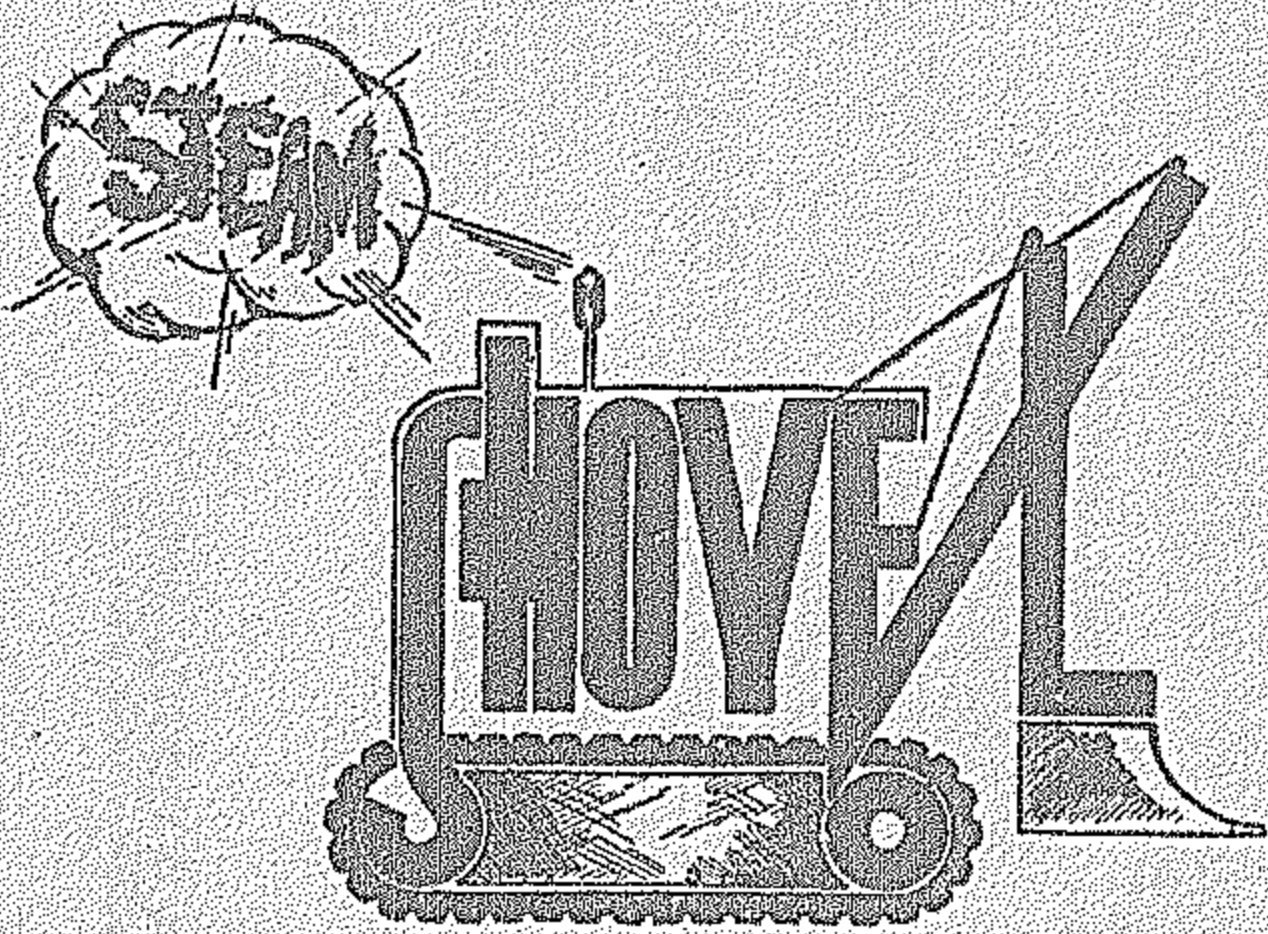




Editor's note: The editor feels that the Steam Shovel should be turned over to the seniors for the last two issues. Therefore, this column and the next, are on and by the seniors. So gang, here it is and the editor accepts no responsibility for the data appearing herein. (Also, we do not disagree with it.)

* * * *

Well, kiddies, after a rather lengthy lay-off, your SOOPER SNOOPERS of old are back on the job to take one last crack at all youse lugs before we leave our Almy Mammy for the wide-open spaces—unless we decide to take that graduate course at the University of Sing Sing—and that ain't hay! Anyhoo, for the next two weeks we'll be awatchin', so take heed and save all those dastardly deeds for some later date! On guard!

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Here comes the bride, tra-la-la-lah! And as the last mournful strains of this refrain died away, TED "KITTY" VAN GELDER, one of those high-flying Sr. Civils, found himself in the throes of that condition of self-slavery known as matrimony. When did this happen? Well, slugs, it was just a week ago but already its effects are starting to show up. All last week our boy "KITTY" complained, and we quote: "I'se so-o-o tired!" And a roll-call taken at the Sr. Civil beer-bust last Friday, disclosed the absence of this ex-regular. However TED insists that he's in heaven and that he's starting to gain weight already (and all this on a "can" diet, too!) Oh, well, some guys are just naturally gluttons for punishment, anyway!!

* * * *

Ain't engineering a wunnerful thing? On rush day last, and it'll probably be the last, too, the upperclassmen applied their knowledge of hydraulics and whipped up the pressure on the fire hose to about 50 pounds per square inch, and then "drilled" the freshmen and sophomores with glee. The results were so satisfactory that a complete set of the design calculations has been sent to MacArthur with a suggestion that he equip a battalion with these "weapons."

* * * *

Here's one for the books. It seems that CHARLES I. BALL, outstanding scholar, member of 'Tau Bete', 'Chi Eps', and a few other honorary fraternities, has not yet learned how to count. On the return trip from a recent Tau Beta Pi initiation at Madison, Wisconsin, the bus load of members stopped for a bite to eat at one of the small towns. Upon assembling to resume the trip home, CHUCK "EYEBALL" miscounted noses and considered everyone present. Well, anyway, to make a short story shorter, Messrs. MAENER and FITZGERALD took the next milk train back to ole 'Chi'. (Editor's note: We'd like that guy to show proof of his graduation from grammar school.)

* * * *

FLASH!!! I.I.T.W.A. scores again as RAY-RAY SCHULTZ, Lothario of the Sr. Co-ops, hits feminine jackpot! Yessir, the Illinois Tech Wolves association has again found the beam, and boy what a beam this is!! Any of youse rug-cutters that have dropped in at O'Henry Park recently have undoubtedly noticed the little bomb-shell that sings with BARON ELLIOT'S band. Of course, you did. You didn't? Man, you'd better see an optometrist! Well, anyhoo, this luscious little bit of vivacity attracted SUPER-WOLF SCHULTZ'S

Letter To The Editor

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE,
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN,
"ECHO WEEKLY"

April 18, 1942

Dear Fitchie:

What have we done to deserve such cruel treatment at the point of your pen? Our tongues are hanging out, we have drooped to the deepest depths of melancholy. You can't do this to us!

What has become of your usual moronic tendencies? Why have you banished the hula girls, the salesmen, chorus girls? We ask you, "Who wants to follow the adventures of Moses in the next issue? Who cares if the men find the brook or what the savage tribes will do? Who will miss the next thrilling sequence." Certainly we will not; it will be no loss.

Please remit some juicy chorus girls, hula hags, and salesmen in your next issue. Don't let the TECHNOLOGY NEWS get technical about Moses. We much prefer old jokes to old men. Please leave the choir boys out of it.

Try to convince your critics of the freedom of the press and the special need for freedom of the press in time of war. We can't print what you do. Maybe that's why we read your papers? If you cut out your features we'll have nothing to talk about in our Marriage and Family class.

Interested in the facts of life,
We remain:

Evelyn Steinbacher, Copy Editor.
Patricia A. Jones, Feature Editor.
Mary Ann Zuber, Managing Editor.
Melvin M. Yanow, Business Manager.
Jerry Farley, Sports Editor.
Alice Weidemann, City Editor.
E. J. Brzenk, Exchange's.
Ruth Bartlett, Society Editor.
Samuel Sokol, Reporter Extraordinary.

good right eye, and he proceeded to do something about it. Result—RAY has been seeing the young lady on her days off and is reported to be doing "nicely."

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Ode to a baby riot: Tell MISS NEYMARK that sweaters become her, and why don't she do it more often!

* * * *

At the Inter-fraternity sing: B.O.N. living up to their 'rep' by giving out in true "plaster fashion" on that IIT theme song, "Drink Beer." . . . The Alpha Sigs quaking in their boots while their winning selections were being recorded . . . Sigma Alpha Mu, represented by a full quartet, refusing to "emit" . . . Johnny Butkus without a date!!

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Prediction of the week: The SR. MECHS to uncook the cocky SOPH ARX in the softball wars.

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NOW IT CAN BE TOLD: That "cutie" that the Sr. MechS were mashing on the campus last Friday morning, was none other than Professor Penn's daughter!

* * * *

And now before we close, we'll torture you with one of our original poems!

Here's a toast to the girl in blue;
She'll teach you plenty, and all of it's new.
She's quite a gal—got a classy chassis,
But one thing's wrong—she's a good little lass!

Drat it!
Darn it!!!!

SOOPER SNOOPERS

CO-OP NEWS

by Lou Wengel

At the request of Bert Milleville, who is over-burdened with the trials and tribulations of a senior, this column is in my hands for this edition. So, recommending Andy Lotshaw liniment for all injuries, and referring all law suits to the management, here goes.

The results of the remaining election returns are as follows:

Juniors:
Edward Kraegel President
John Ferkan Vice-president
Fred Sternberg Secretary-Treasurer
Milton Platzner Social Chairman
Pre-Juniors:
Warren Moore President
Charles Newton Vice-president
Joseph Praser Secretary-Treasurer

* * * *

Bowling tournaments are getting into full swing amongst the co-ops. So far, the 3B and the 2B classes are the only ones participating. Similar contests in the other classes are encouraged, so that the class winners can have a play-off for the championship of the co-op section.

News from the 3B bowling front shows increasing action and few fatalities. Bill Wallace and Bob Anderson fouled so badly that it looked like a swan-dive demonstration. Dick Biederman won the high score purse with 224 pins, consistent with his last week's winning effort of 207 pins. Dick's high score also enabled his team to snatch the high series money with 825 pins.

In the 2B tournament, Wally Lowe captured the high series prize with a score of 481, and Jack Scheiblauber was the high game winner with 187 pins.

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Baseball has finally encroached upon the interests of the struggling embryo engineers, with an increase of competitive spirit among the classes. The sophomore's first and second teams fell under the onslaught of a powerful junior team, 9-4, and 15-4, respectively. With the wise leadership of Manager Witte, the juniors claim to be prepared to mow down all comers in the tournament.

To start off a winning streak for the 3B's, "Skyride" Byerwalter smashed out a homer with three men on bases, to help trim the freshmen first team, 15-8. In the contest against the freshmen's second team, the pre-juniors walked away with another easy victory, 13-4. Showing great potentialities, with several heavy-hitters and a 'million dollar infield,' the pre-junior team will bear watching.

* * * *

Welcome back to the juniors' happy circle is "Meatnose" Kraegel, who has just returned from giving battle to a case of measles.

Ed Duke, 4B, was passing out cigars to fellow juniors last week. The occasion was the addition of a "Dukeling" (in the form of a seven and one-half pound boy), to the family of Duke and his Duchess. Thus, Ed places second in the stork race, leaving the favorite, Stanley Prorok, to show.

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At an election of officers for Pi Nu Epsilon, honorary musical fraternity, Don True, 5B, was named president, and Ed Opila, also of 5B, secretary-treasurer. The activities of these and other men should encourage the freshmen and sophomore co-ops to participate in other fields of endeavor, as there is always a need for new blood in the musical, athletic, and journalistic organizations.

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John Joerger, 4B, defines shapely limbs as: "Two pair of partial question marks, symmetrically placed."

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Coming to the aid of the fairer sex, "Man-Mountain" Herzog, 1B, distinguished himself by grasping a lassie around the waist to save her from a nasty fall. (So he sez.)

ARX NEWS

We're writing this column in spite of all our junior pals who came over to admire our new pants without cuffs. But heck, a guy has to buy pants once in a while, (eh, freshmen?) and, anyhow, PIPHER has a new pair, too. So there!

CHRISTENSEN didn't go to the movies Friday. BLUESTEIN spent all that afternoon ogling the drama school babes out 212's window. 'Tis rumored that LILLIBRIDGE went to the movies, more or less unwillingly. RAN-DALL scribbled all afternoon—maybe a letter to his girl . . . Things were dull as a SEE-GRIST lecture.

This week's exhibit in the lower school is LIZZIE WRIGHT'S orange, which is filed away on the flange of a ceiling beam. CHRIS is happy about the whole thing.

Nickname of the week: "KIP" for WES PIPHER.

We're gonna hafta use roving reporters to get dirt on the seniors if they don't come to class more often.

The SOPHOMORES took the senior chems in baseball last week. Good boys, but doesn't it get monotonous? Not for LYDEN, who'll have to see to winning next week's game. Incidentally, it's rumored that MR. MELL will hold class on the diamond—even if he's not captain. Does anyone know what MARSHALL RISSMAN means when he mutters about "cousins from over there"? . . . Comfort for COMFORT—she'll be in town soon . . . Why does JENNIE HEALY want to become house-mother for "our boys"—that pair of gruesome twosomes: Bill and Tom, Tom and Bill?

Next week's ARX NEWS will be the last of the semester, so you can feel safe and un-bored all summer.

FRESHMEN . . . HALPI HALPI! Don't just do something, stand there. If you'll just raise a little rumpus, we'll be glad to distort the facts.

Here we go getting serious again:

It will be very difficult for us to keep the same direction toward our architectural goal all through life. Study after school days will be limited, for a while at least. We may be taken a great deal farther away from architecture than we ever before imagined.

It would be fine if, in normal times, we could all work with good architects having but a few commissions. The contact and scope of knowledge available would be far better for us than the machinery of large businesses.

In any case, the principles we will see practiced will not agree with our ideals all the time. We must understand the reasons for architectural shortcomings and return our sound principles 'til our opportunity comes. Client desires, building codes, financial restrictions, incompetency of labor, unforeseen conditions, will impair proper carrying out of our conceptions.

We must keep our principles intact to the extent of sacrifices of personal gain. For even though a more clear architecture is being approached, there are still relatively few clear-thinking architects.

A PROPOS

A confirmed rumor has it that George Cooper, 4B, is keeping company with high school girls. It seems that his "one and only" graduated from grammar school last February.

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Copies of the proposed constitution for the new Co-op club are now in the hands of the president of each class, and also on the bulletin board in the Co-op office. Each class is to pass on the proposal, adding any necessary revisions or corrections, which are to be brought out at a meeting of all the class presidents.