



Astronomy is great. Umm-mm some pun-kins! What an opportunity to observe the heavenly bodies without gettin' a slap in the puss. Hey, bud, pass me a sandwich. Will-yuh?

* * *

Wrong Answer

1st Spiegle Broad: "So Jackie is teaching you how to play baseball?"

The dark one: "That's right; and when I asked him what a squeeze play was, I think he put one over on me."

* * *

SOLD OUT

Just last week we noticed the following poster advertising a local dance: "Girls may attend this dance, but no dresses are to be worn above the knees."

We tried to get tickets, but we were too late.

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A prominent businessman fell in love with an actress and decided to marry her, but for the sake of prudence, and circum-spection (whatever that may be) he em-ployed a private detective to report on what was goin on. When he received the report it read as follows:

"The lady has an excellent reputation. Her past is without a blemish. She has a wide circle of pleasant friends—the only breath of scandal is that lately she has been seen a great deal in the company of a busi-nessman of doubtful repute."

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

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SCHOOL DAZE

There are to me, two kinds of guys, And only two that I despise:

The first, I'd like to slam,
The ones who copies my exam;
The other is the dirty skunk
Who covers his and lets me flunk.

* * *

Have any of you sat down for any length of time and wondered just what a red cor-puscle is?

After reading the papers last week, it strikes us as a Russian non-commissioned officer.

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Jack: "Darling, I could sit here and do nothing but look at you forever."

Dorothy: "Yeah, that's what I'm begin-ning to think, too!"

* * *

The colored preacher was describing the "bad place" to a congregation of awed lis-teners.

"Friends," he said, "you've seen molten iron running out of the furnace, haven't you? It is white hot, sizzling and hissing. Well," and the preacher pointed a long, lean finger at the frightened crowd . . . "well . . . dey use dat stuff for ice cream in the place I been talkin' about."

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Prof (to lad who has come in late): "Young man, you ought to take a lesson from the busy bee."

Vance: "I did, sir. I was out late last night with my honey."

* * *

The old lady met a young man in a gor-geous uniform. "What rank does your uni-form represent?" she asked.

"I'm a naval surgeon," he replied.

"My, my, how you young people do spe-cialize!"

* * *

"To get his wealth, he spent his health,
And then with might and main
He turned around and spent his wealth
To get his health again."

* * *

Josie: "Jim, where were you last night?"
Jim: "Why, darling, I was out with you."
Josie: "Yeah? Then you must be the guy Dad's looking for."

* * *

A man will always go to bat for a girl if she has the right kind of curves.

* * *

Well, that ends that. So long, I'm hungry!!

OH MIN!

Blitzkrieg!

Kibitzin' on the blitzin', kiddin' the Ko-Eds and local Killers, and just plain plowin' through the slush that constitutes this week's dirt, what with that double dealin' weather man a bit off center, is why yours truly is here again, giving out with Who's Whose.

With a hoop and a holler guaranteed to send any old Commanche howling to his teepee, Heap Big Chief Bucko Walter and Jo-Jo Minga add another hank of what the gals simply can't do anything with, to their collection on the bulletin board, in as-sorted colors. So any of the refugees from a crew cut will be gratefully accepted.

Long-Distance L'Amour Dilemma personi-fied by Reva Miller, to the tune of \$1.05 in Haeseler's Hideout. Love must be quite the thing when it reaches the stage of pass-ing on phoney money like that!!!!

Nick Frankovellia meets Flat Tire at Lewis. He expounded the theories of suture application to the hub cap as he vainly sought to reunite the inner confines of the rubber. And Nick a medical student! While in the medico department, Flossie Mossi just prattles on about pre-meds. Exactly what did the Doc have to say Friday night, Floss??? The aura of mystery surrounding Friday night's finagling has us really curi-ous!!

Sigma Dance Slush

"Hi," the sprintin' printer really kicked up a terrific splinter on the dance floor with that merriic sprichorean tango-tap routine he gave out (literally) with!!!

Dorothy Giambelluca does away with the apple business, and snagged a whole doctor for the evening instead.

Bob "Synthetic Shoulders" Weiss and "Torchy" Cary holding a private benefit show of their own in the little room with the Cary Conga Special.

Bob Meyer and Alda Kairis having fun with the "Lake Shore Kairis Sill Hop." Aw, just throw it out the window, kids!!

The E. (with the) D.T.'s are on the ball these days. Drennan put in his appearance at 12:30 instead of 8, with a dental dilemma as an excuse. Or maybe he hasn't heard that according to the Windy City's alder-men, Tempus Fugit Non, or one hour later . . . or is it earlier?

Jack Halloran, with his head in the clouds and a 'way up in the air about the whole thing, really fell hard!! A fine example of un-balanced youth, he took a float from atop

a twelve foot ladder, sans umbrella. As he vainly kicked at the air molecules, Jack found that "Keep the Old Chin Up" is more than a mere motto!!

Newsome Twosome

Latest blondeshell to hit Gracie Taglieri is Ray "Shick" Simpson. By the way, have you seen Gracie's deluxe chubby? Wolf?

Gleesome Threesome

With the Kappas, who know men best, it's Kilfooy, two to one! Blanche "Squibb" Fried and Florence "Bubbles" Bartusek the gals in the two corners of the Triangle club.

Personal Apology

Not content with merely chewin' the rag with Sylvia Weislo, Bob Meyer had to go and let her have it right between the eyes! Bob wishes to publicly apologize from the bottom of that greasy dishpan!!

The age of chivalry returns! At least this would seem to be the case as we witness such events as Superman Ben Knazan car-rying "petite" Dorothy Giambelluca to class so she could save her sole(s) for the "D" drift. Ben bravely and daringly defied all and every law of gravity by staggering and stumbling up an entire flight of stairs with the fair maiden. Result: he is now a firm believer in the V-diet.

Just by way of proving that National De-fense has further reaching effects than the design of cigarettes (which in turn inspires Gamma Rho tyros), Lorraine Kaskia's lone-liness, and the influx of the ED's, we pre-sent the sad case resulting from increased cost of towels in the chem storeroom. It seems that a certain young fellow, who had patriotically responded to the government's appeal by donating his Pepsi-Cola allowance to the USO, found himself in dire need . . . of a cloth to remove the acid by-products (of Experiment 784A). The solution to the problem presented in the form of a highly absorbent IIT sweater which he immedi-ately appropriated and which now enclosed his oozing separatory funnels, retorts, etc. In-cidentally, the result might have been a little different if OLGA MARCOFF'S swea-ter would have fit BUCKY.

If you have had trouble in deciphering the above mess, attribute it to the effects of the "twice three" writer being forcibly fed vast quantities of Halloween jelly beans, candy pumpkins, exploding gum drops, etc., by those weird spooks and goblins of ward 313. More indigestion next Tuesday.

THE SIXTH COLUMNIST.

STEAMSHOVEL

IN MEMORIAM

This column today is dedicated to the memory of the former sports staff, which was buried on Ogden field last Friday after-noon after being crushed under the feature staff steam-roller. Complete funeral services were omitted because of the battered condi-tions of the bodies. Some of the corpses are still missing, and the playing field is now being drained, in the hopes that those foolish victims of their own cupiditty may be laid in their final resting places. May their souls rest in peace.

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The editors of this column have a serious problem to solve and all information per-taining to the incident in question will be greatly appreciated. Now here is the situa-tion—Jane Goelet, versatile private secre-tary to "Dean" Weissman, and "Anti-trust" Sherman found themselves in what, to most people would be a very embarrassing pre-dicament, locked in Weissman's office to-gether. However, these two were not seem-ingly affected because they made no attempt to get themselves out of this mess for a full half-hour. What we want to know is the details of what happened during this interval, and the lucky person possessing this information can make himself a pretty penny by turning over said dope to this pillar (or by using it as a basis for black-mail!)

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The crop of campus cookie-dusters is gradually but inevitably reaching extinction. Day by day they are becoming rarer and rarer due to suicide and to murder by the upper classmen.

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When is the class of 1944 going to en-force the unwritten law of Armour college

which was passed in 1797.

"Be it enacted that any freshman on the bounds of the Armour Institute wear a green cap as prescribed by the sophomore class at such time. If the aforementioned freshman does not wear aforementioned cap as prescribed by aforementioned sopho-more, he shall submit either of his own free will or by force, his trousers into the hands of the aforementioned sophomore."

This laws was passed in March, 1797. Any questions as to the validity or constitution-ality of the law should be submitted to Miss Nell Steele of the library, who was present at the ATSA convention when it was passed.

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All youse hepcats and jive-hounds better start warming up right now because the Dance Club's "Turkey Trot" is going to be a jam to shame all jams. The committee has informed us that this swingaroo is open to any litanian whose average is better than —2.00, and who can scare, frame, or otherwise inveigle a gal to act as his escort. Wolves are definitely taboo and will be thrown out as fast as they knock at the door! So come on Gate, get a date!!

* * *

We understand that Mike Pollack missed out on Tau Beta Pi due to negligence of his academic work. Mike has fallen so far be-hind that he can't even see the dust of his follow sr. juicers. The peculiarity of this whole situation is that Mike has been doing his homework very diligently and very periodically. Why then, you ask, all the difficulty? Simple, says I—this institu-tion does not recognize credits from Bogus-lowski College of Music and consequently Mike's girlfriend Roslyn better change to en-gineering or Mike will be taking thermo with Mike Jr.!!!!

Goddesses

By Helen Marzuilo

The last of the rushing parties will be held during this week . . .

The Sigmias held their Formal Rush party in the Pump room of the Ambassador East hotel on Sunday, October 26. A formal breakfast was served at 12 noon. Each rushee wore an orchid corsage, as a guest of honor. Miss Longworth and Mrs. Kohl-saat, two very prominent alumni members of the Sigma Beta Theta sorority were among those present.

The Lambdas, who have not quite ended their rushing parties, entertained their rushee guests at a chop suey dinner last Tuesday. The tea room was fashionably decorated with Chinese ornaments, and the room was lighted by dim candlelight. The credit for such a delicious meal and the most picturesque surroundings may be given to Elaine Simon and Sylvia Weislo.

Last Sunday, October 26, the Lambdas held their monthly meeting at the home of Lorraine Surdyk.

Doris Tully, an alumnae member of the Sigma Omicron Lambda sorority, who is now attending the University of Illinois, visited with her sorority sisters last Sun-day, at the sorority meeting. Also on the visiting list this week was Rae Powell.

Kappa Phi Delta rushing was brought to a successful climax on Wednesday, October 29, at the Panther room of the Sherman hotel. After a delicious dinner consisting of steak, served "a la flaming sword," and all the trimmings, the girls enjoyed the lilting music of Woody Herman, who dedi-cated the song Love Me a Little, to the Kappa Kewpies. Also among the highlights of the evening was the appearance of a very energetic clown at the Kappas table. Miss Blanke, faculty sponsor, and each rush-ess were presented with large yellow chrys-anthemums. The credit for the enjoyable evening goes to Eileen Robinson whose planning gave vent to this super event.

Well, that's all the news for this week. See you again next week.

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GODS

The Daedalians are hoping that their brother, Dick Johnson, will be fully recov-ered and able to return to school sometime this week. It seems that "Stinky" has been in bed with the "flu" since the Sigma Dance (???). Pledgings for the D's will take place in the next week.

A sorry group of Gamma Rho pledges are undergoing their Hell week, culminat-ing in the informal initiation on Friday. The boys will have the week-end to recover, they hope.

We of the feature staff want to take this opportunity to thank publicly Harry Hel-denrich for gallantly offering his services as referee for the News touchball game last Friday. He crawled through the mud and spent a great deal of time excavating the sports staff. We're sure that this experience will prove invaluable to him if he ever finds it necessary to operate a steam-shovel!

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"One Beer" Bodnar won't be buying any more beers at Millie's for a long time to come. According to accurate information received, Bodnar, desiring to quench his thirst, walked into Millie's and upon flash-ing a "buck," ordered a beer. One of the club hostesses, seeing this "greenback," sat down beside him and ordered herself a drink (on him). The bartender after bring-ing the drinks, whisked away the "simole-on"—no trace of which has yet been found. Later that night, as the rest of the boys were bowling, "Sucker" Bodnar, low in spirit and finances, sat wistfully looking on.

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THE QUESTION OF THE WEEK! What is it?? HINT: Looks like a garbage inciner-ator (and smells like one), is perched on the end of a long tube and uses tobacco as fuel. You guessed it!! A pipe. But this one, belonging to Howie Walsh, cops the cake. It has a carrying capacity of 'umpteens' cubic yards, fitted with an automatic stoker Walsh calls the pipe, his "let me try your brand" pipe, while the producers call it the "super moocher" special.

SOOPER SNOOPERS