

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 dilettante 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 impolitely 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, club members have to do is to ex- of 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 ing 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.

TECHNOLOGY NEWS, student publication of Illinois Institute of Technology, 3300 Federal Street, Chicago, Illinois. Published weekly during the college year. Represented for national advertising by National Advertising Service, Inc., college publishers' representatives, 461 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Chicago, Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco. Entered as second class matter October 10, 1940, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rate, \$2.00 per year. Saturday telephone—WEBster 7853.

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 tetchted newssers catch up. i'm losin' faith. this shrat about religion ain't gittin' me nohow."

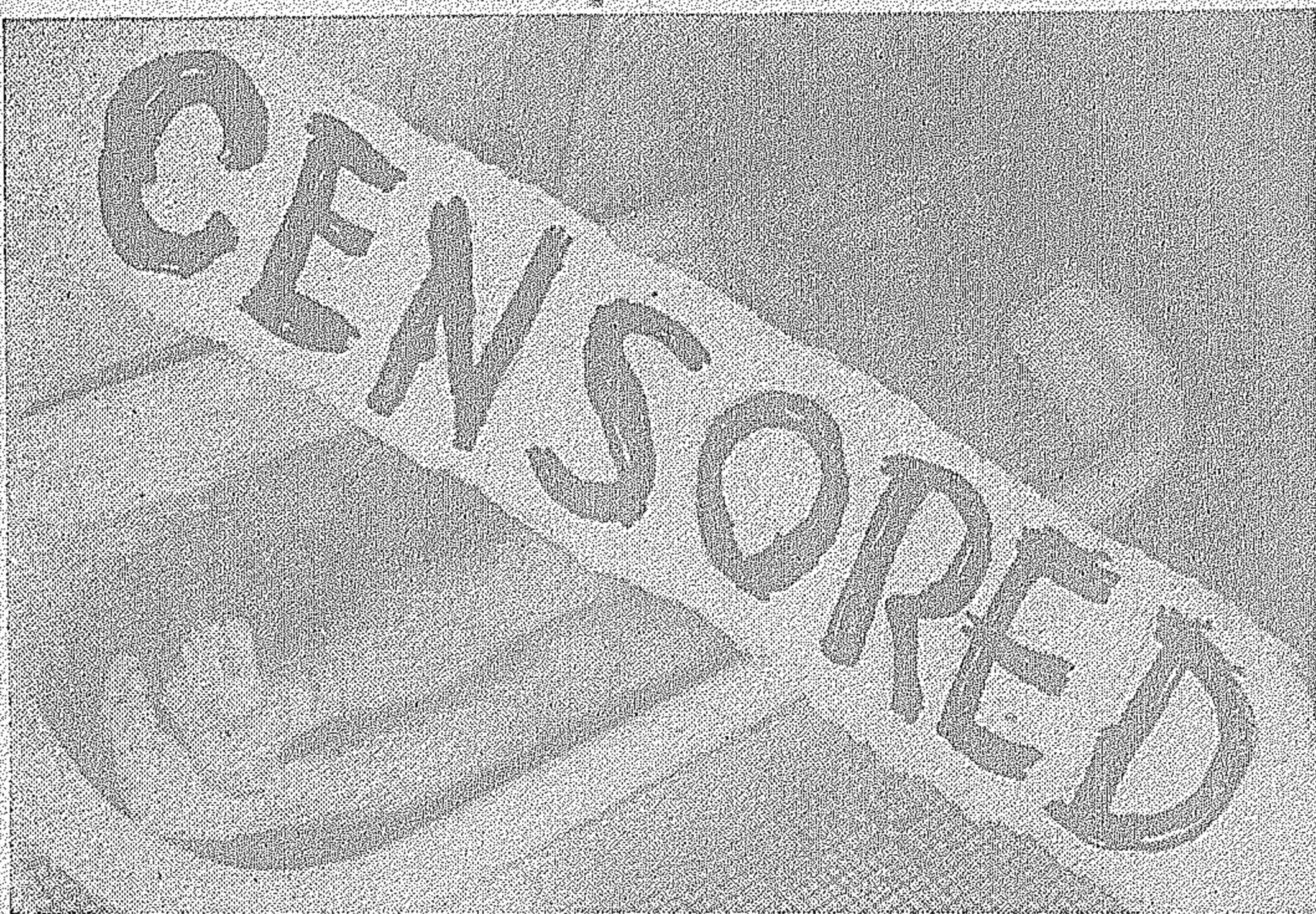
OLSON RAISED AS UGLY SPY HEAD

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•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

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•"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. his 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, sudomamic 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 biforcultated 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

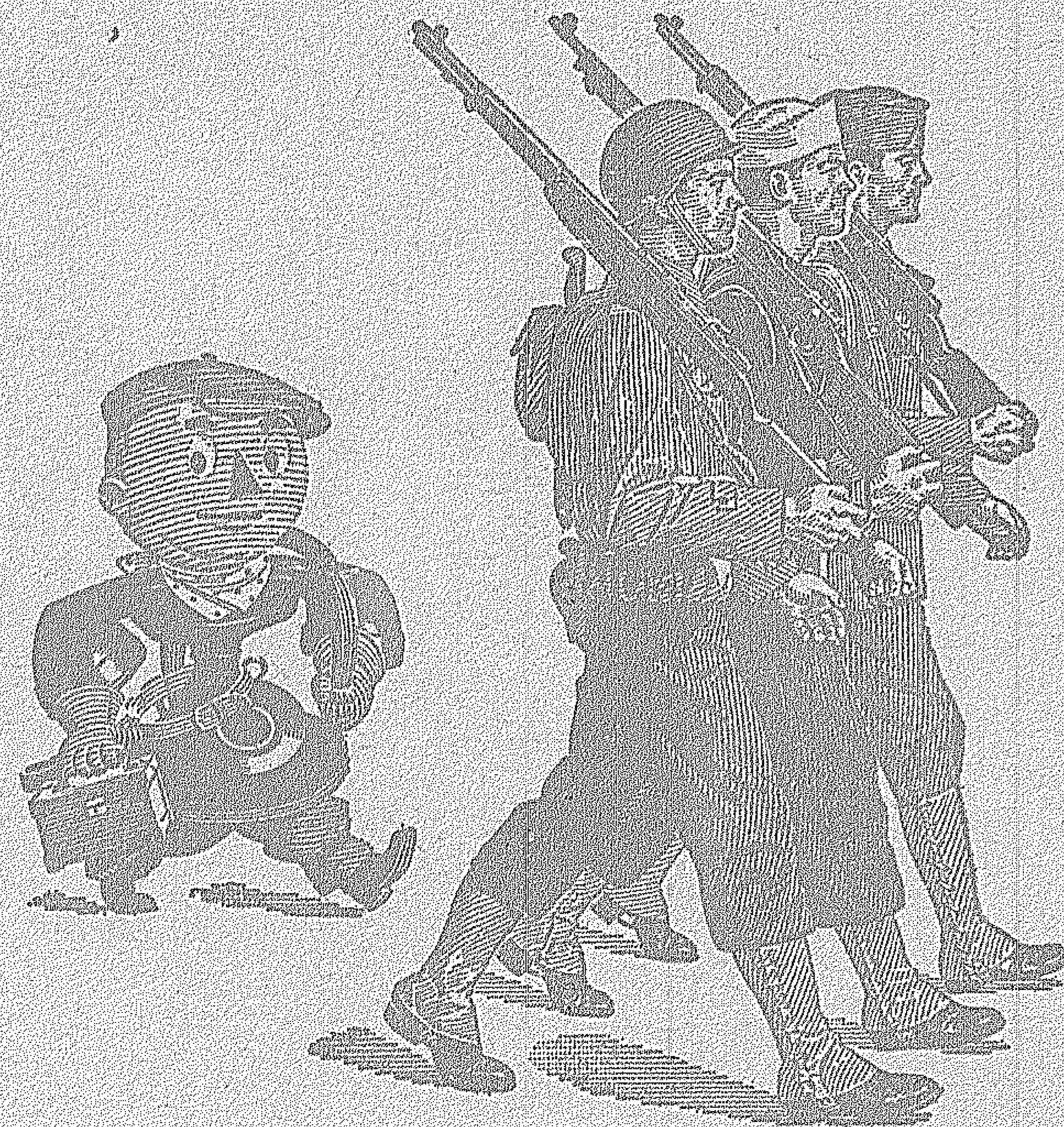
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fire from a cigarette tossed by dr. dee zal roesch. fructificated fire-protects attempted to douse the flames with hand extinguishers, but they had been filled with nitroglycerine by a flacky named flinegan. we deeply lament the passing of those brave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



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