

**Campus
COMMENTS**

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This column is for expression of ideas from readers. Letters containing not more than 250 words will be printed. Anonymous letters will not be considered for publication, although a writer's name will be withheld from publication if desired. The Managing Board reserves the right to select and edit the letters to be printed.)

LETTER OF THE WEEK: What Happened?

Almost a month has past since the new semester has begun and still no effort has been made to continue with the so-called "Dance Club". Why was this popular activity discontinued? Surely no complaint can be expressed as far as attendance is concerned. All of the boys have more than willingly cooperated in this respect.

The music, although nothing like Kay Kyser's or Tommy Dorsey's, is suitable for dancing. Then why not carry on?

I am sure that I do not stand alone in this opinion and hope that this letter will produce some real action. We would all like to see this form of entertainment in progress.

Lover of Dancing

Navy Run Around

Although I am not directly concerned, I would like to comment on a local sad situation. The navy men are not likely to say anything but the edict requiring them to change clothes at 5:30 is silly and irritating.

At a recent club meeting which I attended, the navy men started the meeting dressed in khaki and when it ended they were in whites. It's a lucky thing there are so few co-eds on this campus.

This regulation is simply a waste of time for the navy students who have to rush back to their quarters as the deadline approaches. Perhaps the local navy office has no say in the matter but a better system needs to be worked out.

A Civilian

Rho Ep Off the Beam

What has happened to the FM music in the lunchroom? It used to be that, an enjoyable half hour could be had listening to the sweet melodies of a good orchestra but now one has to be content with the clatter and bang of cutlery and china as they dine.

It seems that the members of Rho Epsilon could continue with the excellent work which they so spiritedly and publicly started. It seems that the FM lunchroom music was the only real constructive thing they ever did on the campus.

What say boys, let's take your blinks off your comfortable club-room couches, put down those Esquires, and do something worthwhile for a change.

Name Withheld On Request

By ROY PATRICK

IIT's Official Barber

Well, here I am with some more bad news and criticism on the part of V-12 trainees.

In the past week or two, I have heard nothing but bad news. You may or may not be surprised as to what the bad news is. This news may hit those who cannot sandpaper their fingers so they will not stick to things that do not belong to them.

—CAL. 2814—

Now we are not surprised at such actions for we have heard of previous "sticky fingers" in the V-12 unit from George Williams.

It surprises me, as a 1st Sgt. of World War I, who handled hundreds of men, to hear of so much personal property missing amongst a group of men who in the future are to watch over the welfare and property of men under them. Such things could be eliminated by certain individuals if they would only consider that their future depends on their honesty.

I hope that after this article is read there will be no more such reports.

—CAL. 2814—

I've counted my chickens before they were hatched!! I was hoping that some day soon I could throw away my razors and become a great newspaper editor under the wings of our grand Paul O. Ridings, director of the IIT News Bureau and faculty director of Technology News—but evidently the hen forgot to sit on the eggs for they spoiled! Paul O. Ridings is leaving us, so therefore I think I will hang on to my razors for the remainder of my days.

I wish him good luck on this new undertaking and hope that some day he will send for me as his adviser.

Lover of Dancing

IIT inquiring reporter

By LEONARD BROWN

QUESTION

What would you like to be doing ten years from now?

SELWYN GOLDBLATT, Senior Civil:

Ten years from now I would like to be married with about three children of my own. I should like my salary to be between ten thousand and fifty thousand a year, higher if possible.

In ten years I should like to be just returning from abroad, say Russia, as a distinguished visiting engineer. I would like to come back to Illinois Tech to see if the new Technology Center is completed or still just in the theoretical stage.

JOHN HIRAMOTO, Senior Civil:

I would like to be living somewhere in the far west. I would like to be visiting Illinois Tech to see the new campus, especially the new fieldhouse. On that visit I'd like to see Dean J. C. Peebles telling the boys not to be carrying so many hours, Dr. W. C. Krathwohl advising math freshmen to phone their girl friends goodbye for the next eight semesters, and Bernard "Sonny" Weissman in the midst of another one of his successful seasons as head baseball coach.

BELLE KAPLAN, Sophomore Architect:

In ten years I shall be a beachcomber. In order to prepare for my wonderful work in the future I am knocking myself out with physics and analytics. Nine more years of this—I think it will take me that—and I really shall be ready for a long rest.

LEONARD ROTTER, Senior Civil:

I would like to be earning between 2,500 and 50,000 dollars a year. I should want to be married with lots of kids. By the way, I should like to have graduated from Illinois Tech by then. I would like to be a retired executive and be visiting Illinois Tech to decide whether I should donate another Chapin Hall to the Institute.

LEWIS DAVIDSON, Senior Civil:

Ten years from now I should like to be married and preparing my five year old twin sons for Illinois Tech. I would not want them to have a difficult time in school, so I would start early to give them a solid scholastic foundation. I am not particular what my salary should be but I would like to be able to give Illinois Tech a little donation of ten million. My trip abroad should just have terminated and I would be getting back to the old grind of yachting every week end.

TECH SHORTS

by TOM KILGARIFF

The small number of entries in the intramural baseball tournament shows a definite lack of school and class spirit. The deadline for classes to enter their respective teams originally was Monday, August 21. Only seven teams submitted lists of players and playing times. It was thought that perhaps the lack of publicity was partly responsible for the small number of entries, so the deadline was extended to Wednesday, July 26. During that time only one other team was entered.

The present sophomore class, a class having almost 200 members, has not submitted a single team. Following along the same lines they have not turned in any petitions for ITSA representatives.

The freshmen for their strength in numbers and freedom in choice of players have also made a poor showing. To them all I can say is that school spirit is what you make it.

If this lack of interest in school affairs continues, what is to happen when these groups become juniors and seniors and the responsibility of running school affairs falls on them?

An outstanding example of what class spirit, teamwork and cooperation can do is the present junior mechanical class. Their touchball team won a much delayed and drawn out tournament two semesters ago, and last semester they made their way to the softball championship undefeated. Goals like these are something every class should strive for.

SLIP STICK

Cleave to the Slipstick—Let the Slapstick Fall Where it May

This summer I worked in a small hotel nestled in the foothills of Pocono. It was called the Pocahontas Inn because there were so many John Smiths registered there. All in all, it was quite a unique establishment. It used to be literally lousy with bugs due to a lack of chambermaids and inclination to uncleanliness on the part of the proprietor.

I was desk clerk one bright morning when a guest came down with rage. It seems that his room was infested with cockroaches and he had not been able to sleep at all. Of course, I apologized profusely and offered to give him another room. He opened the guest book in order to register again when a lone cockroach sped across the page. That was the last straw.

"Hell's bells," he bellowed. "I don't mind spending one night with the damn things, but when they send down a scout to find out my new room number that's going too far."

III

So They Say

A meteorologist is one who can look into a woman's eyes and tell whether.

III

Commission Engineer: "What's the big idea, climbing trees and crawling through bushes?"

Yard Bird: "Well, sir, we camouflaged the gun before lunch and now we can't find it."

III

So They Say

The way of the transgressor is too often a get-away.

III

"Stop Me if You've Heard This One"

A drunk was staggering along Michigan Boulevard and bumped into a mail box. He backed away, approached it again, fished a penny out of his pocket, dropped it into the slot, and glancing up at the clock in the Wrigley tower, exclaimed: "Whoopee, I lost 50 pounds!"

III

Overheard: Two colored girl students were walking across that cosmopolitan campus at the University of Chicago. They were about to overtake two colored boys when one was heard to say, "Oh, never mind what his name is, he's a man of color!"

III

Firft Aid in the Duft Bowl

A tourist in one of the western states met an old settler who discussed the absence of moisture in that section.

"My son," stated the fadbufter, "waf fifteen before he faw his first shower."

"Waf he furprifed?" asked the visitor.

"Why, the first two splashef that hit him knocked him fenfeleff," answered the resident. "It took two shovelful of duft to oraufe him."

—LARRY VYTAUTUS CERNAUSKAS

V-12 VETS

A/S PAUL E. RANGE

A/S Paul E. Range, now an electrical engineer at IIT, hails from Rapid City, South Dakota. Before the war Paul was a student at South Dakota State School for Mines and Technology. He was finishing his sophomore year when the war broke out.

Paul decided to join the navy. He took the Radio Tech's "Eddy" Test and successfully earned the rate of RT 2/c. He reported to Great Lakes in August of 1942 for "boot" camp.

Upon the completion of "boots", he went to Primary Radio Materiel school in Washington, D. C. From there Paul skipped clear across the country to attend an Advanced Radio Materiel school at Treasure Is., Calif. Graduating with a better-than-90% average, he received his Radio Tech 1st class rate and then prepared for sea duty.

Once again Paul pulled a cross-country hop to catch his ship in Charleston, S. C. He was assigned to destroyer duty and placed in charge of the electronic equipment aboard his ship.

Paul put in a year's sea duty in the Middle and South Pacific. This duty consisted, chiefly, of convoying and general task operations. While on active duty at sea Paul decided to take the V-12 test and see if he could continue his education.

Out of twenty men who were eligible and had signed to take the test, Paul was the only one accepted, from his ship. After clearing ship he went to Bainbridge, Md., where he awaited his orders. Receiving delayed orders, he was ordered to report to IIT, March 1, 1944. He is now a sixth term electrical.

Paul, who had two years of college before he joined the navy and got a year's active sea duty before being transferred to V-12, could have applied for, and probably gotten, a commission. When queried why he didn't take advantage of this opportunity he explained that he believed that the education was of more importance than the commission and was more than satisfied to continue his schooling at IIT.

A/S CHARLES SMITH

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The story of the Armour Research Foundation is a fascinating one—and one which certainly proves the merits of the American way of life.

Founded in 1936 with three persons on its staff, three rooms to work in, and two "daring" sponsors backing two projects to the extent of \$30,000, the Foundation in eight years has grown until it has more than 300 people on its staff, occupies six buildings on the campus, and has a budget of more than a million and a quarter dollars. Founded "to render a research and experimental engineering service to industry," it has in this time completed more than 5000 projects.

—IIT—

Did you know . . .

That it took an Illinois Tech graduate to beat the famous Hague political machine in New Jersey? His name is Albert W. Hawkes, and he resigned a \$100,000-a-year job (as president of Congoleum-Nairn) to run against the Hague candidate in 1942 and get elected to a \$10,000-a-year position as United States senator.

That activities of Technology Center have been publicized on the pages of Reader's Digest three times within the last year? In the November, 1943, issue there was a squib about the wire recorder; in January, 1944, an article on "The Proven Merit of the Solar House," discussing an Illinois Tech research project; and in April, 1944, "We Can Improve Anything," an article telling the story of the Research Foundation.

—IIT—

Only three Chicagoans have ever won the honor of being selected as the outstanding young men of Illinois by the State junior chamber of commerce—and two of those three are members of the faculty, and the Tech pair won their honors within a year of each other.

They are President Henry T. Heald and John I. Yellott, director of the Gas Institute. Heald won his honors for 1940; Yellott for 1942; and both were also selected as the outstanding young men of Chicago the same year. This means that both the city and the state had to turn to IIT twice in three years to find the top young men of the year.