



Cleave to the Slipstick—Let the Slipstick Fall Where It May

We were told that the jokes in the last issue of the Slipstick were corny, but when we threw the column in the furnace the fire just roared and roared.

—JIT—

"Come, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life there's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake—it is time you should think boy of taking a wife."

"Why so it is father, whose wife shall I take?"

—JIT—

Papa: "Son, are you pursuing your studies faithfully?"

Son: "Yes indeed, father, I'm always behind."

—JIT—

When his daughter returned from the girls' college, the farmer regarded her critically, and then demanded,

"Ain't you a lot fatter than you was?"

"Yes father," the girl admitted, "I weigh one hundred and forty pounds stripped for 'gym'."

The father stared for a moment in horrified amazement, then shouted, "Who in thunder is Jim?"

—JIT—

Teacher (to pupil): "Spell 'straight'."

Pupil: "S t r a i g h t."

Teacher: "Correct, and now what does it mean?"

Pupil: "Without ginger ale."

—JIT—

Panhandler: "You got enough money for a cup of coffee bud?"

Senior CE: "Oh, that's okay, I'll manage somehow, thanks."

—JIT—

She: "I told you you might kiss my hand, but you kissed my lips, too! How dare you!"

Engineer: "Oh, a hand to

## Man Of The Week

### Band Leader Homer Wickham Is President of Pi Tau Sigma

Originally Homer Wickham did not intend to study engineering. Nothing was further from his mind when he graduated from high school in Sterling, Colorado, in 1941. Homer had every hope of becoming a musician. He had been playing the violin since he was ten and in his high school days he had also become adept at the saxophone, flute, and clarinet.

When Homer graduated from high school he joined his two older brothers, also musicians, in a local band which they formed and accompanied them on a tour of most of the western states from South Dakota to California. Early in 1942 the band began to break up because of the war. Homer and his brothers joined the navy and were promptly bustled off for training at the "Navy School of Music" in Washington, D.C.

Fourteen months later in April 1945, Homer was transferred to sea duty aboard the battleship USS Washington where he saw action in the invasions of the Marshalls and the Gilbert Islands.

After a year of sea duty Homer applied for a fleet appointment to Annapolis, but instead was assigned to V-12 and came to the IIT campus as an ME in July 1944. Although he had very little high school training in technical subjects, he was able to overcome this handicap through hard

work and a desire to succeed so that now he maintains a 2.1 academic average.

But not even this rigorous grind could keep Homer away from his music. He accordingly helped organize IIT's first dance band, now one of the most popular organizations on the campus. Always active in this group, Homer has served as its director for the last three terms. Even so he has managed to give a great deal of time to other important student activities. He is the president of both Pi Nu Epsilon and Pi Tau Sigma; he is also secretary of the ASME and at the same time serves as senior SUBC representative.

After his graduation in June, Homer would like to work in Denver, his home town, but he is becoming slightly discouraged because as he says, "My best offer so far is from a local beer parlor which is in need of a musician."

In the headline of last week's Man of the Week column it was erroneously stated that Kurt Kuhale was the 4A class president. He is vice-president and Wit Kosieki is the president of the 4As.

## INFORMATION FOR FREE

"Wild" Bill Furlong

Wandering radio's airplanes these days are two general types of comedians: (a) Henry Morgan and (b) the rest of the flock. That Henry is leaving the boys far in the van is due in part to his gag writers.

Alleged to be one of the more grueling trades, radio gag writing is much like engineering—you turn the traditional crank and "flop!" ... out pops a joke. All gags fit a strict formula although, for the sake of variety, the writers occasionally use new words.

The introduction is the greatest hurdle for any gagster. Once past that point he can float along, insulting himself, his tenor, his orchestra leader, or mothers-in-law in general, knowing that laughter is the instant reaction. But getting a laugh on the introduction is a specter which haunts the comedian from hour to hour. One Happy Boy has evolved a formula which never fails and eliminates the middle man or announcer.

"This is B—the California Chamber of Commerce theme song is 'It ain't Gonna Rain No Mo', No Mo' H—(lengthy pause while studio audience tears down the ceiling) telling you that if it doesn't stop raining soon you can use your P—without getting out of bed."

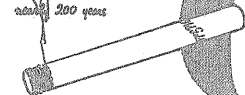
Wow! If things lag about the middle of the show one of the scapegoats is rushed before the mike and the jester snaps, "C—, you're one step lower than a nitwit."

"Well step down and join me," retorts C—, while the ushers rush down the aisles reviving those who have fainted with laughter.

Then there is the negative approach . . . the "I wouldn't say" (See INFORMATION FOR FREE, Page 7)

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