

Junior Week is over and no one can say that it wasn't what it was cracked up to be with mechanical cows, depanting, beard-growing contests and other events too numerous to mention. Now all we have to look forward to is that minor fact that exams come after three more weeks of school.

Aged Burlesque Queen to Manager—"Remember, I am the star of this show!"
Manager—"I know you're the star, but I wish you were a little meteor!"

Our grandmothers believed that there was a destiny which shaped our ends, but the modern girls place more faith in girdles.

"Ah," said the guest as he and his host approached the house, "I see your dear son and daughter awaiting us on the porch."
"Well, not quite," said the host. "You see, the girl in the short dress is my mother, and the young fellow in riding breeches is my wife."

She had a taste for whistling,
A taste that's not permissible,
But still I don't object to it,
The pucker is so kissable.

"I have a pain in my abdomen," said the rookie to the army doctor.

"Young man," replied the medico, "officers have abdomens; sergeants have stomachs; YOU have a bellyache."

It was lunch hour at the lime works, and Pat's two buddies, deciding to play a little joke on him during his absence, drew the features of a donkey upon the back of his coat, which he left behind. In due time Pat returned, and presently hove in sight bearing the lime decorated coat.

"What's the trouble, Pat?" asked one, trying to appear indifferent.

"Nothing much," replied Pat, equally indifferent, "only I'd like to know which one of yez wiped your face on me coat?"

First Wife: "My husband is a gentleman. He never walks into the room when I'm undressing."

Second Wife: "Neither does mine, he waits until I'm through."

There was a young girl from Cologne;
A maid with a will of her own;
She seemed quite demure,
But I couldn't make sure
Till I managed to get her alone.

Hap Newell: "I hear you neck."
Some Jane: "Next time I'll try to be more quiet."

A girl was entertaining her girl friend and was pouring the tea, when her friend spied a full length nude painting, hung on the wall.

"Why Mabel, that is a painting of you, did you pose like that?"

"Why yes, it's me, but of course I did not pose for it. Mr. R. painted it from memory."

FASHION NOTE

Women are wearing the same thing in brassieres this year.

Bob Olson: "The girl next door ought to pull down her shades."

Larry Liebrecht: "Has she no shame?"
Bob: "Worse than that! She has no shape!"

Most girls attain their ends by not taking enough exercise.

Game Warden: "Hey, you. Don't you know that the bass season isn't open yet? What are you doing with that big one on your string?"

Angler: "Why, you see, Warden, he's been taking my bait all morning, so I tied him up until I'm ready to go home."

OH MIN!

Open Housings

Amidst the hustle and bustle of last week many incidents made the first Illinois Tech open house a memorable event. Not only will the exhibits and displays be long remembered, but also many students and their activities made the week more colorful.

"See Dorothy Thompson as a girl basketball player"—visitors to open house were audibly and forcibly enticed into the publication and activities office in the best Maxwell Street manner by Bud Carlson.

Glamour—the Lewis coeds dressed in white uniforms as well as causing a little disturbance with a group of Armour boys led by Robert J. Creagan arrived looking for a glimpse of the south side campus fraternity glimp which they claimed they had to come to Lewis to see. But the Lewis fellows were affected even more. One glimpse of a certain usherette and Art Peterino fell UP the stairs. Too bad he hasn't eyes in the back of his head; it would have spared him the bruises.

In the afternoon on Monday President Heald was seen escorting an admiral from the Great Lakes Naval Station on a tour of the building. Downstairs the "sailor boy" chauffeur was spending his time amusing the little gal with the counter. Looks like a uniform sure takes over.

And was her face red—Rumor has it that Elaine Simon was right on the job. She was trying to point out the most important exhibits, and was rather floored to discover she was talking to Mrs. Boder—and she hadn't mentioned psychology.

Flash: The latest thing in fashions—John Butkus in his capacity as head junior marshal just couldn't miss anything, not even the home economics style show. While on the subject of males with John as their cognomen. John, the elevator man, was especially dressed up for open house. Even to the corsage! And John, the policeman from Armour and friend of all Lewis co-eds, came over to see how the "other half" lives and learn the facts of chemistry.

Lost and Found: A group of the cooperative class girls were observed wandering around the corridors with that lost look. On inquiry, they said they were looking for Dr. Lee. Incredible, isn't it? Perhaps they should have asked Miss Cadigan in the lost and found office. On the subject of co-ops—Walter Slania practically wore a groove in the third floor traipsing back and forth between the exhibit and the office where he could gaze at Miss Usher.

As interesting as the exhibit itself was the way in which the Major attempted to throw off Dr. Boder's reaction time device. Even professors don't react too fast. Speaking of reactions, those of the Armour men were fast enough after they had their blood typed. Maybe someone ought to tell them what type four means.

Headaches were not an unknown at Lewis during Open House. As well as having an exhibit which was especially outstanding, the chemistry department furnished all faculty members, usherettes, and student assistants with aspirin.

In the home ec department there was a special need for the aforementioned drug. It took Open House to show the girls that they couldn't burn the candle at both ends.

All of us can't go out to Yellowstone to see "Old Faithful" so the physics department brought the same effect to Lewis in the form of the New Faithless Geyser. Questions surely arose as to the cause of the eruption. Perhaps it was Dr. Countryman letting off steam again.

From Riverside came the "Quiz Kids" for Dr. Walker's education project. There to answer question as well as make recordings, they reversed the process when they toured the building. Each exhibit they watched brought forth question after question. And don't think some of the students weren't perspiring in their search for answers. Especially were the boys in the machine shop disturbed.

Although Monday was the only day for exhibits at Lewis, Open House was not over. A large group of students invaded Armour the rest of the week. Skits, rehearsals, and just watching the fun (as well as the boys) occupied their time. Indeed none, who saw the first Open House of IIT come and go, will ever forget it.

Blitzkrieg!

Well, the calendar says it's time to slip back into the old groove after this hectic week of Kiss-O-Meters, depanting, and Varsity Shows. The girls blabbing drooping mascara for those blue accessories they're wearing under their eyes, but we know... we know!! Everybody duck, now, while I shoot a few Open House oddities at yez:

Psychology Scenes

Major "Dead Eye" Smale a bit off the beam in his attempt to land that little dart right in the center of things. Probably left his bi-focals in his other pants. That gruesome gadget, the Lie Detector, failed to recognize the value of little white lies; especially in regard to little Kathleen Waler's vehement denial concerning her future as the Little Woman. "Honest" John Henry Smale (again?) smiled wanly when the subject of salaries was mentioned, but that nervous little needle told all. Now let's hop upstairs to the Style Show, and view those beauteous models and those little numbers they concocted with a mere twist of the wrist.

Style Show Shindigs

Edwin Winfield sitting through the show three times to view his favorite designer, Doris Listik. A triple feature without even a Morris Mouse. A thrown in!! "S-amazin'". And did you hear Elizabeth Little Snyder, she of the happy housewife fame, as M.C. of the show? Glad to see you again, Mrs. Snyder! While we're in the department where the girls perform their culinary cut-ups and hold their sewing soirees, this week's bunch of budding crocuses goes to Mickey Walker for making like a fire extinguisher when a candle held a little conflagration confab with a paper doily. I hear Barker Carlson calling from down the News room way, so let's all slide down the bannister, and what's cookin'.

Those classy curtains, the raucous radio, and Dorothy Thompson's picture among the Bloomer Girls of 1918 were quite the drawing cards for the News Room Niche.

Congrats to the Women in White for the efficient manner in which they conducted their sight-seeing tours. I noted one damsel quite perplexed when asked how the patient in room 12 was doing; and another quite sheepish after politely asking the janitor if he would be so kind as to register on the second floor. Sylvia Weislo's blonde beauty so enhanced by her white outfit that Walter Slania just couldn't resist. And what about that sailor boy talking it all over with Miss Flasher on the first floor?

Let's give out with a few husky cheers for Mr. Supple's grand job, and for Dean Clarke's consideration in granting us Thursday to recuperate (?) in. It's people like you that we like!!!

Now, let's hop an "L" over to 33rd and Federal, and see what's happening to our south side colleagues.

It can't be my hangover, but I keep hearing bells!!... and coming from the student lounge, they are, too!! Well! Do these bleary old eyes deceive me? There's Elmer—the bass fiddle plunker—breaking all records with his order of blue plate oscillations. All hail, Super Man!! Bill Massman and Janie Goclet not exactly caught in the 'bashful' rut, either; but what happened to Lil and Erwin Powell? Or maybe her mind just wasn't on her work. Butkus did look quite fetchin' in that white outfit of his!!

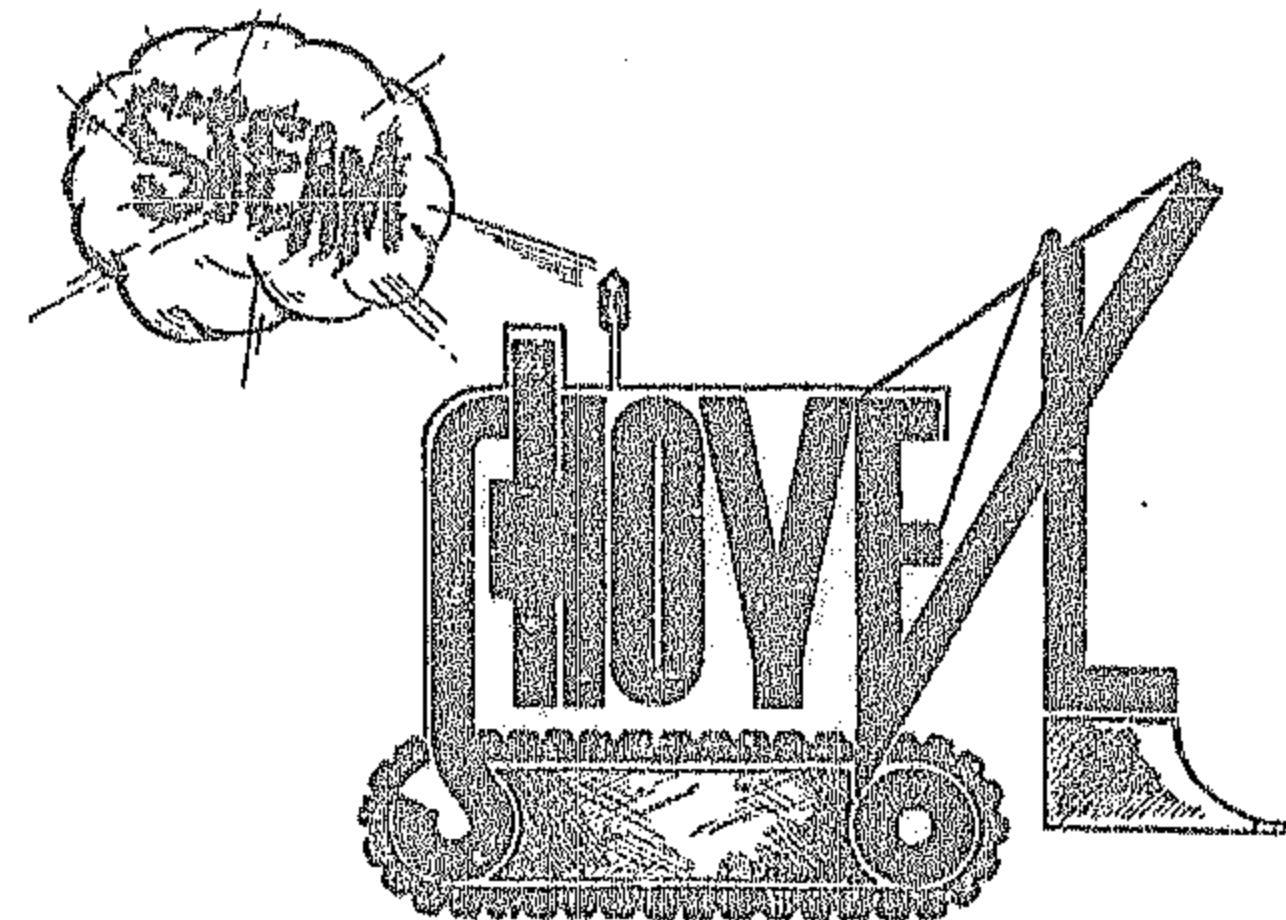
It is understood that Carl "Zipper Mollen" Anderson, that crack Mech, has moved his cot out to the famed Madeiras danceland.

Alda of Juba Jive fame enhanced her vocal rendition in the Varsity Show by coyly rolling those "oomph" eyes at blonde Ray Simpson who was a first row customer for both shows. After the second performance Dorothy Giambelluca showed her initiative by unhesitatingly taking part in the television demonstration, and was photogenic enough to be taken for Brenda Marshall of screen fame. However, Dotty shyly but firmly refused to take part in the Kiss-O-Meter exhibit. Was it because Joe and Bucky looked too wolfish or because Steve is down Florida way?

My spies tell me that the Senior Semi-Formal is the next activity to bear investigating, so let's all make like the FBI (Funny Business Investigators) and just see what goes on at this here shindig!

Yores,

THE FIFTH COLUMNIST



Ow! My head! Where are my pants? Who hit me with that slightly dead chicken?? Get a hold of that damn hose before they murder us!! Get the seniors—rip their pants off—kill 'em!! And so with such ejaculations as these, the last traces of Junior Week faded away and once more youse budding engineers are going to get on the scholastic beam—you hope! It was fun even though your honorable scribe was literally decapitated—and then some!!

FLASH!!! While Johnny Butkus was having his hands full with Junior Week activities, Elmer Ratzel was seen in the Student Union with his hands full of Mrs. Butkus!

Official communique from the Musical Club trip as received by carrier pigeon (the pigeon stopped off for a few short beers enroute and consequently it was slightly delayed). As soon as the boys took Rockford town a few of them decided to trot on over to the college campus and beat the rest of the boys to the draw; they did, and were promptly pinched for trespassing!—Jim Walker was given an honorary membership to the Rockford Beer Guzzlers A. C. in a gala ceremony held in the Spanish Room of the Hotel Nelson!—And this is news—those rollicking civilians were all in bed by 1:00 A.M. although Buck Donoghue kept the boys up to an unearthly hour with his act of serenading his baby (pillow) into the land of sweet dreams. Most of the boys arrived in Kenosha in absolutely no condition to sing—no, not that—they were just hoarse from too much extra-curricular yodeling. And then there was Milwaukee—good old brewery town—where the boys were the guests of Pappa Unvst. (The rest is censored!!) Quite an eventful trip back to old Chi for all the laddies were poohed out. The end.

POEME ABOUT THE FLIGHT OF AN EGG

Through the air it flew
This whirling object of white
And into the mouth of a Frosh
This rotten egg did light!

(The above poem was written by Miss June Dennis who visited Armour last Friday as a representative of Nixon County, Ill., and who witnessed her first Rush—in more ways than one! She graciously accepted our invitation to help us write this "best colyume in the paper.")

Open House Cold: The Mechanical Cow really knocked 'em cold as the boys moved along and milked Old Bossie every hour—The IITWA and all its affiliates broke all previous records for high-powered wolfing at the Open House dance—"Honey Chile" Spies getting all the male visitors' questions while the rest of the marshals didn't have anything to do—The Varsity Show relieving the serious vein with its snappy music and pretty girls—And last but not least, the lovely picture of all the Armourites leading their sweet lady-friends to the lounge and practically murdering them in an attempt to ring the gong on the Kiss-O-Meter!!

Although the old proverb states that "in the spring a young man's fancy turns to Bock beer," our Dick Stoneham found that the old version about love applied to his case! On the recent concert tour, Dickie (that's what she calls him) fell head over heels into the old shlush pot over a Rockford college beauty, Barbara Lewis, and the boys had all they could do to drag him away. However, we have to compliment him on his eye for this fair maiden is a model and really has plenty on the ball! (Editor's Note: We heard that the lad is carrying on a very interesting correspondence with this cutie!)

And now kiddies we've got to duck so that we can get out to the Shawnee in time to get a good squint at Bea Mathews Yes-sir! So until the next time, this is your old Sooper Scooper and his guest columnist signing off!!!

SOOPER SCOOPERS