

Gadzooks, Junior Week, three more after that, exams, camp, fish, yahoo.

First Little Bird: "Who's that sitting on the bench below us?"
Second Little Bird: "Oh that's the guy that fired buckshot at us the other day."
Third Little Bird: "Well, what are we waiting for?"

Ma: "Johnny, why are you running around with your socks inside out?"
Johnny: "Well, my feet got hot so I turned the hose on them."

"Whoever told that guy he was a prof. He might know it, but be darned if he can teach it. The trouble is that he's too far advanced. Everytime he tries to explain something he gets so far off the subject that no one understands anything about it. He ought to go back to the farm, or try teaching a graduate course . . ."
"Ye-a-a-a, I got a flunk from him, too."

One Flaw
"Have a quick one?" asked Smith.
"Don't drink," replied Jones.
"Have a fag, then."
"No thanks. I don't smoke."
"Ever have any headaches?" asked Smith.
"Yes, pretty often these days," answered Jones.
"Just as I thought. Your halo's too tight."

She: "What do you mean, my figure's like a roller coaster?"
Harry Role: "It takes my breath away."

Beneath the moon he told his love,
The color left her cheeks,
But on the shoulder of his coat,
It plainly showed for weeks.

A gentleman dining at Crewe
Found quite a large mouse in his stew.
Said the waiter: "Don't shout and wave it about,
Or the others will want some, too."

Funny how people who start their evenings fast and loose usually end up slow and tight.

The mountaineers, they have long ears,
They live in caves and ditches,
They pound their socks upon the rocks,
And beat their wives with switches.

A pessimist is a guy that thinks all women are immoral, and an optimist is a guy who only hopes they are.

Greatly agitated, a woman carrying an infant dashed into a drug store.
"My baby has swallowed a bullet!" she cried, "What shall I do?"
"Give him the contents of this bottle of castor oil," replied the druggist calmly. "And then be sure you don't point him at anyone!"

"They all laughed when I walked out on the dance floor with a bucket of water. (They didn't know I was going to swing it.)"

Overheard
There's the story going around the faculty about the absent-minded wife. It seems that the professor had just returned from a hard day's work and after dinner he and his wife had just settled down in the living room to enjoy the radio. Suddenly there was a knock on the door. "My husband!" the absent-minded wife gasped. "My God!" said the professor and jumped out of the window.

With that I better jump, too. Adios, amigos.

OH MIN!

The Greeks Had A Word For It

GODS
Robert J. Creagan

That bald fellow seen about school the past week is Arnold Kramer, second year co-op of the Pi Kap house. Invent your own story as to how it happened; actually he submitted peacefully and it was more or LESS his own idea. Walt Stephenson, same class, was pushed half-way through the third floor window in playful scuffle—net result—broken window and no injuries.

Pi Kap Merle Dargel is one of the new junior marshals. Herb Hansen, Elmer Matson, and Johnny Sauvage are recuperating from strenuous work of listening to papers presented at the Detroit meeting of the ASME. They also participated in extra curricular activities while in the motor city.

Triangle is pleased to announce that Claude Penn, senior engineering science student, has been repledged into the fraternity.

The Mothers Club party held last Saturday was a great success. Dancing and cards furnished the excuse for having a good time.

On Friday, April 25, the Phi Kaps welcomed the Chicago alumni to the Chapter House for the semi-annual Alumni Smoker. Many of the boys, some from as far back as the turn of the century were there. Interesting speeches, card games, and bull-sessions kept the party going at a pleasant pace.

Many of the boys had their girls out to the house for dinner last Sunday, April 27. It was one of the many date-dinners that are held each year, and it gives the fellows and girls a chance to meet each other informally.

At Triangle the newly elected officers were sworn in by the past senior presiding president, Brother Sweeney. The new officers are Jim Wideman, president; John

(continued on page seven)

GODDESSES
By Helen Marzullo

Kappa Kapers: As "Little-Girl" Walker and Florence Alder are about to leave this institute of higher learning, and pave their way in this world as working women, the younger sisters will carry on the work of their sorority. Last Saturday the girls spent an enjoyable afternoon with their alumnae at the Lewis dormitory. Miss Morse was the charming hostess.

The Sigma Beta Theta girls have decided against rushing this quarter. Although they have had one rush luncheon, plans which were previously made have been cancelled. Taking advantage of the proximity of the stadium and the entertainment offered, the girls spent an enjoyable afternoon.

Harriet Barnes, an alumnae of the sorority, was married on Saturday, April 26, to Frederick W. DeRohan. Congratulations, Harriet!

At the monthly meeting held last Sunday, the Sigma Omicron Lambda Sorority decided upon May 24 as the tentative date for their informal initiation. The ceremony will take place at the home of Idylle "Honney" Saffran. The actives will really have an opportunity to concentrate on the pledges! This will be one time that the three "Co-ops," Elsie, Lorraine, and Joanna, will have to be "co-op" erative. Of course, that goes for Rae and Phyllis, too.

For Your Next House Party
Try Music With A Lift

GEORGE SHARPE
Hyde Park 8022

Blitzkrieg!

Corn Plaster Business reaches new high!!—with due thanks to the Freshmen and the Lambdas for those jig-fests over the week end of the eighteenth. The elevator creaked and squeaked with its load of sole weary boys and girls, too tired to make those three flights of stairs. So here goes today's tired business man's session: Spring Swing Hi-Spots:

The Knights of Armour really lay those two legendary birds low with the proverbial stone, by pledging allegiance to their native land and making junior and sister happy by giving forth with God Bless America in lowdown Conga style!

Johnny Bulkus outdoing Hoodini at his best! Not contented with the conventional bunny and handkerchief idea, he made himself disappear . . . for hours at a time!! And all the while, that Check Room Romeo was seen jotting down a series of numbers with a telephone exchange and a name fore and aft. Oh Johnny . . . oh! oh!

Saw the chem department there, en masse . . . namely and to wit, Greener, Stevenson, Cafcas, Kokot, and Ferarro, with dichlorodifluoromethane, polyglycerides, saccharides, and other chemical complications driving from the back seat only that night.

Freshman Dance Ditties
Did oo weally have fun at oo bawl, kid-dies?? I heard it was pwetty swell, all wight!—and dess what else I heard!! 'Wompers' Davey a-gurglin' and coolin' fwom his baby buggy and passing out . . . wolly-pops, that is, to all the little childwen. Kitchey Koo!!!

Bobby and Connie wandering about like two little babes in the woods, and leading the funsters in the Conga.

And while we're in the Infants' Wear department, I'm sure that little sailor outfit over there, complete with the little tin whistle, would be just what the doctor ordered for "Spotty" Peppard and "Mumpsie" Thornton. Measles and mumps!! Now, which of you naughty children neglected your daily dose of Knapp's Vita-Fresh? Remember, Elsie says: "When germs are on the loose, drink Vita-Fresh juice."

Flowers for madame! And the madame I have in mind is Clara Fowler, ambling leisurely down the halls, with a gardenia corsage nestling neatly on her left shoulder. And a touch of South America was added to the Lewis atmosphere by Miss Cadigan's orchid.

Questions and Answers Department
Who are the unfortunate owners of these names found peeking shyly out from between their first and last appellations Kennedy, Kevin, and Waldorf? The winner of this week's puzzle will receive a general admission ticket to a concentration camp and a set of unperforated salt and pepper shakers—and by the way, Bernice Feldman, why don't you try a pinch of that NaCl business on Super-Man Bauman?

That old Bogey-Man Drevikovsky standing over us with clubs, and with great gnashing of bicuspid teeth threatened us with blackmail if we mentioned his name in connection with some bit of feminine fluff that he doesn't want smeared with the dirt of this column. Why, Jaw-urge!!

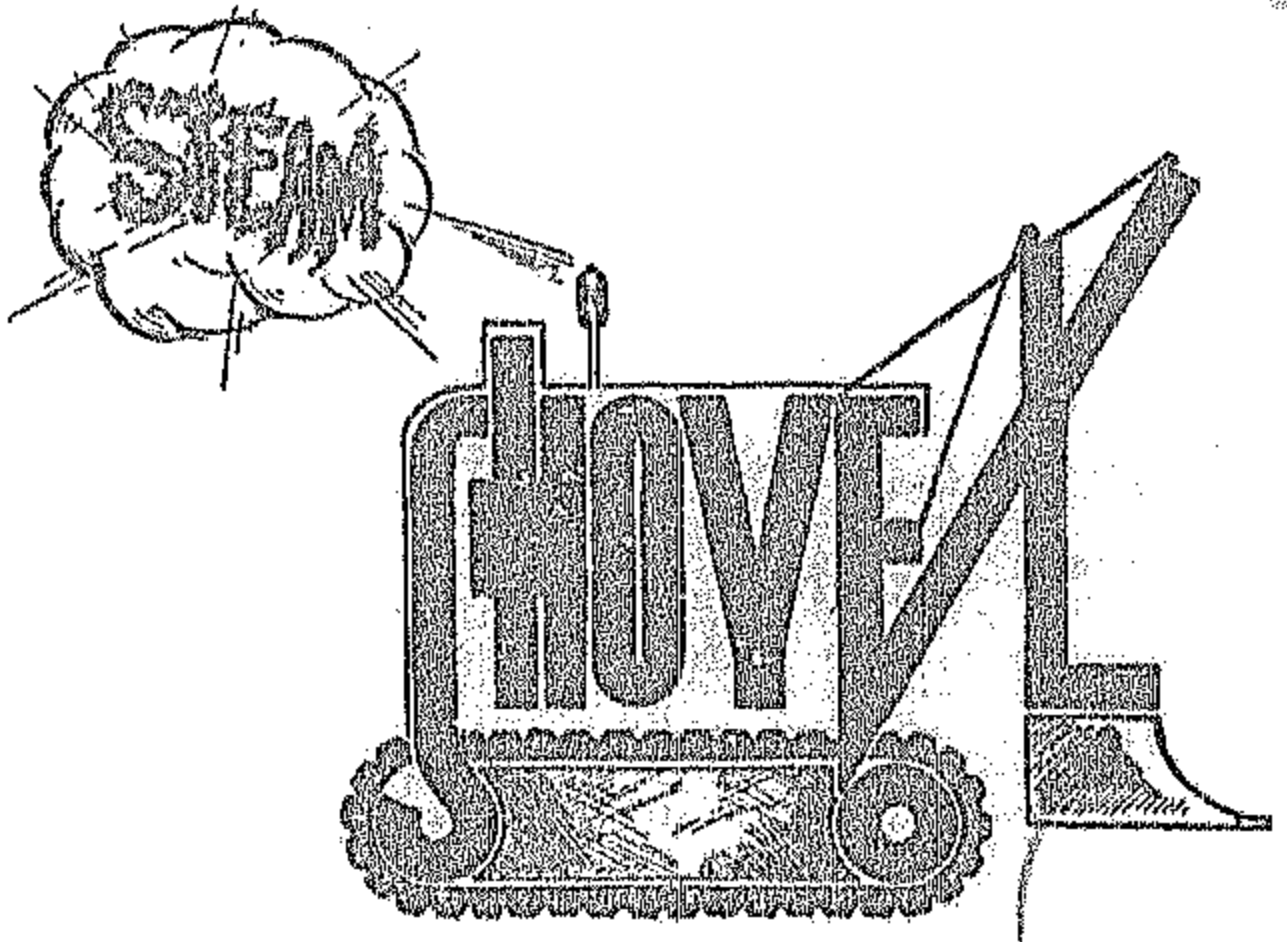
"Glamour Boy" Dreger warding off his doting public by keeping those baby blue eyes of his behind dark cheaters. Well, the best things are kept under glass, they tell me!!

Prof Mathews is the boy with the brains tucked beneath that pate of his. That happy little helper of history classes, Chuck Reinhardt, was appointed vice-president in charge of checking up on who's playing that little game known as history-hokey.

Heart Breaks of the Week
Bill Fisher pining away for our gal Aida, Sigh Fralick battin' his eyes June Fessenden way, and Bernie Madlin spending his hard earned cash on Blondie Robinson's cokes.

Well, (Ed's note: Well! Well!)
Heigh hoe, here I go,
To dig up some dirt for who's whose;
So hang on to your hats, you wolves and you cats,
'Til I'm back with some more red hot news!!!

THE FIFTH COLUMNIST



Hello again!! This is your old Sooper Scooper riding the beam once more! Despite numerous assertions and declarations to the contrary made by our incompetent and illiterate arch-rival, the Fifth Columnist, we are still very much on the ball, as evidenced last week when we stepped into Blitzkrieg County and beat it to the punch with our Laube-Knirsch tangle story! Yesiree, we're right in there pitching!!

CHALLENGE!!
The junior chems have requested us to publish this statement. They challenge any other department, club, educational group, stewpot society, or any combination of the same to a guzzling contest with or without side bets. They are willing to compete in the following events: singles, doubles, and enmasse! Cockey, to say the least.

Question before the house! Who is the cute little female that "Dickie" Guetzow meets at Leif Erickson Dr. and Van Buren on numerous occasions??? Present data shows that he frequently occupies (???) a park bench during the young lady's lunch hour. Hmm-m-m.

Since the purchase of a new jacket, Sherman P. Siemen did nothing but expound, to the sr. mechs, on the merits of its water-proofed fabric. So obnoxious became his lamentations that the seniors put it and him to the water test. It wasn't water proof. Sherman quoted G—CENSORED unquote.

FLASH . . . Prof Sanford to turn in his grade book for a ball and chain. Said junction to take place in June.

Wedding bells banged all over the place last Saturday as Brother Crawford, civil grad student, took the fatal plunge with Miss Thelma Shane!! In the spirit of good fellowship and all that sort of stuff, the boys at the Grad House threw a little send-off party for the brave lad the Friday before the disastrous event. One event led to another and as a result the boys were confronted with the problem of removing Bro. Crawford's gigantic frame from the floor—quite a problem! But the engineering science once again came to the rescue and the ladders, instead of dragging the body upstairs, rose magnificently to the occasion and brought his bed down!! Sharp!!!

Dan Brown on a recent date way down on the South Side, met Walt "Oh You Kid" Beaudry in one of those hamburger joints. Needless to say "Oh You Kid" completely took over. Shovelers' Note: Beaudry is the lad for whom a reward was posted in Machinery Hall for unfair Wolfing practices.

Hats off to Charles Peller, the only contestant in the Junior Week Facial Shrubbery Battle to grow chin whiskers. All appearances indicate that Chuck can win this contest hands down providing his dad and mother don't disown him, first.

There ought to be a law against: 80% of assigned homework required handed in; 80% of the homework assigned; these guys that complain about being 2 juice reports behind; Francis walking through the cafe when we're around; Dick Simonsen smoking "outside" cigars on the inside; the jr. arx not letting their gal ball-players get on the field and strut their stuff; profs who don't believe in the honor system; QUIZZES!!!

And now me hearties, our good deed for the day. Let us remind you not to miss the big Junior Informal, in fact, the biggest ever! Imagine strolling through the spacious gardens of the beautiful Shawnee Country Club, neath a beautiful spring moon, and gliding to the sweet swing of Toasty Paul. Don't wait—get a date or you'll be sorry! No kidding!! SOOPER SCOOPERS