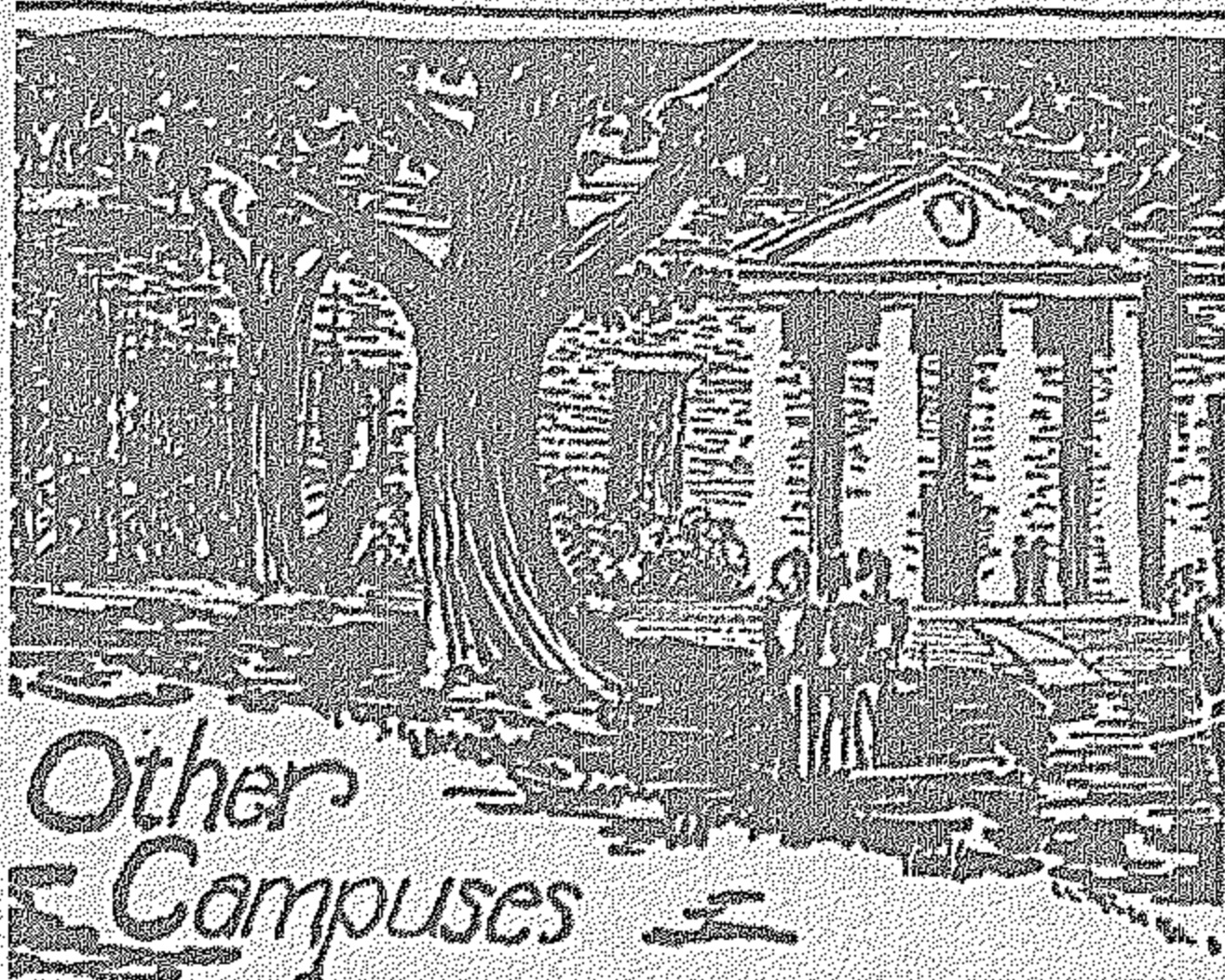




by Charles I. Ball

Freshmen at Wheaton College have to carry after-dinner mints for distribution to sophomores upon request. When addressed by an upper classman they have to answer, "You're looking well today." However, the crowning insult to those politically sensitive is that, when hailed as Roosevelt, they have to place hands to ears and flap, saying, "My friend." When hailed as Willkie, they have to place fist on fist on nose, and say, "America needs me."

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute was the first engineering school established in the United States. It was founded at Troy, New York, by Stephan van Rensselaer in 1824.

A short time ago some janitors at Penn State found several crates of 37 millimeter ammunition while moving some old lumber. Nobody knew how the stuff got there.

Astronomy students of Prof. N. Wyman Storer at Kansas U. found the following bulletin on his door: "If you want to see Venus, see me."

Jane Handke, now a junior at Sodor High School in St. Louis, sure gets around. In her ten years of scholastic life she has attended 75 schools in every state in the union, Canada and Mexico, without missing a grade. Her father is a salesman.

Billie of Goldsboro, N. C., applied for entrance at a state co-ed school and received the following letter from the registrar: "We are glad to enroll your name and have assigned you a room in the Y.M.C.A. building with a very nice young man for a roommate." Billy hastily replied by long distance telephone that she would prefer a room in the girl's dormitory. Billie didn't want (or get) her man.

Pennsylvania has more colleges than any other state.

Twenty students out of 2,800 at the University of Idaho made perfect grades last semester.

President Robert G. Sproul warned University of California students that they will be suspended from college if they actively oppose the national defense program.

Several American institutions have royal charters but William and Mary College is the only one which has a royal coat of arms.

University of Georgia officials have limited to \$2,500 the price that can be paid for an orchestra at a student dance.

Men students and coeds are not allowed to sit together at football games at Miami U., Oxford, Ohio.

Brother William Goat, Indiana University Phi Kappa Psi fraternity's mascot was kidnapped (no pun) by persons unknown (a local sorority suspected), and held for a ransom of one thousand and beverage bottle caps. The Phi Psi's flag flew at half mast until the brother was returned.

JOKE?

"Do you like to dance?"

"Yes, I love to."

"That's better than dancing anytime, lets."

Girls when they went out to swim,
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard.
But now they have a different whim,
And dress more like her cupboard.

Blitzkrieg!

Company attention!

Now that the drawing for the draft numbers is over, we find that several of our members are in the army now. Two of the most enthusiastic potential soldiers are Joe "1:10" Nowak and Steve "The Great Profile" Mendak. Too bad Joe has to go just when that newsome twosome is going strong . . . Is it true that Mr. Halverson of the physics department became a proud pappa this summer? Congratulations, daddy! . . . The Italian Village is staging a lockout against Mary Ann Knirsh. When she turned those big blue eyes on a waiter there last Saturday, he was so flustered he nearly forgot her order . . . Mary Ann and Phyllis Hagar constantly surprise all of the gullible females by displaying their super brain waves in the game of Cahoots. Now they are known as the Cahootie cuties . . . Girls! Have you seen Fred Dreger? He is the answer to a maiden's prayer. Not only is he a 1940 version of Adonis, but he is further enhanced by being an Andy Frain usher (the uniforms are so cute) and is a shining light in the C.A.A. . . . That big he-man, Leslie Carpenter, prefers cake with tuttifrutti icing. Say kid, how about a double saspirilla? . . . Tasty Meal Day was celebrated by twenty-one hungry hoodlums. We were glad to see so many new faces. Same time next week, gang, and let's see some more new faces and lots of fun . . . Daily double: Mercedes

"Meet the People" At Grand, One Grand Play

By Minnette Hirst

It was the privilege and pleasure of your critic to be among the observers of an outstanding experiment in youthful dramatic work, last Tuesday night. The show was "Meet The People," currently appearing at the Grand theater. The kids in it really love their work; they are young, enthusiastic, and appear to be having a great deal of fun. One of the dancing principals in the cast was kind enough to grant us an interview.

Patricia Brilhanti, dancing principal in the cast of "Meet the People," was born in San Francisco seventeen years ago. Petite size, blue eyes, auburn hair and a sparkling personality make up this lively young woman. Patti, who dances tap, ballet, and a good brand of jitterbug, has been in a few movies and was a protegee of Alexander Korda. She has lived in San Francisco all her life, and out there had the leading role in "Patsy" in a little theater group production. She is an original member of the "Meet the People" cast when it started in Hollywood. Among her friends she numbers the great and near-great of Hollywood, and she has worked with Deanna Durbin in "Mad About Music." She says that Deanna is definitely a delightful person.

The show itself is a series of twenty-four separate scenes in two acts. It has a cast of twenty-six that doubles in every conceivable way. There are no stars, only featured players. Each scene ribs the "daylights" out of some one or some thing, and it is done very effectively. Miss Hollywood is rudely awakened from her beauty sleep by her "Prince Charming," a quite ordinary guy, and is taken from her "Ivory tower" to meet the family, the people, and so she does. She meets them all — from the bums on the park bench to the Conga dancers in Chichicastinango. "Meet the People" has very little plot, but what little there is helps add to the continuity of the various scenes.

Special mention should be given to Elizabeth Talbot Martin and Jack Gilford for their excellent mimicry. She goes to town on some excellent characterizations of Katharine Hepburn, Greta Garbo, Aimee Semple McPherson, and our First Lady of the land. Repeating the nursery rhyme "Where has my little dog gone?" she manages to give quite a different picture to each study. No fooling kids, she's good. Jack Gilford is the movie fan. Movies don't affect him, oh no; he just stutters and has a nervous tick, but they don't affect him. His deliverance of the various stereotyped movie plots with motions is really something to see. All in all, "Meet the People" deserves a bouquet to each member in the cast and four stars.

Brown and Ken Calhoun continue to hold the record for long-term combinations with Betty Kennedy and Quen Junger coming up fast on the outside. By the way, Betty's taking ways gained those buttons for her . . . Florence Alder is wearing a 1940 Lewis key. Perhaps since he is now at Armour Howie Herzog thinks it is more appropriate here . . . Billie Storz is hobbling around on crutches with her leg in a cast. She says she did it while bike riding, but we wonder. Could it be that Ken has been kicking her around again? . . . Seen by one of our spies: Michael Cogen at the maternity home. Are cigars in order? . . . The Caldwell double exposures, Jackie and Louise, have joined the Armour dance club. Bet the South Side steppers are having double trouble trying to figure out who is dancing with whom. By the way, gals, how can you see out of those windows with all of those stickers? . . . Our deepest apologies to Gustav A. Prodromos, Esq. for calling him a heckler in the last issue. So sorry old boy. Next time introduce yourself around . . . What Sigma was seen trying to fix a locker one morning with the able assistance of several strong boys? How does it work now, Grace? . . . We don't see nearly enough of Tom Cafecas since he is so busy playing nursemaid to the bottles in the chem store room . . . Dorothy Glambelluca is still carrying her heart around in her pocket for that good-looking boy friend of hers who is out of sight for the time. Come around once in a while Steve . . . There has been a suggestion that the activities council take over the football parley cards Sorry fellows. No can do. . . . We have often wondered what they teach the students over there in the South end of the world. It couldn't be readin' and ritin' or ye olde ed of the Steam Shovel would have been able to comprehend that the illustrious correspondent, A Friend, meant he had too much lip. Now you get it, chum? (You have to resort to the vernacular with these illiterates, Friend.) . . . And now as a final reminder, to end all final reminders. Be sure, be certain, and I reiterate, be positive that you grab your chick and beat it out to the Medinah Country Club for the Arx Jamboree. Just remember, "And if it's good, it'll carry."

See you there?

THE FIFTH COLUMNIST

The Greeks Had A Word For It

GODS

By Robert Creagan

Friday, November eighth, Phi Kappa Sigma will celebrate her Ninetieth Anniversary. On that day, Phi Kaps from all over America (sure we've got chapters in Canada 'n everything) will meet at the Morrison Hotel for a bit of food and drink. From many major campuses, Phi Kaps will make long journeys to gather for the fraternity Birthday. No doubt this gathering is to repeal the fraternity's Eighteenth amendment.

The Alpha Sig pledge dance last Saturday was a howling success (and we don't mean because of the sick dog next door). About fifty couples, including pledges, actives, and alumni, danced the evening through in a colorful harvest setting so well portrayed by the decorations. The third floor looked very much like a cornfield. The remark above does not refer to the music which was as hot as permissible in a building without fireproof construction.

Larson, at long last, mustered enough courage to bring a date, but only after the pledges threatened to make any stag serve as doorman. The girl later remarked that Dick ought to go places with a line like that. Beau Brummel Vizard had his hands full trying to dance with all the strange girls who put in an appearance by virtue of the dating bureau run by the pledges—Wagner and Andrews (a girl to fit any personality). Conspicuous by their absence, were Ed and Dona. Smatter, did your soul mate let you down, Ed?

Friday afternoon the Mother's Club held a tea for the female ancestors of the new pledges.

This column would appreciate very much the receipt of fraternity notes each week from all the fraternities.

GODDESSES

By Alda Kairis

The Sigma Beta Theta sorority had a formal dinner at the home of Edith Holm on November 1. The gay gowns of the rushees were topped off with lovely orchid corsages, presented by the alumnae chapter in memory of their own happy days at Lewis. Fifty guests were served a delicious dinner in a beautiful Chinese room filled with priceless antiques from China. Edith's home is recognized as one of the show places on the near north-side.

On last Sunday the Sigma girls gathered at Mercedes Brown's home for a few games of bunco. The hostess tried to walk off with the first prize, but Virginia Allen Lombardo came up, tied her, and finally won out.

Homecoming on the Wisconsin University campus was visited by Pat Arns, a Kappa Delta girl. Speaking of visiting places, Jeannette MacLueckie witnessed a thyroidectomy at the Illinois Medical School, accompanied by Nick Frankovielgia, a medical student formerly of Lewis. During her visit she came to the conclusion that a very large number of former Lewis students were now in classes there.

Mary Ann Knirsch of Sigma Omicron Lambda attended the Home Economics Convention which was held in Springfield. When the gals get travel on their minds, nothing can stop them! And what do you think? Everyone thought she was a high school kid. Isn't it wonderful how some people don't show their age?

Tomorrow the Pan-Hellenic Council, the combination of all sororities will entertain all of the rushees, faculty sponsors, and sorority girls in the cafeteria at 12:30. This week is the "hull" week—the week before the sororities know how many new girls each will have. Good luck to the Kappas, Sigmas and Lambdas!



By Bob Saigh

One of the finest of the most recent Columbia album releases is the "Music of Victor Herbert" (Set M415) recorded by Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra. On these records you will find Victor Herbert's unforgettable song successes of musical comedy . . . light opera . . . the favorites of yesterday and today . . . the songs you always hum, sing and request. The famous Kostelanetz strings predominate throughout the set and make it one of the finest Columbia Green Label albums ever made. The Green Label series of records consist of recordings of the popular classics. Especially fine is the recording of "Indian Summer," with the expert toning and shading of the strings you can almost hear the wind blowing and the leaves falling. The set consists of four 12-inch records in an attractive album and is moderately priced at \$4.50.

When is someone going to put a stop to the songwriters who insist on writing those patriotic, flag-waving songs, such as "We're All Americans, All True Blue," "I am an American," and "He's My Uncle." An evening can't go by without hearing several of these very boring selections on the radio. Ever since Irving Berlin released "God Bless America" two years ago, every Tom, Dick and Harry has been trying to imitate him and they are doing a punk job of it.

Take a little boogie woogie music and a dash of the rhumba, and you get "Rhumba-boogie." There are several good discs of this number. Bob Chester's waxing on Bluebird (10800) is about the best although Al Stuar's vocal isn't what you would call sensational. The Andrews Sisters have a recording of this number on Decca (3097) that is also topnotch . . . Erskine Hawkins, the Twentieth Century Gabriel, and his Orchestra maintain their above-par standards with a pair of hot discs on Bluebird (10854):