

# Peons Revolt, Torture Editor

## R. Alexandre Leads Second Inquisition

by HITCH JUNE BIRTH  
Goof off Deluxe

History has been said to repeat itself. On the Tech campus, history recently repeated itself in the form of the Spanish Inquisition.

Once the scene of much Spanish activity when Coronado came across the plains in 1540 in search of gold, the West Texas area saw a revival of the Spanish interests with the "Second Inquisition."

## Suitcase Club Elects 'Clean' Slate of Officers

Election of spring officers for the Suitcase Club, chief political organization on campus, will be held Saturday night, according to the present Suitcase boss, Kruddy Mess.

The club, which offers its viewpoint on all hirings, firings or other campus doings throughout the school year free of charge, will hold its election in a closed meeting at Hernandez's Hideaway, according to Mess.

**THE OUTGOING CHIEF** announced that there will be a clean (ha) slate of officers elected at the meeting Saturday. Offices to be filled include High Priest in charge of effigy hangings; Chief Propagandist; Head Poster-Maker; Top Rabble-Rouser, Third Assistant Cyclops, and Student Council Representative.

Candidates for office must have participated in at least one unsanctioned student demonstration or riot during the past year, and must be willing to take matters into their own hands, whenever and where ever the occasion should arise.

**FURTHERMORE**, candidates for top-boss should produce a scalp of at least one member of the administration, preferably from the coaching ranks, but not necessarily so.

After the election, the Suitcase Club will discuss projects for the coming year, which include the ousting of Will Rogers' Statue from its prominent position, and another swipe at the coaches, this time Moe Gerbel and Moe Kingsy, who, it has been pointed out, have had ample time to improve the coaching setup since coming to Ech, and have failed to do so.

**ALSO AS PART** of the program, Mess will be awarded the club's "Gooffoff of the Year" award, which he won by his lousy handling of the BeeWitt Beaver case earlier this year, which brought the club to the attention of the college, and made it infamous throughout the state.

"Next year we're going to be better organized, though," Kruddy quipped. "We're going to be systematic. On Mondays we'll go to movies and start riots; on Wednesdays we'll go to meetings and start riots; and on Fridays we'll go to riots and start riots," the genial chief stated.

**DON'T** Misunderstand me, though," said Mess. "Our club doesn't try to stir up trouble. We merely want to give the poor, unfortunate radicals on campus the fair representation they deserve. Our club is the only outlet for Column 3, SUITCASE . . .

**THE STUDENT'S** Publishing Committee, headed by Senor Ricardo Alexandre the great, stirred up the masses of commoners on the campus when it was discovered that the editor of the La Ventana was editing it. In the past, no editor has done this.

The all powerful Inquisition Committee, formed of the Student's Publishing Committee, held trial after trial and subjected the editor, Pattie Colon, to many rack sessions with the torture chamber.

**SENORITA PATTIE** was charged with discrimination against organizations, segregation of staff members, with-holding of information from the committee, and plagiarism.

This last charge was the result of her statement, "If you don't like the way I do things, you do them."

The committee said that the statement had previously been stated many times by many different Russian leaders, and that they had been taken up on the suggestion. The committee further added that they for sure didn't want any part of the proceedings of the publishing of the annual even if they were the publishing committee.

**FURTHER TRIALS** and sessions were held. The organizations which were discriminated against testified that none of their happy, publicity-seeking members were going to be allowed to have their pictures on their pages and that their names were to be left off. This angered thousands of the commoners according to Ricardo Alexandre, leader of the Inquisition.

**A REVOLT** was in order according to good-ole Spanish style. Securing an able leader, in the form of Weaver Demitt, the masses, including such dignitaries as Dictator E. N. Smith, Dean Blackhead, Dean Allene and his mother, marched on the journalism building.

Bitter fighting ensued, with the result that the committee decided to suspend all publication. The profitable Tech Press was closed, THE TOREADOR was forced into receivership, and class schedules were no longer printed.

**HOWEVER**, the annual, after moving to new offices in the Union was continued. It will appear soon, a 42 page mimeograph publication with plenty of white pages to sign autographs and nice little sayings to friends.

The Tech Press was re-opened shortly due to a shortage of parking tickets for the campus cops. They had completely run out of 40,000 tickets in two days, and to resupply them, the Tech Press will have to operate overtime for two weeks.

OH BOY!

## Coeds Join Army Rot-C

by HAMES JAMM  
Assistant Chief Gooffoff

Coeds will be allowed to take Army ROTC next year.

The decision was reached because too many men students are taking Air Force ROTC rather than Army ROTC by joining Angel Flight, coed Air Force ROTC unit.

Possibly affecting the decision was a recent disturbing article in "Peep", a pictorial magazine of national prestige.

Army ROTC powers figure they can go one better than AFROTC by integrating coeds with the already existing Army ROTC units.

## Toyletdor Ex-Editor Labeled Propagandist

Jiminy Linslay, ex-Toyletdor editor and presently serving as head of the Headknockers Committee of the Tech Board of Flunkies indeed merits the title of "propagandist."

With a cigar (often taken from Dr. Ernie Bones office) filling his mouth, Linslay often has colorful statements to make to the working press, of which he is supposedly a member.

**HOWEVER**, there is some doubt about the latter statement. The State Press Association reportedly has reversed its decision and now states that all managing editors are members of the press, but not of the working press.

While making statements to others in his field of endeavor, Linslay is most cooperative and helpful.

Being interviewed by a Press Reporter, Ken Mayo, Jiminy replied, "With due consideration to all those involved in the present scandal between the Headknockers Committee, Tech Student Body, Lubbock townspeople, the Board of Flunkies as a whole and anyone else concerned, I feel that it is my obligation to comment on the problem at hand.

**HOWEVER, AT THIS TIME**, I will be speaking strictly from a personal viewpoint since the Headknockers Committee has not met for the last six months."

Reporter Mayo asked, "When did you and the Headknockers Committee become acquainted with the problem at hand?"

"Last weekend when the committee members happened to be in Lubbock," he answered.

**WAS THE** Techsan representative there?" Mayo inquired.

"No," Jiminy said, "I think we was busy or something."

"By the way, what exactly is the scandal or problem at hand?" Mayo questioned.

**NO COMMENT!** Jiminy concluded with a smile of satisfaction.

### ... Suitcase

such people, who are always anxious to change things for the better.

"In the future we're going to invite all problems from these unfortunate," stated Kruddy. "No problem will be too large or small for the Suitcases. For instance, we are as well-equipped to solve the simplest campus problem as to launch a satellite," he concluded, ending the messy interview.

"Coeds and men students marching side by side will help 'esprit de corps'," asserts Colonel Big Daddy, Army ROTC wheel.

**AIR FORCE ROTC's** present procedure of marching coeds by themselves in the Angel Flight doesn't do justice to the situation, according to Army ROTC officials—and most men students participating in the program.

Colonel Big Wheel, head of Air Force and a fine, old-fashioned New England Puritan, said that such a program would be disgraceful.

"This is carrying the concept of modern education just a little bit too far," he said.

**IN ANSWERING**, Colonel Big Daddy said "the old-fashioned concept of education has caused us to lag behind in several vital fields in the cold war. We must revamp our educational system if we are to catch up."

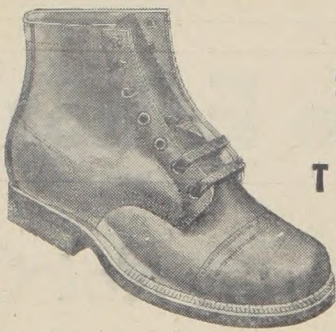
Air Force ROTC plans to counter the Army ROTC's move by adding several inducements to their program, such as 30-minute drill periods, ice cream every Thursday afternoon, free movies, crossword contests—and parties at Buffalo Lakes.

**TO STOP** any violence that may arise from the situation between personnel of the two ROTC groups, the administration announced that it will imprison or fine heavily or both anybody disturbing the peace.

Winners of duels will be hung on the spot.



SENORITA DEBORITA GONZALES has been named as replacement for Dean of Men Lou I.N. Smith, who has recently retired because of the gout, Miss Gonzales remarked that she was happy to have the job because of the simplicity and ease with which it can be carried out. Smith said that the only reason that he is retiring is that he is not able to walk to school every morning.



OUR  
STEAKS  
Are  
TENDER

As a Mother's Love

**Cob's Cafe**

(Bob's Cafe)

## Detergents Harmful Says Chas Drippy

"Detergents do more harm than good," Chas Drippy announced before a meeting of the Ladies' Aid yesterday in a tent outside the administration building.

Speaking before a group of two ladies, his wife and step mother Drippy discussed the advantages and disadvantages of soap detergents.

"In the first place," he said, "You simply can't get dishes clean with that stuff. My old lady has made me wash dishes many times, and it just won't get steak gravy off plates. In fact, the situation has become so bad that I had to switch to instant Lavo."

**DRIPPY DISCUSSED** an experiment that he, as head of the department of janitors and floor sweepers, had made. "We feel that, after made an endless number of experiments, we can safely say that cold water is better for washing dishes cleaner than any

wash-day detergents. I feel sorry for anyone who washes their clothes in the stuff. You ain't never had the itch until you've worn those clothes."

Drippy added, "And I personally pity anyone who bathes in detergents. For one thing, the powder will settle on the bottom of the tub and will make very uncomfortable sitting. In other words—it scratches."

**DRIPPY DISCUSSED** detergents further by saying that present television commercials which promote one soap over another, "are full of prunes." There is not one word of truth in them.

You see a woman take an unnamed detergent and pour it into her husband's right hand and then she will take the sponsors' product and pour it into the other hand. The husband then relates how much cooler one hand feels than the other.

"He's not really lying; Drippy said with sympathy in his voice. "What the audience does not know, however is that he has callouses on his left hand and it is therefore less sensitive than the other."

Drippy concluded that "as long as I'm head janitor" Texas Tech will never use a box of detergent. I won't even let freshmen scrub sidewalks with the stuff. It's dangerous."

## Pre-Med Club Finds Revolutionary Cure

The Pre-Med Club has recently made some startling discoveries in its laboratory. Dr. I. Gosick announced yesterday at a press meeting.

**"WE FEEL THAT** we have made some discoveries that will revolutionize the field of medicine and lengthen the average life span by at least 10 years," the doctor said.

"Returning from a trip to Africa, during which I vaccinated the natives with elorox, I brought back with me a very valuable herb known to the Africans as sassafras.

"This stuff (sassafras) possesses rare medical virtues as rare as its smell; and, although it is a known cure for many diseases we feel that it will relieve college students of one other much dreaded disease — WRITER'S CRAMP.

**ALSO GOSICK** has discovered a remedy for pimples and acne. "I noticed that chickens rarely ever have pimples or acne; so I began to experiment with them," he said.

"I discovered that if I mixed 12 fresh hen's eggs (without the shells) with an ounce of cinnamon and a pint of mare's milk, and then distilled these in a limbeck and washed my face with it's contents, my face would clear up."

# Thieves Steal Matches, Campus Cops Act 'Fast'

Tech's Campus Patrol, answered a call to the Tech Union early today where it was reported that robbers were stealing book-matches, the kind given away as advertisement.

The patrol reacted quickly, and sped to the scene extending the long arm of law and order over the entire campus.

**UPON ARRIVAL** at the Union, the patrol found that the robbers of the expensive matches had departed to the better things in life.

The patrol held a conference to decide which was the best course of action to take. In the conference there was much talk, big talk.

The patrol decided to coincide with student opinion and to do the job to the best of their ability—that is, do nothing. After all, their day had been a hard one. The group sat in conference so long that some of the members began complaining with severe cases of bottom blisters.

**A MAD RUSH** was made on the infirmary, where the diligent

nurses took it all in stride. Later, much later, members of the patrol came from the infirmary determined to catch the robbers and show the students that they really knew what they were doing.

The chiefs again sat in council and referred the case back to the mock murder of Sharla Pepper, Capt. Bottomsore, chief of the investigating officers, declared that the villains would be brought to justice. After all, they had caught the vicious killers of Pepper, they should be able to do the same with the robbers.

Chief Bottomsore made a sudden decision. He could think much better over a cup of coffee. In fact, several cups would surely leave him with a satisfactory course of action.

**THE ROUND** of the coffee shops began. The full crew participated. It was a serious gathering. None of the men broke into convulsions of laughter. They just smiled.

Their job—get the robbers. At length (about three hours), the patrol began to move into drastic action. The Pepper case had been referred to and the apprehension of the culprits seemed assured.

**AFTER THE BOOST** to the coffee industry, the patrol began to consider the unadulterated factor in their lives—time. It would be time to go home from another hard day's work soon. But before any could be released, the villains had to be brought to justice.

Thus the campus boys began to patrol the campus and while on the way, issued several tickets to unauthorized autos. It was a simple matter to drive up beside the violators, sit in the car and write the ticket. It was here that the trouble started.

**SOMEONE HAD** to get out of the car to issue the ticket. Who would be the one? The one who had conceived this preposterous idea of giving the tickets on so cold a day as this, naturally!

The tickets issued to the violators, the patrol returned to their campus headquarters—the cowbarn.

Upon arriving at the cowbarn, the patrol was informed that while they had been supporting the coffee industry, wheels, tires and all, had been confiscated from a dormitory supervisor's auto. There was no question about it now—they were dealing with professionals.

**CHIEF BOTTOMSORE** exclaimed, "To arms men! The villains must be apprehended."

The gallant Chief ran from the quarters, but stopped short looking at his prized patrol car. Something was missing—it dawned on

him. The siren and red light. They had been stolen.

Chief Bottomsore stepped backward and his brave crops stacked up behind him, ready to defend their chivalrous and daring leader to the last.

**"MEN, LOOK!"** he exclaimed. "The culprits have taken our siren."

The men grew pale with anger. How could anyone want to harr their leader? Tears rolled down their cheeks and they resolved in unison, "Chief, if it's the last thing we do, we'll get the varmits."

The patrol moved out. Spying parking violator, one of the corps had to issue the nefarious offender a ticket. He stepped from the patrol car and put his foot on the violator's bumper.

**BLOOD RACED** through his veins as he swelled with pride. With his pad on knee, pencil in hand and with an askance look at the license number, the courageous man hastily scribbled a ticket to the vile criminal. He resumed the search.

Throughout the day the patrol looked under bricks, sticks, cars, etc., but they could not turn up a single clue.

Quitting time rolled around at 5 p.m. and the courageous patrol disbanded. This had been just an average day in the patrolman's life. Much attempted, and nothing accomplished.

Quitting time.



## Cure for Goute Founde Herein

Against the Goute in Cattel: Certain cattel will have a griefe in their feet, which we call the goute, and it will cause the beast to go very striffe. For this griefe, I could never find any person to cure it. This manner of headline is, therefore, the best. Bathe his feet in cole water and put him into a good pasture to make him fat. When he is fat, sell him.

To truse all currant horse cour-sers, I Vise thee to beware, For truth among most of them Is found to be full rare.

If you desire a cock to crow not, anoint his head with oile. If you bind a stone to the tail of an ass, he will not bray nor roar.

WE USE  
CHOICE  
MEATS

**GRAHAM'S  
Steak House**

358 COLLEGE

Stop by 'n see our  
New  
fall fashiONS

**Bray's Tot Shoppe**  
Bray Campus Toggery

Sumpt  
For T

Monday  
Breakfast — Strong  
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Lunch — 1 Boullion cu  
cup diluted water.  
Dinner — 3 oz. prune ju  
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Tuesday  
Breakfast — Six beads  
piration (rargle only)  
Lunch — 1 Doughnut ho  
out sugar)  
Dinner — 1 glass de  
water with pickings  
per dental plate

Wednesday  
Breakfast — Boiled out  
tablecloth  
Lunch — Fly filet (dice  
Dinner — Bees knees and  
to knuckles salted in  
with hidden fly.

Thursday  
Breakfast — Shredded  
skins on bread mold  
Lunch — Belly button  
vel orange  
Dinner — 3 Irish pots  
(dice)

Friday  
Breakfast — 2 lobster  
with phlegm sauce  
Lunch — 1 gnat's tail (q  
Dinner — 2 ant's eyes

Saturday  
Breakfast — Hummingbird  
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Lunch — Pickled tadpole  
Dinner — Aroma of en  
tari pie plate

Sunday  
Breakfast — Broiled but

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# Sumptuous Menu Planned For Tech Dormitories

**Monday**  
 Breakfast — Strong lukewarm water  
 Lunch — 1 Boullion cube in ½ cup diluted water.  
 Dinner — 3 oz. prune juice (gargle only)

**Tuesday**  
 Breakfast — Six beads of perspiration (gargle only)  
 Lunch — 1 Doughnut hole (without sugar)  
 Dinner — 1 glass dehydrated water with pickings from upper dental plate

**Wednesday**  
 Breakfast — Boiled out stains of tablecloth  
 Lunch — Fly filet (diced)  
 Dinner — Bees knees and mosquito knuckles salted in vinegar with hidden fly.

**Thursday**  
 Breakfast — Shredded egg shell skins on bread mold  
 Lunch — Belly button from navel orange  
 Dinner — 3 Irish potato eyes (diced)

**Friday**  
 Breakfast — 2 lobster antennae with phlegm sauce  
 Lunch — 1 gnat's tail (quartered)  
 Dinner — 2 ant's eyes (oxidized)

**Saturday**  
 Breakfast — Hummingbird tongue jelly sprinkled with hair  
 Lunch — Pickled tadpole ribs  
 Dinner — Aroma of empty custard pie plate

**Sunday**  
 Breakfast — Broiled butterfly liver

ers with clabbered milk  
 Lunch — Filet of soft shell crab claw  
 Dinner — No meal will be served

due to the increasing number of students admitted to the infirmary with ptomaine poisoning.



Chick  
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you

**FRieNddly SoiVicE**  
 (Chicken Shack)



NAMED AS REPLACEMENT for Tech Beauty recently is this fine animated specimen. The Beauty, forced into retirement because of an unexpected child, has been warned by her doctor against ever running again. The new Beauty will take over duties next football season and is expected to do a good job once she is trained not to balk.

## Arise Early in Morn, Planets Bless Thee

Arise early in the morning, for these three planets (Sol, Venus and Mercury) are near to aid you. Also at sunrise the air is light and the blood and spirits follow the motions and inclinations of the air.

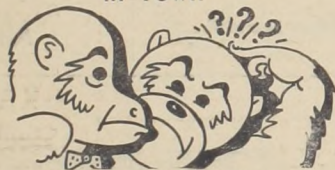
Remember this—nothing is more hurtful to the body than study at night; for after the sun has set the pores of your body are closed and natural heat is fortified

within. Rise early to study for an hour, then stop to comb your head with a bone comb backwards and forward forty times. Then rub your teeth and gums with a fine linen cloth. Lest you weary yourself with much over exertion, remember to turn from your books hourly. During this space you will review what you have read that it might soak in.

When you rise in the morning review your habits of the night to guess at the health of your body. Stretch and chafe yourself with rough cloth to make circulation easy. Then pull off your night cap, which must have a hole in the steeple for the escape of evil humors. Wash your face and hands in cold water at the well. You must especially favor your eyes. Do so by eating food easily digested. Refrain from hot and funny substances such as mustard. Accustom yourself to regard pleasant colors, such as yellow and purple. If you must bathe, bathe not too hot nor too cold. You must not inspire a revolt of the members.

USE  
CLASSIFIED  
ADS

The Best Cooks  
in Town



Hilltop Barbecue

## WHY WORRY

Nothing's Going  
to turnout  
RIGHT  
Anyway



ADVICE & COUNSELING

CENTER

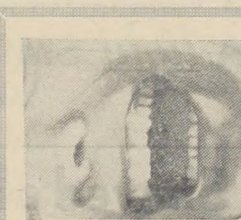
(BOOK & STATIONERY CENTER)

## Miracle Remedy ----- Fumigate Devil Modern Remedies Offered For Ills

Take Brimstone, Assafoetida, Galbanum, St. Johns-Worte, and Rue. All these things, being allowed according to their proper and peculiar benediction, must be cast upon the fire. The smoke thereof must then be applied to the nostrils of the possessed one. This is an excellent remedy and *ad fugandos et fumigandos daemones* to drive and smoke away devils.

I. H.: *Work for Chimney-Sweepers; or A Warning for Tobaccoists. Describing the Pernicious Use of Tobacco, no Lesse Pleasant Than Profitable for all Sorts to Read.*

Imprinted at London by T. Este for Thomas Bushell, and to be sold at the greath North dore of Poules.



Watch  
Howard's  
Repair

Howard Watch Repair

## Who Said Parting Sweat Sorrow?

Since there are no Indians to give it to, we're giving it to the coeds—Doak Hall, that is.

We're giving it back to them more than giving it to them, since they had it first.

**MANY MEN STUDENTS** were saddened when they learned they would have to move out of Doak—especially those with rooms on the south side of the dorm.

Making Doak a girl's dorm will complete the process of separating coed's and ed's dorms to different tracts of land.

An element of the male student body is advocating giving the coeds Sneed rather than Doak, on the assumption that everybody would be happier all the way around.

**DOAK WAS BUILT** in 1934 and designated a girl's dorm. In 1943, the men claimed the dorm. Much of the popularity of this dorm is due to its favorable location in relation to classrooms?

7301 College  
for reservations  
SH 4-8451

30c per line  
SPECIAL  
STUDENT RATES



Allen  
Lubbock's Largest Bowling

**O. C. BOWL**

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Fast'

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WE USE  
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MEATS

AHAM'S  
eak House  
COLLEGE

Bray's Lot Shoppe

Bray Campus Toggery

# Sticklers!

WHAT IS THE BEST PRESENT YOU CAN GIVE A FRIEND WHO'S GOING TO EUROPE? (SEE PARAGRAPH AT RIGHT)



**BON VOYAGE** presents? You might give a substantial checking account in the Left Bank of Paris. A deck of cards for playing London Bridge. Or walking shoes in which to Rome Italy. Better yet, give Luckies—and make your present a *Partin' Carton!* A Lucky, after all, is the best-tasting cigarette anywhere. In Paris you hear, "Un Luckee? C'est merveilleux!" (That's French!) Roughly translated, it means: it's all fine, light, good-tasting tobacco, toasted to taste even better. (That's advertising!) Just light up a Lucky and see for yourself! (Now, that's smart!)

Stuck for dough? **START STICKLING! MAKE \$25**

We'll pay \$25 for every Stickler we print—and for hundreds more that never get used! So start Stickling—they're so easy you can think of dozens in seconds! Sticklers are simple riddles with two-word rhyming answers. Both words must have the same number of syllables. (Don't do drawings.) Send 'em all with your name, address, college and class to Happy-Joe-Lucky, Box 67A, Mount Vernon, N. Y.



WHAT IS A TEN-DAY DICTATOR?

GORDON WAKEFIELD, U. OF KANSAS *Brief Chief*

WHAT IS A SHEEP'S "HELLO"?

JOYCE BASCH, PENN. STATE *Bleating Greeting*

WHAT IS AN ADROIT FISHERMAN?

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, YOUNGSTOWN U. *Master Caster*

WHAT IS A MOTHER WHO SPARES THE ROD?

DONNA SHEA, BUFFALO STATE TEACHERS *Toddler Coddler*

WHAT IS A LONG-DISTANCE WALKING CHAMPION?

WALTER LEYLAND, WILLIAM AND MARY *Pace Ace*

WHAT IS A MODEST MISTAKE?

ANNE LUBELL, BROOKLYN COLLEGE *Humble Bumble*

LIGHT UP A *light* SMOKE - LIGHT UP A LUCKY!

©A. F. Co. J

Product of The American Tobacco Company - "Tobacco is our middle name"

## ... Whiskers Gone

then his thoughts turned to his prized and valuable collection of Shakesword and he shuddered.

"I just couldn't bear to have my volumes taken away from me. After all the wonderful hours in front of the hearth with the treasured pieces, I realized it was impossible to live without them."

"I would give up anything for Shakesword. I would gladly relinquish my Carnegie Library card, my three digit social security card number or my jungle rot infested combat boots, but why in hell does she have to demand my beard. Terrible! terrible!"

I ceased my interviewing as I could see the old gentleman was cracking up before my eyes. All the years of turmoil in the classroom with the ignorant country hicks of West Texas had not phased him like this one edict — the beard must go.

Strout pulled himself together and went on, "After pondering the situation over my teacher-salaried-financed meal of preserved turnips and corn mash beverage, I realized the only solution to the whole mess. I went to the garage to fetch my new hemp rope, but she had beat me to it and was giggling."

"You ain't going to get out of it this easy, doc," she said with eyes dancing in diabolic delight.

With my only path of happy escape blocked, I turned to the house and walked slowly to the bathroom where I fondly fondled and admired my friend for the last time. With grim determination, I withdrew the sheet metal cutters from the kitchen cabinet and proceeded to whack. One pair of tin snips and 32 razor blades later the beard, my most prized possession outside of Shakesword, lay in the sink — a victim of the wrath of a woman."

"You must go now, for the ordeal has greatly impaired my health and I must rest," sighed the trembling old gentleman.

I crawled back to my typewriter, cursing the editor for sending me on such a horrendous assignment, lit up a Fever Blister cigarette and proceeded to bat out the story. An era had ended. A man's health, happiness and hope had been wrecked.

"I just got tired of that old goof-off..."

USE CLASSIFIED ADS

## Whiskers Shaved off Strout Is Disqualified

"I just got tired of that old goof-off blasting in the front door, asking what is for supper and then whisker-burning me with that obnoxious growth," said Mrs. A. L. Strout, when asked why she made the prof shave.

With tears in his eyes, Alan Lang Strout, English professor at Tech for humpteen years told the morbid details of the fateful day at 2512 21st St., the Strout's home, when the ultimatum was passed down.

Strout said he first started growing his beard in the Guatemalan revolution of 1915 when mosquitos started nesting in the dimple on his chin. He related that the itching was fierce when he tried to sleep with a mosquito nesting in his dimple.

"After careful grooming for many years," Strout said, "the damn thing was finally learning to behave when she made me cut it off. It was terrible."

It was about six o'clock one morning and cold as a witch in the night when I came trucking in

the front door and yelled, 'what am I going to have to tolerate for supper tonight?' The Mrs. then blew her stack when I leaned over to plant an affectionate kiss on her ruby red lips."

"Get away from me with that bush, you louse," she screamed. "You either cut that filthy mess off or I'll cancel your allowance and burn your volumes of Shakesword. And you'd better know, bub, that I ain't kidding."

(Mrs. Strout related later when questioned about the word "ain't" that she got so tired of using meticulous, formal grammar in the classroom that she often let her hair down to the use of a few good ole' Texas colloquialisms once in a while.)

Strout told how he stood horror stricken at the ultimatum just uttered. He thought of all the years of grooming, waxing, cutting and trimming that had gone into the lovable old patch. He thought of all the tradition the beard had initiated on the Tech campus. But,

Great buy!  
the trim-fitting  
ARROW Glen

It's the shirt with the stand-out choice in collars — the regular, button-down, or permanent stay Arrow Glen. Exclusive Mitoga® tailoring carries through the trim, tapered look from collar to waist to cuff. "Sanforized" broadcloth or oxford in stripes, checks, solids. \$4.00 up. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW — first in fashion

