Terrible Crime Wave Spreading Over Campus—Fat Man Caught
We Can't Think Of This Subhead, So Why Don't You?

One of the most atrocious crimes ever to be perpetuated on the Tech campus was solved this morning. A small child was found in front of Knowles Dormitory, its small body cruelly mangled. Suspected from the first, Buck Murphy was taken in for questioning when he flashed his own pack of cigarettes. When arrested, Murphy said of the detectives, quoted: Furdenbur ibble bit en quote. After a long guerling third degree lasting 5,607 minutes Murphy said, "Please top, I'll tell all." The details are too gory for our sensitive readers but the summary is as follows: Early Thursday night Buck lay in wait for the child whom he knew to have a piggy bank. The child sauntered unsuspectingly along with his bank on the way to the candy store. Out of the shadows rose a dark figure. The figure was Buck, and he expertly welded a section of gas pipe. Snatching the bank, which contained exactly fifteen cents, Buck dashed to the Robbery and bought his first pack of cigarettes.

See us

News Flush
By A & P Wire

John Sinner, man about the campus, is about to bring suit with a local agency for not giving him but half of what the boys got in past years.

Baldy Holes, Silky Milla
Up For Tax Evasion,
Corrupt Politics, Etc.

... (And Other Things)

Forrest "Baldy" Holz, notorious leader of a corrupt political organization, and Frank "Silky" Miller, bootlegger, policy leader, and ex-convict, were lodged in the local bastille yesterday following their arrest by Federal authorities on charges of income tax evasion. The two hoodlums, for several months suspected of hoarding large amounts of cash which they looted from innocent students under the guise of publishing a HUMOR magazine, finally made the mistake that Al Capone and many other big-time crooks made. At the time of their arrest they had on their persons $372,298.35, of which, income returns had been made on only $.35. Holz explained that this amount ($.35) was money that he made running errands when he was ten years old and had never spent. Miller sought to escape prosecution by fleeing in his Supercar, bought with part of his ill-gotten hoard, but was frightened into submission when the authorities caught up with him and his moll in a Piedmont Road jook joint.

Also held on a charge of drawing obscene pictures and having too many wives was the infamous "Popay" Morgan.

Smooth Riding! You Can Get It In a Ford!

This Week
News Pages 1-4
Dirt 4th Floor
Ladies Wear P. U.
Editorial

Rifle Team Drops Close Shoulder To Shoulder Match With Agnes Scott

Dogsleding Squad Also Loses; Coach Says: 'Too Much Mush!'
THE YELLOW JERKIT

Published weekly by the Faculty Censor of the Georgia School of Technical Stuff.

Editorial

De foist ting dat we'd like to point out to youse guys is dat in our want ad column, we have been getting de best results dat could possibly be gotten in our want ad column. We have been getting such good results, dat we are going to show youse guys dat dere ain't no dirt on our nose, like dere is on Conway's dirty rag. Just before I got put up here in de hoosegow, I received the notices of the following:

Dear Yellow Jerkit:

I lost a fountain pen that I prized very highly and immediately inserted an ad in your paper. Yesterday, I found the pen in my other suit. Bless your paper.

Happy Student.

Dear Yellow Jerkit:

I put the following ad in your paper last week: LOST—One petti-coat of cantseethru satin. Has broken shoulder strap. Anyone who finds this slip and doesn't return it to me will catch hell if I find out who did it.

The next week when I woke up one morning, I had to get out my shotgun and run away the boys that showed up with slips saying they was mine. I shore do thank you fer my increased popularity.

A Atlanta Belle.

Dear Yellow Jerkit:

Remember that ad I've been inserting every week? Well, JERKIT!

De nex ting of importance around dis here town dat is got to be straightened up is these here nasty jails dat they has got around here. I am so tired of having to sleep on dese iron cots every Saturday, dat I sometimes tempted to go straight, if dat could be possible. Then, too, my gal don't like the way I scratches every Sunday when I goes to see her. It is high time somebody did something about this; and since I am editor of such an inflooinchul publication, I am going to put de screws on right now. ARISE, ATLANTANS, AND CLEAN OUT JAILS SO THEY'LL BE A DECENT PLACE TO LIVE IN.

Social Notice

All y'all fellers that want ter come to a free weddin' can just wait around a while and see "I'll-Sign-Your-Book" Ison and "Cuddles" Garrett get it hitched.

They just couldn't wait when they got down to see that Sea Island moon, so he gave her th' ring.

Jimmy Porter would like to have dun th' same ting but Catherine (Continued on page 5)

Economy! You Can Get It In a Ford!

Another News Flush

Bob Woodall, impoverished editor of Blue Print, is going on relief next week, it was learned in secret circles today.

Would You Like to Become a Great Lover?

Our Rates are Low (So Are Our Methods)

"HOWIE" ECTOR, INC.

"I's time to Discover That You're a Great Lover"

Need Money?

see HELLYES, INC.

So Do We

FLASH!

A bicycle pulled up at Peachtree Street and eight men got out. They didn't know what to feed it so three of them died. It rained on Tuesday so one took out an umbrella and half of it was dried up. Then they turned left which was wrong but right was right so they fought and four died in the hair-pulling the rest ran down the street gleefully singing "Throw another fog on the liar."
Looky, Looky, Here Comes Stooky
When!Stooky - Wooky’s On The Ball,
The Team Ain’t Got No Chance At All
(Ain’t That Cute?)

Joe Stooky, the man it took to bring Tech track back into the lead lines, has had a most unusual career. He has an excellent background for putting the shot. His tremendous arm and shoulder muscles came from peeling grapes in California “wrath” factory.

His large, strong leg muscles came as the result of his thinking about chasing blondes in the arctic. His ability to put the shot came from his mother (she was scared by a baseball player when a nurse woman). As though this were not enough he toured Europe as a professional bomb thrower and made a particular hit with Stalin in Russia (Stalin still blows up balloons to keep in practice). After his return to Europe every American college bid but due to circumstances beyond our control he came to Tech. Even now he is in training for the coming season. He trains by pitching woo at night, tossing off a hangover every morning, and, oh yes, he does putt the shot now and then.

C. A. A. PILOTS!!
PARACHUTE SALE
Guaranteed... Money Back
If They Don’t Open.

WE - MAKE - UM
YOU - OPEN - UM
PARACHUTE CO.

WORLD’S EIGHTH WONDER (WE WONDER TOO)

The People’s Party announces the nomination of the following for Student Council:

BILL WORDE
“GEEZIL”
ANN SHERIDAN

Attention, Students
What are you going to buy your gals for Easter?

If you hadn’t thought about it, don’t worry! It’s too damn late!

POLITICS ! ! !

Does Your Side Hurt?
Does Your Threat Pain?
Call
DR. JOE TREADLESNITCH, V. S.
Kadiva Hospital
INCision - 5000

FOR QUICK SERVICE
Call Dearborn Oh Oh and ask
for Maisie. If a man answers, call later.
This week, dear boys, the Theta Chi's had a perfectly roaring tea party. That is, it would have been roaring if the Dean—oh, you know. Irving (don't you think he's just too cute?) Massey was positively a man-about-town with the gorgeous glamor girl (fourteen-year-old buttermilk) he escorted. She made a perfectly divine graceful entrance, and after falling on her face, recovered her poise quickly with frequent tugs at her girdle. And, oh, you just should have seen Irving, and I mean really, making love to her. He created no end of comment when he sat on HER lap and the chair broke!

While I was in the lounge, who should swagger in but that old hussy Brenda Murphy. I'll bet she thought she was the "stuff," but her bustle was out of line. She was a revolting sight with that new hair-do. I just laughed myself silly. In the midst of my hilarity, in walked Joanna Bosch, as stunning and petite as ever. She was wearing one of those new backless, sideless, topless, bottomless, frontless evening gowns with a long pleated skirt and a train of handsome men. It must be awful to be so pretty and have all those men following you about with their tongues lolling out.

More Power! You Can Get It In a Ford!

Practically on Joanna's heels were those look alike, act alike, dress alike girls, Cobina Shaw and Janice Wright. They were all wrapped up in their legs when they tripped fantastically into the salon. They were wearing divine creations direct from Passaic. The cerise material of the bodice and the shimmering velvet of the skirt were bunched at the waist. From their feline hips hung two low-slung .45's. They said they were trying to create a new Leap Year fashion. It is wonderful what the modern American girl can do by applying her perverted imagination. The fashion show in the lounge at the affair proved that. Well, next year is another year, with its new styles and new faces. I only hope that we are all single and able to attend next year. Toodle-doodle!

Do you want to be a fraternity man?

See Matt Cole at the Phi Delta Theta house if you are interested.

No questions will be asked

P. S. BOYS -- APRIL FOOL!

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PHOTO - FINNISH WAR PHOTO

No Stalin, Fellows!

This picture, one of the first released since the war ended in Finland, was taken during a snow storm. On the extreme left you see a Finnish private in white leading six Russian prisoners, in white also, back to camp. The large Russian guns at right, camouflaged with white, were used against Vepsurilachleytz on the Caryloneythlantz front. The three frozen Russians in the foreground, with their dead white horses, were killed by Finnish ski units. Notice the Laabo mountain ranges in the back, which are covered with snow and form a peaceful background for the bloody scenes taking place before it.

AINT THEY HELL?

HELP WANTED!

WANTED—Twenty-five students who know how to put out a humor magazine. Those interested apply to Forrest Holz at the Yellow Jacket office. We will pay you ten cents a day to clip jokes out of other magazines.

By nieLus