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Co-op Bookstore

After more than three years of serving IIT students, the Engineer's Cooperative Bookstore is dissolving!

If one looks into the history of this organization he will find that in October, 1941, the movement for formation of the bookstore was begun with the idea in mind to reduce the expenses connected with the purchase of college textbooks.

This organization has functioned effectively until recently, when due to lack of student interest the present members of the board decided that a vote by the stockholders for dissolution was in order. This idea was carried out and voting took place, but it was observed that only a small percentage of the stockholders did actually vote!

The question that immediately comes to one's mind is, "Have these men the right to dissolve this organization?" To find the answer, one would have to refer to the constitution of the Co-op.

But where is the constitution? Apparently no one seems to know, not even some of the officers. If any democratic organization deems it upon themselves to disband, they should do so with the approval of at least the majority of its members and disclose the results of the members' action.

It seems that there is something shady in the recent action taken by the Co-op board. They may legally be in existence, even after they close their doors.

Maintenance

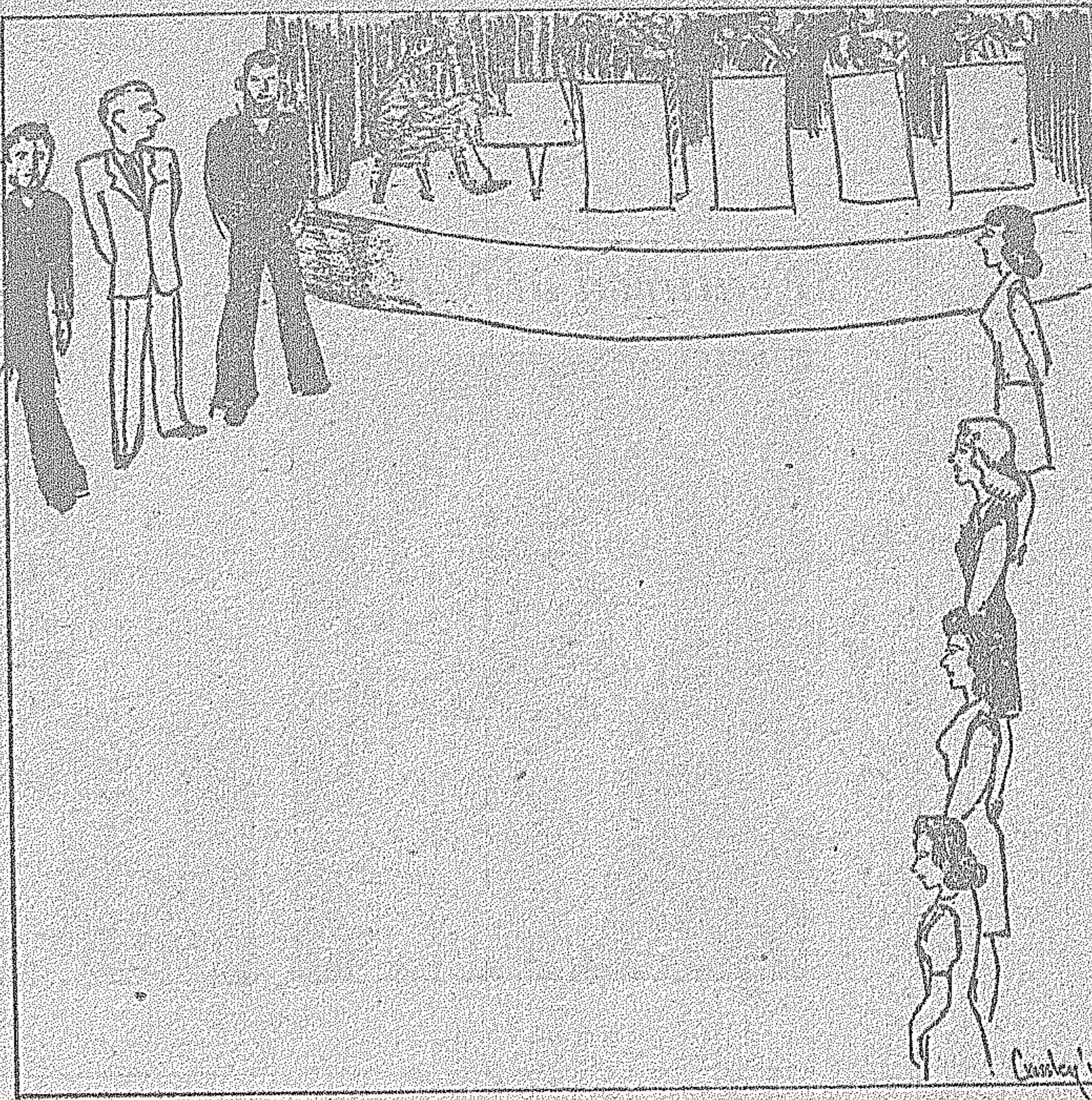
Hats off to the maintenance department for keeping the campus in a very good condition. One will readily agree to this statement when one stops to realize the difficulties that oppose them.

Even though IIT is located in one of the poor parts of Chicago, the campus appears as though it were a ray of sunshine in comparison with the other surroundings. The credit for this ray of sunshine is due entirely to the men who are continuously planting shrubbery, grass and revising the landscape. Another cause worthy of mention is the work they do around the navy quarters.

Even though they have overcome many obstacles in beautifying the campus their real headache is the soot that is passed off by the trains. The soot finds its way into most class rooms and is a problem in itself. However, eliminating it is entirely out of their scope.

One should admire the work of these men after thinking back a few years when there were only dilapidated buildings between Dearborn and State street. These men are making a great stride in preparing our campus for a great post war college which will have beauty along with a name.

Dance Club??



Man Of The Week

"Pretty Boy" Larry Johnson Active in IIT Campus Life

A/S Lawrence William Johnson, eighth term fire protection engineer, has led a widely active social life at IIT, while maintaining a high scholastic average.

In his senior year at Main Township High School in Park

Ridge, Ill., Larry decided that engineering was his life's work, and at this late date he has-tened to add physics to his schedule. After graduating in June, 1942, he won a fire protection scholarship to IIT and entered the summer session at Lewis Institute in order to complete the minimum chemistry requirements. In September, 1942, he enrolled as a freshman at IIT, and completed both semesters of the freshman year as a civilian. When called by the Navy in June, 1943, he was placed in V-12, and started his sophomore schedule as one of the first men of the IIT unit.

Larry has led an extremely active social life both as a civilian student and later as a Navy student. In his freshman year, he aided in the founding of the All-School Social Committee, and later held the positions of secretary, vice-president and president of this organization. Hav-

ing a great interest in swimming and music, he also made the swimming team and played the fiddle in the IIT orchestra. At present he plays the trombone in the IIT band.

Pledged to Delta Tau Delta in his freshman year, he became social chairman and later held positions as pledge master and vice-president of this fraternity. Larry also belongs to Beta Omega Nu, "an inter-fraternity fraternity," in his words. Formerly an active member of the Integral Staff, he was special events editor of the 1943 edition. Junior Week, 1944, found him Junior Marshal. The Western Society of Engineers elected him president, a position he holds at present.

Larry will graduate in June, and will then enter Midshipman school; when, he does not know. When the war is over and he may discard his uniform, he has a choice of jobs. His fire protection scholarship entitles him to a job with an insurance rating bureau, while his father is an insurance underwriter, and is anxious to have Larry as an assistant.

A/S Charles Hatstat



... Techman Talking

PAUL HERMANN, News Bureau and tennis coach

Although I'm not yet exactly on speaking terms with Chicago's rain and coal dust, after eight-odd weeks here on the IIT campus I'm beginning to feel a little less like a first semester freshman. Climbing four flights of Chapin Hall stairs daily would probably give anyone a similar ancient feeling.

My work here at Tech thus far has certainly been interesting for a couple of reasons. I'm a profound believer in the importance of both athletics and publicity...and aside from that I'm having a darned good time.

My work up in the news bureau, dispensing athletic publicity and releases on assorted subjects relative to faculty, students, goings-on at the Research Foundation, ad infinitum, is fine as long as people keep doing things worth writing about. So far there has been no rationing of such, and my hunt-and-peck typing is running just about neck-and-neck with my assignment sheet.

While I'm at it, I'd like to voice my appreciation to the athletes around Illinois Tech for simplifying my sports writing work. I happen to know the sports editor of the Chicago "Maroon" and the poor fellow is getting old and gray before his time trying to think of something complimentary about athletics there (events of last Wednesday on the U. of C. tennis courts notwithstanding).

As far as our tennis squad is concerned, we'll be all right once the weather man breaks down and gives us his blessing. With the exception of Chicago, which has one of its best teams in years, we should go through the remainder of our season in good style. If possible, I would like to schedule Notre Dame and possibly Northwestern, Chicago or some other Big 10 outfit for an abbreviated summer schedule. We may have to go into competition with James Fanaras in the candy selling business to make our expenses, but with Jerry Evert and a couple of other men ready to go, in addition to those from the present squad, it should be well worth the effort.



This being the eighth week of school, it means that half of the semester is over. Which also means that your troubles are doubled and you have less time to get rid of them. That should be fair warning to the F. O.'s.

Enough of this eager-beaveriness, the column must go on. So—

A/S Maurice Anthony is singing the blues. Seems that he met a very beautiful girl named "Candy" at the Service Men's Center last Wednesday night. She danced divinely, and Maurice became convinced that she was worth a few dates, at least. The evening was still young when he was called away. Tragedy overtook Anthony—he was detained longer than expected. By the time he returned, the dance was nearly over and "Candy" was gone. Now he is looking for her, but all he knows is that she is a student at Northwestern. In the meantime, his bride to be waits patiently in Detroit—confident that Maurice is true to her.

A/S Ned T. Grable has found a new heart beat on the south side—She is apparently one of A/S Norm Hankins' many cast offs.

Maybe one of the reasons that not enough fellows show up for the Dance Club on Wednesday nights is that one man is getting all the attention of the girls. This lucky student is F. O. Overn. When asked for a statement by the press, he said: "They are either too young or too old!" I suppose that if you look long enough, F. O., you might find the happy medium.

A/S Charles Buckley has been seen of late keeping close tab on a cute Miss Sweeney of Chicago Teachers College. Could it be that Charles has at last come to the realization that graduation is only two months away—and then it's good-bye Chicago for a while?

It looks like A/S Hy Weiner has been enjoying "June" early this year. Wonder where he went for those long—spaces of time at the Sigma Alpha Mu party?

Here is a little note on that prominent man-about-girls, Dick Lund. He is two-timing a certain red-head by spending his spare time with the girl next door, who, incidentally, has been married for two years. However he claims that red still is his favorite.

The acting abilities of John Burns, James Ranson, and Leonard Brown have been overlooked. The three can usually be seen sitting cross-legged on the bench in the lobby of Main. At the command of "action", they portray the three little monkeys, "hear no evil, see no evil and speak no evil", to the applause of their surrounding admirers. Perhaps they wish to become the founders of the purity boys.

It seems that Bill 'Chubby' Plotkin and 'Lud' Tritsch differ greatly in their opinions of the physical structure of a certain Sally. "Lud" dates her one Saturday night and Bill the next, and they keep rotating. They both claim Sally as their girl. However, "Lud" with all his experience, contends there is nothing to put your arms around, while Bill says directly the opposite. They should know by now, or maybe Sally is the absolute zero type.

A/S Dewitt Pickens is worried about a date for the coming Navy Ball since his last hope turned him down. Her reply to his letter was quite formal: "Dear Dewitt;

I am in receipt of your letter of April 4 and again I am impressed by your beautiful handwriting.

Very truly yours,

From all indications it appears that Pick made her angry.

That STO of Triangle fraternity, Bill Atchinson, has been receiving calls from a certain Irene every evening. The truth is that they have never seen each other. They found romance when she accidentally called the Triangle house.

The latest romance to come to the attention of Steam Shovel is between A/S Ted Zaggy and Eileen Marcia of the research lab. Ted was turned down by his one and only from Youngstown, Ohio, when he asked her to the Navy Ball. Since then he has been working like a madman on Eileen. Up to date he must have her where he wants her for she has been sewing buttons on his clothes.

When Mrs. Anna Orcutt, head of the psychology department, inquired from one of her students the meaning of F.O. he replied, "Future Officer." Such crust!

I am at a loss for a closing statement. You good students will excuse me, I know.

—MOLF