

Cursing and yelling on a London street was Clancy holding a doorknob in his fist. "Them damn Nazis will pay for this—blowin' a saloon right out of my hand." What's Cooking? Don't be an icky Mickey! Something's always cooking in the Slipstick! This week I present a four chapter episode, thrilling, daring and risqué! So okay Irish, tip your tammy to the side of your head and read on!

V

## Chapter 1

He grabbed me by my slender neck  
I couldn't yell or scream,  
He took me to his dingy room  
Where we could not be seen.

V

## Women!

In a civil service examination given in New York some time ago, one of the questions asked was the following:

"If a man buys an article for \$12.25 and sells it for \$9.75, does he gain or lose by the transaction?"

One of our modern young sweet things, with good looks unmarred by brains, after studying for a while, gave the following answer: "He gains on the cents but loses on the dollars."

V

## Chapter 2

He tore away my flimsy wrapper  
And gazed upon my form;  
A chilly sweat came over me  
But he was hot and warm.

V

The young man walked boldly up to a woman whom he took to be the matron of the hospital.

"May I see Miss Fitzpatrick please?" he asked.

"May I ask who you are?"

"Certainly, I'm her brother."

"Well, well. I'm glad to meet you. I'm her mother."

V

## Chapter 3

His feverish lips were pressed to mine;  
I gave him every drop  
He drank away my very self  
I couldn't make him stop.

V

Gregory, a U.S. Navy man, was medium sized, and not very imposing. One night ashore he walked into a small honky-tonk bar, and with flourish, and a voice that filled the room, said: "When Gregory drinks, everybody drinks."

Immediately the bar was jammed, the house filled all the glasses, and everybody drank. Then with the impertinence of a king . . . , Gregory reached into his pocket, pulled out a dime, laid it on the counter, and said: "And when Gregory pays, everybody pays." And out he walked.

V

## Chapter 4—Finale

He made me what I am today  
That's why you find me here  
A broken bottle, thrown away,  
That once was filled with BEER.

V

Mary: "Well after his behavior yesterday, I will never go fishing with him again as long as I live."

Kate: "Heavens, what did he do?"

Mary: "Oh, he just fished."

V

And with that, Pat and Mike, the top of tomorrow morning to you! May your steins be filled with beer and the bottoms far from near!

Pete "Fisher'Min'" Minwegen

# COOPSCOOP

James Van Santen and Gerry Golden

The seniors are planning a class banquet at the Towers Club on the 18th to celebrate the end of an era. It looks like a fine function to wind up the social calendar for a very active class.

Familiar sights: "Brain" Sogin dutifully digressing upon the emotional aspects of Professor Gail's swing problem to one of the less harmonic members of the vibrations class.

Co-op Scoop . . . Co-ops-Co-op . . . Coops Coop . . . Co-ops Coop . . . The name of this column has been both used and abused. In order to discourage mispronunciations and the like, ye editors reveal for once and for all that they intended COOPSCOOP to be pronounced KUPE-SCOOP.

Notice to all co-ops!! A communique issued by Mr. Lease's office states that there is to be no change in required curriculum for the co-ops. Although the co-ops are worked into the day school classes, the curriculum selected by the co-op office is the one you should follow.

Also special for the 2-A's. The 2-A class will have a work period from June to November which will be their last. After November, it's school until graduation in July, 1945.

The long awaited 3-A party is finally scheduled for March 19 in the Student Lounge. Among those who expect to attend are the "Calumet City Kids" Len Ault and Don Felsecker, and also Ralph Rybicki, who will delight the crowd with short stories and community singing.

"Casey" Puchalski is back in school after a two-day encounter with the measles. Or was it measles? Hmmm. Measles is also taking its toll in the 4-A class. Latest lists show the names of Jimmy Fors, Russ Apitz, and Tom Costello. Bill Clark has been ostracized as a germ carrier.

Paul Gouwens celebrated his 21st birthday in true co-op tradition which means nothing more than eating off the mantle for a week.

In addition to his heavy schedule, Hans Nord has to worry about which delovely

dish he should date for the 19th. (Editor's Note: Such worries I should have!)

Two other co-ops who are "Gone With the Wind" or literally "Caught In the Draft" (from the motion picture of the same name) are Ralph "Sully" Sullivan, Pvt. U.S.A., Co. B., 1st Bn., E.R.T.C., Fort Belvoir, Virginia, and Private Raymond Kroker, A.S.N. 16138555, 303 Training Group, 9th Squadron, Barracks 708, Sheppard Field, Texas. These boys would appreciate your letters.

Dick Parks, 2A social chairman, announces a theater party stag to be held soon. Any ideas or suggestions should be forwarded to Mr. Parks.

Current reliable sources report that W. Ohgren failed to complete his alcohol test at "Lipps" Lower Level last Friday. Eight beers and both Ohgren and the experiment passed out of existence.

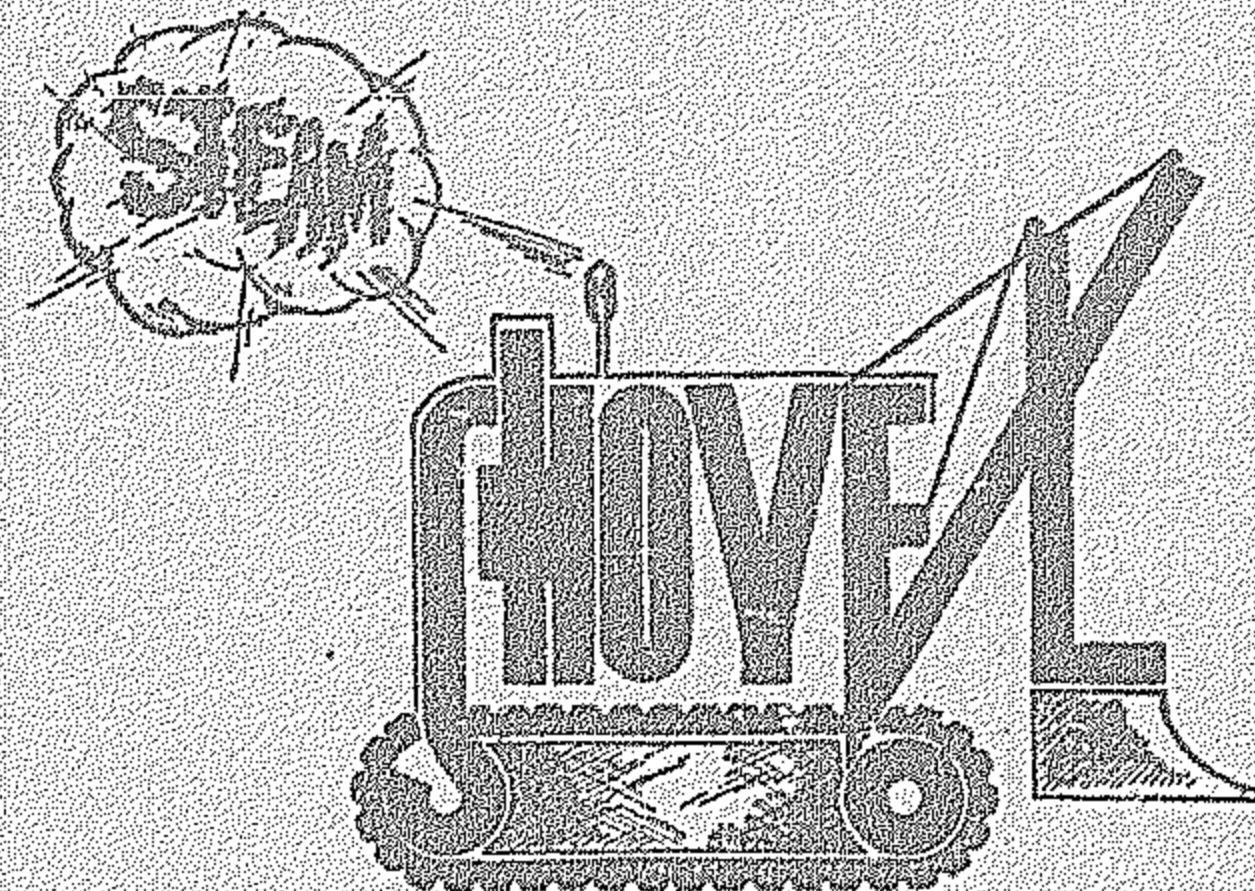
Last Tuesday the 5-A Co-op officers met with the newly-arrived first year co-ops and helped them get started by holding an election of officers. Results list Mason, president; Ingham, vice president; Cunningham, secretary; and Wing, treasurer.

Harry Nelson, 5-A co-op, will head the committee made up of representatives from each co-op class which will make plans for an intramural tournament in various sports.

Thursday the 5-As put on the feed bag at the Normandy House. It is hoped that the boys stay awake long enough to enjoy this class banquet.

The Gotta Koppa Nap Fraternity is growing larger as the term moves along. Strictly a 5-A society, almost the whole class was initiated during a mass meeting held in the Snooze Room. Limited privileges of membership are soon to be extended to other co-ops. Barnabee and Irv Tarrson are pressing Bob Roetter for the highest office in this organization.

Pledgeling Joe Robin has been serenading all cafeteria patrons by popular request these past days. Naturally bashful, Joe usually responded to the insistence of his two favorite fans, Bob Roetter and Del Zeigler.



"Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.

—Longfellow.

From Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," these lines reflect the theme or mood of this week's Steam-Shovel. Only the most lofty and up-lifting quotations will be cited. Freshmen and sophomores have vociferously clamored for some acknowledgment of their activities. So, we move the Steam-Shovel to another plot and begin to dig anew.

Larry "Lover" Cernauskas is an old friend of Olga C. Rypkus, one of our newly added sweater-girl students. Upon first meeting Larry here at school, she stated, "Oh, I know you. You're the one with the Butck!" This was in the days before gas rationing. Now, Larry is restricted to the street-car but still manages to keep a "brotherly" eye on Olga. Oh, Brother!

George "Casino" Schober visited the Casino on 75th and Halsted streets for the first time a week ago, Saturday. George met a super piece of femininity. In the course of an evening of dancing and drinking, George offered the young lady a ride home in the auto of one of his friends, but the boys left early and George took the "lush thrush" home in a taxi. The address was 119th and something. George doesn't remember. He fainted after paying the bill . . . \$4.19.

We regret slipping up on the announcement of Shirley Chodor's engagement. This little gal is now flashing a big grin and smile to match.

Don Friedlen, freshman, was demonstrating jiu jitsu to Art Uhler, the demon photographer. Don grabbed an arm and with a mighty heave threw himself to the floor, incurring a bruised knee which caused his absence from school last Friday. Upshot of the incident is that Don's doctor forbids his walking upstairs, and Don is now equipped with a doctor's note and Dean Peebles' o.k. for the elevator in Main . . . Tom Hunter, FPE '40, took Doc Krathwohl's aptitude tests seven years ago and was informed that he rated "A" (very high) as an engineer and "C" (low) as a farmer. Two weeks ago he took the same test. His marks were, as a farmer "A" and for engineering "C".

"By" Round, junior mech and class president, is to be married to Miss Helen Simons on Saturday, April 3. Plans for their future have not been disclosed . . . Milt Burkhart has not yet suitably explained the lipstick on his collar. It is something of a mystery as to how one acquires that tell-tale smudge during the daylight hours and at school. This indicates a love-life on the campus, and we offer a reward for the name of his paramour . . . Aftermath of the Bob Mielke-Sara Caldwell story of last week: Six wolves from Armour phoned the hospital trying to date her up.

And so, another week passes and the sands of time are marred by the prints of the many who have walked by. Please, if there are any complaints or objections to the style, form, content or wording of anything in this column, write to the TECH NEWS and explain all to

The Bard.

## Other Campuses

William A. Nash

Harvard's \$150,000.00 endowment makes it America's richest school, but once the college was so poor that the legislature ordered men to solicit subscriptions for its support.

V

Major George Mason graduated from the University of Michigan at the age of 93. At 21 he was within a few weeks of receiving his degree when he enlisted in the Civil War.

V

Membership in Tau Beta Pi, national honorary engineering fraternity, was recently awarded to Miss Marianna Schroeder, a senior in architectural engineering at the University of Illinois. Although the fraternity was founded in 1885, Miss Schroeder is only the ninth woman to become a member.

V

At the University of Alabama a janitor has, through 29 years' experience, learned every formula in the qualitative analysis book. He is expert at analyzing chemical compounds by "simply smellin' 'em, tastin' 'em, and 'dentifying' 'em" as he describes it.

More than 800 Smith college loan library books have been sent to Canada to be distributed in war prisoners' camps.

V

Vassar college sophomores voted this year to give up class rings and buy war bonds instead.

V

The College of New Rochelle (N. Y.) is now offering a class in postwar rehabilitation and reconstruction.

V

H. G. Wells, historian, is working on a thesis for a master's degree in science at London university.

V

If you don't know the name of a Texas Christian University co-ed, call her "Jean" and you have a pretty fair chance of being correct. Nearly 9 per cent of the girls on the campus are named Jean, Jeanne, Jeane, or Gene.

V

Alexander Woolcott was nearly voted out of his fraternity because he insisted on wearing a red fez around the house at Hamilton College.