

ROLLICKING FIRE PROTECTS

During the recent Xmas holidays a few of the boys of the Peon clan decided to take matters into their own hands and find out just how the shellac joint clique lives. "Bubbles" Bechtolt decided to see how many different women he could date up in seventeen days. Due to a limited amount of space we can't publish the full list of his "guineas" but we want to give you a few of the highlights, viz., La Verne (3 times) Jeanette, Esther (2 times), and Virginia (the girl with the wooden leg). Said La Verne was the Social Butterfly's New Year's Eve date and drank poor Bubbles under the proverbial table. In contrast to this action, Guzzler Keigher spent his evenings (seven o'clock in the evening to seven o'clock in the morning) in numerous and sundry bars in Metropolitan Chicago.

JOLTING JUICERS

The senior electricals are getting their clothes pressed, their shoes shined, are learning to comb their hair again and polishing up their manners. Such unheard-of activities for a group of Armour men is due to the fact that next semester the senior juicers will spend each Tuesday and Thursday at Lewis Institute. The radio and electronics courses are to be moved to the west side campus, and the juicers are issuing fair warning to the Lewis students: "We are taking over!"

Although the senior electricals must bow to the senior civils as far as wildness is concerned, the juicers will attempt to give the civils a few pointers in the finer arts of wolfing, a la Armour.

Jerome D. Pinsky, senior E.E., claims a record for having taken out the greatest number of different women in the least time. Five in seven days, he insists; the two blank days were due to the fact that he ran out of clean shirts, but not out of women. Anyone who contests J.D.'s claim or believes his record is better is welcome to forward any evidence to this column.

Our good friend, Johnny Cotter, took the holidays as an opportunity to join Uncle Sammy's battle wagon battalions! We're sorry to see Johnny leave this jernt but we must say that the young lady that has replaced "Slingin' Johnny" is not hard to take at all—not at all!! As a matter of fact, we want to take this space to publicly compliment Mr. Kelly on his excellent choice. Sure, Johnny was a good kid, but gosh—he didn't have a cute figure!

If you happened to be in the "caff" last Friday aft you undoubtedly saw two guys drooling all over one of the tables. Closer observation revealed that the source of disturbance was an innocent looking little magazine—Film Fun, January issue. The whole thing started when Jackie "Where's My Kneepads" Sorenson and "Wild Bill" Waddington got hold of this literature and started reading the pictures. After about two quick looksies queer guttural noises were heard accompanied by ecstatic, delirious, imbecilic grins. After about three more minutes of deep and enthusiastic study the boys jumped out of their chairs and ran out of the cafeteria screaming "Indiana Harbor, here we come!"

Cupid has again invaded the ranks of the civils, but this time has dealt a mortal blow. The victim is Irwin "Red" Lachman who has announced his intentions of being joined in holy matrimony to Shirley Steinberg on February 1, weather permitting.

Every morning at 7:59 they can be seen walking on 33rd street arm-in-arm. They reach the Institute, bid each other fond farewells, and Josephine Cady, goes to work in the registrar's office. Ralph Rose goes to the lunch room, there to mope until she shows up for lunch. No one sees him go to class, but walk into the lunch room at any time of the day, and there he is, watching the door. Ahhhhhh, this thing called love.

SOOPER SNOOPERS

ARX NEWS

Without exception, every student in the architectural department has a pet gripe, criticism, or bouquet directed at the architectural department. So far, these have been passive; that is, they have been confined to student gatherings. These criticisms, or whatever you wish to dub them, can be constructive, but only if they reach the hands of the faculty. The AAS is supplying the mechanics for effecting this. At 1:30 p.m. Tuesday, January 20, there will be an open forum between the faculty and the students of the architectural department in the club room of the Art Institute.

The AAS representatives will, on Tuesday, January 13, distribute cards to the students of their respective classes, and, on Thursday, January 15, will collect these cards. On these cards they would like to have each student write down his criticism, gripe, or bouquet, and insofar as possible, his reasons for entertaining that idea. The reason for using the cards is two-fold: first, we recognize the fact that too many students are reluctant to express their thoughts in the presence of faculty members—with

written cards, the student may express his thoughts without fear of incrimination; and secondly, we wish to give the faculty an opportunity to carefully evaluate each statement before meeting us at the forum.

Upon collection, these cards will be turned over to the faculty where they will be classified and evaluated; so, for the sake of simplicity in handling, express one idea on each card. If you have more than one idea, use more than one card. Remember, you need not sign your name to the card—but we expect at least one card from each student.

The outcome of this forum is bound to be a better understanding of the principles upon which the school is founded, a better understanding between the faculty and the student body, and improved presentation of material—all worth-while things for which to strive. The faculty has pledged its utmost cooperation in this matter, but the ultimate success is contingent upon cooperation from us students—so let's get behind it and push.

ANN EBRIATED.

The Greeks Had A Word For It

GODS

Bob Creagan and Tom Cafcas

Fond recollections of fraternity life at Armour, from the depths of an armchair in front of an embering New England fireplace: Alpha Sig's former president, Earle Huxhold, dashing into Schommer's office trying to decide whether to attend class, preside at a meeting, or try to tease George out of some more money; Triangle's president, John Wood, trying to save his new hat from total destruction by Ace and Suds; Phi Kap prexy Paul Buerckholtz trying to out-do the Bunce brothers at the B.O.N. clubrooms; Delt-vice-pres. Bill Suthers and Pat swinging it at the Delt Hallowe'en party; Pi Kap President, George Hoff, painting walls and sanding floors during house-cleaning; Buddha Willman explaining IT in the song "Like a Herring, IT was Dead"; Larry McGill rushing Art Ballou; Bill Plengey winning the interfraternity relay by a few steps; Bill Vizard walking (rather rapidly) to the Alpha Sig house at 4 a. m.—with companions; Frank Hull arizhing for an early "Joe" class; Dick Taylor visibly epitomizing Shangri-la for Gay, and vice versa; Dick (The Lipp) Dunworth telling Dorothy that he has a fraternity pin; Doug Snyder painting the street light black because it lit up the Pi Kap dorm.; Ed Carmody yelling "Author!" in the "Civic" during "Carmen"; Sonny Sundstrom arguing with Billy Goetz about bedsprings in class; Doug Leavenworth escorting his "steady" through Triangle's front door; Ed Moore telling Helene about his hold-up; Delt Ekstrom, Rice, and MacMaster singing their own derangements on the Phi Kap lawn; Louis Philipps telling Gene goo-by; Harry Heidenreich touchballing with a sprained leg and a wrenched back; Kerney and Hackbarth conferring on an overdue problem; Charlie Wright being toasted farewell by the Phi Kaps and not an eye was dry as the glasses; Jerry Stebbins lying in the hospital after a bad fall on Ogden field; Gene Clears gentlemaning a rushee into T.X.; Will Lease philosophizing at the Legion; Greek Letter Joseph College having a splendid time just being with his fraternity brothers, and knowing that his fraternity house is the Utopia he was looking for and is going to regret leaving, recognizing the fact that he can never take it with him or ever regain that intimate, careless, genuine friendship which makes life itself an excellent reason for being happy.

The main vacation activity of the Daedalus took place at the "beer bust" at Bud Carlson's on Dec. 23. For conversation, women, wine, and women were (dis)CUSSED—as well as other topics. Several new verses to a song were composed during the eve., renditions of which have been going the rounds since the return to classes. Bill Brown gave out with one of the highlights of the meeting with his impersonations of Chas. Laughton, Ronald Colman, and F.D.R.

GODDESSES

Helen F. Marzullo

Now that the New Year's Resolutions are made—the only thing left to do is to keep them!!

Since the holiday season seems to be a convenient time for meetings, the actives of Kappa Phi Delta sorority had a little get-together out at Mae Kruger's home. At which time they found out that a lab technician isn't at all bad when it comes to the culinary arts.

During the Christmas holidays the alumni of Kappa Phi Delta held their meeting at the home of Elizabeth Dixon. All of the newly initiated alumni members were present, including Mickey Walker, who was in town for the holidays.

Florence Alder, an alumni member of the Kappas, had a surprise birthday party given in her honor at the home of Howie Herzog last Saturday.

Elizabeth Little Snyder, a graduate of 1940, became the mother of a son last November 10. Phillip Sydney Snyder is the babe's full title. Our best wishes to the Snyder family.

During the holidays the Sigma Beta Theta girls had a party at the home of Lorraine Pindras. After refreshments were served, the girls enjoyed an evening of ice-skating. (All's well that ends well!) (Ed's note: Are you kiddin'?)

To complete their holiday rendezvous, on January 2, the Sigmas decided to try their luck at bowling. Reports weren't very good—with the exception of Elinor Wick. Her score was 160!!

Mrs. Stevens, the sorority sponsor, spent her Christmas holidays teaching the co-ops the fundamentals of English.

Sigma Omicron Lambda sorority has planned to hold a Pre-Initiation Council, on January 18, at the home of Helen Marzullo.

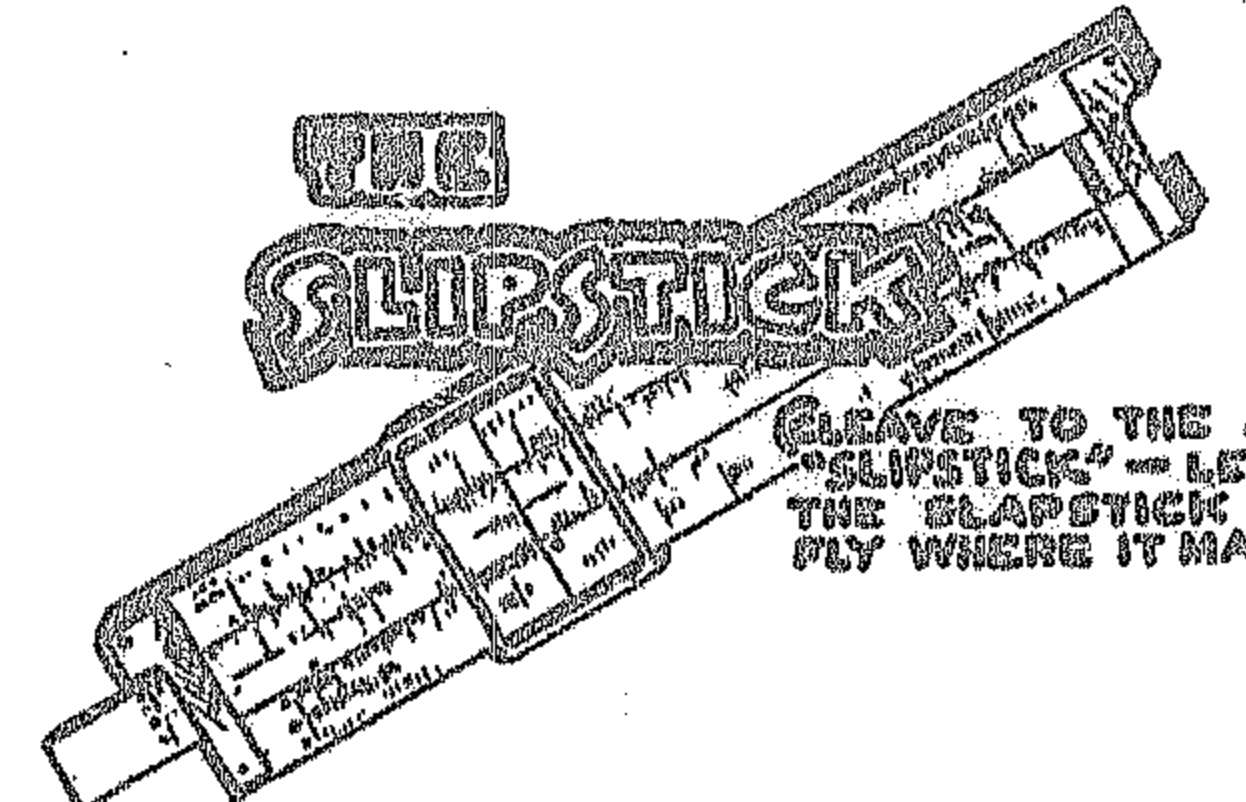
Lorraine Hamm, an alumni member of the sorority, and Charles Reinhardt were married on December 17. A reception was held at the home of Miss Hamm's parents. Heartiest congratulations to you!

Christmas holidays were not very exciting for Senior Activities Chairman Sylvia Weislo, she spent them in the hospital. An appendectomy was the cause of her long stay. High hopes for a speedy recovery, Sylvia!

"Well, folks, that's all there is; there isn't any more."

Stinky Johnson nearly fell in the barrel with anticipation, and Howie Reiser had to forego his prestidigitatin' as the evening wore on because . . . now, boys! As for other events, Carlson remembers Friday as a series of U. S. Navy, chop suey, Dumbo, Bourbon, & . . . well, well, flat on his face (at least, that's what Stevenson reports as the main witness).

On a flying visit around the town during his furlough from Chanute Field, Art Peterino dropped in on the boys of Gamma Rho.



Exams! No exams! Vacations! No vacations! Army! Navy! Marines! Air Corps! Fifteen degrees below zero! Interview! Graduation—when? Yeah! It's great to be a Senior!

1908

Scene—A crowded streetcar. A young lady is vainly groping for her purse to pay her fare. A young man is standing nearby with anguish written plainly on his handsome features

Young man—"Pardon me, miss, but may I pay your fare?"

Young lady—"Sir!"

Several seconds of groping.

Young man—"I beg your pardon again, young lady, but won't you let me pay your fare?"

Young lady—"Why, I don't even know you, and anyway, I'll have this purse open in a minute."

Continued groping.

Young man—"I really must insist on paying your fare. You've unbuttoned my suspenders three times."

Some powder goes off with a bang; son goes on with a puff.

Three's a crowd; and there were three, He, the lamp, and lovely she. Two is company, and no doubt—

That is why the lamp went out.

He—"Girlie, I have a confession to make. I'm a married man."

She—"Gawd! You had me frightened. I thought you were going to say this car didn't belong to you."

Jack—"You look as if you were all in Vance! What's wrong?"

Vance—"Last night I called on that new girl, Lorraine, I was telling you about. Her mother opened the door and let me in—and then and there she demanded to know what my intentions were."

Jack—"That must have been very embarrassing."

Vance—"Yes, but that wasn't the worst of it. Just as the mother had finished speaking, the girl shouted down the stairs, 'Mother, that isn't the one!'"

The despondent old gentleman emerged from his club and climbed stiffly into his luxurious limousine.

"Where to, sir?" asked the chauffeur respectfully.

"Drive off a cliff, James," replied the old gentleman, "I'm committing suicide."

A true music lover is a man who, upon hearing a soprano in the bathroom, puts his ear to the keyhole.

"Lassie," said the Scotch swain, "I'm going to kiss ye."

"Mon Dieu," exclaimed the cute little Parisian. So the mon did!

LINES TO A LADY

Remember this advice, my sweet,

Memorize it completely:

If ever you are indiscreet,

Be indiscreet, discreetly!

She was only a grave-digger's daughter—but you ought to see her lower the beer.

Captain (on sinking vessel): "Does anyone know how to pray?"

Passenger: "I do."

Captain: "Well, you pray and the rest of us will put on the life-belts. We're one shy."

Modern girl (telephoning home at 3 a. m.): "Don't worry about me, mother. I'm all right. I'm in jail."

Just remember now that a tomahawk is what if you go to sleep suddenly and wake without hair, there is an Indian with.

OH MIN