



Other Campuses

By Charles I. Ball

Mehmet Kutsi Bedges, Indiana U. post-graduate student from Turkey, says this about the modernization of his native land: "The women have thrown away their veils, but we still can not see their pretty faces because they immediately adopted the Western custom of make-up."

Somewhat analogous to Armour, the University of Vermont Engineering college tripled its feminine enrollment. It now has three coeds.

A survey shows that more college men marry, and marry earlier than college women.

Prof. Jayson C. Balsbaugh of M.I.T. believes that germ-killing vaccinations will add many years to the life of underground electric cables. He has found that germs deteriorate the oil impregnated paper which insulates the electric wires from the lead sheathing.

Stephen Foster is this year's winner for a niche in New York University's famous American Hall of Fame. Foster will take his place among 65 men and seven women already enshrined there. Election to the Hall of Fame is held every five years, and the remaining niches are not expected to be filled before the year 2000.

Tubing is the derogatory term applied to the studios by those who find work difficult. Students of Bradley Tech listed the following actions as "tubes": Staying after class to see professor, asking questions beyond scope of class work, going to the professor's office, and sitting in the front row. A few students mentioned the following: reciting when called on, agreeing continually with all the professor says, taking notes, and carrying books around.

The City College of New York has the largest voluntary R.O.T.C. unit in the country.

To make it appear more dignified, the University of Kentucky Student Government Association has officially changed the name of its "Hell Week" to "House Week."

Freshmen of Michigan State who venture around the campus without their green pots are assured of a free bath in the nearby icy river by accommodating sophs.

The following personal notice appeared in the Daily Iowan of Iowa U.:

JOHN—After this, when you borrow my pants, bring them back the next morning. I have an 8 A.M. class.

The University of Kansas has a new system to foil prowlers. Whenever someone sees a prowler attempting to break into one of the buildings he calls the night telephone operator who switches on two bright red lights atop the chemical laboratory. These lights warn the watchman and also flash similar light signals to the police station downtown.

Maryland U. sophomores rounded up several hundred freshmen recently and made them pray for rain. A rainstorm struck the campus a few hours later. Is that just another example of the benefits of higher education?

New York University is now offering a six year combined liberal arts and engineering course.

A University of Nebraska student, Dick Johnson, hitch-hikes nine miles every day to attend classes and work at a bank in town.

Blitzkrieg!

FELLOW TERPSICHOREANS,

Of course you had a swell time at the Town and Country Hop. Didn't the lads and lassies look "cute" in their hayseed outfits? And that square dancing shore looked like the real McCoy. Guess the guys and gals have been trying to fool us into thinking they were city slickers when they were just corny cousins all the time.

The Dance Club seems like the breeding place for a lot of action. We hear that rubbing noses is in order at all meetings, that is, according to "Butterball". Your Dance Club I.Q. is up to par if you can answer this question who did Sir Walter Raleigh one better by carrying Eileen across the street at Armour last week?

Did you see the hectic hula the Sigma and Gamma Rho pledgers executed last Tuesday? Eleanor Wick and "Snowflake" did a duo that had the audience in stitches. And Dick's rendition of Aloha sounded more like a tad day with the dentist.

It looks like Pat and Eileen have joined the freshman engineering class. Where you see one, you see the horde close by.

Wonder what the boys from Armour would say if they heard about Art Minwegen's crack? Just between you and me, he was reading last week's column, and when he came to the part about Armour's swains, his tongue slipped and it came out Armour's swine. Tsk, tsk, Art! What if your brothers heard about that?

Bill Kaska has become quite a commuter between Armour and Lewis. I wonder why?

Canadian thistles to a (four floor) prof. who has been ailing.

That lunch music in the cafeteria is supplied by the sophs. They decided to liven up the place with a little sweet and swing. It certainly is welcome.

What do Lorna and Flossie have on their minds that makes them shut up like a couple of clams each time they see yours truly approaching?

And from the freshman department, we understand that Jack Ware likes the stock show better than our dances. Maybe he enjoys looking at the rings in the animals noses. Speaking of rings, have you noticed that big handsome George Drevikovsky is wearing rings on his fingers?—Cadwell rings. What Fisher is Hollywood bound and won't shave 'til he gets there?

In reply to the Steam Shovel: we do not deem it necessary to reply to that childish note of last Tuesday. You see, after years of this sort of work, we recognize your feeble efforts at railbery are pure and simple professional jealousy.

To I.I.T.W.A. (meaning wench agitators) in answer to last week's crack. We do not feel (though probably your pledges are not as competent as yourselves at hot air emitting) that such an arrangement would be fair to any of the female of the species (even those found at 33rd and Federal) to allow such a conflict. Henceforth, after the bloat has been deflated, we suggest that you collect your wits, (those of you that have at least half of same) and hire someone competent enough to stand against us in fair competition. signed Uncle Al V.P.P.I.C.O.L.W.

Question of the week: what senior girl (alias Dutch, alias Senior, alias my Palda) has earned the title of the Freshman's Friend? Answer this and you get a fur-lined shaving mug.

Armour got a dose of feminine loveliness (!) last Thursday when the Lewis Cheer Leaders invaded the pep rally in the Student Union Auditorium. The boys whistled and stamped, but I don't think it was in the line of cheering for "dear old Tech."

A hint to Joe Minge who has been studying the art display in Petterino's locker and sighing about foreign women, don't you know Joe that you don't have to go to Europe to marry abroad.

And now we close with a note to Jim "Watch-pocket" Waber: Lil does not write this column.

Snoopily yours,  
THE FIFTH COLUMNIST

Women Only

By A Man

It occurred to us the other day, during one of our periodic shopping tours, that women are beginning to exhibit artistic taste in their clothes. You might say that it's about time—and we would agree with you!

Ever since women were given the privilege of voting, they have conducted themselves in a rather flighty manner. This tendency was apparent in the ladies wearing apparel of the twenties. Fortified with a paint job that would make a Seminole green with envy, the emancipated women sallied forth in a raccoon coat, a short skirt, and a hat that was not really a hat, but a helmet. These helmets were characteristic of the shapeless clothes of the period. Partly to cover up this shapelessness, and partly because of their self-consciousness about smoking in public, women developed a stoop, or more correctly, a slouch.

With the depression, this phenomenon of modern civilization, known as the flapper, disappeared. Suddenly women become conscious of the wantonness of the jazz age. The raccoon coat, like bathtub gin, became a thing of the past—but not the helmet! This reminder of the golden era lived on to perplex another generation. The same general shapelessness in clothes was maintained, but it was given an air of respectability. For some time, fashions struggled along rather indefinitely, bringing out little in the way of innovations. Suddenly the sweater and skirt appeared. This ushered in the modern or enlightened period to which I referred in the first paragraph.

The loose fitting sweater and full skirt are advances, at least from the standpoint of comfort. Along with these, color has come into its own. Plaids and tweeds predominate in skirts, and there is a trend towards cashmere, shetland, and other soft woolens in sweaters. Accessories have changed. Wool socks (including long wool socks which were a stroke of genius) are to a great extent supplanting silk hose which are impractical both from the point of view of comfort and economy. Shoes are now low-heeled and sensibly styled. (Ed. note: It sounds like you might be a salesman for a woolen manufacturer.)

The improvement in clothes lies in the fact that there is a trend toward sport clothes. Other types have not shown much improvement. The modern period has also introduced that monstrosity known as the wedgie. The reasons for its existence will never be fully known. It might be an attempt to combine the effect of the high heel with the comfort of the archless shoe, but to us it looks like some kind of a support for defective feet.

Hats remain pretty much on the level of the ridiculous. It is hard to see any definite style at all in them. We conclude that they are constructed on a surrealist principle. Veils don't add to anything but the confusion which seems to surround the modern woman's head.—And who said that wearing black was an indication of good taste? (Ed. note: And who said it wasn't?)

STEAMSHOVEL ADDENDA

(continued from page 4)

city desk atmosphere, crept up to the news office last Friday afternoon, opened the windows wide, and lighted up a couple of Las Hempas (cigars of low breeding). Their last words were quote break down the door in 15 minutes and get us out unquote!

Sport Flash!! Last Tuesday was a red letter day in the life of Dr. Davey—yup, after 15 long years he finally joined the ranks of the decrepit few and—(easy now) bowled a "perfect game—he broke a hundred!!! May we remove our nite cap to you, kind sir!

Around and 'round it spins. Ah, there it stops. This week, the Senior Informal wheel of fortune whirls around and stops on the name of Benjamin E. Flood. Because of the mystics fortunes that be, Benny is awarded



By Bob Saigh

Christmas carols will soon be heard again with Christmas less than three weeks away. Decca has many stock numbers which are very good, the best of these being Bing Crosby's disc of "Adeste Fideles" and "Silent Night" (621). Incidentally this particular number is Bing Crosby's biggest seller. Bing sings with The Guardsmen Quartet and Victor Young's Orchestra. Frances Langford also has a recording of these same numbers (Decca, 2188). Kenny Baker singing "O, Little Town of Bethlehem" and "Holy Night" with Eddie Dunstodter at the organ can be had on Decca (2189). On Victor there is a very excellent set of Christmas Carols played by Alexander D. Richardson as Organ Solos. This set (P-43) consists of three 10 inch records and complete with album is priced at \$2.00. For those who have become a little bored with the traditional carols, Victor presents "Carols of the English Yuletide." This is truly a different album, the carols being sung by a choir of 21 mixed voices with the background provided by a Hammond organ and a piano. This set (P-42) also consists of three records and is priced at \$2.00.

Artie Shaw, popular Victor maestro, has just organized a six-man instrumental jazz combination from the ranks of his full orchestra to record specialties for Victor Black Label records. The group, titled "Artie Shaw and his Gramercy Five," recorded for its initial effort "Special Delivery Stamp" and "Summitt Ridge Drive," both of which are Shaw originals, and "Keeping Myself for You" and "Cross Your Heart"

Glenn Miller and his Orchestra have a swell disc of "Falling Leaves" and "Beat Me Daddy, Eight to a Bar" (Bluebird, 10876). Frankie Carle, who gave us such tunes as Sunrise Serenade" and "Lover's Lullaby" has another hit in "Falling Leaves." Jack Lathrop sings the vocal on "Beat Me Daddy," boogie woogie's gift to the waxworks . . . Bob Crosby and his Orchestra sound very good on their waxing of "Down Argentina Way" and "Two Dreams Met" (Decca, 3404). "Down Argentina Way" is destined to be a top tune very soon and this is the best disc of this number so far . . . On Columbia Popular records, Alec Templeton waxes "Some of These Days" and "Humming Blues" (Columbia, 33697). "Some of These Days" is a piano solo with a dialogue while "Humming Blues," Alec's theme song, is strictly a piano solo . . .

Six Hits and a Miss with their orchestra give us "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" and "The Sheik of Araby" (Okey, 5776). Six Hits and a Miss are heard Tuesday night on the Bob Hope show.

a bid to the Senior Informal, to be held December 20, at the Drake.

Now for that brief alluring biography of the "Man of the Week."

Benjamin E. Flood is a senior Fire Protect. Although a native of River Forest he is a graduate of Oak Park High. Benny is a member of Salamander, and is a student editor of the Armour Engineer and Alumnus. Known in River Forest as the "mechanical genius," Mr. Flood has served many years as assistant in the famed Flood Hardware store.

Benny is at present deeply interested in one Ann Scott, a golden-haired glamour gal. We would not be the least surprised if Mr. Flood brought Miss Scott to the Senior Informal. The bid is yours, Mr. Flood.

And since we have nothing better to do, we'll just call it quits. (Ed note: it's about time.)

Snooper—Snoopers.