

LETTER OF THE WEEK: Reply from "100% Pure"

On May 10th an article appeared in the Chicago Sun, with reference to being "pure," which involved my "fraternity brothers." No excuses being given on my part, I assume full responsibility for that article, with no reflection on my "fraternity brothers." All criticism and jest is to be referred only to my character and philosophy. It doesn't reflect in the least on any of their qualities and perspectives of life.

Respectfully,
Henry H. Levin

A Look At Alumni

"Some place" in the Pacific, IIT men are making good use of "Sonny" Weissman's news letters. Milt Pleva writes that LeRoy Goetz, Bill Parks, Lew Dillon and Milt spent a pleasant few hours pouring over "Sonny's" letter and refilling their glasses.

Here's an interesting portion from the letter of Jim Fahey, a major in the 12th Weather Squadron in Europe:

"Here's a little sideline on my trip to Malta which I believe can be revealed without any violation of censorship. Although I didn't have the worry of clearing the flights, I did supply and deliver the forecasters who did the work on Roosevelt's trip out here. The news of the President's death came as a very heavy blow to everyone out here. I don't think any public figure had the respect that he had from the army personnel."

Chet Swan is now on submarine duty in the Pacific. He writes that he bumped (literally) into Frank Lasker and John Butkus before going out to sea. As usual, school, friends, and drinks were the topics of conversation.

R. E. Winkler, FPE '37, writes Professor J. B. Finnegan that Wilbert M. Gunther, FPE '37, died of wounds received in action in the Pacific Theatre. He was buried at sea, with full military honors. Dill had been on duty aboard a destroyer since August, 1944, and he had been in the U.S. Naval Reserve since January, 1944. The war is over only in Europe!

—EDWARD SHORE

Improved Juke Box

I would like to compliment the person or persons that take care of the juke box. There has been considerable improvement in the type of records now in the box. Everyone will readily agree to this if you recall the corn that used to be in there. I'm happy that the one who takes care of it has an ear for music. Keep up the good work; everyone appreciates it.

"Musical #1"

"IIT . . . Phooey!"

I have just about seen everything at IIT. It might have its good points but as far as I'm concerned the bad ones predominate in my estimation.

The latest thing that has aggravated me is when one of my professors gave a quiz, to be exact, two of them, where he worked some of the solutions to the problems incorrectly. An incident of this nature makes a student lose confidence in his instructors and school.

There is no need for this and surely the least he can do is work his own problems correctly.

"Brainy"

"Rho Epsilon . . . Hooray!"

I would like to commend the seamen who gather enough energy in the morning to go up to Rho Epsilon and start the record player. Music at breakfast makes myself and the rest of the seamen look toward the sunnier side of things throughout the entire day. This can be credited to those few who sacrifice their own time for others.

"Musical #2"

Hope . . . for women

—HOPE IVERSEN

Navy Ball

The west campus was pretty well represented at the Navy Ball last week. As far as I can figure, there were twelve of the girls there. I realize that this seems like a very small number, but when you consider that there were only six last year, it looks promising. At least we doubled the number and perhaps next year it can be doubled again. The girls who attended both years agree on one thing—Henry Brandon's orchestra was much better for a formal affair than was last year's band.

Engagement

A former Lewis gal, Isabell Gahn, who is now attending the University of Illinois, was dashing around like mad, flashing a diamond given to her by a former member of IIT's V-12 Unit.

Brief Biography

Dorothy Hahn—sophomore—home economics major—sophomore class president—Home Economics club—Kiva—Red Cross—likes golf—black coffee—applied art—plans to work in the food industry.

Initiations

In the last few weeks one sorority and one fraternity had their respective Hell-Weeks. For the last couple of years, these have been noticeably absent, and with their return, it seems like old times. Way back when I was a freshman, Hell-Week was looked forward to by everyone—it was the big event of the season. But with the intensified war program, little things like that disappeared. I presume (and hope) with the resumption of a peace time schedule, more of the old customs will be revived. The Sigma Beta Theta had their pledges as crepe paper dolls, gypsies and farmerettes. The Daedalian fraternity had one of their pledges as a girl (and he made a good looking girl), and the other pledge properly attired to retire. It really seems like old times.

Medical Arts Guild Picnic

Last Sunday the Medical Arts Guild held their annual picnic at Brookfield Zoo. Although I did not attend, from all reports everyone had a swell time. Everyone complained bitterly of sore and aching muscles from too much exercise, and that usually is an indication that everyone had a nice time. Baseball was the main source of entertainment and exercise.

Red Cross

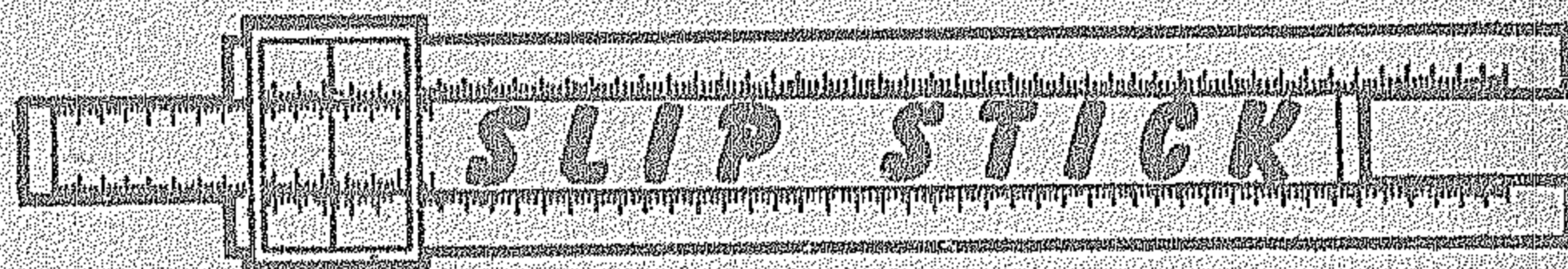
Last Wednesday, six of the members of the operating committee of the Red Cross College Unit went down to chapter headquarters and had lunch and a tour of the entire building. The thing that impressed the girls most was the enthusiasm of the various representatives. Every person you speak to makes you more convinced that particular field is the most interesting and vital of all the Red Cross functions. We met so many people we were all confused as to who was who, but were all convinced that we can really do a lot here at IIT. The chairman of the camp and hospital committee is trying her best to get us at least one assignment before school is out this semester. The place a unit is most needed now is out at the Great Lakes hospital. Perhaps within the next few weeks we'll be visiting out there.

Wednesday Socials

Last Wednesday, another social was held in the lounge. Following dancing, a rough game of basketball was played between the first and second semester freshman teams.



A/S ROBERT SODARO's father is a director for the Civic Opera Company . . . DR. H. P. VINCENT saw Paul Robeson in Othello, currently running at the Erlanger, 15 years ago while in London . . . LOUIS SLATTERY, Ph M 2/c has seven brothers in the service . . . CHUCK HARNACH has an electric train layout in his basement . . . MR. I. L. HILL of the technical drawing department has a 120 acre farm in Iowa . . . FRANK GROMAN, president of the freshman class, was president of his class at Calumet High School . . . Back in 1906, Armour Institute boasted a Kansas Club for students from that state . . . The father of WILLIAM STEWART, Sp A 1/c, runs a physical culture school for women . . . H. G. GILES was a steel salesman for J. T. Ryerson and Sons, Inc. before coming to IIT.



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

This column is dedicated to fraternity men. A fraternity is a group of fellows, living in one house, with a single purpose—to get more fellows, to live in one house, with a single purpose.

—IIT—

House Mother: "Why didn't you walk back from that date you had last night?"

Sorority Sue: "Oh, we went too far."

—IIT—

Co-ed: "We must be getting home. . . . We girls are out after hours."

Gob: "We're out after ours, too."

—IIT—

Married life is like a bath; not so hot after you get used to it.

—IIT—

Boss: "I suppose you know when quitting time is?"

Secretary: "Oh certainly, whenever someone knocks on the door."

—IIT—

Stewed: "Egad, I'm thirsty."

Prune: "I'll get you some water."

Stewed: "Hey! I said thirsty, not dirty."

—IIT—

Sue: "I told him I didn't want to see him anymore."

Sal: "What did he do?"

Sue: "He turned off the lights."

—IIT—

Many a girl who sows her wild oats on Saturday nights can be found in church Sunday praying for a crop of failure.

—IIT—

He is so dumb that he thinks the president of a sorority is called the neckerchief.

—IIT—

At five, baby wants a doll—she gets it.

At ten, baby wants a game—she gets it.

At fifteen, baby want a coat—she gets it.

At twenty, baby wants a man—he gets it.

—IIT—

Toast heard at a fraternity banquet: "Here's to the land we love and vice-versa."

—IIT—

Johnny: "Teacher, can I leave the room?"

Teacher: "No, Johnny, you stay here and fill up the ink-wells."

—IIT—

Entering a tavern with his wife and six year old son, De Witt ordered two straight whiskies.

"Hey, Pop," the boy said, "ain't Ma drinkin'?"

—IIT—

You kissed and told

But that's all right . . .

The lad you told

Called up last night.

—IIT—

Fred: "This girl is new, and it's up to us to show her the difference between right and wrong."

Tom: "Okay, you teach her what's right."

—IIT—

According to Wally, when a girl keeps a fellow in the dark she is usually revealing something.

—99 44/100 PER CENT PURE

Illinois Tech Vets

CLIFFORD OPERA

The GI's amazing knack for turning all incidents into amusing stories is legend; and according to Clifford Opera, a former pfc. in the Field Artillery, all of the stories are true.

Cliff was called in March, 1943 and was sent to the camp reception center. Before he even received his uniform Cliff was warmly oriented to army life with a day of KP.

Several days later Cliff was sent to Fort Jackson for his Field Artillery basic training and became the possessor of an important military secret. It seems that the officer of the day had taken out the instruments and telescopes to gaze at the stars. But actually it was the War's barracks that were receiving the officers close scrutiny. When he was apprehended, the officer, in keeping with strict military procedure allowed each man a peek.

During this period an oft repeated story occurred that has a familiar ending well known to everybody. After Cliff's outfit had dug their foxholes an officer appeared and criticized their efforts at proper concealment. He then fulfilled everyone's expectations by promptly plunging into the nearest fox-hole.

Once while on guard duty Cliff witnessed an astonishing feat of courage. Two officers, one a Major, strode into the guard house on an inspection tour. The corporal who was sleeping near the door opened his eyes and looked up questioningly.

"Where's the Sgt.?" stormed the Major.

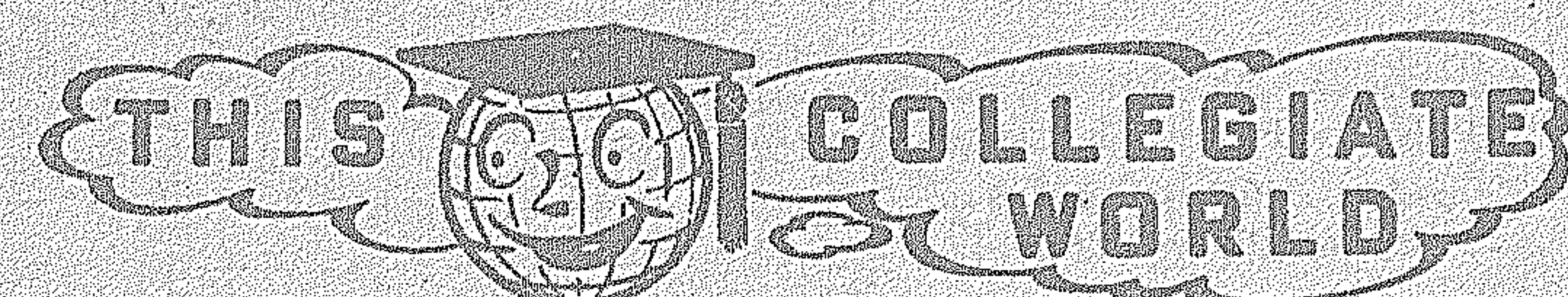
"Over there," pointed the corporal and nonchalantly resumed his slumber.

Cliff also has the distinction of being termed officially dead during the Tennessee maneuvers. It all came about when a referee witnessed the opposing side go "bang, bang." However Cliff managed to get around and enjoy the rest of the simulating battle conditions.

When he arrived at Camp Atterbury, the damp weather caused Cliff to have an asthma attack. He was rushed to the hospital, given a shot of adrenalin and sent back to his outfit. Later Cliff had another attack and this time he was honorably discharged after eighteen months of service.

Cliff is majoring in mechanical engineering and was recently pledged to Triangle fraternity.

—JACOB KRAMER



Since several people have asked about the ouster of Dr. Edward J. Sparling from the presidency of Central YMCA College, here is the outcome of that unhappy situation: After 59 years of the 75 fulltime "Y" instructors resigned in protest of Dr. Sparling's ouster, an investigating committee under the direction of Dr. George Works was appointed. The committee recommended that the college merge with another accredited institution and withdraw from the YMCA.

In the meantime, Dr. Sparling has begun organization of the new Roosevelt College of Chicago. The school hopes to open in the fall, although the site has yet not been chosen. Substantial contributions to the new college have been offered by the Julius Rosenwald Foundation and Marshall Field, publisher of the Chicago Sun.

Another president that got the "bum's rush" is Dr. Homer P. Rainey of the University of Texas. Dr. Rainey was ousted last November, shortly after the university regents dismissed three economics instructors for statements they had made to the press. Last week, the American Association of University Professors considered putting the U. of Texas on their censored list. Only future investigations, said Dr. E. C. Kirkland, chairman of the association's committee on academic freedom, can show if the Texas affair is the forerunner of a "new and dangerous future in which pressure groups will try to control education."

Northwestern's bond drive is in full swing. A week ago, the services of a N.U. professor were auctioned off at a bond rally. Lucky Doris Smithson purchased a ride around the campus on the handlebars of Professor Jose Sanchez' bicycle for \$400. But the girl who carries the university over its quota will meet Alan Ladd—over the phone!

The University of Chicago is going to be the first college to offer correspondence courses for the blind. The school will set up in braille all the reading matter, including syllabi and books, required for the courses.

Milt Caniff the creator of "Terry and the Pirates" and "Male Call" will select the "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi at the U. of C. This "Sweetheart" will be presented to the campus on June 9 at Alumni Day.

Columbia University conferred the largest number of doctorates, 127, in 27 fields of study during the period from 1941 to 1944. The number of doctorates granted has seriously declined according to the eleventh volume of the series, "Doctoral Dissertations Accepted by American Universities." Dr. Edward Henry, who compiled the volume has warned that the decline is especially dangerous because of the large slump in scientific fields and in applied industrial research.

—EDWARD SHORE