

Marshmallow Sundae



Burlesque Queen

In an interview held recently backstage at the L & L Club, Miss Flossie LaStrippe, start of the club dignified floor show, Miss LaStrippe expressed her appreciation to the college men, and mostly to the men of Illinois Tech.

"Never," said Flossie, "has there been so attentive an audience, and never have there been such regular attenders—being engineers, these men are interested in the show mainly from the scientific viewpoint. Anyone who has ever been to the show can really appreciate the show can really appreciate the beauty and dignity of all the acts and those Illinois Tech men really ought to know the entire show by her heart".

Miss LaStrippe, after mentioning the men at IIT, started talking about her private life—she leaves L & D at around 4 a.m., and then she heads for home. She reaches home at 4:02 a.m. (she lives next door, and usually retires. She sleeps until twelve, gets up, touches up her hair, and then goes down town. She spends the early part of the afternoon hunting for expensive clothes, and men who will pay for the same. Then the later part of the afternoon, she does special research for her job—she attends the State-Harrison to see that her act is up to par with the other members of Strip Teasers Local Number 10009.

Following this she goes home, (undresses for her act) and by nine o'clock, she is ready to start out on the first of her ten floor shows.

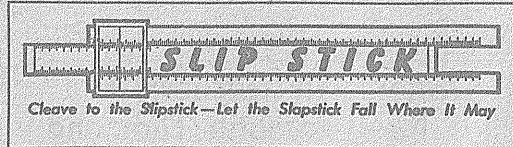
The floor show at the L & L is really very constructive—there are about nine acts—a number of these are strip teases—in fact nine of them are—the first one is a beautiful blond—the second is a beautiful blond—the third one is a beautiful blond—the fourth one is a beautiful blond—the fifth one is a beautiful blond—the sixth is a beautiful blond, the seventh one is a beautiful blond, the eighth one is a beautiful blond, and the ninth is a beautiful brunette— . . . Interspersed with the beautiful blonds and brunettes, there are two comedians, who are famous for their repertoire of cleanest jokes in Chicago, and believe it or not, they are funny—

Miss LaStrippe is a beautiful brunette, oops, I mean blond—it was brunette four weeks ago—and weighs a mere 90 lbs—small but oh my!—you must remember good things come in little packages—she has beautiful brown eyes, or is it blue?—oh well, who notices her eyes anyway?

In between acts, Miss LaStrippe has all the time to herself except for the time when she circulates among the customers and reads tea leaves, reads fortunes in the hands of the customers or holds hands, as the case may be—Just before the second show she drops in for a quiet little game of tag with her boss—then returns to her ardent and enthusiastic fans.

For the future, Miss LaStrippe has much to say—it has been her wish and plan that someday she might open a small ranch—some where in the Sobobi desert—miles from nowhere—where all the broken down strippers, and comedians may spend their ageing days entertaining each other—Here she also hopes to raise fried chickens, popped corn, and roasted beefs. She plans to devote ten acres to the fried chickens, two acres to popped corn, four acres to roast beef, and in the rest of the land, she will raise Tom Collins, Southeastern Comfort, and Kentucky Gentlemen.

POLAR BEAR—Here's a picture of a polar bear eating a marshmallow in a blinding snowstorm at the North Pole.



Once upon a time there was a traveling salesman. He was travelling during a foul night, and the roads were almost impassable. He decided to stop at a farmhouse and ask to be put up for the night and finally came to a farm. It was a sorry looking farm. The barn had burned down and the little house at the end of the long path tilted at a dangerous angle. But there were no other farms nearby.

After pounding on the door for several minutes, the salesman succeeded in awakening the farmer.

"Farmer," said the salesman. "I can't drive to the next town in this weather, and I have no place to spend the night. I hope that you can put me up for the night."

"Well, I don't know about that," said the farmer. "Since the barn burned down, we've been keeping cows in the spare bedroom."

"I should certainly be willing to pay you for any trouble I'd put you to," replied the salesman. "If you don't help me, I'll have to sleep in my car tonight, and the roof leaks."

"Maybe I could put you up tonight," answered the farmer, "but I don't know if I should. I've heard about you traveling men before, and the only place around here where you could sleep is in my daughter's room."

"Oh," said the salesman, blushing prettily, "I'm not at all like other salesmen. I give you my word that I would do no harm, and I am willing to pay you ten dollars if you will let me stay here just tonight."

The farmer arose early the next morning, and peeped into his daughter's room. She was sleeping peacefully, but the traveling salesman was nowhere to be seen. Thinking that the salesman probably had gone down the path, the farmer looked out the bedroom window, but there was no sign that anyone had walked down the path that morning.

"I knew I couldn't trust that city feller," mumbled the farmer as he looked for the telephone number of the sheriff's office. Just then he heard a strange thumping sound coming from just outside the house. Running out through the doorway, the farmer saw the traveling salesman throwing a grapefruit against the side of the house.

"Hey," shouted the farmer, "What'ya think you're doing?" "Throwing a grapefruit against the side of the house," replied the salesman.

—IIT—  
Then there was another traveling salesman, and he, too, was traveling through the country. It was getting late for him, and he was lost. He stopped at a farmhouse and a young woman came to the door.

"Is your father at home?" asked the salesman.



Dear Editor:

I have this Letter to You written to let you know that I have my first Year of German just completed. Why we this Course at all to take have is a Mystery to me. It has all my writing and speaking Habits disrupted. And I have no german learned. I flunked the Course.

Faith In Men

Well, it won't be long, boys. We hear via the grapevine that real soon now some of good old IIT's most beautiful coeds (ahhhh) will be out in this beautiful spring weather (isn't it super, though?) playing tennis and golf and baseball and simply EVERYTHING in the sunshine. (Shorts, too, of course.) Well, it won't be long then, boys.

Well, that certainly was a cute outfit that "Hippo" Bottomly wore to school last week, wasn't it though? I hear that a marine stationed in New Guinea (I really do think that is spelled wrong and I'm truly sorry, Editor Mopey) sent it to her and said that's what the girls wear down there. Dean Wite asked her to write and see if he hadn't forgotten to send the other half of it but it certainly was cute, wasn't it? Well, it won't be long now, boys.

Well, tonight's the big night. The Scroogie Floogies meet the Whoose's Doosies in the grand championship game of the Pink Bloomer Hopscotch League. Between halves Sonny Wiseman will engage Anna Uppercut in a special challenge match. Sonny will use wrestling holds and Anna will employ psychology. It won't be long now, boys.

Well, we certainly think Charles Shafstata should change the sign on his office door. It reads "Sport's Editor" and 17 coeds went in last week by mistake and haven't been seen since.

Well, hasta la tra-vista, Poison Ivyrson

It is so now getting that all my english germanicized is. When for the Time i ask, it has outcome "How much Clock is it?"

Also, am i with Inflections inflected. All my Adjectives with Endings now appear. But what to my Verbs happened not to a dog should.

For instance, sing i the old Song "The Bells for Me and My Gal are Ringing?" and i like it not.

This is my Problem. I speak english not, nor german. What should i about it now do?

Yours truly, Strictlee von Hunger.

Dear Editor:

We read your last issue and we think you are a &"!%,%, a / #4!"; and further more you should &";,!) % / #88"!!!

Abercrombie A. Zampavomitch Ed. note—Thank you, Mr. Zampavomitch. Technology News always appreciates constructive criticism. Dear Editor:

As an interested reader of your weekly publication, I have a suggestion which I believe will prove acceptable not only to you and your managing board but will enable the Insitute's building program to be carried out with a saving of 7 and five-twelfths months.

I advocate that you alter the name of your publication to "Tech New", thus permitting a notable saving in newsprint and in linotrylists' efforts. The remaining syllables—"nology—s" could be combined to read "snology", a course dealing with the sex life of a snowflake, and could be used in all forthcoming promotional material.

Helpfully yours, Harvey Sanderson

Fraternities & Sororities

**TIE SHAFTA HIGH**  
The Tie Shafsta High local order of the national order of the highly perfumated garbage collectors announce that they will have a dinner dance at their estate located at Natchez and Altgeld right next to the scenic coca cola plant #4, according to J. P. Schlemiser, Arsonator.

**ETA RYE**  
The Eta Rye fraternity house was just burned down according to T. Stumphreys, PFC at arms in the fraternity. A wide search is now being made for Shet (fire proof) Squirmir, blazes ace and local torch dancer for questioning.

**STRICKLY OUTA LUCK**  
The sad lasses from Strickly Outa Luck had sad luck at a party they recently threw for some engineers. The ten hearty men became so engrossed in bottled passion that they were shoveled out of the door one at a time in a rather uncoordinated state. Wanted: ten men who like milk.

**FELTA SAW—OUCH!**  
The hungry tigers from Felta Saw recently held a rushing party in the cafeteria. They not only cleaned out all the food "Sandy" had in stock but took most of the dishes and silverware also. The house was also cleaned recently and twenty-three and 73/97 bushels of dirt and garbage was hauled out. This, it is rumored, was due to a recent party.

**GO DAMIT BLOW**  
Go Damit Blow did that, and with their leaving more Armour Air was vacated for the new hordes wishing to enter. They left because they all received scholarships to the Texas

**RAMMIES**  
All the little rods have enjoyed the forced vacation due to incriminating evidence found at the frat house. All the men expect to come back after their release. Plans for the future include a fire proof frat house, an electric alarm system, and a better brand of beer.

**DANDELIONS**  
The Dandelions recently held their "hellweek". Two men survived and will be initiated after a short period of 6 years. They also decided to buy a cabin in the hills for "fishing trips."  
[See FRATERNITIES on Page 4]

FOOTBALL

(Continued from Page 4)

The practice site has not as yet been chosen, although it is rumored that the squad will knit at Red Cross headquarters downtown. All punched out eyeballs and torn off legs as well as splintered spines will be treated at the IIT infirmary, more commonly known as the "Three Duces", with Calvert Reserve. The linament will be applied with an egg beater and the afflicted area will be carefully rubbed down with a steamroller.

With the first conference game scheduled for New Years Eve at the City Dump, Coach Greco wants the entire student body to form the cheering section. He made it known that one special cheer must be included. It is "Rooty da Toot, Rooty de Toot. We're the Boys From The Institute". When asked why he wanted that particular yell, Greco blushed and shyly said, "Why I used to sing that to myself when I was running the elevator."