

TWO TECHNOLOGY NEWS

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Let's Sing Often

The first all-school sing in over a year was held on the south campus last Wednesday. Several facts were evident at that time which deserve consideration, especially in regard to the planning of the next affair.

In the first place, there should be more such song-fests. All those who attended apparently agree with this, judging by the enthusiastic response of the audience. O. Gordon Erickson mentioned "next year" in speaking of the future sing. A sing at least once every term would be more appropriate.

Another very evident fact was the lack of knowledge of IIT's school songs. Many a junior discovered to his surprise that Illinois Tech really has a couple of very good ones. This is another argument for more sings.

Probably the most discouraging factor of the whole occasion was the poor turn-out of the sophomores and the weak showing of the juniors. For a class that showed itself able to get behind an affair like the "Snow Ball" the way they did, they certainly fell down. It WAS heartening to see the freshmen out in force for really the first time this term. Upperclassmen should "hide their heads in shame" after their defeat to the "lowly" freshmen. Let us hope that the freshmen will continue their enthusiastic participation and that the juniors and sophomores will develop interest in something in addition to their dancing.

Nell Steele

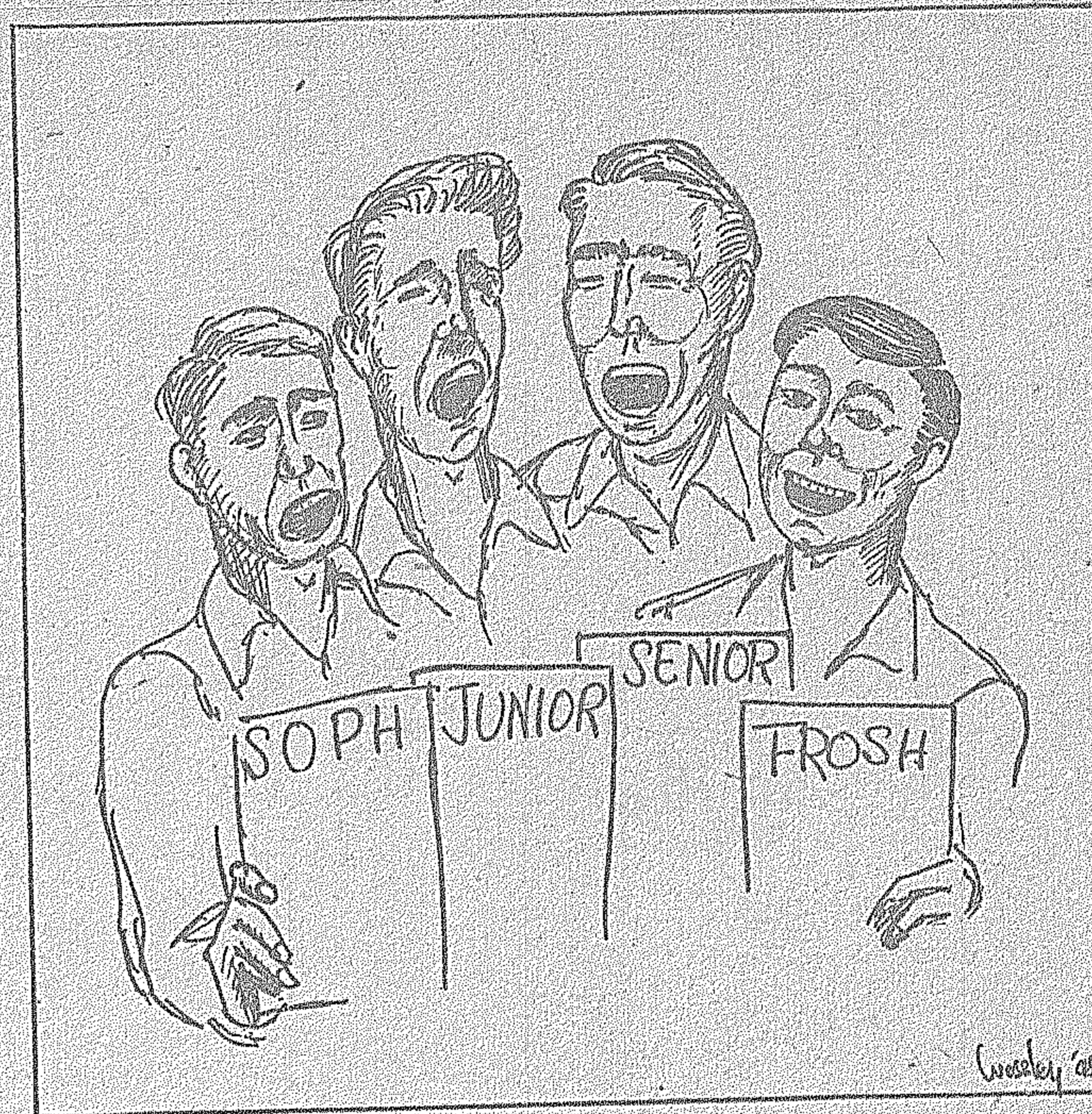
IIT will soon lose one of its most efficient and hard working staff members. Miss Nell Steele, librarian, is leaving Illinois Tech to head the Lake Forest public library.

Most students accept the library as part of the school, and few appreciate the work and difficulties that are involved in its upkeep. There has always been a shortage of space, and much needed work must be postponed because the present arrangement is not permanent. Despite these shortcomings, the library has always given excellent service to those who use it as a library. The departure of Miss Steele will leave vacant an important post. It will be difficult to find a person with similar ability and experience.

Miss Steele came to Armour in 1921. Previously, she worked in a reference library at the Art Institute and as librarian at Camp Grant during the last war. Contrary to the opinion of people who have cut up in the library, students who actually work with Miss Steele have the highest regard for her.

We hope that she finds pleasure and satisfaction in her new position. It is regrettable that she will not be here to head the library of the post-war campus.

Class "Harmony"



Man Of The Week

Many Offices of A / S Al Spooner Make Him the Man to Watch

A/S Albert Spooner's activities in the senior class give him top billing for this week. Being secretary of the 4B class and senior class editor of the "Integral" are only two of his accomplishments.

Besides this Al is secretary of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences, member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and the Western Society of Engineers, and is one of the few men taking the aeronautical option in mechanical engineering.



Spooner hails from Detroit, Michigan, and graduated from Ann Arbor High School in Ann Arbor in June, 1939. While in high school he earned major letters in track and swimming and was a member of the camera club there.

After leaving high school Al worked out in industry for three years. He was a plastic molder at the Ford Motor Company for 18 months and served as a tool and die inspector for the Chicago Pneumatic Tool Company for one and one-half years.

In September, 1942, Spooner registered at Wayne University in Detroit and then enlisted in the Navy V-1 program. In June of the following year he was transferred with the first group of V-12 men to IIT.

When he graduates in June, Al hopes to be sent to midshipman school and later to become a Navy Air Corps Engineering Officer.

Spooner's post-war plans are pretty well-defined. He has been engaged to Bobbie Tull of Detroit and plans to be married when he is commissioned; then both of them will return to college to work toward a higher degree. He plans to make his career in one of three fields: aircraft building, air conditioning or structural design.

Al's chief hobby is photography at present. He was at one time a commercial photographer and won honorable mention in quite a few photography exhibits.

A/S ALAN GRANT

... Techman Talking

by EDWARD J. BICEK, Instructor in Chemistry

Science and engineering belong to a select group of professions which can be called creative. It is true that the public still feels that art, music, and literature are the principal lines of creative endeavor; but it is hard to deny that a modern power plant, a sleek superfortress, or a new drug of intricate molecular design are not also true examples of the exercise of man's creative ability—his highest intellectual function.

Many of the things which elicit our admiration in the animal world (excluding steaks and chops) are creative endeavors similar to the building of dams and houses by beavers or the production of honeycombs by the bee. Industry hires, pays, and promotes professional men on the basis of their creative ability. History, though sometimes in strange proportions, holds up for the future the creative individuals of their times (including unfortunately those who create destruction as well).

But let's forget the external rewards of the creative function. Above all, the exercise of the creative ability bears its own reward in personal satisfaction to the "artist". This is true whether the creation is music, machine, or molecule, a new "thing" or a new idea.

What seems most surprising then is the great number of individuals who apparently prefer to live the vegetative existence of human robots. One expects to find a large percentage of the world's population in this category, and they perform useful and necessary functions. But—what are these who prefer to let someone else do their thinking for them doing in college? Fortunately, most of them are gone or have reformed by their senior year. Many, however, never learn that merely being able to put Soandso's data into Soandso's equation on page 685 of Soandso's book does not make one an engineer or a scientist. Such an individual is still working on a data assembly line, tightening mathematical bolts on equational machines with a slide rule for a wrench.

Becoming educated is a subtle thing. No single fact can be shown to be essential, yet it is by the intelligent synthesis of things in themselves



As a result of last week's super diggings, we were a bit hesitant as to whether to crank the weary and beaten shovel or allow it to rust for another week. Knowing IIT men as I do and realizing that a great many of them would miss the pleasure and happiness of seeing their names and misdeeds in print, I proceed to give the crank a yank, and we're off. The slush bucket digs deeply into our reservoir of muck and comes up with the first article of public interest.

Walter Leurs has been going out of his way to arrange an introduction with Gloria Farrell of the mechanics department as a direct result of a recent article appearing in this column. Things didn't work out so well, but Walt is not one to say "uncle". He even went so far as to roll pennies under the door of her office in order to attract attention. But alas and alack, it happens to the worst of us, he quickly retreated into an adjoining classroom when bewildered Gloria would open the door. Latest reports have it that these very same pennies had provided Gloria with carfare for the ensuing week. Contact us, Walt, and we'll suggest a less expensive way of getting acquainted.

Another sad, sad tale took place within the confines of Armour Library last Thursday afternoon. A very attractive co-ed from the University of Chicago was delving into the boundless store of knowledge and appeared extremely hungry—for learning. Wally Breisch and Don Helbling attempted to enhance said co-ed's conversation, as they sat directly across the table from her and drooled in their own inimitable style. As determined as the lotharios were, our visitor was about two steps ahead of them. She gradually turned from the position in which she faced them into one in which she turned her chair. Taking their miserable failure to heart, our boys inveigled Howie Johnson into getting her name. Being an old hand in matters such as these, he cautiously walked over and opened one of her books and in it found the fair name of Virginia Blaha. Congratulations were then in order. This incident resulted in the astounding revelation that the driving, compelling force behind it all was that cunning fagan, Tom Ruck, senior mech or wreck.

Last week George "Lady Killer" Martinko was summoned to the phone by Ted "Quidsie" Zaggy; and without expression, he waltzed over only to find that it was the old girl of his dreams, one Doris. Ted wanted to enkindle the old flame and called Doris and arranged things before summoning George, proceeding to enjoy George's predicament to the utmost. Doris is a fast talker, and before they had finished the conversation they went out on a date. Although things went smoothly, what with a thirty-five cent movie and a chocolate soda to make for enjoyment, George can't figure out where Ted found out about Doris. Our guess is that he talks in his sleep.

The question which is uppermost in everyone's mind is where Walter Koehler received the lipstick smear last Tuesday in TD. When asked about it, Walt claimed that it was red chalk and proceeded to take his handkerchief from his pocket. To the surprise of all, it bore distinct, unmistakable red smears. We've made it our business to match the color with that of Elsie Young's; and there is not even the slightest resemblance, so that can't be the answer. Set our minds at ease, Wally, and tell us who the local damsel is?

Bill Bloudek and Dick Lund are still friends in spite of the damage caused by last week's article. Dick still puts the nickel in the phone and Bill talks for hours at a time to June Cox. If anyone would like to join the "Share June Cox Club", contact Dick. Speaking for the boys I say, don't mind if I do.

That handsome devil of the freshman class, Ray Fisher, was sent by his mother to borrow a pound of butter from one of his new neighbors. He was greeted at the door by a very enchanting young lady named Salina, who informed him that she was very lonesome as there was no one else at home. Jumping with joy Ray entered her domicile and, after a few hours, emerged a very happy boy as a result of his new found love. He explained to his mother that he had been playing ping pong with the neighbor's daughter, which we think is very doubtful.

By the next issue the shovel will have had sufficient time to recuperate, and once more we'll roll on to even greater achievements in sifting the dirt.

—THE BOO