

TECHNOLOGY NEWS

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Light Fingered Loungers

Call them what you will, lifters, palmers, filchers, or just plain stealers, the despoilers of the student lounge are the lowest form of life on this campus.

Students who walk off with reading lamps can hardly be called absent-minded. These thefts are so uncalled for and out of place that one wonders how such students could ever come to college when their morals are on a par with those of a common thief.

Such practice may be a carry over from high school days when many fellows think it smart to lift things from drug and dime store counters. The practice is even more despicable here.

The student lounge is run for and by the students. By depriving the lounge of facilities, these thieves are injuring the entire student body, both directly and indirectly. Students who rarely use the lounge are hurt by having their ITSA fee used in part to make replacements for stolen goods.

If warnings will help the situation, the lower elements of IIT society should know that immediate expulsion awaits them if they are found out.

Although hardly on a par with stealing, other abuses should be mentioned. These include throwing papers on the floor, sleeping on the couches, hollering one's head off, putting feet up on the juke box, pushing all the juke box buttons down to play before leaving, climbing over chairs, throwing things out the windows and all the other annoying things which human beings can conceive of doing.

Quiet Please!

There are on the south campus two places where a student with a free hour and a lot of homework can do some studying. These are the library and the study section in the auditorium.

However, the conscientious student who is interested in getting a college education more often than not finds both study places contaminated with so-called "students", who are apparently interested only in having a good time. A typical pair of such characters will sit down at table in the library, open their books and then, even though everything is quiet, proceed to talk in very loud voices about last Saturday's date. The librarian certainly hasn't the time to stand watch and make them obey nor should such action be necessary. After all this is not grammar school.

Another type of offender is the student who becoming stuck on a problem will proceed to let all those around him know of his difficulties, and he and some friend will then discuss all the various phases of the situation, all the time barely keeping their voices down to a loud roar.

This sad situation could certainly stand some improvement. However, there is no hard and fast method for correcting it. Being quiet and considerate of the other fellow is an individual matter.

Man Of The Week

Activities, Social Life, Studies, Mark Life of A/S Doug Snyder

An active participant in extra-curricular activities, a better than average student, and a socialite deluxe—these are the qualifications which have earned A/S Douglas Snyder the position of "Man of the Week".

Eleven Illinois Tech organizations have at one time or another received "Sniper's" participation. At the present time Doug is senior representative to the ITSA, president of Pi Kappa Phi social fraternity for the second time, president of Beta Omega Nu, and an active participant in the camera club. In addition, "Sniper" is the only remaining member of Salamander, honorary fire protection engineering fraternity.



Past activities include participation in "The Drunkard," the last contribution by the Armour Players a few terms ago, in which the feminine Mr. Snyder played the role of Mrs. Wilson. Before its dissolution, he was president of the FPES. Technology News and the Rifle Club were also aided by Doug a few terms ago.

Another interest of "Sniper" follows the field of athletics. During

his stay at IIT he has engaged in numerous intramural and inter-fraternity sports activities. In addition, he is active as manager and swimmer with the varsity swimming team.

Probably the brightest side of Doug, however, concerns "Snyder the Social Worker." Anxiously awaiting the day when Doug leaves the service and becomes "available" once more are Ede from Wauwatosa, Gloria from Manitowoc, Cathy from Lansing, and of course Daisy Mae of Chicago. Like a good strategist he keeps his feminine acquaintances spread far apart.

The future, to Doug, looks very bright and rather definite. Following graduation this fall he hopes to be sent to the Seabees. (Incidentally, Doug is 50% of the senior fire protection engineering class.) When the smoke of battle passes away, Snyder has a job awaiting him in Milwaukee with a fire insurance rating bureau. Beyond this, all is vague but hopeful to carefree Doug Snyder.

A/S RAMON OLSON

... Techman Talking

By FRED A. ROGERS, Director of ESMWT Program

In a recent number of the Technology News, I read that I joined the faculty of IIT in 1896 and was demonstrating radio about the same time that Marconi was doing his experiments in radio, then called wireless telegraphy. There was something in this statement that did not seem quite right to me, but then I happened to remember that in 1896 Lewis Institute and Armour Institute of Technology were single and both very young, hardly old enough to consolidate. Both lacked experience and it was no doubt much better for each of them to develop by itself before joining forces to become Illinois Institute of Technology, as they did in 1940.

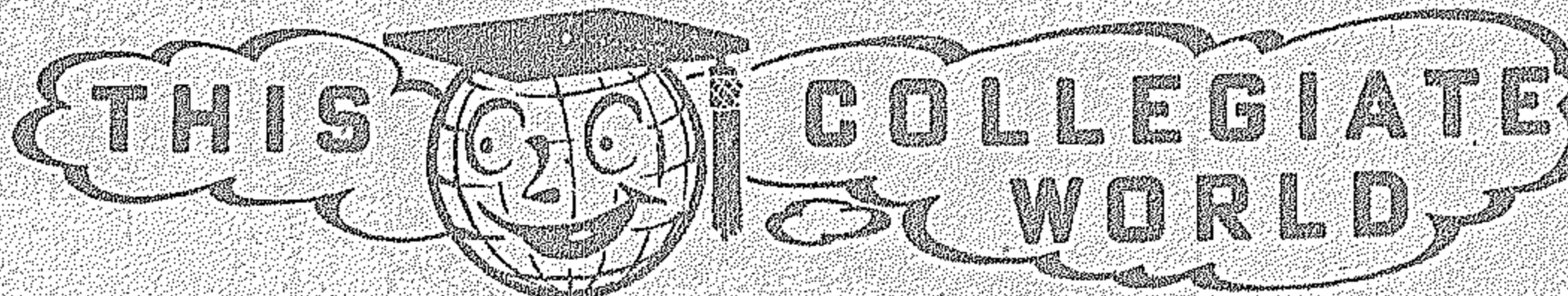
One rainy October evening in 1896, when I was visiting some friends thirty miles from a railroad in South Dakota, a messenger brought me a telegram asking me to go to Chicago and take a position in a new school known as the Lewis Institute. I welcomed the change because there was no future for an ambitious young man in the little town where I had lived for two years. Besides, I was very glad to come to Chicago where there are so many opportunities for all sorts of activities and where there are no limits to the heights to which one may climb.

I was particularly impressed by the new school with its modern building and friendly faculty. I soon became quite happy in Chicago and fell in love with the city as well as with the school.

In a very short time, after 1900, various companies began to employ me to make investigations and tests for them on almost all kinds of problems and in this way quite an extensive engineering practice developed and I was enabled to build up a large acquaintance with the utilities and manufacturers of the city and suburbs.

In September, 1940, having reached retirement age, I was told to "move out" and make room for a younger man. I still maintained some of my engineering practice but the war was impending and my business was not going so well at the beginning of 1941. I had never been South so decided that might be a good time to go, and starting one cold January morning, I arrived at Fort Lauderdale, Florida, the following evening only to find a telegram from Dean Grinter asking when I was returning to Chicago. He said that IIT wanted me back to take a position in the War Training Program. After a few letters and telegrams had passed to and fro, I promised to be back in ten days.

So here I am back again, very happy in my work, and my only regret is that soon I shall be asked to retire again and I am afraid that this will be the last time. I shall always be grateful to Lewis Institute for giving me my life job and to IIT for taking me back in 1941 and treating me as if I had always been one of the "family."



Here are the qualities of an "eager beaver," courtesy of "The Lawrentian" of Lawrence College: 1.) One must stand, walk, sleep—literally exist at attention; 2.) Sleeping permitted only between classes; 3.) Immediately after chow, place slide rule between teeth, load arms with books (academic), and rush to your study room and study at least until two a.m., sleep till 5, get up and study until calisthenics; 4.) when everyone has free time, go to the gym and work out. If bothered by

insomnia, don't just lie there, do push-ups!

Attention IIT honoraries. According to "The Stute," newspaper of Stevens Institute of Technology, a group of civilians are going to organize tutoring classes to aid freshmen in their traditionally tough courses, math and physics. The requirements of the tutors are that they have successfully passed math and physics.

—A/S ALAN KUKRAL



With stardust still in our eyes (or liquor in our veins) from the Integral Ball, we sit down to the labors at hand. The old Shovel was secretly active at the ball and picked up P-U-L-enty of dirt. Things were flying so thick and fast that the Shovel almost bogged down in the quagmire. But being energetic fellows we managed to wrest her free from the slush to bring all you nice people this week's offerings.

The first bit is about A/S George Schober, A/S Bob Fencel, and A/S Ed. McElhaney. Those of you who attended the dance must certainly remember the gay antics (?) of the trio. Our merry tale of woe is about what the boys did after the dance (as if they could have done more than they did at the dance). Having taken their fill of fire water, they decided on a bite to eat when the dance had ended. So off they went to one of our local beaneries; their dates (the poor girls) in tow. When they had finished eating, it became Fencel's chore to remove the inebriated McElhaney's carcass from the eatery via the fireman's carry. Feeling they had done their duty in excavating McElhaney's body, the gay guys left the check to be paid by the girls! (Perhaps they couldn't think of such minute details in their condition.) It must have been about this time that the girls decided that the boys needed a bit of sobering up for the whole troupe went swimming in Lake Michigan's beneficial waters. The girls got along all right, having brought their suits, but the boys must have been just a bit uncomfortable in undershirts and rolled up trousers.

Man power shortage has hit a crucial peak if the actions of A/S Chuck Porter's girl friend Norma (affectionately known as 'big feet') are any indication. When leaving Isbell's after the Ball, she boldly (and loudly) whistled at a couple of loose men on her way out. Could be she's shopping around for a new fella? A/S George Givot might do well to look her up; especially since getting dates is so hard for him that he had to take his mother to the Integral Ball!!!!

In the past three weeks, A/S Edward Mattock has boasted of five proposals of marriage by various Grant Park sirens and West Madison debutantes. Evidently he is seriously considering the offer of the little nurse at Cook County Hospital for he's wearing her ring! Good engineering Ed!

As an interrogation to any fellows who think that phone numbers we divulge are fallacious we have discovered that Milt Schwartz was one of the believers and happened to phone Aileen (one of our specials) and she became his date to the Integral dance. Milt was probably trying to forget his old flame June Horwitz.

Lenard Donarski was quite embarrassed when the happy navy boys from Quarters 6 turned the spotlight on him at the Integral dance. Poor Lenny was one (how many more we couldn't count, after all we have had only calculus) who was discovered in a dark corner when the boys got the spotlight working. Further goings on, we can't disclose.

Sleepy time boy, Harry Weinstein, after a rough and tough dance managed to bring his little woman up, but on the way down is where the agony began. Altitude being too high and the gravity force immense, at 5 o'clock (special conditions) he seemed to possess a tendency to disregard stairs. Everything would have gone fine except that the little woman kicked him on the way to church thinking him a bum.

Three cheers for slipstick!!!! Mr. Graves, economics instructor, remarked in class last week that he had been talking to a very nice girl from the University of Chicago, and when she discovered that he was from Illinois Tech, she said: "Oh, they have the finest newspaper. Their jokes are the best of any that I have ever read." Keep it up Cernauskas—someone appreciates them.

Henry Pype was seen at the Integral Ball with a luscious gal named Carol. When Hank was asked about the ring on her third finger, left hand, he replied: "Oh, that's another guy's gift."

Roy Olson (senior chemical) was also one of the gay blades of the dance. From indications at Ballantine's he seemed to be literally plotzed. After taking over a back room, an invader was spotted and he was thoroughly cross examined for engineering principles. Having flunked, the poor lad (gray hair and fifty), was mildly THROWN from the presence of the elite. Ray Rieckhoff, George Sayer, and A/S Dick Michalek were participants. A short time later when everyone was about to leave, Roy was nowhere to be found. Whereupon his little love borrowed a hammer and left in search of her man. Consequences are not as yet known except that the handages are off.

Steam is off and the dirt is coagulating, work is done and so to bed.

—MONK