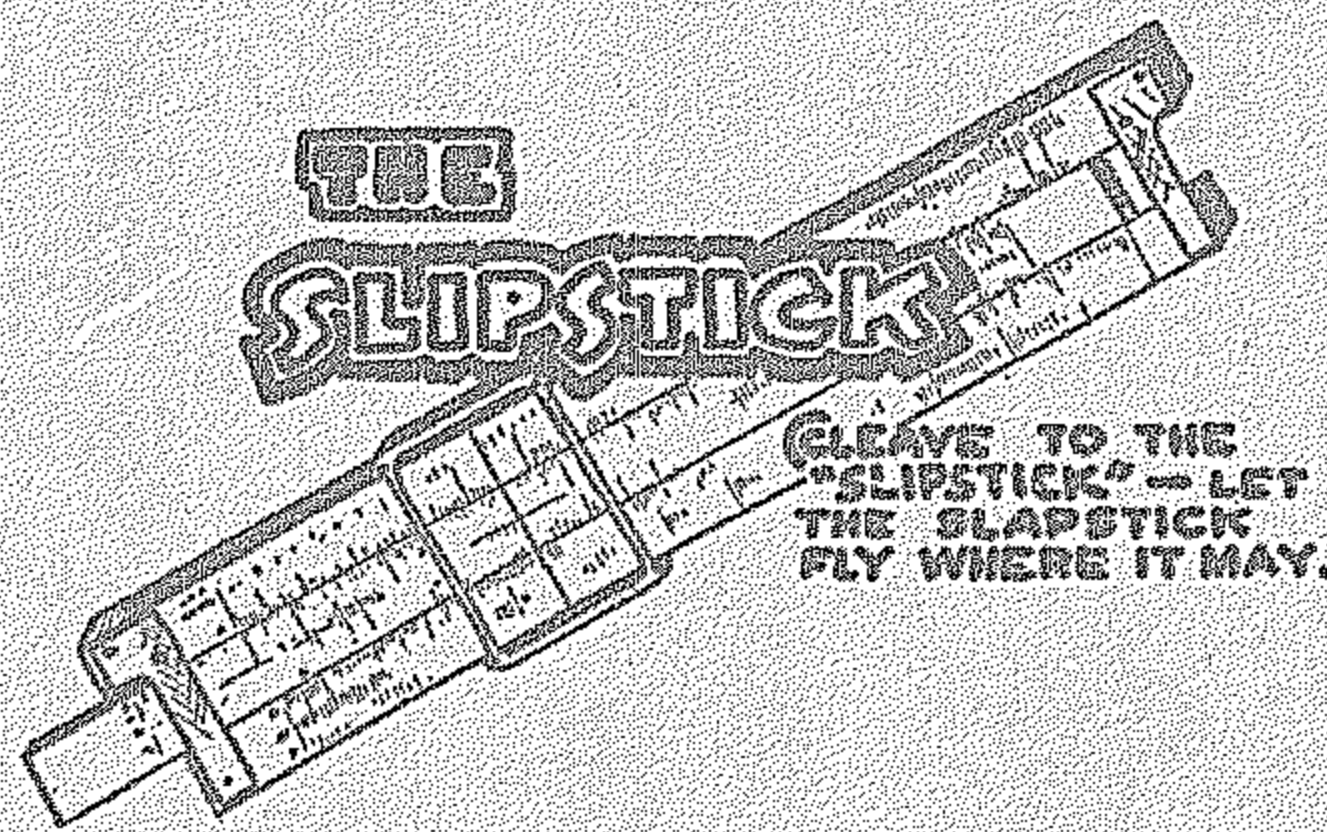




Wow, I turned around and there it was. I looked again and yep, only 8 school days until Christmas. Little pieces of pencils, little drops of ink. Boy, could I write a column if I could only think.

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

It's the students who get the paper,
The school that gets the fame;
The printer who get the money,
And—the staff that gets the blame

God gave us two ends, one to sit on, the other to think with. A salesman's success depends on which he uses most. It's a case of "HEADS he wins, TAILS he loses."

"As I understand the case," said his honor, "you and your husband had a drunken altercation and you were kicked in the ensuing rumpus."

"No, suh, Jedge," retorted Mandy. "Ah was kicked in the stummick."

This reminds us of the pretty blonde who shouted from the darkness of a crowded London air-raid shelter: "Take your dirty hand off my knee. No, not you, YOU!"

"And how is your good wife, Sultan?"
"Oh, she's all right, but the other forty-nine are more fun."

Blue eyes gaze at mine—vexation.
Soft hand clasped in mine—palpitation.
Fair hair brushing mine—expectation.
Red lips close to mine—temptation.
Footsteps—damnation.

Many a romance begun beside a splashing waterfall at a summer resort has ended beside a leaky water faucet in a kitchen sink.

Psychiatrist: "Are you troubled with improper thoughts?"

Patient: "Naw, I enjoy them."

Psych: "You say you have two daughters—do they live at home with you?"

Pat: "Naw, they're not married yet."

Bank Clerk—"You forgot to dot the 'i' in your signature."

Patron—"Would you mind dotting it for me?"

Bank Clerk—"I'm sorry, but it has to be in the same handwriting."

She—And that scar, Colonel, did you get it during an engagement?"

Colonel—"No, the first week of the honeymoon."

Then there was the sculptor who fell in mud puddle . . . the dirty chisler.

WHAT ABOUT BOULDER?

A visiting pastor was enjoying a round of golf with his host when a great calamity befell him. Taking a mighty swing he missed the little white object completely. "Oh Muscle Shoals!" he exclaimed.

Mystified, his companion asked for an explanation of the expression.

"I mean the biggest dam on earth," replied the minister.

INVENTIVE NATURE

"Why Rastus," protested the Chef at the dinner table, "that cake is as black as coal. Did you cook according to instructions?"

"No suh," replied the new chef, "it's one of me own cremations."

Then there was that cute little fan dancer, arrested for no gauze at all.

All I can say in defense is that I'm like the workman who said as he dropped the dynamite, "That's me all over."

OH MIN!

The Greeks Had A Word For It

GODDESSES . . . Courtesy Week—Probation Week—Call it what you will; it's still Hell Week for the pledges.

Last week the girls pledged to Sigma Beta Theta underwent an ordeal that reminded actives of their own pledge days. A visitor to the second floor lobby on last Wednesday would have thought that Santa Claus had jumbled his dates and come twenty shopping days too soon. Yes, not one Santa Claus, but several (the pledges) sold the delicious Sigma candy.

Next week the pledge mistress of the Kappa Phi Delta will become a virtual dictator as far as the pledges are concerned. Their lowly creatures will have to dress in black and red from head to foot representing the sorority colors. By the way, the Kappas are also giving all the students at Lewis an opportunity to do some of their Christmas shopping right here at school. Just think! You can avoid that Christmas rush by buying guest towels for any fastidious person on your Christmas list. Next Wednesday in the second floor lobby.

And the Sigma Omicron Lambda pledges—imagine—yesterday they could speak to no one, and they delivered kisses to anyone that asked for them without a yes or no. For the remainder of this week the Lambda pledges are going to have to pit their originality against the orders of the actives. Then hope for leniency.

Still in the pledge department—these hoboes seen about the Lewis campus (and I don't mean in the Madison street lobby) are none other than the Gamma Rho pledges. Gunny sacks, paddles, and all—they're in for it too. But cheer up all of you—it won't be long now 'til initiations make you full fledged members! then think of the fun you'll have next year.

Newly initiated John Martin Peterson was given an impromptu bath the other night at the Delt house where the pledges objected to his attitude and tried to change it. Pete said if they had waited 'til Saturday he was going to take one anyway, but now he can have a date that night.

Arx News

Extra! . . . There is in the possession of George Dickel all the information you need to enter the contest for the design of a transparent sticker for Illinois Tech . . . It will end after Christmas and a cash prize will be given to the winner.

When are the freshmen Arx going to initiate that Rotund fellow Bernie Goodman . . . we hear that Mike through a mutual friend has been queering Pryz's gal friend . . . It seems she won't believe Pryz any more . . . Daly hasn't wrestled for a week now (Ed. note: could he be recuperating from an overdose of hop juice, beer to you) . . . Bad business, the frosh parley king Goldberg hasn't been raking in the dough so fast this week . . . keep an eye on Weese, he won't see you, he's got his eye on Nancy, one of the Art school's better editions . . . we wonder how Pat can trust Petter-son the way he runs around terrorizing those Mundelein stage hands of his . . . recently formed is "where will we go on Wednesday" club, Wendell president of the same . . . Rumor has it that Rosanski has been courting a west side cutie who has just reached her sixteenth birthday . . . is Pointer's new bank a modern counterpart to the old hope chest? . . . Not enuf snow sez Stienweg to play tackle with our dates this week end . . . will Reinke ever learn to lay off that brew, if not who will pay for the dishes he breaks following his wanderings . . . The A.A.S. meeting ping pong champ Chuck W. . . Bill and Jay again last weekend . . . Honey Child denies she is nobody's baby, denies somebody will visit Ark during Xmas, she doesn't want any of this printed, and beside that she is MAD . . . see you next week, I hope.

Specs.

GODS

ALPHA SIGMA PHI held its Founder's Day banquet last Friday night at the Sherman Hotel. The banquet commemorated the founding of the fraternity at Yale College in 1845. About 150 members, including alumni, pledges, and even some actives, enjoyed the turkey dinner and the speeches that followed. Norm Root (Armour's track coach) acted as toastmaster. Talks were given by a national officer of the fraternity, the president of the Chicago Alumni Association, and president of the local chapter—Dick Larson.

PHI KAPPA SIGMA held a cocktail party last Saturday at which Ronald Smith (the president) appeared wearing his Willkie button. He had just come in from his second date of the year—a "blindie". Mr. Smith we know just how you feel (the wrong man got it in both cases). Phi Kap Grant Whitehead usually borrows a CAR for his dates, and leaves his model T in front of the house. Phi Kap Thornton was pushed through the front door of Skull House, and as a result Doc Mac picked part of the plate glass out of Thornton's shoulder. It's just as easy to open the door boys, and besides most people do it that way. Other Phi Kaps who have been acting strangely lately are Greenberg and Taylor, who have both decided that women are not for them. The Legion complained about the way in which they forgot their women, but Bob and Dick say that they can't get any nibbles outside of the Lonely Hearts club.

Pi Kappa Phi beat the Delts in ping pong, when the little ball obeyed the Pi Kaps better than it did the Delts, consequently the Pi Kaps are to play in the finals. (This might be their second cup this year.)

Tuesday evening **Pi Kappa Phi** will celebrate Founder's Day with a banquet for the Alumni. Stuart Olsen and John Gerhardt will be awarded Pi Kap scholar keys for their excellent work at Armour.

Paul Streit has been pledged to Pi Kap house and will immediately assume his pledge adventures duties.

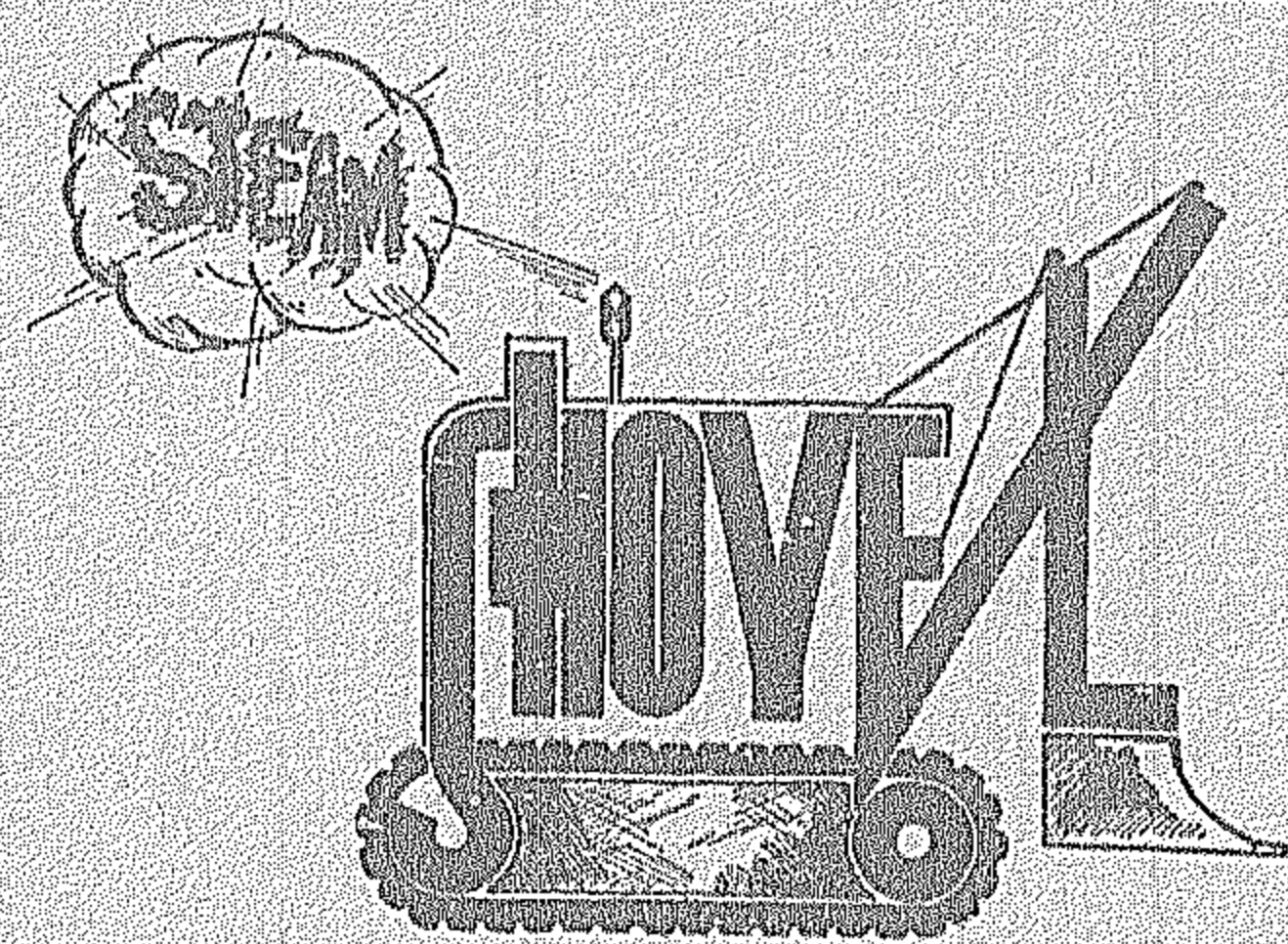
Delt Mascot—George Beta, was elected Junior Fire Project Commissioner. He will assume his duties immediately, aided in a small way by Dick Talcott, who will take George to all meetings. The dogs about the neighborhood have been jealous of George's extra curricular activities for some time now, and this should prove the crowning blow. When George was notified about his great honor, he indicated that he would complete his present study of hydraulics at the Delt house before venturing out into official life.

A week finally went by in which Pi Kap George Hoffe didn't get into trouble, but the boys had a hard time keeping him in when the pledges went out on Halloween to do dirt to the community as a hole. Pi Kap Master Kraegle got 23 sound whacks as a birthday present from his dear brothers. Bob Howard, one of his brothers, got 200 swats just because two actives (long and short) asked him whether he liked big or little feet. He said he liked medium feet so they both swatted him.

Burman came to Pi Kap House and told the boys how he was handling his competition in love: "I'm killing him," said Burman, "with kindness, and if that doesn't work pretty soon I'll try doing it another way." Dale Willman was thoroughly wakened for the first time when the cook dropped a bowl of mashed potatoes on his head. It was noticed at school that "Buddha" had been mashed.

I would like to receive news from Tri-angle, Theta Xi, Rho Delta Rho, and Sigma Alpha Mu every week if it could be arranged.

The interfraternity formal will be held on February 7, 1941. Phi Kap Greenberg will make all arrangements for location and orchestra.



A semi-annual custom of the office of the dean took place last week, so now is the time to put your nose to the grindstone, shoulder to the wheel, ear to the ground, eyes peeled, chest out, stomach in, feet on the floor, and chin up! Wow, you sure are a heluva looking mess, aintcha?

Famous last words, "I thought I was worth a weak 'D,' Prof."

By the way chil'lun, that harrassed look on Coach Meyers' face is not due to the results of that Chicago teachers game—no sah! He and the "Little Woman" had some trouble in regard to the number of pairs of shoes the well dressed young wife should own and he found out that his "conservative" guess of 20 pairs was rather low—which has made him feel sick at the stomach'er sum'tin!

A story with a moral is the following, provided, of course, that you can find the darn thing! (Pome?) it seems that Johnny Range got a job and bought a car—now he's looking for another job to keep the car running!! Two jobs and a woman—quite a load for anybody!

We hear that Prof. Nash has deemed it advisable to change that E.E. 414 juice course to one in political science. However, the laddies taking the course are not quite in accord since they're all flunking the course as a result of this juggling of the curriculum!

Lo and Behold—Jack (Knock 'Em Dead) Cameron, (ta-rah-blare of bazookas!) This hearty individual tried for two weeks to get an introduction to the registrar's ex-secretary, Dorothy Brown. Finally in desperation he asked one of the other secretaries what Miss Brown's first name is and received this jolting answer, "that won't help you, bud. She's getting married Dec. 21st!" Tough luck for us too, old man.

Hold the phone, boys! Here's another wedding announcement. (What fools these mortals be!!) But seriously, gang, bells and more bells go to Elly Von Mueller and her Pete Peterson from way down yonder in sunny Arkansas who will truck on down that flowery alley (Ed. note: Aisle, you drip) comes Dec. 28th.

Attention all youse hep cats super-steppers, high flyers,—and wolves!! After that jam session held at Lewis last Friday you guys should be right in the groove; So don't cool off because this Friday the Dance Club is throwin' a similar shindig, which will feature the inimitable music of the Knights of Armour, and you're all invited. And get this me lads, the bad news is only two bits for de gents and nyah-thing for de skoit! So come on all you Lewis lassies and give the boys a break! !

Jubilation rippled thru the ranks of the senior mechs as the news leaked out that Ed "Clubber" Crouse has given up Marge. Yea, verily—the Rip Tide of Calumet City shall see "Clubber" no more!

Official report from special agent No. 125: The Fifth Columnist has begun preparations to remove last winters' underwear and put on a completely new set. IT (the Fifth Columnist) discovered that the stiffness of the knees was not due to old age (as the style of ITS column implies) but to the hardening of said underwear. The chizzling operation will take place in a few days and IT (said Fifth Columnist) is open for bids from the student body. (Ed Note to IT: Careful, one must not rush into things!!)

Pete "Scoop" Woods and Fred "Ace" deMoney, doing their utmost to build up

(Continued on Page Five)