

And then there's the one about the traveling salesman and the farmer's—aw gee, that darn feature editor puts the screws on every good story that we get hold of! Okay, okay, we'll keep it clean from now on—darn it. What's this? The feature ed. has gone home? Well, well, well!!! Here's our chance to spill what we know about that gallant gentleman and all his galavanting with at Dorothy woman! So here goes.

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#### SCOOP

Arthur Peter Minwegen, erstwhile member of the American Association of Amalgamated Women Haters, has officially withdrawn from this society and is now angling for a membership in the I.I.T.W.A. The change of this sudden change of policy can be attributed to the personage of a Miss Dorothy Kennedy, a little blonde now finishing her education at Chicago Teachers college! Art, the story goes, is doing his best to further the gal's education as evidenced by all the attention that he devotes to her! A standard procedure for this newsome twosome for a Saturday goes something like this: the Northwestern game in the early afternoon, dinner in some 'chummy' restaurant, then off to the theater, and finally a lesson in high-class smooching demonstrated by Prof. Minny himself! A full day in any man's world!!!

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This here college is really gonna be on the beam comes the night of that U. of C. IIT basketball game Yeah man, but verily!! There'll be cheer leaders, a band, and all the trimmings that go with such goodies, so here's our chance to show the "Intellectuals" what we've got, both in the form of a team and an active student body! So get them there cow bells, get yourself a date, grease up them vocal chords and get over to the U. of C. fieldhouse on Dec. 6th.

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#### SCOOP

In case any of youse mugs unpeeled your peepers from your own skoit at the Turkey Trot youse might have noticed the nifty that Cliff Gorski was dragging! Well, according to Cliff, this was the gal's foist date, she being more or less a home goil! Since we're connasewers of such stuff we think that dis guy Gorski is nuts. The only way a lady like that could get to be 18 without dating would be to spend her time doing 'time' or else live at the North Pole! P.S. to Gorski: If you find it impractical to keep the gal occupied please communicate with the service dept. of this pillar and we'll 'andle' the situation!

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**FLASH: DOC DAVEY FINDS LOVE A WONDERFUL INSTITUTION!** Doctor Harold Davey, of our industrial engineering dept. is currently engaged in one of the flashiest courtships ever seen in these parts. With such swiftness has the good doctor struck that he has fairly swept the damsel in question off her feet—and she likes it!! Who are we talking about? Why Mary Lauderjung of the Publicity office, of course!

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#### REWARD \* REWARD \* REWARD

To the person who knows the whereabouts of Warren "Mugsy" Hartmann's overcoat, which was accidentally taken at the sr. mech's stag party, will go two tickets to the all-star basketball game. The coat which Warren received in trade looks the same but doesn't fit so well (on him it resembles Grandma's girdle wrapped around an old rain barrel). According to information "Mugsy" is getting pretty darn tired of trying to draw in his "Pot tummy" every time he buttons the coat if that guy doesn't cough up his coat but quick; Hartman is going to have an extra panel inserted in the back.

SOOPER SNOOPERS.

## REMEMBER?

You were doing fine until your subconscious decided it needed to blow its nose. Then you woke up. You snuffled and reached under the pillow for your handkerchief. It wasn't there.

It didn't bother you much at first. You checked the pocket of your pajamas. No handkerchief. With one hand you scabbled around between the sheets. No handkerchief. You snuffled and fell asleep.

But then it wouldn't let you sleep. You burbled when you snored, or something. Your adenoids were treading water, but due to be scuttled any minute, and things began to glob on the surface of your mind: snurf no hadkachif, gob dabbit, wherzat hadkachif? And then you were awake again.

You started a handkerchief hunt. It was your only handkerchief and you needed it. You couldn't turn on the light because your drunken old man had blown the fuse, mailing a poison pen letter to the W.C.T.U. You shouldn't paint your fuse box green. So now no light. You had to hunt your sniffleduster in the dark.

You weren't really awake when you started. You began by scrunching down and sliding your hands around between the sheets again, more thoroughly this time. Suddenly way under, you found a human foot, and you grabbed it. You bit it, and it was your. That woke you up, all right. Remember? How did it taste? And has it healed yet?

Then you began to realize the magnitude of your problem. There wasn't much moonlight bouncing in, and anyhow your handkerchief was the same color as a sheet or the pajamas you wore that night. Same texture, too. You burbled "Brig od yer niddles ad haysdags." Then you set to work.

One by one you examined every blanket and the upper sheet, folded each neatly, and piled them all carefully on the floor beside your bed. No nose-wipe. You snuffled, removed the pillow-case, examined pillow and pillow-case with the care of a Holmes. No soap. No dice. No handkerchief. You decided right then that in the future your handkerchief would be a luminous affair with belled edges, hawsered fore and aft on the bias to the head and foot of the bed. Remember? Same old handkerchief, isn't it? Still losing the thing, aren't you?

You kneeled on the bed, assumed a salaam position, and patted every square inch of the lower sheet with your palms. By then you were bushed. You were just making the motions; you didn't expect to find anything. And you didn't. You mumbled. "gob dabbit. Kleedex, here I cubb." Then you started to search the floor.

Still kneeling on the bed, you leaned perilously over the side, hung an arm down combed the dust on the floor. There you got results, but no handkerchief. Your finds were:

1. The bone of one pork chop
2. A torn card reading:  
Madam Nora McNorath.  
Fortunes told and  
Consultations
3. A large poster lauding the advent of "The Birth of a Nation."
4. A half-eaten phonograph record sandwich with everything.

Of course, you couldn't read the lettering till later, in the daylight, but you got the general idea: no handkerchief.

You sat cross-legged on the bed and tried to figure it all out. You decided that this would be a pushover for Ellery Queen, that Nero Wolfe could solve it in the middle of an after-dinner snooze, and that Miles Harmon would expose all in two minutes flat.

You decided to apply the Ellery Queen Approach. Either, you reasoned, the handkerchief is in the bed, or it is not. If it is not in the bed, it is either on the floor or elsewhere. If it is elsewhere, the situation becomes acute. "Gob dabbit," you blubbered.

The handkerchief, you continued, is not in the bed. It is not on the floor. It must be elsewhere. But you placed it in the bed and no outside force has acted upon it, hence it cannot be elsewhere. But, you wondered, has an outside force acted?

At this point you made the greatest mistake of your life. Remember? Could you forget? You snorted in disgust!

In the morning you woke up on the living-room sofa, wondering why. Then grim remembrance hit you, and you dashed up to your bedroom. Yes, the mess was there. It hadn't been a dream. You aimed a savage kick at the neatly piled blankets on the floor. They flew around and there on the floor was the handkerchief, it had been under the blankets!

How do you like life as a hermit?

## Blitzkrieg!

Time to tuck in the bibs, kids, tho' they droop with the soup and are not very perky with left-over turkey, whilst I dish out a few tempting tidbits of gossip and give out with a bit of this fowl play as to who laid an egg or got the bird during the happy holidays and up to the present day diggins.

Sylvia Weislo really carries this New Deal Thanksgiving thing to the nth degree. This little non-conformist did not tangle with the traditional turkey, but asked papa for a second helping of pheasant, no less! . . . And prancing off excess poundage at the Campus Saturday night were Dave Kester Blind—I mean, Dave Kester, Blind Date, Helen Gordon with a Local Lobo, and Gus Mustakas and Eileen performing slight tunrabouts on the ye old dance floor thus proving the ancient adage concerning the shortest distance between two hearts is a straight line. All this took place at the Campus. Sorto like old home week.

George Drevikovsky really must have put away a pow'ful passel of poultry, as evidenced by his inability to balance that equilibrium equation when a equals chair crashed to b equals floor and c equals George, really parallel to b. Result: c equals George and cussin' violently.

#### FACULTY FINAGALINS

Our latest bid for a supple-mentary Superman, should that Comic Cutup ever decide to leave us, is L. F. Supple, known as "Muscles." With a deft twist of the digits, he does a mean job of breaking a bottle of sugar in two.

Major Smaile, that naughty boy, pulling out of Dr. Boder's movies a bit before the deadline. And while in the psychology department, this week's bunch of tiger lillies

goes to Dr. Boder. Seems the good Doctor's lab equipment was in demand by the Commonwealth Edison company. Good work, Doctor B!

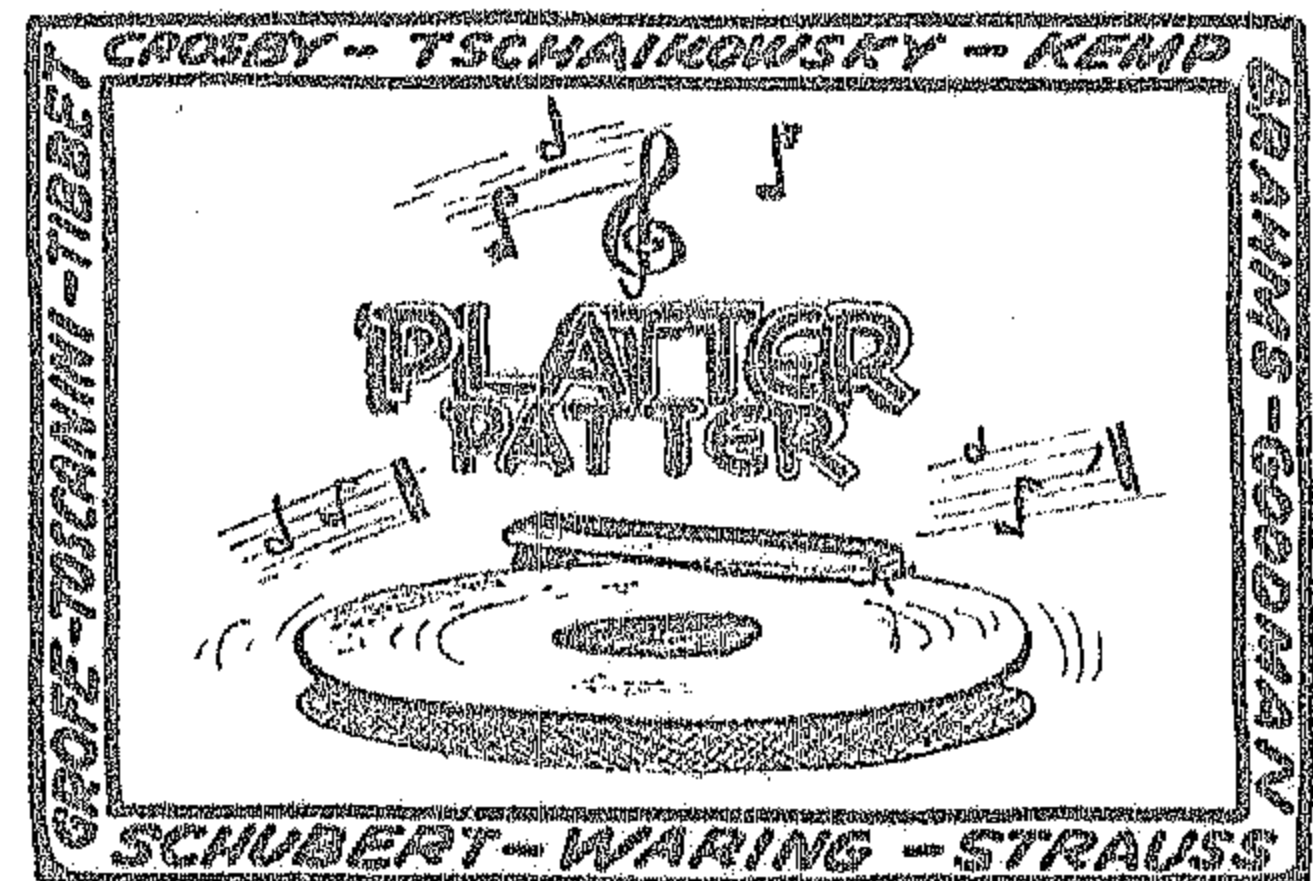
#### RIALTO A LA

"Thumb Fun" Jackie Chakoian really staged 1941's best coming out affair in Prof. Graves' economics room. Whilst divesting himself of his football uniform, a few uninvited guests invaded Jaekie's boudoir, with Mr. C. rated the best cover-up man IIT ever had. Just call him "Gypsie"! And while we're in Mr. Graves' department, what about Phero "Fifi" Thomas' cooperation in la classroom??? To Mr. Graves' interrogation of "Don't you girls know anything?" Fifi responded with an extremely energetic flapping of the digits. Woo! Woo!

The E (with the) D.T.'s at least know the score now!! Lou "Frensi" Pennisi, the philosopher-engineer, has recently announced the results of painstaking mathematical and statistical research on the subject "How to Beat the Bookies on Fall Saturday Afternoons." He finds that the odds on an eight team parley are 364¾ to 1. This, however, has not administered the proper push to the tyro inspectors pecuniary status. It's still in quo.

Well, time to send the bibs out to the local Sam Wing, in preparation for next week's gab feast. In the meantime, keep your eye out for those red and gray bids lettin' you know all about how to make your gal happy at the Winter Informal. And don't forget the applause for all the future Druses & Barrymores who'll be struggling with the grease paint the night of the 10th. Bye, bye.

THE SIXTH COLUMNIST



By Ted van Geider

and Charles I. Ball

We start off in the popular department with a solid Gene Krupa number, "After You've Gone" (Okeh 6278). Roy Eldridge sends out with trumpet that is really out of this world. Companion is "Kick It" with Anita O'Day giving out with the lyrics. . . . Woody Herman waxes "Misirlou" (Decca 4024) with the Maestro singing the vocal chorus. This exotic tune will please all listeners. Discmate is "By U By O," Muriel Lane singing this Louisiana Lullaby. The Band that Plays the Blues plays this with their own solid beat.

Elmer's Tune, that melody monopolizing the air lanes at present is recorded by Bob Crosby (Decca 3929). He mates this with "The Angels Came Through" sung by Bob and the Bob-O-Links in a sweet swing style. . . . Bob Zurke has a number that isn't the newest but still hits the spot. On "Cow-Cow Blues" (Victor 26646) he beats the boogie out of the eighty eight to make even the ickies jump. Opposite this is "Thumboogie," Evelyn Poe singing the refrain. This record has everything—just listen to it.

Tommy Dorsey gives us "Violets for your Furs" (Victor 27690) a burning torch song just made for Frank Sinatra's smooth voice. Tommy's super slide trombone stars all the way on the slow melting melody. "Somebody Loves Me" is the reverse and has the gates really swinging. Pied Pipers vocalize the lyrics here. We've all heard this adaptation from this and that classical, especially the latest Tschaiakowsky Concerto Number One for piano and orchestra adapted for popular music. Well, T. Dorsey will wax "I Think of You" for Victor adapted from Rachmaninoff's 2nd Piano Concerto in C Minor. Watch for it on Victor 27701. Frank Sinatra does the chorus. Tommy's trombone is there in form, also. Coupling is "Who Can I Turn To," Jo Stafford on the vocal. Slow easy beat, Dorsey can't lose with this one.

Among Victor's releases for December is the ever-popular Symphony in D Minor of Cesar Franck which is given a top-notch performance by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra conducted by Pierre Monteux (Album M-840). Those who have had the pleasure of hearing M. Monteux with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra at Ravinia this summer or his recent recordings with the San Francisco Symphony will realize how capable a conductor he is. As an interpreter of French music he has no peer today.

This symphony, Franck's only, is today one of the three most popular symphonies. Like other great compositions, it was received with disdain for many years after its presentation in 1889. Its revolutionary use of the English horn, bass clarinet, tuba and cornet needed the broader musical understanding of a later generation to be fully appreciated.

Another Romanticist great work is Victor's new recording of Schumann's Symphony No. 4 in D Minor by the London Symphony Orchestra under Bruno Walter. This newest recording fills a needed place and will please all lovers of this dynamic composition (Album M-837).

Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra combine to give a first recording of Gliere's Symphony No. 3 in B Minor (Victor, Album M-841). This interesting work about a giant concerns the exploits of Ilya Mourometz, legendary Russian hero. For those who are looking for a new musical experience this symphony will be well worth their attention.

The band for the IIT WINTER INFORMAL, Alvino Rey plays "The Skunk Song" told by Dick Morgan (Bluebird B-11363). This is a novelty with lyrics and music that will please. "You are the Lyric" singing by Bill Scallen seems out of place in reference to the first side of this record. This side is soft and tender with a standout of electric guitar by Alvino Rey.