

Yo-delaee, yo-delo-oo. Yow, what a week!
Qvizzes to de right, qvizzes to de left. And
they say a senior's life is a snap. Yo-delaee.

V V V V
OH, FRIDAY

My boy friend's funny,
He doesn't dance, he doesn't drink.
You couldn't get him into a rumble
Seat on a moonlit night, on a bet.
He wears the funniest clothes—all
Black—no color to them at all.
He's so quiet—never says a word,
He never laughs,
He's so formal, so cold, so infernally
stiff.

He died last week.

V V V V
THAT'S NICE

It wasn't my fault. I wouldn't have taken
the date, but Harry's girl liked her and want-
ed to see her get around. I didn't have any
excuse and they bought my ticket to the
'Frolics.'

When she came down stairs I grabbed
Harry. She was dressed in lavender or some-
thing, her slip showed slightly, the back of
her dress was bare and I could see her skinny
shoulder blades. Her hair was corn color and
she wore glasses.

She liked me, of course, and made pas-
sionate love all the way down. When we
danced, I held her away from me as much
as possible but I couldn't prevent her knees
from knocking mine.

On the way she said she liked my car bet-
ter than hers. I asked her what kind of a car
she had and she said it was a Packard. I
wondered what business her father was in
and she said he was president of a big bank
in Sioux City. We were married in June.

V V V V
1950 SPEED

Two men were handling dynamite in a
quarry. One of them let a stick drop and
the whole box went off, taking one of them
up in the air with it. The quarry boss came
around five minutes afterward and asked:

"Where's Jim?"

"He's gone," replied the other man.

"When will he be back?"

"Well, if he comes back as fast as he went
up, he'll be back yesterday."

V V V V

It's tough when you go into a dark room for
three hours, and all you get are negatives.

V V V V

We have in our possession a chain letter
received by an unwed teacher. This should
end all chain letters.

"Dear Friend:

This chain letter comes to you with the
hope of bringing happiness to the tired
businessman. Upon receiving this, promptly
send fifty copies to your dearest and near-
est friends. Then pack up your wife and
send her to the man who is at the top of
the list. When your name reaches the top
of the list, you will receive 26,489 wonder-
ful women. Have faith—don't break the
chain. One guy broke it and got his own
wife back."

V V V V

Blame It On Wilmer

Betty MacA: "My boy friend doesn't
smoke, drink, or swear."

Mary: "Does he make his own dresses,
too?"

V V V V

Well, they were all clean. Let's scramble.

ART "OH MIN" MINWEGEN

ARX NEWS

Get your ice cold Arx News here!! We're
printing this week a few odd items which were
crowded out last issue by Adam Bysse Mc-
Donough's scremplal missive:

We have seen that the best architecture
has come from men who have worked mate-
rials with their own hands.

This result of first hand experience has been
true from the beginning of civilization and
through the cultural period of early Greece.
The builders of the great European buildings
were produced only through long apprentice-
ship periods. And early Americans certainly
learned how to build with stone and wood by
handling them.

Today we must supplement our study of
the theoretical properties of materials by
handling them. We must learn to compare
properties of modern materials and to discern
their relative structural possibilities.

We can do this best by simple weathering
tests of our own, and by applying the tools to
each. Simply erecting a post and lintel, plac-
ing bricks on bricks, and fastening board to
board can be valuable lessons.

We can watch great experiments beyond
our individual scope in shops. We can see
modern materials formed by great machines.
And, we can see materials in the fields, the
environment from which they came.

We can feel their spirit in the strength and
beauty of splendid trees, of dynamic hills, and
sparkling streams.

Judging today where materials have been
best expressed will help towards achieving
a better architecture tomorrow.

**This arx news shatters a sweet silence of a
couple of weeks. You didn't like that silence,
you told us bitterly, and we don't blame
you. But we're exonerated. We offer the
following alibis—take your pick:**

1. we were changing a typewriter ribbon.
2. the editor cut arx news, being preju-
diced against the architects.
3. we read the last-published arx news
and went on a two-week drunk.

Note to BORRE: Glad it's out, George.
Or is it?

The sophs had a gorgeous model t'other
day. POZUCEK took photos and has 'em on
sale.—AdvT.

HOW ABOUT IT, '44 ? ? ?

After seriously considering the matter, the
recently appointed Campus Gestapo has de-
cided that the freshmen will lick the stuffins
out of the sophs. Also, the similarity between
those of '44 and a brand of poultry commonly
called capons has been noticed; until some
sage wisely remarked that capons have back-
bones.

After rippin' out of the soph class meeting
like a bunch of man-eating lions with blood in
their eye; they meekly stood about like a
flock of sheep and allowed the freshmen to
pant them one by one. Truly March and '44
come in like lions and go out like lambs. The
anathema of the soph class came in for his
share of the trimmings today, after masquer-
ading like a Hula-hula dancer yestereve.

The sympathies of the Campus Polizei were
with the freshmen at the beginning, but it is
now proposed that they organize the callous
class of '44 so that there will still be a group
of sophomores by the time of the rush. Des-
pite our natural lack of enthusiasm for this
proposal, we do not have the cash in pocket
to hire a Clarence Darrow to protect us from
the murder rap which would otherwise ensue.
It is a similar situation to that in which D'Ar-
fagnan found himself when his opponents ran
out on him.

Despite the fact that one Angel (Angel-
face) Angelos, screwball par excellence, had
the unmitigated gall to threaten our yearly

BLITZKRIEG!

Ode to Three Soldier Fraternity Boys
"We pen on pink and baby blue
These vorpal epitomes to you.
Yet for all your manxome persiflage,
We wish to hell you were a mirage."

These famous words were penned by our
editor and are not those of the sponsor of
this column!!!

And now down to the finer things of life,
such as that of chemistry. It seems that our
learned storeroom head, LOWELL STEVEN-
SON, has emerged from his cubbyhole the
discoverer of several new compounds name-
ly: "Stevenson's dandruff remover and floor
wax," "Stevenson's Elixir, guaranteed to kill
or cure you if nothing else!" Mr. Stevenson
credits these discoveries to ambition and his
scientific imagination. He is now using such
names to differentiate the various unknowns
that he so graciously passes out to unsuspect-
ing night school students.

MINETTE HIRST, formerly a member of
TECHNOLOGY NEWS, is now making mis-
takes at Central News, which is under the
questionable direction of WILLIS EVERET
McNELLY, who hinders the production of
TECHNOLOGY NEWS every other week
when he feebly attempts to put out his rag
at the same printer! The combination of
WILLIS and MINETTE really makes us think
that the local looney lodges are not on the
beam.

(Printer's Note: How about Farrell and Mc-
Nelly? We claim they are tops for a looney
screwball team.)

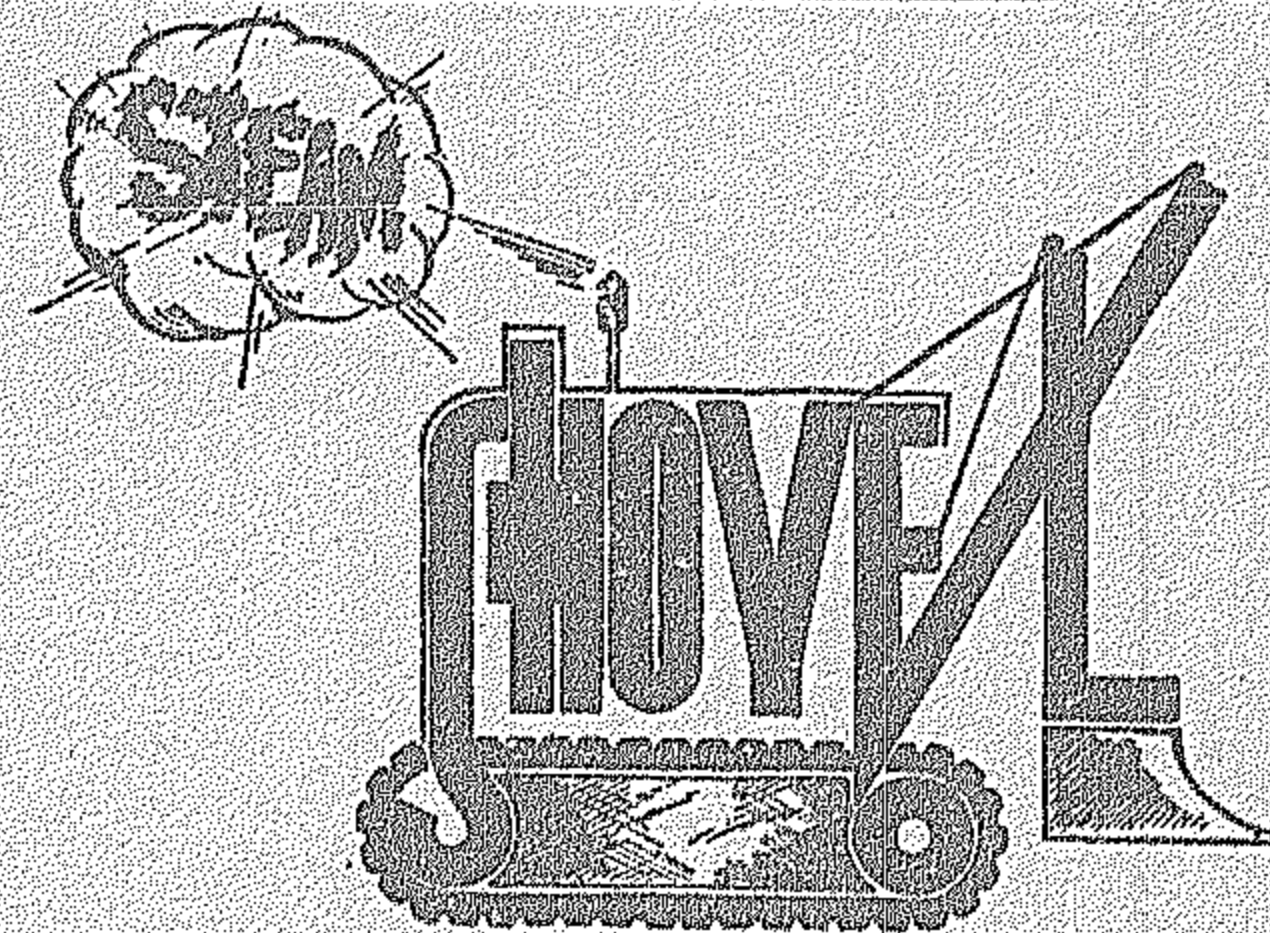
SPRING HAS COME

Last week, as it must to all fun-loving per-
sons, love came to LENNIE HORECKER, who
changed LOUISE'S name to "MRS." On this
same fateful week-end PETE VINTILA set the
eventful date for April 19.

SHE DID IT AGAIN! . . . REVA MILLER
fell for LENNIE, (and we do mean fall) and
him a married man! While going through
the engineering building, R. M. fell from the
third floor to the second, right into the wait-
ing arms of Lennie. Also, running to her aid
was a handsome E.D.T. instructor who ban-
daged her wounds.

I wonder is spring is the explanation of the
CONNIE CARY and JIMMY ROMAC tete-
a-tete which can be seen from eight in the
morning until the wee hours of . . . ? ? ?

THE SIXTH COLUMNIST



Watching "Chief Inspector" FORSBERG at
the Relays, one would have thought him quite
diligent. It seems that he borrowed some
marbles from MARVIN KESSLER, and pro-
ceeded to corner the mibs market . . . Un-
sung hero of '45: the pantless Freshman, who, sin-
gle-handed, succeeded in pantsing the Soph
who was hiding his britches . . . Also blitzed
by the unprepared freshmen war machine
were BRUCE WORCESTER and REYNOLDS.
REYNOLDS looked like a strip-queen of the
burlesque in his pants which were torn to
shreds . . . de Giorgi, the mighty mite of
the leather slingers, is now preparing for his
annual date, his third in four years . . . Wierd-
ites: The new language compiled by frum-
ious ED FARRELL had his associates scurrying
for dictionaries to see what Noah Webster
had to say about the vorpal headlines in the
last TECHNOLOGY NEWS . . .

To all youse lugs dat tink youse got sumtin
on de ball, dis epistle is being writ. In udder
werds, da seenyor civils No. 1 boaling teem
dares any other orgunazashun wat calls dem-
selves boalers to a speshul match! Da civils
say quote, 'We'll moider da bums—we'll run
dem off da alleys—we'll smash dem agenst
da sideboards, unquote!!!! To make dis moi-
der profitable az well az gory, da Armour
'Nec Days' are ankshus to boal fer green-
baks, defence bons, or any udder form ov
legle tendur. So yuz mugs, step up to da
fowl line, trow dose gudderballs, and den sit
down end watch a bunch of real boalers in
a action in action!! Attention Junior Mechs
and Senior Mechs!!

What did the IIT man say after he kissed
LANA TURNER? Call Kedzie 9996 and find
out . . . "BUBBLES" BECHTOLT is currently
frothing at the mouth since, after frantically
trying for several days to contact his woman,
the telephone company removed her tele-
phone for repairs . . . The Gibraltar of the
Freshman class, president BILL MURPHY, has
withstood all attacks and attempts to re-
move his leggings. All he lost was one shoe . .

PAT ARNS and BUCKY WALTER were
typing in the dark at approximately 2 a.m. last
Friday night. Improves the touch, doesn't it?
The Glee club has paid unusual attention
to the latest song. For O. G.'s (Oh - - -)
information it is due to the last phrase on
page three . . . From now on young innocent
girls will have to be chaperoned on all "L's"
carrying that super-special co-op wolf, DICK
PARKS. At present, his affections are be-
ing directed toward a cute elevated eques-
trian from Chicago Teachers.

As LEN KOCH'S beautiful soprano notes
swell out above the Glee club's voices, one
is reminded of the marvelous tonsil lubricat-
ing qualities of an occasional shot of Potene.
Len swears by it . . . By latest reports, BILL
LEASE resembles Rameses II—well swathed in
ells of bandages . . . Quoting the boys in
PROF ANDRES' juice class (it's shocking, I
admit), "We was caught with our diapers
draggin'!" and "We wuz blitzed with our
drawers at half-mast!" when the good(?) prof
gave a drop quiz. Strictly not according to
the Geneva rules . . .

For a slight variety BOB ANDERSON and
FRANK CARQUEVILLE have developed a
new game: high man is low man?? Ten pins
are added for each gutter ball. Bob is high
(or low) with 48; USELESS BACKAS of the
TECH NEWS staff, is valiantly striving to
better it . . . If we can believe the reports
of qualified experts, DICK LARSON has the
most beautiful legs on the campus.