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Lab Reports

Deeper lines, grayer shadows, and even more pronounced bags appear under the eyes of many Illinois Tech students as the age-old complaint of "laboratory reports" again draws comment.

"Why?" is the simple question that our fathers and probably their fathers asked and the same question that Tech students would still like to hear answered. It is certainly a legitimate one; for after a student spends from 10 to 15 hours on one of the several reports he must submit each week and still has no more to show than a handful of pages filled with theory, diagrams, etc. which may mean little or nothing to him, he certainly has a right to question.

His questions deserve an answer. To date the faculty has failed to give any real solution to this problem. It is often said that one of the most important tasks of the engineer is to write formal reports, and therefore it is necessary that he learn to do so while in school. This statement is probably true. However when a student hears four or five instructors in a single term make a statement, he naturally wonders if all engineering is as much "pure labor" as is the work required in many of IIT's labs.

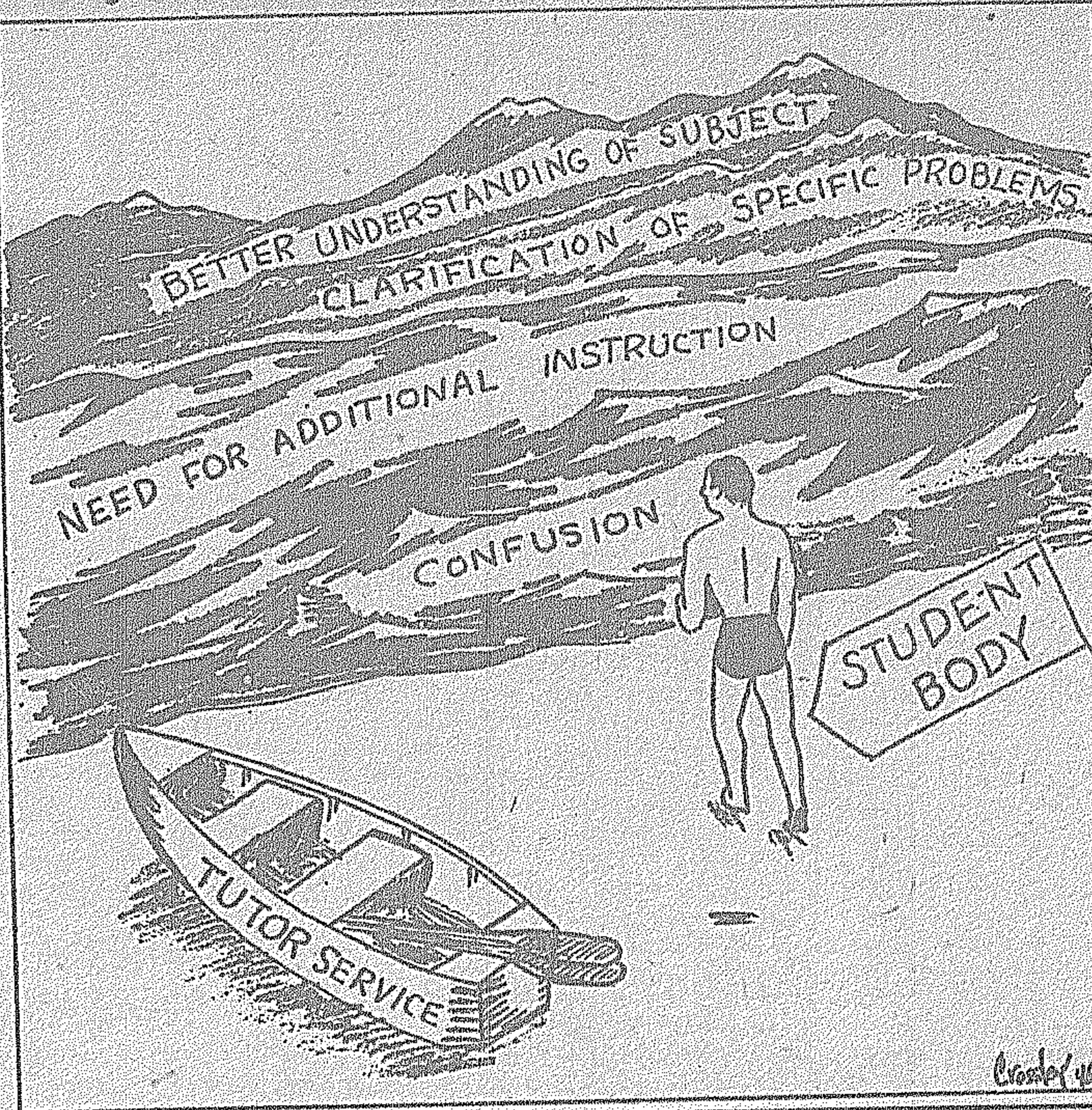
We congratulate the electrical engineering department which in its laboratory work has proved itself to be step or two ahead of all others. Even though the EE reports take probably one-half the time of the average ME or CE report, it can truly be said that in general, the student learns as much or possibly more if only because he feels a great deal more "kindly" toward the subject. A few pertinent questions often give the student a better picture of the work being undertaken than ream after ream of theory which even the instructors realize has been copied almost word for word from a textbook or another report.

Wall Flowers

Are Illinois Tech students mice or men?

This question would come to one's mind, if, perchance, he were to visit one of the Wednesday night Dance Club affairs.

On entering the Student Union Auditorium he would hear the strains of the Navy Dance Band. The setting is perfect—good music, women, adequate dancing space, women, soft lights and women. But what's this? Along the north wall he sees a long line of Techmen, either sitting or standing, gaping at the situation along the south wall. Then our inquirer sees a long line of girls either sitting or standing, waiting to be asked to dance, while there are only some fifteen or twenty couples actually dancing on the floor. "Well," he says, "are Illinois Tech students mice or men?"



Man Of The Week

A/S Murray Percival Active In Social Activities at IIT

A/S Murray Andrew Percival, eighth term civil engineering student, occupies a high position in both scholastic and social activities at IIT.

Murray graduated from Pershing High School, Detroit, in

1942. He was awarded a freshman scholarship to Wayne University by the Michigan Student Aid Foundation and completed one year there before enlisting in the navy in December, 1942. He was classified as a navy V-12 and transferred to IIT, Quarters #2, where he has lived since July, 1943. This makes him also a plank-owner in the IIT V-12 unit, for it was on that date that the program was started.



Murray's numerous student activities include the presidency of the ASCE and Chi Epsilon, honorary

civil engineering fraternity. These honors were attained this semester. He was also elected to Tau Beta Pi, all student honorary fraternity, in his seventh term on the basis of his scholastic average.

Intramural sports constitute his athletic career at IIT. He has played for the civil engineering department on baseball, football and basketball teams and was thus ineligible for varsity sports.

His sports preferences run to football, hockey and swimming; the interest in hockey being merely as a spectator. Football he likes as a participant in contests, while swimming is a second major form of relaxation.

Asked for his preferences in the feminine sex Murray had but one reply—"Gloria".

... Techman Talking

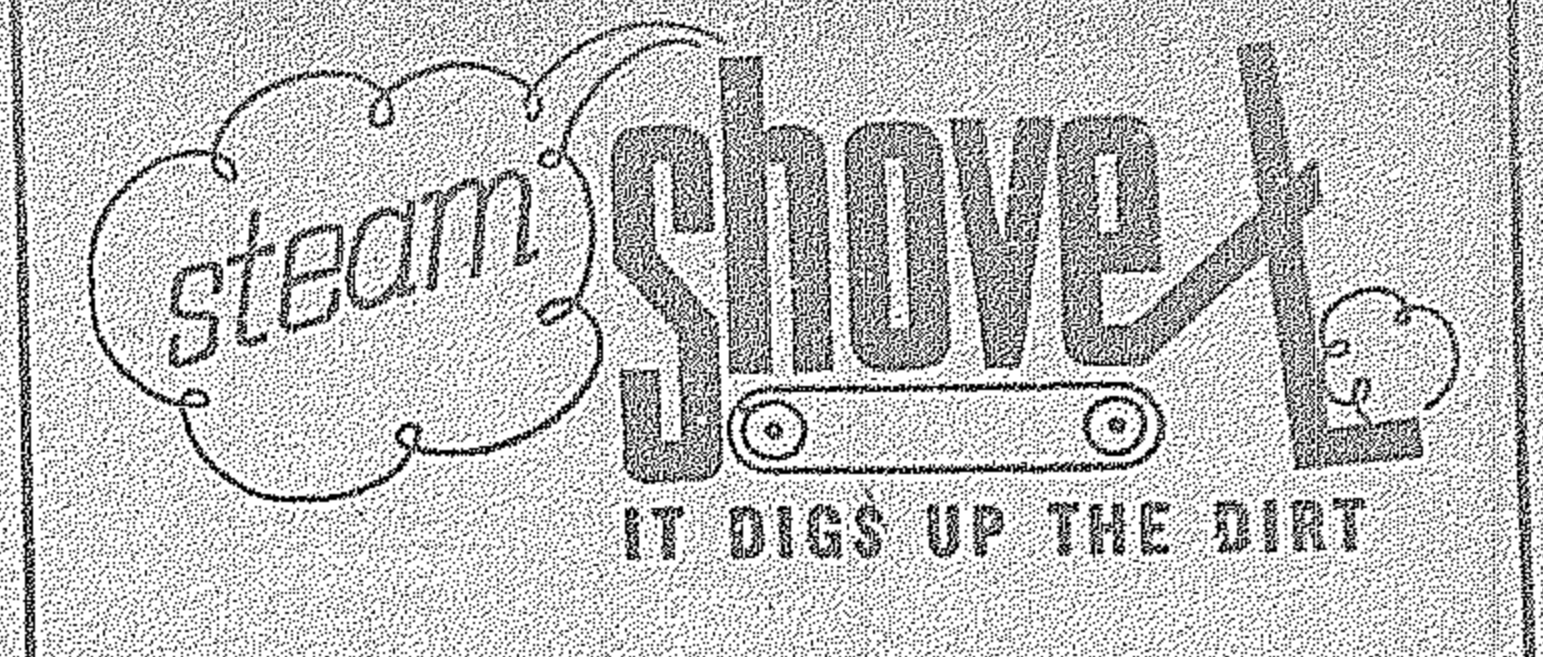
Dr. L. T. Rader, chairman, Department of Electrical Engineering

California Tech in Pasadena—sometimes known as Dr. Millikan's School for Boys—in 1929 sent Dr. W. A. Lewis forth into a happy world to seek a living. In 1936 it did likewise for Dr. Hobson and in 1937 for myself. Dr. Lewis and Hobson went to Westinghouse Electric. I went to General Electric. Soon after my arrival in Schenectady I began to hear of Illinois Tech—through the Cal Tech grapevine, through AIEE conventions, through talk of Signal Corps Programs, calculating boards, measurement laboratories. The school was definitely making itself known in the electrical field as an aggressive up-and-coming institution. And so, despite cutting my teeth in industry and finding it entirely to my liking, I decided that university work at the right place also had intriguing possibilities and was certainly worth trying. So I came here to try. Why did I come here? Because this seemed to me to be the one and only school of its kind. Because I liked the progressive ideas of the Board of Trustees and President Heald, because of the caliber of men on its faculty and in the Armour Research Foundation, because I felt that here I could keep in touch with the industrial world and perhaps contribute something myself.

I believe firmly that faculty and students in an engineering school must keep in close contact with new developments in industry—materials, techniques and products. It is not enough to say that only fundamentals should be learned—the application of fundamentals to useful ends is the engineer's work and teaching must include training in the application of fundamentals.

Chicago is a growing city. It is probably the most dynamic city in the U.S. It is growing in both the magnitude and diversity of its industries. A school such as Illinois Tech situated in the very center of such growth can and will become a dynamic force in the training of engineers. We want our men to have better than an even break when they come into competition with men from other schools. In our electrical department we have both the teachers and the equipment to give our students that edge.

I anticipate a great deal of enjoyable and hard work here at Tech. All the faculty I have met have been extremely friendly and cooperative. I know that I am associated with a "going concern" and we will try to go places together.



Now that the popularity poll is over I can get back to work. The shovel was so engrossed looking at Henry Pype's picture that it took plenty of persuasion to get it back to work. A little oil in the spokes and we're all ready to start digging this week's dirt.

With his restriction lifted, social climber A/S Jim Hartnett let things get out of control the other weekend. He wound up with two dates on Sunday. Still feeling groggy from an evening on 63rd street's Tavern Row, he decided a tea dance was better for his health than a return trip to the barrooms. The tea dance was an exclusive affair, planned by a mother's club and featured three hours of a pageant by second grade school children, with a half hour of dancing afterwards. You'd better restrict your social ambitions to bar stools in the future, Gentlemen Jim.

Sam (you made the pants too long) Karlin weavy haired math instructor, is having a terrible time repulsing the advances of one of his girl students. When she asks him to explain a problem after class, Sam promptly turns red and begins to stutter something or other. This girl with the mysterious powers should be warned that Mr. Karlin isn't much of a spender when he steps out; as he advises his class, "It's cheapest to take 'Wimmen' to the Art Gallery and besides—"

"Dangerous Dick Axelrod is determined to finish his civilian days in high style. After receiving his induction notice last week he went to Wisconsin for a little vacation. Of course he claims that the reason he rented a cottage with his girl friend was that he wanted to do some "fishing." It seems that he did do quite a bit of angling though.

If anyone is interested in knowing how Don Friske, junior TPE spends his mornings, just go over to the "L" station at Central and Lake streets. Each morning Don may be seen waiting for a model known to his friends only as "Annie." Rumor has it that Don waits from 7:00 a.m. until Annie shows up. No wonder he is always late for school.

If you should have the opportunity to eat horse meat don't be hesitant. All doubts as to its delicacy can be erased by sending all inquiries to Professor H. P. Vincent. Professor Vincent was having luncheon with an acquaintance when he spied horse meat steaks on the menu. "Horse meat!", cried Vincent, "My favorite dish, I'll have two orders." This should be evidence enough as to the quality of horse meat and English professors.

Some people have queer hobbies but Professor H. P. Dutton, chairman of the industrial engineering department, has one all to himself. It seems that his secret ambition is to double as a waiter; and so, when not occupied with a class of students, he practices this fine art. He was seen recently in the halls of The Student Union, frantically running hither and dither, holding a tray full of food in an, oh, so tender embrace.

All females on the South campus please take note. A/S Lou Carter and A/S William O'Toole want to get married; in fact, they are desperate. However, their only trouble is that they haven't any women. So girls, please take pity on these two gentlemen and in case anyone is interested call Victory 8855. Take our word for it, these two fine seamen will jump at the chance.

A/S Frank Kimmel and A/S Gus Mazarackis finally talked A/S Bob DeBoo into a stag date for last Saturday night. Their destination—the Hollywood Dance School.

There has been considerable wonderment over the fact that A/S E. J. Kirstein lost his wallet in Lake Michigan the other night. Rumor has it that he was out with professional pick-pocket mermaid.

Navy men John Osborn, Leonard Vogt and Arne Niemi are indeed among the luckier fellows of Quarters #7. Instead of going calling for their dates, they have the women call for them. Anyone interested may observe the BTO's spending their Wednesday night liberties in a big, black Buick parked in front of the quarters. Mmm!

The first public comment of the newly elected Freshman president, was made in a psychology class to the effect, "If you can't drink or smoke, you might as well be dead!"

Well, I've got to go call up my girl for a date for the Navy Ball. I always make my dates early. Till we meet again I remain . . .