

Junior Week, I hear thee calling me with thy sweet tender voice. Yeah, the echoes of thy depantsing escapades, thy glorious pageants, thy vine-covered halls for Open House whisk me away into dreamland. Ah Spring! Where is thy sting?

\* \* \* \*

**Inebriation**

This test is a very simple one and may be tried out in any public building which dispenses spiritous beverages. See how near the edge of a table you can place a high-ball glass without its falling off. If you miss the table entirely, you are slightly inebriated. If there is no glass when you do this trick, you are just plain cock-eyed, but if there's no glass in your hand and no table in sight, *Brother, you're Fried.*

\* \* \* \*

*She was pensive when I met her,  
Sadness was on her brow.  
But my checkbook made her happy,  
And she's expensive now.*

\* \* \* \*

"Where's God?" asked a local science instructor.

"In our house," retorted a student.  
"Who told you that?"

"Nobody, but my father was standing outside of the bathroom door this morning and yelling, 'God! are you still in there?'"

\* \* \* \*

First She—"Does your husband talk in his sleep?"

Second She—"No, and it's terribly exasperating. He just grins."

\* \* \* \*

Vance Zdarsky: "I wonder if I could make you melt in my arms?"

Girl Friend: "No, I'm not that soft and you're not that hot."

\* \* \* \*

**Try Kleenex**

Tom—"Hear about Jack? He drank sulfuric acid by mistake."

Jerry: "Kill him?"

Tom—"Heck, no; he said the only thing he noticed was that he made holes in his handkerchief everytime he blew his nose."

\* \* \* \*

"What a splendid fit," said the tailor as he carried the epileptic out of his shop.

\* \* \* \*

**Thanx Old Maid**

*A girl attending Bryn Mawr  
Committed a dreadful faux pas.  
She loosened a stay  
In her décollete  
Exposing her je-ne-sais-quoi.*

\* \* \* \*

"Did that sailor attempt to kiss you last night?"

"Why, mother you don't think he came all the way from the battleship Saratoga just to listen to our radio, do you?"

\* \* \* \*

No clergyman being present at a recent luncheon, the host singled out a solemn-looking man in black who had a rather religious appearance. He asked him to pronounce the blessing. After being addressed, the gentleman in black put his hand to his ear and craned forward intently:

"I can tell you're talking to me," he said loudly, "but I'm so damn deaf I can't tell what in hell you're trying to say."

\* \* \* \*

You can't kiss a girl unexpectedly; the nearest you can come to it is to kiss her before she thought you would.

\* \* \* \*

Zimmerman—"An awful lot of girls are stuck on me."

Lykowski—"Hmmmnnff, they must be an awful lot."

\* \* \* \*

The census taker was inquiring of the mountaineer how many children he had.

"Four," was the answer, "an' I tell you that's all I'm goin' to have."

"How come?" the census taker inquired.

"Why," said the hill billy, "I just read in this here almanac that every fifth child born in the world is a Chinaman."

(continued on page seven)

# Psychopathic Tripe

The other night Joe said the hell with homework and we went over to see Dimitri. Personally, I think Joe's a dope, but Dimitri is a genius—passed calc the first try.

We found Dimitri darkly brooding over a bottle of absinthe. He couldn't recall the formula for Singapore Slings. We showed him. Quickly assembling another batch and still a third, Dimitri got gabby over the fourth. He stood there with glowing eyes and flaming breath. "Fellas" he told us "you know I think up things. I've gone and thought up another thing!"

"Huh?" said Joe, gulping a straight rum chaser.

"What sort?" I wondered "of thing?"

Dimitri showed us his working model, a small disc of blue paper. Joe wanted to know what the hell it was. Dimitri fondly caressed it and told us it was his, all his.

"Yeh" said Joe. "Whassit good for?"

"Try to grasp the true significance of this bit of paper. Science has not been thwarted. This is my triple-ply, warp-proof, fade-proof, wrinkle-proof confetti! Consider the masterpiece of his woldpulperly. We can shower it on returning transatlantic fliers!" Holding his working model lovingly aloft, Dimitri blew it gently. It fell to the table with a leaden thud. Glasses almost spilled. We conveyed the alcohol to safer regions. Glug.

"God help" said I "the returning transatlantic fliers."

Joe sneezed. The working model took off, skittered across the room, clattered to rest beneath a fuming radiator. Joe groped for it. Shrieking, he withdrew his hand, well done.

Dimitri sat wraped in thought (and an odor of freezone.) "Your approach, considered from an engineering standpoint, non compos mentis."

"Huh?"

"It's wrong. Let us urp apply more heat to this device, thus increasing the convection currents and wafting out my working model on an even swell of rising air." Dimitri whipped out his cigarette-lighter, mumbling something about the invincible ingenuity of the scientific mind. He clicked the lighter five times, tossed it aside, borrowed a match. Joe greedily drank the lighter fluid. Dimitri applied a match to Joe's lips and applied Joe's lips to the radiator. Incandescence ensued. All to no avail.

We had another round of Singapore Slings.

After discarding Joe's suggestion of a vacuum cleaner as impractical, we decided to remove the radiator. Yanking the curtain-rod from its moorings, Dimitri used it as a lever. We assisted, badly bending our lever and ripping the curtain no end.

# ARX NEWS

If Ripper Rozanski gets an A in visual training, we know it's all due to the unselfish efforts of (under the table with one beer) Daly . . . Advertisement—See Shyster Steinberg for all tracing paper, shoe laces, aspirin, chewing gum, and bottle caps. His rates are reasonable and his stock unlimited.

\* \* \* \*

Flash! The Sophs have moved to lower (and more comfortable) quarters. For undoubtedly selfish reasons, the Budah of the Upper School wishes certain incriminating facts published. Sorry, Joe, my humanitarian instincts prevent my becoming a part of this vile scheme.

\* \* \* \*

The Bluestein-Goldsmith feud is cooling off to the utter dismay of a certain group of young men.

\* \* \* \*

Shrubbery Sherlock, the professor of Russian Jui-Jitsu neatly bounced Olsta off of a wall in the soph room. NOTE—If Sherlock persists in these subversive communistic activities, drastic action will have to be taken.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Frye was properly squelched by the Counter Jabbering of four juniors in Concrete last week.

"Let's rest" panted Joe. "We're urp consuming our enegyry."

"You don't consume energy" I said scornfully. "You transform it!" And I was right. You transform it!

We rested. We had another round of Singapore Slings. We were debating the possibility of using static electricity to pick up the working model when in walked Dimitri's sister, a twelve-year-old whatcha-doin' brat. She was champing on a wad of gum.

"We overlooked molecular urp adhesion" yelled Dimitri as he extracted the gum from his sister's mouth, suffering the loss of only a forefinger. Dexterously impaling the gum on a corkscrew, he probed in the entrails of the radiator. He unearthed a torn card which read:

Your Weight 162—You Have Quick Wits—Try To Use Them—Bustle About Efficiently With

Disentangling the gum from the card, we found it in crummy condition. Not fit for a hog. Joe said it tasted all right.

We went to the kitchen for more ice cubes. We had another round of Singapore Slings. Then Joe snatched the magnet from the guts of the refrigerator and suggested "Let'sh try thish, hey?"

It didn't work. However, we salvaged seven rusted razor blades and a small pin emblazoned: Re-elect Wilson! He Kept Us Out Of War!

Suddenly I had an inspiration. "Gentlemen" I said (I'm sure I was absolutely sober) "let us cool the radiator with water. Then we can reach the working model without parboiling our hands." No sooner said than etc. To solve the drainage problem we chopped a hole in the floor. But the radiator stayed hot.

Pounding began. Joe said "Thassa folks downhichstairs."

Dimitri sneered. "Uh-uh. Urp. Good ole merely, ole pal, the water hammernarad iator." (Copy reader's note: I'm lost.)

The pounding continued. We were having another round of Slings when Dimitri suggested blasting the working model loose. As he's a Chemical, he quickly beat up a batch of nitro. Dumping it under the radiator, Joe touched a match to it. The radiator shuddered, lept up and carefully imbedded itself in the ceiling. It was noisy. Scraping Joe off the wall, we revived him with leftover Slings. We were sifting the ashes which bordered a gap in the floorboards when wailing sirens stopped outside.

It is very nice here. The food is excellent and they treat us well. We will be released from our straightjackets on Thursday. Then Dimitri will set us free. He plans to distill nitric acid from the air and use it to dissolve the bars between us and you.

FARRELL & FILKO.

Our little Southern Belle swings back into action (and type) after her brief sojourn in Arkansas. Honey was seen tripping a light (but violent) fantastic with Woerhl all over the Jr.-Sr. room last Thursday.

\* \* \* \*

Michaelson, the woman hater (heh, heh), bagged class early under the pretense of working at the office. Four hours he was still chatting with his favorite chicken over a Walgreen coke. Ed. Note:—The traitor!!

\* \* \* \*

Suzy moved to the upper levels recently for one (or both) of two reasons. Undoubtedly she needs some degree of seclusion for her work on the Ryerson competition; then too, Bud has his board on that level, too. Incidentally, they make a handsome couple in their Berghoff rendezvous.

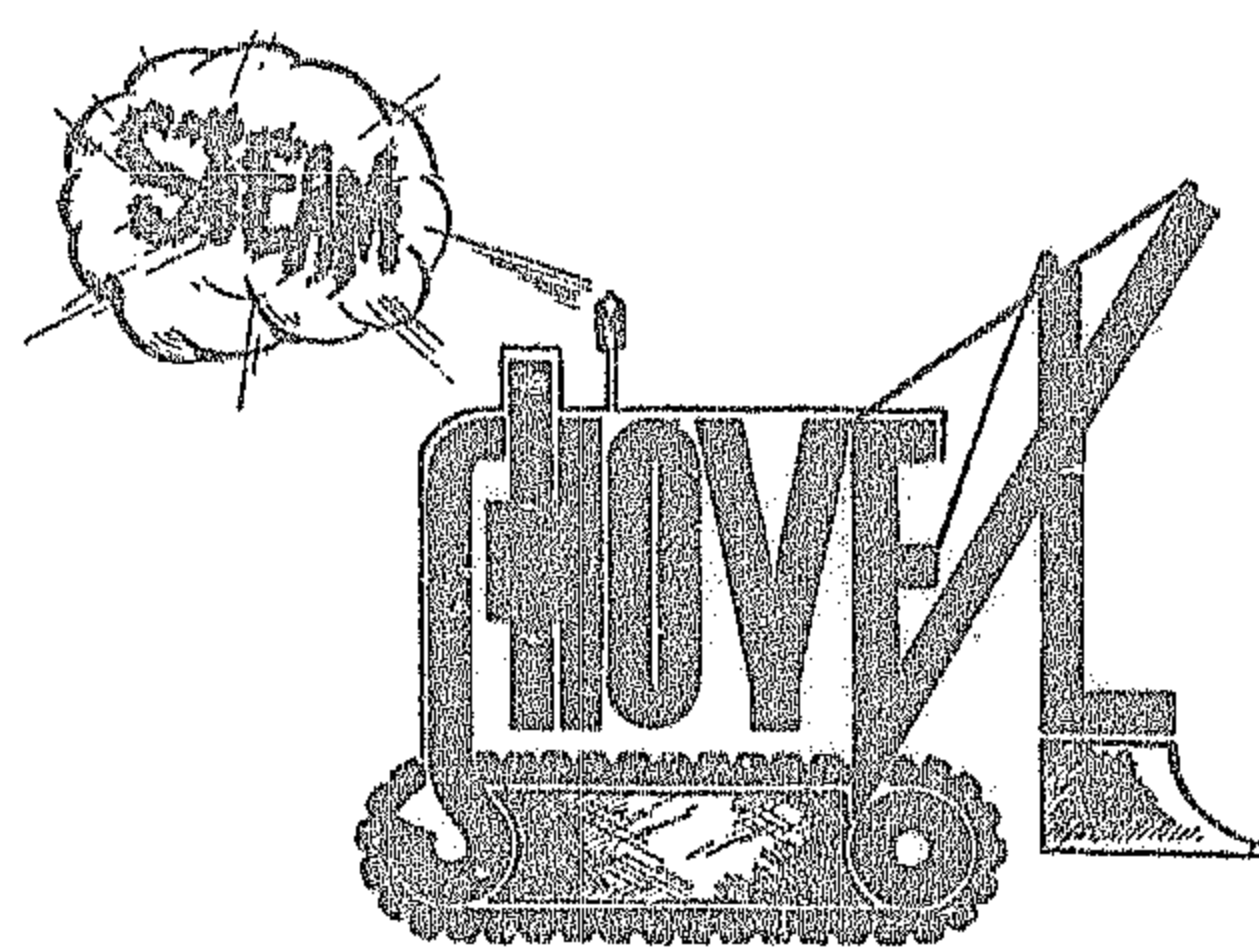
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It sure looked like hades (you know what I mean). National defense and open house work was held up last week when a fire broke out in a model city now under construction in the Sr. Class. Sabateurs from the Beaux Arts foundation.

\* \* \* \*

Well, folksies, guess that's all. Remember, "Keep on the ball," it's only two weeks 'till open house.

GUS TOPPO.



Now that the Frosh are all through beating each others brains out and knocking the crystal out of the walls with their jitterbug antics, peace should once more reign on the campus! By the central decrepit appearance of Joe Frosh yesterday morning we are willing to stake our shirts, that the Frosh-Soph shambles are going to reach a new high in inanimation! Sorry—Rush called off on account of crippled freshmen!! (If you see "Pretty Boy" Bowers all mangled up, he did NOT get that way at the brawl!! Heh, heh!)

\* \* \* \*

Dr. A. H. Carpenter has stooped to nefarious tactics. Fruitless in his efforts to put his entire geology class to sleep by his usual method of garbling, he has enlisted the aid of Miss Rosamond Golden and her new, all-penetrating perfume, obtained through the courtesy of the chemical warfare division of the U. S. Army! Latest reports from the hell-hole, that, is Dr. Carpenter's class-room indicate that the new gas is working like a charm—it has claimed four victims to date and great things are expected from it in the near future!

\* \* \* \*

Ralph Van Middlesworth, feeling low and in the dumps, rewarded the doctor with a visit. His worst fears were realized; the measles. After considering the best place for quarantine, he went to Jill's (his girl friend) house. Poor Van, he forgot to take into account the ten day incubation period.

\* \* \* \*

FLASH—Hank Bittner and Bob "Bon Bon" Bonar make a weekly trek to Gary, Yes, Gary, Indiana.—Boys is it spring or mileage tests on the Model "A."

\* \* \* \*

The Peterson and Keamer expeditionary force, going under the slogan of Detroit or Bust, Busted. The great breakdown occurred on Sunday, 25 miles off their route. All Monday was spent in consuming beer and working on "Iena." This gruesome two-some hit the campus early Tuesday morning tired and haggard. When interviewed they said "the hell with conventions, we want bigger and better breakdowns."

\* \* \* \*

Bidding Chicago a fond adieu, Karl Koos, Bill Skene, Don Ely, and Jim Walker left early Wednesday morning (April 9—Power conf. remember?) to spend a quiet holiday at Koos' summer home near Newago, Mich. The boys left with a complete camping outfit which consisted entirely of liquor. Arriving at their secluded woodland paradise the boys immediately unaxed and shed all semblances of human beings. The only experience incurred during this three day drunken orgy which is suitable for publication is the story of Koos' emergence from a spillway pond dripping green slime and cozing fungi and other forms of aquatic growths, looking very much like King Neptune himself!

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FLASH—"Lover" Laube latest loll into love land finds him working on the heart of Miss Mary Knirsch.

\* \* \* \*

Dammit it seems that these budding? engineers haven't anything better to do than make trips, to some fer-flung hole. Here's some guy, Ed. Floreen sp. mech, whose very existence depends upon a weekly week-end trip to Milwaukee to see his Dorothy Baum. Ed. Note—and here we sit in a sultry news office writing about these guys carousing throughout the countryside. What the hell are we doing here!

\* \* \* \*

And now since our train to Hawaii leaves in 5 minutes, we have to rush to the neighborhood hostelry for our camping equipment-saloon.

SOOPER SCOOPERS.