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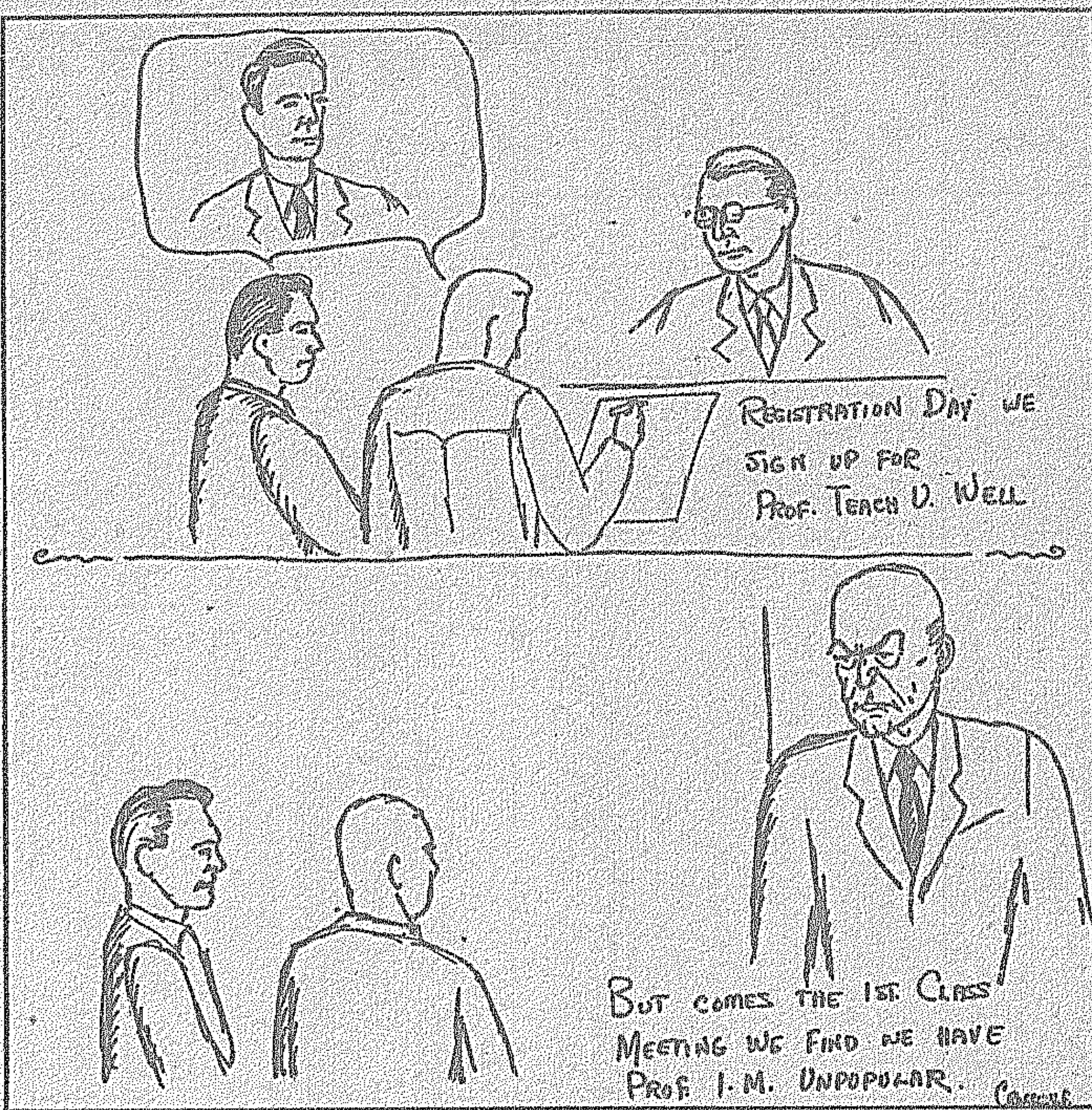
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Must This Continue?



Chug, chug, chug went the shovel.
Dig, dig, dig was the strain;
Dirt, dirt, dirt was the by-word
So let's start with this carefree refrain.

Our new prize, the "Mauve Melon", shall be awarded to that great lad "Wild Bill" Zechel, who has become a general carefree, yet desolate character. Little does he know that there exist more than children in this metropolis (this is from indications that his choice of a date are slightly discordant with general views). This new flame of Bill's turns out to be no other than a fine sophisticated "high school freshman." Although he spent a very interesting night at a dance he was more entertained by "daddy's" specialty in home movies all till that late hour of 12 o'clock. It's a good thing that Bill did not mention that he attended IIT but said that he was a soph in high school. So the story goes. Cruel and heartless, aren't we? Many of Zechel's ardent followers are wondering what has happened to their former idol. Can it be that the strain of study has ruined our social butterfly?

Poor Mort Paul, that great lover boy, has been threading the streets with uneasy steps and the lack of that gay smile. He is absolutely degenerate. Lonesomeness is his problem. Due to his breaking up with Helen he almost cast himself at the mercy of the waves (not the servicewomen) of our limpid blue lake. To forestall any more notions of this sort, a special investigation has been made for our prize phone number. (She. 2920). We hope that a conversation with this lovely model named Joan will again restore our good old Paul again.

Isn't it funny how all the misdeeds of the past will loom before a person, in this case A/S Arnold Kleinrath. We are the ones who cause the shaking of people in their shoes (nasty aren't we), cause them to shrink in fear and hideaway. Somehow or other, we received a secretive message from operator V-19 about the rowdiness of Arnie and pal, a chief petty. It seems (mind the connotation) that these two entered a respectable establishment and proceeded to get pie eyed with a couple of cute little dolls, that were oh so "delegated with it all." To bad the bartender was the blonde's love life, as it caused a slight conflagration with a baseball bat. Too bad the lumps went away before he saw his "Lorraine"

"Failure in duty while the duty is in form of least resistance," is the decision that is offered in the case of T. F. Olson vs. Harvey Keith. Strange as it may seem, our little man with a great big line; T. F. Olson, failed to live up to his standars last week-end. He claimed that he could very easily take Harvey Keith's radiant red head away from him by means of his lines (from indications, these are on his flashy convertible). However, our great Olson failed to meet Harvey and his girl at a certain ballroom. This relieved Keith greatly for he had a huge problem, as he had to do some tall talking himself for that night with his "love." It's too bad that all the lads have calmed down in their galavanting. It leaves us devoid of valuable news stories.

"Out of sight is out of mind," is the proverb that digs into the heart of A/S Carl (Waterfalls) Child. Seems as he has tossed aside his shackles to his "love life of Salt Lake City" and joined himself to a vivacious dish with that special North Side personality. While his gal cries her heart out in Salt Lake City, he roves the night spots of good old Chi. with this new damsel. Such is the life of a sailor, with nil in mind but present carefree joy.

"Pick up," what is that? There is no such thing operating in our fair city. But it seems to be true, as our prize investigator found, that Max Goldberg was the poor innocent victim of this new vice. As the story goes our sad Max (no reference to sad sacks) was peacefully attending a local movie solo (no reference to first, flight although it may have been) when he was confronted with one or two arduous females. Appearance being more of a judge in this case it must have been at least 10. My, how these girls can ruff a fellow up! (All this from our informer). But from Max (meek innocent, yet devil-may-care), the story would undoubtedly come that it was all in a day.

With the compiling of this column that extends to all hours of the night, notably 2 a.m., many interesting occurrences are usual under such circumstances. The editors pace the floor, gaze out the window, saying very anxiously "Look at those happy, carefree people in that train that just went by" and generally tear their hair out at their confinement to this office (jail to them) by the warden (which they consider I). Oh, well, let's drop the shovel in that last pit we dug and next week we can start with digging up the shovel instead of the dirt.

MONK

Switching Professors

Now that the end of the term is approaching, and the class schedules for next semester will soon be published, is the opportunity to stop once and for all an unfair registration practice. Reference is made to the practice of signing up for a class with a particular instructor and then having another man take over the class the very first day. This is unfair to both the students and to the substitute instructor. Oftentimes he is not responsible, but the students will resent his presence nonetheless.

Certainly a student has a legitimate complaint to make when he discovers that no matter how carefully he plans his class schedules in order to avoid the undesirable professors, he is forced to put up with them anyway. Unfair advantage is being taken of the students.

Some changes in class scheduling are perhaps unavoidable, but when it becomes a habit, efforts should be taken to have it stopped. Concrete cases are known in which the professors are switched every term. If you sign up for one professor the odds are that you will get another instead. Whether or not these changes are deliberate would be hard to say, but when it is repeated so often one naturally becomes suspicious. Furthermore, it is hard to find a student who is pleased by the change. Most feel that something has been put over on them.

The importance of this problem cannot be overestimated. When students plan their class programs for the semester, one of the big items they take into consideration is the professors which they will have. Many students will deliberately and completely revise their schedule in order to avoid having a professor whom they know is incompetent. Imagine their consternation then when they find that undesirable teacher waiting for them in the classroom the first day of school.

Sometimes it is necessary to make certain changes in the schedule after the first one is posted on the bulletin board. However, there should be a deadline on making these changes, and that deadline should be set before the students start registering. On registration day a mimeographed sheet should be passed out to the students, and on this sheet should be posted all of the changes which have been made in the original schedule. Then it would not be too late for a student to still switch a course instructor by rearranging his program. After registration day no switching of professors would be permitted. If, however, circumstances beyond anyone's control necessitated the change, the substitute should explain very clearly to the class the reasons for the change. Furthermore, the switching of one's teacher should be considered an adequate excuse for dropping a course or otherwise changing one's program

Positive action is expected on these proposals. The students have suffered too long under the present system and are deserving of a change. It is seriously damaging the reputation of these departments for them to persist in such unfair registration procedures.

Man Of The Week—

2 Honoraries Claim Hiramoto For Unusual Record and Ability

Both a sportsman and a scholar, John Hiramoto, senior civil is the choice for this week's Man of the Week.

Hiramoto, the scholar, has established an outstanding record scholastically. In reward for his efforts he was recently pledged

to Tau Beta Pi, national engineering honorary fraternity, and incidentally, was the only civil engineering student to receive the honor. At the present time he is president of Chi Epsilon, national civil engineering fraternity. Hiramoto's fellow civils have also chosen him president of the Illinois Tech chapter of ASCE. At one time he served as secretary to the same organization.



Hiramoto, the sportsman, established another outstanding record this term as a member of IIT's baseball team. He led the team in hitting with a rousing .385 score. For his splendid work with the Techawks, Hiramoto received a major letter.

Born in California, Hiramoto went to Lodi high school where he was a

member of the student executive council and the basketball team. Upon graduating he found it necessary to work for a time in order to earn enough money to attend Stockton Junior College in Stockton, California. While there, he chanced to meet Amos Alonzo Stagg, the great all-time coach. In February 1943, he came to Illinois Tech to complete the last four terms of his undergraduate work.

While in junior college he worked 40 or more hours a week to meet his college expenses. At the present time he is working for Dr. William Krathwohl in the Educational Testing Office as a sort of guinea pig for new tests. He spends about 10 to 12 hours a week doing this.

As to the future, Hiramoto has plans only for more study and work with time out occasionally to participate in two of his favorite sports, baseball and basketball.

... Techman Talking

FRANK WHEELER, Director of the News Bureau

To arrive in Chicago on a rainy Monday afternoon and find that there are two journalism classes coming up the next morning, that there is a national conference which should have had a month's press work expended on it coming up Thursday, and that there are literally hundreds of news stories here crying to be written for other than Technology News readers, put a fog around any first impressions that a new member of the staff is supposed to have.

In my otherwise leisurely first week, however, I took time out to attend an American College Publicity Association conference at Culver, Indiana, and it was on that sleepless Wednesday night that impressions began to jell.

First, I think of a conversation with Joe Wright, who had just completed 25 years of serving the University of Illinois as its publicity director. He said that he had considered, when he finished his undergraduate work at Champaign, that he felt he would be most content if he could spend the rest of his life there.

He's succeeded in realizing that ambition so far, and it wasn't the type of ambition that would bear the label of "perennial sophomore." So also in my case there is a certain hard-to-explain feeling engendered by stepping from behind the desk of a metropolitan paper to a place on a college campus. It brings a feeling that I only hope some undergraduates may experience 10 or 20 years from now.

Secondly at Culver that night, there was brought to mind a vivid contrast between the last school with which I was associated, a military institution like the one there, and Illinois Tech.

To me IIT is of the future. We speak of technological changes occasioned by war and think too little of the way those changes will affect the life of everyone living through this period.

Training at a military school is, after all, in some way associated with a war. Training at IIT has, of course, also proved itself effective for the war, but its usefulness doesn't end there. Here there is also training for that era which is soon inevitably to dawn—the era of peace.