

Hey, close that door! Lordy, it sure is drafty in here. I've heard some of your comments lately, but just remember that jokes are like useless can openers and bottle openers, they never get lost and they are never thrown away.

* * * * *

*"King Solomon and King David
Led merry lives;
With their many, many lady friends
And many, many wives.
But when old age o'ertook them,
With all its quivering quolms,
King Solomon wrote the Proverbs
And King David wrote the Psalms!"*

An invitation to dinner had been sent to the newly-settled physician. In reply the hostess received an absolutely illegible letter.

"I must know if he accepts or refuses," she declared.

"If I were you," suggested her husband, "I should take it to the druggist. Druggists can always read doctor's letters, however badly they are written."

The druggist looked at the slip of note paper, went into his dispensary and returned a few minutes later with a bottle, which he handed over the counter.

"There you are, madam," he said. "That will be \$1.25."

One Moment, Please

"All right, back there?" called the conductor, from the front of the car.

"Hold on," came a feminine voice. "Wait till I get my clothes on."

The entire carfull turned and craned their necks expectantly. A girl got on with a basket of clothes.

Absent-minded people are gradually being purged by motor cars.

Charlie—What were you doing after the accident?

Howie—Scraping up an acquaintance.

The haughty senior girl sniffed disdainfully as the tiny freshman cut in. "And just why did you have to cut in when I was dancing?" she inquired nastily.

The freshman hung his head in shame. "I'm sorry ma'am," he said, "but I'm working my way through college, and your partner was waving a five dollar bill at me."

*Ruth rode in my new cycle car
In the seat in back of me;
I took a bump at fifty-five,
And rode on Ruthlessly.*

"I can't marry you," said the justice of the peace to the obviously nervous bridegroom. "If this girl is only seventeen you will have to get her father's consent." "Consent!" yelled the groom-to-be. "Say, who do you think this old guy with the rifle is, Daniel Boone?"

Wife—"When you came home last night you said you had been to the Grand with Mr. Jones. Now you say it was the Trocadero. Why did you lie?"

Husband—"When I came home I couldn't say 'Trocadero'."

If there's no such thing as luck, explain why a mud puddle, a fool driver, and your spring pants happen to be there at the same time.

Supervisor: "Hello! Hello! Do you wish to color a number?"

Colored Man's Voice: "No sah, miss, Ah don' want no number."

Supervisor: "Then don't play with the telephone."

Voice: "Ah ain' playin' wid no phone. De receivah fell in de sugah bowl an' I've been lickin' off de sugah."

Don't forget next week's contribution column. I'll be looking for your jokes that haven't come in yet.

OH MIN!

The Greeks Had A Word For It

GODDESSES

By Alda Kairis

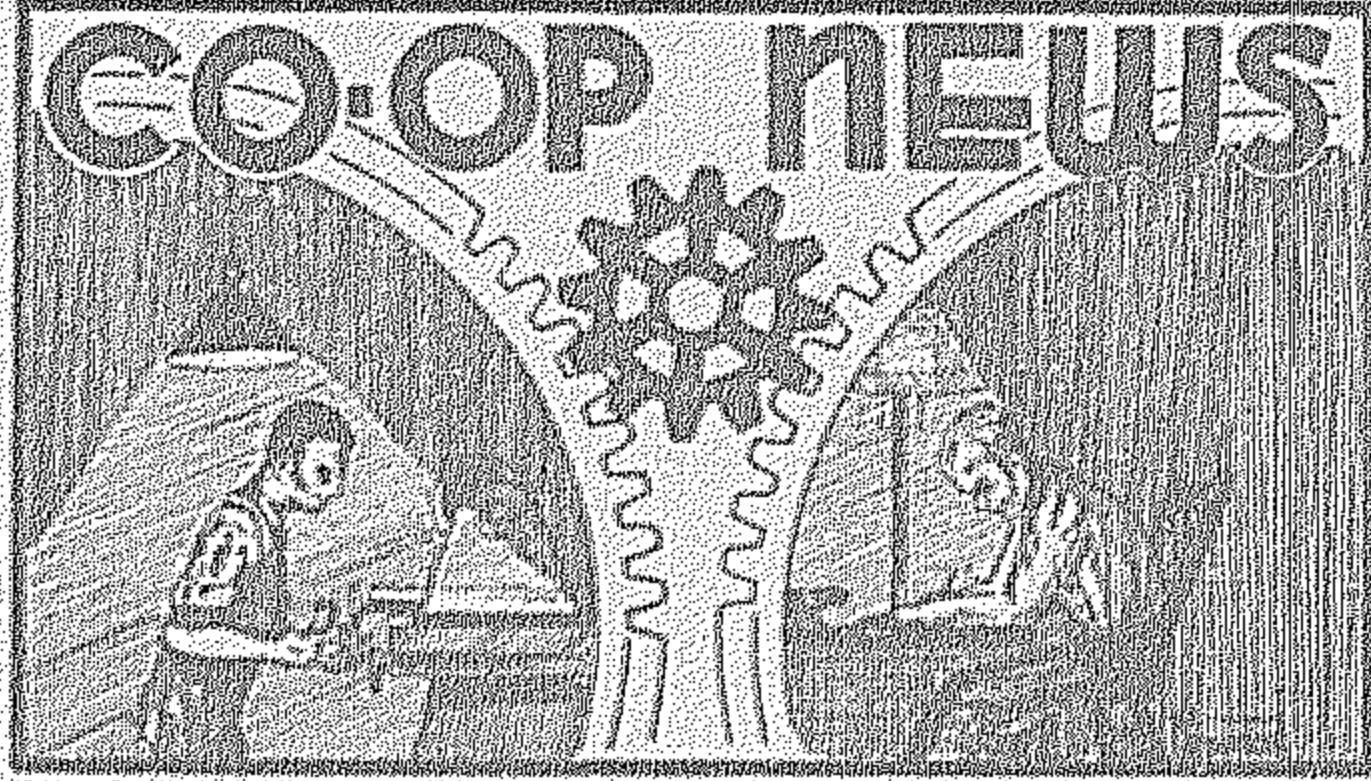
It seems that all of a sudden like, the sororities have all become theatre conscious . . .

With rushing still going on (they're in their fourth week) we find that the SIGMAS attended the World Playhouse to see "The Baker's Wife," and then had dinner at La Petite Gourmet. For a grand finale, and what I call a swell 'wind up' for an Informal Rush, they brought the new girls to the Get-Acquainted dance at Armour, which, by the way, yours truly enjoyed ultra much . . . But really, don't you think it was swell of the SIGMAS to bring the new gals down? I do!

The KAPPAS are going to break the ice (pardon the pun) by going to the Ice Carnival at the Arena, October 25 — dinner, OH YES! of course, as I told you before we gals get hungry regardless of our figures (?)

The LAMBIDAS seem to change things around; they are to attend the Italian Village and be sure they have their fill before going to the play, because it's going to be late by the time they get out of the Selwyn where they are to see "The Male Animal."

Just a few more rush parties and the sorority girls start paddling the new girls . . . initiation in other words!



By H. F. Krantz

With the departure of the B group, the Senior A's return to this institution for what they all confidently hope will be the last term — and may the records prove it was. (The next get-together will be in the army).

If you don't believe that Armour and Lewis are on the sweetest of terms, just ask Armour's Mike Larinoff, 5A, about Lewis's one and only "Micky." (Mike has a steady — Natasha Neighoff — but she won't see this, he hopes).

Football is in full swing and there will be canyons on the gridiron after the co-ops finish digging in. The schedule will be posted soon, so organize your squads immediately. Harold Johnson is organizing the sophs who practice today. Frank Grote is in charge of the juniors and will furnish information on rules, regulations, and the schedule.

Soph co-ops are planning to continue the successful series of public speaking meetings of last semester. If you're an interested sophomore, you're invited to attend today's meeting.

Elmer Ambrose, a former classmate of the 4 A's, had no intention of evading Uncle Sam's roll call. He's now a Second Lieutenant in the U. S. Army Air Corps.

That four year scourge — election fever — is on the rampage and has gathered the fourth year co-ops within its spreading folds. The battle cry en masse is "No third term for Prexy Kraegle."

Conscription worries won't bother at least three co-ops: Ed Ruhe and Frank Heidenreich, seniors, and Pete Jasis, junior. During the last working term, each of the aforementioned Armour Stars legally and willfully acquired a dependent by treading that last long aisle from freedom to non-military combat. May they fight in peace.

We want dust cloths for study hall desks. Rumors have it that Joe Robin and Frank Carner, 2 A's, have been hitting the high spots lately — and we do mean late.

It seems that G. C., a soph, received an ultimatum from a certain female in Canada. But he stood firm and she found someone better.

Why did Marsh Minter, 2A, return to school with a superior look in his eye? Could his Canadian vacation be the cause of it? We wonder!

Larry Aggerbeck, 2A, hasn't returned this term. He'll be back with the B group, however. Marty Young and his friendly kidding is also absent.

GODS

By Robert Creagan

The Delt-Phi Kap touchball game proved to be as good as predicted. The Deltas got the lone touchdown of the game in the first half when Warren Umbright dove across the goal and then did a repeat performance to get the extra point. After the touchdown, the Deltas dug in to hold the Phi Kaps, who tried all their bag of tricks to score. It is noteworthy that the Phi Kaps were very good sportsmen, and no hard feelings were carried from the field. Suthers and Umbright starred for the Deltas, while Mustakus and Gullborg shared the spotlight for the Phi Kaps

The Deltas had a game last Saturday and the "One and Onlys" were truckin' on down as the stag line consisting of one man (every girl's little brother — Abe Garnier) looked on with jealous eyes. If any one knows any voluptuous blonde's phone number, please forward to Mr. Garnier (fellows he really needs it).

President Keith Hoffman had his badge in sight for the first time in a week, and he couldn't take his eyes off it all evening.

Architect Ed Moore had his little badge toter, Helene Woolson, laughing at some of his ballet tactics; and to top it off, that Casanova Ed Carmody came strutting in with his gal who used to let him carry her books home from grade school, (said gal is now a Chi-O pledge at Illinois, a fact which had Ed contemplating suicide). The Delt's new mascot, a wire-haired terrier, enjoyed the evening by being petted by some of the most experienced petters in Chicago.

The Phi Kaps have a new system of fines at their dinner table: a fine of twenty-five cents for anyone who mentions Sweeney's name, and only ten cents fine for the use of any other swear word. We'll hear Sweeney's story next week.

What has Triangle's M. Wood to say about his actions last Friday at the Edgewater Beach?

Dick Taylor of the Phi Kaps has been taking the late 'L's home from Northwestern's sorority quadrangle for three years now, he says that he ought to meet somebody any day now — (good luck Dick.)

Triangle is going to jump and jive on Nov. 1st. Guests are to come in costume. It will be tough on the Triangle boys to tell who are members and who are neighbors. We trust that the dusky neighbors won't take advantage of the situation.

Triangle's mothers gather to coo about their little Johnny's October 20. The alumni came down and tossed the bull about old times the night of Oct. 14.

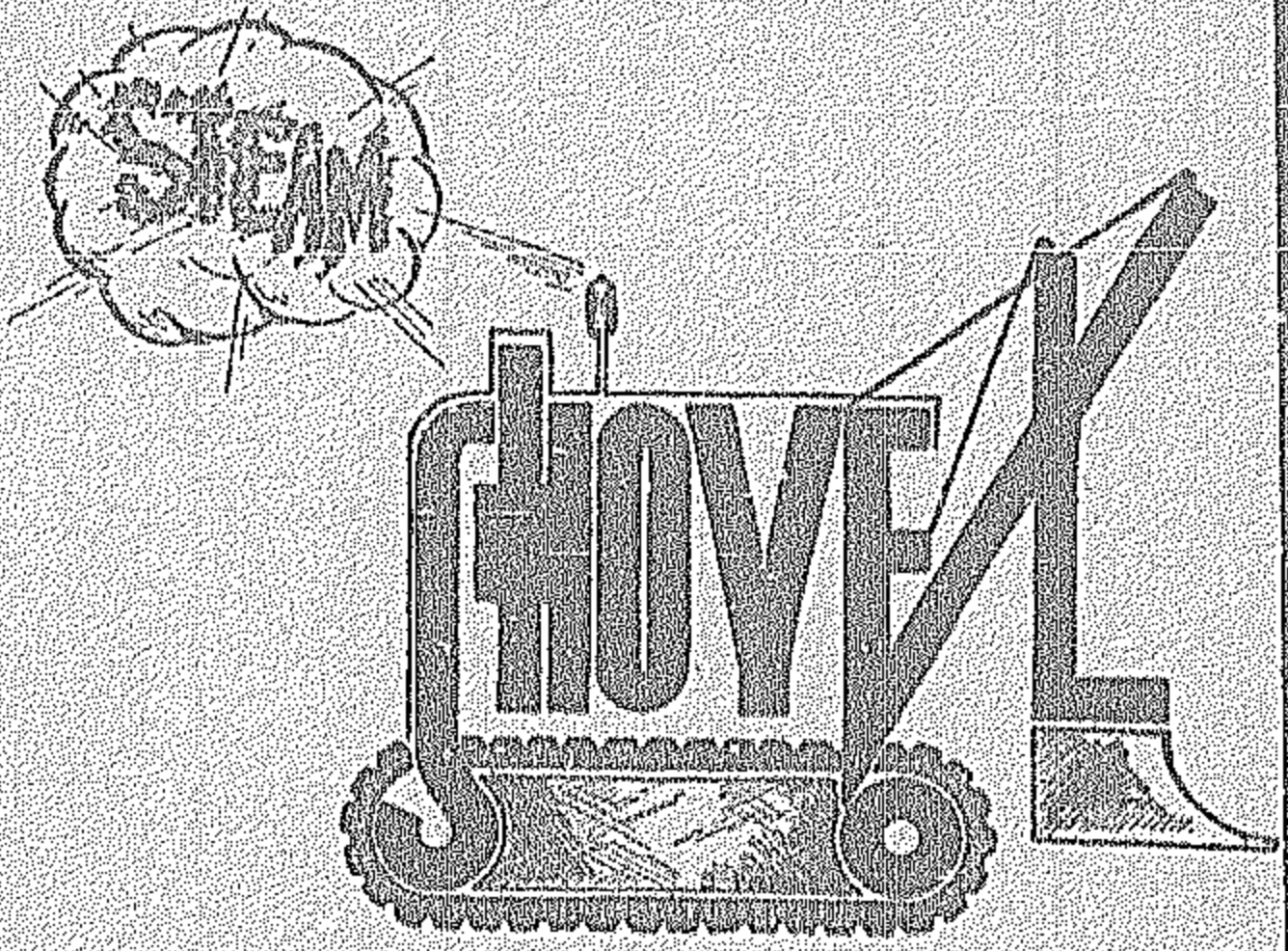
Last Thursday evening we had a visit from James Hammerstein, the secretary of the National Executive of Sigma Alpha Mu at our house. Jimmy says he'll be back around Thanksgiving to test our new pledges who are Walter Faggin, Alfred Fox, Bernard Goodman, Robert Maggio, Lawrence Pappert, Allan Rest, Lawrence Rosner, and Goodwin Steinberg.

The Phi Kaps and their girl friends enjoyed a steak fry at Palos Park on Sunday Oct. 13. Football practice has been carried out in earnest these past days and the brothers are looking forward to a second lag on the cup. Most of the brothers are planning to spend the week-end at the Illinois chapter house for the Homecoming celebration. Visiting brothers were welcomed over the week-end from Ohio State and Alabama University.

Late Flash:—The Rho Deltas and Triangle played to a 6-6 tie in their frat touchball meet Friday aft in Ogden Field. Edelson, frosh ace of the Rho Deltas, sparked the play of the game, but Triangle's keen defence stopped any definite action.

Delta Lambda Xi engineering fraternity, formerly of Lewis Institute, held its first meeting of active members at Armour College last Friday morning. Professor Frank H. Wade, of the mechanical engineering department, was chosen as the new faculty sponsor.

Chairman Albert Berger appointed Vitold Edutis as secretary. Members appointed to the pledging committee are: Howard Bonner, John Rebak, Frank Jacobs, Lumir Dvorak, and George Koniczko. The committee on activities consists of Mitchel Josephs, Christian Reimuller, Vitold Edutis, and Albert Berger.



Good morning kiddies. Another Tuesday is here and once more we present for your approval the "best colyum in the paper" Once again, despite many obstacles — in the form of that pesty feature editor — we bring you "The Dirt of the Week". (Blare of trumpets — Ta-rah!)

When a gal falls for Bill Bauch she really falls hard! Bill's latest drives him down to school two days a week — which should denounce that old theory about "a guy's gotta have a car now-a-days."

Flash!!! Last Friday Prof. Nachman derived "basically fundamental equation" No. v3,jjv during his heat power lecture, which establishes a new record for such equations in that course. There's only one thing wrong; the boys were left by the wayside after B.F.E. No. B which makes for no A's.

Wally Sodenstrom, Soph Civil, is experimenting with a new educational theory. He contends that romance helps the mind function. To prove this he drives down to school with his girl every morning and pitches the woo before he goes to his 8:00 math class. Let us know how you make out, chum!

Warning to all freshmen and sophomores! A senior vigilante committee composed of Sanowskis, Sliwa & Co., is conducting a private campaign to keep youse guys off that elevator. They're using that fifth floor shower room to good advantage, thank you.

In accordance with the humanitarian policies of this column, we do hereby publicly announce that we will personally foot the bill for haircuts for both Bernie Ellis and our good friend Leskinen. (Ed. note: I'm glad it was you instead of me!)

If Marvin McCarthy can stick his neck out on football predictions, so can we. Our choice — Armour over Chicago by three. The Armour Steamrollers, led by Luckens Bell, and Martinek, deserve a lot of credit for this attempt to organize a team here, and we doff our caps to them!

Now that "Pretty Boy" Ray Schultz, junior co-op, has his own car, there'll be no stopping the guy! Always a cinch to score with the ladies, with his extra equipment the guy should be a "triple-threat". (Ed. note: He better steer clear of my girl or else!)

Add to the list of henpecked husbands—Jesse Kremer, of Book-store robbery fame. When Jesse talks to the little woman on the phone all you hear is "Yes dear, no dear, yes m' love" etcetera. Cripes, lad, what are you, man or meekling?

Bob Lange, Armour "racketeer," brought a charming gal out to see "the Phi Kaps beat the pants off the Deltas." (Heh, heh) The unobliging Deltas decided to reverse this prophecy, and embarrassed Bobby had to alibi plenty to ease the situation.

Have you noticed a guy in the S. U. lobby at noon, tearing his hair out and screaming curses at the top of his lungs? Well, it's only Ernie Colant waiting for his daily noon-hour call from his sweetie-pie, and cussing the occupants of the phone booths because that means his girl is getting a busy signal on the other end. Silly boy, why don't you take the call in Dean Tibbal's office?

So we'll be back next week unless that feature editor gives us the bum's rush. Until then we say, "Ah Reservoir," and remember everyone's going to the Arr dance!!

SOOPER SNOOPER