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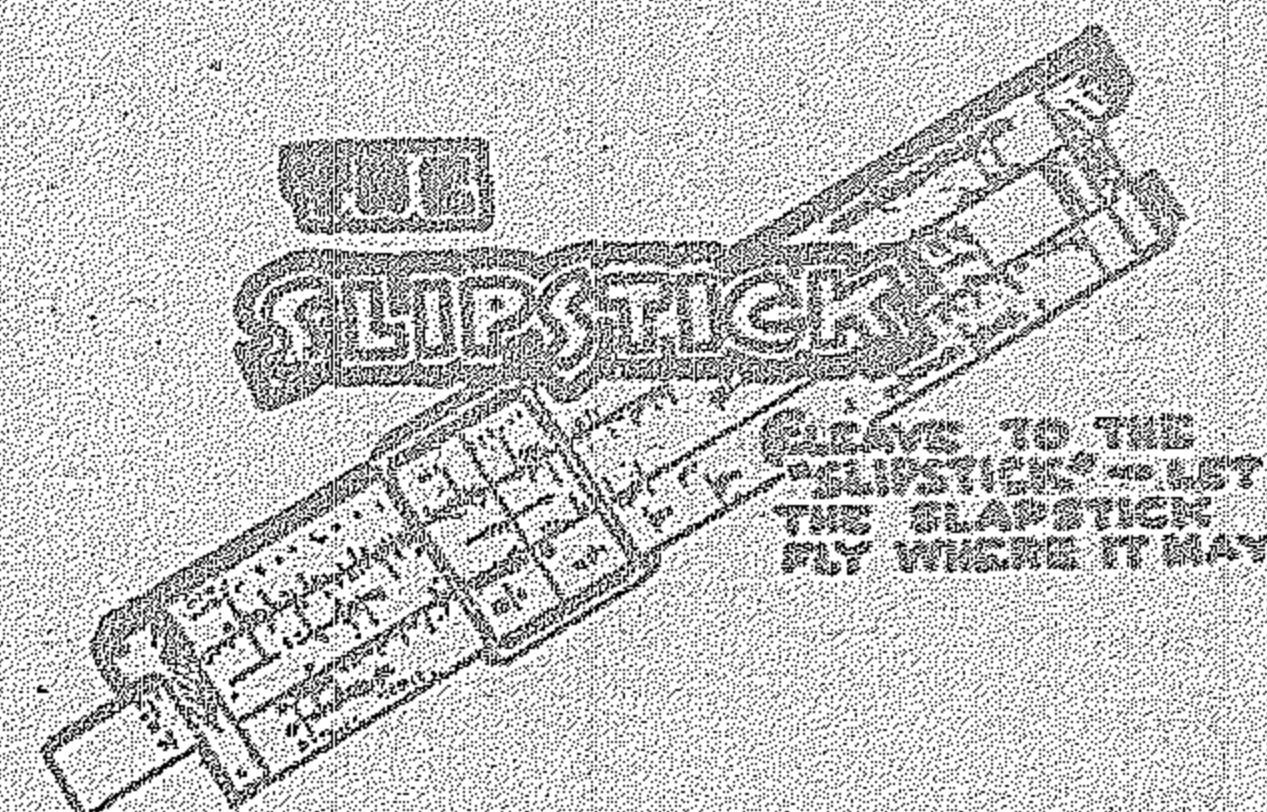
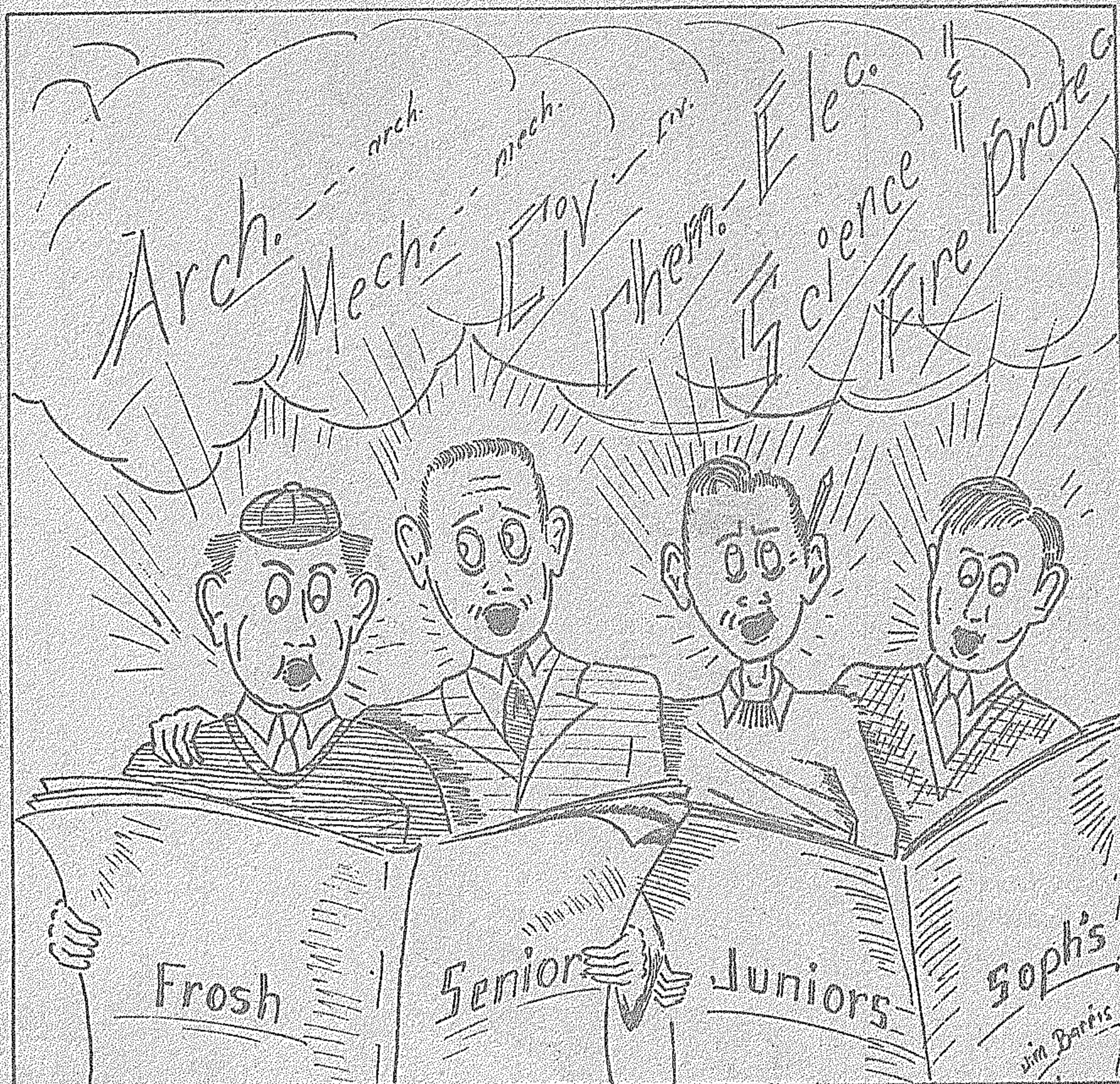
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Hark the Lark



Quick like a bunny honey, let's get hopping on today's column. First of all I shall dedicate the old slipstick to the Reservists who will leave our midst this week. Best of luck fellas! A special "So lang" to Lew Rowe, fellow TECHNOLOGY NEWS man and Soph class officer. So to all Reservists, let's wipe out the Axis and quick like a bunny leave tracks behind us for home.

V V V

The stork gets blamed for a lot of things that some other bird is responsible for.

V V V

A soldier asked "a cute little thing" if her "V" neck sweater was for victory. She said, "No, the "V" is for Virgin—but it is an old sweater."

V V V

He asked her to wed.

"Go to papa," she said.

She knew that he knew

That her papa was dead.

She knew that he knew

The life that he had led;

She knew that he knew

What she meant when she said,
"Go to papa."

V V V

Two psychoanalysts met. Said one to the other: "You feel fine. How do I feel?"

V V V

Then there was the inventor who invented a spot remover that removed spots left by spot removers. He got a cellophane newspaper so a wife could see her husband at breakfast. He also invented a cereal box without any cereal, for people who hate cereal but like to save box-tops. One of his best inventions was a cake of hollow soap—when you use it up, there are no little pieces left.

Private Johnson got a two-week furlough in order to marry his childhood sweetheart and have a short honeymoon. Just before his leave was up he wired his Commanding Officer, "It is wonderful here. Request one week's extension of leave."

The Commanding Officer's reply was not long in forthcoming. It is wonderful anywhere," he wired. "Return to camp at once."

V V V

He: "My clutch is slipping!"

Jean: "It isn't noticeable, darling!"

V V V

In the parlor there were three;
She, the parlor lamp and he.
Two is company no doubt,
So the little lamp went out.

V V V

With a horde of men I drive a jeep,
With a mob of chaps I try to sleep,
An army accompanies me to mess,
A platoon's around me when I dress,
With a regiment I drill all day,
Men to left and men to right,
Men around me day and night.
The army—I can take it, see,
But the thing that murders me,
The irony that stabs my bones
Is this: They call me Private Jones!

V V V

Okay Reservists, for Easter keep your eggs in one basket and the Nazis in their caskets! Be good!

Pete Fisher "Min" Minwegan

That's Better

The spirit shown at the last meeting of the ITSA was very reassuring to those who feel that this organization should be an important factor in voicing the opinions of the students and forming policies in regard to the various branches of student activity.

Eight members of the student body, realizing that they were welcome at all ITSA meetings, came to express their views to the six faculty and seven student representatives present at the meeting; in fact, in the short space of two hours, nine motions were discussed and carried and four other important topics were reviewed by the board. The new delegates, attending their first meeting in an official capacity, showed that they were capable of discussing important topics and expressing their opinions on all items before the board. With this new blood in the ITSA veins, the students can look forward to an A-1-A organization.

Nothing is perfect. With this thought in mind, we realize that all organizations can improve. TECHNOLOGY NEWS is still not the best paper possible for the present staff to produce; likewise, talks with ITSA representatives and interested students bring to light the following suggestions for improvement in the ITSA:

(1) The representatives are passing too many important items which they themselves know very little about and which they have not had sufficient time to discuss with the students they represent. Such topics should not be voted upon immediately after being brought up, but should be held until the next meeting.

(2) There should be more representatives for each class giving the board a wider variety of opinion. The 100 members of the senior class, who should be the leaders on campus, haven't even one representative on the board.

(3) The students should find out who their representative is, and should tell him what they think about these important topics.

(4) The representatives themselves should make an effort to find out just what is happening on campus and what the students want. Otherwise, they are merely expressing personal opinion which is not necessarily the true feeling of the group they represent.

The Way of All Stuff

By Sedgewick Van Zipper Drawers
as Told to Gerry Golden

Are you perplexed? When out with the "lil bug", are you at a loss of what to say or do? If you are, read on brother, and perhaps you will find a solution to your problems.

As a gay man about town, Mr. Drawers has been a habitue of most of the gay nite spots, including the chic Club Elgin. His new book, "Why Men Play With Dolls," proves conclusively that Van knows girls from all angles. This week Mr. Van Zipper Drawers covers the water front, and the more elusive problems that perplex the modern student.

For example, it is no longer necessary to know which fork to use unless it is that fork in the road that leads to the darkest pitching spot. It is here that the inimitable Mr. Drawers steps into the breeches. A few of his answers to some of the more common queries follow.

Question: If she asks you up to her apartment to see her tattooings, and she actually has some, what is the correct thing to do?

Answer: Treat her nicely; chances are she works in a circus and free passes are hard to get.

Question: Should a gentleman rise when sitting on a lady's lap and her husband enters the room?

Answer: Certainly not! Unless he has a harmonica in his mouth and plays the "Star Spangled Banner."

Question: If, when out on a bender, she spills a highball on my best tie, what should I say?

Answer: Simply pass over the situation with a laugh and murmur politely, "That'll set you back 49c, you clumsy louse."

Mr. Van Zipper Drawers will gladly answer your particular problem if you merely write your question on the back of an old \$10.00 bill and send it to: Sedgewick Van Zipper Drawers, M.P.W., c/o Tech News

Incidentally, copies of his recent book, "Will Science Expose The Strip Tease" are now available at most book stands.

Slips of the Pen

Slips of the pens of wives, mothers, and servicemen applying for dependency allotments furnished chuckle fodder for members of the Illinois senate recently.

The excerpts were reported gleaned from actual letters making or correcting application for allotment. Here are a few:

"Please send by elopement, as I have a 4 months old baby and he is my only support, and I need all I can get every day to buy food and keep him in close."

"Please send my wife's form to fill out."

"Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband made application for a wife and baby."

"I have already wrote the President and if I don't hear from you I will write to Uncle Sam and tell him about you both."

"Sir, I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my two children. One is a mistake as you can see."

"I am told that my husband sets in the YMCA every night with the piano playing in his uniform."

"My husband has worked on shift for about two months and now he left me and I ain't had no pay since he has gone or before either."

"This is my eighth child. What are you going to do about it?"

"In answer to your letter, I gave birth to a boy weighing 101 pounds. I hope this is satisfactory."

"Please find out if my husband is dead for certain, as the man I am living with won't eat or anything 'till he nose for sure."

"You changed my little girl to a boy. Does this make any difference?"

"I can't get my sick pay. I got eight children, can you tell me what this is?"

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