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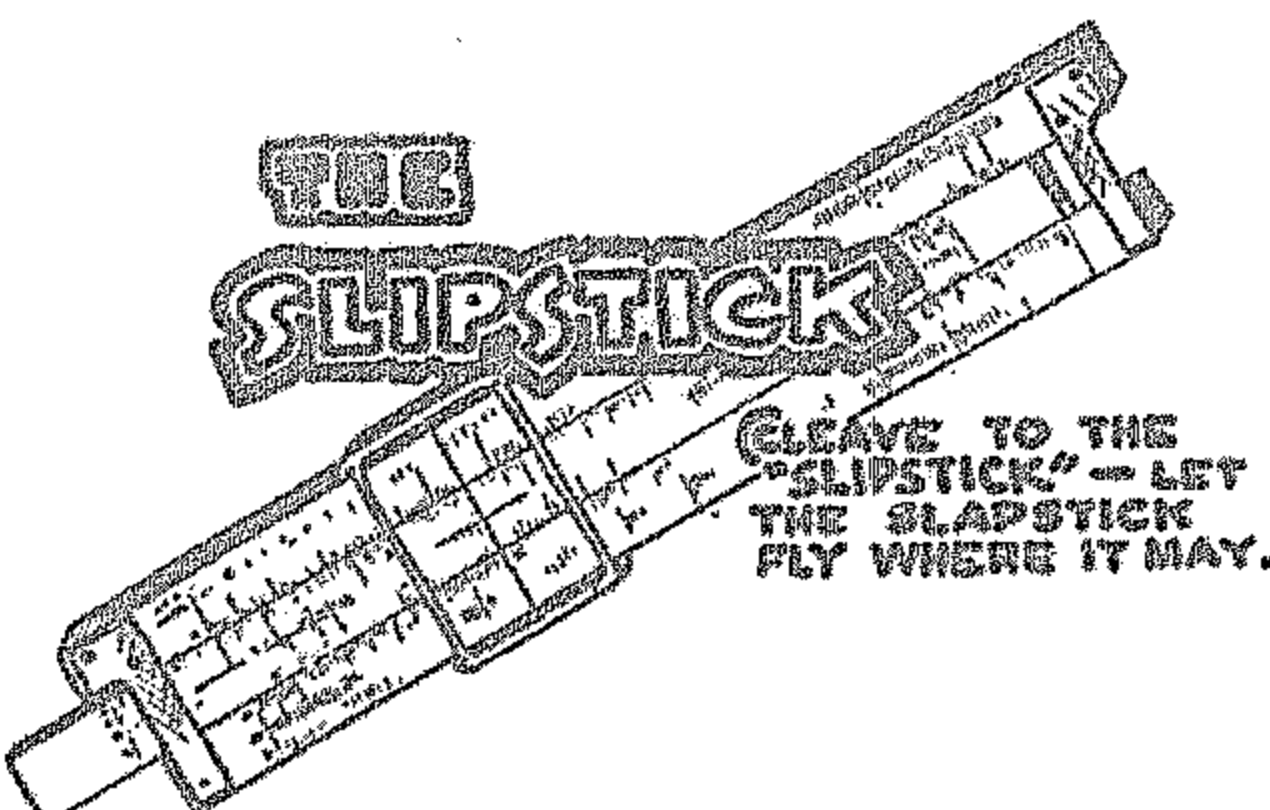
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The top of the marnin' to yez and as the chorus girl said when she pranced out on the stage, "Here's where I put the motion before the house."

Rastus and Liza were roller skating, when suddenly Liza fell, flopped over and came up with agility.

"Did you all see how quickly ah recovered mah equilibrium?" she asked.

"Ah sho did," replied Rastus, "and al-most before I noticed it was uncovered."

The patient was recovering from pneumonia. He had asked repeatedly for food and finally the nurse served him a mere spoonful of rice.

A few minutes later the patient called her and said: "Now I want to read a little. Bring me a postage stamp."

They say the first time a Scotchman used free air in a garage, he blew out four tires.

WANTS A CHOICE
Doctor: The best thing you can do is give up cigarettes, liquor, and women.

Patient: What's the next best thing?

Ed Zdrubek: Can I take you home?

She: Sure, where do you live?

There was a young fellow named Weir. Who hadn't an atom of fear.

He indulged a desire To touch a live wire.

(Most any last line will do here.)

Kind Lady: What are you crying for, little man? What's your name? Where do you live?

Small Boy: That's what's the matter. I don't know my name or where I live. We moved yesterday and mother was married again today.

Seagull No. 1: Who won the boat race down there below us? Harvard or Yale?

Seagull No. 2: Yale just crossed the line in the lead.

Seagull No. 3: And to think I put every-thing I had on Harvard.

A young lady, finding herself stranded in a small town, asked an old man at the station where she might spend the night.

"There's no hotel here," he said, "but you can sleep with the station agent."

"Sir!" she exclaimed, "I'll have you know I'm a lady."

"That's alright," drawled the old man, "so is the station agent."

Marriage is that part of a girl's life that comes between the lipstick and broomstick.

BE WISE

Gather your kisses while you may, Time brings only sorrow;

For the girls who are so free today Are the chaperons of tomorrow.

TO ALL EX-NAVY MEN

"Tsk, tsk! Betty's whole existence seems to be in running around with sailors."

"Yes, her fate's in the lap of the gobs."

A patient purchasing agent sat listening to a salesman. "To sell goods," said the latter, "you must be a psychologist; you must be psychic. Now I am psychic; I can read the minds of the men I call on; for instance, I know what's on your mind now."

"Well, then," replied the bored purchasing agent, "why don't you go there?"

NAUGHTY

No wonder the little duckling Wears on its face a frown,

For it has just discovered, It first pair of pants are down!

And we come to the end, and as Queen Elizabeth might have said to Walter Raleigh, "Keep your shirt on." OH MIN!

The Greeks Had A Word For It

GODS

Robert J. Creagan

Delta Tau Delta held their annual election of officers Monday, March 10. The results are as follows:

President, Robert J. Creagan F.P.E. '42
Vice-pres., William B. Suthers, F.P.E. '42
Treasurer, Albert T. Garnier, F.P.E. '42
Record. Sec'y, Edward C. Moore, Arch. '42
Sergeant at arms, Edward R. Carmody, Mech. '43

Guide, Louis J. Philipps, Civil '43

Cor. Sec'y, John D. Rice, E.E. '43

Phi Kappa Sigma advanced one more step in the basketball tournament when Theta Xi defaulted. Next game is Alpha Sigma Phi. Last Saturday, the Phi Kaps had dates at the house for dinner and then trekked to the Chicago Field House for the famous Relays. After the meet, they came back to the house for dancing and stuff. Roger Olson is now known as the "Willie Hoppe" of Phi Kappa Sigma. He, along with Hobe Bunce, Bill Lease, Paul Buerekholtz, and Bob Ettinger have been spending some of their free afternoons at the pool hall on Thirty-first. "Just practicing in case there should be an interfraternity pool tournament."

This is the big week for some of the Rho Delta Rho boys. The Rho Deltas are making for Morris Pinas, Trever Miner, Howard Lane, Jack Leeds, and Leonard Breen who are going through their "Hell Week." This Saturday there will be a party in the lounge of the Student Union for the new pledges. Plans are being made for a dinner for the five new actives.

Alpha Sigma Phi held its annual Relay dinner last Saturday night. Dinner was served at six, after which the Sigs went en masse to the Relays to cheer the Techawks. After the relays, refreshments were served (Continued on page six)

GODDESSES

By Helen Marzullo

Cheer up, people! Spring will be here . . . soon.

Sigma Beta Theta blossoms forth with the first officers of the year 41-42. Betty Kennedy was elected president; Violet Tuckich, vice-president; Grace Taglieri, treasurer. They have elected two secretaries, Dorothy Giambelluca as recording secretary, and Billie Storz as corresponding secretary. Congratulations.

Sigma alums have been quite active! Last Saturday, the West Side chapter went to see "Student Prince," and later had dinner at the Old Heidelberg. On April 2, the Sigmas will have their annual flower sale, at which they will sell beautiful red roses.

Last Wednesday the Lambdas had their annual candy sale. Since March is the month of the wearin' o' the green, the table was decorated with green shamrocks placed here an' there, the girls wore green bows in their hair . . . and sure, I'm supposin' even St. Patrick, himself, sent his blessin's in green wrappin's.

Jane Goelet seems to enjoy making girls stiff!! What I mean is, Jane and her "chorus girls" are taking great pains in trying to make their chorus for the "Spring Thing" a success . . . and they can do it, especially with Jane as their instructress. They will dance to a tune called "Juba Jive," which was composed by Jane and Mary Flasher.

Kappa Phi Delta Sorority will have its monthly meeting next Sunday at Jeannette MacLuckie's home, in DesPlaines. It's a long way out there, but it will be a fruitful and enjoyable journey, judging the future by the past.

On March 30, Mrs. Hartman will give a party at her home for Mrs. Sidney Snider (Elizabeth Little), to which all of Elizabeth's former classmates are invited.

Arx News

Well, well, our weekly feature, Honey Chile and O'Brien are having a little affair. This week we've witnessed many a touching scene but the best was O'B with his arms around Honey. Bob had an alibi, but all we can say is—Nice work if you can get it.

Incidentally, IIT's new quartet was on the loose again. Spies and Story were chauffeur-ed to the concert by Hasskari and the new blonde (also a southern gal). We lost track of them after the concert but are posting a reward for any enlightening information.

Quite recently Dickel displayed a device for calculating the capacity of his "Hollow-leg". Unfortunately, the experiment was a failure. P.S.—The meter wasn't calculated to infinity.

Strange things have been happening in the land of the Sophs. Burleigh, the Boston Bull, has been running around minus one shot (action effected by Farrell). Playful Pearson has been creating both small and large geysers by tampering with the radiators in the Soph room. And last, but not least—Mr. (Mustache) Sherlock has been wondering about with a Hobo News in one hand and an orange juicer in the other. Tsk, tsk, must be a chronic case.

Michaelson, who was recently ousted from the "We Hate Fems Soc." is now fostering a rival organization dubbed the "We Love Fems Soc." Herr (pronounced Hair) Weese is a member of the former, but, after witnessing his many wolfing escapades at the Institute, we wonder if he is playing cricket.

Rumors are floating about to the effect that Art Lillibridge is married. Yep, Adele, a cute little gal in Wisconsin. And—speaking of wives—what has Ripper (6 Hairs) Rozanski been doin' lately? We've been informed that somebody's husband has been tracking Rip.

Adolescent Dunlap procured his new monicker from Marge of the Art School. The episode is not yet complete for, any day now Dunlap hopes to prove, beyond a doubt, that he's a man. All of which should be very interesting.

Honey Chile was elected Junior Marshal for the Arx. Now we're wondering who'll be elected Chief Marshal . . .

GUS TOPPO.

Women Only

By Vlodes

Be the old fashioned type to win his affection; shyly light his cigarette; wave your final good-night from the window; shun flirtations. This was the advice given young girls by a worldly wise author. All this is easy to say, but to the vivacious college co-ed full of fun and peppy enthusiasm plus a little bit of devil-may-care-attitude, thumbs down is the attitude most likely to be taken. But, if she is in a jam she is apt to try the old fashioned technique. And why not! More power to her if she succeeds.

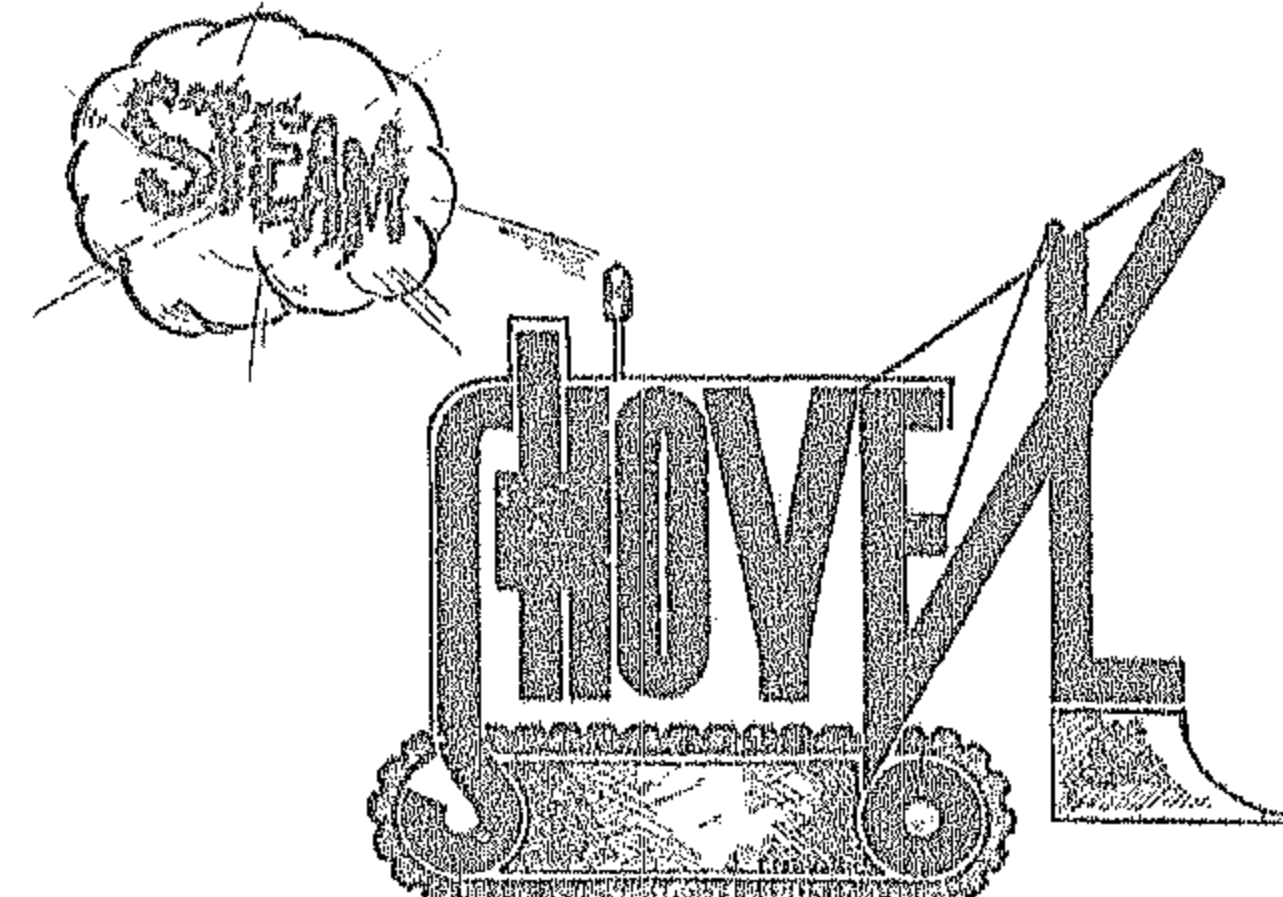
To help along, the spring styles are featuring quaint fashions that your grandmother might have worn. Frilly feminine collars and cuffs, tiny straw hats that are tilted on top of the head, trimmed with flowers and veilings, dressy woolen suits with quilted designs in fancy fashion are indeed enough to turn a young man's fancy.

Colors now being shown are uplifting for that South American furor seems to pervade all fashions at the moment. These colors have been given typical South American names. It adds to the fun of shopping when you call for a yard or two of Argentine Aqua, Gaucho Gray, Bolero Blue or Peruvian Pink.

Most girls have learned to build their costumes around a color plan. They choose navy, for example, as a basic color and then vary it by adding reds or yellows; or perhaps brown with variations of beige, green, or tangerine. One mistake that girls make, however, is to use too much of their accessory color. A blue dress with a red belt, red pocketbook, red flower, and red hat trimming appears spotty. A little red makes a smart accent, but with the color repeated four times it is overdone.

The same principle holds for jewelry. If you have a good pin, a pretty necklace and a gay bracelet, it isn't necessary to wear all of them at once. Take a tip from window dressers; when they wish to accent a particular item it isn't put in the window with a number of other things. A clear space is used in order to spotlight the specialty.

Again in using make-up, the same theory holds good. Any amateur can use a lot of make-up. It's the subtle fool-the-eye kind that's hard to do.



Yessir! It looks like old times again! It does a guy's heart good to gaze out upon the broad expanse of Armour's campus and see it studded with the brilliant green toppers—proud possessions of the class of '44! To all you frosh we have one word of consolation—remember, on you it looks good!!

That mud heap moving along the streets last Sat. night, was not a new camouflaged tank but Red Mueller driving home from a date. Picture a lonely country road way out west, all is quiet; then, Red's scream rends the quiz-like silence. "We're stuck," says he to Shirley as he tries to start the car. Red pushed while she drove—into a small canyon. Well they walked to a farm house, no phone; a tavern, no phone; finally two miles down a phone and a tow. Women Drivers, Bah!!

Flash!—Budda Willman, trying his best to impress Prof. McColley's daughter, has donned an apron and helps her with the dishes.

THE FEATURE OF THE WEEK

Alright me hearties, here is the info you've all been achin' for! Yes sir, after weeks of fruitless gallivanting we've finally scraped up the inside dope on that placement office lovely, Miss Geraldine, "My friends call me Jerry," Harris!! Jerry is a Chicagoan, and attended Austin High school. She then entered the U. of I. where she completely disproved that old adage about "Beauty and Brains don't mix" by being pledged to Alpha Lambda Delta, women's honorary sorority. Geraldine is a sports addict deluxe—She enjoys swimming, bicycling, roller skating, and dancing. She prefers sweet swing but loves to rhumba and tango. By the way, Laddies, she's going "pretty" steady so that should be somebody's cue for the hockey hop. Ed. Note: Call out the guard to surround that placement officer! There's liable to be a riot!!

Whee-ee!! Boom! Rat-a-tat-tat! Ping! Look out, the war is on! Several upstanding citizens of Armourania have officially opened their fight for peace, liberty, and the name "Cycle" for our IIT Yearbook! They warn all opponents that they will leave no stone unturned nor any enemy unkillled in their crusade to end crusades! They've even threatened to publish their own yearbook and are now taking subscriptions—one buck and two box tops from Rival dogfood.

One of the Armour's Singing Wolves, straining at a leash held by Peterson and Johnson almost broke away last Wednesday night in the auditorium. Super human efforts finally subdued him and so the wolf pups at Lewis have another chance.

Prof. Rufus Oldenburger, who follows the adage that a good engineer is a crazy one, has finally found the paragon of this rule in Lengvenis. Oldenburger quotes, "Lengvenis' capacity for doing work is incalculable."

Harry Heidenreich is now operating his dates on a time table basis. His schedule—date starts 4:30 Hinsdale time, 5:30 dinner in Chicago, show 7:00, back to Hinsdale at 10:30, last train to Chicago 11:30.—We'll bet he doesn't make it back to Chicago.

FLASH! At the basketball party, Hank Sliwa was the only "Bucketeer" present to smooch with his date! Darn it, do you have to be a ex-captain before you kin get away with that stuff in front of the coach?!

Judging from the hordes of almost—navy men floating around the decks of the good ship S.S. (Sonny's Saloon) union, we feel that youse mugs should've taken our advice and had your crunchie-wunchies every morning and youse coulda been admirals now! So until Tuesday next, we say "anchors away!!" SNOOPER SCOOPERS.