

Listen my friends and you shall hear
The campus jokes of an engineer.
Some are good and some are bad.
Some are funny and some are sad.
(What do you think, huh?)

* * *

PIETY

A young flying officer, stationed somewhere near Egypt, while flying near the Great Pyramids, carrying out exercises in navigations, and working with a sextant to discover his exact position, suddenly turned to the pilot and said: "Take off your hat!"

"Why?"

"Because, according to my calculations, we are now inside St. Paul's Cathedral."

* * *

I tried to kiss her by the mill
One starry summer night,
She shook her head and sweetly said,
"No, not by a dam site."

* * *

We always called a spade a spade until we
hit our foot with one the other day.

* * *

Remember?

"Now," she asked, "is there any man in the audience who would let his wife be slandered and say nothing? If so, stand up."

A meek little man rose to his feet. The lecturer glared at him. "Do you mean to say you would let your wife be slandered and say nothing?" she cried.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he apologized. "I thought you said slaughtered."

* * *

Don't Get Us Wrong

He: "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

She: "Yes, big boy, but you think spring is here every time you get into a warm room."

* * *

Once there was a woman driver who went to Heaven. She knocked off one of the gates going in.

* * *

A berzerky old nurse named Miss Jones was hitting her patients with stones.

When taken and jailed,
She sadly bewailed,
"I just like their pitiful moans."

* * *

So They Fainted

On a street-car a man gave a woman a seat. She fainted. On recovering, she thanked him, and he fainted.

* * *

Joe Techawk: "Haven't I met you before my charming young lady?"

Miss Co-ed: "Well, your phrase seems familiar."

* * *

A teacher sent a note home because she felt an unruly boy was undermining the discipline of the whole room.

"Your boy is the brightest one in the room, but the most mischievous. What shall I do to him?" she wrote the mother.

"Do what you please," came the reply. "I'm having my troubles at home with his father."

* * *

"I'll raise you two," said the wealthy lady to the orphans.

* * *

A man waiting patiently in a post office could attract the attention of neither of the clerks.

"The evening cloak," explained one of the girls, "was a redingote design in gorgeous lame bracadé, with fox fur and wide pagoda sleeves."

At this point the long-suffering customer broke in with: "I wonder if you could provide me with a neat red stamp with a dinky perforated brim, tout ensemble delicately treated in reverse with gum, something about two cents."

* * *

Now, as one stocking said to the other stocking, "So long, I gotta run."

OH MIN!

The Greeks Had A Word For It

GODS

Robert J. Creagan

Delta Tau Delta held a party last Saturday night to celebrate anything that they could think of at the time. Unique decorations gave the pretty girl friends something to talk about when the boy friend would rather she'd use her lips for a more practical purpose. The single freshman at the Delt house who received a "flunk" notice, was told that he could not sleep in class hereafter—it doesn't pay dividends. The Delt will hold their Founder's day celebration on May 9 this year. Delt President Bob Creagan was initiated into Tau Beta Pi last Saturday and is he happy! The Rho Delt eliminated the Delta Tau boys from the baseball tourney last week in a slug fest held at Armour. The Interfraternity Council held their meeting last Thursday at the Delt house. This was the final meeting of the year.

Phi Kappa Sigma held an election of officers on April 28 and Hobart Bunce was the "fair-haired" lad chosen for the presidency. Other officers include Paul Buerekholtz, vice-president; Richard Hamiester, secretary; and Leo Orsi, treasurer. The Phi Kap house was again turned into a night club last Saturday night, May 3, when the fellows turned out to enjoy one of the popular "Cabaret" parties. There was dancing to the newest of the new popular records. About midnight a light supper was served buffet style. Congratulations are in order for former President Robert Greenberg who did an excellent job while he was "prexy" of the Phi Kaps. Bob was very active in the social affairs of the Interfraternity Council and will be missed.

Alpha Sigma Phi triumphed over Delta
(continued on page seven)

Arsenic and Old Lace

Without a doubt, "Arsenic and Old Lace," is the top straight (non-musical) play of the season, to date. This apparent take-off on movie mysteries combines the ridiculous with the more ridiculous, the morbid with the sublime, and all possible permutations of the four elements mentioned. If you like comedy, the ridiculous; you'll die over the murders. Whether you like your murder sweet and gentle, or brutal and terrible; whether you like your comedy clever and subtle or full of body and blunt, you will be satisfied.

The action takes place in the home of the sweet, maniacal, gentle, idiotic, hilarious Brewsters: two spinster aunts, Abbie and Martha, sweet and gentle, with a yen for altruistic murder; Jonathan, a newly returned nephew, black sheep, black-guard, with a yen for bloody murder; Teddy (as in Roosevelt), idiotic nephew, with a yen for the Panama Canal; and Mortimer, nephew, drama critic extraordinary, with a yen for the Reverend's daughter, all contributing to make up the delightful Brewster clan. Aiding and abetting the Brewsters are; Jonathan's accomplice in crime, Dr. Einstein, several policemen, a couple of corpses, twelve dead men, made so by the two old ladies, and a window seat—bless it.

Eric von Stroheim and Laura Hope Crews, as Jonathan and Abbie Brewster, head the cast. Stroheim is in the villain role, which he carries off in his usual horror-full fashion. However, he adds to his usual diabolic self some very interesting comedy. Von Stroheim and Miss Crews are competently supported by Effie Shannon as spinster aunt number two, Martha, Herbert Cortel as Teddy; Clinton Sundberg as anti-phlegmatic Mortimer; Henry Charpe as Dr. Einstein; Helen Twelveteers as Elaine Harper; Harry Erbine as Rev. Harper; and the window seat as a temporary grave.

It would be criminal to try showing more of the play—its surprises are terrific. Enough said that it is just what you need to make you laugh for the week following, smile to yourselves for another three days, and feel just plain good for another couple. Putting it plainly, "Arsenic and Old Lace" seems to be just the play for adding impetus to the trend taking place, here in Chicago; a trend of bringing in more than just the Circus, "Ice Follies," and "Gone With the Wind," to satisfy the demands of a potentially large theater going audience.

GODDESSES

By Helen Marzullo

They say that "in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love" . . . but what of the girls?? It seems that the Sigmas' fancies have turned to thoughts of circuses and jamborees! The week before last, the Sigmas enjoyed the thrills of the Circus, and last Saturday the girls attended Northwestern's Annual Jamboree. A good time was had by all.

The girls will have their monthly meeting at the home of Grace Taglieri.

The Kappas' fancies seemed to have turned to horses and stables! Pat Arns and Florence Alder started their spring season on horseback. The girls picked the Edgebrook stables for the opener of the season last week. Home ec'er Jeanette MacLackie is now stationed in the home service department of the Edison Co., and is working in the model house.

The Lambdas' fancies have turned to music! The "Juba Jive Sisters," Alda, Jane, and Mary had prepared a trio arrangement of that popular song, "There'll Be Some Changes Made" . . . and sang it at the Tech News staff party, on Saturday, April 26. The five pledges' fancies are still on thought of bowing, writing letters, and obeying the actives.

Junior week and Open House will begin on Monday, May 5. The students from both Lewis and Armour have prepared an Open House musical show. The sorority girls from Lewis will participate in large numbers. Alda Kairis, Mary Flasher, Lillian Snodgrass, Jane Goelst, Mary Ann Knirsch, and Doris Tully of the Sigma Omicron Lambda Sorority; Mickey Walker, Pat Arns, Florence Alder, Eileen Robinson, Florence Bartusek, Blanche Fried, Kappa Phi Delta; Violet Tukich, Grace Taglieri, and Elinor Wick of Sigma Beta Theta will provide part of the entertainment for the Open House show.

Arx News

Open House, oh Open House . . . Hasskarl can hardly hold a pencil these days. Doesn't know what a bed looks like. Michaelson stayed down Friday night to work, but having had supper at Helsing's he couldn't see his drawing board. Honey Chile doesn't look so good; keeps going around muttering about Schenectady. But Johnny Weese is currently killing time with impersonations of Richthofen. Uses glasses for goggles and a handkerchief helmet.

Everybody is making models, missing nails, and muttering threats against a certain "Slave Driver." Not to mention swearing oh so softly. The juniors work 28 hours a day, especially Sundays. Even the seniors are coming to school these days.

Nor are the sophs idle. A special feature of Junior Week will be the burial of Farrell on Tuesday. Maybe Borre will make it a double ceremony. . . . Art and Bob count bricks in their sleep, but Iron Man Boles doesn't. Doesn't what? Doesn't sleep! . . . And Martinek came to class Thursday . . .

Meanwhile, the freshmen do the heavy hauling.

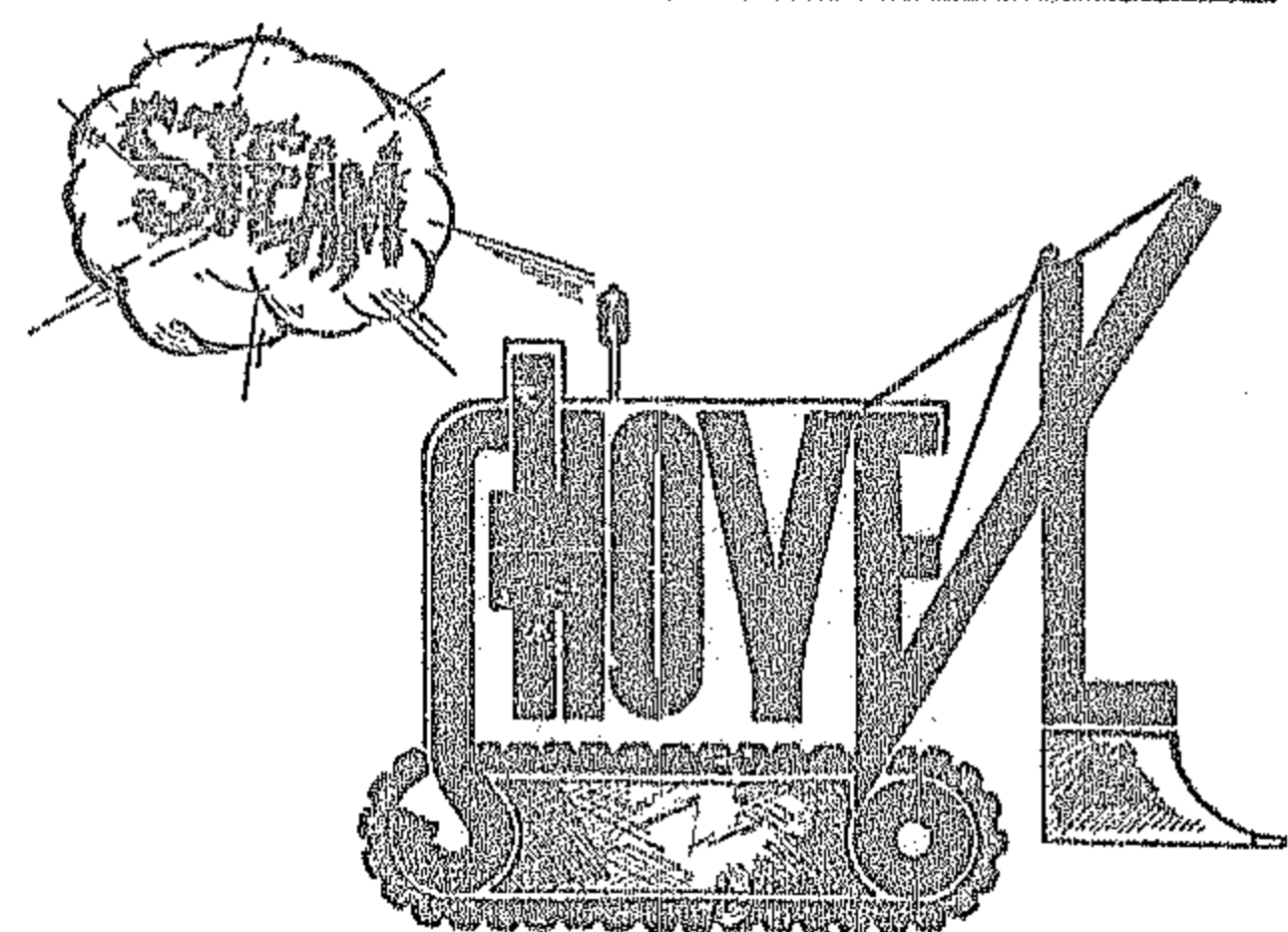
Soph Special: Art Lillibridge and Wes Pipher invested two cents t'other day in an attempt to get weighed. Results—Art 228 pounds, Wes 280. The boys hastened away as the scale collapsed.

Where is Farrell's hat? Sherlock's was also gone for a while—the poor communist couldn't talk through it for three days.

One-beer-and-a-pretzel-Rozanski caused a ripple in the frosh-mud-wallow not so long ago. Trying to break the lease, hey?

Lillies to the junior class. The boys met "sudden death" when their ball club met two defeats in one week. The blame probably rests in the laps of two people—Lindgren got his signals mixed and thought he was playing soccer (we found out why he goes to church, too!) and Honey Chile, who failed to show up and spur the boys onward. Hopes for redemption are not lost, however. There has been vigorous and threatening talk of the coming annual junior-senior base brawl game. Confidentially, I hear the seniors are a bunch of softies.

GUS TOPPO.



Greetings and salutations to all you thousands of Open House visitors here to see what makes the little wheels go 'round. And to the rest of youse mugs what read this rag week after week we say quote suckers unquote! And, by the way, if any of you people would like to help Bundles for Britain or the Greeks, why, just step up to the News office during Open House where you're 'honorable' reporters will be more than glad to give you 5 to 1 that the sophs beat the pants off the frosh in Friday's rush!! (P. S.—Count your change before leaving—No refunds!)

DON'T FORGET

In the crystal ball for Junior Week: The kiss-o-meter to score again as most popular exhibit of open house; the juniors to win the inter-class softball tourney; murder on the campus; Sonny Weissman to win the prize for the knobbiest leg at the Junior Informal; the Pi Kaps to capture the inter-fraternity sing while the Alpha Sigs are to bring home the bacon due to their fine "hamming" in the inter-fraternity pageant . . .

THE BIGGEST

FLASH!! At the News party last Saturday, Alda Kairis vehemently—emphatically denied any truth in that Jack Thornton frat pin rumor! Such high-powered denials don't exactly smell right and we're wondering!

AND BESTEST

Hats off to the soph chems. These bright lads are able to get a 93% yield from a solution containing only 50% of the stuff. According to Prof. Hamilton that's pretty good but since things do not look to be above board zeroes will be in order.

DANCE

Alf Bauman has gone off the deep end as far as affairs of the heart go. Every morning on his way to school, our hero drops a note in his girl friend's car which can be found on Foster St. in Evanston. It's a treat to see this Broddingnagian smile sweetly to himself in his romantic literature class.

OF THE YEAR

"It's a lie," screamed Dickie Guetzow as he looked at last week's Shovel. So saying he stormed the News office and futilely tried to convince your reporter that his daily date was his mother and not a girl friend. . . . Dickie you really must think us naive to tell us a tale like that.

YES SIR

Ernest Kulik, the guy who wolf's via the mails, finally has met his equal in Bob Morris. Ernest's gal sends him a three page letter to Bob's nine page letter. Come Bob, give us the secret of your success.

THE

Question of the Week: Could the fact that the soph mechs are having a picnic be the reason for the shortage of glasses in the lunch room?

JUNIOR

FLASH!! Bill Skene and woman at school last Friday.

INFORMAL

The junior chems who so foolishly challenged any group at school to a contest will fight B.O.N. Tuesday night. We predict a draw with both sides losing.

AT

The junior mech class acting on behalf of Rojo Sullivan, wishes to take this opportunity to set forth a plea for a date to the Junior Informal. All applicants should contact Rojo as soon as possible. The decision of the judges will be considered final, and in case of tie, duplicate dates will be arranged.

THE SHAWNEE

One student may take notes in class because of interest in a course, but Sophocles Dokos takes notes for reference on his dates. "Shakespeare" quotes this soph, "knew his stuff. It works like a charm."

COUNTRY CLUB

Heigh ho, it's off we go and it's off they'll go at the Frosh-Soph Rush. What? Why the pants, of course.

SOOPER SCOOPERS.