



Greetings little men and women,
Is this what they call happy livin'?
12 concrete experiments plus 6 in juice and
mech,
Gads, right now, it's summer school, by
heck.
P.S. (Can't forget that eighty page geology
report either).

Dangerous Departure

Boss: "National defense makes man-power
so scarce we must replace all vacancies in
the plant with women."

Employment Mgr.: "Just as you say—but
I'm afraid we'll ruin things if we throw a
wench into the works."

A clergyman, making his Sunday after-
noon calls, stopped at the home of one of
his parishers. Bill, Jr., answered the bell.
"Dad ain't here," he said, "he's gone over
to the golf club."

The pastor frowned and Bill hastened to
explain: "Oh, he ain't playin' golf, not on
Sunday. He just went over there for a
few highballs and some stud poker."

She: "Changing a tire eh?"

Otto Barteldes: "No no, I just get out
every few miles and jack it up to give it a
rest."

A smooth definition of hell—"superheated
hence."

Not Guilty

There was an old lady from Brussels,
Accused of wearing two bustles:

She said, "It's not true;

That's a thing I don't do;

You are simply observing my muscles.

"This dress is rather long for me. Do
you have anything shorter?"

"No, I'm sorry I don't," replied the sales-
woman. "May I suggest that you try the
collar department."

Larry Liebrecht: "Hear about the awful
predicament the local flagpole sitter was
in?"

Bill Bauch: "His wife died and he had to
sit at half mast."

Old Lady: "Little boy, I wouldn't kick my
sister around the street like that if I were
you."

Little Boy: "Oh, that's all right. She's
dead."

Definition of a Smile: A light in the win-
dow of the face which shows that the heart
is at home.

Buck Donoghue: "What's wrong with you
tonight? I haven't heard a squeak out of
you."

She: "Well, I'm pretty well oiled."

"Why don't you put mo' Hell in yo' ser-
mon, Brother Williams?"

"Well, when I gibs 'em too much of it, de
congregation makes sich a noise fannin'
deyseif I has to order a recess!"

As the hours flew by he kissed her and
held her more tightly, more passionately.
Then suddenly he relaxed. He was dead.

How times have changed! Once, little boys
liked to play with soldiers and little girls
liked to play with dolls. Now it's visa-versa.

"What's the matter," she queried, "don't
you love me any more?"

"Oh sure. I was just resting."

You, Too?

"Mister, did you hit that little girl?"

"Yeah, what of it?"

"Gosh! What a wallop!"

Herb Kocklemann: "I got tight in order
to compose a new drinking song."

Bob Saigh: "And did it work?"

Herb: "No, I couldn't get beyond the first
two bars."

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Blitzkrieg!

Oh, the moon shone bright on pretty Shaw-
nee,
We spent our mawnee,
Out there at Shawnee.
Maybe I should quit and simply pen prose—
But here's some informal innuendos!!

Informal Innuendos

They swing from coasty to coasty with
Toasty, but to limit the subject, and bring
it closer to home, I took a look-see in on
the funsters swing at the Junior Informal,
backed up by Mr. Paul. Whilst peeking
through the potted palms bordering the
swimming pool, I saw Mr. Morris tripping
(?) the light fantastic with two Lewis coeds.
(NO, not at one and the same time!) Bob
Anderson and his steady, Cornelia Camera,
grabbing a few split second cartoons of a
little group staging some sort of a sit down
strike on the main stairway. Ronnie Smith
staged a repeat performance (see May 6
issue) with his specialty on the flat tire, en-
titled "Flat Tire Fantasy." Chili and ta-
males seem to have carried the vote for
the best way of picking up a few vitamins
after an evening of dips and twirls. And by
the way, congrats to Chester Swain for pos-
sessing the boniest and bonniest pair of
male limbs. Call for Earl Carroll! Alda and
Jack harking to the wild waves on the
shores of Lake Michigan. The report came
in that it was veddy veddy cold out there.
H-m-m. Well, a dry . . . ah, high old time
was had by all. Time now to take off the
water wings and splash like a flash back
to IIT.

Lewis Lane O' Tripe

That Strawberry Blonde in the movin'
pitchers hasn't got a thing on our gal, June
Fessenden. That new henna hair-do is ter-
rific. Honey, I can see the glow from here!!
And by the way, fellas, you can start sigh-
ing again . . . the strings have been cut,
and Kearney's flown off again.

That wasn't the rainbow following the
proverbial showers dawning over Lewis
last Tuesday, either; 'cause when I dashed
over, I found Bob "Tiny Tim" Meyer all
decked out in a terrific terry cloth job, guar-
anteed to knock eyes out at fifty paces!!

Those pear shaped tones wafting over
WCFL 'tuther night belonged to none other
than that old publicity hound, Maj. "Pat
Flanagan" Smale. Local boy makes good!!!
And I also hear rumors to the effect that
the trio have a radio audition in the offing
if they can increase their repertoire to more
than three numbers. Come on, gals, with
a one—two—

If you're wondering as to the cause of
the slight breeze being blown about these
hallowed halls, it's just those billowy boom-
stick skirts that the wimmin are emptying
their piggy banks for these days. Swoosh!!
And while we're on the subject of pecuniary

problems, you'd better come across with
that all-important dollar payable to one
Charles Reinhardt, Jr. Elmer Blurt's chief
competitor in low pressure salesmanship.
He's utilizing that super-salesman personali-
ty of his in selling annuities.

Questions and Answers Department

Is Jack Chakoian still penning epistolary
triumphs to the Cadwell twins?

Why does Jack Ware's daily itinerary to
IIT always end up at Central and Madison
at the same time every A.M.?

The Gamma Rho pledges are really the
happy little problem children these days,
with Art Petterino putting in his appear-
ance sans that cocky chapeau reserved for
the lowly pledges.

Prof. Matthews putting in a request that
something be done about those "!!?xxz%½"
hats in class. And he an ever fond and true
Gamma Rho at that!!!

Don't tell me that the beautiful friend-
ship twixt George Drevikovsky and Dave
Kester is doomed for wreckage on the rocks!
It seems that the romantical laddies share
similar sentiments in regard to Blanche
Fried and Florence Bartusek. Intrigue!
H-m-m-m-m.

Bob Weiss' filial devotion is really some-
thing quite beautiful and touching. He
claims the etching of the girl in the white
bathing suit located in the dark recesses
of his wallet is his mother. Sure! All of
which reminds me:

WANTED: One cage for Man-Eating
Weiss as a means of defense against his
weakness for biting . . . on anything!!

Now, if you happened to witness a line
of staggering students filing out of the Tea
room last Tuesday, may I refer you to
those Special Stagger Sundaes which were
whipped up by Vi Tukich and her special
egg nog toppings.

ITSA Banquet Bull

Prof. Bibb had Mickey Walker sailing
down the fairway when he bared the deep
dark secret that he had personally been
giving her golf lessons. Now we know
where Mickey really acquired that perfect
form!!

Did you note the young ladies present, for
the first time, at the Student Association
banquet? But really, how could you miss
them when every speaker favored the fair
gathering with a few carefully selected com-
pliments.

And we're proud of our boy, Dean Clarke,
for holding up the Lewis end of the pro-
gram.

So we bid adieu to you for this week, we
want to remind you young lovelies to be on
the look-out for those scouts who are search-
ing out every nook and corner for the girl
who will be chosen as the popularity queen
of the Senior semi-formal, June 7. Smile
pretty, girls!

FIFTH COLUMNIST

ARX NEWS

The Arx exhibit is back on the shelves at
the Institute now. It was a great show and
involved lots of work; but we had plenty of
good times on the big drive . . . Si-i-i-igh
(a long sound expressing relief)! The profs
at the Institute have put their little white
whips in moth balls for another year, and
once more we Arx can lead a normal (or
nearly normal) life.

Martinek came to class Monday!

Goody Steinberg has been, of late, wearing
a path from the Institute to Sonny Weiss-
man's office. An athletic award has some-
thing to do with these actions—congrats!
. . . Wonder what Bill Dunlap lost in the
rear seat of his car last Friday? Incidental-
ly, we hear that "Middle of the Path" Sauer-
man has some sort of pull with the forest
preserve police—and uses it too!

PARDON ME!

Not long ago I stated that Tiny Pipher
weighed 280 pounds. Recently, in a hurt
tone, he corrected me, claiming to weigh
380 pounds.

Shank, the Ford fancier, recently con-
ducted a 6 hour running debate with the
soph class on "Fords vs. Automobiles," met
bitter defeat—Silence reigns . . . Last Wed.
the sophs decided that Bluestein was a
pot, and wrote testimonials to that effect in
eight languages . . . Thurs. was Sherlock
Day. His locker emptied itself like a dump-
truck, and his coat got up and walked away.
That began the festivities—the notorious

mustache is drooping.

Nervous tension of the pre-graduation
day period is sending the seniors to pot.
After a touching little drama (the man
with a tin horn) that they enacted the
other day, one is inclined to believe that the
whole mob is squirrely . . .

Can't tell any thing about the juniors,
haven't seen them for nigh on to two weeks.
Must be plate girders and Seegrift note
books.

Pehta and Pointek can't seem to find
dates for the Senior Formal. They've been
considering high school gals, art school gals,
and just plain gals, but all to no avail. In
the mean time, Harem O'Brien listens to
their pleas with a sinister snicker on his
face, and bluntly refuses to drag out any
of his numerous N. U. contacts.

Farewell greetings are, and have been
in order. The Junior Dynamo, Ogden Han-
naford left last week-end for the conscien-
tious objectors' camp. And Ripper Rozanski
will leave shortly for basic training in the
Air Corps.

The news we've been waiting for! This
Friday the stage will be set for that stu-
pendous combat—the junior-senior base ball
game. The fracas will take place in the aft-
ernoon, and in the evening, there will be
music to sooth the savage beast as the AAS
presents its annual record dance in the
lounge of the Student Union.

GUS TOPPO.



When in the course of human events it
becomes necessary for a guy to sit down
to a typewriter and start pounding out the
slush of the week, there is always a nigger
in the woodpile in the form of a beginning—
why there are cases of newspaper men ac-
tually getting blotto so that they can get
an idea for a beginning. And now that we
got this damn thing started, let's start let-
ting a few cats out of the proverbial bag!!
Up and at em, men!

Bill Lease and Bud Havlik must be in
love. Imagine going clear to Michigan State
for dates and it must be dozens of miles
from Chicago.

This tale comes to us from Lewis. Two
guillible frosh mechs, Gideon and Johnson,
walked up to the sixth floor and there were
depanst. Being nervy lads, they went
through the halls amid coeds, etc., to search
for their ill-fated pantaloons! Dean Clarke,
upon finding this gruesome twosome stroll-
ing nonchalantly about with cigarettes danc-
ling from their lips, approached the lads
and sternly rasped out "No smoking in
here youse bums!"

Our erstwhile teetotaler, Julian "Pretty
Boy" Bowers, was seen in a well-known
Milwaukee brewery very professionally
handling a schooner. All for the interest of
science no doubt but such dexterity points
to past experience though he claims the
contrary!

The two hydraulic kids, Bittner and Fil-
ko have introduced that course at North-
western. Any day or night (their spare time
of course) you can find them working prob-
lems at Willard hall, the Big Dipper (sorry,
Evanston's dry) or Deering meadow.

Herb Hansen, that Elgin demon, had a
swell time the other night, they tell him.
He spent a good portion of the evening
walking atop tables and talking to himself;
but the pay-off was his sweet parting with
J. R. Freedain. Scooper's Note: Hansen, the
only place the boys kiss one another good
bye is France.

Word comes to us of an unbelievably ab-
sent-minded co-op who actually handed in
a lab report before it was due. This is pretty
serious business these days so we won't
mention any names.

In spite of the fact that "Tooty Fruity"
Krumbein could get no one to match him
with "boiler makers," we pick Beta Omega
Nu to win by a beer. It's been rumored that
Jerry Bunce is on the BON team, and he's
been practicing for seven years.—Scooper's
Note: Jerry will definitely graduate this
year, he says.

Ed Moore spends all of his spare time rid-
ing the "L." On a recent date at Northwest-
ern Ed spent 5 hours commuting. Upon
awakening he brilliantly remarked: "Why
did I pay seven cents again?" We don't get
it either.

ITSA banquet FLASH! The way Prof.
Sammy Bibb fashioned a diaper out of
Coach Bill O'Brien's hankie at a moment's
notice indicates the southern gentleman's
versatility to the umpteenth degree: math
prof, master (?) golfer, ladies' man, and
now, nursemaid!! Quite a variety for any
guy.

And now we're gonna quit and start rest-
ing up for that soph picnic at Crystal lake
next Sunday because we're gonna have to
do a lot of scooping to cover everybody
out there. But don't feel too safe boys, for
we're gonna have an Indian guide to help
us locate youse mugs in the woods!!

SOOPER SCOOPERS