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"New" ITSA Constitution

Next week the ITSA will hold its meeting in the auditorium to make room for the volume of students when it discusses the proposed "new" constitution submitted by the constitution committee last week.

Let us look at the proposed "new" constitution that the ITSA would like the students to get excited about. An examination of the "old" and the "new" reveals that the committee, after a great deal of thought and labor has done two things.

1. They wrote into the proposed document the amendments made to the old constitution in the past.

2. They revised no more than a dozen more or less insignificant sentences and added a couple of equally insignificant paragraphs.

This seems like a very minor accomplishment for a committee of six active intelligent men. Perhaps the revisions proposed are sufficient to meet the needs of the ITSA. However, if this is the case, then why go about the process of reapproving an old constitution, when amendments would serve the same purpose? In any event, if the meeting of the ITSA is held as scheduled, students will have an excellent opportunity to voice their opinions either personally or through their respective representatives. It will offer a chance to those who have disapproved of the ITSA and its methods in the past to come forth with some really constructive criticism. This opportunity to REALLY revise the constitution should not be past over lightly by the student body.

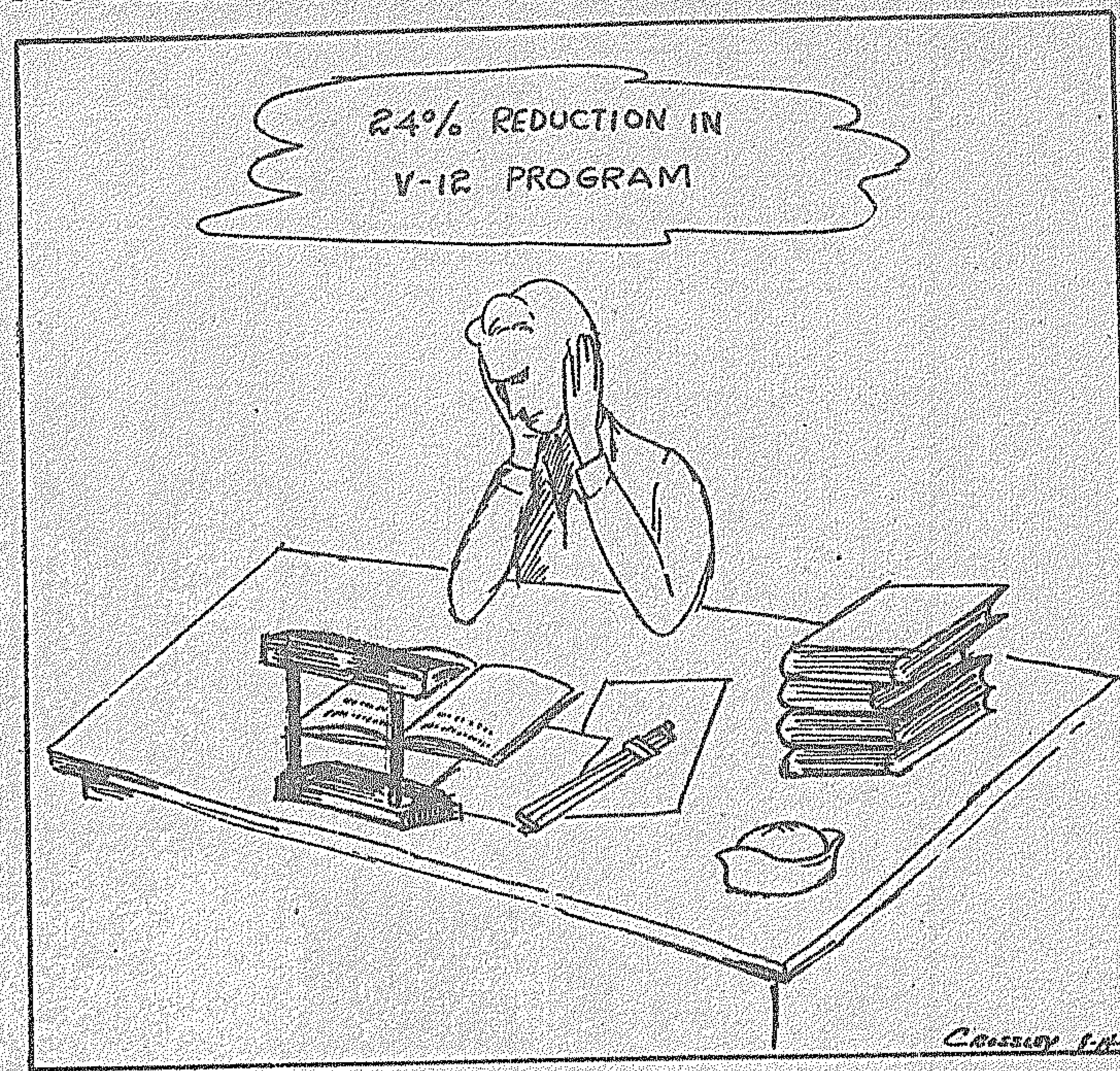
On The Ball

Every evening of the week there is noticed on Ogden Field a group of students in various styles of practice uniforms playing the great "American sport," baseball. This gathering of students is officially known as the Illinois Institute of Technology varsity baseball team. It is the only sport, major or minor, which is active this summer. The only reason for its being active while the other sports remain dormant is that the members of the team love the sport for the sport itself, rather than the awards and recognition involved.

It all started a short time prior to the end of last semester's successful baseball season when Bernard "Sonny Weissman, coach of the team, let it be known that he would be willing to continue coaching the squad through the summer semester IF they showed interest. He also stated that they would not receive awards for this effort as the athletic letters for baseball had already been distributed. One thing he did not inform them of was that he himself was continuing without the usual financial contribution given to the coaches.

Answering his call were eleven men whose spirit of athletic rivalry and competition was greater than their natural desire for things easy.

No Time to Loaf



Man Of The Week—

Businessman Bob Pogoff Keeps Integral and Co-operative Books

Robert Pogoff, junior electrical, is a conscientious and hard working student who finds time to act as business manager of both the Integral and Co-op.

Bob is a native Chicagoan and graduated from Hyde Park high school. While in high school, he was a member of the honorary junior and senior mathematical groups and the physics and chemistry clubs.



When Bob graduated, he went to work for an electrical firm, the David Gordon Company. He was employed there for five years. After he had obtained some experience he began making installa-

tions and doing trouble shooting by servicing equipment in other plants made by his company.

In the spring of 1944, he took two ESMWT courses at IIT. One course, electric motors and controls, was taken in line with his work and an-

other in inspection was taken on his own initiative.

After being exposed to electrical work for so long, Bob decided to attend college and learn all he could. He started in at Wilson Junior College and completed a year there. He then transferred to IIT and came here in July, 1943.

Bob is now a member of the Radio club and Math club. He is a member of his departmental society, the AIEE, and is now a pledge to Armour Eye.

For all his work conducting the business of the Co-op and Integral, he has kept a 2.9 average.

His main interest outside of electrical engineering is mathematics. Bob hopes to take further courses in mathematics after he graduates.

—ROBERT MISCH

... Techman Talking

By F. K. RICHTER, Professor of Modern Languages

Before coming to IIT, I was the head of the language department at Doane College, Nebraska. I found it a very pleasant place, but, since the school and town are small, there were no facilities or opportunity for doing research in German literature. Neither was there any chance to study painting, which is my chief hobby.

...As a result, I began casting about for some other position in a large city. I have been in nearly all of the large cities in America, such as New York, Los Angeles, and Chicago; and I decided to come to Chicago. I chose Chicago both because it is a nice place to live, and it offers me every opportunity for research and painting. Several universities, excellent libraries, and the Art Institute are all close at hand.

I specifically chose IIT because of the young and energetic quality of its administration and language department. I was also intrigued by the gloomy viewpoint with which some of my former colleagues regarded this school. I had been warned that the student body was unruly, undisciplined, and a bunch of roughnecks.

I have found the students to be almost the contrary of what I was told. All my other expectations were more than fulfilled. I have done more research work than ever before; I have taken art courses continuously in all phases of painting since my arrival and have had some pictures exhibited.

Besides the other advantages of a large city, I have come into contact with all types of people. Especially interesting to a modern language teacher is the fact that the student body here is a conglomeration of all types and nationalities.

Since coming to Chicago I have become more and more interested in special problems, especially those in this neighborhood (south campus), and have become a member of the National Association for the Advancement of Negro People.

I consider my environment here to be interesting and inspiring. It doesn't matter to me whether the buildings here are in imitation Gothic style or not.



The gears have been oiled; the pistons have been cleaned; a fine head of steam is up and we're ready for another week's work. So with dispatch and decorum and without further ado we present this week's gob of gush.

The first serving is a torrid tale of morbid mischief concerning A/S Jack Marsh, A/S Jack Hoffman, and A/S Carl Johnson. The episode occurred a week ago when this motley crew decided to spend the night at the Stevens Hotel. After having gotten comfortably in bed, they were aroused from their repose by an indignant phone call from the room clerk who wanted to know why they were occupying a room without being registered! Unable to give a satisfactory answer to this most pressing question the trio concluded that a hasty exit was in order. Hoffman, however, decided that he must leave some memento of the occasion, so he left his shorts! I guess you might say that was the long and short of it.

We pass now from the ridiculous to the sublime. This item is to announce that Hugh Knobloch, senior mechanical, is now the proud father of a bouncing baby girl. We always knew he was man enough to do it.

Let us introduce you to the biggest bunch of bold boobies on the campus—the senior class. A few weeks ago we made mention of one Ernie Klimzak, a JUNIOR, who was sporting a lovely job of lip lettuce. Mr. Klimzak at this writing is still wearing his face decoration. If he can get away with this flagrant defamation of Tech tradition, orchids to him—and onions to the senior class!

We have a new name for A/S Tom Kilgariff. He should be known as "the personality kid". His actions at the last ITSA meeting are our motivation for this remark. Every time the photographer for the Integral was ready to snap a picture, Tom would coyly move into view. Result: Five pictures taken; five shots of Kilgariff. (May we have your autograph, Clark?)

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," that's what the seamen(?) of Quarters 7 must have told the girl friend of A/S John Voda. At any rate she keeps them well supplied with home made pastry goods. It's a good stunt if you can do it.

Our north side informer reports on the doings of Bob Kasnicka, Hank Koci, John Sachs and Hugh Christian. Seems the boys were introducing Elias Hain to Chicago's naughty night life. These men are certainly qualified to do the job as evidenced by the places to which they lured innocent Elias. Among the spots they hit were the Trocadero (south State), the Playhouse, and Liberty Inn (600 N. Clark). Liberty Inn as you all know is on a par with another Chicago club which, while the Better Business Bureau won't allow us to plug it, presents a beautiful girl every five minutes (all of her). The boys are now looking for anyone else whose education along these lines has been neglected.

The golden green banana goes to Bob Loomis this week. While Bob was energetically filling A/S Allan Kukral's petition for the recent elections, sad sack Allan was having a date with Bob's best girl. Things must have certainly come to a pretty pass. Sad, sad.

Wonder where Mort Paul gets his dates? At a recent Civil beach party big boy Mort (height 6 ft., weight 215 pounds) brought a little chick who was barely 5 feet tall and tipped the scales at slightly under 100 pounds. Tis said they made a lovely couple (couple of misfits).

Credit Chalmers Marquis, freshman Civil, with really having a system. His girl is a Cadet Nurse at St. Luke's Hospital and has to be in at eleven o'clock on date nights. Now eleven o'clock is really an early hour, and naturally Chalmers can't waste the evening can he? Of course the girl friend thinks he goes home to study, but we know better than that. Hmmm?

Before closing here's what might be termed a bed time story for your enjoyment. Sol "always prepared" Yanoff is the main character. Seems that Sol keeps sheets and blankets in back of his car "in case he runs out of gas on the road." At least that's his story. Sounds kind of fishy to us—don't know what anyone would be doing on a lonely road with the gas shortage, especially with blankets in the car!!!

The old shovel is starting to creak and groan, so that's all the digging for now. Look for us next week for we may be digging out the skeleton in your life.

—MONK