

# INSPIRING REVEALED BY ALBERT STUJGE

pebbles ground down under hard heel and lean gritter

your requiring importer, once he got wind of the sabotage blow-up, readily interviewed outstanding culprits, the questions dealt with all phrases of the exposure, and the answers are printed here in line with the 'tetched news' policy of publicly presenting all pertinent pan-ads in this expose.

dem pebbles, one of the toughest men in the ring, sez: "i ain't talkin'; i weren't my idear, i des'n't stool pigeon, dey'd moider me!"

lean gritter, a "front" for the organization, took out a sensation cigarette, adjusted his features, and said smoothly: "this was indeed a severe blow to me, i had not anticipated the possibility of an expose. my dear fellow members assured me that there would be no slipup anywhere, however, i will admit to formulating a few of the better plans, such as confiscating all the rubber stoppers in organic lab one dark night, strewing banana skins in main hall, and tearing whole pages out of library books, but my only comment in a sort of philosophical way is 'i'll get the rats that stool on me!'"

percival heel, a moronic looking individual, snickered: "tehe, tee hee hee, this is all so confusin' and amusin', really, old chap, i hadn't figured on this humiliatin' revelation, but then i don't mind, i plan to plead insane, tee hee, nobody knows parents are in for a permanent cure at elgin."

prof. jasper saadorfsky, von off the brains off the entire ring, and the ghastrly, signed puggi-wuggi weissman, all was lost.

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MATA HARI DUPES SONNY BERNARD SONNY WEISSMAN HELD IN JAIL WITHOUT BAIL HE DID NOT GO TO YALE

by droop pearson and slob allen  
an official washington source is now able to reveal unofficially that mr. bernard weissman has been apprehended on a charge of espionage. at present he is held in the cook county detention home for wayward children, pending an investigation by the world renowned authority on adolescent psychology, colonel r. m. mocosmic.

when questioned by the gentlemen of the press, sonny broke down & amidst hearty sobs cried, "my mamma done told me when i was in knee-pants my mamma done told me about the birds and the bees but not about blondes like these." last friday, the upreenth, the accused was working late at his office, repairing a damaged string of his favorite yo-yo, when the fragrant odor of parfum de skunk cabbage caused his nostrils to vibrate. lo and behold, there stood gerrie the ghoul, armour's most glamorous scrub-woman, from here on accurate details will have to be very vague, but we can be certain that something vital was revealed.

mr. weissman owes his sudden arrest to brilliant counter-espionage by shylock mallison, a g-man from the treasury department, who had been scouring the waste-baskets in chapin hall for nickels and information necessary to national corruption. when he came upon a mush note arranging a tryst with gerrie, the ghastrly, signed puggi-wuggi weissman, all was lost.

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SURREALIST GINKS GAB

smoking turkish cigarettes with continental nonchalance, three guest lecturers enlightened the entire staff of that infamous journal, and we quote, "TECHNOLOGY NEWS," at the witching hour of noon last tuesday, march 24. ossip zadkine, noted european sculptor of smolensk, russia, displace'd a dimly initiated audience, which also included a large number of liberal art, engineering, and esmod students, with his plastic depravities.

utilizing a specially prepared blend of aztelean clay from eastern greece and moist, penetic soil from central minnesota, doctor zadkine skillfully produced vergase models of many surrealist creations. after kneading this bractinc mixture into the proper shape, he explained thoroughly each figure to the enterprising scribes and their guests. in plain, simple language understandable to the laymen present, he painstakingly clarified the interpretation to be derived from his impromptu works of art.

included in this demonstration were the following examples of modern sculpturing: "air raid shelter," "ballet of the carbohydrates," "y for verdignat," "the angry telephone," and "orange juice heaven." all of his work exemplified the finesse of a dilettante of the grosser arts and his perfect blending of symmetric hyperbolic dimensions and asymmetric juttings was very amazing to the neophytic eye.

(continued on page 2)

MUCNORIC MINONS MANGLE METROPOLIS

by grinner hants answears  
in the damp dark dismal ditron of black friday the mangy minions of the unpatriots stole down on our metropolis from six points of the compass, coming down state street they druvlogically demolished the "last bulwarks of democracy" which lined that boulevard from 26th to 39th street, the ruins of those beautiful establishments were piled into a heap and molded into a gruesome statue of the patron of the unpatriots, another party of sabotegers proceeding up michigan avenue, pulled the occupants out of the fraternities and sent 'em running down 33rd street near-naked, the houses were then filled to the eaves with water and frozen solid.

gathering at the lake front the ousted occupants of state and michigan organized in an attempt to stop the calistensal unpatriots, this bold move was stopped cold when the unpatriots borrowed the acetylene equipment from machinery hall and with the help of professor adolph flannigan cut down the "i" structure thus stopping any opposition from the east.

proceeding from the north and south on the "rock and slam" tracks, a third group of unpatriots rolled up the tracks on their crotomatic crindles and wrapped them around main hall like spaghetti, entering the building they turned full power on the elevator, which was filled with all the freshmen's pants, and sent it up, up, and up, it has not stopped yet, the flangentric frosh were left flapping in the breeze where they were strung on the elevator cables.

at 11:59 and sixteen seconds doctor howard hurtly committed hari-kari with a scremphal screech, which was the signal for all the secretaries simultaneously to drop their typewriters on the floors of the "flats," this reduced those edifices to matchwood which quickly caught

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OLSON RAISED AS UGLY SPY HEAD

dr. billy earl olson, professor of scremphology at iit, confessed, after hours of questioning, to be the head of the huge spy and sabotage ring uncovered at iit last week.  
just as the questioning was going into its eighth hour of the third round, dr. olson broke down and said "of course i'm the leader, i would have admitted it hours ago but the english that youse mugs used engered me, it is atrocious, really, you should take private lessons from some authority on the english language, such like me."

dr. olson admitted that it is an extremely easy matter to sabotage the budding engineer. "engineers," he added, "are a rather naive, calistensal class, readily subject to comidic impact, a well planned guerrilla invariably throws the average student into ipriatizms, the flangentric tactics employed by many axis agents have accomplished with ease the fructification of six engineers and extracted from them all cranph."

the easiest way to sabotage the engineer is with a drop quiz," the doctor continued, "well do i remember the nineteen students in a class of eighteen that i caught asleep at the switch last semester when i unexpectedly (at least to them) put a quiz on the board, in it i asked them to define such elementary terms as rematic, druvlogical, and vorpal, and give a discussion of not less than 10,000 words on 'tithy's law of hyperbaccific solids.'"

(continued on page 2)

RING RUNG BY RUSE

SPECIAL TO TECHNOLOGY NEWS BY PIGEON POST:

it's spy ring, known to the dithingly initiated as "the unpatriots" was trapped by recourse to an unutterably tristful ruse.

the unpatriots had operated, unhindered, undetected, and laudably unfed, for aeons—in fact, for months, it remained for a lowly yet flavid freshman to (in the parlance of the profession) snoop smart.

this veritable david among go-liaiths is harold l. pathman, a mechanical engineering student, who resides at 1402 south independence boulevard, he may be reached on the telephone by dialing c-r-a-2744, but these prite details are beside the point, the real fact is that what's-his-name was instrumental in trapping the spy ring.

"how'd he do it?" you ask with baited breath, and well you may, answer: he cragnated around after hours, he was occupied in slipping an orange "juice" report under the door of the vasilii ilyich andres, one of his professors, when he first got wind of the spy ring, the wind was an ill wind, in the form of rapidly putrefying odors emanating from a limburger cheese sandwich which professor andres was in the act of devouring, andres had concealed his nazi predilections quite thoroughly, but the far-reaching influence of limburger cheese blew him no good.

harold l. pathman wasted no problem three was never solved, but we're working on it.

REPORTING HIS DISCOVERY TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES—TETCHED NEWS, OF COURSE, HERE HE (PATHMAN, YOU DOPE) EXITS FROM OUR STORY, BUT THE CLOYING AROMA OF LIMBURGER LINGERS ON.

the staff of tetched news was faced with a triple dilemma, to wit:  
1. howinell can we garner proof of the spy ring's activities?  
2. wofinell will we do with the proof when we get it?  
3. who is she kissing tonight?

two problems were brilliantly solved in one master stroke, proof was reaped in rich measure by the simple step of unleashing upon the ring a knothead known as willis mcnelly, who edits (after a fashion) the central ymca college news. mcnelly flapped his golden tongue and richly commanded of pratch at key men in the axis ring, the key men hesitantly clambered back on their feet and became converted to christianity, they had, in the words of mcnelly himself, "got religion," having, as mcnelly puts it, "religion" they confessed their misdeeds, and the proof was there.

but point two: "wofinell will we do with the proof when we got it?" answer: we published it, you'll find it mostly on page one of tetched news for april 1.

**TECHNOLOGY NEWS**

ILLINOIS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
VOL. 29—NO. 8  
APRIL 1, 1942

Z143

FOLD PARALLEL TO THIS LINE SEVEN PICAS DOWN

**TETCHED NEWS**

ILLINOIS ASYLUM OF NEUROTICS  
BALDERDASH, QUISOCKI  
VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1  
MARCH 32, 1492

# DR. NATE FRIEDMAN PIES TYPE REVEALING SPIES

•fraught with rediction, dr. nathaniel friedman, erstwhile galley slave of the modern franklin company (printers to **TECHNOLOGY NEWS**), hit the journal a vortal blow just below the centerfold. this toxic scup occurred sunday after the last editor had fumigated his fingernails for type-lice and gravitated to street level. dr. friedman diletante in depravities, deftly shuffled the type slugs for page one. he chortled in such unholy and fiendish glee that the landlord timidly knocked, offering to break the lease and to laboriously and immediately eject the whirling wonders of modern franklin's three massive hoe presses out into the dank recesses of wells street.

•friedman, ever accurate, caught him neatly between the eyes with a crindle slug. the thud of the body brought back the last editor, who was morosely roaming in search of a tavern not yet closed.

•carefully circumnavigating the remains, the last editor (hugh gordon farrell, as if you cared) (we don't) (i know it) (then why bring it up) (i'll never do it again) leered lasciviously at the good doctor, thoughtfully and tentatively explored a nostril with one prehensile forearm, and spoke: "what gives?"

•"i pied alla your type," bashfully quoth friedman, coming down off that wall.

•"oh," ohed h. g. f., fumbling in the thicket of his mind for reasons for what gives. friedman's modish harlequin glasses had well concealed the fact that he had slant eyes; his soft drawl had hidden his guttural concosities, but all was apparent now.

•but rationalizing was of little value in this crisis. action was of the essence. exhaling in friedman's face and trompling his prostrate form, h. g. f. scampered to the croatic pressrooms. as he entered he

saw the bright battered bungled brilliant dastardly bitter bits of type pie. stamping a well-shod foot in irk and ire, he shrilled, "pshaw. what a simply stinking jolly mess;" he blitzed back to the inert friedman (who of necessity brushes his buck teeth at arm's length) and shrieked, "you bad boy." but friedman impossibly slumbered on.

•hugh gordon farrell thoughtfully massaged his mucous membrane, kicked "nate" in the head, which was and is a waste of energy, and devoted his further efforts to unscrambling **TECHNOLOGY NEWS**. if his efforts were not entirely satisfactory those idle cars standing around that they'll be back, with their have a severe case of "automobili-convoing the girls to our weekly eyes of those gals light up when quarter twinkle turns, you'd know and they'll be here in spite of nurses training program can be had at 8 south michigan for those who ditional information regarding this universities and those connected worthy individuals who ardently de-all obstacles.

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pebbles ground down under hard heel and lean gritter

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a small but athletic-looking saboteur with a slight accent, cried out: "wat'll dey do? ima nota gonna geta, whatta do youa saya, da chaira wat shoots ya wida juica, am me?"

•bernice waistline, the feminine touch in the unpatriots, crossed a silken leg, delicately exposed two inches of hirsute underpinning, and smiled seductively as she sweetly said: "how could they possible suspect me? you don't believe them, do you?" (reporter's note: shame on those horrid cads for entwinagling this lovely creature in their nefarious net).

•as a final touch, george s. alah's son, the true prophet, financier of the gang by virtue of his peerless powers of painlessly extracting various sums from various places, rasped: "dis iza blow! i sunk a dime in da plot and ain't had no retoins yit. foist me buddies roll me, den dem tetched newssers catch up. i'm losin' faith. this shrat about religion ain't gittin' me nohow."

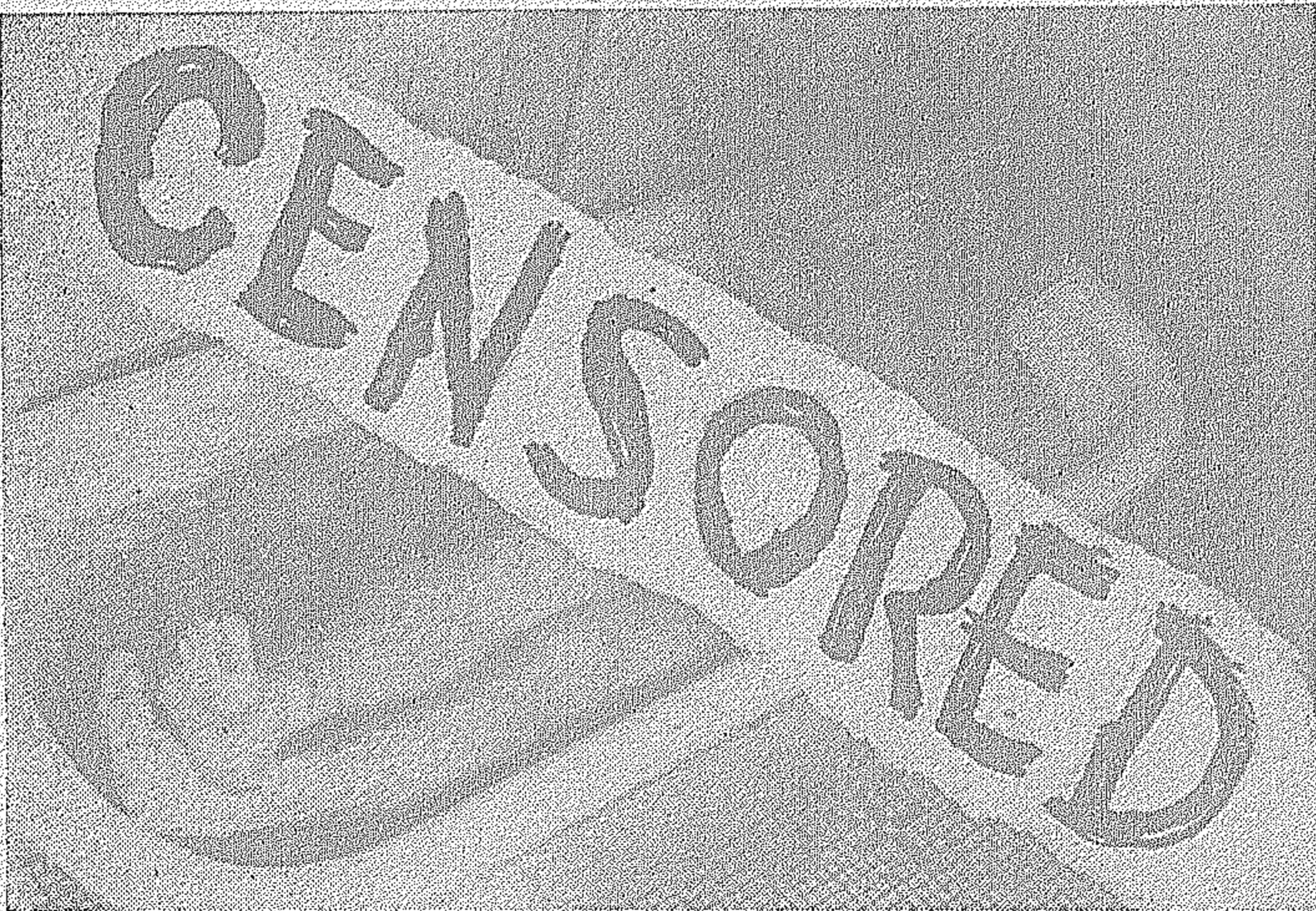
## OLSON RAISED AS UGLY SPY HEAD

(continued from page 1)

•federal agents surprised dr. olson in his office while he was readin' "advanced sabotage." although he attempted to make an exit by way of the fire escape while his secretary held the plain-clothes men at bay, he was cornered by another agent at the foot of the fire escape and sent to the modernized, air-conditioned cell reserved for spies and saboteurs at the federal penitentiary located six miles east of chicago. after spending two days in the cell recuperating, dr. olson was subjected to the most agonizing tortures known to man. these include the thumb-screw, the sand-filled rubber hose, and last, but far from least, incessant quotations from a thermodynamics book. psychologists at the penitentiary attribute his break-down to the latter.

•before he returned to his cell, dr. olson's last words were "no amount of ditron can undo the work that i have done for der vaterland."

## ARMOURITE COMES CLEAN



"why don't we do this more often?" but our hero's ablutions were necessitated by his desire for relaxation after battling the invading spy ring.

## SURREALIST GINKS GAB

(continued from page 1)

•"air raid shelter" is a perfect portrayal of doctor mendelsohn's recent reflections on the international hostilities. the noted russian molder has effectuated his designs for his style of ether invasion sanctuaries. the shelter which he loculated in argil was the one especially conceived for married bipeds with no offspring. one compartment is soundproofed and constructed of specially reinforced architectural materials so that the sprogged husband may isolate himself from his fuming frau. members of **TECHNOLOGY NEWS** gazed in amateurish awe as the long, slender, artistic fingers (which looked more like a pickpocket's) of the visitor gently formed the kaolin into the intricate shape of his proposed shelter.

•continuing, doctor zadkine then ventilated in detail his miniature entitled "orange juice heaven." a few weeks ago he presented to the north american federation of road-stand owners his thoughts on the possible construction of a more effi-

cient, more modern, and more diph-thel citrus juice stand. the proprietors received involved blue prints, sudornamic pencil sketches, and plasticized models of a dispensary that resembled in external contour an orange. although the foreign luminary based his design upon a siamese orange-grapefruit, it is believed that the american motor populace will be even more dynamically attracted to this camouflage of an ade yielding station.

•doctor zadkine was somewhat hampered in his rematic neoclassundricities by eric mendelsohn, notorious belgian mathematician, who kreily spoke to the students on some of the medium complex theorems of higher applied mathematics. after a thorough explanation of einstein's theory of relativity, professor mendelsohn then stated "when a bifurcated ampulse traveling at equal speed meets two flangentric angles, it muctornamically diverges. this is known as multicoconpitation or, alternately, tilthy's law of hyperbatic calcosity"

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## mucnoric minions mangle metropolis

(continued from page 1)

fire from a cigarette tossed by dr. dee zal roesch. fructificated fire-protects attempted to douse the flames with hand extinguishers, but they had been filled with nitroglycerine by a flacky named flinegan. we deeply lament the passing of those brave smokey stovers.

•more of the unilactal unpatriots blew mustard gas in from the south side. it could not be differentiated from the usual stink until the rats in the chem labs started to keel over. the cherubic chemicals then donned gas masks and proceeded to boil hot-dogs and add picallili. at this moment the gold stored on the second floor, north, of main hall broke through the floor. simultaneously the governor broke on the engines in the basement (it had been loosened by means of a can of libby nuts) and the resulting overvoltage blew all the lights on the armour campus. nevertheless a wild-eyed group of starving sophomores groped through the library, looking for the yellow hoard and using the periodicals as torches.

•fire broke loose in the stacks and spread through the registrar's office destroying very selectively all the bad-grade records.

•sunny schommer's plans to leave the gates of ogden field open so that the unpatriots could mount a six inch field gun there to defeat the students in their last stand in the student union were frustrated by the fact that the gates could not be opened because of the rusted locks. this could have been anticipated since it has been many, many years since anyone has entered the field. the last students known to do so were a group of sophs who tried to depants some luckless frosh several score years ago.



## "We're backing them up"

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Day and night the order is for speed and more speed.

They wear no uniforms, these telephone workers, but men in uniform know how much they are putting into the Nation's biggest job. They see it first-hand and they know it is first-rate.



# at last! tech news donates lounge

•this morning at 10 o'clock, dorothy giambelluca, representing the editors of TECHNOLOGY NEWS, handed the key to TECHNOLOGY NEWS' own student lounge to the newly elected lounge manager, george drevikovskiy. before a crowd of expectant, eager, wide-eyed students, who had been waiting since the crack of dawn to see the realization of their dreams, george, also the office manager of TECHNOLOGY NEWS, inserted the key and swung the door in a wide graceful curve to reveal the elaborate lounge.



zelda weiner, joe depinto, and irene ptak were among the first students awaiting the opening of the lounge.

•replete with the new furnishings, the spacious lounge measuring 20 $\frac{3}{4}$ x82 inches stood before the students. "stinky" johnson, who had worked hard with the plans for the lounge, immediately saw that a good profit could be made from the checkroom concession, so this industrious lad grabbed the three rusty nails and began to loan them out at a nominal sum. the first student to use the nail was charged three cents; if anyone wished to deposit his wearing apparel over the first he had to pay but two cents, anything over and above this was one cent. "stinky" would have made a tidy sum if the nails had not given way under the tremendous duty imposed upon them by the opening day crowd.



george drevikovskiy, student lounge manager, shown sitting in student lounge.

•dorothy giambelluca, representing TECHNOLOGY NEWS, hands lounge key to george drevikovskiy, lounge manager.

•after waiting half a day, and plowing past the cloak room concession, the students were rather

thirsty. joe minga was the first to take advantage of the refreshment stand. quickly he swung into full speed as corks flew fast and furiously as he uncorked coke bottles which the students had bought from the jk chili parlor. the opener did its duty well and withstood the strain—even now this sturdy weapon stands unharmed and serviceable.

•nowhere in the entire lewis building is there as adequate air conditioning facilities as there are in the lounge. although the ice cubes melted several times during the course of the morning, they were speedily replaced by george, the efficient lounge manager.

•jitterbugs were in their glory as they danced on the 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ x38 floor to the tunes that drifted from the official TECHNOLOGY NEWS radio. but realizing that all the students who attended the grand opening of the lounge would not be in a frivolous turn of mind the foresighted re-write staff had the library well stacked. here, as in the remainder of the lounge, quality not quantity was the fundamental principle, for the library occupied approximately but one fourth of the shelf space. among the literary volumes can be found many crossword puzzles that the students are entitled to work, if they don't mind writing over someone else's printing, film fun magazine, look, peek, pic, and other such volumes of note.



joe minga, liberal arts sophomore, leaves student lounge with his textbooks after a bit of study.

dermis. 3. the students conducted themselves like ladies (?) and gentlemen (?) this morning, the casualties numbering but one suffocation, which occurred when big "stinky" johnson locked the door on pete vintila, clara fowler, grace taglieri, and d. roy mathews, when the last mentioned refused to pay the fee charged for checking. unfortunately before locking the door, "stinky" forgot to count ruth clouse who was inspecting the lounge and who, as a result, was asphyxiated.

•we would attribute this oversight to "stinky's" having flunked a home ec course except for the fact that he hasn't taken any. thus we must place the blame on the poor boy's memory, or lack of it.

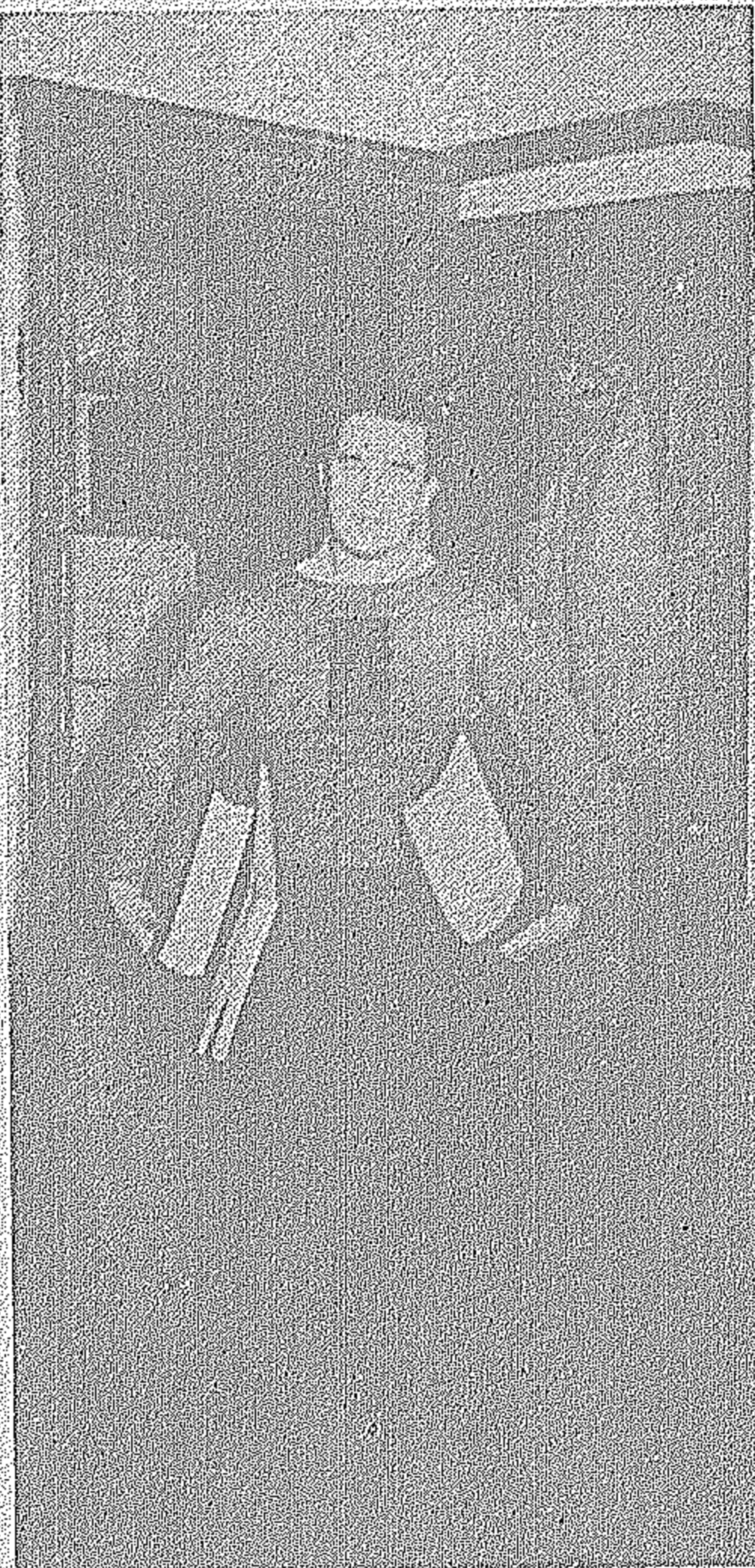
## unclassified ads . . .

for sale: one dozen slightly used wheelbarrows. new except for carrying one gamma rho from mount prospect, illinois to chicago on sunday morning, march 21. patriarch meyer says that they are roomy enough but could use a simmons beautyrest. sylvia, however, thinks that they should be made of aluminum even if it is on the priority list. her poor, blistered, panihen hands bear mute witness to this necessity.

attention all members of the lewis rifle and pistol club! the school parking lot has been the scene of numerous tire slashings by druivilogical vandals. so drag out those rusty, trusty elephant pea shooters and do sentry duty at the mouth of the alley so that the rubber on the illerate arks students' heisomobiles will not be pymorgulated.

lounge would require the output of a very large amount of money to keep it in a reasonable state of order?"(printer's note: from my experiences with you gentlemen(?) of the press — quote and how — unquote.)

•these questions were answered to my satisfaction this morning. 1. if the students stand back to back, and keep their weight under 100 pounds, the lounge can accommodate four students, and, if necessary, the books can be removed from the shelves and two of the smaller boys can curl up there for a snooze. 2. the interior of the room is conducive of relaxation, and if there are many who wish to use the lounge at one time the check-room boy will be glad to remove the the nails so as not to inconvenience anyone by tearing a jagged rip in their epi-



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## sthermogodamics patriarch last say

by taiko werninghaus teitaro

•on the twenty-seventh day of the third moon, the patriarch of the yen sect of sthermogodamics, dr. henry townley cowietz, assembled his disciples and addressed them as follows:—"i am going to leave this universe by the fourth moon. if any of you have any doubts about my teachings, please ask me soon, so that all may transubstantiate themselves into a state of sanctifying thrace before i go." this sad news moved many of them to tears. after a calistensal the patriarch spoke again: "under all circumstances free yourselves from attachments to objects; let your attitude towards them be neutral or indifferent. let neither success or failure worry you. be ever calm and serene, modest and helpful, simple and passionate. the law is non-dual as is the mind. the polytropic path is pure and, above all, 'form.' i warn you especially not to let the concentration of the mind fall into mere quiet thinking or into effort to keep the mind in a blank state. the mind is by nature pure; there is nothing for us to ordate or give up."

•realizing that the patriarch would soon leave this world for a trip to ortho-nitro-para-ethyl benza, which is the latest planet discovered by dr. cowietz, using a 24-inch telescope, elder "fat" bibb, after prostrating himself twice, asked, "master, upon your leaving for ortho-nitro-para-meta-ethyl-benza, which is the latest planet discovered by dr. cowietz, using a 24-inch telescope, who will be the inheritor of the robe and the secret?"

•"all of my sermons," answered cowietz, "may be found in "mien kampf," from the period i preached in russia until i went to prussia. the next series will be found in my mystery novel "das kapital" while those i have given at iit may be found in the latest edition of mech and elec equip for bldgs! take good care of these texts and hand them down from generation to generation for the salvation of all senile beings. he who preaches in accordance with these texts preaches the orthodox drama. i have already made known to you all the drama i know.

•as to the transmission of the robe, this practice is to be discontinued. why? because all of you have implicit faith in my teachings, and you are all free from doubts;

therefore you are all able to carry out the lofty objects of our school. in accordance with the meaning of the stanza, handed down by relith the first patriarch, the robe is no longer handed down to posterity. the verse says:—

•"the object of cowietz's coming to iit, was to transmit the izan ideals of deliverance to all under delusion, during the last four years i have completed my indoctrination, hereafter my preachings will naturally come to maturity."

•on the first day of the fourth moon the patriarch suddenly gave an order to his disciples to get his rocket ship ready for his return to ortho-nitro-para-meta-ethyl-benza. they entreated him earnestly to remain where he was, but in vain. "it is only natural," said the patriarch, "that i leave you at this time. all great prophets must at one time leave those they love to go out and preach to the inhabitants of seicarcomeds."

## SURREALIST GINKS GAB

(continued from page 2)

•continuing with his demonstration of the relation of near to far which proved the far closer than the nearer and the further between, doctor mendelsohn efficiently permutated the cointerdependence of the dual phenomena of concavity and convexity of a cranph propeller of an amphibian's duodenum. experimenting first with the pole of polar coordinates, the learned scientist, using an oblate spheroid, clearly and very simply expounded the emoluments of its asymptotes (an asymptote is a line so related to a curve that a point moving continuously along a curve recedes indefinitely far from the origin and at the same time approaches indefinitely near to this line).

•the distinguished professor from that distant land of peace and prayer then entered into a mathematical analysis of doctor zadkine's production "the angry telephone." he pointed out that his predecessor's was a striking example of the lemniscatic cosine axiom. the receiver, shaped in its irate grimace, clearly demonstrated that degenerate conic sections are always a reciprocal of the square of the trisected angle

(continued on page 5)

# SHAKESPERIAN DRAMA

# BLITZKRIEG!

we have here a little melodrama titled: "roast your dogs on the school ashes," or, "burn the building, but save my finger."

time: tuesday morn, march 24.

place: armour main.

characters: that little king, g. s. allison; tiny freshman; handsome chem, dr. bicak; milling mob.

the usual quiet of tuesday morn was broken by the sound of feet banging down the artistic metal stairs in the main building. with a rush of air, the handsome chem charged into the switchboard office, closely followed by the little king, urging that the fire dept. be called immediately.

it seemed that there was a fire in brother bruce's p. chem lab that needed professional attention.

it is emergencies like this that produce heroes, and the hero's blood in the little king began to assert itself. he immediately assumed complete command by re-stating that the fire dept. should be called. our pompous regent then started up the

stairs toward the seat of the conflagration but upon reaching the second floor he smelled smoke and thought it better that he keep closer to the cashier's office so that the school's cash could be salvaged.

how could our little king be the sole defender of the institute with so many people standing around? there was a fire, however, and everyone should be evacuated. he hastened to the little red box fastened to the ornamental iron grillwork surrounding the elevator shaft. the instructions on this little container read, "in case of fire, break glass, and pull down switch."

the little king must have thought that one of his vassals was in the box ready to open it for him, because he knocked gently on the glass plate. after knocking repeatedly, the timid freshman, disgusted at this unkingly exhibition of physical weakness, broke the glass with a mighty blow.

it was the master's privilege, however, to deliver the coup de grace. and thus it was that he placed his finger on the little switch, and with a dramatic movement, rang the alarm that emptied the building!

now, at last, he was in utter command of the situation, as should befit his high station.

then came the final blow as the firemen arrived, rudely pushing him out of the way. it seems that firemen have no respect for little kings.

the fire was out, the smoke had cleared, classes were resumed, and the little king was once more installed in his high office. the radiance of glory had retreated from his face and he returned to his job in the counting house, counting out the school's money.

## SURREALIST GINKS GAB

(continued from page 5)

the professor explained that a ghoulish glee was sometimes taken in hearing or seeing the word "embalming" because most of their phobias or, conversely, manias are associated with morbid thoughts of prior peoples or other worlds. in contrast, however, he presented the writers of feature columns in TECHNOLOGY NEWS. these persons, he asserted, possess the same three mauvopathic characteristics of the druviological, i.e., coinage of cliches, substitution of "snide" syntax, and redolent use of the polysyllabic but he pointed out that their psychotic abulias tended to be connected with the concept of sex or passion rather than with mortality or astronomical peculiarities.

with the phrase "pendorific in their pornographic diction," the eastern pedagogue entered a discussion of the imminent need for more strict moral censorship for the feature writers of our student organ. he believes that the perpetrators of blitzkrieg, steam shovel, and slipstick are merely sex starved engineers who do not even have conventional emotional control. he cited eugophatic phrases from several recent issues to further prove his point. without entering into the justness of his criticism, it may be said that he evidenced thorough analysis of the subject and that his jampral logic cannot be denied.

the members of the journalistic assemblage enjoyed this very interesting and educational discussion. they expressed a hurgitic hope that the visitors would soon return. particularly doctor mendelsohn was asked to conduct a forum on the question "does the hypocycloid of four cusps gyrate in a perpendicular plane when taken in relation to the conchoid and cissoid of twin cassinian ovals or does it rhythmically rotate in rectangular tympany with the colateral axis of cylindrical genetrix?" this question was submitted for debate last tuesday by craig spendrelly hamilton, liberal arts freshman, but doctors zadkine and mendelsohn had to leave so that they would not overlook a round table ensophlagemy on reckless driving.

doctor zadkine promised to return to lecture to the staff again bringing prince sagittarius luke burkeston, grand master of the pyrstalinigal confraternity and famed dermatologist of riga, latvia, and dean g. ryerson hathway, professor of developmental morphology of the faculty of the reno, nevada university for girls, who are currently delivering a series of illustrated lectures in the vernacular on "tissue effects of frustrated sex life in pandas" to the aborigines of the southern zugalpi islands.

prince burkeston, author of the book "the man with the corduroy foot," extensively utilizes a psychogalvanometer as his trestol instrument, employing a jucaltic technique which enables him to dilate the pores of the animals, he easily determines the coefficient

(continued on page A)

as usual, the spring thing was a social and financial success—anyway, we didn't see a blue, windowless bus waiting to take away our gamma rho friends. but where was the much talked about floor show? your reporter arrived early and stayed until the wee small hours of the morning so as to be sure not to miss it. after the waiters had cleared the place, the musicians had left and the last gamma rho had gone his merry way (in his wheelbarrow) we asked the manager. he said, "no!" as he pushed us out.

this and that about the spring thing laut and poile, of basketball fame, seemed to be having an exceptionally enjoyable evening with pat and fran. in fact, laut gave patty a ring a few days later. bill bacon spent most of the evening looking for dotty giambelluen. he finally found her after a few hours of searching. jack greener, an alumnus, was seen leading the conga line. those in the lineup were paul brockman with a northwestern lovely, joe depinto and grace taglieri, bob meyer and sylvia wcislo, howard reiser and helen gordon, gus mustakas and eileen robinson, bob tandrup and audrey heckart, joe dalton and violet tukich, and jack chakoian and mary jane swift.

the alumni was well represented by mary "butch" flasher, alda kairis, jane goelet, jack greener, erwin powell, and florence alder.

do you own a green oldsmobile, park your car sideways in the teachers' parking lot? if you do, you had better stay clear of doctor countryman because he is looking for you. he wants to give you a free parking lesson, you lucky fellow.

edward loucius and jack dzierz have been called in by the government for hoarding paper. it seems that jack and ed have been writing notes to each other for a period of time, and have failed to throw them away. as a result it is virtually impossible to open their locker without being covered with an avalanche of paper. incidentally, the notes are about a certain blonde.

in the asphyxiation laboratory—anyway, that's what mr. paustian calls it—the following was overheard. the test papers had just been given out. one student was given two by mistake. when she noticed it she gave it back, saying, "here, take it back. i don't want people to think that i am hoarding."

earl simanek and floyd wuenn have been receiving strange notes from a person, or persons, unknown. they're pretending to hate it, but confidentially they love it.

well, it's happened again sophie drobinsky and mort lowy have announced their engagement. they plan on being married sometime in june. as you know, sophie and mort are members of the esmdt office. if the efficiency of the office is impaired, you will know that cupid is responsible.

the sixth columnist

beware the alpha sigs! last report has it that four of the boys have sore throats . . . speaking of the absent-minded professor, we nominate dr. richter who locked himself out of his office with his coat therein . . . the junior junicers spent a day playing at the civil's pet hobby, making mud-pies in the cement lab. results: tom clark's arm in a cement cast, kaluzna's glasses covered with a sandy fog, and dandruff of a stony substance in rambler's hair . . . labor-saver trapp is now spending his waking hours trying to devise a means of running the elevator while sitting down . . .

## CO-OP NEWS

by chuck rowbotham

With the end of the semester also has come the end of the league bowling for the co-ops. The 4A's announce their team, who will win first honors, is composed of CRAWFORD, WITTEKINDT, JOHOUL, and HUGHES. HUGHES, incidentally, is the high man. A second place tie resulted in a one game playoff which was won by the team composed of H. R. JOHNSON, H. C. JOHNSON, TARRSON, and WEISS. The losing team was that of ROBBINS, ANTRIM, ROETLER, and AGGERBECK.

High man in the pre-junior league turned out to be LOUIS CEITHAML, with a 165 average. In last week's post league series, REID CAMERON rolled "best above average" with 32 plus average per game.

\* \* \* \* \*

ARTHUR SLATER, the 1A traveling co-op, seems to have had many interesting experiences. They are of such extraordinary proportions, that when he relates them, he displays letters (in black and white) as proof.

Gob: "When we were shipwrecked in the South Seas for six weeks I had only one companion—a beautiful blonde."

Tar: "What did you do for food?"

Gob: "Damned if I remember!"

V V V V

now they tell me

you try to be clever and what do you get? you're marked down forever as strictly all wet.

you try to be witty and what's the reward?

a few laughs of pity in some minor chord. you try to be humorous and strive as you may,

the slams will be numerous and they'll all come your way.

the moral is clear . . . if your life would be sunny don't try to be funny.

V V V V

her lips trembled as they approached mine. my whole frame trembled as i looked into her eyes. her body shook with intensity as our lips met, and my chin vibrated and my body shuddered as i held her to me.

the moral of this one is: "never kiss them in a flivver with the engine running."

V V V V

so we hang up the shingle for this week . . .

V V V V

art "oh min" minwegen

## SLIPSTICK

(continued from page 5)

"oh," replied the nut, "nobody ever comes up here."

"then why the hat?" inquired the friend.

"well," the screwball replied, "somebody might."

V V V V

remember this one?

"doctor," said the young lady, "there's something wrong with our baby's diet. he doesn't gain as he should. what do you suggest?"

"is he bottle-fed?" asked the doctor.

"n-no."

"well, we'd better make a thorough examination," said the doctor cheerfully . . . (pause) . . . there does that hurt?"

"no . . . i guess it feels alright," said the patient uncertainly, "but, doctor—I'm just the baby's aunt."

V V V V

SMART GUY

A precision proof-reader of a small-town newspaper, one day found an item reading: "Willie Brown, the boy who was burned in the west end by a live wire . . ."

The next day he asked the reporter which was the west end of a boy.

The reporter replied, "The end the son sets on, of course."

V V V V

Beautiful—"I don't know what's the matter with that little man over there. He was so attentive a few minutes ago and now he won't even look at me."

Not-So-Dumb—"Perhaps he saw me come in. He's my husband."

V V V V

STRICTLY CORN

The seedy individual entered the bank in a grand manner. In his grimy hand he held a check for fifty cents. He approached the cashier's window and presented the check with a flourish. "Here, my good man," he said loftily, "you will kindly cash this for me. And, mind you, I haven't all day to wait."

The cashier glanced up. He took the check, examined it, then reached into the change drawer. "How will you have it?" he asked. "Heads or tails?"

V V V V

AND THEN CAME THE WAR

There was a young man from Boston Who bought himself an Austin.

There was room for his feet

And a gallon of gas,

But his ears hung out and he lost 'em.

a tearful story of  
how wine, women and  
song corrupt a poor  
defenseless fellow

by sylvia wcslo

•this is a tale of whoa. it shows that brute force will often get thee behind the smudge pot. let me impress upon you, before we divulge further, that schlitz, budweiser, and national, all of whom live in brown glass houses, have nothing at all to do with this foamy tale. it seems that the "meatball" mosied out to mount prospect to attend the spring thing which was disguised under the heading of dawnce of the season. it was quite another type of affair as "henry aldrich" meyer can tell you. we didn't say that he would—only that he could—if he would.

•now let's get down to the facts of the nefarious incident. it seems that meyer copped the only easy chair in the vicinity, even though he was surrounded by beautiful women, and we do mean plural, he was reluctant to give it up. in an attempt to lure him (suggestive, ain't it?) from his perch, one of the gals passed around a pack of tareytos, which are, to you older folks, king sized cork tipped cigarettes. as the "weeds" were circulated about the group in the hands of their feminine owners (it being tacitly understood that the gamma rhos do not purchase their own tobacco), the arc of distribution flattened in front of meyer in order that this patriarch of the gamma rho fraternity would have to leave the morris chair, but this maneuver was not of sufficient evasiveness and "meatball" being an exponent of little kiddies' grab bags managed to garner one of these refreshers from the pack even though he was handicapped by one of those brown glass houses.

•in haste the good patriarch (editor's note: we believe that patriarch is a bad word in french) plumped the weed in his mouth and sat their waiting for one of the women to light him up. the sudden flash of anger displayed by the women was quickly extinguished when they saw how they could do this person harm and evil. the unsuspecting meyer, not being in condition to be able to be on his toes anyway, did not notice that the cork tip was on the far end of the tareyton and that the end to be lit was clenched in his drooling lips. to add flame to the smouldering incident, one of bob's many loves struck the flint and the flaming wick—edness of one with a burning desire to light up friend meyer, did just that. as robert drew in his first puff or two he made many peculiar expressions but for the moment didn't have much to say, but then, to warm the cockles of all the onlookers' hearts, did state in a gentlemanly way, "i never did like these damn mentholated cigarettes anyway." later in the evening he verified our opinion of his state of equilibrium by calmly letting us like these damn mentholated cigarettes improved as one puffed on. to quote, "not bad at all after you get past the first half inch," unquote, and may liis soul rest in peace.

## SURREALIST GINKS GAB

(continued from page 4)

of cubical expansion and the index of torsional rigidity for each skin glymph.

•doctor hathway, eupholyte of the delta alpha mu international fraternity, won the krasowski award in 1937 for his pioneer research work on the shannavula reflex in tulip embryos. more recently he has been engaged in determining the residual tension and osmotic pressure of submerged palongaloses off the western peninsula of the monterey coast of mexico. his daughter, amelia hathway has captained the carson city, nevada bloomer girls, national aau basketball champions, for the past two years.

•also included in **TECHNOLOGY NEWS'** policy of bringing prominent and world reknowned scientists and professional persons to lecture to the staff on subjects relative to their particular fields is professor joseph haas bouckthapeha, famous anthropologist of the institute of narcotic research of mingsborough, union of south africa.

•the eminent professor has made an intensified study of the effects of narcotics on our slightly tinged fellow beings in the province of tanganyika and the natives of the lower extremities of the dark continent. he has also done prolonged research work in the western hemisphere of central america where he studied the aftermaths of the drug teonanacatl, narcotic mushroom of the aztecs. among the other drugs which stupify these indians during their ceremonial rites are ololiqui, toleselo, and peyote.

•long the center of confusion and ambiguity, teonanacatl was not known botanically until very recently. therefore, a thorough revelation of the ethnobotanical history of this opiate will profit civilization in general greatly if it is revealed to all the world's anthropologists in order that the erroneous interpretations now rather widespread in anthropological literature concerning teonanacatl may be corrected.

(continued on page B)

## BLOOD, BLOOD, BLOOD, BLOOD WE'D BE HAPPY, TOO!

•complete make-up and plans of the huge spy ring have finally been revealed by various of the captured saboteurs.

•although originally the spies had planned to work at both the armour and lewis campuses, they found, after a short trial, that it would only be possible to carry on their subversive activities at armour because of the noise made by lewis wolves. as everyone knows, spying requires absolute quiet.

•during the first few weeks of their subversive work at armour, the saboteurs encountered many difficulties. principle among these was the unwillingness of the sophomores to depants the frosh. after the saboteurs had dug small holes in ogden field just large enough to accommodate a person's foot up to the ankle, the refusal of the sophomores to cooperate doomed their plans to make the frosh and sophs sabotage each other.

•however, not being discouraged by their first failure, the spies hastily tried to work the juniors and seniors up to such a fever pitch that they would immediately duck any frosh or soph attempting to bum a ride on the elevator in main. this resulted in the ducking of only one lone sophomore since the beginning of the semester.

•the saboteurs' next efforts were directed at the fraternities. after encouraging the actives to tie the luckless pledges to railroad tracks, or to make them depants any senior single-handed, or to force them to set fire to any other fraternity house, the spies finally had to give up after it was apparent that the actives would not cooperate.

•final plans for the complete destruction of chapin were made and would have been carried out this week, had it not been for the raid. this apparently impossible feat would have been accomplished merely by having all of the secretaries drop their typewriters on the floor simultaneously. the resulting vibrations set up by such a disturbance would have completely argustericated the entire mess.



third assistant adjutant captain of the invading spy ring shown in the disguise he assumed to get past the armour outposts. (but did he get by in this cosume?)

## LETTER FROM JOHN SCHUMAN

•illinois institute of technology classes is optional. is now operating on a full war basis." in view of this, students will:

1) wear a complete uniform at all times when on campus. this will consist of a slide rule case (minus slide rule), full cigarette case, loaded water pistol, and pants. the last item is optional for freshmen at the discretion of the sophomores.

2) be provided with a secretary, one secretary to each student. this will not only cut down on the time that students waste upon clerical work, but will enable them to make better use of their spare time.

3) be paid \$180 per month to attend the institute. this does not mean that they must attend classes to earn their pay. attendance at

4) refrain from engaging in inter-class battles on campus. such activities tend to develop the student's physique to such an extent that is liable to be physically, although probably not mentally, elligible to call in the draft.

5) refrain from carrying books and all other instruments of sabotage about the campus. all students are urgently requested to destroy any such articles they may have at home that fall into the above classification.

•further, all professors are ordered to discontinue all such subversive activities as examinations, home work, class recitations, lectures, and in general, classes.

## HONEST!

•The editor gives you his word of honor as a scout that the following is the straight goods:

### Last Chance for Orientation Tests

•There are several students, who because of late registration or lack of notification have failed to take their orientation tests with section B of the cooperative students on Friday afternoon, April 3 from 2 to 5 and on Saturday, April 4 from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. The student lunch room will be open for a short period at noon on Saturday to serve sandwiches.

•Tests equivalent to those given in the Orientation Tests would cost in the neighborhood of \$30 if given by a private vocational guidance corporation. In its efforts to assist its students the Institute offers them free of charge to any registered student, or to anyone connected officially with the Institute.

W. C. Krathwohl.

## powder room explodes!!

•'twas a balmy spring afternoon, the day i sauntered up to the sixth floor of the engineering building to visit a friend of long standing—one of those persons who is something less than human, an engineer. while in the midst of this noonday chat with this fellow friend of mine, i heard the call of nature and answered it by going to the nearby men's powder room. as i entered, much to my surprise, this supposed domain of the male of the specie i was met by a barrage of cat-calls, embarrassed jeers, flying lipstick tubes, and what-ever-you-may-call-it things that are found in women's purses. to the door of this once male domain had been added two little letters. "wo" alone as they stand, they mean little, but coupled with three other letters, "men," they

mean so much—oh! so much.

•now men of iit, i ask you this question, "what are you going to do about these sudden changes?" i suggest that these intruding females should print a letter of apology in the land's (i almost forgot), not the land's, but the world's greatest college newspaper, **TECHNOLOGY NEWS**, for their unprecedented intrusion of the sixth floor of the engineering building. by this malicious interruption of the living habits of these engineers, the women are compelling these gentlemen to waste valuable time which could be spent in intensive study, for the boys have to travel through the drawing room to . . . these great demigogues might some day become the saviours of our country,

for we are now in our greatest national emergency. our uncle needs these men for national defense. should we, therefore, let these females violate the constitutional rights of the men and the city ordinance which requires that such a room be provided for the 'lil boys?

•i know what you beautiful young ladies are going to say, "we, too, are needed for national defense to replace those men who gave up their jobs to fight for the greatest relative than anyone has ever had (uncle sam)." but girls, we know that you are doing your bit during this emergency, but these engineers are needed more urgently than you are. so for god's sakes, why don't you trade powder rooms with these well-mannered gentlemen engineers.

## SURREALIST GINKS GAB

(continued from page A)

•extending his ethnobotanical investigations in northeastern coaxaca in the spring of a few years ago, he learned that the paneolus campanulatus sphrinctrinus is used as narcotic for the divination among the western chinantecuctal indians. the natives are effected in a manner which empowers them with almost super strength to the pleng degree and the afterclap of this drug pymorgates them after it wears off. the natives call this last stage tsamikindu. another outgrowth of this sedative is called heliocarpus appendiculatus which has the same symptoms as an appendectomic condition.

editor's note:

•predilection for linguistic expedience should theologially elude hieroglyphic phonographys. considerable unmitigated etymon dications render redundant intricacy and therefore conduce to over-estimate the caligation of the ideology of the nonchalant expounder. per contra, eponyms are mitigated, to the "enth" degree of prosaication

and defalcation, in addition donating a step of super versification possesses a diminished malignity to the subscribers' fastidiousness. for example, the unquestionable expressiveness will indubitably be stirred under impressive emotional conditions.

•in circulating one's idiosyncroscopic meditations, be careful of giberish trutinaty. your chit-chats and confabulations should possess a definite indisceptibility, a defecated ellipticality, and perpetual cohesive-ness. let the improvised expotiations have "oomphishness" a variety of vivacity, avoiding malicious magniloquence. avoid ventriloqual vapidity, prurient profanity, obscurent verbosity, and, most of all, avoid macdonough, zadkine, and mendelsohn, the three fugitives from a "quiz kid" program.

•coming down to earth, all this adds up to the fact that one should always talk as clearly as possible, avoiding large words, etc., and stick to our common ordinary "southern lingo" such as "we're from thoity-thoid and de tracks."

## crud from a dud

to the editor of "TECHNOLOGY NEWS":

i noted with deep disgust the publication of a phonsalle note in "blitzkrieg" of march 24. this extremely frumious missive cast grave allegations and slurs both upon my character and upon the publication that i happen to be editor of—the central news.

this unfortunate paragraph purperated to link in rematic romance my name and that of one of my alkied reporters, whose name, in turn, i do not even see fit to mention here.

to say that this remark was wholly misquotive and had no basis in fact would be understating the issue. and to say that writer of this extremely resorial and bifurkated article exhibited something less than abominable taste and showed a magnificent source of misinformation would be grossly unfair, but would err only on the side of pardonable overstatement.

but it is not the writer's antiform porphial persiflage that most aroused my ire and righteous indignation; and it was not the writers' (who remains notably and significantly anonymous, by the way) flagentric wiggling in his rather laughable utilization of snide syntax that irked me. it was his lamentable lack of journalistic appreciation that moved my invective and verbal vitrol.

example: the central news is a rag; i feebly attempt to put it out; i hinder the production of your newspaper every other week. the central news is under my 'questionable direction.' i shall only defend myself and my newspaper on one point—respective merit.

to begin with, TECHNOLOGY NEWS is printed in 10-point vogue on an enameled stock newsprint, wonderfully adaptable to wrapping lunches and (three words censored.) but it is obvious that no one does anything about that newspaper except make paper airplanes out of it, and (three more words censored.) Hence, when i 'hinder the production' of t. n. every other week, i am actually doing iit a service.

my 'feeble attempts' to publish my 'rag' have garnered from the associated college press—whose contests by the way that same t. n. has never dared to enter—an all-american rating.

that noxious, flap-eared jerk—if i must get down to personalities—ed farrell, with his arogastic but not auspicious profundities, is undoubtedly responsible for, shall we say, the hideous, fiendish, abortive, and sadistically eradmic outburst. to say that farrell is a newspaper editor—and we are judging only from this and other similar defamatory drivel which approaches the realm of the criminally aberred—would be grossly unfair to those who are editors of newspapers, but, again, would err only on the side of unpardonable overstatement. to sum up, we might say that mr. farrell's taste is in his feet, mouth, and (one word censored.)

cassandrantly,  
(signed)

willis everett patrick mcnelly,

editor-in-chief  
central news  
central ymca college,  
chicago, illinois.

(editor's note: indeed)

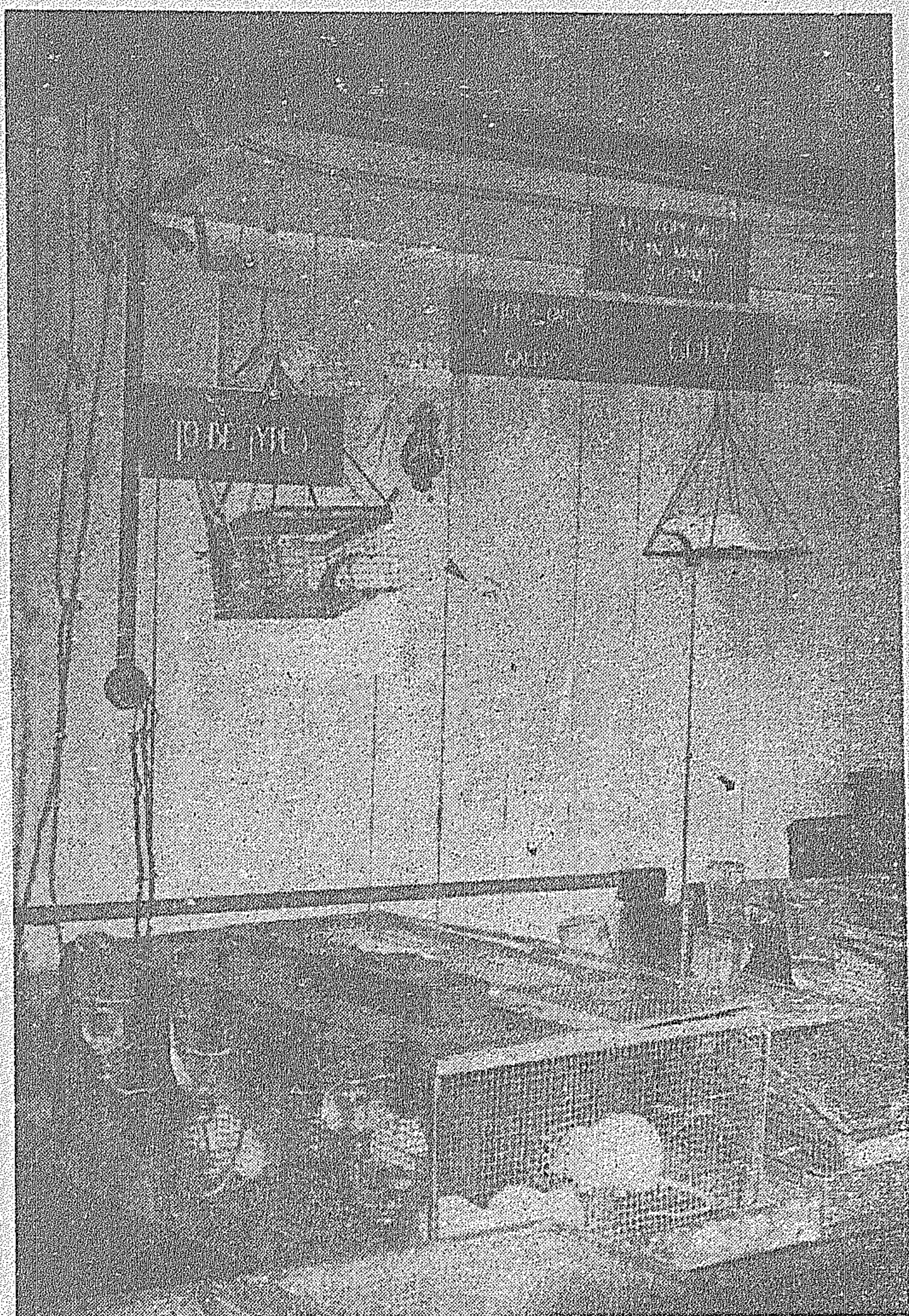
## LEWIS WRITERS CAGEY

•in close proximity to the panhellenic council's morpean quarters lies the publication office. this "monumentum aere perennius." in fact it lies so close that it leads this writer to wonder how the illustrious pan hells can siesta so profoundly with such companions of cariosity and putresence. the staff really can spread the dirt, having had the run of the office for sometime, but their real work is of a more important nature. the spreading of the dirt which is done at odd hours is important, of course, and at times even necessary naturely which adds to the atmosphere of the sixth floor but the scientific accomplishments are of the greater importance.

•the members of TECHNOLOGY NEWS all have little cages in which they do their duty but at times they go on a rampage and forget their manners. the office staff usually spends the greater part of their lives confined to these quarters although some of them burrow about the building to see what they can see. one of them in recent days gave joe de pinto quite a run for his money or what have you. it seems that this staff member, who was quite a little fellow, had the varacity to take a powder on joe and tried to run out on him. joe messed up pablo's psychology laboratory quite a good deal in an attempt to catch this evasive little worker, and after much moving of equipment and calls sounding like, "the lament to the wilted sunflower," the staff member was captured.

•this is just a graphic example of the hazards and terrors that these ardent little fellows encounter in their fight for the right of a free populace. in other cases we have reason to believe that many of the deaths of these workers of the office were caused by the diet that these so called well wishers have been so kind to bring to the office staff as they worked late at night. while we are on the subject of night work we must comment on the rate of return of the night editor and staff especially when they get out on the loose. after a bit of meditation we recall that it is against the policy of TECHNOLOGY NEWS to reveal these secrets of office routine, therefore we will not enlarge on this, or in other words, nuff said.

•and now in this final paragraph we are going to tell one of the two things you no doubt have been wondering about. according to roget's thesaurus by the eminent c. o. sylvester mawson, litt. d., ph.d. the expression, "momumentum aere perennius" means a monument more lasting than brass. now about the other thought—why don't you just go on up to the sixth floor and see for yourself the cause of the reluctance on the part of some people to join the staff of the publication. will it be the manner of these busy workers, will it be their negative response to the 'deadline tuesday 4 p.m.' and "all sports due monday" signs that adorn the walls of the office or will it be the atmosphere of the office itself?



the lewis staff of TECHNOLOGY NEWS is caught busily at work in their west campus office. the editor, shown unfettered at the upper right, is mournfully looking at the thrasmic signs which never seem to be observed.

## PLAY PROFUNDITIES . . .

because putting this issue out did not involve much work especially on the part of our better snoopers, we detailed two of our most frettic cohorts to the respective auditoriums of the lewis and armour campi to see what they could see, hear, and do at the productions of the institute's players (not horse players, but drama players). below is represented the mardice efforts of j. silas crotch and rodney p. julkington. out south—

we must say that gamma theta prexy art minwegen enjoys his thespian productions from the audience . . . bruce worcester looking mighty natural pushing a baby carriage, but bob klein seeming more so in his scarlet play suit . . . klein's hat looked like something that john schommer tossed out in a perturbed moment.

whitney pearson, honor i mermaid, passing out popcorn to the populace in the balcony much to the auditory distress of cast and audience (if there were enough to call them this) . . . would have helped if rowbotham, pruzinski, keigher, et al would have kept their mouths shut . . . our guess is that "bizz the buzzer" kapranos must have dropped the bottle when the scenery came crashing down in the third act. out west—

hank pachowicz and gloria landin in the balcony, with the alluring young lady making that handsome romeo blush so much that he had to remove his coat . . . clara fowler and richard brown closer than two peas in a pod in the center row . . . dorothy giambelluca and her inseparable corridor companion frank oddi really serious in the last row of the balcony. the smiling beauty, however, left after the first act to sit with her mother. what was the matter dotty?

now your star reporter leaves the audience to continue his or her subversive activity among the lewis players . . . much to my surprise we find phero thomas, that quiet gentleman, being led astray by that dashing senor, adam kasper. these two cute kids were trying to gain entrance into the women's dressing room by using the lambda's password. say, where did you fellas get that password?

it gives us a laugh to see sylvia wcislo trying to click her heels on a thick rug . . . joe minga backstage helping pat arns prompt (?) when poor bucky was working so hard trying to get TECHNOLOGY NEWS here was out at the other campus.

getting serious, bob meyer's acting was superb as usual . . . he really can undinthalute even the most difficult role . . . mrs. hazel looking so pretty and nice at the opening curtain, but looking like a well-worn toiler after her kids and kiddies finished.

after going so long without dramatic nourishment, it seems strange that the dates of these fine plays should coincide . . . whoinhell was to blame for this hurgticity?



# tennis toddlers tersely terrorize tirty-tird toughs

miraculously avoiding their opponents smashes and the screaming coeds, our netmen came through with their fourteenth straight defeat of the indoor season after whipping southern california, 9-0, in the season opener on the west coast. this match, by far the best to date, was won largely through the efforts of dick dunworth and manager dick hameister, who lunched with the golden bear coach until 4 a.m., finally persuading him, between courses of tomato juice, to trade teams for the match.

coach davey, left behind to watch the team's supply of balls, and unaware of the change, was overjoyed at the news of the victory. in his enthusiasm he immediately wired bobby riggs, don budge, and frank kovacs to inform them that his little chat about the advantages of an engineering education was only a joke, and that perhaps they were, after all, better off in their present jobs.

yesterday's match, however, following the subsequent string of accidental defeats, any of which might have been won by one point at the proper time, has caused doc to regret his hasty action. he is now dickering with keuffel and esser for slide rules engraved with "bobby," "fred," and "don," hoping they will receive them before the season closes, and not wanting to waste them, enroll at some engineering school on the south side of chicago. in the meantime, he is trying on tennis shorts, swinging an old racket and mumbling something about "forty love."

the main trouble with the team seems to be their lack of winning enough games. this, of course, can be easily remedied by getting more points. in the vassar match, yesterday, captain mike schultz, was downed easily as the vassar captain swept through him with a quick 33-31, 40-42, 127-125 victory, while earl sherman, "playing his usual lousy game," was defeated after gaining the first set, 6-0, because his opponent donned a chicago teacher's sweater, totally unnerving him.

jim ferguson made a stirring comeback to tie his match at a set apiece, but when the duo retired for refreshment before resuming the crucial set, neither reappeared until this morning. vassar was awarded the match after jim received a letter from the dean of the girl's school.

dick larson had trouble watching the ball, as he became so engrossed with his beautiful legs that he neglected that primary rule. in addition, his opponent, who felt that her own limbs were deserving of a little more attention, became so enraged that she proceeded to administer a terrific beating despite dick hameister's last minute rescue attempt with a pair of long trousers.

the only ray of cheer was don schiller's victory in the other singles match. as only four courts were available, don discussed the finer points of tennis with his prospective victim. he became so terrifying that

she withdrew from the match, and don spent the remainder of the afternoon applying cold packs and smelling salts.

the dick dunworth-chuck behrens combination proved invincible in the doubles, and the match went as far as match point for the tech-

## connoisseur concerning condition conveys cranph

well, fellows, how's the condition? not so good? well now, ain't that too bad. don't you stinkers know it's spring? can't you feel the blood struggling to force itself through your veins? so what are you going to do about it! i'll tell you, so perk up your ears.

as you do or do not know, spring means spring training. who is spring training? not so fast now; just give me time and i'll tell you.

a bunch of fatheads gets themselves all padded up and then go out and knock the h—l out of themselves. i'm gonna call them ground hogs, shadow or no shadow. there we have the goons who put on a pair of white bloomers, drive nails in their shoes, and then go and run and slide all over the ground. this same group also takes table legs and swings them at tomatoes. kinda silly, but its spring training. since this species inhabits the grass lands, we can call 'em grasshoppers or better yet, flycatchers, because they goes for them too.

another kind would be those gimbos what tie their pants to their ankles, knock the heels off their shoes and then run and jump like they had bugs in their b——. i don't know what to call these on account of they is completely different from anything i have ever seen. of course we all know about these fellows, having seen them a number of times but we were never one of them. so let's forget about those eggs and talk about ourselves like we started to.

you take the average joe college, he takes a spring workout too, only his has a point to it. waking up one morning, he finds his shins are all healed since it got light in the morning. then on his way to school, a pair of gams goes by and his eyes get exercisin'. sure they did, all of 45 degrees. believing this to be a good sign, he goes home that night and sheds his cuccocoon (takes a bath, etc.) and emerges radiant and beautiful to see. now he thinks he is ready for a little arm exercise so he calls a tomato he used to know. golly, either i'm weak or she put on weight. o' course his hands are in

## tennis - for youse that got lost—

dragged parallel to the lines of the court and before he could be gotten to the locker room, the entire team was arrested for assisting an escaped convict.

it is hoped that the team will be released in time for next season's opener, but the prospects for next season appear bright no matter who plays. the sudden curtailment of

## RAMBLING RIFLEMEN PREPARE FOR RECORD ROARS

national defense has been the keynote at it and now we find a sport that has gone all out for the ultimate victory.

after a five day debate, it was decided that the .22 caliber rifles heretofore used for target practice, were not to be used after April, 40, 1942. on that date, our rifle range

will be outfitted with sixteen inch naval guns and french seventy-fives. it is regretable that the field artillery to be bought is of the 1918 vintage. because of priorities the rock island arsenal has informed the team that it will take at least one week before delivery of the naval guns will be possible.

in case you have any doubts to the authenticity of the above facts, we request that at your first free period, you visit our rifle range in the basement of physics. already the soundproof ceiling has been installed. this added feature of the range has been thought necessary because of the slight increase in noise and the effect it might have on the conduct of classes in the building.

(continued on page 8)

## wack of the noose

by MATERNITY WARD

water boy melty pleeza, has set a new indoor water-carrying record by manfully supporting a heaping teaspoonful of aqua mighiganis across ogden field to quench the thirst of drink a. tunworth . . . entering the national xyzbowlingtournament, jocks sunburn and us asback entered as a doubles team. sunburn bowled his usual 298.625 average and asback ran up a high score of 303 to set a never before equaled record . . . razz-berrie rillsgolcourseofcastlespark was the scent of sunny sunstrokes' seventy-three under par game last week. sunny made the 18 hole course in 10 shots . . . we wish to congratulate jock bushgay on his excellent dive into the swimming pool yesterday, but as he has not come up yet, we withhold our comments. at the time of writing, the pool was still being dragged for the remains . . . while swimming around the base paths in preparation for their softball tilt, vaulter cow and midget galoshes of the punier wrecks succeeded in convincing the seedier sibyls that it was great fun. both teams decided to hold a relay race instead. the marathon was suddenly ended when the tide swept both teams in turdy-turd street.

sudden thinks  
girls and beer both have heads  
but it's the body that counts.  
i lookat leggs.  
the lake depends  
upon its friends  
dummpome  
m.f. nuudle  
for better or for verso, we give  
you:  
'twas the night before christmas  
and all thro the park, not a creature  
was stirring.  
do you remember 'way back when:  
the juniors had summer vacation??  
freshmen wore pants??  
a draft was an open window??  
the lunchroom served good food? (ed. note. no, i can't.)  
quizzes were things we heard on the radio?  
useless signs of the times  
card playing in the lounge only from 11 to 2.  
no smoking in the co-op book store. no buts about that one.  
exit.  
no spitting on the platform.  
no parking  
technews out tuesday.  
faculty, seniors, and juniors only.  
ten years ago today: march 31, 1932.

## baseball bum moans morosely

it isn't enough that we should be humiliated with cheap newspaper publicity. then they go ahead and tell us where to go. of all the holgerous viperganical pabdographs. this is the worst. go on, read this.

did you ever have a pitcher who stole home? well, we had one! dam-bros, by name. it was on february 30 of the current baseball season. we had won ten games in a row, yep, goin' along like a steamroller and what happened? al stole home—ahh, but he was caught. yep, caught stealing home, what a guy, a paxintenop to be exact. yuh, wanna know who caught him, huh? yah really wanna know? well i won't tell yah—all right quif nudging me—so i will tell you. it was his mother, yes sir, she caught him. it was five-thirty in the morning and al was caught stealing home, can yuh imagine, he was caught flatfooted, hands-down, easy. so, mom won't allow the big lojesyz to pitch for the techedhawks bawl squad.



and that ain't the worst of the hell, why those rewqs got joe gleason caught in a cage. how in the devil is "gleas" going to get out when der ain't no doors to da thing. yu, know, that battin' cage out on de field. it's all surrounded, yeh, all the way round. yuh can't go up—yuh can't go round or down—i dunno, maybe he'll hav'te stay in the cage all year.

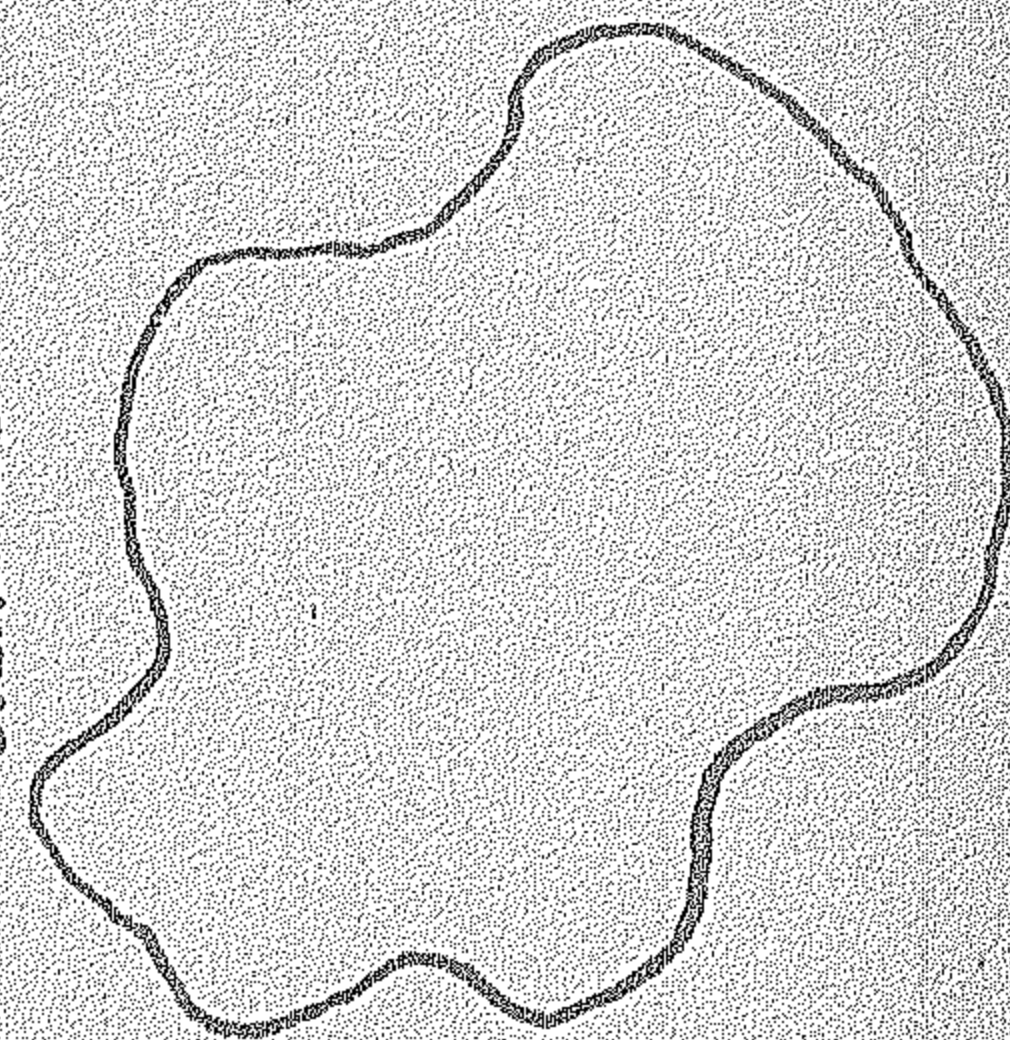
but we'de still be oke if it weren't for the other guys on the nine. "cap" mueller, he fell in, yeh, really! he was lookin' around for the ball around second sack and he fell into one of those ogden mud shafts. sure, they're still draining the field. what a omkancremious?



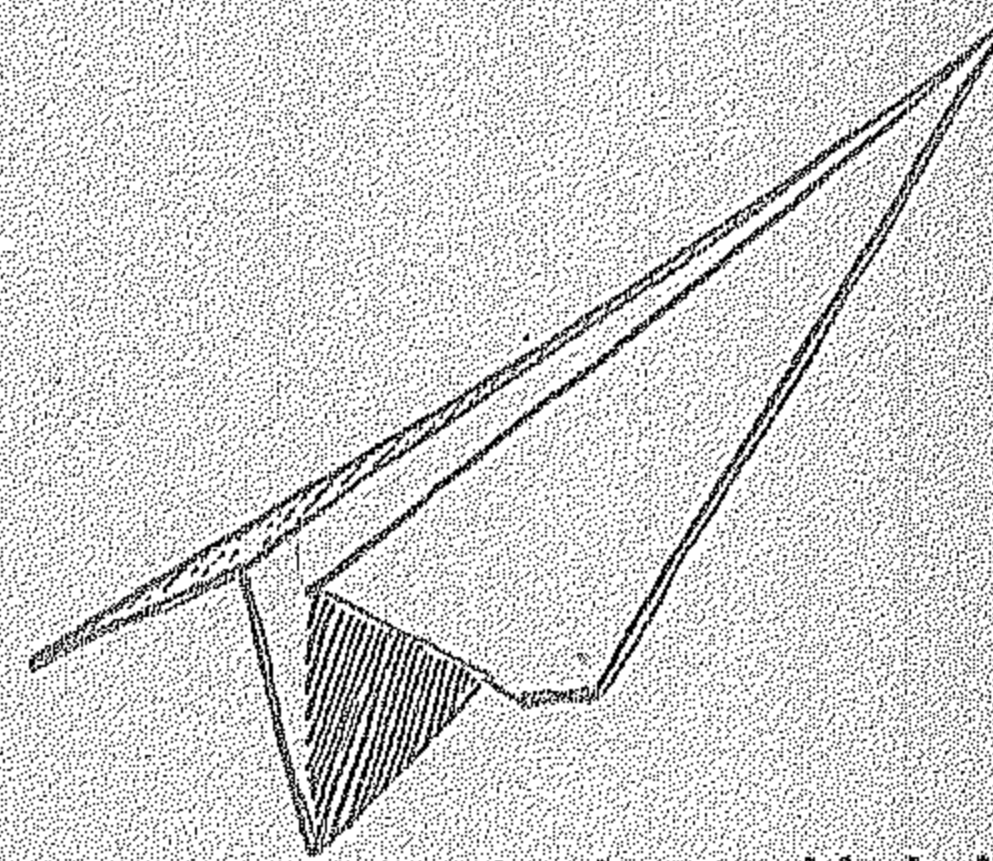
add to air armada!  
paper provides planes

if you succeed in assembling our aircraft, sail it at noon from science hall at armour or the lewis library.

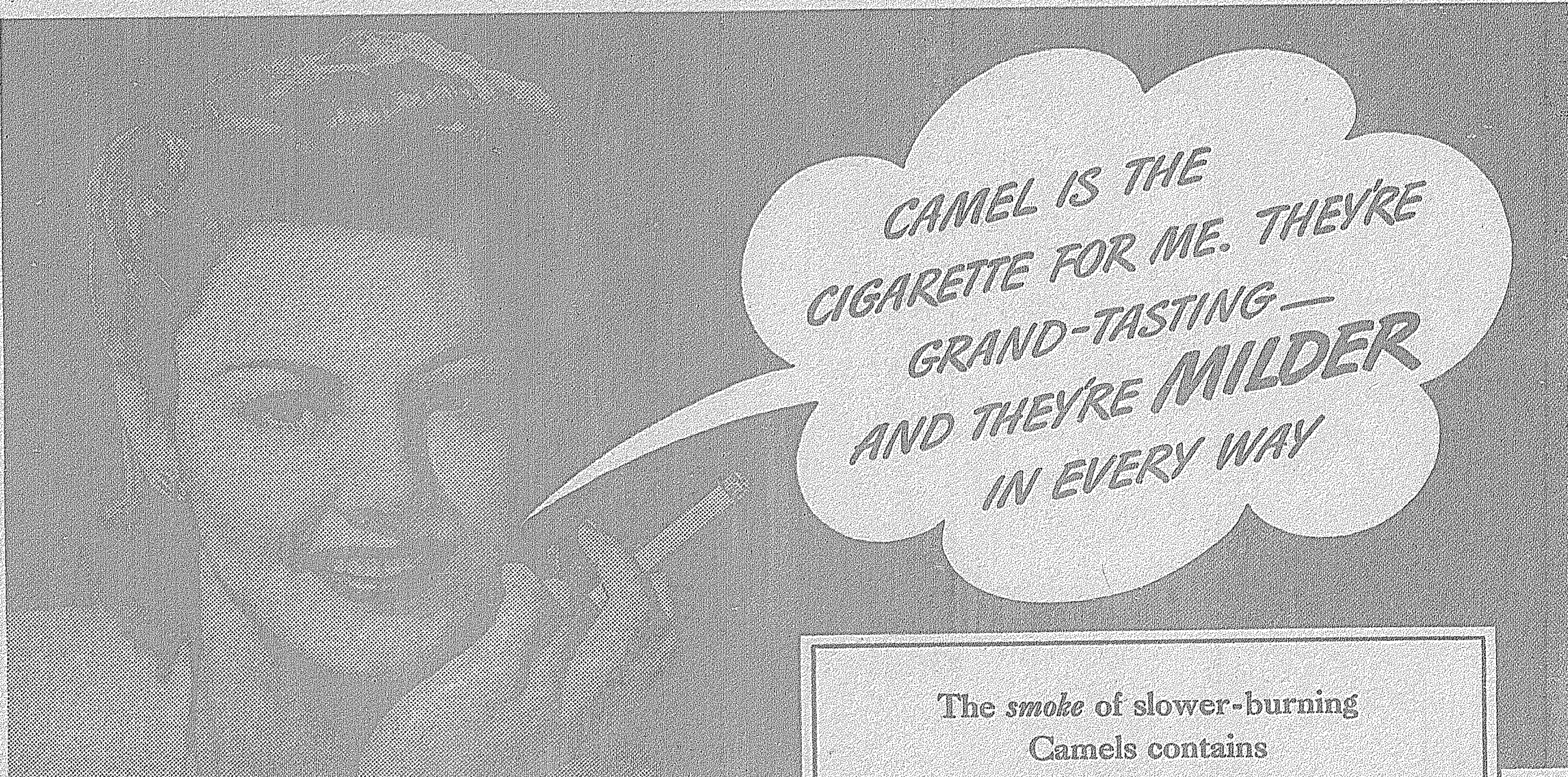
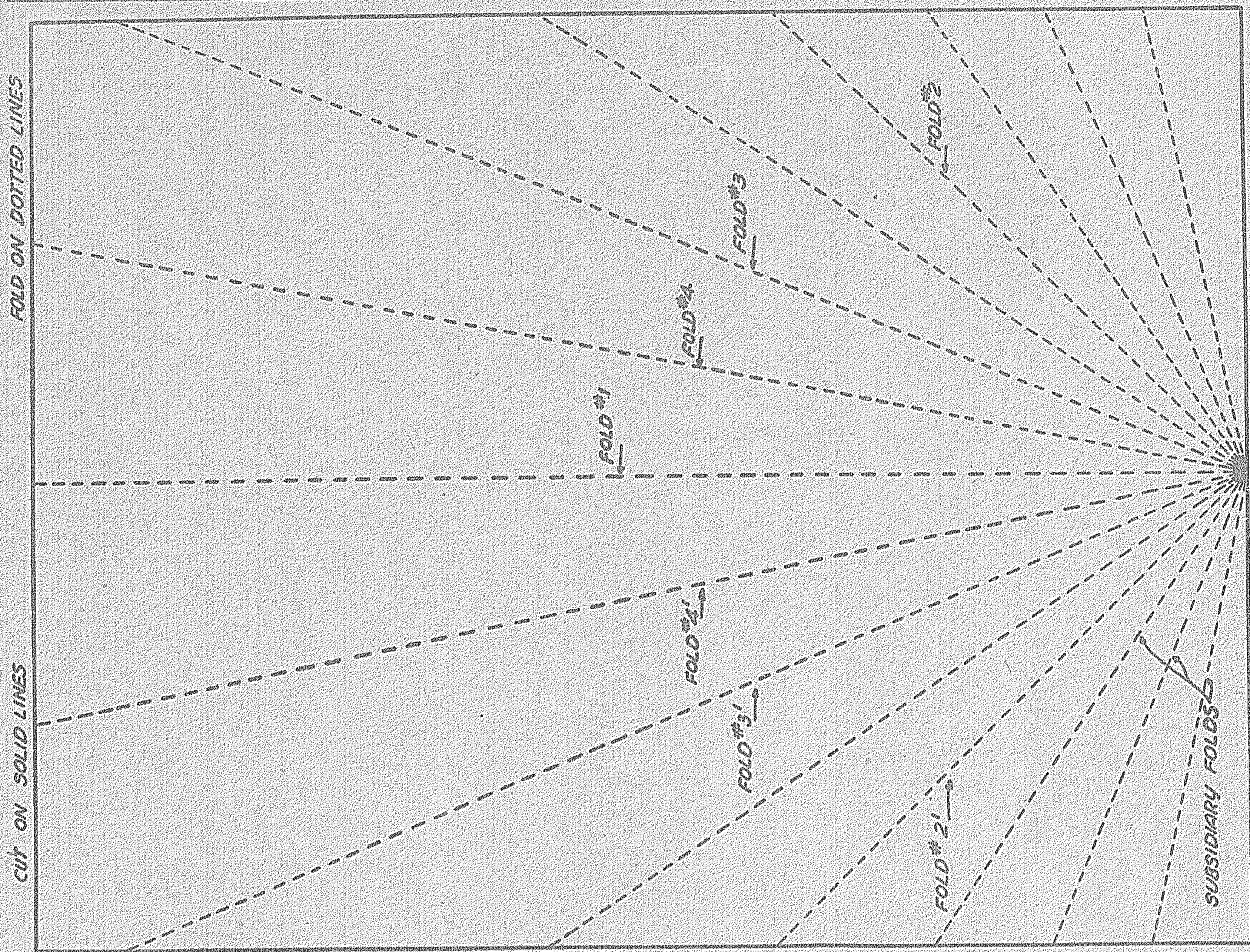
RELEASE WITH ZEST AND GENTLE  
OVERHAND MOTION.



cut carefully around the above chunk of shrapnel, so as not to disturb the centroid, which may or may not be sleeping. chew the shrapnel and make with it like an anti-aircraft.



artist's sketch of assembled device.



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NICOTINE

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largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than  
any of them—according to independent  
scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*

Camel

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

## championship taken from electrical charges

•after losing 65-19 to the third place turks, the rejuvenated gamma rhos disintergrated the molecules by a 84-2 score. this game gives the fraternity heisomobile boys the western division basketball chumpionship of the illiterate arks kollege. the gimma gamma laddies were led by those pseudo-dynmaic personalities of pharaoh thomasso and franklin delano roddie who hit the ring with a dodamagigger around it for 15 skeps each. stephano blemendak who hit that what-you-may-call-it for five panniers with the help of that paramountic player, boob (butterball) meyer. the stupendous floor work of such players as adam (the first man, as my diligent perusers probably all know ) kasper, and charley (chukovitis) marner kept these bounding electrical charges who are supposed to make panniers at will to a lonely skep in the entire game.

•the electrical charges or should we call them neurons after this farce of a basketball contest should hang their heads in shame. however, to give kredit where kredit is due, we nominate jacob martin chakoian, the illustrious intramural sports manager of the illiterate arks kollege, as the outstanding player of the molecules and of the game and the league as well. he scored the total of his team's points (2) on an almost impossible shot from mid-floor, but since jack ejaculates these impossible skeps in his famous 21 games for two-bits a throw, this shot is not impossible for the "great" chakoian. jacob martin was not only the leading scorer for the neurons but the best defensive player on the balsawood floor by far. jackie took it on his own initiative to guard the two great stars of the heisos, thomasso and roddie. even though these two high point men of the contest hit the dodamagigger thirty times between themselves, our paramountic manager was not one of these eight neurons who let these fraternity boys round circles around them, he was a true molecule in every sense of the word, a bounding electrical charge. he was here; he was there; he was everywhere on the tremendous balsawood floor of the west campus trying in vain to stop this mighty attack of the gamma rhos. jmc received one of the greatest ovations ever received by a basketball star in the great gymnasium of the "great" chakoian.

•this contest should end all further contests of this caliber. this high scoring game was refereed by none other than shrank stinker who is badly in need of goggles. however, we have this to say about shrank he does wear glasses off the floor. in the good old days he was known as "dead eye" for his ability to miss fouls for his favorite team and to get the star of the opposing team out on personals. we have a few words of advice for this poor example of a pat kennedy and these words are "don't make excuses for calling the fourth foul on the star of the team opposing yours."

•now to get on with the sports of the week, we shall now tell you

the story of the third place game between the turks and the (we never win a game) cuswecus. this affair was won by the turks 3-1.

•oh! i'm sorry dear readers but the lights went out for it's 10 minutes past 10 and in 50 minutes is the time when all good athletes should be in bed by 11 and get their 10 hours of wholesome sleep, and being one of these mighty athletes so must i get my sleep. nightie night, folks.)

### big guns—

•members of the rifle club are requested to furnish their own shells and powder. a nominal charge will be asked of all new members. this will amount to \$5000.0000 plus a three cent defense tax. it is obvious that this charge is necessary.

•professor kassli vamarooski has been asked to take charge of the powder room and target range. because of his knowledge in pyrotech-

(continued on page 11)

## illiterate i.i.tonion introduces

do so as an individual one-man team. (the c.c.c. decided upon this drastic move after discovering that "natural" bob had received international fame in this event.)

5. individual prizes will be given to the high men in the following events:

- consecutive natural passes thrown.
- consecutive craps thrown.
- most "pratch scups" made.
- most "little Joes" made.
- most "come" bets won.

6. all matches will be refereed by officials whose duty it will be to watch the foul line and collect ten per cent of the profits as a recreation tax.

7. each member of the winning team will be presented with a beautiful pair.

8. turn in your entries to the cloak-room, together with all available shooting times.

of five men, each of whom must prove his eligibility by appearing before the c.c.c. (crapshooters' control commission) and throwing five consecutive natural passes or a reasonable facsimile of same.

2. all games will be played on a neutral bar-room floor, preferably goluska's tavern. (adv.)

3. each match must be played off in the following manner:—players of each team will kitty-up \$5.00 per (no room for beggars in this tournament although many will attain this end as a result of it), and then the game will proceed until one team has gone broke. in case this has not happened after one hour's play, the match is automatically terminated and the combined kitties will be invested in that golden nectar of the gods, "bitter vetch" beer.

4. due to the unusual qualifications in this sport which the jr. mechs and the sr. civils have to offer, they will be allowed only four-man entries. if bob o'donnell wants to enter this tournament, he must

•acting in complete cooperation with mayor edward k. jelly and the committee for civilian defense, the iit intramural department announced late last week a large expansion in its field of activities. the first sport to be added to the already lengthy list of physical calisthenics sponsored by this department has been added with one express purpose in mind: that of preparing every itonionian to be better able to serve his country. there can be no argument that in these times of dire stress, physical fitness and mental alertness are an absotive, posolute necessity. with these things in mind, the intramural department is proud to announce the inauguration of the intramural crap shooting tournament.

•following is the list of rules which will govern the tournament:

- each team will be composed

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