



Back at you again, bags and baggage. Nothin' to worry 'bout now. No elections, no football bets, nothing but eighteen reports, eighty-three problems, skipped three quizzes, have to complete six plates, oh well, always remember—no fourth term...

Dad: "It's a terrible thing. I sold my car and mortgaged my house and land, all to send my son to the university. And all he does there is smoke, drink, and take girls out to parties."

Pal: "Oh, so you're regretting it?"

Dad: "Certainly. I should have gone myself."

The secret of success is that there is plenty of room at the top of the ladder, but most of the lower rungs are missing.

Lesser of Two Evils

"So you're working your way through college. How do you do it?"

"Well, don't tell my father. He thinks I'm peddling liquor, but I'm really editing the humor column."

That's Life

A group of friends were discussing life in general when one spoke up and said, "Isn't it funny how a child's tastes will change?"

"Yes," replied another. "My little son used to love soldiers and my little daughter was crazy over brightly painted dolls. Now my daughter loves soldiers and my son chases after every painted doll in the neighborhood."

POME

A studious student named Joe
Studied eight nights in a row;
Came the day of the test,
He passed with the rest,
Which just goes to show.

Ellen—"I heard that Peggy has a propensity for petting"

Helen—"Aw, all she's got is just an old-fashioned sofa like ours."

College girls get their education by degrees, and chorus girls by stages.

Policeman peering into parked car: "Young man, are you going to kiss that girl?"

Young Man: "No."
Policeman: "Here, then, hold this flashlight."

Counsel (to police witness): "But if a man is on his hands and knees in the middle of the road, that does not prove he is drunk?"

Policeman: "No, sir, it does not. But this one was trying to roll up the white line!"

Willie fell down the elevator—

Wasn't found till six days later.
Then the neighbors sniffed, "Gee whizz!
What a spoiled child Willie is!"

APT STUDENT

When Jackie returned from his first day of school, his father asked him, "What did you learn at school today?"

"I learned to say 'Yes, sir' and 'No, sir' and 'No, ma'am' and 'Yes, ma'am.'"

"You did?"

"Yeah."

"If Yehudi is my mother and my father is the little man who wasn't there, who am I?"

"Don't look now, but I'm nobody's baby."

Pete: What are you up to now, you rascal?

Herman: Ninety-eight Fahrenheit."

"Why does Jimmy hang around that woman with a past?"

"Oh, he's just waiting for history to repeat itself."

That's that, but before you do anything count ten. On second thought make it a hundred.

"OH MIN"

Blitzkrieg!

Fellow voters!

Now that those two great events of the month of November (the election and the Arx dance) are over, we can again settle down to the comparative sanity of everyday school life. The Democrats in our camp are looking as pleased as the cat who ate the canary, while the Republican contingent is still as convinced that all of the votes have not yet been counted... Getting back to the Arx swingeroo, wasn't it a dandy? We can safely say without fear of contradiction that it was one of the best ever. Let's have more of this sort of thing. Aren't you glad you went?...

Some of the outstanding male members of the fashion world here at Lewis got the wrong idea about the starring and whispering Vi Tukich and Mercedes Brown were doing a few weeks ago. Really, fellows, they were only trying to get ideas about masculine attire for their last column and not flirting. Tsk, tsk! How did you get such an idea?... They tell me that Ethel Witt is a wonderful nurse. She is always ready to dispense care and comfort to her ailing friends. What if the ice bag did threaten to drown the patient, the intentions were good... Edith Alderman took time out between classes to treat herself to a hair-do the other day. The result was millions of corkscrew curls which dazzled Prof. Paustian no end... Have you heard that Gordon Walters has been nicknamed "Bucky?" Isn't that cute?...

Helen of Troy may have been the gal whose face launched a thousand ships, but Elleen Robinson is the gal who has launched a little class hatred between a freshman and a sophomore. The fact that she showed up at the Arx dance with one corner of the triangle didn't help to lower the fever pitch of the rivalry... Are you going to be married soon? If so, just call on "Stand up" Kairis for pointers on how to make the ceremony run smoothly. She has been a bridesmaid so many times that she is out of the amateur rank and is thinking of making a profession of it. By the way, men, you'd better protect your interests here, for a certain dental student is taking up an awful lot of her time and he ain't interested in her bridgework!...

Your Fifth Columnist has been foiled again, and this time by a brainy frosh. Just when I was getting the courage to speak to that Blue Island beauty, Marilyn Johler, I find that it is Dick Johnson who is monopolizing all of her coke dates, and who can compete with that sort of thing?... Olga Marcoff has been doing some mighty blithe humming and cheery smiling these days. Could it be that the head man from the North Woods is coming home for Christmas? (Shades of Nelson Eddy!)... If you see any Hollywood talent scouts lurking in the bushes don't be surprised. The attraction is little Helen Marzullo. The "Baby" does mothers, little girls, spinsters, and sweet young things with equal dexterity. If the "theatah" is looking for a sure bet, here it is... I hear tell that the attendance list for the Hallow-Giving weenie roast is growing to monstrous size. The party-goers are going to have a chance to see what the sun looks like and get a sniff of fresh air as it is to start early next Sunday afternoon and will be held at Lil's summer cottage. There will be a bonfire, square dancing, and ducking for apples, and our sophisticates will let down their hair, don overalls, and act like country cousins. Hope the playboys can bear up under the shock of this back-to-nature movement. And by the way, did you hear about one of our constituents who went to the Halloween picnic in a hearse? What some people will do to be original!...

Jack Greener has found a two word definition of an iceberg. Personally, I don't agree, but then I don't know the lady very well... Flash! The Activities Council is planning to give a drift in the gym Friday with music by your favorite band on recording. But, and this is the hot news, Minette Hirst has invited the cast of Meet the People to attend, and she told yours truly in strictest confidence that the lassies of the cast are most anxious to meet the Lewis men. Oh mother pin a rose on me!...

And so we approach the end of this enlightening epistle, for as the man said when he hung himself, "I'm at the end of my rope."

Toodle-oo

THE FIFTH COLUMNIST

Women Only

By Viodes

The ballots were cast last Tuesday and the favorite was chosen to lead and to set an example for the followers.

Daily new styles are being shown and a few brave souls are the first to set the pace for the rest of us. A striking example of this is the leather boxing gloves displayed. They are novel and just the thing for the girl who wants to be different, and it is doubtful just for what they are used. Some girls use them for warmth — others for protection. (Perhaps I'm giving away too many feminine secrets).

We girls have a different way of perking up our spirits from the boys. Ours is to adopt a becoming fad or fashion to brighten our wardrobe, or if we can afford it, to buy a new outfit. We don't have a hangover the day after, but instead an "Ain't you coming out tonight" invitation is more likely.

One sure way of perking up those spirits is to follow the South American way of mixing and contrasting colors. What the South American makes with yarn (and not the kind we hear told around the campus) is startling and fascinating. Two great chunky pieces of jewelry are laced with yarn; hats have yarn embroidered flowers and are hung with fringe. Belts blaze in vivid pinks, acid greens, and purple around the waistline of otherwise simple dark dresses.

Some of our blond sirens disprove the old saying "Beautiful but dumb." On the contrary, they wear black velveteen, the fabric that sets off the blonde as a setting does a diamond; while the boys at the other campus wear black for an entirely different reason, "to cover the smoke from the passing R.I. trains." (I'll leave it to you to decide which is the better of the two.)

If you want to be original and have swank at low cost, you can, with my blessings, make a hat for every costume in your wardrobe, for daytime, dinner, afternoon, or sports — out of a few lengths of ribbon, velvet, jersey, or faille.

Another new note... the three in one lipsticks that are now out... (three different shades in a small packet) You can change quickly to suit the mood of your boy friend. The boy friend will certainly give you a four-star rating then.

Well, termites,

You have some fads, facts, and fashion.
Can you hash them together
For fair cash ins?

Arx News

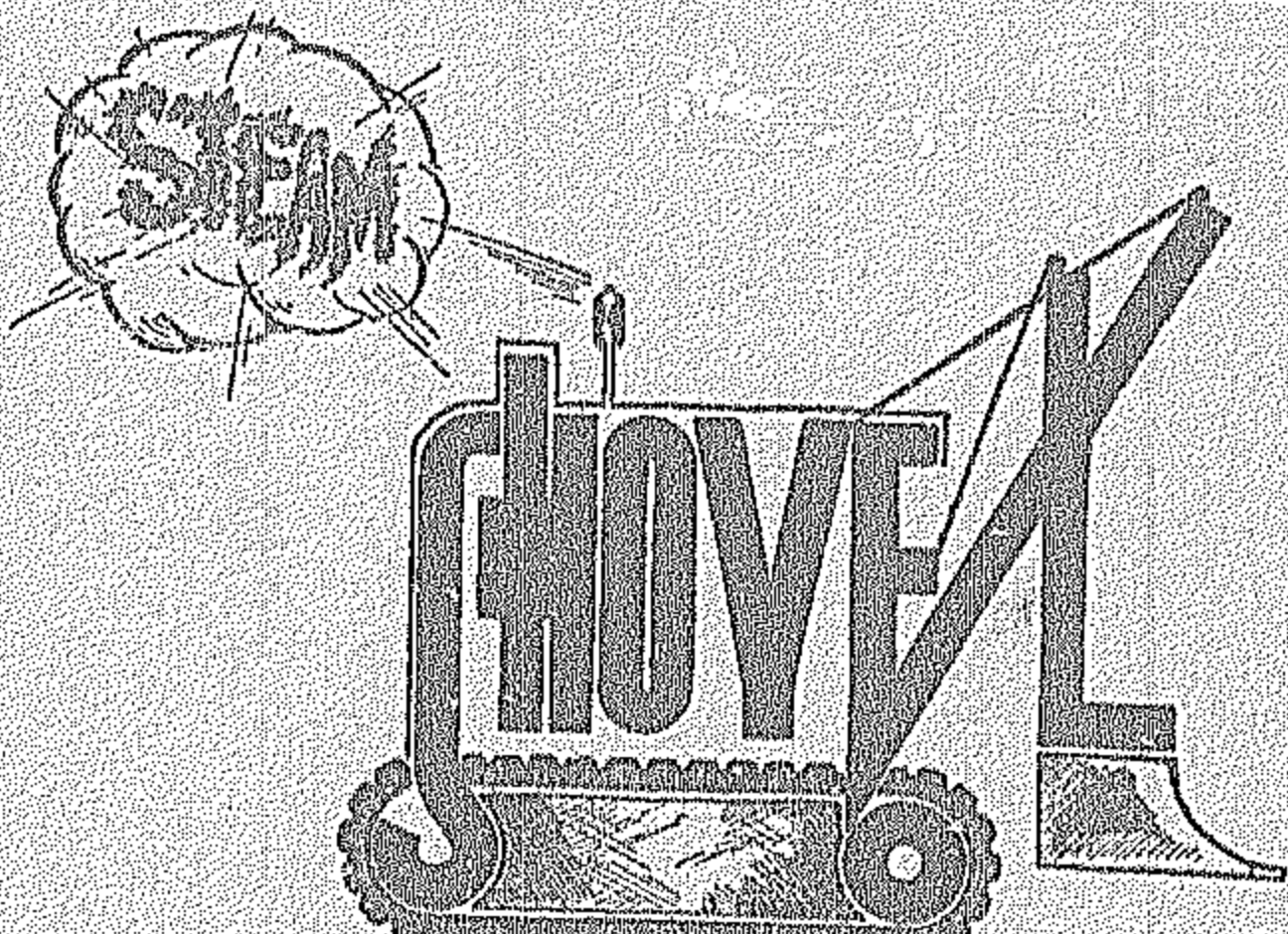
Yes Sir... It was Armour's greatest dance... THE ARX DANCE if you haven't heard has again made History... Amongst the swinging jivers were Pehta and Jay from all accounts that romance is still going strong... Then Suzy made her premier appearance escorted by Dickel, who just appeared... Weese went on a blind which worked out Reinke's problem of two dates... speaking of Weese, we wonder when and if he can grow his election bet... Steinweg (advice to the lovers) was here and there... Lenart's opportunity has passed, who will agree to introduce the poor lad to a girl... Our own Andy, Henry Carlson to you, really gave out... Danforth didn't do so bad either... Honey Chile seemed to enjoy it. Can we blame her?

What senior, who has what kind of a picture on his locker (and likes it) has been frequenting what type of shows... The frosh initiation was a huge success as far as the upper classmen were concerned Steinberg took the worst beating with Dunlop following a close second... for the frosh info its up to you to give it to those who ducked... The upperclass would prefer that great big Mr. Goodman as No. one candidate... The A.A.S. Board of Control elected Hannaford chairman, O'Kelly secretary and Farrell treasurer... Watch for the next A.A.S. meeting, if it's like the last you can't miss it... After all, six gallons of cider...

Help... Help... This wake is in need of your contributions... What have you... What ever it is it's good as in. Just drop contribs in box at Joe's desk.

P.S. Did Pehta really finance the Arx Dance by his blackjack winnings?

SPICS



We're popular, we're popular
Our fan mail grows in volume
Which only shows to go you
That ours is the "best column"

And with this original pome (honest we wrote it) once more we get right on the old ball and bring you the Slush De Luxe!

Arx Dance Winchlings: Ye Arx seemed much pleased last Friday to be hosts to so many students from both Lewis and Armour campuses. As "man about town" we had many requests from Armour gentlemen for "Intros" to the Lewis Fairest. Most persistent was "ward heeler" Groundwater in his search for Mercedes "Peaches" Brown (ing). Interesting combination: Bob Meyer and Mary Flasher (of Tech News Morgue Fame). Bob provided much entertainment at refreshment time with his Swedish (?) dialect

Seen around the Union: "Handsome Romeo" Manicus trying to invigile somebody—anybody—to go into the Registrar's Office and date up Miss Dorothy Brown for the Arx Dance — for him! Boy that's one guy that'll never make the I.I.T.W.A.

Say, boys, have we got a reputa-a-shun—or, what a few guys will do for the rest of them. Howie Ziemann and Lorraine "Vicky" Victor went out to polish the wax the other night at a local college. Pretty soon the where-you-from's were passed around, and when Howie received his, he replied with "from Armour." Spoke a soprano voice: "Oh, are you one of those wolves?" Poor "Howie! With his equilibrium all but gone he stammered "W-w-hat do you mean?" "Oh, I heard," was the coy reply.

RIDDLE: Why is Don Ely called "Davenport?"

If Susie, Arlis, Rita, Mary Jane, and Lou ever get together and compare notes, Bill Skene's theme song will be "Get Out of Town" or "California Hero I Come" because within the last month, at one time or another, he's pledged his heart to each one at the above-mentioned damsels! Now that's what we call large scale activities—either that or the guy's mad!

We have in our possession a petition signed by half of the Soph class, which claims that in an unbiased election which had been held for the I.I.T.W.A., based on respective abilities only, George Navadomskis should have been elected Master Wolf. We're sorry boys but Bob Olson is still our choice. He's got a line that really slays 'em and they stay slayed which is the thing that counts!

Now to get down to the real business at hand! To the Fifth Columnist: That dig you took last week has backfired, dearie! It so happens that we were the "illustrious correspondent" whom you complimented so highly. Illiterate are we? Looks like you took it in the neck this time kiddo but don't feel bad—you're up against far too superior competition!

Our number one spy informs us that Bob Felber has a "sure fire" scheme on foot to avoid the Draft. We are wondering if that "unretouched" photo in his locker might have anything to do with it.

Suggestion to the I.I.T.S.A. Board: After that Senior Mechs — Jr. Civils touch ball game it might not be a bad idea to add few wheel barrows to the list of the standard equipment for games! (Ed. note: How about a few nurses from St. Lukes?)

So until Tuesday next we wish you the best (get it?) and yell with a cry, here's mud in your eye!

SOOPER SNOOPERS