Well for—Now let's see again. Yep, there's seven all right. But Gad man how can that be? I only have six subjects and I get seven valentines. Eh? What'd you say? Oh, one for good luck. Heh, heh, and another heh.

* * * *

OBIT

Upon the grave of Hilda Drame
Here gaze with deep dejection.
She gave three cheers for Notre Dame
In the Northwestern rooting section.

* * * *

Old But Still "Funny?"

A patient in a mental home, after having been there for over twenty years, was kept under careful observation for a time by the authorities and judged fit for release.

On the morning of his release he was allowed to shave himself instead of having to be shaved by a warder. Turning to say something to one of the warders who happened to be in the room, he accidentally knocked over the shaving mirror, which fell to the ground.

When he tried to go on with his shave he looked at the blank space where the mirror had been.

"Well, if that isn't just my luck!" he exclaimed. "After over twenty years in this place, on the very day I'm going to be let out, I've cut my head off."

* * * *

She was trying to work her way through college by selling subscriptions to the Saturday Evening Post, but all the fellows wanted to take Liberties.

* * * *

As I sit here making wheezes
I imagine summer breezes,
Chasing away the winter freezes
Time to don your beeveedeezez.

* * * *

Coed: I never kiss strangers.

He: I'm 20 years old and weigh 160 lbs. My home is in Chicago and I live with my father and mother. I've been at IIT the last two years and I expect to graduate. When I do, I'll look for work. Let's go!"

* * * *

Said the rabbit to his mate: "This is a wonderful love affair . . . wasn't it?"

* * * *

Two workers settled down to eat their lunch. One began unwrapping a large parcel at which the other stared in surprise.

"Wot's that?" he asked.

"Well, it's like this. My missus is away, so I thought I'd make myself a pie."

"Bit long ain't it?'

"Oh, I dunno; it's rhubarb."

* * * *

New Circus Actress—You know, sir, this is my first job in a circus. You'd better tell me what to do to keep from making mistakes.

Manager: Well, don't ever undress before the bearded lady.

* * * *

Parked Pauline: I should say not it's against my principles.

Parked Paul: Well, drop some of your principles and show some interest.

* * * *

"Yes, sir, that medicine sure is powerful. Best stuff we have for the liver. Make you peppy."

"Well, can you give me any special reference—I mean people who have taken it with good results."

"Well, there was an old man living next to us who took the medicine for two years."

"Does it help him?"

"He died last week."

"Oh, I see."

"But they had to beat his liver with a stick for three days before they could kill it."

If anyone should ever say the Senior Dance isn't gonna be hot stuff this year remember the man who replied when his companion said that he had seen a bed twenty feet long, "That sounds like a lot of bunk to me." 73's.

"O MIN"

The Greeks Had A Word For It

GODS

The lucky **Delts** are back in school after a week's vacation due to quarantine. When the boys first heard that they were barred from school, they found it hard to believe; however they didn't argue, but went to the Shelter and there proceeded to kill the germs the best way they could think of. **John Stickling (Stinky)** and **Walter Jordan** were in the hospital until the officials told "Stinky" that he wasn't fooling anyone. Jordan stayed for two weeks and enjoyed the pleasant company of the pretty nurses.

ALPHA SIGMA PHI has a new stoker and ten new desks to help fill their new house. The stoker was put in for warmer parties and the desks are . . . well . . . gosh . . . somebody might want to play solitaire or sumpin'.

Jesse James (just call me Harmon fellas) of **PHI KAPPA PHI** engineered a football victory for the boys in their game with **ALPHA SIG.** James played a stellar role in the game, and it was only because of excellent Alpha Sig defense that he didn't make more than a 7-0 victory out of it. He was **Hoffe, McEvoy, Schmal** and several others who merely got in people's way at the right time.

PI KAPPA PHI held its pledge dance November twenty-second, and everyone decided that they wanted more of them thar things in the future.

Interfraternity council will meet today for dinner in the Student Union. The Constitution and formal dance will be discussed.

GODDESSES

Thanksgiving is over, but some people will be remembering it for sometime to come. You see, the girls here at Lewis thought it would be a lovely gesture to think of others, especially at this season.

Wednesday the day before Thanksgiving at one end of the hall we found the **LAMBDAS** planning their basket, and down toward the center of the hall were the **KAPPAS,** and at the other extreme were the **SIGMAS,** all filling baskets and boxes so that they might be ready for delivery that afternoon. I'm sure the folks enjoyed what you did for them.

* * * *

This week we have news from the **PHI BETA PI SORORITY,** whom we haven't heard from for a long time. Their latest activity was a Pledge Banquet, held Friday evening, November 22, at the Copeland Hotel. The girls were in formal attire and we understand that they all looked very charming. Recordings and movies were made of the occasion. The sorority received ten young ladies: **Pearl Moskowitz, Edythe Plavnik, Jeanne Osherow, Annis Osherow, Ruthe Axelrod, Janet Schatzman, Shirley Shatz, Dora Kolitz, Doris Listick, and Libby Simons.**

* * * *

The **SIGMA BETA THETA SORORITY** is going to have a busy week it seems. Yesterday was the first day of "hell-week" and so far we have seen the girls adorned with outfits representing baby dolls, eating lolly pops, and pushing buggies from one class to another. Today we are reminded that Christmas is really coming, for they are going around as Santa Clauses. Yet to come are Hawaiian girls and toughies. What people won't think of next!!

Tomorrow the Sigmas will have a Candy Sale. If you have a 'sweet tooth' the Sigmas will be glad to oblige—just see them on the second floor.

* * * *

The Beta Chapter of **ALPHA KAPPA ALPHA** Sorority put ten girls through a strenuous, but gala initiation last weekend. One of the girls was **Fleda Jones.** After parading the pledges through some of the busy streets of town they were put through a formal initiation, which was followed by a bountiful banquet.

Women Only

By Viodes

Now we've all had our share of that fat fine feathered friend of ours!! Luscious, tasty meals and lazy days call for a cozy fireside chat.

That old feeling of contentment that one gets while sitting comfortably at home, letting mean old Mr. Wind howl with all his might, won't come just once, but many, many times during the wintery months.

Let's take a peek at Lazy Daisy's home for a bit, and we shall see what we shall see. Evidently, we're just in luck for Lazy Daisy is going to be home for the evening. She's wearing one of those old, well worn, and quite torn sloppy Joe's with her once pleated, too short skirt. Her bare feet are shod in her Saturday working shoes. She sighs her contentment for she is going to have a pleasant evening at home.

The doorbell rings! Lazy Daisy's noble brow becomes furrowed with wrinkles. She frantically clutches her hair in despair, and a low moan escapes her. "Oh Mother!" —but Mother's not at home. Lazy Daisy gasps, "I'll turn out the lights, pretend I'm not at home." The bell is insistently buzzing. No, you can't do that, for he's already seen the light! Lazy Daisy slowly makes her way to the door.

"Oh, hello John," in a sick weak voice. She can feel John's penetrating look, and she stumbles upstairs feeling very much as if she would like to die that very minute. "I'll be down in a minute, make yourself at home."

Enough of Lazy Daisy. Now let's peek in at Peppy Annie's. Peppy Annie is comfortably settled in her favorite big chair, serenaded by soft, sweet swing. A fine pair of red woolen tailored dress pajamas is a smooth way of keeping cozily warm on a cold winter night—and this is exactly what Peppy Annie is wearing. Her daily hundred strokes have proved their point by the entrancing picture she makes with her bright, soft curls encircling her face.

She stretches, and feels true contentment in every bone in her body. The doorbell rings. A sparkle comes to her eye, a smile curves her lips as she quickly goes to the door. "Jim, what a pleasant surprise! Won't you come in." A flush of pleasure pinkens her cheeks. She feels Jim's appraising look and sees his smile of approval.

We've had a peek at Lazy Daisy and at Peppy Annie. Which one are you? Which one would you like to be?

Arx News

Important! . . . There will be an A.A.S. meeting tomorrow night Dec. 4 at 7:30 P.M. in the Lounge of the Student Union. Professor Van Der Rohe will lead a discussion on architectural education which will be supplemented with plates and illustrations. . . . Be there, you can't afford to miss it!

The change that has come over **Schneider** since his trip down South might be explained by his new theme song "Sweet Sue" . . . What would the girl he sent all those post cards say, the two timer . . . **Larson** still waiting for an answer to his ad. . . . Little **Dan Miller** says the gal from Des Plaines is the cat's meow . . . But lay off those missionary down falls if they cause such double talk . . . "The Right is Led" . . . We hear **Blume** flying too low played tag with an Evanston bus . . . He lost.

The Steamshovel sorta publicized **Blumberg** our forgotten man, as a matter of information it's the Standard and not the Skyline Club; moreover **Lud** doesn't dance but will be delighted to come to the dance with a redhead of his, who doesn't dance with him . . . About his love life **Pointek** isn't saying yes and isn't saying no, just mebbe . . . Note to **Center,** please have those women meet you some place else to get pictures, **Steinberg,** can't have a date, gotta cold, is having nightmares . . . **O'Kelly** and his coffee, black like tar; understandable . . . **Honey Child** raring to go again after seeing **Jack Clark,** it must be the real thing to go to a Chicago U. dance and get up at 7 o'clock to meet Clark . . . Whose tee square did airplane spin **Weese** and **Young** crack . . . Where was **Mike** the week before Thanksgiving and who is this, shall we say, blond in Cicero . . . Most amazing news of the week—there is now a contribution box behind Joe's desk.

SPECS.

Be it hereby publicy proclaimed that Big Scoop does solemnly swear to state the truth, the whole . . . etc., about all events of importance (?) occurring on, or having any relation to, ye olde Armour campus, or any of the inhabitants thereof. In other words, beware youse mugs!!

* * * *

What's this we hear about our old friend **Ed Kaeser?** Reports say that everytime Ed takes his girl out he has to wait until the husband has gone and baby has been put to bed! . . . Tsk, tsk.

* * * *

Now there are money-making schemes and then there are money-making schemes but this one takes the cake (or shall we say pie?) During one of Prof. Stevens' lectures Bob Gerth asked a few of the Junior Civils how much he was offered to smear a pie in "Arko" Van Gelder's puss. A collection was taken up, netting 45 cents. Bob and "Varko" went into a huddle, figured out a basis for splitting the cash, and then "Van" stuck out his 'platter' and Bob very energetically smeared the pie over it—resulting in a definite improvement in "Pie-Face" Van Gelder's profile and thirty cents in his pocket!!

* * * *

Advice to the Lovelorn: Crawl into your overhalls and work shirts and trip over to Lewis next Friday night and truck on down with them beauties. Nothing better for forgetting that 'D' in that last Thermo quizz! Unlax, laddies, unlax!

* * * *

We are the recipients of a vehment letter of protest from Bill "Cradlesnatcher" Grosse, stating that his "Lulu" is not fifteen at all but fifteen and a half . . . and besides, she looks older! Heard in class: Bro. Huxhold asking the prof a question about the "coefficient of discharge through a schnozzle."

* * * *

Personal to "our good friend," the Fifth Columnist: You're taking a lot for granted when you say that even we have to admit that your column is better than nothing. But then, a writer of a column (?) such as yours would necessarily have to take all things taken for granted, not having the investigative ability and mental capacity to check them up for yourself. May we extend our earnest sympathy to your column which is dying, (and justly), a natural death. . .

* * * *

Official Report from Agent No. 3: Johnny Woods is having more than his share of woman trouble **(Marion)** and we think that it is due to a much too literal interpretation of the works of Honore Balzac (you know, the droll (?) stories!)

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In answer to the open challenge issued by some of the West Siders, the I.I.T.W.A. has asked us to print this statement: "We of the I.I.T.W.A. are **always** ready to endulge in competitive wolfing. But due to the fact that we can see no real competition coming from the Lewis group, we'll enter only our pledges against their aces(?)" So if youse Lewis men still care to challenge, send us a letter giving full particulars as to the type of contest you want and we will **see that you get opposition—probably more than you'll want!**

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Here's one for the books. The Registrar's Office received a letter from some bloke from Kokomo asking for full "pickelers" on "how to becoum a refrigeated engineer."!!

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Those of you that happened to be in the lobby of Main last Thursday noon may have thought, at first glance, that the Information Office had added as an additional sideline, a second hand men's haberdashery dispensary. But no, gents . . . that pair of pants you saw hanging outside the door belongs to ——— "Cappy" ———, one of the

(*Continued on page five*)