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**The A.T.S.?A.**

Ninety-nine per cent of the student body doesn't know a thing about the A.T.S.A. other than its name. Its functions, duties and purposes are deep, dark mysteries. What goes on at its meetings seems to be inviolable secret for its members. Why are the very things which the student body in general should know kept under a heavy cloak of darkness?

How many students, the persons who are governed by the A.T.S.A., know what is in the constitution? Very few. Who knows how the budget is made out and who has the most to say about how the money is spent? Again the answer is—very few.

Now we come to a still more important point. What with all of the student activity fees that are paid to the A.T.S.A., why is the financial status of this organization never revealed to the general student body? True enough, the annual budget is turned in and published on the front page of the NEWS, but is there ever any deficit, or is there a surplus? That is something which the students should know. A complete financial statement, along with the usual budget should be published every year. It should show some amazing facts.

Perhaps the most interesting fact that would be brought to light by the apparently unorthodox act of publishing A.T.S.A. matters would be the above mentioned matter of surplus. In 1933 the A.T.A.A., as it was then called, had a surplus of **nine thousand dollars!** If the A.T.S.A. budget is designed like most other budgets, and we presume reasonably that it is, this amount has increased considerably in the last six years. What is this money for, where is it, and what is it doing?

Student loans are supposed to be granted from A.T.S.A. funds each year. The catalogue states that clearly. Let us ask the entire student body, for the enlightenment of all, just how many students, now enrolled full time or part time, ever have borrowed from the student fund? We have never heard of a single case, but would like to find out.

Inactivity has been charged against the A.T.S.?A. on more than one occasion, and we charge them with it once more. A good many students probably can call to mind the biting editorial about lack of action which Howard Coyle, former sports editor of the NEWS, wrote to the A.T.S.A. last year. The total result of his noble effort was to raise a cloud of dust which soon settled again. The good old board relapsed into its former ways. Again this year a further effort was made by an organized student group to get things started. Changes in the constitution have even been proposed to allow more freedom of action by all concerned in expediting matters of importance. A good deal of smoke was raised, but still the lackadaisical attitude of the board has managed to survive. What are the forces, other than human inertia, which hold up the board's action?

With all these things in mind let us see if we can get the super-secret society to publish its doings, if any, for all to see, talk over, criticize, and act upon.

# "The Slipstick"

Cleave to "The Slipstick"; let the Slapstick fly where it may

English As She Is Spoke

Wossatchoooot?  
Afnoonmoos. Lassdotion.  
Enthinnut?  
Naw. Nuthinnit 'cept lasspeechrosefelt's. Lottaraot.  
Donsayso? Wossawetherpredichan?  
Sesrain. Donbleevetho. Funthingswethernvbkintellwoss-gunnado.  
'Sright. Well slong, seeyuhseevnin.

"That old maid school teacher has plenty of pupils."  
"Yeh, but not much class."

As he coasted down the hill he traveled faster and faster. The wheels turned at a terrific pace; the motor generated its last possible ounce of power. People were clustered at the turn ahead of him, waiting to see if he would get safely around it. As he approached the turn the crowd held its breath. Like a flash he zoomed around the curve. The thrill was too much for one of the spectators.

"Look!" she screamed. "He's going around the turn on two wheels!"  
He heard, but he only laughed. For he knew he was on a motorcycle.

The time has come, the coed says,  
To think of many things;  
Of men and pins and midnight skies,  
Of shining diamond rings.

Eleanor: Why did the labor boss fire you from that job?  
Sid: Well, you know a labor boss is one who stands around and watches his gang work.  
El: Yes, but what's that got to do with it.  
Sid: Well, he got jealous of me. People thought I was the boss.

Logic

One plus one equals two. That is an addition. An addition is an adding to. Adding two makes four. Fore is a golf term designating another stroke is about to be made. The designation for a stroke is another one. Another one makes five. Therefore, one and one makes five. Ye gud Gates, shoot before he elucidates.

Professor's Daughter: Circumstances compel me to decline a marital arrangement with a man of no pecuniary resources.  
Student: Er—I don't get you—  
Professor's Daughter: That's just what I'm telling you.

By passion moved, he overstepped,  
Scoffed at her firmest warning;  
She acquiesced; then parting said,  
"I'll see you in the morning."

Blonde: Jack and I drove through the Rockies last week.  
Brunette: Did the passes scare you?  
Blonde: Sure, I thought he'd never stop making them.

A surgeon, an architect, and a politician were arguing as to whose profession was the oldest.  
Said the surgeon: Eve was from Adam's rib, and that surely was a surgical operation.  
"Maybe," said the architect, "But prior to that, order was created out of chaos, and that was an architectural job."  
"But," interrupted the politician, "somebody created the chaos first!"

We are told that some Iowa legislator proposed changing the value of pi from 3.1416 to 3.0. The reason he didn't succeed is probably due to Keuffel and Esser propaganda.

The other day my girl  
Showed me a picture of  
An Arrow Collar man  
Kissing  
A Camel Cigarette girl.  
And down in the corner  
It said, "COPYRIGHT."  
While  
I may not be an  
Arrow Collar man  
I can take a hint.

Throughout the whole of the evening meal neither had spoken one single word. But as soon as the plates had been cleared away and they were seated before the fire, the husband's face lost some of its hardness.

"You know, dear," he said, breaking the long silence, "I've been thinking over our argument."  
"Well!" she snapped, without looking up from her sewing.  
"Yes, dear, I've decided to agree with you, after all," he said meekly.  
"That won't do any good," she sniffed. "I've changed my mind."

"You look sweet enough to eat,"  
He whispered soft and low.  
"I do," the fair one answered,  
"Where do you want to go?"

The boy in the darkened movie whispered to his sweetie, "This picture is making my flesh creep." The girl snapped, "Okay, but does it always have to creep towards my knee?"

# THE NEWS

The theme song of the sophs is still and definitely: "We Love Life"

Top ranking news this week: Ye Armour Architectural Society had a mighty interesting meeting. . . . Constitution was approved. . . . F. H. A. movie and talk by Mr. Merrill was very informative and interesting. . . . The next meeting will be held in about three weeks with Mr. Krehbiel giving his much-looked-forward-to "Chalk Talk." . . . It is rumored that there will be a 125% turn-out. . . . The nite school students were invited to attend the meetings.

The Arx were well represented on the swimming team this year with Dodge, Stowell, Blume, and Blumberg pulling in the points.

Life in the raw! . . . Highlights: Frances, the blond from Detroit (for further details ask Ernie); she with the husband who was dying; Salzman, just call him "puney"; you know—"Please dispose of the garbage"; Olga, free, white, 23, and in love; and now . . . the frosh after seeing what the sophs do decided to have their try.

If any professor on account of last week's issue decides to flunk the writer, my name is Bob Viren . . . P. S. (if it'll help) the score is 5 to 2 in your favor.

Some landscaping was done around the Art Institute the other day . . . it seems that Danforth as head of the Art Institute's Arch. Dept. has not done much interior decorating around the place, so some of the boys decided to help out.

# CO-OP NEWS

Those fellows you saw leaving the campus last Friday with the beaming faces and the "breadboards" under their arms were the "A" group Co-ops who return to work this week. The Co-ops in school this week are the "B" group, a little the worse from financial stress, but fully prepared to plunge into the rigorous 8-week course outlined for them.

Our custom at this time is to hold an affair of some sort, a banquet, dance, or smoker, at which we all get together for a good time. The event this term was a smoker held in the Student Union on Friday night last.

(Continued on page four)

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