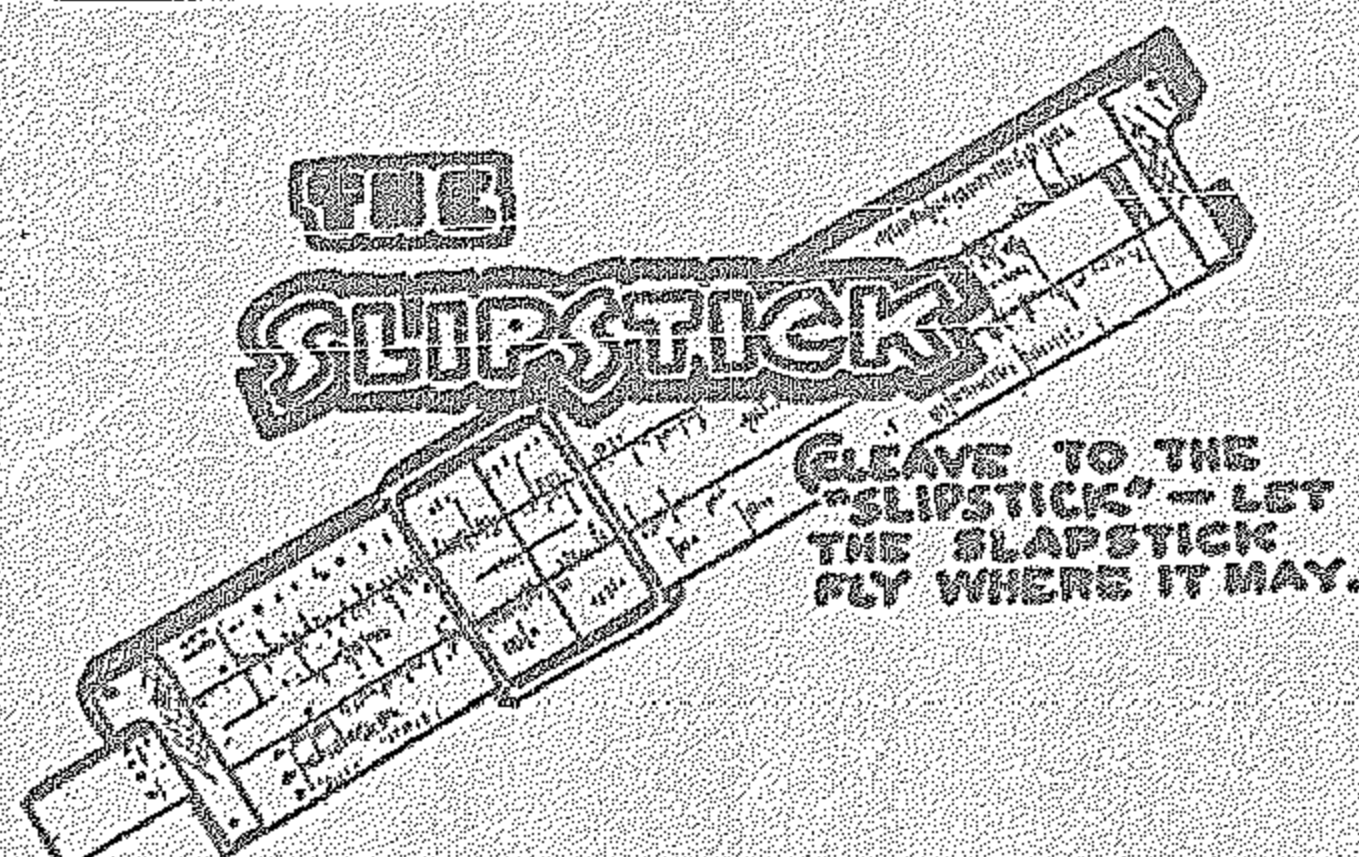




H'mmm . . . H'mmm . . . "The Most Copied Humor Column in the Middle West", I can't make up my mind (?) whether that's supposed to be a plug or not. If it isn't, there's gonna be pickaxes at sixty paces; if it is a buildup; what in tarnation was the idea of stoppin' with the Middle West, eh?

Fond Mother: Now that Harold is through college, are you going to take him into business with you?

Frank Father: I dunno. Couldn't you use him for a bridge prize?

Jane: How you embarrass me! Your handkerchief is sticking out of your Tux.

Jack: Don't be embarrassed. That's not my handkerchief, it's my shirt.

There was a young lady of Ryde
Who of eating green apples she died
Within the lamented
They quickly fermented
And made cider insider her inside.

Young Mosquito—Soft pickings these days, aren't they?

Old Mosquito—Yes, and to think, when I was your age I could bite girls only on the face and hands.

A keen golfer had a charming girl on his right at dinner, and gave her graphic descriptions of his achievements with the clubs, hardly allowing her time to say more than "Really!"

During the dessert he remarked, "I'm afraid I've been monopolizing the conversation and talking nothing but golf."

"Oh never mind," said the girl. "But you might tell me what is golf?"

SOLD!!!

Agent: Sir, I have something here which will make you popular, make your life happier, and bring you new friends.

Dredge Runner: I'll take a quart.

"Do you know what good clean fun is?"
"I'll bite. What good is it?"

Because a girl has a vacant look, it does not mean she has an open mind.

Won't Be Long

The night was growing old
As she trudged through snow and sleet;
Her nose was long and cold,
And her shoes were full of feet.

Jones was sitting with his wife behind a palm on a hotel veranda late one night when a young man and girl came and sat down on a bench near them. The young man began to tell the girl how beautiful and good and lovable he thought she was.

Hidden behind the palm, Mrs. Jones whispered to her husband, "Oh John, he does not know we're here and he's going to propose. Whistle to warn him."

"What for?" said Jones. "Nobody whistled to warn me."

Milt: Let's sit this one out; no one will be the wiser.

Lillian: Oh, yes you will.

Strange as it seems the most shocking kisses usually take place after the boy friend turns the electricity off.

An old farmer brought some produce to town and sold it. Thinking that he would surprise his wife, he bought a new suit of clothes, a hat and a pair of shoes and put them under the back seat of his wagon. On the way home he stopped at the river and taking off his old clothes, threw them in. Then he reached under the seat for his new outfit. It was gone. Finally he got into the wagon and said, "Giddap, Maude, we'll surprise her anyway."

I eat my peas with honey,
I have done it all my life;
They do taste kind of funny,
But it keeps them on the knife.

Women Only

Remember what "Sonny" Weissman said? The girls can help the athletics of I.I.T. by coming to the boxing and wrestling matches, the baseball and basketball games, and cheering. BUT!!! The grave question is, "what shall I wear?" You had better get busy before joining the parade!

It's a casual fall, so we girls must dress accordingly. A tweed suit and a top coat, big and bulky, loose fitting, and preferably flared from the shoulders, are the basis of the college wardrobe. The suit need be nothing fancy, it need not even be new! Just so it "fits," and has good tailored lines. A little felt hat with a feather, carrying the school colors of the home team, might be included.

Add to your campus wardrobe two wool frocks . . . wool or a rayon that appears to be wool. The shirtmaker is the classic style for one of these. You know . . . the easy-to-wear, smart-in-every-line is the kind of tailored classic that does wonders for your self assurance. This can be distinguished by full graceful sleeves, and lots of cheerful buttons! The other can be a princes jumper which is back buttoned, back tied, and a set in belt.

"Knee-high" socks are a blessing for pipe-stem legs, but not for everybody. The girls that can get away with it, wear the long woolen socks, knee, high, with their tweeds and woolens. They match the sweater no matter how "loud" the color. And girls, when you get them up, please keep them up!!!

Sleeves that have a personality, soft drape, or flared fullness can make a date-dress for you that will accomplish a little less than a miracle.

Little things of great importance — A rhinestone kitten's head to clip on the top of the slide fastener to give it that additional sparkle . . .

. . . For your furless coat have fur accessories . . . a fur muff and a fur trimmed hat . . . you could put fur tassels on your gloves—or just to be different, use fur hat-pins!!

. . . The jirkins, in new found sophistication, goes out for a do-dress-up afternoon or don't dress-up evening. It's the call of a side buttoned jirkin of black velvet, over a blouse of white rayon-and-silk crepe. Girls, can't you just imagine that?

. . . If bags are a bother to you, let a red capeskin dangle on your wrist like a chain. Just keep the essentials in it, "three guesses, the first two don't count, that's right! cosmetics!!!"

If you take this fashionable advice, I'm sure you will have several dates lined up, or at least prospects, after the games. Isn't that right, boys? . . .

DON'T FORGET TO VOTE IN "THE GALLUPING POLL"

"I suppose you will miss your boy while he is at college?"

"Yep," replied Farmer Perkins. "I dunno what I'll do without him. He's got the livestock so they won't move unless he gives 'em the college yell, and I can't remember it."

AN UPLIFTING THOUGHT

"When I was in Washington, I met the Chaplain of Congress."

"The Chaplain! What does the Chaplain do?"

"Oh, he just gets up on a platform . . . looks at Congress . . . and then prays for the country."

We've heard: Success in life depends on two things—luck and pluck . . . luck in finding somebody to pluck.

Mother: Art Hauswald brought you home very late last night.

June: Yes, it was late, Mother. Did the noise disturb you?

Mother: No, dear, it wasn't the noise. It was the silence.

"Winter draws on," remarked Gus as he tucked Maggie into his cutter for an old fashioned sleigh ride.

"Is that any of your business?" replied Maggie icily.

So long and a happy new year.

OH MIN!

Arx News

As we take up where we left off, dishing the dirt, news, etc. . . . we remind you: dirt is where ye editor finds it, and our Arx downtown campus is a paradise for dirt (note we didn't say dirty paradise). . . . Henceforth even you may improve the quality of this column by your own contributions . . . in fact a box will be erected in or near the drafting rooms wherein all info, dirt, jokes (keep them clean) etc. will be printed . . . uncensored (Eds. Note: Oh Yeah:)

Man of the week . . . Dickel . . . keep your eye on him, he claims he is going to do something about it . . . "it" my good igorotes is the question . . . Could it be possible that Mary E. (honey chile) is wishing a certain someone to come back from New York, New York? . . . Pointek after a prolonged rest is back to help the seniors make models . . . (don't take it wrong, Frosh) . . . Confidentially did you get a look at that sketch of that gal in the bathing suit by L. T. Blumberg, Inc. . . . that just goes to show you about the quiet type, you never know what they're thinking . . . Lost, one Oriental inspiration, if found please return to Schaefer . . . It seems Pehla's case on Jay isn't so sharp this year . . . could it be that he sees no point in being in a daze after almost falling into the drainage canal one night walking from her house. . . . Is it true that G. D. and L. R. like to have a few quick ones before going home.

Extra . . . We've saved the best till last . . . What? . . . Why its the traditionally famous and colossal . . . ARX DANCE . . . the date is tentatively set for Nov. 1 . . . have you ever gone to an ARX DANCE, if not you haven't lived . . . There'll be sweet and smooth stuff, waltzing, swinging . . . Ah me! . . . Watch this column for details, and if you haven't got a gal start looking around she's got to be pullently potent to go to the ARX DANCE.

SPECS.

PLATTER • • PATTER

by Bob Saigh

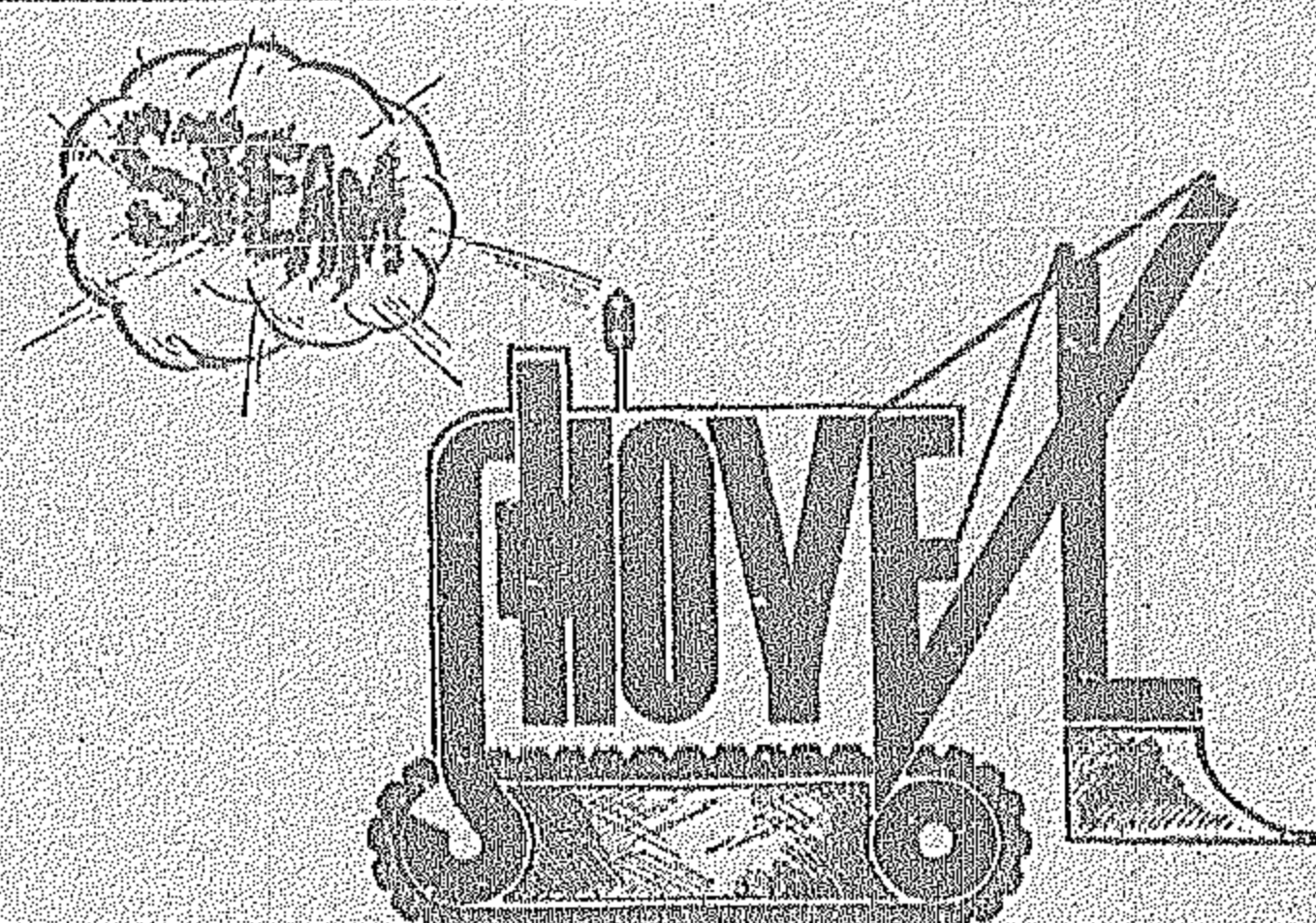
Probably the biggest bit of news announced during the summer months was Victor's reduction in the prices of all their records. The 10" black label 75c records were reduced to 50c, the 12" black label \$1.00 records to 75c, the 10" red seal to \$1.50 and \$1.00 records to 75c, and the 12" red seal \$2.00 and \$1.50 records to \$1.00. . . . The "Swing and Sway" music of Sammy Kaye is now waxed by Varsity records instead of Victor. . . . Another of the summer changes was Columbia's renaming of their Vocation record to Okey and the switch of Gene Krupa's music from Columbia to the new Okey records.

Six weeks ago the Wranglers began the first of a series of concerts of well-known classical pieces on records. These concerts are presented in the Student Union Lounge every Tuesday and Thursday from 12:15 to 1:00 and are well attended by the faculty and the students. The Wranglers cordially invite you to take part in these programs by lending them your favorite selections. Congratulations are due E. P. Hanuska and the Committee on Music for the well planned programs presented.

Victor's red seal Masterpiece of the month is the album by Lily Pons in operatic selections and songs. In this album the extraordinary voice of Lily Pons is heard in the unbeatable combination of the simple classical song as well as the brilliant operatic arias.

Of the new popular discs Tommy Dorsey's "Love Lies"—"The Call of the Canyon" (Victor, 26678) seems to be about at the top of the list. Incidentally from the latest reports Tommy Dorsey's recording of "I'll Never Smile Again" has broken all Victor sales records and is still listed as one of the ten best seller . . . The pressing of "Orchids for Remembrance"—"Blueberry Hill" by Gene Krupa (Okey, 5672) is one of the smoothest recordings done by this band . . . Bing Crosby's disc of "Can't Get Indiana Off My Mind"—"I Found a Million Dollar Baby" (Decca, 3321) is the best of his most recent releases.

DON'T FORGET TO VOTE IN "THE GALLUPING POLL"



We warned you kiddies, so now take the consequences. All of youse that have been misbehavin' better duck your heads in shame for big scoop has once more dug down into famous archives and comes up with the following sweepin's and general all-revealing slash.

H-m-m-m-m, not bad! wow! some stuff!! Yup, all these ejaculations and more will be forthcoming when youse guys set your peeper on the newest addition to Armour's secretarial department, MISS HILDA CATZ. This lovely, vivacious bit of femininity is 20 years old and a graduate of Moser college. It seems that Hilda definitely favors college men (that's your cue, wolves) and is currently traveling with an U. of C. intellectual. However, boys, she's congenial, so, all is not lost!

Who is this lofty senior that is seen hanging around Oak Park High waiting to pick up a lovely sophomore? Scoop has found out that this handsome cradle-snatcher is none other than Howard Oberfell, Sr. Mech.

NEWS ITEM: We have it on good authority that the gals at Lewis are having tantrums and stuff because they want to meet those Quote Big, strong, Armour romances, unquote, and haven't as yet been afforded the opportunity. But don't weep gals, 'cause here's some news for youse. On October 19, Armour's dance emporium will be the site of a "Get-Acquainted" party open to everyone. On that night, gals, youse shall probably meet all the Armour wolves—and remember girls—"they satisfy."

Through an oversight on the part of Big Scoop, we announced last week that Dr. Krathwohl had flunked 14 out of 25 calc students during the summer session. However, we did the good doctor a grave injustice because actually he only flunked 13 out of 25. So now you guys don't have to be afraid to take differential equations—or sumpin'.

OBIT: Here lies the body of Joe Pledge. He was a good pledge—as pledges go. But that's just the !?!! trouble—they never go good enough to satisfy the demands of the blood-thirsty actives. Seriously, all youse pledges better skip town right now because the Armour frats have this week received letters from a concern that prides itself on its ability to construct that ghastly, torture-bearing instrument of death—the paddle!! By the way, laddies, the 1941 models look p-le-e-nty potent!!!

Continued: Art Hauswald was in a jam when June came back from school and he was dated up for that Saturday. Art wiggled out of this by getting a friend to double date with him. "Oh why does Cornell college have to be so far away?"

Did you notice "Cowboy" Leskinen, the style leader of Yoke! County in Kokomo all duked up Friday. We wonder what the reason for the sheep-herder's costume was. Couldn't be you were looking for publicity, could it Lesk?

Against such competition as Bob Olson, Johnnie Butkus, and Charlie Ball, Larry Liebrecht emerged with the title of the Great Lover of Camp Armour. His greatest achievement came when he received a perfumed letter with dainty feminine handwriting from three gorgeous girls seeking to date him up. They even brought their own car. What do you say "Lieb?"

All the fellows in Prof. Marin's 8 o'clock class are singing, "for he's a jolly good fellow," because he changed the lecture to 11 bells. For the past years the good old Prof has been always considerate of the health and well-being of his students. By the way, we hear that Prof. Marin teaches night school several days a week until 10 P.M. . . .