

## CO-OP NEWS

by Nick Spelson

Another eight weeks have gone and another semester for the co-ops. Some are enthusiastically looking forward to the industrial semester as a haven from nerve-racking days of concentrated study. Others are looking forward with the regret that the eight weeks have gone by so fast. However, more than likely, the majority are rejoicing in that they will be able to straighten the dents in their pocketbooks.

The 4A co-ops were well represented at the Blackout dance, probably due to the expectation of an actual blackout. High light of the evening occurred after a beautiful rendition of the rumba by Mr. DE WALD, when NELSON announced, "For an encore, he will drag a bag of coal across the floor."

A certain OLIVE C. suggested that the theme song of the band, which they played in the closing minutes, was "Never Took a Lesson in My Life."

Plans are well under way for the 2A term-end party at O'HENRY. JOHN GERALDI, who is handling the affair, has plenty of tickets to pass out to all who desire them.

A treat for anyone's eyes was BILL SMART on St. Patrick's day. Bill played the part of an idiot in a play. Bill acted so well as an idiot, that CASEY PUCHALSKI was rolling in the aisles with hysteria. As a reward for his excellent portrayal, Bill has been requested to display his acting talents at the term-end party.

Taking advantage of the Trianon's cut-rate ticket last Friday were those gadabouts, the 4A's. Among those who danced to the smooth rhythm of JAN GARBER were RAMSETH, CRAWFORD, HUGHES, JOHOUL, ROBBINS, WEISS, AGGERBECK, HEIBORN, and STRODTMAN.

Among the fine features of LaGrange are the BRAND girls, BETTY and RUTH. At present BETTY is incapacitated (sick, to you);

consequently for the first time in five years, STAN TOLBERT, 3A, knows where his little date-bait is. What a load off his study-wracked brain! The situation is reversed with RUTH; her red-headed heartbeat, HARRY LEE SCHRAEDER, 3A, was laid horizontal with a touch of flu. Beauty, personality, dates with "broke" en down co-ops; what more could these girls desire?

What could prompt JACK TERRICK, ROBERT THOREN, and JOHN WINOLE to tear up the stairs to the book store for their copy of the "Modern Reader?" Could it be that they thought the "Reader" was a secluded form of the Police Gazette? "Could be," as HARRY WEINSTEIN says.

One of the requirements of the S.S. 431 with Professor GOETZ, is the purchase of mimeograph notes from the bookstore. The receipt for said purchase is then turned over to Mr. GOETZ, to entitle the bearer to additional material. Last Wednesday, BILLY gave a 15-minute lecture, tactfully trying to get the one outstanding receipt. After much persuasion, this learned lecturer declared that ART MASCARELLO as the culprit. Indignant at this rude awakening, MASCARELLO jumped to his feet, clawed open his wallet, howled, in all innocence, "NO, NO, I paid. I've even got the receipt to prove it!" and he did.

If SANDY SANDERS ever invites you to help him celebrate his birthday, don't hesitate to join him. Those that joined him last Wednesday, "rolled," or were carried in about 5 a.m., heavily laden with "ROSES" and "CHAMPAGNE." Don't say we didn't tell you!

At the recent Chicago Screw company co-op club dinner, the first speaker of the evening asked the various co-ops how long they had been at IIT. DON "SONNY" MCCOY innocently replied, "Two weeks." Needless to say, every one of the remaining speakers made some remark about McCoy, the baby co-op.

chemistry, and sat in the front row. Sitting in the front row is supposed to help you get A's, but awl i got wuz dirty looks. Also, the rest uv the fellers don't want A's very bad cause they sat az far tew the rear uv the room az possible. Otto woke up an i thought it wood be nice if he got a chance tew get a little fresh air, sew i opened the lunch box and sat him on my shoulder. The lerned dokter what wuz preachin' had a habit uv racin up an down in front uv the class spoutin werds uv wit and wisdom. On sein Otto he raced tew the far corner uv the room and sed—qvote "Get that \$@\*&\* hydergen sulfide generater out uv heer."—unqvote.

Az i picked the skunk up and wuz about tew leave, i heard the thud uv a human body. The perfesser's blood pressure got the best uv him.

Otto wuz very angry sew i thought it best that i take him home, witch i did. The pore little feller's anger made him ferget his melancholy mood an he iz happy again. The next day i received a letter from the deen sayin that i must choose between Otto and Armore. i am asting yew, my darlin mountin flour, tew take care uv Otto fer me until i can cum home.

Referin back tew yewr laste letter, whut did yew mean wen yew sed yewr paw liked spring weddings and wuz oilin up his gun? Don't tell me he's goin tew shoot yewr maw and get married agin. This iz no time tew change horses in mid stream.

Give my luv tew yewr folkes and i send my luv tew yew,

Cu Beak

## IN SPRING . . .

by Harry "Pants" Anderson

Ah-ha, tra, la, spring—it is here, no? Ah oui! Look longingly at the gorgeous green grasses, the blossoming buds, the frolicking flowers—ah, yes, 'swonderful. But to come back to Armour, the resourceful sophs have brought spring to grace the sout' campus. Buildings seem besieged by a bewildering band of timid tots, and all a wearin' the everlastin' symbol of St. Patrick, bejabers.

'Twas only a week ago that a heavy wind swept from across the not-distant steppes of the stockyards, still wearing its white winter coat and gray galoshes, but even then we caught a glimpse of the new season. One of the more personable of the cute little freshies was ambling around daringly displaying his lovely lower limbs. This pre-season preview of "what to wear if without a green cap" was presented by one Snuggsy Snyder—warm-hearted, simple-minded, if impulsive little soul from the naive class of '45, actively aided and abetted by some sincere sponsors—the sweet sophs. That he may have been promanading through no volition of his own is beside the point. It did our hearts good to see the new season coming in as full of green caps, pants, and vitality as ever.

Rumor has it that some willful willies among the fearful frosh consider their own caps sufficient protection against the elements. Let us herewith note and afterward sadly recall that sophomore sunstroke is a deadly disease, an incurable illness, and an abhorrent ailment, as it werc. We will read these lines over the lowly laggards with tears in our eyes, and no one can say they were not informed.

Niggardly neophytes though the fated and fattened frosh may be, still they deserve some attention. The soulful sophs would bring joy to their hearts, green to their craniums, and distinction to the class as a whole by encouraging the presence of spring's fresh beauty. If a foolish few indulge in the folly of not distinguishing themselves, they will be cast in the role of chorus girls for the whole school to admire. Of course, this means disrobing the offender to bring to light the luscious loveliness that may be concealed in his nether limbs. But, oh tremorous timothies, do not think that to be a chorus cutie is not an honor. Perhaps you may be allowed to run around after your slightly garnished garments—probably.

## Deer Rosybelle

Deer Rosybelle:

Az i promised at the Jr. formul i am writing tew yew. There iz something i fer-got tew say about Otto, my pet skunk, sew i'll tell awl now. Ferst, however, i wood like a explanation of the pome yew wrote in yewr laste letter. It went something like this:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star

We went riding in his car

What we did i ain't admittin'

But what i'm knittin' ain't fer Britain.

Pleeze tell me why yewr knittin fer the Red Cross instead uv "Bundles fer Britain", and what has ridin in the car got tew dew with it?

Now tew get down tew the reel subject uv my letter, which iz Otto, the skunk. He iz been very blue lately sew i thought i wood bring him tew school, witch i did. He rode in my lunch box and we went tew the ferst class. The boys were already asleep wen we arrived but they soon woke up with awful expressions on their faces. They had nightmares, no doubt.

The perfesser felt sick awful sudden an he ast tew be excused. I guess awl the attention he got floored him. It wuz the ferst time in the semester that there wuz more than 2 men awake.

The pore little skunk wuz sleepin sew nice in my lunch box that i hated tew wake him in order tew get a sandwich tew eat between classes. The sandwich must uv been buttered with Sterno, because my head felt as if i'd drunk a jug of corn squeezins.

We went tew the next class, which wuz

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