

**TECHNOLOGY NEWS**

Student Publication of the  
ILLINOIS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY  
3300 Federal St.  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
Published Weekly During the College Year

By the Students of I. I. T.  
REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY  
**National Advertising Service, Inc.**  
College Publishers Representative  
420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.  
CHICAGO • BOSTON • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

"Entered as second class matter October 10, 1940, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879."

\$2.00 Per Year Single Copies, 10 Cents Each

**MANAGING BOARD**

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ..... THOMAS BROWN  
MANAGING EDITOR ..... DANIEL BROWN  
ASSOCIATE MANAGING EDITOR ..... PATRICIA ARNS  
SPORTS EDITOR ..... WARREN SPITZ  
FEATURE EDITOR ..... ARTHUR MINWEGEN  
BUSINESS MANAGER ..... ROBERT FUNK  
FACULTY ADVISER ..... WALTER HENDRICKS

**EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT**

**SATURDAY EDITORS**

NEWS EDITOR ..... EDWARD HANUSKA  
HEADLINE EDITOR ..... EDWARD FARRELL  
DESK EDITOR ..... GORDON WALTER

Assignment Staff ..... Armour Editor, Hugh Story  
Assistant: Gerald Landsman  
Lewis Editors, Eileen Robinson, Joe Minga  
Rewrite Editors ..... Charles Ball, Gordon Walter  
Copy Editor ..... Edward Doran  
Associate Feature Editor ..... Mary Flasher  
Photography Editor ..... Edward Center  
Rewrite staff ..... Robert Arko, Edwin Franks,  
Joseph Hind, Herman Tachau.  
Copy Staff ..... Bob Mahassek, Chester Swan  
Office Managers ..... Julian Bowers, Bud Carlson

**PHOTOGRAPHERS**

George Raymond, Howard Reiser, Robert Zella.

**CARTOONISTS**

Erwin Geiger, Jorma Leskinen

**FEATURE STAFF**

Charles Ball, Richard Bergstrom, Tom Cafcas, Bob Creagan, Ed Farrell, Vladimir Filko, Ed Hanuska, William Hasskard, Helen Marzullo, T. Ray Maslanka, Bertram Milleville, Peter Minwegen, Richard Nell, Milt Pleva, Hugh Story, Herman Tachau, Ted Van Gelder, Bruce Worcester.

**SPORTS DEPARTMENT**

Assistant Editor ..... John Butkus  
Sports Writers: Bob Edelson, Bob Bechtolt, Morgan Fitch Jr., Gerald Golden, Dick Guetzow, Don Keigher, Dick Larson, Hank Pachowicz, Art Minwegen, Joe Minga, Earl Sherman.  
Fraternity Sports Editor ..... Ed Franks

**REPORTERS**

Harold Anderson, Julian Bowers, Bob Burkhardt, Stanley Cooper, Joseph Hind, Norman Hyams, Otto Krause, Bruce Kunde, Gerald Landsman, Herb Lewis, Arthur Olson, Sheldon Plotkin, Ed Strauss, Chester Swan, Herman Tachau

**CUB REPORTERS**

Florence Bartussek, Howard Brown, Bob Burns, John Coopersmith, Blanche Fried, Egon Guba, John Herst, Maria Kessler, Gloria Kozgar, Harold Licht, Harold McAvoy, Earl Mills, Richard Nell, Harold Rosner, Bob Simpson, Mark Stephens, Bob Tandrup, Don Hanson, Dick Johnson, Jack Halloran.

**BUSINESS DEPARTMENT**

Advertising Managers ..... Bud Meyer, Charles Peller  
Circulation Managers ..... Bob Carlson, Roger Oberg  
Circulation Assistant ..... Dave Kester

VOL. 28—No. 4 OCTOBER 21, 1941

**RESULTS . . .**

Destiny's finger has again ruled that the task of deciding the fate of Illinois Tech's 1942 yearbook be entrusted solely to the Polygon editorial board. Of course, it might have been the absolute indifference of the student body toward the recent Polygon poll that prompted destiny's finger, but, nevertheless, the fact remains that the new Polygon board has been left no alternative but to use its own discretion in the naming, editing and designing of the coming yearbook.

The reason for this seemingly rash statement becomes quite apparent when one considers that a grand total of 65 ballots was returned from both campuses. This was despite the fact that the ballot was printed in these columns for two consecutive weeks as an aid to the new Polygon staff in starting the 1942 yearbook.

Had the number of returned ballots been ample—say, 1500—it would have been possible for the Polygon staff to obtain a true consensus of student opinion on the matter. No definite opinion can be formed, however, from 65 returns, because it is most likely that the majority of these was turned in by a few student cliques. As a matter of fact, the order in which the ballots were removed from the boxes indicated that just such a thing occurred.

An analysis of the 65 ballots cast shows a fifty-fifty split on the question of keeping the name "Polygon" for the 1942 yearbook, suggested names ranging from "IT" to "Cycle."

Opinions were expressed more profusely on the matter of changing the size, shape and form of the book. About 70 percent of the ballots cast expressed disapproval of the fact that last year's book opened along the short edge and proposed that the book be returned to its original size and shape. Others suggested the fewer posed group pictures be used, informal shots being preferred. Many students objected to the lack of color in the 1941 yearbook.

Professor Walter Peterhans, of the architectural school, one who commands respect by virtue of his reputation in the field of visual training, sacrificed a bit of his valuable time to write a letter expressing his views on the subject. First, he suggested the name "IIT-1942" as a simple solution to the name problem, and he then proposed that a lighter paper be used so as to obtain a thinner book. His opinion of the 1941 Polygon was tastefully put forth with "it was a poor mixture of ice cream and herring," meaning, of course, that the book was an extreme departure from the usual thing in some respects and extremely conservative in others with the result that a great amount of "curdling" ensued.

The "postage stamp album" effect which results from having many small portraits one one page was also criticized in the letter. A greater number of full page pictures—funny, vivid and matter-of-fact pictures—was also suggested by the professor.

The only way now left for the student body to express itself on the Polygon matter is for it to go directly to the newly-appointed members of the Polygon editorial board before the book is actually in production.

—D.B.

**LEWIS CAFETERIA . . .**

Seating capacity of 150.  
380 liberal arts students, approximately 30 faculty members, 140 EDT students, all of whom require some place to satisfy the inner man.

Seven girls enrolled in the home economics class of institutional management, whose duty is to plan and prepare the menus for the day.

Four full time, and three part time cooks.  
Four bus boys employed during the lunch hour rush.

Menus that are just chock full of vitamins, having been studied to obtain the best possible combinations of nutritional values.

Now let's see what happens to Johnny Student when he enters the cafeteria to purchase his luncheon.

Attempting to enter the cafeteria he finds that he must first stand in line, which sometimes extends beyond the unnecessary screen door into the lobby. When Johnny finally reaches the menu board, he has ample opportunity to examine the board and absorb the shock of the prices.

At long last the great moment arrives—Johnny is the next to give his order for a hot plate, assuming, of course, that some food adorns the meager facilities. If, on the other hand, he requests a sandwich instead of the hot plate it would mean another three to five minutes of waiting.

Johnny takes his lunch and falls in line once more. This time the procession extends to the end of the rail, those ahead of him waiting most impatiently to get their beverage, pay their bill, and get out of the blasted breadline. John reaches the end of the line, contributes to the cause, and pauses a moment, two or even three, to see if he can spy a suitable location to eat the lunch for which he has paid so dearly. Eventually he beholds a vision. A clear place at a table, equipped especially with a chair. For this place he and two of his fellow sufferers race. Alas! alack! the place is being saved for some foresighted student who has the ingenuity to have the place for him. (How they got a seat, we don't know.) Johnny turns again to search for a location, the suitability of which he cares nothing about, just so he can set the tray down. There is not even a place at the faculty table, for the empty places have been appropriated by neighboring merchantmen who have come in to take advantage of the non-profit prices. ("What fools these mortals be.")

Eureka! a place has just been vacated by one of Johnny's fellow students, but in his wake the fellow has left his soiled plates, or the debris of a "carried lunch. This place Johnny seizes. Hopefully he looks about for one of the bus boys to clear his place, but as is often the case the boys are busy. So Johnny patiently tries to clear away the unappetizing mess. Finally he can eat, but by this time his delayed luncheon is not only expensive but cold, and the nutritional value that it might have had is lost to John.

To those students who have loyally tried to stand by the cafeteria, especially under its new regime, prevailing conditions thus seem rather disheartening. We have asked ourselves the following questions: Can those students who enter the cafeteria to purchase their lunches be accommodated by the present staff? If so, why isn't the service speedy? Is there ample space for those students who are in-between-class cigarette instead of smoking in the corridors? And what about the professors and students who have a full schedule? If they want warm food they must come into the cafeteria between 11 and 1 o'clock. For many this means a ten minute period in which to consume their mid-day repast—a physical impossibility under the present system.

—P.A.

**ITS THIS WAY—**

Dear Editor:

Dave and I were in the same division room in high school. He dropped out in his sophomore year. I finished high school, started college, and am now a junior M.E. at Armour. For a couple of years, I met Dave in the street occasionally, had time for "Hello! How are you?" and "See you again."

About a year ago, I walked into the barber shop where I get my haircuts and there was Dave at the second chair, as an assistant barber. As he cut my hair, I had time to talk to him and renew our old acquaintance. Since quitting high school, he had had several jobs, traveled out west for some time, and had attended barber college. Also, he had acquired a girl friend, whom he described in glowing phrases.

**Dave's Background**

Before I go any further, if you think I'm telling this story because Dave has invented a new explosive, earned a Carnegie medal, or done something equally spectacular, I must correct your impression. This story merits telling only because it is so heart-warming and typical of America.

A little of Dave's background is in order. He comes from a poor Italian family. As I remember him in high school, he was never too intelligent or attentive to his studies, but he was personable and a nice fellow to know. Right now, he's about twenty-two and a healthy, good-looking youth.

Recently, Dave had been doing factory work as his full-time job

and working in the barber shop only a few evenings a week as a sideline. At any rate, he wasn't always there when I came into the shop for my haircut, but I saw him often enough to learn that he had become engaged to his girl friend, was doing nicely at his job, and was saving his money.

For the last several months, I hadn't seen him around but he was there when I walked into the shop the other night. Previously, he hadn't been sure about the date, so I was somewhat surprised when he beamingly told me that he had been married for three weeks. Also, he had been promoted to the position of a welder at the factory at a salary of ninety-five cents an hour plus extra pay for night work and overtime, so that he averages over fifty dollars a week.

**Dave's Future Plans**

At present Dave and his wife are living with in-laws, but they're looking around at furniture to set up housekeeping in the spring. Dave plans to go to night school or trade school in order to be eligible for still better jobs at the factory. In a year or two, they'll buy a car, have children, join clubs and lodges and play their happy, unspectacular part in the life of the nation.

There's nothing unusual about this story. The same fundamental thing takes place every day in America. But I wonder, in this day and age, could it happen anywhere else in the world?

—S. Z.

**Kutup Korner**

A serious thought for today  
Is one that may cause us dismay  
Just what are the forces  
That bring little horses  
If all the horses say "Nay?"  
Puzzled.

—O—  
Steam—water crazy with the heat.  
Volcano—a sick mountain  
Hugo Rascal.

—O—  
Some girls go to school to pursue learning, other learn pursuing.  
D.O.O.P.

I know a girl named Passion  
I asked her for a date  
I took her out for dinner  
And gosh how Passionate.  
O My, Si.

—O—  
What is this rumour that the Lewis lunchroom is serving cokes?  
Not according to popular opinion.  
D.O.O.P.

—O—  
Howard: "How high is up?"  
Professor: "Twice half the distance."  
The Gambling Wreck.

**DELEGATES TO CIVIL CONVENTION INSPECT CHICAGO'S NEW SUBWAY**

Many pairs of weary feet trekked out of the Grand avenue subway station here in the city last Thursday. For three hours, the civils from IIT along with two hundred delegates from thirty engineering schools, inspected Chicago's nearly completed subway.

Starting from the LaSalle hotel at two o'clock in the afternoon, the members of ASCE from IIT entered the Lake and State streets subway entrance and descended forty feet beneath the earth's surface. Here the main group was broken up into smaller sections and these parties proceeded on a tour of the railway tubes underlying the loop streets.

**The Damp, Dark Way**

While traveling through the subway, the representatives from IIT splashed through mud and continually dodged dripping water from open crevices in the upper part of the tubes. Forced to walk in single file the greater part of the time, the civils got a first-hand view of the gigantic construction efforts that have taken place and are still going on beneath the streets of Chicago. Be-

ginning to weary after two hours of hiking through mud and crawling through manholes, members of the tour spontaneously burst into song. For the last hour, refrains of "Row, Row, Row Your Boat" could be heard ringing through the empty cement tubes of the subway.

Some of the mezzanine platforms inspected were completed and the IIT engineers were able to form an idea of the finished structure. Other platforms were under construction enabling the visitors to see how the stations are built.

Of most interest to the civils were the shields that burrowed through the sand and clay. Although none of the shields were in actual operation, the civils were able to examine at close hand one of the "biscuit-cutters." The shield was pushed through the clay by hydraulic jacks at a maximum rate of forty-five feet per day and at an average velocity of thirty-five feet per day, the slower rate being due to stones and sections of the old freight system that was built about fifty years ago to supply the loop buildings with coal.