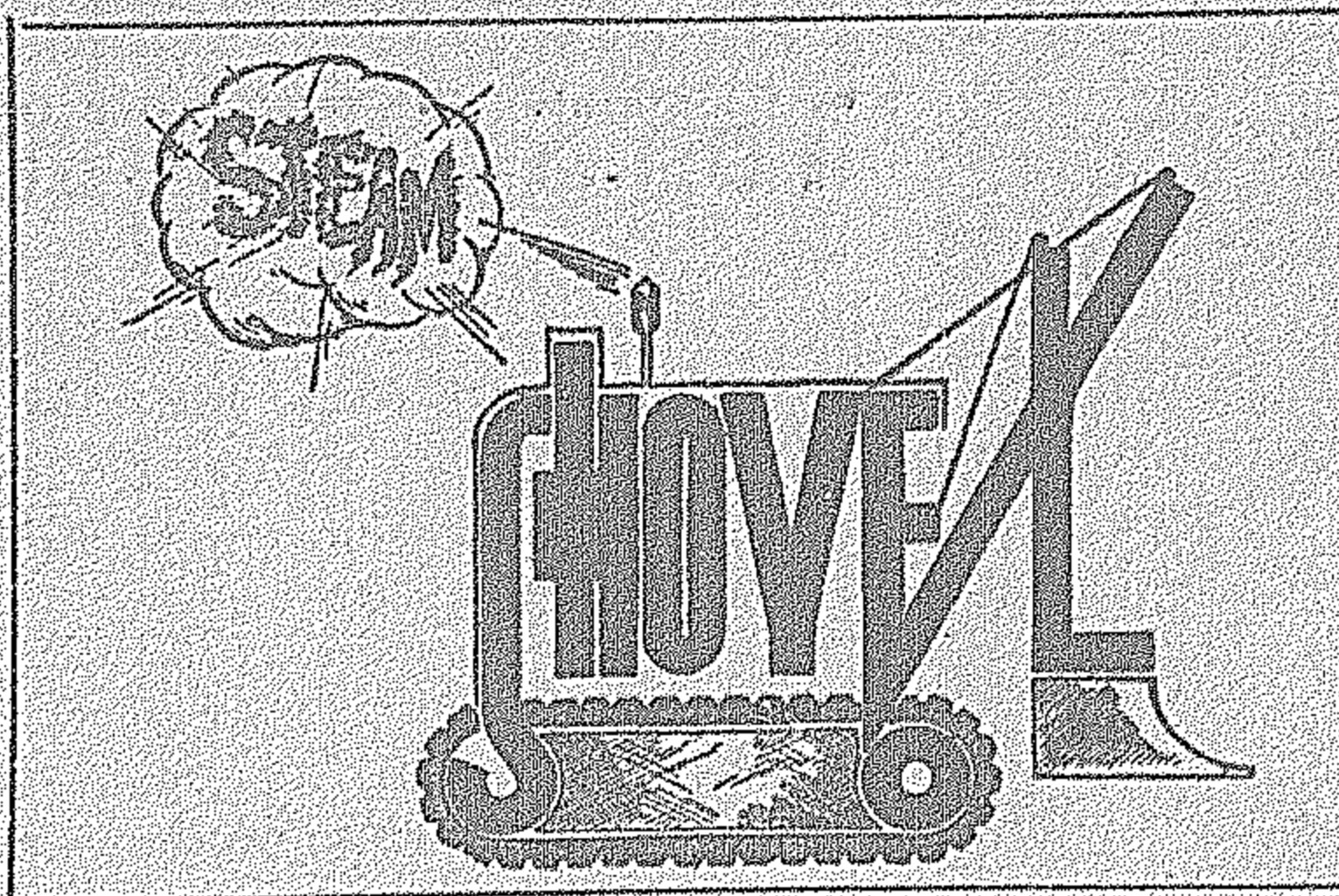


CHICAGO

Duke Ellington Moves Into the Boulevard Room



The current lesson on how to be an STO comes from Harley ("Love 'em and leave 'em") Flanders, who met a girl he was really taken with. To make it even better, her pater is a millionaire, too. Flanders immediately went home and began hoarding enough "A" coupons. After four weeks of scrimping he finally drove across town, took the object of his affections to a movie and then straight home, and promptly left. He still likes her, but he hasn't seen the girl since. Someone should show Harley there is an Santa Claus and teach him the things every young man should know.

Walter Grengg and Dave Levinson, "exclusive printers for the sophomore class", use their engineering ingenuity in pursuing their trade. Bids for the recent sophomore party were made using linoleum block-prints and the usual sticky ink. The two employed the Levinson washing machine to turn out their unique product and managed to color the rubber rollers a sickly green. Does anyone want to adopt a slightly dented Levinson?

"GOAT OF THE WEEK"

Norm Offenber, soph mech, sure has turned his love life into one big mess, and the way is open to those interested. His fellow frat members trying to help things along, announced his engagement to one Dorothea at the Integral dance. Norm says he doesn't see her any more, so anyone desiring to straighten out this little catastrophe can reach the lass at SOU. 4891.

They say that the Lewis gals would like to have a law passed so that for the duration, at least, New Year's Eve would always fall on Saturday. Seems that most of the Lewis lassies date service men and the powers that be don't deem a New Year's eve liberty a necessity. The gals were dateless, as were the guys, to the chagrin of both. And next year it's on a Sunday—

The secret is out now why Herbert Bernstein, professor of chemistry, always comes rushing in to his classes at the last minute. It seems that affairs in his office have proved too great an attraction for him. Last week he was describing optical isomerism by means of structural models of molecules. Part of his class was still puzzled even after the demonstration. Noticing this, Bernstein said, "If you still have any difficulty, come up to my office and play with the models. Then all of your troubles will be over." It took quite some time for the laughter (and the Professor's blush) to subside.

The honor of being dubbed a S.S.T.O. (Smallest Small Time Operator) can no longer be applied to Don Slager, vice president of the freshman class according to Slager. It seems that a certain Montana redhead made Don's Christmas vacation trip home very enjoyable and now he feels that he should be promoted, at least to a S.T.O.

The somewhat dubious honor of being this week's S.S.T.O. (Smallest Small Time Operator) goes to freshman, Bob Havlik, who has been out on a date only once. At that time he was so terrified that he has never since been able to muster up enough courage to try again. It's really too bad; besides it's guys like that who make the man-power shortage even worse.

Ever since the recent popularity contest, Secretary Blanche Buerckholtz has been wearing a new hair-do. Besides that, she has switched to ankle socks for greater leg emphasis. Local experts in such matters predict that another contest is not far off.

Add this to the list of quaint excuses which women use to break dates: John Sachs, soph physics major, had all his plans made for a gay time at the Pi Kappa Phi New Year's Eve Party, that is, up to 8 o'clock the night of the affair. At 6 o'clock of the fateful eve, all was well, but when Sachs called for his chick at 8 o'clock, he was informed that she could not go because she had "fallen on her head while ice-skating the day before". Sachs, for some strange reason, doesn't believe the story.

Seen in chow hall: A/S "Phenorton" McElwain of Quarters No. 3 trying to sugar his grapefruit and talk at the same time. Results: the cap on the sugar container came off and the "Phenorton" had a white breakfast.

—BROTHER TINSLEY PHENORTEN

About the time that the new year came to Chicago, there arrived one Edward Kennedy Ellington. To none but the most avid jive addict, the "Edward Kennedy" may not mean very much, but the more familiar "Duke" is recognized by even those who don't know the difference between a double praddiddle and a double bass.

Duke Ellington promptly moved into the Stevens Hotel when he hit town, and now holds forth in the newly opened Boulevard Room in the hotel from 7:30 to 1 of a convenient evening. He's still offering the same kind of music that won him the "King of Swing for '43" Downbeat poll.



Duke Ellington in the last Downbeat poll.

In a *Technology News* interview, the Duke stated that he has kept up with his composing, and is about ready to add another to his long list of musical compositions. He expects to premier a new number before long, and it's being written to provide atmosphere for the Boulevard Room. In keeping with the French influence of the room, the Duke expects to call his new series of numbers the "Perfume Suite."

The Ellington band, unlike so many others, has suffered comparatively little from the draft so far, so Techman can expect to hear the usual Ellington quality of strict jive.

The Civic Opera house is the place, and "Sons o' Fun" is plugged as the featured attraction.

For those who have seen "Hellzapoppin," this Olsen and Johnson production will have an all too familiar ring. The same situations are there just as they were with the two Scandinavians before the death of the vaudeville. There is the same "comic" policeman roaming the lobby, the same usher sending customers to the wrong seats.

Research Reports—

Theory of Lattices is Field of Research for Professor Wilcox

(Editor's note: This column will present each week a brief report of the various research projects being carried on at IIT. Since *Technology News* is the student newspaper of a technical school, these articles will be of a more technical nature than would be possible in an ordinary newspaper, but they will nevertheless be written in such a manner as to be accessible to the majority of the student body.)

The field of research of Professor L. R. Wilcox of the department of mathematics is the theory of lattices and partially ordered sets. Although begun by the famous mathematician Dedekind in 1900, this subject has commanded widespread attention only during the last decade. In fact, as a separate discipline it is so new that only one book has been written about it. The subject itself is of interest because it touches virtually all branches of mathematics and some of physics, including abstract algebra, theory of functions, almost all geometry, various theories of integration, symbolic logic, theory of probability and quantum mechanics. There is even a connection with psychology through recent work in factor analysis.

Lattice theory has bearing on these domains simply because its underlying idea is that of an order relation. Thus real numbers are ordered by magnitude, this fact furnishing the basis for maxima and minima familiar to all calculus students; propositions in logic are ordered by implication, classes or "categories" by inclusion and peo-

the alumni corner

After seeing action in the invasion of Morocco and the battle of Kasserine Pass, Gafsa, El Guettar, Macnassey, Mateur, and engaging in the last tank battle of the Tunisian Campaign, Major Lawrence Smith, A'24, was wounded during the invasion of Sicily. He served on the general staff corps, military intelligence division, and is now recovering in Michigan.

—IIT—

The highest score ever recorded in the Army Air Corps mental tests was made two weeks ago by Howard R. Stevens, III'42, who is now in basic training in Miami.

—IIT—

Although a south sea island beauty might excite one to romance, Major Louis S. Green, A'25, shows preference for U.S.A. girls. He married an army nurse "somewhere in New Guinea" last September.

—IIT—

Former ace swimmer of III, Whitney Pearson, a pharamacists mate, took third place in a recent Hawaiian naval swimming meet.

Such Is Life

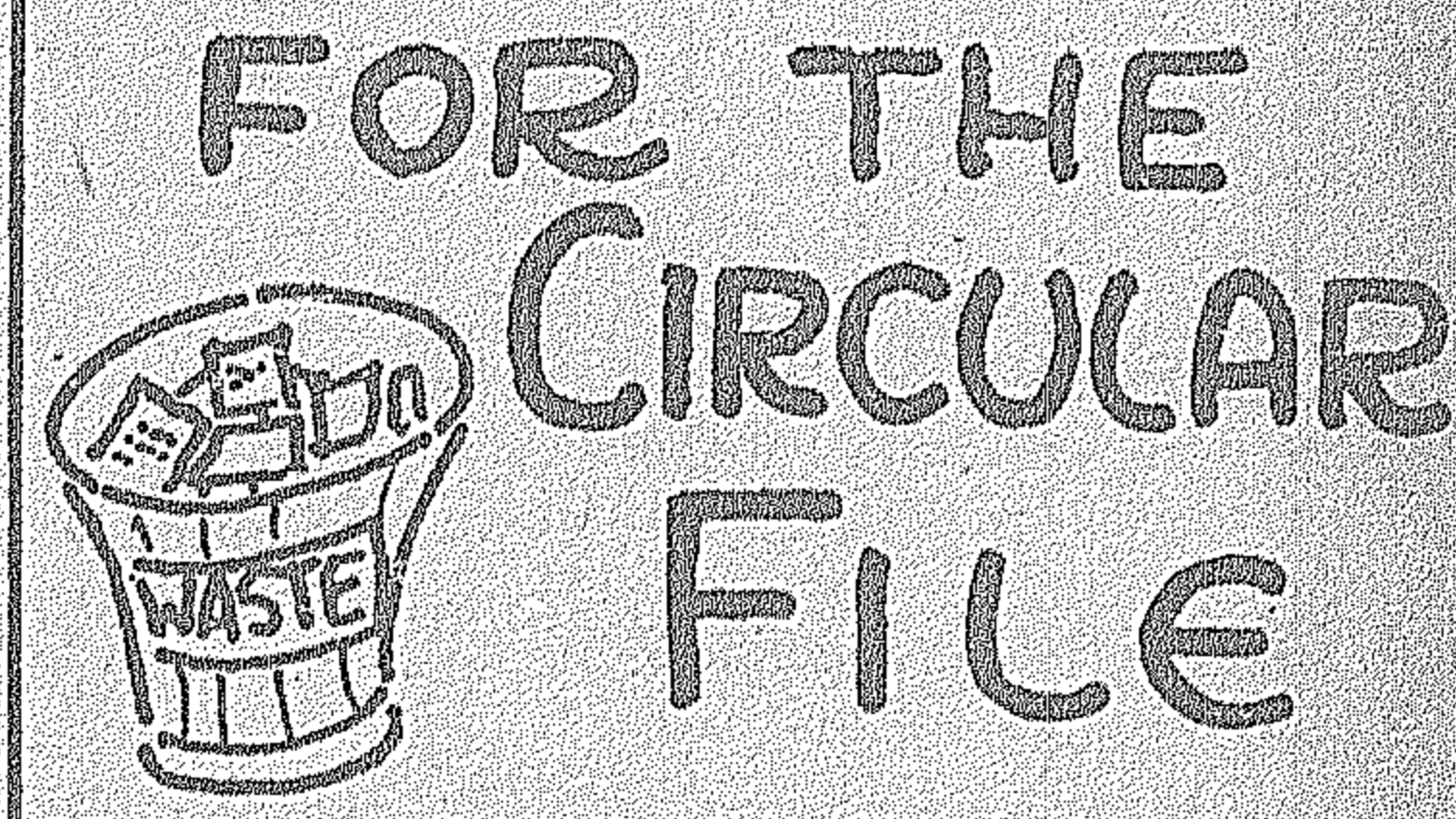
They say Frank Sinatra is peddling vitamin pills now. While the thought of the guy with the glamor tonsils selling vitamin products is about as logical as an IIT engineer writing on how to stay awake during class, Sinatra's new radio program has a sponsor.

As yet, experienced news commentators are at a loss to fully explain the psychology behind such a move, although three theories have been advanced.

First, the experts say, the pill makers may be ready to start a series of "before and after" advertisements. Naturally the moaner will be used as the "before" exhibit.

The second theory is that Sinatra will be held up as an object lesson. Perhaps radio listeners will soon be hearing, "Friend, before me I have a man swaying, clinging to a bending microphone, and gasping for breath. Friends, do you want this to happen to you?" Then the announcer will slyly slip into his spiel about the merits of his product.

Third, there are some who say that the sponsor is very clever. They reason that anybody who can inspire anything from female fainting spells to flap-eared phenortons, should surely be able to sell a few million vitamin pills.



By A. N. NONNIMUS

Ed note:—Several weeks ago *Technology News* published a review of the latest development in the field of public transportation—the Trolley Pilot. Since that time Mr. Nonnimus has made an extensive investigation and submits his report.

When a person boards a street car nowadays, he encounters a series of advertisements which hope to entice him into the employ of the transit company.

"Get into War Work—Become a Trolley Pilot," one such placard reads.

Trolley Pilot, mind you. The good old days of the bell clanging, clock watching, truck cursing motorman have given way to the era of the Trolley Pilot. Will the next step in this campaign be the change of the name of the street car to "Crimson Carrier?"

In the near future, we can expect the company to install an intercommunication radio set in each "ship" so that the pilot may converse with his navigator, formerly known as the conductor. A typical conversation may sound like this:

"Trolley Pilot to navigator; have we picked up the beam yet, Joe? Come in, Joe."

"Navigator to Trolley Pilot; still riding the CSL double steel beam, Harry. Everything Roger and Snafu."

Perhaps the divisional headquarters can reward meritorious service with appropriate decorations. A navigator who crowds more than two hundred people in his "ship" at the same time could be awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. Pushing more than three hundred people into the same "ship" certainly should merit an Oak Leaf Cluster. A pilot or navigator who has worked the rush hour for a period of six months may be eligible for the Purple Heart.

A question arises as to what type of uniforms the flight officers will wear. Certainly, the old type unassuming blue suit is not appropriate for a commissioned Trolley Pilot. You may expect to see the pilot climb into his "ship" wearing a heavy fur lined jacket, oversize boots, and leather helmet, complete with goggles. A new man on the job may get to wear the "cadet" uniform while in training.

Any day now, headquarters may receive "logs" of the various "flights" which read something like this:

"Took off from Devon Field at 0800. Visibility poor, ceiling zero. Proceeded south by east following Broadway to State. Changed course to due south at State. Hit line squall in vicinity of Madison. Encountered flak from residents in neighborhood of 43rd Street. Remainder of trip uneventful. Mission completed 0945, approached 79th Street hangar, "Came in with a Ding and the Fares."