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THANK YOU . . .

It is with considerable downright happiness that Technology News takes this opportunity to commend the administration of Illinois Institute of Technology for its recent action on the distribution of match books with cigarettes sold in the lunch room. In particular, President Heald and Treasurer Allison are due for a thank you note on this, as it was their sympathetic action that removed this rather irritating thorn from the collective students' side. Indeed, not only were the matches provided, but we were pleasantly surprised with the incorporation of the school colors and seal in the design of the covers.

The former match mystery, of itself, may seem to have had, perhaps, too much the flavor of insignificance about it. Certainly, as far as the financial aspect is concerned, the matter was ridiculous to the extreme. Per book of matches, the cost is approximately one tenth of a cent. Too, the inconvenience to the student in either purchasing a bulky box of the sulfur woods, doing without them, or in trusting to the good nature of the candy company supplying the book store in leaving a few packages as a courtesy, might be considered as having been over-exaggerated. But there was a definite feeling, on the part of the students who patronized the lunch room and bought cigarettes there, that the attitude of the Institute toward them in this case was representative of a trend of neglect in extending ordinary courtesies to them in non-scholastic enterprises. And the sentiment was strong enough to instigate a student investigating committee and for Technology News to comment on the situation editorially.

That part of it is now a closed book. The student sentiment was called to the attention of the administration and the condition has been corrected. More than that, we think, could not be asked, unless it

be that such understanding and cooperation, as has been stimulated, continue in all phases of the student's relations with the school, as it has in this case, and as it always has in educational matters. The moral to this story, if there is any, is that such understanding is a vital necessity in a school as large as IIT; for, as we have observed, the lack of it creates a real harm in student dissatisfaction and cynicism.

T.B.

OFF TO WORK WE GO . . .

With the passing of Junior Week, most of us find that from now until June 7 there is nothing left for us but work, work, and more work. Reports, drawings, reports, cramming and more reports will all go to make this a busy four week period. Some of us will choose to do the work; others will allow the balmy weather to gain its hold. To those who are choosing the latter course we extend our most profound sympathy.

We understand how you missed your first two classes Monday morning because the moon was full Sunday night. We realize the difficulty of doing homework Monday night while thinking about that Sunday date. We also are quite aware of the excellent radio programs that Tuesday night has to offer. Since you didn't do any homework Monday or Tuesday, you figure that Wednesday is about as good a day as any to cut your classes, but that doesn't matter since you will undoubtedly finish all your back work Thursday night after having gotten a refreshing night's sleep Wednesday. But Aunt Jennie and Uncle Joe are coming to stay over Thursday and Friday, so you'll just have to put off that Saturday night date or else put the work off for next week.

It is, of course, impossible for us to have any warmth in our hearts for the fellow who plans to clean up his work the next few weeks. We hereby brand him a lazy, good-for-nothing time-waster. If he does pass in all his courses? The fact is, he'll What if he does finish his work by June 7, and what have absolutely nothing to do all summer but loaf. He might even graduate in four years—just in time to obtain a position in an essential industry and thereby avoid being drafted. So you see, fellow students, this man is not only a time-waster, he's a slacker, too!

If you don't want to find yourself in the above position, we advise you to relax and take it easy for the coming month. Keep those mid-week appointments, and don't let those heavy homework assignments disturb you. If our advice is followed, we guarantee you an extremely full summer and, who knows, maybe another year at IIT.

D.B.

RESEARCH FOUNDATION

In any word-association test these days if you say "hobby" about half the people will immediately answer "photography." On street corners and in offices men and women gather in little circles of confusion and talk about gamma, latitude, emulsion speed, depth of focus and anastigmats. The intended uses of kitchens, basements, clothes closets and bathrooms have had to give way before the onslaught of safelights and hypo. Small wonder, then, that to visitors the main service darkroom of the Armour Research Foundation is one of the highlights.

Photography in its many applications has become one of the most useful of research tools. Aside from the obvious record photographs there are spectrograms, photomicrographs, X-ray pictures and diffraction patterns. There are also ordinary and high-speed motion pictures, and filtered photographs of things that the eye never sees. All these together demand darkroom facilities of production capacity.

The main Research Foundation darkroom is by no means the largest, but certainly one of the finest. It is actually two connecting rooms, built so that different operators can work in light and darkness at the same time. Walls and ceiling are white to give maximum visibility under filtered safelights, and have mounted electric clocks, working and viewing lamps. A dark maze allows entrance without opening a door even when operating in total darkness, and also provides an inlet for fresh air which is circulated by fans and concealed wall ducts.

The walls are lined with white enameled steel work benches and cabinets with steel shelves and smooth-rolling supply drawers. Bench tops are of stainless steel and have a slightly raised edge to prevent water and chemicals from dripping to the floor. Sinks are made integral with the bench tops. Each sink has two swingspout faucets, one for hot and cold water and the other warm water which is first filtered, then thermostatically controlled by an automatic mixing valve set into the wall. In front of each sink is a dial thermometer which shows at all times the temperature of the water flowing. One sink is especially built with adjustable submerged racks to act as a thermostatic bath for developing trays and tanks.

FOR MEN ONLY

By A Woman

Prints, bonnets, veils, torso suits . . . FOOEY . . . to blazes with it! This week's Armourite is obviously interested in what the post-rush collegian will wear, or whoever originated this "\$%& custom of clothes anyway? Modern designers have been turning over every remaining brain cell since spit-curls went out, to design an acceptable costume which might at least give the outer appearance of being comfortable when adorning these fussy males. Collegians, or what is better known as "Joe College," supposedly have the answer to this "live in comfort sans the 'slept in it' appearance." Designers, however put a firm AND noisy veto on this type of garb, with the mere explanation: "It's messy." The lone acceptors of this informal garb are college females who are forced to do so in view of the equally "messy," nay, "sloppy" rags "the bags sport." Therefore, the question is still standing: "What will modern collegians wear?" Your roving reporter, as might have been implicated from the above, acquired a few ideas and suggestions from the recent rush.

First, we propose to abolish long trousers. We contend that they are useless, unattractive, and become baggy when without a press only six months . . . therefore an extreme luxury. In their place we advocate trunks of the bathing-suit variety made in the new Nylon, which the government is fast confiscating as another means thru' which to draft more and bigger males (stocking manufacturers feign the on-coming trend to cotton-hose, proposing gold-thread hose, causing "papas" and "hubbies" to join, in preference to bankruptcy.) Nylon, as any one can undoubtedly see, will be more pliable and cool and comfortable than the bathing-suit lastex. Over these this "new male" will wear a smock-like shirt, somewhat like the present sport shirt only fuller in front (chest expansion room). The collar will be like the sport-shirt collar only wider . . . no, not a "Peterpan" type, merely more "cover all." Covering this, then, on formal occasions, will be a torso-length jacket very much like their present single-breasted coats, except there will be no collar or lapels, since the shirt collar will be worn out

over the jacket. This jacket will necessitate more pockets, however, than the currently fashionable sport jacket, to replace lack of trouser pockets (they gotta put that carfare som'eres!)

Hats will be somewhat the same, only of a more crushable felt, or possibly a new non-crushable material similar to the non-crushable linen suits. Straws will still be current in the summer, however. Shoes will be of a non-sock variety. They will be perspiration-absorbent, comfortable, and arch-supporting . . . having the appearance of . . . dwarf sandals, peeked at the ankle bone.

Colors will be mild, but impressive. Pastel shades according to the male's coloring, and few or no checks and plaids.

You see, this costume will be attractive, comfortable, and to say the least, economical, (few, if any laundry bills!).

MUSICAL CLUBS
PRESENT CONCERT

An evening filled with music was the entertainment last Thursday, enjoyed by an audience which filled the main floor of the student union auditorium, and overflowed behind the seats of the fraternities in the balcony. The social fraternities which lined the front seats around the entire room later participated in a contest among themselves—and the annual interfraternity sing chalked up another year in its records.

Complementing these numbers for a full evening's concert, the Illinois Tech musical clubs opened the program, starting with the dramatic "Il Guarney" Overture by the orchestra, followed by three expertly done Glee Club numbers, and finishing with two instrumental selections: MacDowell's "To a Water Lilly," done in a rarely attempted arrangement—a French horn solo—and Grieg's "To Spring."

Then the air became charged with tenseness; musical club members who belonged to fraternities went upstairs to swell the ranks—and everyone was at attention, ready to give his best for his own organization. As the program sailed on—with two songs for each fraternity—latent musical talent came to light, in the directors, soloists, and leaders which converted their groups into musical choirs.

Musical experts later commended the abilities of the Rho Delta's director, the Alpha Sigma's soloist, Dick Larson; and Triangle's director, Arthur Duree.

After this, the judges of the contest—chosen from the audience by Mrs. Orcutt, who also was one—had to ask for an intermission to determine the winner, for the contest was as close as it had been promised to be. And when Alpha Sigma Phi was informed of its triumph, the entire crew exploded into a cheer, as one man, and gave vent to their joy in as many ways as one person could pursue simultaneously. The closeness of the contest, however, moved the judges to give honorable mention to two other photo-finishers: Delta Tau Delta, and Phi Kappa Sigma.

A second series of musical club numbers followed, including selections by two more of their soloists, Robert Hemmen, baritone, who takes a large share of the credit for the club's successes this season; and Roy Hrubes, trombonist. Both soloists gave encores. The program closed with audience, fraternities, choristers and orchestra, all joining in on Mrs. Erickson's "IIT Loyalty Song."

Junior Informal—

(Continued from page one)

the city. Becoming enmeshed in the spirit of revelry exuded by the dancers Paul "gave out" with his all, entrancing the merry-makers with superbly executed fox-trots and rhythmical rumbas.

High point of the evening, of course, was the highly-touted "Male Leg Contest." Hilarious in all its aspects, the melee for most beautiful male leg honors brought to the stage a rare assortment of hairy limbs of various shapes and sizes. Judging of these hirsute appendages was conducted by Miss Bea Mathews and the dance committee. Miss Mathews has had excellent training in the observation of legs and was amply qualified as a judge on the basis of her work at Michael Todd's Theatre Cafe where she has displaced Gypsy Rose Lee in the affections of neophytes of the terpsichorean art. One of the strongest contenders for "Best Male Leg" was "Gravel-throat" Weissmann who, mor has it, bathed those misshapen limbs for a week in milk to further endow them with that lustrous creamy whiteness, so appealing to contest judges. After much deliberation the honor was finally granted to Chester Swan.