" spoke of more than income taxes when he said to his Deutsch scholars, "Why make it so simple, when it can be so complicated?"

Good-by now!

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## THE SIXTH COLUMNIST

### SLIPSTICK ANNEX—

If a fellow tries to kiss a woman and gets away with it, he's a man; if he tries and doesn't get away with it, he's a brute; if he doesn't try, and would get away with it if he tried, he's a coward; but if he doesn't try, and wouldn't have gotten away with it if he had, he's wise.

V V V V

#### AND THAT AIN'T ALL

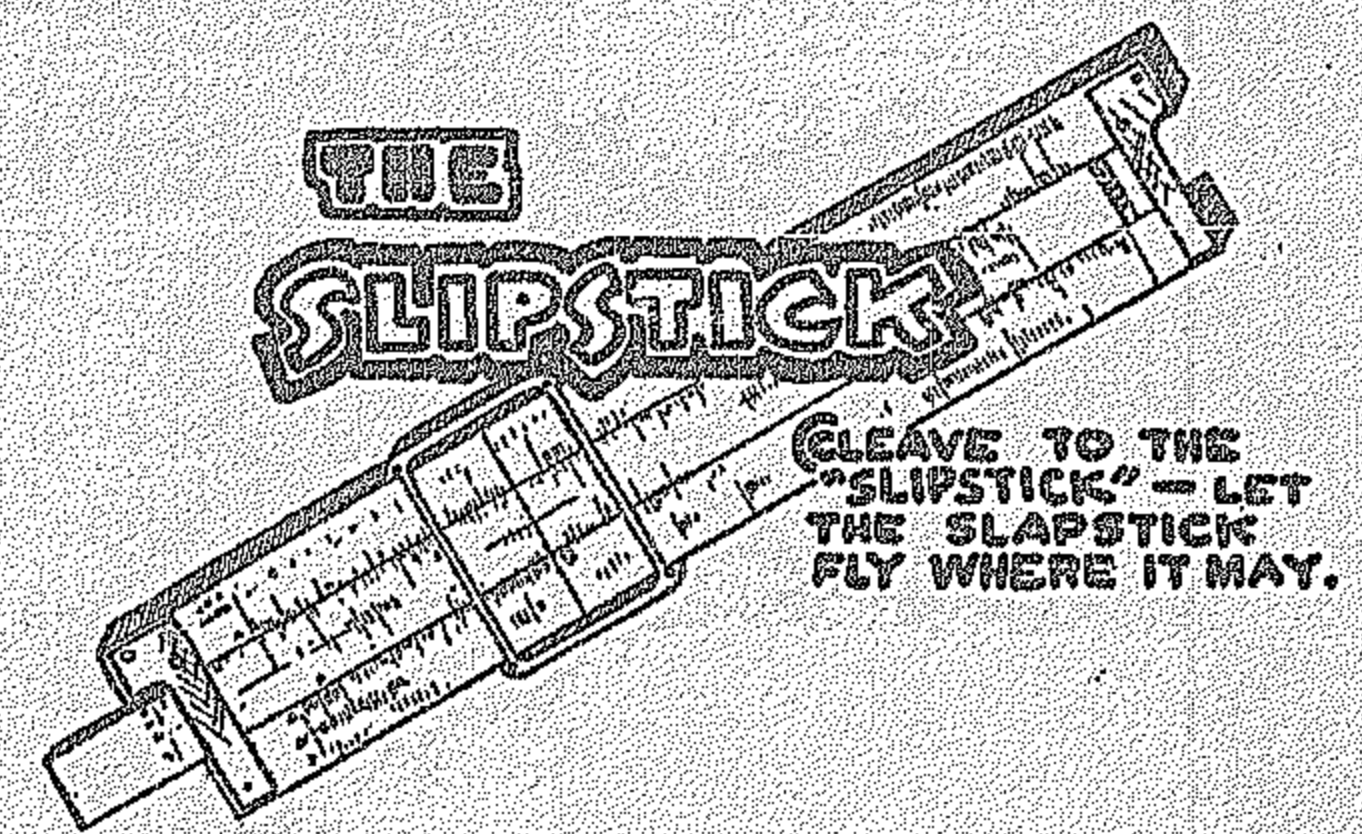
Flap—"Where are you going, my dear?"  
Deb—"Out for a ride with Milt. Do I need a coat?"  
Flap—"I should say not! You'll need a fan."

#### ARMY INFLUENCE

"Did Mary reject Tom when he proposed?"  
"Not in so many words, but she put him in Class 5B."

V V V V

We'd like to know if you could say that a man with two wooden legs "just lumbered along"; but we'll shoot the first sap who says he wooden know.



Now, all you good Illinois Technicians, you better be at that Junior Formal this Friday, or you'll be sorry. Polish those shoes, grab a painful of watercress for a corsage, and get there early.

V V V V

#### SAFETY FIRST

"Have you told Mr. Smith that he is now the father of twins, nurse?"  
"Not yet, doctor, he's shaving with an old-fashioned razor."

V V V V

#### NO VITAMIN B

One skeleton, to another, in a medical museum—"If we had any guts, we'd get out of here."

V V V V

In the ninth grade English class, the teacher was discussing etiquette. When she had finished, she asked Bobby how he would ask a girl to dance.

Bobby replied: "Come on, worm, let's wiggle."

V V V V

There was a young lady named Eve,  
Who caused husband Adam to grieve;  
When he asked where she'd been,  
She replied with a grin,  
"I've been absent without any leave."

V V V V

(H'mmm)

Dorothy—"What' a military objective, Mary?"  
Mary—"Just walk past those soldiers on the corner. You'll find out."

V V V V

Don't know if any of you have noticed that one of the defense tax bills put a new tax on rouge and lipstick. Right now, it looks like a blessing in disguise; it's keeping more and more people out of the red.

V V V V

A small boy was asked by his father, a well-known contractor, what he would like for Christmas. "A baby sister," replied the boy. "But, it is only two weeks until Christmas and that doesn't leave much time," said his father. "I know, father," answered the child, "but can't you put more men on the job?"

V V V V

#### JUST PLAIN CORN

Two men were hotly discussing the merits of a book. Finally, one of them, himself an author, said to the other: "No, John, you can't appreciate it. You never wrote a book yourself."

"No," retorted John, "and I never laid an egg, but I'm a better judge of an omelet than any hen in the state."

V V V V

And there is the Scotchman who will not smoke cigarettes while wearing gloves, because he says he hates the smell of burning leather.

V V V V

Ray: "Where can I get hold of you?"  
Alice: "I don't know; I'm awfully ticklish."

V V V V

A rude and vulgar man is one who stares at a girl's figure when she's doing her best to display it.

V V V V

I suppose you've been in the Navy so long you are accustomed to sea legs?  
Why, lady, I wasn't even looking!

V V V V

Well, good-bye, now. Meet you at the Stevens, Friday. It's a date.

ART "Oh MIN" MINWEGEN

#### REMEMBER—THE FORMAL