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Spring Festival Chairman Uses Bad Coin, Now Con 16735842

Jets Jet Off; Rot C Unit Is Activated

Southern Illinois University will bid adieu today to the Rot C unit on campus, according to Major Hickory, the unit's commander. There is a worry that for California where the unit will catch a transport flying them to an air-base in Korea.

The Rot C unit has been training vigorously for months in preparation for air fighting. "My boys have shown great skill in handling the jets here at the camp base," comments Major Hickory. "I'm sure they will soon end the war when they reach Korea."

Friday night a Military Band was given the departing heroes in the Chevy Building. The National Air Force Band played for the hall, and General G. H. Arnold gave a farewell address.

The Southern Illinois Symphony Band will lead the parade today as the unit marches to the train station. The cadets are fearful at leaving the university they love, but they are anxious to reach the front where they will fight for their country, university, and the Southern coeds.

Free Beer, Chorus Line in Old Main

John Keerymakus will be owner and operator of the new beer hall which will open the grounds of Old Main sometime in the near soon according to President Meliste Dorris.

The decision to open this new beer hall after a mass student demonstration was announced by dean of the College of VocProf Reins.

According to the new ruling passed in connection with the beer

hall, all students will be given 50 minutes between their 10 minute classes.

"Age shall not be asked at the bar," said John. "Anyone who can look over my bar will be served." (Editors note—The bar is one foot high.) "Chaperone service will be started." Keerymakus added, "which will carry beer to all classes in other buildings."

Thus ended the career of one of the smoothest common ever to grace the campus. This young short, fat character with a mania for criminal acts, was not in the least suspected, as he had been approved as the chairman of the Spring Festival, for he was DOWELL O'LANIEL.

University officials were dumbfounded when he made a flat statement that he must have control of all expenditures of the club activities. True to Southern hospitality, the officials let the smoothie from Chicago handle the dough.

A recent survey among the people working on the Spring Festival was astounding when he gave a report of what took place in regard to the planning of the festival. His only statement was, "I can't get away from that. I'm used to it."

Then the club was understood. The week was spent with all this planning, no one even attending the events here anymore. Roars of laughter were heard from nearby.

The sly man was quick to grasp his opportunity as he said, "Why, all this planning, no one even attending the events here anymore."

This man was carried in the opposite direction of one dastard. The dissenting vote was made by our smoothie again who said, "Let's, let's go halfway about this men, let's have a deal where you get all and nothing. Let's a rip for c's."

Thus the money that Laneil had, he figured it was to remain here as a poor.

Last Tuesday he departed for Florida. Soon after his departure, a representative of the Student Council found that he had flipped with a two-headed coin, and had thereby cheated in winning the contest. Angry members of the committee for Spring Festival armed themselves with any weapon handy, and left on the trail of the culprit.

He was finally located on the farm of Al Capone, just over the line and had a well-deserved whack. The cannon located in front of the rigdage was used by our hero to blow up the fatal shot. It had been transported to the scene of his hit out with the compliments of Southern's flying club.

DO NOT READ THIS (APRIL FOOL! YOU DIDN'T)
Editor's Mailbag

Dear Sirs,

Yesterday, as I sat in the cafeteria drinking coffee and pensively cleaning my fingernails with a fork, it occurred to me that this institution is sadly lacking in one of the fundamental necessities of life. I am speaking of curse of spitoons. Now I am certain that it was not the intention of the bird of trustees to deprive a man of a chew, but that is exactly the effect that there negligence has produced.

Ma tol me then it was imperative to spit on the floor or in the sugar bowls, but I ask you now, where else is there? My first day in English class this turn (I am an English major) I had the good fortune to be sitting by a opu windo. So, when the time con to spit I just leaned over an let er go. You never hear such a racket. I thot the old hen was gonna lay a aig right up there on the desk. Them breezes can fool you sometimes.

Now that you are familiar with all the complications of the problem I would like to know whether or not you couldn't write a amendmant or a editorial or sum other thing to get things changed a little.

Yurs truly,

Eb Tyde

P. S. If you could git sum plased evr few feet along the corruuds it sur wud help.

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Editors of the NAITPYGE

Surely you are not unaware of the numerous cracks in the campus sidewalks. But! Have you ever thought of these cracks as open opportunities to organized gambling? Picture an entire university student body neglecting classes and going hungry in order to spend their time and money picking pennies at these cracks. Worse still, picture the university, already overrun by unscrupulous men, acting as the house and demanding ten percent of the winnings.

Can't the cracks be filled and the administration tossed overrun by unscrupulous menes at these cracks, Worse still, picture the man-seeking female and work our way into the sun. Fa wrecks for Alumni can male a comprehensive.

EB TYDE

Saluki Howls

OFF WE GO

(Tune: Off We Go)

Off we go into the stadium yonder,
Saluki men into the sun.
We've got guns, and we don't dare to blunder.
What's this? We play for fun?
Watch our smoke; watch our throats rear thunder.
Come on, gang, roll up the score!
We look like weeks at Alumni check.
Hey, nothing can stop the S.U. Corp.

Here they come onto the field from yonder,
Saluki goes into the din.
We can't lose, and it is any wonder.
We're well built, and they're too thin.
Gooe their eyes, and plow them under.
Who plays clean? We play to score.
Though Harold is good we carry on.
Hey, nothing can stop the S.U. Corp.

SALUKI LOCKER ROOM SONG

Deck the room with legs of liquor,
Of mouse and beast and crimson and if she nervously places one foot on top the other, very good.

HER VOICE should preferably be nasal, and her head inverted if and when she talks to you for the first two or three months. If the subject concerns to having a date with you under any less ten specific requests, she must be forgotten. We must also bear in mind that the following tests during courtship are indicative of a failure in marriage:

1. Any tendency to stay out after sun-down. 2. A willingness to let unchaperoned in theater. 3. An invitation to visit her house with the presence of at least two parents.

Well, good luck, young men. Have patience!

Fa la la la la, la la la la,
Schlitz, Budweiser, Atlas Prager,
Fa la la la la, la la la la,
Dam now groceries apparel,
Fa la la la la, la la la la,
First tend Will for one more barrel,
Fa la la la, la la la la.

You Name It!
We'll Feed It!

Flunks Foot Test, Switches To Cream-Oil---

"Neigh, neigh," says J. Paul Sweedy as he switches to VILE-FOOT CREAM-OIL after he had flunked the athlete's foot test. Result—no sandal on the tracks.

Beware Attractive Women Will Trap You

by Steve Nahlberg

I write this article in the belief that all of us have the un­ suspecting American male who is besotted and bewitched by women. I have come to the heart that all American men are anxious to be seen only with the women who are of the "home-spun" type. I am forty-seven years of age, and have never worn a touch of lipstick, never used face powder, never set our deliberately to trap any man into marriage by the use of so-called feminine wiles. Many of the young women who went to school with are married. I am not married. My picture and telephone number will be sent upon request.

In order to give the American male a comprehensive, authent­ ic guide to the avoidance and de­ tection of outrageous women I am going to list in sequence, the signs for which the young man must be on his guard. We will start at the bottom of the typical man-seeking female and work our way to the top. By the time we have completely covered this list no sensible young man will be able to successfully evade any contact by instant detection. I must warn the young male reader, however, against any "falling by the wayside" during his study of this guide.

We commence our study by looking at the prototype of the average American woman. Ask yourself these questions: 1. Does she wear colored stockings? 2. Do you detect the presence of silk stockings? 3. Does the ankle (to use the vernacular) look "well-touched"? If it is not, then we have a dandy woman. If it is, we have a dandy woman. If it is, we have a dandy woman. If it is, we have a dandy woman.

We now come to the next question: 4. Is there no presence of covets. 2. No attempt to deceive by artificial curling and arrangement of hair . . . the hair should be plain and unadorned. 3. No plucking of eyebrows. 4. Fingertips to be clear of any artificial coloring 5. Ears to be General and bear no ornamentation. 6. General over-all appearance to be plain in regard to color of clothing.

Personality traits—When spoken to, the girl should blush a deep (Left, again, you fool)
It Soon Will Happen . . .

April 1 — Student Middle Shrimp meal, 3 a.m.
April 2 — Southern Yacht Club rave, Lake Ridgeway.
April 3 — Pogo Stick concert featuring Po and Go and the rest of the sticks. Stylophone amphitheatre.
April 4 — Lecture by Joe Stalin, subject — "Why I Am a Staunehhut.
April 5 — All-school kick-out banquet "Southeast for South- ern Week." Mess Hall, 6 a.m.
April 6 — School dismissed all day by proclamation of Doc Penney, assistant administrative device to the president.

It Soon Will Happen—No Foolin' This Time!

Tuesday, April 1 — Phi Mu Alpha informal smoker, 9 p.m., Little Theatre.
Wednesday, April 2 — Co-Rec. meeting, 7 p.m., women's gym.
Thursday, April 3 — Girl's rally meeting, 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., Main 210. I. R. C. meeting, 7 to 9 p.m., Little Theatre. Roundtable discussion on foreign policy. Everyone invited.
Friday, April 4 — Pogo Stick concert, Little Theatre.
Monday, April 5 — French club movie, 7 to 9 p.m., Little Theatre.
Southern Artes Village Association pot luck supper, town meeting, 6:30 p.m., Southern Artes Recreation Hall.

New Production!
By Tone-Beat Reporter Scores

(The following radio program from a past show was filched by your reporter who worked for one and a half hours on a Tone-Beat this summer at the Clum sy-Broadcasting System).

ANNOUNCER: The makers of Moscow's Military Shoes present you an action packed adventure quiz show—"Doctor G. 1st!" Contestants must be between the ages of 18 and 36 and of foreign origin. All are Miles of the United States Armed Forces or members of their families. The Doctor, G. J., is in reality kindly old George General Lewis Benesh, will put three questions to our contestant. If the contestant answers all three questions correctly, he receives a six-month deferment. However, should Doctor G. J. 1st. on the contest, he is automatically awarded a pair of Moscow's Military Shoes in his exact size—where he's going he'll sore his toes. And now here's Doctor G. J. 1st.

DR. G. J.: Thank you very much, and now I want you to meet the Doctor G. J. 1st. I have my armed guards stationed at all exits. Now here's our first contestant. How old are you? 

CONTESTANT: Terrible! 

DR. G. J.: I'm a bit flabbergasted. I was expecting to see a tough guy off your face—straighten up—beast out! Now, I just dare you to answer this question: Within 2 carrots and 4 pints of condensed milk were consumed by the Armed Forces in World War II? (Procedure of show. All contestants must guess questions.)

CONTESTANT: As losing contestants, I think you ought to have some say in the matter. And now this is Doctor G. J. 1st. who reminds you to come and see us again at the same time next week for another session of the Doctor G. J. 1st. Show.

New Production!
By Tone-Beat Reporter Scores

ROVER-AROUND
You have all heard the expression, "It's a dog's life." Well, there's so funny thing about that. Let me give you an example. "Rover" is my name and that is just what I do, rover around the campus, smile at the antiquity of people, and get many an amused chuckle out of the similarity between you and me. Some of my relatives. You have probably see me chasing flies on the steps of Old Main, or zooming in some classroom, I am aware of the fact that the last is not a distinguishing characteristic; students do that too.

But to return to the aforementioned similarities, just come alone with me on tour of the university, or perhaps to get a more accurate cross-section in less time, of campus. As we enter the door, guess that tough looking unclassified breed to your left, he is the teacher whose class you just came from, and your walk back to a table. Now just set down and look around.

SEE, THERE IS the pondle in all her shorn glory, setting with her current flame who, complete with these eyes can see exactly how they get along. And now she is our first clock-in, the Mexican Hairless.

The opposite extreme is personified in the form of the Pekinese, or long locked campus cutie. That guy over there with the girl, one coke, and two straws can just be called Scooty.

Now that you are in the swing of the above two, you can recognize P. E. Boxers, journalism blood-bounds, and the Robert Burns, or beautiful Cocker Spaniel in being taken by the campus wolf. That Dashundance over there who is dashing around trying to

Student Makes Mistake

Special Offer
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Flutes Breakfast Food
424 Madison Avenue
New York 1, N. Y.
Hail The Hound Dogs

by HERMAN SCHMOOLEN

Our agent in Champaign phoned in a hot tip, from a reliable source who has asked to remain anonymous, disclosing that the entire Illinois varsity basketball squad plans to transfer, lock, stock, and gum shoe, to Southern after the current school year. One player said he has no comment.

Another varsity star, when asked his reasons of deciding to transfer to Southern, "Taa. I'm just daffy over Hilbilly music."

Southern's baseball squad is now holding practice sessions at the intersections of Main and Illinois. Commenting on this decision to select a new practice field, baseball coach Ben (Obe) Martin said, "We were just too many losing players on that old Chautauqua field. Several outfiers are out of the line-up now because they overlooked that drop in center field, and fell over the edge of the players, in pursuit of a fly ball. Also, a rumor was spread that a boony man made his home in the thick, dark forest behind first base. After that, some of the boys refused to return to practice."

TRACK COACH FLEALAND (Sock) Tingles denies charges that he used the needle to dope his star runner Cool (Smoky) Philman, enabling Philman to set a new record of 2:30 in the two-mile run. In his high pitched, raspy voice, Tingles squeaked, "I wouldn't do that to a dog—even a Sa-luky!" Philman commented, "Gee, you think I was a pin-cushion or something."

Today is the date set for coach Flynn C. (for Cut-Rate) Folder to appear before the Grand jury at Colp on charges of collaborating with gamblers to fix Southern basketball games. Folder expressed his innocence, commenting, "Slurpf, slurpf, chomp, phfft, bang!" (He was chewing bubble gum at the time). When he heard that members of the squad were quoted as saying they would stand by him, Folder smiled and said, "Gee, guys, I knew you could do it."

Southern Gridders

Spring practice began last week for 25 of Southern's prospective grid stars. According to coach Billy (Bubbles) Walrus, "The even have their work out for them.

"Just look at our reputation," said Walrus. "Last year we finished untied, undefeated, and unmelded on. Why, my boys haven't lost a game of pinochle in three years." (Thanks to Dr. Paul Kruzwurber of the speech department.)

Walrus showed particular joy when speaking of his new defensive line. "Why, that line's so air tight, Walrus said, "that the first day of practice two line hackers suffocated from lack of oxygen."

"Look at that kid at right end, Melo Dores. He's worked eighteen a day at the cafeteria to pay his meals, yet he finds time to spend six hours a day practicing. No sir, you won't find him loafing. Horace, get up from under that bench."

At right tackle I'm using Buster Bourne. Have yet to find a ball carrier who can't stop. He's only a freshman, too, of course, he's been one for the last three years, though."

"See that curly-headed bruiser over there?" Walrus asked. "That's Cig Arbatt, our right guard. He guards the middle of that line like our Saluki watches a "T" bone steak."

One of the biggest breaks of the season came when one of my Indian boys from the junior college I coached at out in Washington decided to come to Southern. There he is over there. His name is Chief Rain-on-the-Roof, but back home we called him Dripps. A great guard and a wicked tom-tom player."

"My left tackle is Burets (Gabby) Dobbs, a bruiser if there ever was one. Don't let that sleepy look fool you, he's fast as a greased thunder, said Walrus."

"My left end is C. Southern Fol-lehy. He's wicked in breaking up those end runs. I've never yet seen a ball carrier who could squeeze himself under our end."

Walrus chatted his hands twice and all action on the field stopped. The players rushed toward him and gathered in a semi-circle.

"O.K. Kids, let's get started. Today," said Billy (Bubbles) Wal-rus. "I'm going to teach you a new step. This one's called the Highland Fling. We may not win this game this fall, but won't we have a lot of fun?"

Supersonic Whistle

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