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RICHARD A. KLOSE, Editor

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Lambda Chi Iota, Rita Lang.

### Zounds! Sounds!

The room is quiet . . . all the tables are occupied . . .  
heads are bent intently . . . the door opens and closes  
softly . . . the woman behind the desk casually looks up  
. . . then back to her work . . . the newcomer finds a  
vacant chair . . . someone coughs . . . low voices come  
from the furthest corner of the room . . . a man rises . . .  
crosses to a window . . . his view is trapped by a factory  
building . . . he sits down . . . the door opens again . . .  
sounds from the outside drift in . . . a rumbling of voices  
. . . laughter . . . a telephone rings in the distance . . .  
someone shouts "Hey Mac!" . . . the door closes . . . the  
room is quiet again . . . a book drops . . . more low  
voices from the corner table . . . the woman at the desk  
looks up . . . her heels tadoo a staccato on the wooden  
floor . . . she stops at the corner table . . . three words  
drift faintly . . . disconnectedly across the room . . .  
"conversation" . . . "other room" . . . the heels staccato  
back behind the desk . . . all is quiet again . . . suddenly  
a bell rings . . . chairs scrape . . . papers rustle . . . feet  
shuffle . . . voices . . . laughter . . . giggles . . . Gad!  
What kind of a place is this, you ask? The school library  
any period, any day, as observed by an BSTI student.

PLAN TO ATTEND . . .

### NEWMAN THANKSGIVING DANCE

Wednesday, November 22, 1950

Hotel Lafayette

Semi-Formal

## THE INSTITOOTER

by Howie Mandell

In—that Thanksgiving is only a few days away, it is probably fitting and proper to express our thanks for the many blessings we enjoy. Thanks to God that; the fellow who sits across from you in physics class writes a little larger than usual during the exams . . . that the N.F.T. has adjusted their rates so-as to keep your pockets free of all those bothersome pennies, . . . and that Larry Haberer and Jerry Stevens didn't lose their voices after they had serenaded their girls with a rendition of "Good Night Irene", . . . at three o'clock in the morning.

Don Riedel might have one day been one of the world's greatest pianist if it wasn't for the disadvantage he had encountered in his early studies. The piano had 88 keys, Don had only 10 fingers, . . . he was outnumbered by almost 9 to 1 from the start.

Speaking of fingers, has anyone ever noticed Mitzy's hands. She too has 10 fingers, 7 on one hand, 3 on the other.

As a small boy, Norm Clark suffered a severe shock. One day he asked his Mother where he had come from. "The stork brought you" was his Mother's reply. He received the same answer when he asked about the origin of his Mother and Grandmother. Not a normal birth in the family in three generations.



IT WAS A LOVELY EVENING  
WHY NOT SPOIL IT A  
LITTLE?