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Quiz Files Suggested

Psychologists tell us that there are two major types of tests: intelligence and achievement. The latter type is for use in determining the amount of knowledge a person has absorbed. It is generally agreed that this is the type that should be used by instructors in testing students on a particular subject.

If the test is to cover specific ground, there can be little objection to allowing students to see previous examinations. This could be facilitated by filing one copy of every final in the library or any other convenient place after the test has been given.

At present, certain students have access to exams while others do not. This results in a very inequitable situation which could be relieved if an open file was kept under the supervision of the school.

A file which would be complete would be a valuable aid to the students. It would serve to show them the parts of the course which the instructors think important and stress on quizzes. They could then emphasize these portions in their study.

Many large universities have followed this policy with satisfactory results. It does not seem unreasonable to say that IIT might try this with similar results.

Honorary Hazing

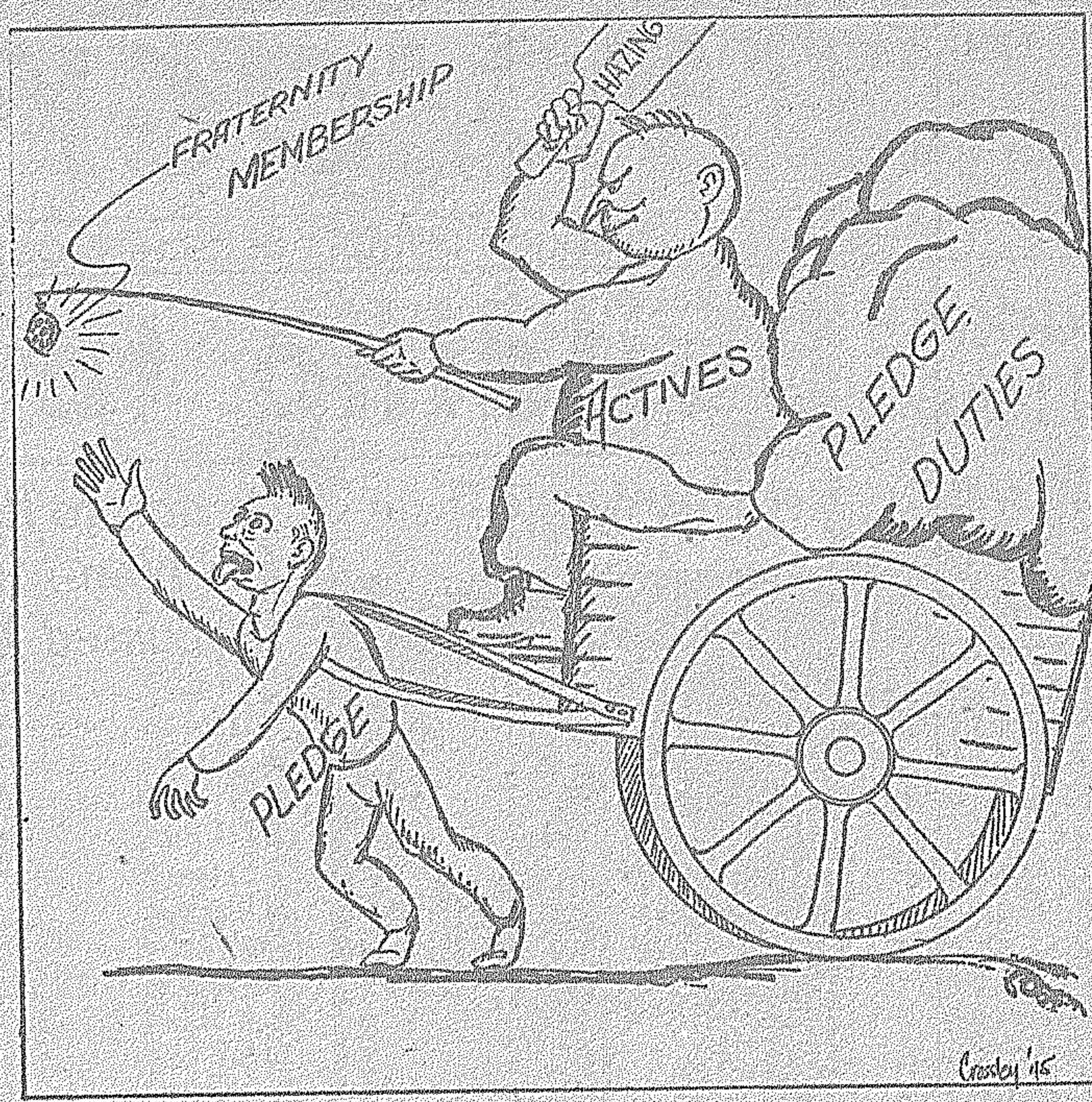
Why is it that some of the honorary fraternities at Illinois Tech have been hazing while other honoraries do not. One would ordinarily think of an honorary as a matured organization whose memberships are awarded to those who have shown outstanding ability in their line of study. Yet, one doubts this after the treatment the pledges receive.

Hazing might be the proper treatment for freshman pledging into a social fraternity, but an honorary is an adult organization. The pledges should be treated as men. There is no reason why these few organizations should follow the policy of the social fraternities.

Whether or not their constitution calls for hazing, men of such a high caliber should realize this and institution for learning and not a place where ruffians meet. The active members can always say they were treated in the same manner when they were pledges, but this is not reason enough.

It is a good thing there are several fraternities on the campus that don't practice this policy. These can really be respected for treating their new members as men.

Time To Throw Away Excess Baggage



Man Of The Week

W. Parisoli, Chem. Eng. Major, To Work on Doctorate in July

It has been said that travel is educational; this being true, William Parisoli, senior chemical engineer, began his education at the age of two while making a tour of Europe with his mother. He continued his education in Chicago elementary schools and then at Steinmetz High School, where he enrolled in the ROTC and became personnel officer of a regiment.

Upon his graduation from Steinmetz, Bill enrolled at IIT. He was pledged to Alpha Chi Sigma, professional chemical fraternity, of which he served as master of ceremonies during the first semester of his senior year. He was a member of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers. Since his sophomore year, Bill has been a hard working member of the All School Social Committee. He has belonged to the rifle team and to the radio club.



the American Institute of Chemical Engineers. Since his sophomore year, Bill has been a hard working member of the All School Social Committee. He has belonged to the rifle team and to the radio club.

In support of Bill's enthusiasm for acquiring education is the fact that he has been accepted for admittance to Massachusetts Institute of Technology to begin his study for the doctorate. Bill has obtained an average of 2.2, and says he will waste no time in reporting to MIT in July.

Throughout his scholastic career he has spent most of his time working at his studies, altho he used to collect old rare coins as a hobby and at present, is very fond of relics and curios. He hopes to be able to expand his collection and make it his hobby. Bill is quite serious concerning his education, and says there will be no wedding bells for him at least until he has earned his doctor's degree.

—HOMER SNOW

... Techman Talking

Henry McGreer, Instructor in Electrical Engineering
In August 1941, I was "on shift" as an operator in the Swan Falls Hydroelectric plant on the Snake River in Idaho when I came across an announcement, couched in properly dignified academic terms, that assistantships in the Electrical Engineering Department at IIT were available. Since I was in need of further education, a rapid exchange of letters and telegrams ensued and early September found us (my wife and I) on our way to Chicago, leaving the scenic grandeur and climatic preeminence of Idaho behind us. Admittedly, I knew little of IIT except that its engineering departments bore the stamp of approval of the ECPD.



On my first day at IIT I was to experience two shocks—first, the outward appearance (it was much worse then) and second, the youth of its spirit.

The determination to go forward has not been daunted by the condition of the neighboring property, nor the age of the campus buildings, nor the necessity of carrying on activities in widely scattered locations. Those were things that could be changed by hard work and perseverance. In spite of the war, progress has been steadily made. Shabby old buildings have been torn down, trees and shrubbery planted, new buildings erected, laboratories renovated, difficult war duties sought after and completed, the Research Foundation expanded to national fame, plans for an improved curricula made for normal times. No wonder, then, that my originally planned two years has lengthened to four; it is fun to be a part of a growing concern.

There is a reason for the new vitality at IIT. It stems from a new leadership dedicated to a principal, old as history, but long forgotten by many endowed colleges. A non-taxpayer-supported college, in order to find its place in the sun, must truly serve. With a leadership dedicated to that principle, a new life began to surge through the veins of IIT. The Research Foundation served well and flourished; the ESMWT supplied a much needed training program and grew to an extent undreamed of at its inception; a network calculator was proposed as a service to the power industry and was enthusiastically subscribed to by that industry. So it has been, so it will be.

Our goal, the new development program is a long way ahead, but now we are on our way. Much inertia has been overcome. The accelerating force is still there. The touchdown will be scored long before the whistle blows ending the ten-year period.



I'm happy and privileged to announce "Bashful Girl's Week." There are, I know, several bashful girls on the south campus. If you girls will contact the editor of this column, you will be given a course in how to rid yourself of bashfulness. Also, if any fellows on the campus are troubled by their bashful girl, just send in their names and phone numbers and everything will be taken care of.

The rain made the ground so soft that the shovel got stuck in the mud and muck. After heaving and hauling, I finally managed to remove the shovel from its precarious position. A wash and grease job, and it was just like new. So hang on for dear life folks—here we go.

As told to A/S John Seegar and A/S Al Kukral by four girls in a '42 Ford maroon convertible: "A/S John Harrington Schmidt may be president of the Dance Club, but he can't dance." Not knowing this, John considered Rosary College his oyster and proceeded to find the pearl. After surveying the girls (who naturally all wanted to dance with John from a lofty position (he towers so high), John approached his heart's delight and condescendingly remarked, "Well you look like you can dance." So the girl promptly proceeded to NOT swoon in his arms. Why? Because John kept her in an unswooning condition by treading on her toes and by informing her of all his major accomplishments; all during said dance. Quote the maidens, "Neverthemore."

That line of CE 205 students waiting in the hall outside of Prof. J. C. Penn's office last Wednesday were not there to receive help in their homework. They were there to admire a feminine beauty. The girl who caused the commotion was Prof. Penn's daughter; five feet six and blond hair. Among those drooling were the following of Prof. Penn's CE 205 class: A/S John Seegar, Sol Yanof, Henry Hawrylewicz, A/S Al Kukral, A/S P. J. Rice and A/S Bill Newman. These industrious students now want to do their homework at Prof. Penn's home, under the watchful eye of their instructor.

The senior stag even staggered R. J. McGuire. Poor Richard (and his almanac). He took one look at the stairs after the stag was over and—Result: Dick had to be carried down by four of the boys who were not so stagnant.

The shrewdest story of the week concerns A/S Arnie Niemi. Niemi, believe it or not, has presented his class ring to the ever so popular June Cox. This is a very noble deed Arnie, except that several seamen would like to know what happened to the little Polish girl in Ohio? After all Arnie, Finns are supposed to know better than to be stuck with two women.

The weekly shaft is again awarded to A/S Herb Schoen. Herb went out last Wednesday night and had eighteen beers. This was because he received a letter from Lorraine which started like this: "I see that water on your elbow doesn't stop you from having girls come up and help clean your apartment."

It seems that Henry Levin, senior electrical, is in the doghouse as far as his fraternity brothers are concerned. "Lily White" Levin wrote a letter to Miss Ann Landers of the Chicago Sun explaining that his boys get more satisfaction from a pure platonic friendship with a nice young lady than do those who indulge in the popular pastime so common to parked cars. However the boys don't seem to share Levin's enthusiasm for the cultural side of feminine companionship. The situation was summed up admirably by a member who said, "Does he have to make his purity a fraternity policy just because his girl won't neck—grrrr."

I think I have caused enough damage for one week. So if you kind gentlemen will pardon me I shall crawl back into my hole for another week. I remain,

—MOLE