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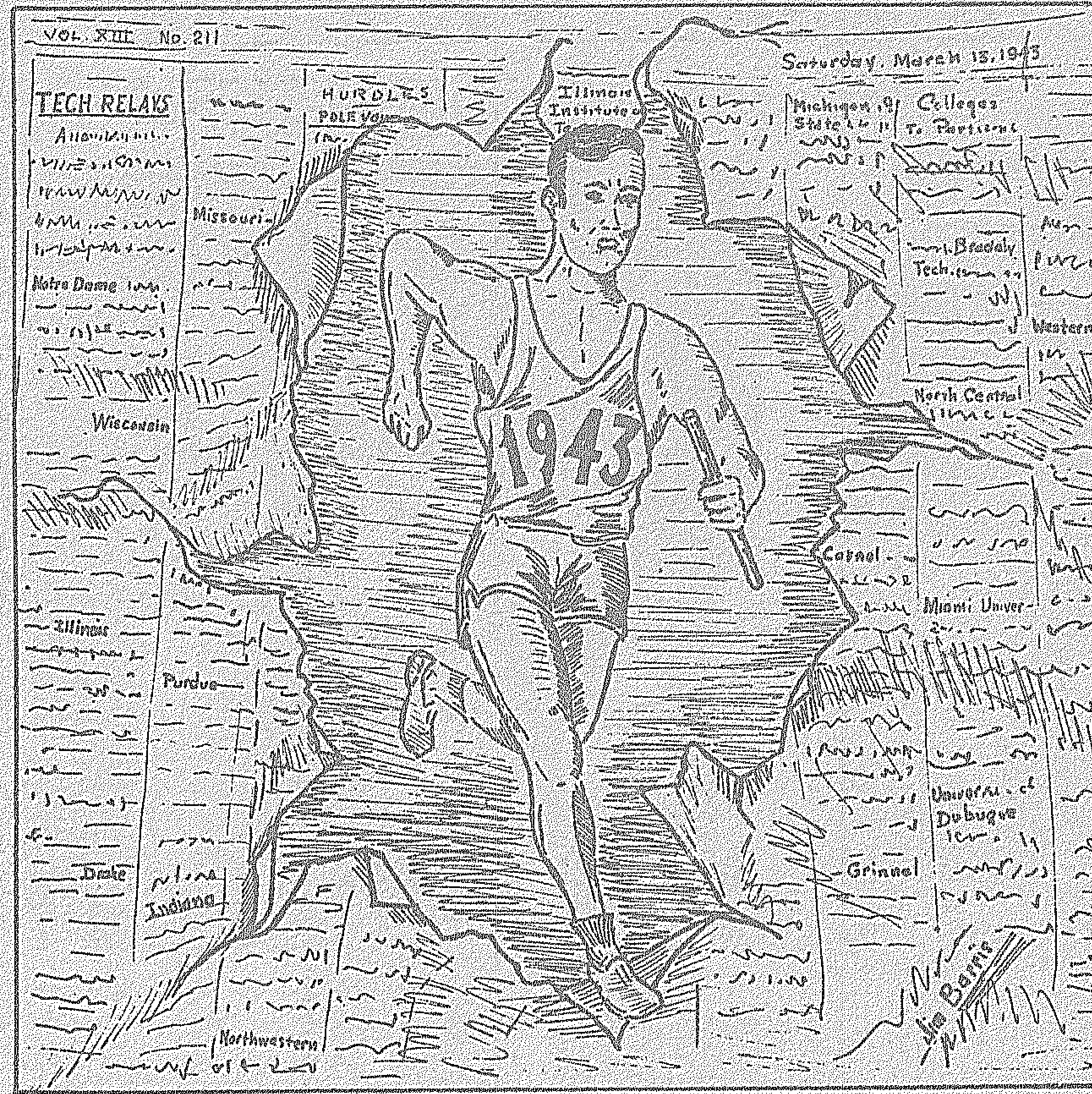
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The Relays of '43



Thanks, John

He looks like Will Rogers when the smoke clears away. He's ungainly. His hair is almost never combed and his voice is gruff. His walk is so distinctive that it cannot be described. Yet, if one man could be named as most nearly typifying the personality we strive for in ourselves, we believe John J. Schommer would be the man.

He is being called to your attention now because last Saturday was John Schommer's day. It wasn't his day in the sense that we usually think of as a "day": bands blaring and throngs cheering as the honored personage steps forth amid thunderous acclaim to receive a shiny new automobile. Although, it well might have been.

But John Schommer doesn't get his rewards that way. John Schommer goes on doing his job every day, adding more and more jobs to the list every year, and I suppose it's only natural that we take him for granted merely because he is so dependable and consistent. It's not until we find he already has his sleeves rolled up.

Yes, last Saturday was his day. For fifteen years he has annually assumed the huge task of preparing for and conducting Tech Relays. For over a month every year he adds this new job to those of placing alumnae and graduates into industry, keeping essential people where they can do the greatest good, directing athletic contests, teaching industry chemistry, and being "Uncle John" to every student who needs him.

Why?

We don't know, but maybe it's because John Schommer is as much an All-American gridiron and basketball court, because he can today as he was when he dominated he believes in the necessity of a place for sports in a young man's life—and he fights for this belief as ardently as he fights for his every tenet. Last Saturday night was his night because the Tech Relays continued to fulfill the function for which he created them.

John Schommer's is the handclasp of a loser with his opponent, the knowledge that a man is doing his best job in the right place, a sincere promise of a deferred student to "go to work, now," and the satisfaction that can be known only by a man who does more than he is asked, and does it well.

Please

With no lounge space available the students at the West-campus agreed to wait until the post-war period! Everything was fine . . . a little disappointing, but everything was fine!

With the new speed-up war time schedules and all the EDT's, the Signal Corps, etc., roaming the campus, there is definitely a run on the cafeteria during lunch hour, so that much of the students' spare time is spent in the gymnasium . . . But we understand . . . It can't be helped. So we take the bitter with the better and let things ride.

Well let's see, we're down to the gym where some of the students gather during their free time, when gym classes are not held! Here you'll find a broken down piano, which has gone beyond the stage of tuning. Although handicapped by this the gang will sing and play, until their next class period.

Because I have not yet touched the point of my article, I know you have read down this far, so you can't miss it. Speaking for the students, we ask if a small appropriation can be set aside for an upright piano. Not only will it make a lot of students happy, but it will save the time and labor of hauling another piano into the gym for dances.

Up to the present time a lot has been said, but nothing has been done. How about it!

It is true many sacrifices are being made by the populace to help in the nation's war effort. Food, gas and meat rationing are a few of these. It is the cooperation in these things that will bring victory to our side. These things are expected and being patriotic, we will continue to smile.

Bartusek.

MEETING OF ALL SENIORS
GRADUATING IN MAY
FRIDAY MARCH 19, ROOM 305
MAIN 10 TO 11

Truth and Honor

In a world of war and turmoil, moral values are liable to be cheapened. The reason lies in the spirit of the times, which is inclined to be, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die." With such philosophy there is certainly no incentive to rise above the vulgar.

The following thought has been expressed before the Honor Board several times: "You can't expect a fellow to always do the right thing in times like these." To be sure, this is a critical era with many uncertainties. But, now is when the times demand that "you keep your head while those about you are losing theirs."

You meet tests in one form or another every day. Actually you often are being tested without being aware of it. With this, I mean, no one tells you outright that you are being tempted. Two incidents come to my mind which illustrate this point.

To test his employee's honesty, a merchant left definite sums of money lying around in his small store. The money was behind the counters or on the shelves, away from the customers' reach. The employees knew nothing of his scheme and those who reported finding the money were rewarded, while those who pocketed this loose change were promptly discharged.

While I was working in the steel mills last summer a co-worker had this experience. He was employed as a clerk, and as such, had a fairly soft job. Unexpectedly he was transferred to a labor gang in the yard for an indefinite period. Although jobs were a dime-a-dozen, he stuck it out. He worked hard with his pick and shovel and never griped. Within a week he was back in the office with more pay and greater responsibility. He had met the test.

Earl Mills

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

In regard to the growing of a mustache by an undergraduate, we, the 3A co-ops, humbly apologize to the seniors if we have caused them any loss of face.

After very long deliberation we have decided that the culprit shall shave his upper lip because:

(1) We would hate to have it known that there are men other than seniors who can grow a mustache.

(2) The increase of undergraduates that would be sporting mustaches would be terrific if it became known that one did get away with it.

(3) It was too much work keeping the mustache in trim. We wish them good luck, good grades, and all things that should happen to a senior.

The 3A Co-ops

Dear Editor:

After reading the article "Con" pertaining to 18-year-olds voting in your last issue, I can say that I was very much upset by the attitude taken and I shall herein try to disprove those statements.

1. "The 18-year-olds' knowledge of politics is limited to high school civics."

Now I ask you, have you ever met an 18-year-old around school here that did not have a definite idea on any public issue?

2. "An 18-year-old is, in the Army, a follower, not a leader."

Once again I ask you, do you think that a pilot in combat does not have to make accurate, split-second decisions? Does he follow anyone in his fight for life?

3. "Persons under 21 require parental consent to marry, cannot enter into contracts without consent, and require guardians."

There, in this present world of strife, is not time to be a simple "kid." A boy graduating from high school these days has to make decisions which may affect the rest of his life and maybe the future of the whole world. About this marriage business, why should we be deprived of the happiness of marriage? Is it just because long ago 18-year-olds did not have a sense of responsibility? As you can see, every argument that can be put forth against letting 18-year-olds vote is just based on old out-moded tradition.

Yours truly,

L. B. Miller

US ENGINEERS

by H. C. Dubin

We're the boys from IIT
You hear so much about,
The work we do is wonderful,
You'll agree without a doubt,
We're noted for our smartness
And the lovely prints we do;
And everyone thinks we're swell
And I think you will too.

Our credits really aren't much
But we don't seem to care.
We could go to another school
And earn more credits there.

But our hearts belong to IIT
And here we sit and rave;
What happened to that guy, Lincoln,
Whom we thought had freed the slaves?

Who knows if one of us, some day,
A famous man will be;
Who'll proudly hold his head and say,
"I owe it all to IIT."
And now it's plain to every eye
These poems are made by fools like me;
But engineers they'll make of us,
Ah, yes, we owe it all to IIT.