

SHAKESPERIAN DRAMA

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 restating 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.

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, JOHNSON, 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

BLITZKRIEG!

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 dierz 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 ramler's hair . . . labor-saver trapp is now spending his waking hours trying to devise a means of running the elevator while sitting down . . .

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.