

finest soirees, and has been recommended by the student Guidance Department as "the" thing to cure depression, melancholia and book-worms itch.

From the freshman viewpoint: "Broc" Hoaglund, with his 20-15 eyesight, is the president of the Organized Wolves Association on his merits. He can spot a trim pair of legs or a pretty face at 200 yards. . . . The soberness of Bob "Poker-face" Whalen can be traced to recent break-up with "Molly." (That is the only name by which she is known to us). . . . Al Ullis suffered an embarrassed let-down when red-haired June Cox spurned his invitation to a date.

A group of junior juicers almost passed out last week at the bowling alleys. Bob "High-pockets" Lamons "popped" for the juicers bowling team—Beech, Parmet, Pottenger, Sharres and Jack Shepherd. . . . At the Casino, 63rd and Drexel, Angelo Angelosi and Larry Cernauskas were the only two fellows emerging without dates, thus disgracing the OWA. . . . The more important men in the co-op book store are identifiable by their odd but poetic names—Chuck "Mathias" Kill, "Ulysses" Backas and "Maximo" Langer. Whew! . . . The shining lights of the junior class "got lit" at a party for By Round celebrating his coming marriage to Miss Helen Simons. Nat "One-round" Ratner, and Tom "I-want-a-glass-of-a-milk" Dressler entered the happy land of stupefaction hand in hand. The party continued about their inert bodies. Movies on current mechanical problems and travelogues were an added attraction. A bunco game (two dice) in which Bob Burkhardt and Cliff Oliver "cleaned-up" occupied much of the spare time. . . . "Triple-date" Ted Pilat and his cohorts, George Erkert, and Reynold Berggren are definitely off group dating. Everytime Ted goes out on a three-way excursion, his date gets married shortly after—to another guy!

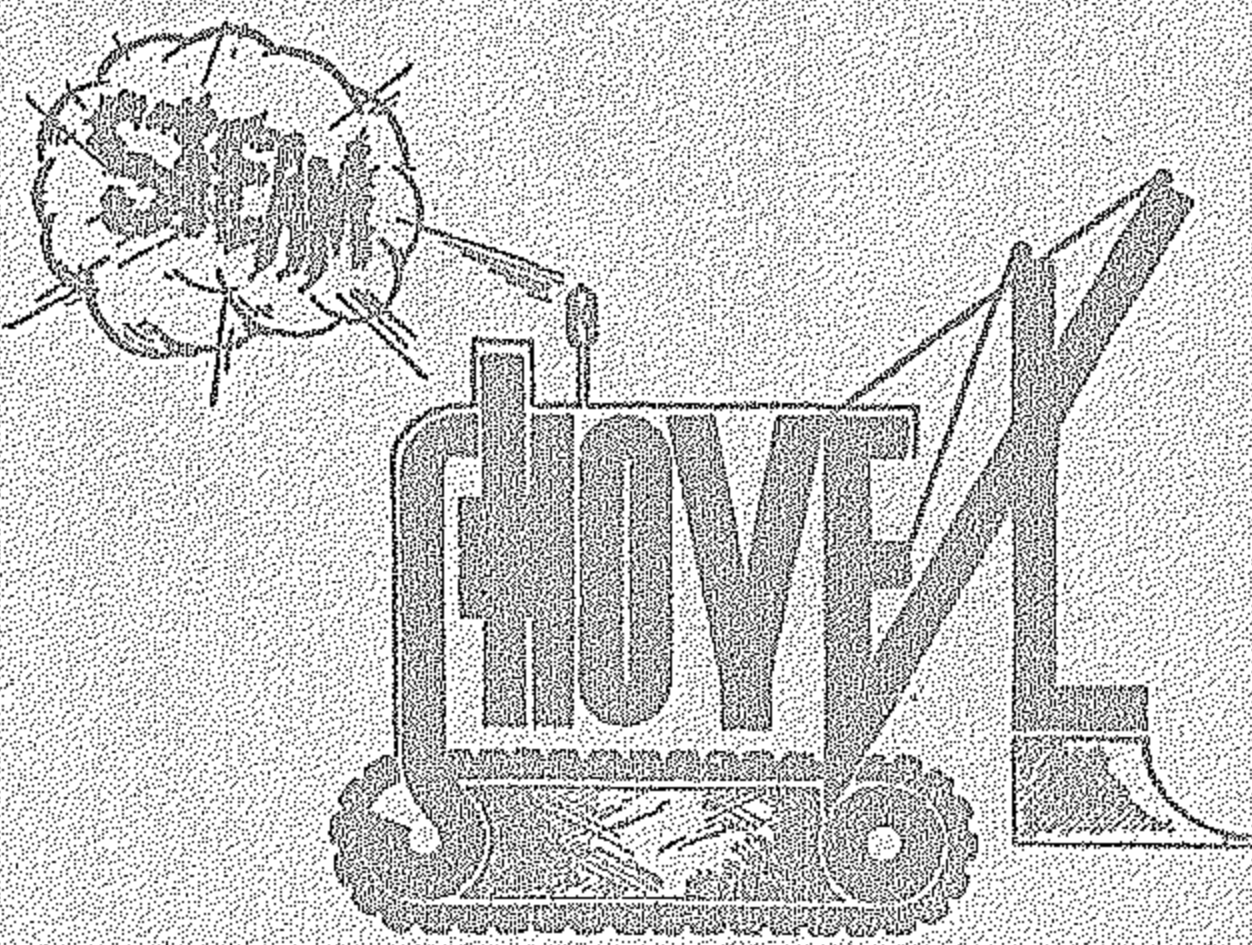
Questions bearing investigation: Why and by whom is Cliff Oliver affectionately called "Lover-boy"? What did Roy "Feuhrers Face" Boedeker think of his musical rendition of that song? (He's modest, but tells everyone it was very good.)

Campus notes: Lu Myers, petite business office employee, promises that she will do her celebrated "Electric Fan Dance" at the Hockey Hop. . . . Mike Schultz, eminent tennis coach, since his "parting of the ways" with Norma has been out on the prowl. Although giving an appraising eye to Tech's secretaries, Mike informs us of a "smooth" number he's been dating. . . . Bob Johnson, recently graduated, commutes from Milwaukee, where he is now working, to share his week-ends with Nancy Callahan. Really!

At last week's sing-fest, co-navigators Jack Byrne and Chet Swan operated Professor Roesch's one cylinder engine to stimulate the mingled sounds of a plane engine and machine gun fire. . . . Among the many signs now in evidence in the cafeteria, add this one: "No Necking from 9 to 5." This being specifically directed to Jack Wagner and Ruby Lemke. Ruby, bless her heart, has been handing the "malarkey" to two friends (via the post) in the Army to such an extent that they are both on the verge of rushing in to marry her. Whatta mess! . . . Sylvia Linta and Ray Tubergen have been gadding about of late. From reliable sources, I have been informed that Sylvia and friend Molly are embarking on another (the third) visit to the Trianon on Wednesday night. Inasmuch as the Trianon is closed on Wednesdays and Thursdays, we wonder?

Though this is the April Fool issue, this columnist has indulged in no levity up to this point. At this time we wish to report the results of a recent laboratory experiments: "Steele Necks at the Yield Point."

The Bard



Biggest item on this week's dossier, is the news of the Hockey Hop. On Saturday night, April 3, the lads and lassies of "deah ole" Tech will cavort to the strains of Carl Oberman's "Swing Fifteen." The dance will begin at 8:30 and last till who knows when. All things taken into account, this promises to be one of Techs

(continued on top of this column)

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editors,

I been hearing that you wanted real interesting letters to print. All my friends say to me "Gee Joe, you're a riot." So here I am writing to you. I don't know how I think up such funny stuff to write. It's just like I was inspired. My girl friend, Ruby, says to me, "Gee, Joe, I could listen to you all day." I suppose you'll think I'm bragging but a lot of people have said to me, "Joe, your wasting your time being a hod carrier's helper you ought to go on the stage. Well, that's all I've got time for

P.S. How's chances of getting a couple of free passes for a ball game?
Joe Rubonkewits

The Story Corner

By BOB KING

Our first impulse was to put this column in the corner but we decided it would be more in keeping with the spirit of the day if we put it in the middle.

It's fortunate indeed that all of our students don't have to stay home nights studying. While Bob Lyden, Junior Architect, was making the rounds of the south side night spots last Tuesday studying human nature in an effort to substantiate the "Darwin Theory of Evolution," he heard a woman scream. "What would John Schommer do," he asked himself? Quickly reaching a decision he dashed towards the sound of the scream.

Bob found two frightened and disheveled girls. A shabby looking youth who had molested the girls was running away. Lyden set out in pursuit, probably wishing his wind wasn't so good.

By this time a man in a car joined the chase. Our hero picked up an iron fence rail and jumped on the running board of the car, and they gave chase.

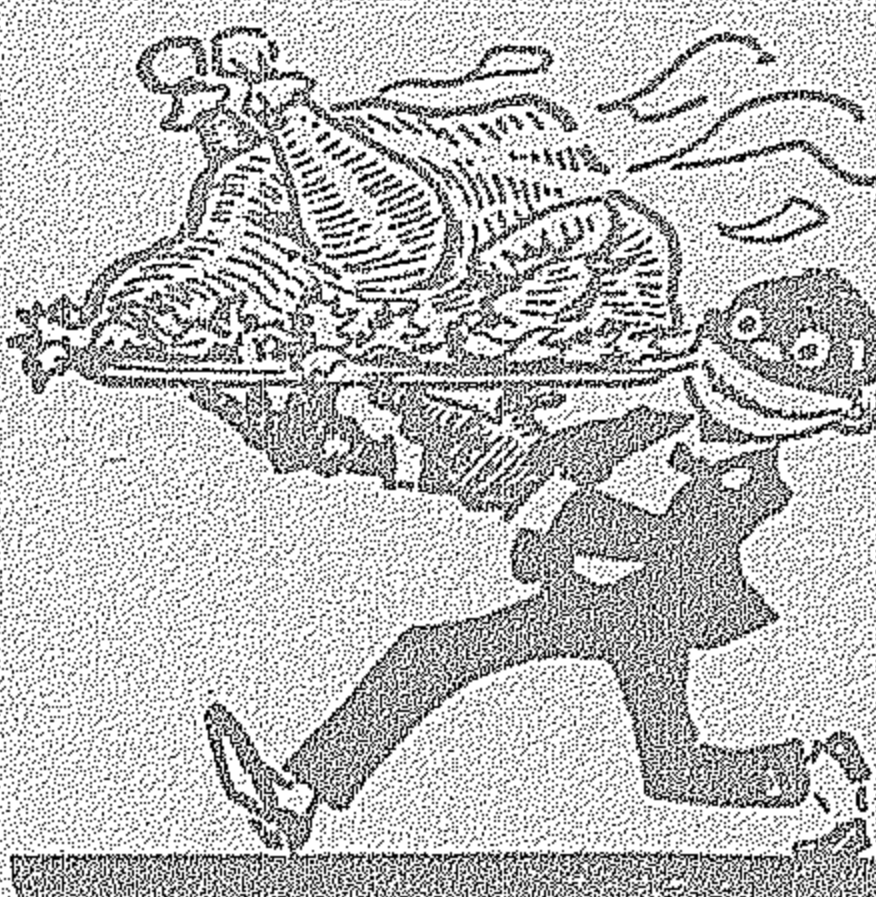
As they closed in on the fugitive, Bob leaped off the running board just like they do in the movies. He ran at the youth brandishing the iron fence rail and banging his teeth together. His knees knocked as well when he saw a knife in the fellows hand. His voice ringing with authority Lyden commanded the degenerate little fellow to drop the knife. The fellow dropped it and who wouldn't with Lyden waving a fence rail in true "Hiram Holliday" style.

Bob held the fellow while someone called the police. When the police arrived they picked out the most degenerate looking one of the group and began to beat up Bob Lyden. Explanations were made and if Bob hadn't mentioned that he was an IIT student he never would have been taken along as an accomplice.

Note: Although certain parts of this story became slightly colored in the process of being written, the main facts are true, and Bob Lyden did a nice job.

This Blank Space
Contributed by
Doris Meller

Our Cafeteria



THE FOOD IS LIKE THIS

OUR CAFETERIA



THE SERVICE IS LIKE THIS

OUR CAFETERIA



THE WAITRESSES DRESS LIKE THIS

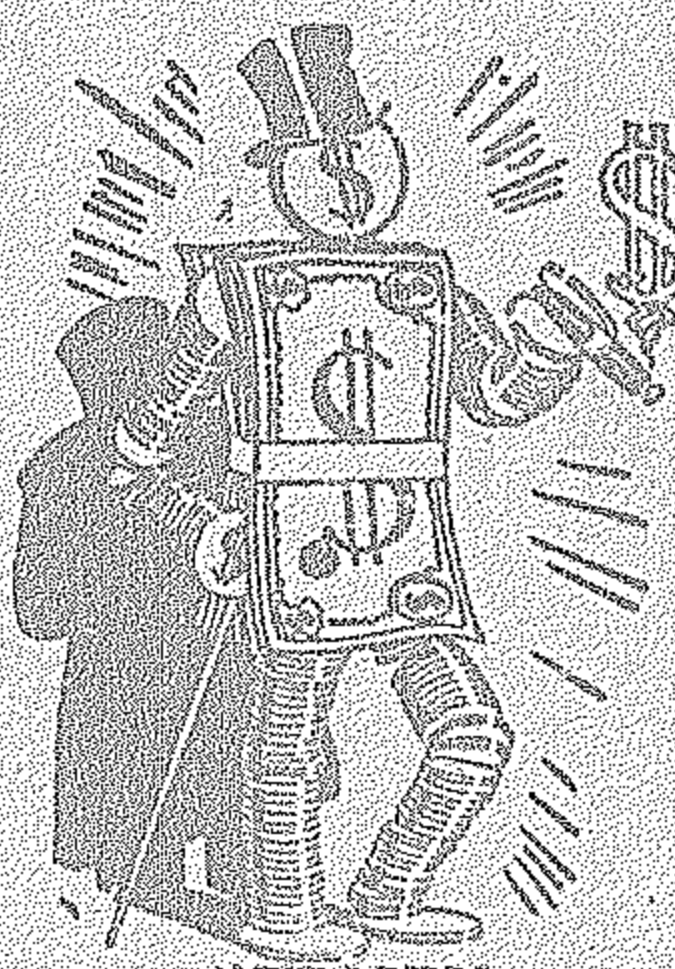
OUR CAFETERIA



YOU CAN GET ANYTHING

YOU WANT

OUR CAFETERIA

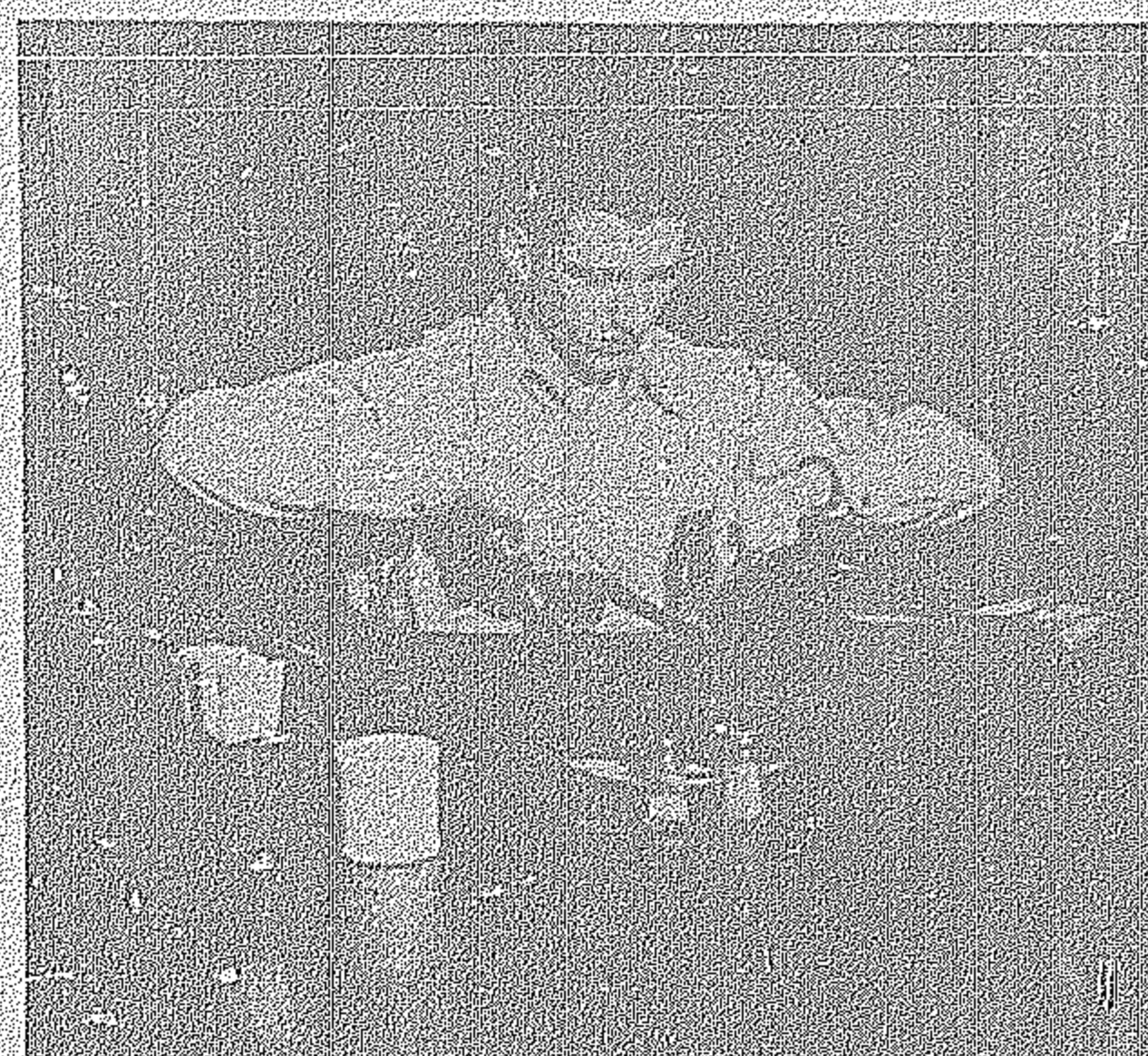


YOU COME OUT LIKE THIS

OUR CAFETERIA

APRIL FOOL

SLIPSTICK



FISHER "MIN" LUNCHES LUNGER

This weeks column is dedicated. It really ought to be don't you? Any similarity between anythin' living or dead is purely! And what would you do if that happened? Run to your nearest Floor-greens pug store and phone a student nurse! Take her tongue, look at her pulse and they do have nice sweep hand watches which would go good on your lapel. And if your not feeling good take a dose of little livers cotterpins.

V V V

Bissell: "Funny what a girl will do for a drink."

Bissell: "What she'll do after one is a lot funnier."

V V V

Bissell: "For two pins I'd park this and kiss you."

Jean: "Here, take these—my hair will come undone anyway."

V V V

A young married woman wanted her new maid to be pleased with her position. "You'll have a very easy time of it here." She explained sweetly, "because we have no children to annoy you." "Oh," said the colored girl, generously, "I'se very fond of chilluns so don't go re-strictin' yourself on my account."

V V V

Virtues are learned at Mama's knee, vices at some other joint.

V V V

Bissell: Shay do you know what time ish is?

Friend: Yes.

Bissell: Thanksh.

V V V

An old lady kept a parrot which was always swearing. She put up with this but on Sundays she kept a cover over the cage—removing it on Monday morning.

One Monday afternoon she saw her minister coming toward the house; so again she placed the cover over the cage. As the reverend gentleman was about to step into the parlor, the parrot remarked: "This sure has been a damn short week."

V V V

The gum-chewing girl
And the cud-chewing cow
Are somewhat alike
Yet different somehow.
What difference?
Oh, yes, I see it now;
It's the thoughtful look
On the face of the cow.

V V V

And always remember, Bissell, that the difference between a model woman and a woman model is that the former is a bare possibility and the other a naked fact.

V V V

We like April, but June's three months hotter!

Pete Fisher "Min" Minwegan