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The Co-op Question

Last Monday a meeting was held between the officers of the Engineers' Co-operative and the school administration to decide what was to be done with the Co-op. The Co-op lease was up for renewal at the beginning of this month: the question to be decided at the meeting was whether or not that lease would be renewed again. If the administration were to cancel the bookstore lease, it would mean that the Co-op could no longer operate on the IIT campus.

The bookstore was offered three propositions at the meeting. First of all, the Co-op could disband now, and perhaps start up again when conditions are much better. Secondly, the bookstore could establish quarters apart from the Institute; that is, rent or build a store not on school property. Thirdly, it might develop itself to the point where it could manage to take over the school bookstore.

In other words, the school wants the bookstore to undertake a positive program of future development.

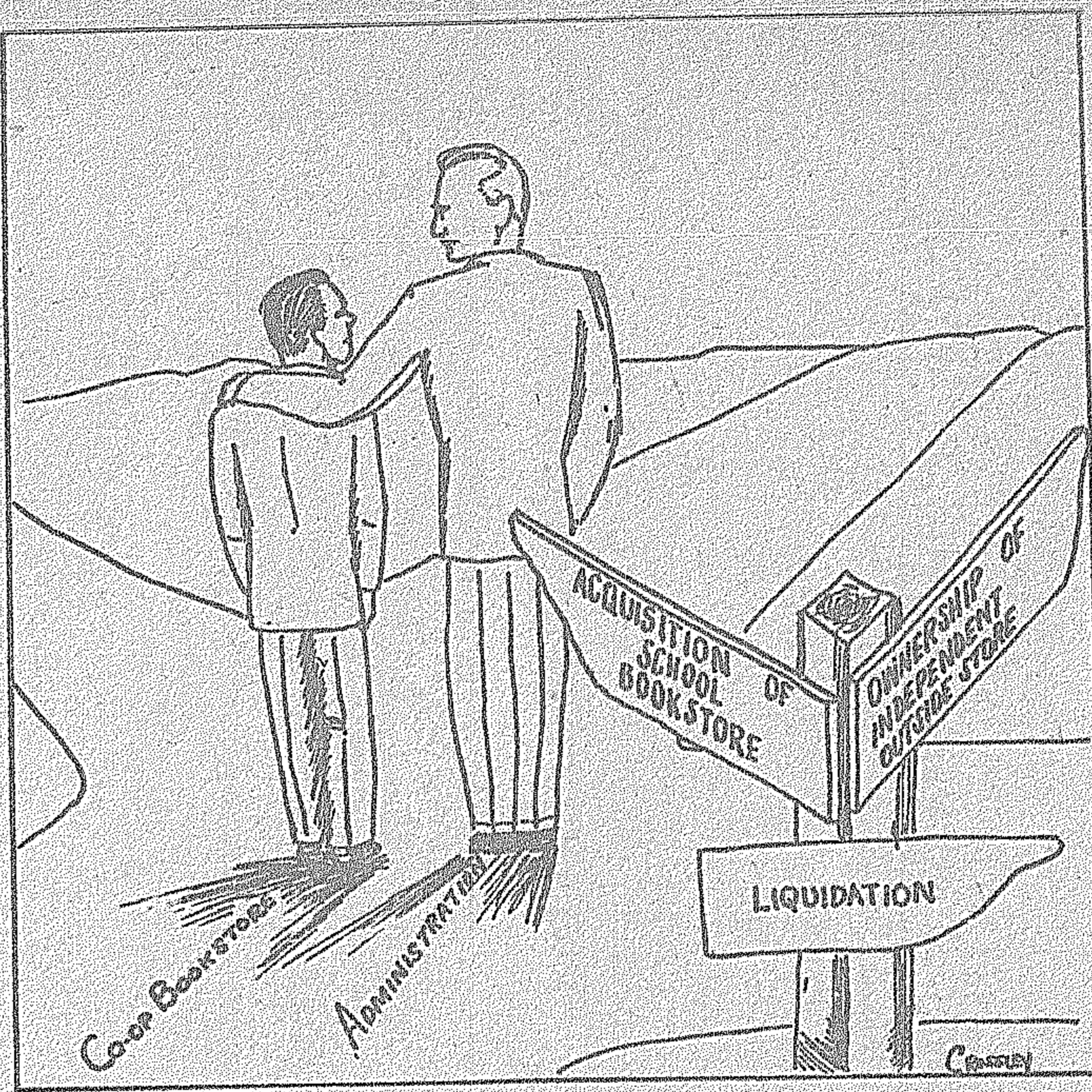
The first of these propositions, ending the Co-op, is utterly out of the question. The school as well as the student body is aware of that fact. The Co-op plays a definite part in campus life at IIT. It has served the student body for a number of years now. The most important thing it has accomplished is to reduce the prices of books on the south campus—by serving as a competitive organization for the regular bookstore. In other words, it has eliminated monopoly in the field of selling supplies.

To establish an outside bookstore at the present time is ridiculous. Where could such a unit be established? Any available rental sites in the near vicinity are absolutely out of the question. The Co-op couldn't afford the large insurance premiums it would have to pay out on anti-theft insurance. And there is no immediate prospect of there being a change made in this general situation. And certainly the Co-op is not financially capable of building a store of its own on protected property near the school.

The last suggestion, concerning taking over the Institute bookstore, is probably the most reasonable but cannot be undertaken at the present time. The Co-op is certainly not in the financial position to assume control over that store. Furthermore, the Co-op does not have the organization now to do that. But the chances are good that after the war the organization may be able to undertake such an ambitious program.

Probably the best solution to the problem is this: Permit the Co-op to continue as it has the past few terms; make no decision as to disbanding until after the war is over and the Co-op has had a chance to show what it can do. In return the Co-op should start now to make plans for that period and promise the school what it will endeavor to do then. And the Co-op should make a start now on its program of trying eventually to buy out the Institute bookstore. That is perhaps the best postwar plan it could ever make.

At the Crossroads



Man Of The Week—

Art Uhler Is Co-op President Photographer and Musician

Arthur Uhler, 18 year old junior chemical engineering student, is the new president of the Co-operative Bookstore. Uhler has worked for the Co-op since his second semester at IIT. This work is done without compensation, and the responsibility of being president involves additional work. Besides his work on the Co-op, Uhler's main interest is photography, and he is an active member of Armour Eye.



Uhler came to IIT from Lane Technical High School, where he graduated second in his class, and therefore was salutatorian. While at Lane he was a member of the camera club there and was photographer for the Lane Tech Daily. Although his interest in music is not evidenced at IIT, Uhler played in the Lane concert and military bands. He was a first lieutenant in the military band.

Uhler has kept an excellent scholastic record, both in high school and at IIT. He was a member of the National Honor Society at Lane. Because of his record, he was employed as a helper in the physics department.

Uhler came to IIT on a freshman scholarship. He joined the Armour Eye in his first semester and became

a member of the Co-op in his second. Since that time he has been one of the most active of the Co-op members. Before his election at a general meeting a few weeks ago he served as a member of the board of directors.

It was partly through Uhler's efforts that the Fellowship of Rochdale, an honorary society for Co-op members, was originated at Illinois Tech.

He has kept an average of 2.9 during his attendance here. Because of this record and his promising ability, he was initiated into Phi Lambda Upsilon, national honorary chemical fraternity.

He has worked as a photographer for both the Integral and Technology News. His interest in sports consists of ping pong and tennis.

After he graduates, Uhler would like to travel—to Alaska, Mexico, Cuba, and the world in general.

His interests are very general and he is not sure in what branch of chemistry he will specialize.

At the moment, he finds pleasure in reading imaginative fiction.

—ROBERT MISCH

... Techman Talking

By ALFRED C. AMES, Instructor in English

I'm a first-year man here, and obviously in no position to speak about IIT with the voice of experience. The familiarity with Chicago I acquired when resident downstate and my teaching scores of Chicago high school graduates at the University of Illinois, however, enabled me to feel somewhat at home here, from the first day.

The distinction of the English department faculty here and the thorough freedom enjoyed by the IIT staff were prominent among the considerations that caused me to welcome the opportunity to come to IIT. I have never owned a slide rule, so it is evident that I might not have a suitable background to evaluate IIT's overall academic strength. I have realized for some time, however, that IIT's English department is widely known and admired; and the better it is known, the more it is admired. One especially important merit of IIT, in my opinion, is that, so far as I have been able to observe, the faculty is free from coercive pressure of administrators' fear of any legislature, newspaper, or group of trustees. The IIT faculty is not drilling in a goose-step or paralyzed by timidity. I do not mean to imply that I think the distinction and liberalism of the faculty are two unrelated qualities. They make a natural if all too rare combination.

The students are a pleasing group with whom to work. Unfortunately, as it seems to me, non-technical courses may hold a low priority when it comes to the allocation of a student's time. I am not in favor of solving the sleep problem by the elimination of all assignments in English courses, much as that would help the English instructor's own sleep problem. Engineers, as well as others, will continue to find occasion to read, write, speak, and think, in verbal terms, and the higher the degree of literacy they acquire the better for them and for society. But even the worst of the compositions I read is at least heavier than air. Students here know they are not on a perpetual house party, and by and large they are not fugitives from work. Even a tentative courtship of so exacting a mistress as engineering encourages industry.



Another week rolls around and another Shovel goes to press. Last week's stuff may have been good, bad or indifferent, but we're a determined lot and we'll continue in spite of all obstacles. (Rah, rah, rah.) So on go the overalls, up goes the sleeves and here's this week's first job of grime.

A little piece of mud that must have stuck to the Shovel from last week comes to our attention. This is all about great big 180-pound Lew Davidson. Seems Lew came to the Integral Ball feeling like a big gun. Then someone thrust a glass of bourbon and ginger ale into his hand—after that Lew felt like a pea shooter. He had to sit out about three-fourths of the dance. Tough, Lew, you shouldn't drink that vile stuff!!!

From our mail bag comes a little item about one of our more prominent Lewsites, Vi Seivers. She says she has a boy friend in the army stationed in New Jersey but she gets "oh such nice" letters from Pvt. Walter Kozinski, former Armour student. 'Tis rumored she spends her class time doodling with his name. Well, we can't figure it out. We thought there was a manpower shortage.

A little tale about one of our honorable professors to break up the monotony. Professor R. A. Budenholzer of the ME department is the man of the hour with his new discovery on how to keep a class from going to sleep. He experimented with his newly found technique in his 402 class last Monday, and it proved a howling success. (We mean that literally for it took half the period to quiet the class.) The system consists of showing the class slides of some feminine pulchritude sans the conventional mode of attire!!! Congratulations, professor! This no doubt is a tremendous advance in progressive education.

Talk about gall! Hear the story of Al Wiltjer. "Handsome" (?) Al is now accepting dates only from girls who can show proof that they will supply him with at least ten gallons of gas on arrival. Well, the only printable comment we can make is "He's just a gigolo; every place he goes, people will know the game he's playing!"

A bit or two from the Dance Club—See where A/S Willie Burns and Helen Delich are dancing ever so close again after they seemed all washed up. Did you finally explain that little "friend" on the far south side, Bill?—A/S Douglas "Sniper" Snyder finds the Dance Club happy hunting grounds too. Sniper, however, is only "looking" for—sympathy (it says here).

Ah, these sailors and their girl trouble! They just keep making the Shovel week after week. This time it's A/S Tom Gavin again. Tom used to be known as a shy boy around these parts, but from the life he's been leading since he got into the navy it must have been a gag. He's got a new girl friend again (or should we make that plural to be safe). No sooner does his little French cutie come back from Connecticut than he picks up a girl named Gloria at the beach. And that's not all; last Saturday he traveled all the way up to Wisconsin to keep a date with Mary Lou. What a ladies' man—whooeee.

Comes now the time to award the golden green banana again. Burt Weiner is the lucky boy this week. He gets it for falling asleep while at a beach party given by his fraternity. Boy, that is sad—such romantic atmosphere and no one to enjoy it but your fraternity brothers and your girl friend. Why don't you 'straighten up and fly right,' fella? If you're so negligent about entertaining your date, maybe someone else would appreciate her a little more. (Merle can be reached at Lak. 5469.)

Every dog has his day, and A/S Don Lange has had too many. Donnie, you will all remember, is the smooth operator from Quarters #7 who has made this column a number of times through his alleged ability to handle women. The worm has turned. While Mary Kay spent a week ago Saturday with an army lieutenant, Don had a quiet evening with his mother!!!

"Keep your women guessing" This is the slogan of A/S John Enander, the casanova of Quarters #6. One of the more recent of Enander's efforts is his "delayed message" act. His procedure is to send his latest lovely one post card a day. On this card is a single letter which is part of a complete message. If the suspense doesn't kill her the first paragraph should be completed in another month while the complete letter will take several months longer.

Well, that winds us up for this week. We sincerely hope we haven't missed any juicy items. That would be tragic, and this column doesn't deal in tragedies (?). So we bid you adieu, kiddies, and pleasant dreams.

—MONK