

CO-OP NEWS

by Bert Milleville

The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la,
Have nothing to do with this column.
But we're back in the saddle again
Just like we were last autumn.

Mr. R. A. Budenholzer has been selected to succeed "Doc" Anderson as faculty sponsor of the Co-op club. "Buddy" is well-known to the co-ops, and we are certainly happy to hear of his appointment.

However, mention of the Co-op club will probably bring up the question "What IS the Co-op club?" Well, the Co-op club is an organization of which each co-op is automatically a member, and of which the co-op class officers are automatically the executive officers, as follows: senior president, president of Co-op club; junior, vice-president; pre-junior, secretary; sophomore, treasurer; freshman, sergeant-at-arms.

Last year the Co-op club did practically nothing. What it does this year depends mainly upon the men selected to office. **THE CO-OP CLUB HAS THE POWER TO USE THE CO-OP'S SHARE OF THE STUDENT ACTIVITIES FUND, AND IS THE ONLY ORGANIZATION WITH THAT POWER . . . SO HOW ABOUT IT?**

With that off our chest we can turn to the more homey news of the day. And we do mean homey—breaking all precedent, (to our knowledge, at least) Charles Phelan, 3B, has become the proud father of a 7 lb., 8 oz. baby boy. Charlie is the first co-op daddy we know of, and he distributed a box of cigars to his fellow pre-juniors, to celebrate the occasion.

It is with deep regret that we note the passing of Chester Swan—from the co-op courses to the regular day school. What will the poor juniors do without him?

This is election term, so class elections are in order at some convenient time in the near future. For the information of the incoming freshmen, the officers usually elected are the president, vice-president, and secretary-treasurer.

HELPI HELPI HELPI

The main function of the secretary-treasurer should be to communicate information regarding class activities to this department, so save the best man for this office.

Pi Tau Sigma, honorary mechanical engineering fraternity, pledged a group of new members last Saturday night. B-group seniors honored include Bob Ericson, Ray Lind, Bob Kraus, Merle Dargel, Bob Mink, Cecil Gullett, and Bob Kaul. Milt Platzner, of the B-junior class, was also pledged.

Baseball weather is here to stay, so there is no good reason for not having a softball tournament. Waddayah say, fellows—do we, or do we not?

We should all remember the excellent mailing service we were treated to, thanks to the special efforts of the "A" group co-ops. The best way to show our appreciation, of course, would be to reciprocate. The work involves about one hour of wrapping, for a few men, in the News office on Tuesday mornings—let's see some fellows out next Tuesday.

BLITZKRIEG!

EASTER MEDITATION

Easter comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings Bock beer,
And frisky lambs and roaring winds,
Which lifts girl's skirts from shapely limbs.
Young were thoughts, led by cupid,
Make men silly, dumb or stupid,
Flowers bloom and so does Rubin,
And priorities fall on copper tubin'.
Po'ms like this are in Blitzkreig,
If not tomorrow, then next wieg.

This poem reminds me of corn, and corn reminds me of the things said about last week's issue of **TECHNOLOGY NEWS**. Here's what was said:

ADAM KASPER: "The periods help a lot."

PAUL BROCKMAN: "There's a great many grammatical errors."

ALICE MOFFET: "I'm going to read this issue in bed."

DOC BODER: "It is the same as the February fool issue, March fool issue. In fact, it is no different than any other fool issue."

"STINKY" JOHNSON: "This April Fool issue is better than last because my name appeared in this one."

What blond headed librarian of Lewis is a social lion of a South Side group? Could this sudden interest in young people be due to the influence of that beautiful brunette some of you guys and gals saw at the junior formal? We would also like to know who the second girl is that sent our blond Romeo the handsome letter openers to be used on their "personal" mail? After all, we don't think it wise to burn the candle at both ends.

Wo is me, Practical Examinations!!!! No make up tests, all that do not take the examination will receive Easter eggs. Such was the sign that greeted those brave students who ventured into bacteriology on Wednesday of last week. After a half-hour of trembling fingers and knocking knees, this poor class was thinking of diabolical plots to bring "GRAMS STAIN" WHITEHILL'S career to a fast end, at which time he announced that it was an "April Fool" on them. At that time all students present wanted to exterminate this "April Fool."

It seems that the E.D.T.'s are interested in attaining some more good looking gals that can cook. All those gals interested, see these starving males any time of the day in the cafeteria.

Flash!! BILL KENNEALLY seen with a wedding ring, attempting to find a girl that it would fit. Strange thing this spring fever.

Noted visitors of the week:
LIEUTENANT and MRS. CHARLES RHEIN.

HARDT, who are now on their way to Georgia; FLORENCE ALDER and JEANNETTE McLUCKIE, CATHERINE LINKE, KENNETH CALHOUN, and THEADORE, checking up on OLLIE PIERSON.

Have you noticed that GRACIE looks a wee bit older than usual? Well, the reason is that she's had a birthday. (She's 16 years old.)

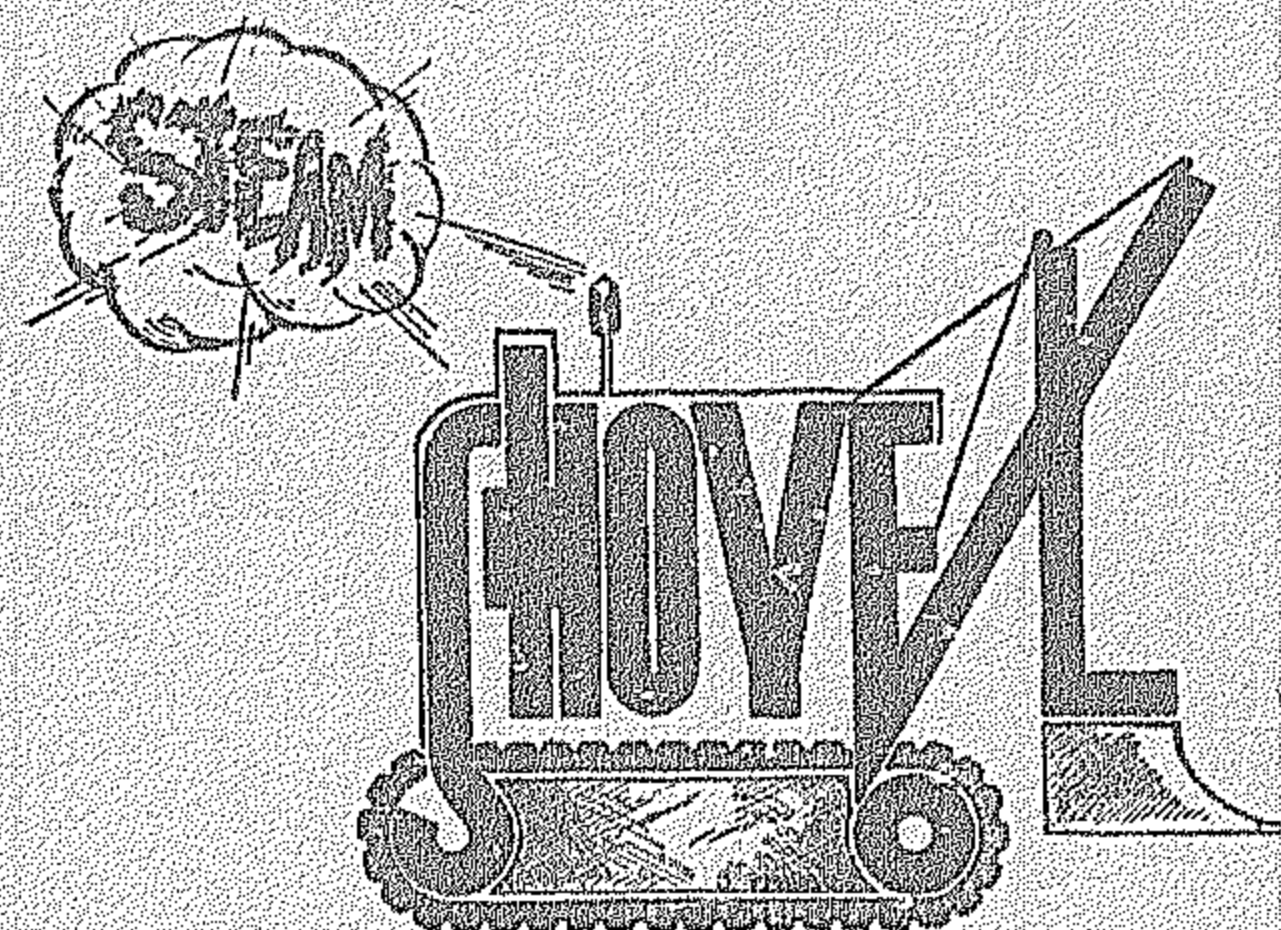
BOB MEYER, of wine, women and song fame, is, no doubt, a contributing factor to this sad, sad incident. JACK HALLORAN, a lad of many unfortunate accidents, became the victim of friend and patriarch ROBERT W. (W for Wcislo) MEYER'S roaring behavior at the Gamma Rho's notorious Spring Thing. MR. MEYER believes in refraining from throwing stones while in a glass house, but admits never hearing of an axiom regarding to the not throwing of glass houses. As a part of Meyer's riotous evening of expression and indulgence, "Meatball" did with willful and wanton disregard for the safety and rights of others, proceed to lay out a complete sub-division of brown glass houses on the dance floor, which, unfortunately enough, was within firing range of the bar room. Many broken homes was the result.

To continue, a little fun is all right, but when blood-poisoning sets in that's carrying things a little too far. It seems that HALLORAN, being a native from the deep, deep south, and also a Gamma Rho who does not wear shoes, was dancing a native dance which requires execution of shoes. As Halloran was hopping about he did, much to his pain and sorrow, run across this sub-division of Meyer's. The results, Halloran siestaed for a few days.

G. E. RICAUD, who was known to General Pershing in World War I as Jerry, dropped in on a **TECHNOLOGY NEWS** gathering and enlarged upon the disposal of Japan's Hirohito. According to this little noisy squab of the Japanese army, he will ride into the White House on a white horse, if and when. The Texans who chew tobacco and shoot like hell's bells have a welcoming party all set up for him. They plan to ride him out of every town and hamlet in Japan astride a lop-eared Texas jackass. Here we come, Hirohito!

At a recent meeting of the home ec. club, the "girls" decided that they would have a drive for books for the boys in the armed forces. I wonder if that is just an excuse for them to see some of them more often; after all, there IS something about a uniform.

THE SIXTH COLUMNIST



Greetings comrades! Another week's debris has been accumulated and prepared for public consumption . . . We are happy to report that after a minor spat, BILL "WAITER" WATSON and EDNA, the civil secretary monopolized by the mechs, are again sharing company in blissful harmony . . . An indication of the frosh efficiency at pantsing the sophomores is the recent statemnt made by sophomore REYNOLDS, "I can't pants a freshman anymore, since every time I try I lose a pair of my own pants. One more expedition and I would be forced to wear a sarong." . . . WARREN RAMLER, junior juicer, took one look at swimmer LARRY RADEMACHER doing a strip-tease in his Honor I pledge costume consisting of a two-piece bathing suit, and immediately tried to date RADEMACHER for that night.

This department is looking forward to the "Hockey Hop", the social event of the year promoted by the hockey team, under the direction of the illustrious "DOC" DAVEY. Now that DOC is engaged, you need have little fear of the wolping tactics formerly employed by "THE SUPERMAN FROM SYRACUSE" . . .

GARRETT "JESSE" JAMES has reformed, only three butts a day, and no cussin'. He promised the girl friend: "I love you truly." Quoth the red-headed freshman co-op as he strode merrily into DR. KINTNER'S class, "I'm sorry I'm late, but I was lost." Huge campus, isn't it????

Deciding that no machine operates well while unlubricated, part of the cast of the play, to wit, WORCESTER and SELLEN, (LULU MEYERS couldn't take it) decided to prime the pump. Mayhap that explains the unique phrases rendered by these well-oiled actors . . . Seems that senior civils are only full of hot air after all—they were beaten by the junior chems at baseball last Thursday . . . For typical graduate student logic, listen in on SAUNDERS, LINCOLN, and WABER expounding the theory to HUGO GEISSLER that if you have seven couples, you have an odd number of people. They proved it, but don't ask how!!!

The friend of the sophs makes the news again. Our high and mighty independent, ANGELI ANGELOS, bought a green hat the other day when he saw the boys of '44 waiting for him at the bookstore . . . Well-prepared for all emergencies, the senior juicers at Lewis were not called into consultation when the coffee urn at the Lewis cafeteria blew its top and drowned the west side campus . . . The frosh are spreading war communiques to the effect that there is internal strife in Japan. Ask them for the latest news . . .

Last week saw the opening blow in the measles krieg on IIT. This week it's DICK BARRY who is out . . . DR. BICEK thinks that the author of the "Shakesperian Drama" appearing in last week's **TECHNOLOGY NEWS** is a freshman looking for an "A" . . . Note to JOHN SCHOMMER—We see that SONNY WEISSMAN is now in line for a buck privacy. He's 1A in the army . . . The "Slipstick" is now under new management . . . Anyone having a solution for potential bigamy, see RAY KRAUSE. Date in Chicago, and the Wisconsin light of his life expecting him in Milwaukee over Easter . . .

ARX NEWS

Ah, sweet spring, you have cub wit your seven hundred billiod code gerbs, dabbit. But there's always baseball, and freehand outside (add pigeons to suit), and just plain flopping on the terrain and going to sleep . . . as if there's time for that stuff with the exam ax in the offing and drafting deadlines creeping close. Or are you reading this between innings?

Sweet memories for seniors: HILBS admiring the senior graveyard . . . HONEY CHILE retrieving her topcoat while WOERHL'S model gets mangled . . . STORZ slinging a wicked dart more or less at the target, but fast . . . not to mention MICHAELSON and his native weapon, the aqua pura pistol . . . and let's never forget MR. LEON BYLLS, nee PRIZ-BYLSKI.

Moot question: Is BORRE running around with, away from, or after a blonde and—or

a brunette at the joint where he works?

Yeah, and when are REAGAN and JEANNIE H. gonna take the sophs out to mess en masse?

WES broke his kite, Wes broke his kite, Wes broke his kite! . . . and PEARSON'S got new ideas about how **TECHNOLOGY NEWS** should be used. Makes a canopy out of it and keeps away sunstroke . . . step right this way, ladies, and examine BURLEIGH'S vampire bite; yep, thassit looming large on the specimen's right cheek.

"Do I get the job—or don't I?" But far be it for HOWIE LANE to get discouraged . . . and TOM SMITH'S another indomitable soph. He's enamoured of the classic profile sported by the singer at "Ye Olde Cellar." The profile's possessor is the same babe who repulsed DUNLAP so effectively, but is Smith disheartened? Well, in a way, yes. APROPOS