Another of Chicago's sons has risen to fame at Technology. Bob Spoerl, born in the Windy City in 1935, is now claiming his share of the limelight as President of the Interfraternity Conference. A member of, but not the sweetheart of, Sigma Chi, Bob has now as his main worry the oncoming I.F.C. sponsored Victory Ball. He is sure member of, but not the sweetheart of the squash team.

Bob makes Scarsdale, New York, his home now, having moved there at the age of eight. He went through the usual routine of grammar and high school, and entered Tech with all the other 2-46's in July of 1943, at the same time discarding his sports jacket and slacks for bell-bottomed trousers and coat of Navy blue.

Administrative activities, with one or two minor exceptions which we shall mention later, seem to be Bob's forte. He is now serving as vice-president of the Institute Committee, was a member of class' Junior Prom Committee, and now of the Senior Week Committee. He also belonged to the Beaver Key Society, and the Athletic Association for awhile.

On Track Squad A big fellow, 6 feet tall and weighing 165 pounds, he is well suited for running, and is consequently a member of Oscar Hedlund's track and cross country squads. He also swings a mean racquet on the squash team.

Bob admits that his one indulgence is missing around, or to use the nautical term, goofing off. He loves to sleep, and to do as little as possible of anything that requires any effort, even school work. This brings us to the minor exceptions in his activities we spoke of earlier. He is another member of the M.I.T. Drinking Society, the P Club, and doesn't care what his liquor is, so long as it's at least 100 proof.

On week ends when he goes to New York, he likes, and we quote, "A couple of beers and a couple of dates." We assume he means one beer with each date, though he might mean one date with each beer. He likes certain New York night spots, those where they play jazz, but he doesn't care for the Boston variety of night club, and for that matter, probably the Boston variety of anything.

He reads a little, though admittedly infrequently. He sticks to magazines as a rule, saying that anything else would be a little too deep. He follows baseball with a good deal of enthusiasm, and, in the current pennant races he is favoring his home town Chicago Cubs in the National League. He doesn't care much about the American League, but said that he'd like to see the Cubs beat the Senators rather than the Tigers in the World Series.

Like many V-12s, Bob would like to get out of the Navy as soon as possible after graduation. (We can see no reason for this unexplainable trend among our Navy men.) He wants to take a long vacation, preferably in Canada, and after that, well, there's plenty of time to decide. He has seen most of Canada and the U. S. as a matter of fact, and says that he likes the Rockies the best.

Asked if he had any distinguished characteristics he revealed that he has broken both his little fingers, an accomplishment that not many men can boast of. He also told that he was burned severely one 4th of July, when several hundred firecrackers he was carrying in his pocket exploded.