

TWO TECHNOLOGY NEWS

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Let's Carry the Ball

In four days Illinois Tech will have its most elaborate dance in years, and one of the largest dances in its history. Elaborate plans have been made by its organizers, with nothing being left undone to assure the best possible dance. The only possible exception is lack of support by the student body.

To date only a few civilians have indicated their desire to attend the ball and but a few more navy men have purchased bids since the initial drive. It is true that many students have legitimate reasons for not attending the ball but others are just pouting over the fact that the dance is a semi-formal affair, even though they are a minority in a poll carried out by the ITSA.

The success of the dance depends upon the full cooperation of the entire student body, civilian and navy. The Navy Ball is assured of being a social success. Let's make it a financial success too.

—S. BAKER

What's With the Integral?

Are we to have a yearbook without pictures of the present civilians? Will the next annual represent the campus activities of this semester?

With but five weeks of the semester left, and consequently only five weeks until the majority of the civilians leave school for the armed services, the editors of the annual have done nothing thus far to make the next book perform its function, and that is to pictorially represent the life of Illinois Tech. They claim to be without a photographer.

If past experience is any criterion, it takes from two to three weeks to take the necessary pictures, and sometimes longer. This does not include pictures of dances and other campus activities such as Junior Week.

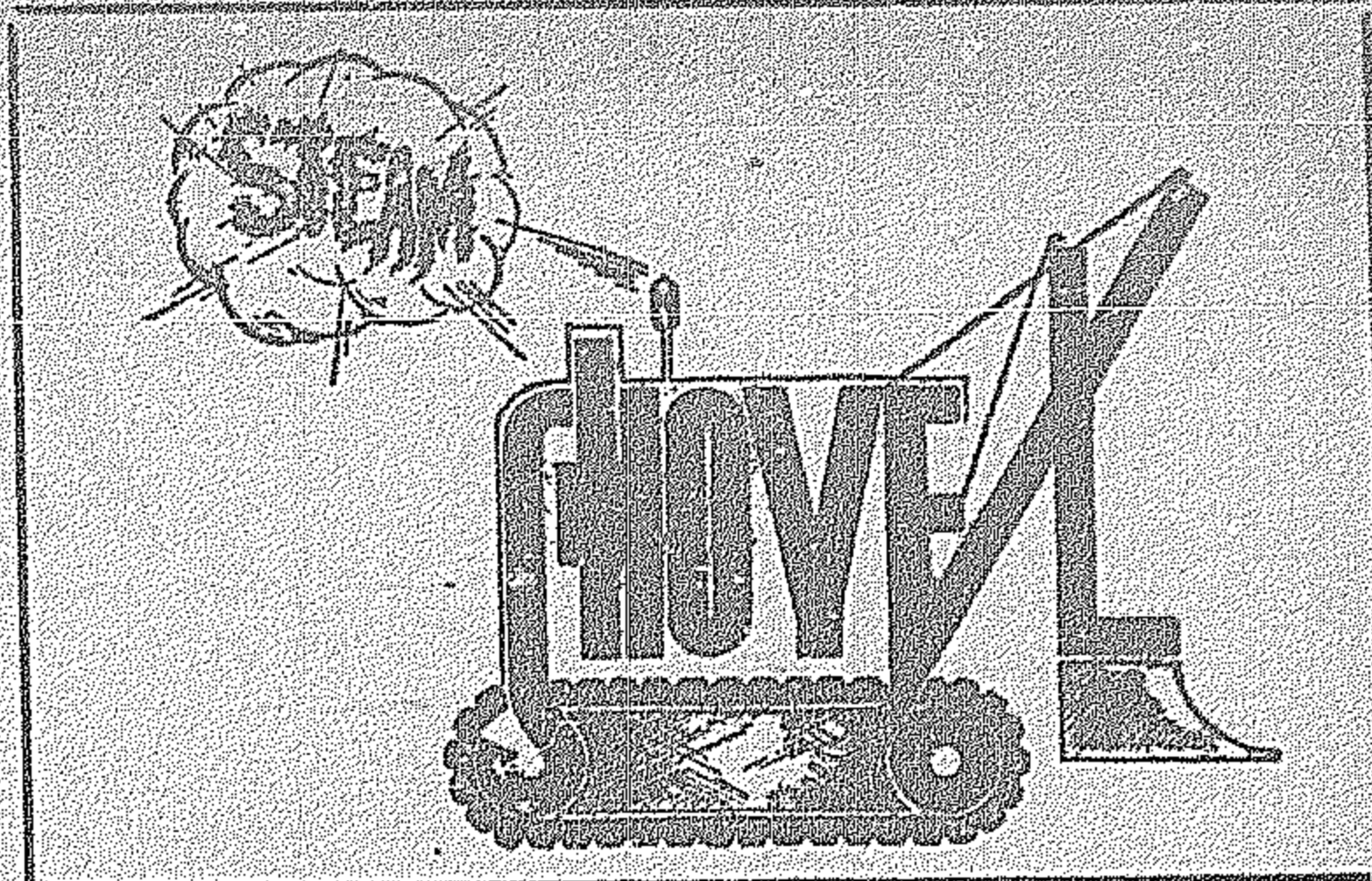
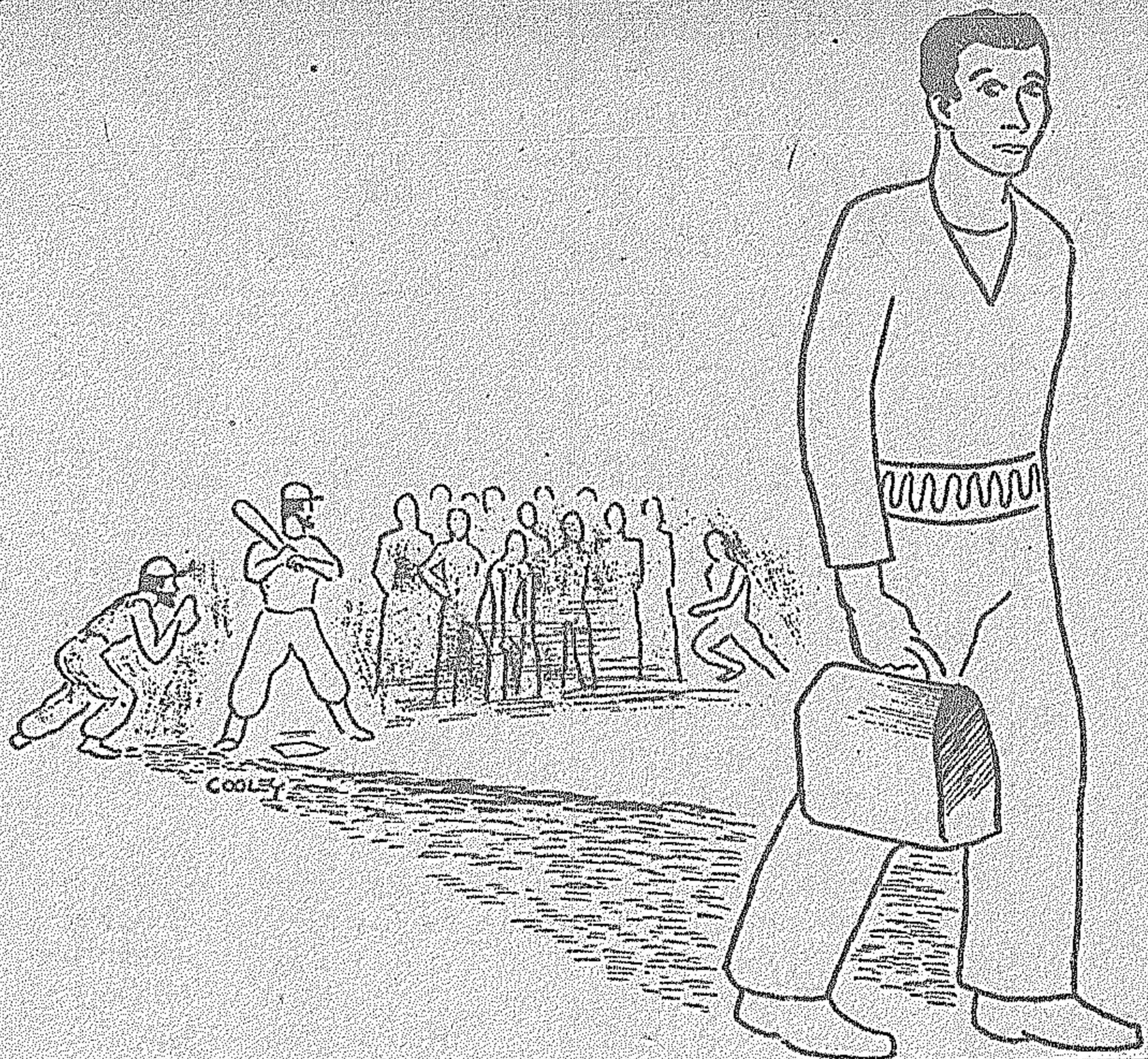
Those students who are leaving school demand action on the part of the editorial staff of the annual. The happenings of this semester are just as much a part of life at IIT as what happens next semester or the semester thereafter. As long as the students who leave are being given a chance to receive the book, they should be represented in it.

If the yearbook needs photographers, it can take the members of the Camera Club. There are more than fifteen cameramen in that group.

A solution to a problem has been offered. Does the Integral staff have enough initiative or gumption to go ahead and do the work required?

—H. BURKART

Junior Week Shirker



James "Honky Tonk" Wangersheim finally got in the groove at the dance club last week. Jim moved around gathering steam like a bull preparing to ram a train until he suddenly espied a chick who suited his tastes. This taste is beautiful legs. As he puts it, "I would rather go out with a girl who has beautiful legs than one with a nice face." After dancing for some time with the girl, Jim departed still wondering whether her legs were of the correct dimensions. Now there's a true (?) Armourite.

Ken Black, senior electrical, had much time to himself over this past weekend. He usually spends Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons with Mary Reynolds (and this so far has been a deep secret), of the News Bureau; but she has visited her home in Nebraska this week and Ken was left to pine away.

Other News Bureau chicks are also doing their bit to brighten the evenings of IIT men. Maureen "Texas" Roberson accompanied Joe Algino on his first date to see Uncle Harry at the Great Northern Theater last Friday. And seeing that this was Joe's first date Uncle Vince Bicicchi and Marie "dark room" Seaberry chaperoned the pair.

Aeronauticals attending the IAeS convention at Purdue will be accompanied on their journey by Mort Paul, senior civil. Mort believes that Purdue femininity will make the trip well worth his while.

During a recent physical chemistry lecture, Dr. Bruce Longtin was explaining the effect of concentration upon the boiling properties of a solution. At great length, after having used calculus, the MacLaurin series expansion, and various other theoretical concepts, he arrived at the remarkable conclusion that a substance will boil at its boiling point. Do tell.

Several sophomores and juniors spent hours rigging up a figure depicting the freshman class as overall clad, yellow streaked dummies. After much strenuous work they also managed to hang the dummy from the ceiling in the student lounge. Then without effort nor trouble, the frosh quietly and efficiently disposed of above mentioned effigy.

It seems that all the seniors, sophomores and juniors can now gang up on the freshmen. The water bags falling from the fourth floor physics are deposited by three daring rascals. One Al Kukral had been spreading the rumor that the seniors were responsible for such acts. A demonstration Thursday afternoon proved that the frosh were the guilty culprits when they poked their heads out after trying to bomb a passerby.

Hearing about a party to be held next month, Hy Weiner made no delays in inviting his friends to attend. The next day, Hy found out the party was to be a surprise party in his honor. Now his friends think it is a "put up" job for gifts.

If Norm Boron could go easy on the "quail" over the weekend and not let these distractions deprive him of his nocturnal relaxation he might find it easier to keep awake in economics on Monday morning.

The dance club, lately, is producing very nice after effects for some of the daring A/S members. After one meeting, one Wednesday evening, three of them sauntered off to that exclusive south side night spot, The Three Deuces, with three girls from the club. The three—some migrated to the back room and a merry time was had by all.

Bill Kneen and Ed Horton were walking along the beach. They were so intent on ignoring a pretty girl that Kneen stepped into a hole and was almost buried alive while Horton walked into the lake and nearly drowned.

Lester Price is finding out that there are more problems in the world than those he encounters in his scholastic endeavors.

The biggest problem at present is a beautiful gal named Evelyn who recently stood up our good man. Those who want to solve this problem may reach her at Fairfax 10518.

John Givler, junior mechanical, was presented with a box of candy on Mother's Day. The gift was from his wife-to-be. Anybody able to figure this situation out please notify Steam Shovel.

—BROTHER ALOYSIUS

Research Reports—

Big Residential Blocks Planned To Eliminate Traffic Problems

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.)

Traffic problems can be almost eliminated in the City of Tomorrow, according to Prof. Ludwig Hilbersiemer, of IIT's architecture department, who has studied the problems of the city.

Cities could be planned so that the working and residential areas would be within walking distances, thus virtually eliminating traffic, he has shown. The present block system, which was used by the Egyptians, was satisfactory for primitive modes of transportation, but is unsuited for modern times. It not only creates four dangerous corners for every block, but it also hinders the rapid progress of an automobile.

A better arrangement says Hilbersiemer, professor of city planning, would be to group two, four, eight, or any number of blocks together, thus reducing the number of intersections and making the space inside the area, formerly used for streets, available for schools, parks and playgrounds. With only walks instead of streets inside the area, traffic hazards would occur only at the four corners of the unit.

To eliminate this danger, a super-block of two square miles could be created, bordered on all four sides by highways, with clover-leaf intersections at the corners. The street system would be perpendicular to the highways on opposite sides. As before, parks, schools and playgrounds would be inside the area, and the residential units would be small enough so that the highways would be within convenient walking distance.

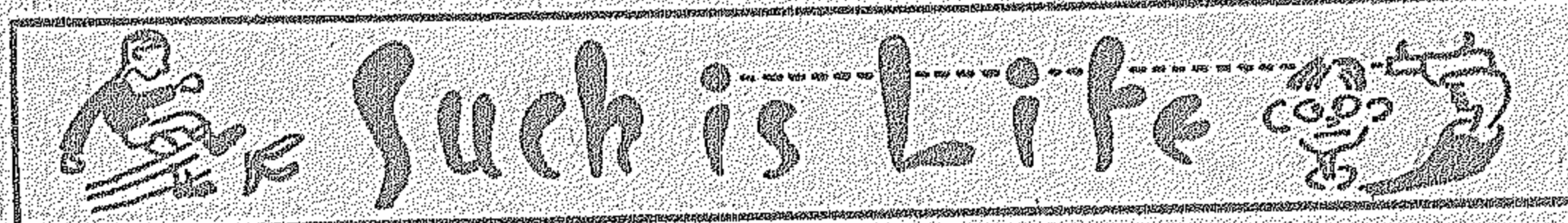
Two problems would still remain: 1) There would be a distant separation between residential and work-

ing areas which would require local transportation as at present. 2) Industrial nuisances, such as smoke, soot and unpleasant fumes, still are present. These can be overcome through city planning, which Hilbersiemer believes to be the only real solution to the problems.

The basis of such a planning system is an independent settlement unit, limited in size, and containing in itself all the necessary elements of a city, grouped according to their functions. Local conditions and the functions of the city determine the shape of the planned city. Residential areas should be placed in the "no smoke" regions which are determined by the prevailing winds.

To Hilbersiemer, the backbone of the settlement unit is the main traffic artery. On one side of the traffic line is the industrial area; on the other, the commercial and administration buildings, surrounded by a green area, and then the residential area. The farthest residence would not be more than a 15 minute walk to the industrial area.

The different settlements would be connected by a highway with simplified intersections at each settlement. The open space between settlements could be used for farming or gardening.



Man is what a woman marries. Men have two feet, two hands and sometimes two wives, but never more than one collar button or one idea at a time. Like Turkish cigarettes, men are all made of the same material, the only difference is that some are better disguised than others. Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes—husbands, bachelors and widowers.

An eligible bachelor is a man of obstinacy surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of these three varieties—prize, surprise and consolation prize. Making a husband out of man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture and common sense, faith, hope and charity—mostly charity.

The prize husband is that big handsome brute that women seem to swoon over. In addition he has intelligence enough to earn money to squander on the little woman. The surprise is that little fellow with no appeal for the fairer sex who suddenly blossoms out as a choice hunk of man. His friends never suspect what a wolf he is in disguise. But the consolation prize—well he is a sorry specimen indeed. No glamor no good looks, no brains—that is his lot.

It is a psychological marvel that a soft, fluffy, tender, violet-scented joy kissing a big, awkward, stubby-sweet thing like women should enchained, tobacco and bayrum scented thing like man. Such is life.