

The weeks are rolling by and the homework is piling up. From here it looks like this pocketful of shekels better pick up some books. It's about now the freshman's hair begins to turn gray. (chuckle)

QUICK THINKING

A steward on a ship was asked how he liked his work and he replied, "Fine," that the tips were very generous, but that he nearly lost his job on the last trip. It seems that there were several days of rough weather and in taking a bowl of hot soup to a stateroom he unfortunately lost his balance, tripped and poured the contents of the bowl into the lap of an old gentleman asleep in a deck chair.

"And just what did you do?"
"I tapped the old fellow on the shoulder and said, 'I do hope you feel better now, sir.'"

"I have my husband eating right out of my hand."
"That must save a lot of dishwashing."

Visitor (at an asylum): "Do you have to keep the women inmates separated from the men?"

Attendant: "Sure! The people here ain't as crazy as you think."

A news item says that statisticians find nine out of ten women are knock-kneed. And for years we've been thinking that statisticians never had any fun!

Taksimika Ray

It's fun to be a vagrant breeze
And blow about the ladies' knees;
Though many knees, without a doubt,
Are nothing much to blow about.

Mother (entering room unexpectedly):
"Why, I never . . ."
Daughter: "Oh, mother, you must have!"

Harold had taken his girl to lunch. As they sat down she spoke to a nice looking man at the next table.

"Is that man a friend of yours?" asked Harold.

"Yes," she replied.
"Well, why don't you ask him to join us!"
"Oh, Harold, this is so sudden," cooed the girl.

"What's so sudden?"
"Why—why—he's our minister."

You know there's a lot of wiseguys who say that nothing is impossible. Kinda been wonderin' if they ever tried to wear a pair of skis through a revolving door.

Can anybody say that the modern girl has no visible means of support.

The department of taxation received a typed income tax return from a bachelor who listed one dependent son. The examiner returned the blank with a penciled notation: "This must be a stenographic error."

Presently, came back the blank with an added pencil notation: "You're telling me."

"Hey! You left something behind you."
"What?"
"Your footprints!"
"I don't want them, they're dirty."

A minister found it necessary to help out his meager salary by doing odd trucking jobs. So he bought a second-hand truck. Next day he returned it.

"What's the matter, can't you run it?" asked the dealer.

"Not and stay in the ministry."

When I walked in on my girl, she blushed all over.

Do you mean to say you could tell that? Sure. That's why she blushed.

That's that, but just remember that a speech should be like a woman's skirt—long enough to cover the subject, but short enough to be interesting.

OH MIN!

Blitzkrieg!

The Steam Shoveler . . . a true exemplification of supreme egotism. His intimation that those meager morsels of monotonous meanderings are the result of a "sooper" snooping, and are deservant of a copyright, is indeed a very insipid innuendo. Also, may we suggest that the "Super Snooper" perhaps retrieve his geography, supposedly utilized in the secondary schools and observe the simple fact that if we were to push his face through the substrata of this sphere, it would emerge submerged in the Indian Ocean. Guess maybe this lack of observation concerning the most elementary of facts is enough said!

Orchids to Flossie—she too, has joined the ranks of the 21 club and received her membership card October 5 while the D's take the cake, again, at the li'l gal's celebration. Watch that V diet, boys!

Presiding over the calorie capers in the cafeteria are those captivating co-eds in white, the home ec-ers. Quit bringing your own cheese sandwiches, you engineers and EDT's.

Hearts and Flowers

Adona Booher's man threw a mean rock at her three weeks ago . . . a diamond, at that! Marilyn Johler missed it by one digit. Second finger, left hand rates a Blue Island class of '40 specialty. Luxury tax and all! Vi Sievers overheard declaring that a life of single blessedness is not for her. Why VII!

Say—have you heard about Al Turley's hair raising experience this summer? For results, note the blackout betwixt the probosis and upper lip. A pretty ticklish business, there, Al.

Fred "Crash" Hummel blows up! His model A got a bit hot under the collar and blew its top the other day. Henceforth it's a hike on a bike for "Crash" to the "L" every day.

Ed Campagna has really got a system. Not satisfied with snaggin' our cigarettes and pennies, he makes like Houdini and with a mere flip of the hankie makes them disappear! The man's good, but I want my money back!

Fire Findings

One of our least law-abiding citizens to date is Tom Cafcas. Despite the fact that HE attended the assembly Thursday, he instigated a little conflagration confab with a paper napkin and a match. Burny, burny! I also hear tell that "Bucky" Walter was all burned up, hot under the collar, and seeing red the other morning when he awoke from his smoke dreams to find his room ablaze as a result of a burning cigarette. And speaking of the assembly, Lieutenant Nash was too busy chasing fire engines to make it.

Joining the ranks of alumni trooping down the beaten path to IIT is Jack "Ace" Perkins. Seems "Ace is flying high these days, and hitchin his wagon to the tail of a Piper Cub in the Air Corps.

Did any of you note the cheesecakes of four of our newest coeds in the Sunday Trib., a week ago? Smile pretty, girls!

Bud Carlson is indeed a man with foresight, he roams around these halls all equipped with a date for the Sigma dance. Why don't the rest of you fellas interested in this terpsichorean enterprise give the feminine quota a slight break?

Leon Rottman is making great strides these days. No sooner did he beat it out of the O'pr'y House with his diploma, than he ends up in front of those EDT's this semester competently enacting the role of le bon professeur.

Well, I've reached the bottom of my supply of cannon fodder, so until the supply is relinquished,

THE SIXTH COLUMNIST

The Greeks Had A Word For It

GODS

Robert J. Creagan

The Delts held a bang-up picnic last Sunday north of the city near Dam No. 3. Some of the blind dates didn't turn out as expected.

Sigma Alpha Mu announces the pledging of Howard Fink, M.E. '45, Allan Raff, Ch.E. '45, Ralph Solomon, ME. '45, Aaron Steinberg M.E. '45. The actives and pledges got together for a meeting at the Covenant club last Sunday. Harold Hurvitz, M.E. '43 presented his "exemption" ring last week. National Executive Secretary James Hammerstein comes to visit the boys next week.

The Rho Delts have officially proclaimed this their "V" year. Twenty-three men were pledged this year and only one man was lost through graduation, so the chapter is getting itchy fingers for the football cup on the Pi Kap mantel. The alumni of the chapter held an election at the house at 3239 S. Princeton during which Max Bosches was elected president. Alumni-Professor Nachman and Dr. Perlin of the Armour faculty attended and were among the alumni who voted to turn over all the money in the Rho Delt alumni treasury to the active chapter. Allan Hersh, Rho Delt treasurer, is consequently walking on springs.

Theta Xi started its social season off with a bang when the boys and their "wives" attended the Trianon en masse last week end. Gene Clears will be the social chairman for the "TXers" this year.

At their first meeting of the semester, Oct. 1, the Daedalians elected officers for the coming year. They are Tom Cafcas, regent; Dick Johnson, treas.; Bernard Wentworth, secy., and Lowell Stevenson, seneschal. . .

As for summer activities, several alumni D's fell before Cupid's darts and are now "old married men" namely, Bernie Bitter, Ralph Pearson, and Bob Klipp.

Getting off to a start with the proverbial "bang," Gamma Rho held an election of officers on Oct. 6, and the result was as follows: Steve Mendak, president; Art Peterino, vice-pres.; Jack Halloran, treas.; and Frank Oddi, secy. They expect to start their pledging this week at a smoker.

The interfraternity football contests should provide some real thrillers for touch-ball fans. I'll see you there.

GODDESSES

Helen F. Marzullo

The rushing program of each sorority is well under way by now! The actives and the rushees have become better acquainted, and every sorority active is doing her best to maintain such fine friendships!

The Sigma Omicron Lambda sorority has had its second rush party last Tuesday, in the art room. The table, upon which refreshments were served, was decorated and trimmed with orange and black crepe paper, and such "garden products" as pumpkins, squash, and acorns. Soft music added a "fire-side" touch to the party. All of the very fine preparation may be accredited to Misses Elaine Maggio and Margaret Anne Anderson.

The Kappa Phi Delta sorority has held its second rush party at the Lewis (Women's) dormitory. It seems that the girls enjoy singing, because they have trained ten sopranos and altos (so they tell me). Any success, girls?

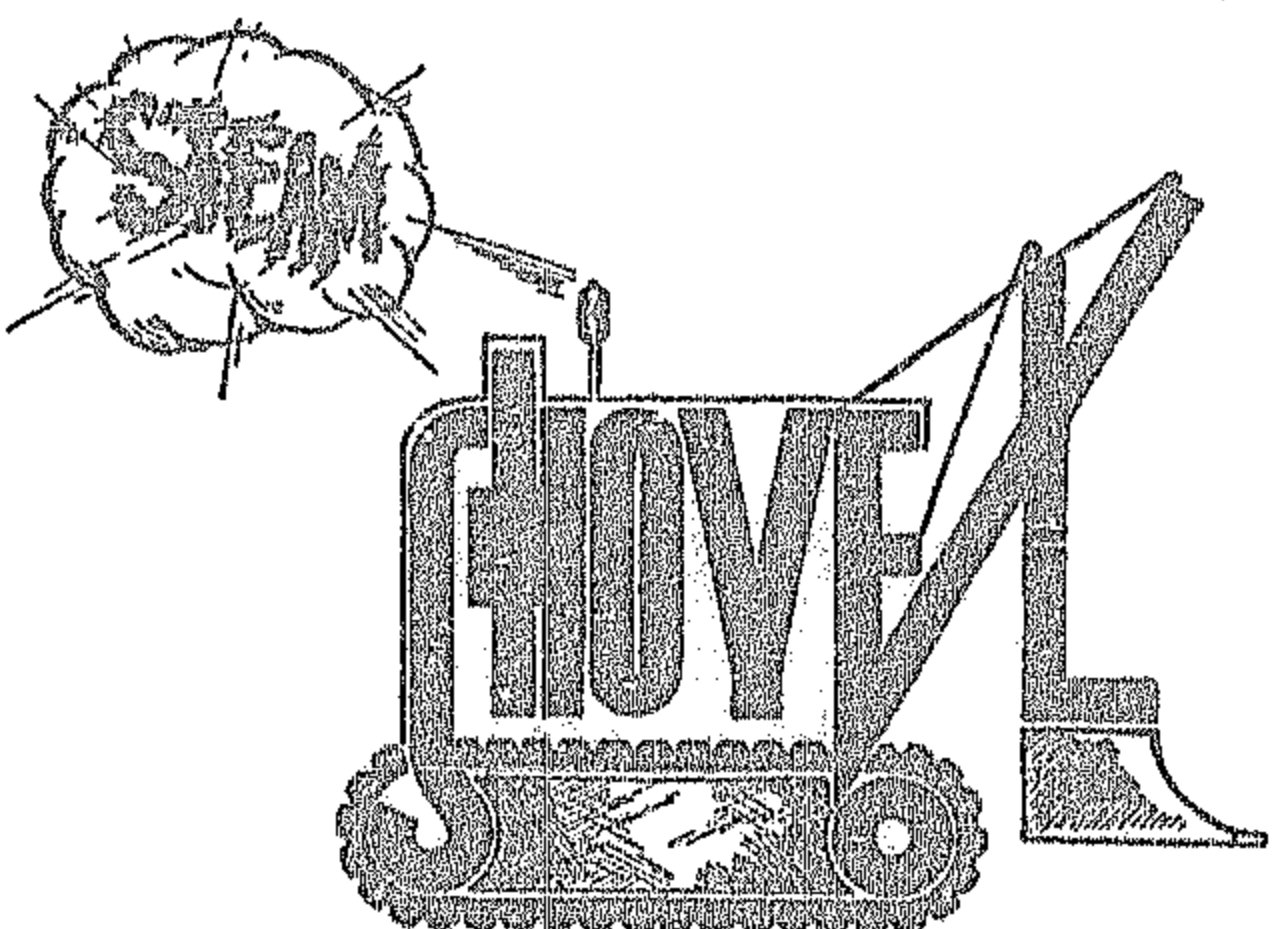
Shirley Shatz is now attending the University of Illinois.

The Sigma Beta Theta girls are working conscientiously in order to make their dance the first big success of the year! Of course, you all know that it is being held at the Lake Shore Athletic club on Friday, October 24. Hope you'll be there!!

Florence and Blanche, two of the Kappa Kewpies, held a reunion with a member of the Kappa sorority who did not return to school this fall, June Kieffer. June is working hard at present but intends to return for the spring semester.

"Montana" Mickey, as she is now known, is busy teaching the youngsters in Willow Spring, Montana, the fundamentals of English. And what is also to our little Kewpies credit is her recent election to the post of freshman sponsor.

A salad bowl luncheon for their rushees, was the highlight of the week for the Sigmas. Immediately after the luncheon the sorority sponsored a competitive game in which Irene Ptak was the winner. The prize was a highly prized bid to the Sigma dance.



Greetings, Kiddies!!

James Waber looks like the original of the loneliest man in the world every time he walks past a bevy of secretaries and stenogs in the cafeteria. It seems that he can't get over the absence of Helen Nichin and Lou Lakin.

Sorry lads, but that cute young lady you might have seen on the second floor of Main last week just couldn't stay. She was Mrs. Goldsmith, nee Kramer, wife of Art Goldsmith, former instructor at Armour and now working for the U. S. Navy.

FLASH!! Scooping the news bureau of this paper, the Steam Shovel announces that a memo has been sent out to the profs asking for lists of materials and machinery to equip the labs in the new IIT buildings. Things are beginning to hum!! (We also got \$500,000.)

By the way, when do the freshmen start wearing green caps? However, if they order the caps through the bookstore, the order will probably come through just about the time Mr. Fox, the present proprietor (Shades of Stanley!!), is ready to retire. And they'll probably be pink anyway!!

The senior electricials are wondering how long it will be before Profs Goetz and Moreton tangle, due to those 3-hour A.C. machinery experiments which take at least 4 hours, running into business policy class time.

There has been a new policy inaugurated on the elevator by the senior juicers; no one is allowed to get off on the second floor (especially chemicals). (Senior "Shmear" Fitzgerald rode to the fourth floor at least once before he could get off at two).

When the Green Bay Packers come to town weekend after next Mark Dummell, brave boy that he is, better adopt the draftee's slogan of O-H-I-O! Our friend Mark made the grave mistake of making an acquaintance with Hal Van Every's gal, and increased the gravity of the situation by dating her! However, the humanitarian soul of this lovely lass has come to bat for this lowly soph mech, and she has tactfully told him to "look around for somebody else." Since we can't stand the sight of blood, it is our sincere hope that Mark stays away from "Bullet" Osmanski's squaw!!

WARNING TO THE LOWLY YET FLAVID FROSH AND SOPHS!! The senior class wishes to announce that starting immediately all underclassmen offenders riding the elevator in Main will be treated to a shower (ice cold water guaranteed) absolutely free. A slight charge will be made for removing the subject's garments!

We are pleased to announce a new series of courses entitled "Etikut for the Ingy-near" to be offered by Prof. Gordon Erickson of the University of Leningrad. Each course will consist of a one minute lecture which will be delivered on Thursdays at 5 p.m. The moral of O.G.'s first delivery was "When you come into your prospective employer's office, try to refrain from planting your feet on his desk top." Next week's lecture is "Finger Nails and Their Effect on Modern Civilization." Everyone welcome!!

FLASH! Playboy Butkus rides again! ! ! Aided by the added attraction of a Maxwell, 1907 vintage, Johnny is really opening an all-out offensive against the feminine sex. Starting his drive on the South campus last Friday afternoon, Johnny's 'blitz' was directed at Dotty Giambelluca, one of the Sigma Sweethearts. Since we witnessed the melee, we're offering 2 to 1 that Dotty's out-of-towner will have to launch a terrific counter-offensive to recapture the objective.

SOOPER SNOOPERS.