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Stay Awake!

At some time or other every instructor on the campus has found one or more of his students lost in dreams—either in a wandering way or sound asleep. And each in turn has his remedy for it, ranging from rudely awakening the absent-minded student to ignoring him completely.

Probably the most common cause of drowsiness is a warm room overcrowded with students. Somehow the lecture fades into a drone as the room becomes more and more stuffy, and daylight disappears into sleep. Prof. Mangold of the mechanics department, is one of few who bustles to the windows and flings them open to the wind, literally blowing the student awake! The remedy is a welcome relief for all concerned.

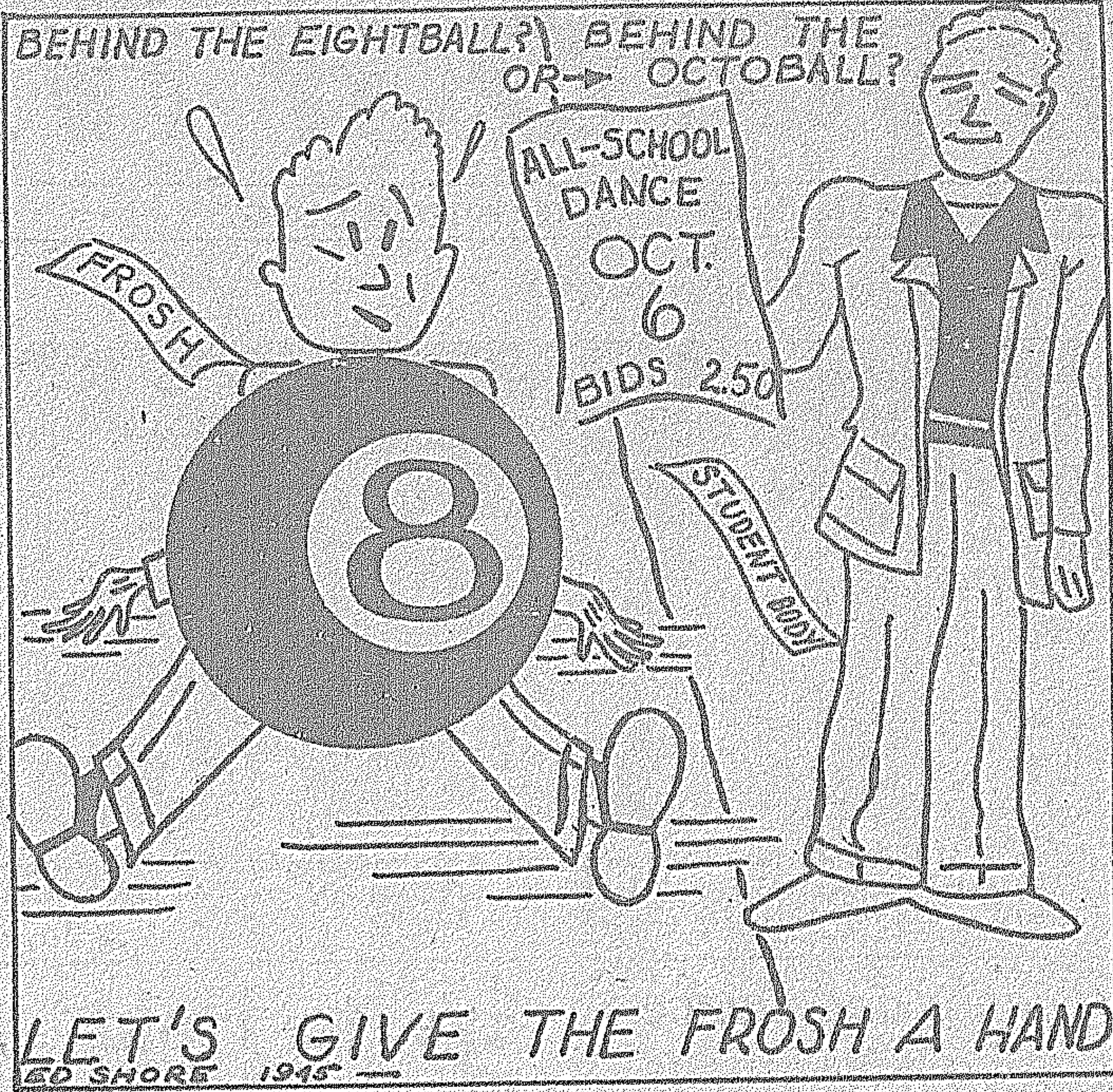
A second reason is lack of sufficient sleep for the student at night. This is purely a personal problem and is beyond the control of the professor. Those who rudely awaken the truly tired man achieve no other purpose than seeing the color of the lower half of his eyes.

The third reason is the dullness of the lecturer himself. If half the class is asleep the professor may conclude that the fault is his and should take immediate steps to correct it.

The dull lecturer falls into two classes. First the shy type who talks to the blackboard, the ceiling, or the feet of those in the front row. Often he is unaware that his class is not listening.

The second type is the super energetic, who follows his right hand and the chalk by his left hand and the eraser, making note taking from the board impossible. He talks rapidly and refuses to repeat anything. He assumes because he knows the subject, the student does too and discourages questions.

To the students the best rule is the simplest—merely stay awake if at all possible. To the instructors—keep your rousing methods within reason, or improve your own lectures.



Man Of The Week

Vic Mieszkowski of Chicago Was Undefeated Wrestler Last Year

This week Victor Frank Mieszkowski, eighth term naval trainee in mechanical engineering, is the "Man of the Week." Vic, who lives in Chicago, graduated from Tilden Technical High School. While he was in high school, Vic won a football scholarship to Michigan State College. It was at this college that Vic earned his freshman numerals in football and wrestling. He won the "all-college" intramural 175-lb. wrestling title at Michigan State. "Mike," as he is sometimes called, came to IIT in July, 1943, as a V-12 trainee. He is a veteran mate of the "famous" third deck in Quarters #5.

Vic has been very active in sports since he has been here. He was a member of the wrestling team for two years, and captain of the team last season when he was undefeated. He has also played varsity baseball for the past two seasons. Although Vic broke the cartilage in his right knee during his first season here, he made a terrific comeback this season. Vic was a member of the championship team of the Servicemen's Softball League

Besides his several athletic activities, Vic is a member of the ASME, and has been a member of Honor I for four semesters. He would like to have had more time for other activities on the campus. Among his various outside interests, Vic likes reading, both fiction and non-fiction; dancing; and all kinds of sports. Concerning women, Vic is "playing the field" at present.

Mike is one of the most popular men on the campus. He is known throughout the school for his great catching ability and his pleasant disposition.

Vic's future plans are indefinite because of his obligations to the Navy; but when he is discharged, he plans to finish his last semester here before he ventures forth toward a career in industry.

Vic was honored by his appointment as adjutant of Battalion 1 at the beginning of this semester.

—William Charlton

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campus COMMENTS

Dear Ed:

The one who said "do nothing my son and you shan't make any mistakes," was certainly right if "Campus Comments" of the Sept. 25 issue is to be taken literally.

"Rho Epsilon will come back into the 'good graces' of the student body if Artie Shaw and Harry James come back on the cafeteria waves," says our Swing Fan.

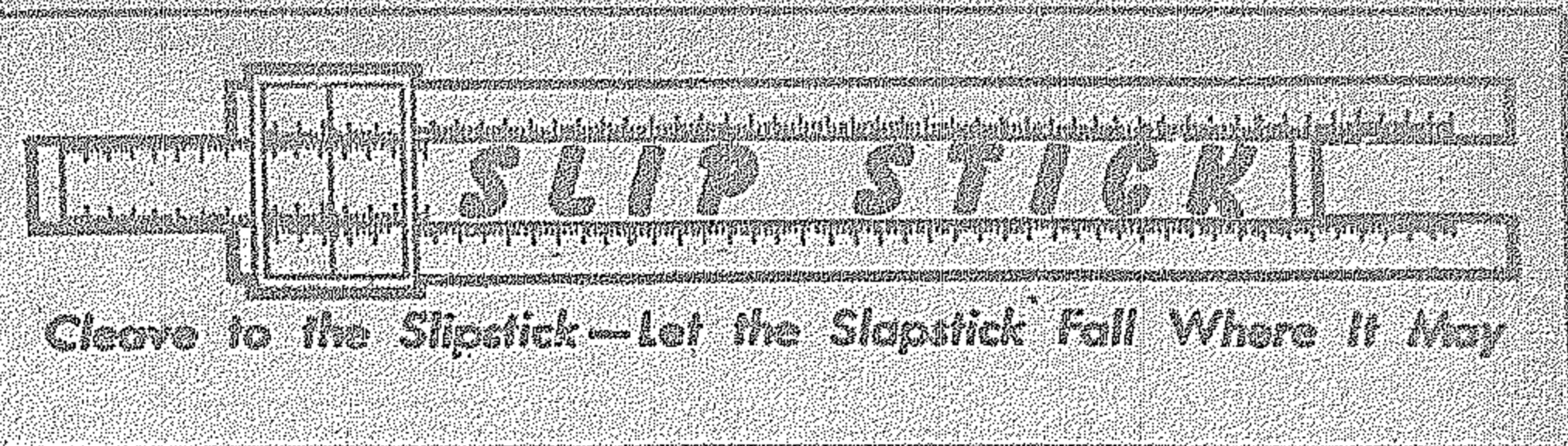
Guess you haven't heard, Mr. Swing Fan, that the west campus was recently consolidated with the south campus and Rho Epsilon quarters were needed to house some south campus activities. As a result, Rho Epsilon is sharing quarters with Armour Eye, and all equipment and installations had to be moved. This transition coupled with the red tape involved in requisitioning materials necessary for the transfer required considerable time and effort on the part of its members. This lapse of time is what Mr. Swing Fan referred to as "time of no service to the school." It might further be added that all above installations were completed before pledging took place, and where Mr. Swing Fan got the idea that Rho Epsilon members were waiting for pledges to do their work

is a mystery to all concerned.

Above is not meant to be an apology for Rho Epsilon to "Swing Fan" or anyone else but merely a statement of fact to anyone interested. It might also be said that Rho Epsilon is now installed in its new quarters and "lunchroom blues" are forthcoming, with regular open house on Friday evenings, when television broadcasts can be viewed by those interested, to resume shortly.

By the way, it is heartening to know that our music is being missed; and for that we thank you, Mr. Swing Fan. Rho Epsilon is not too proud to receive constructive criticism when it is meant as such, but your tone did not indicate it to be so, but merely demanding something, knowing nothing of the facts and offering to contribute even less.

Rho Epsilon



To start this column off with a bang: "Oh, dear, I've missed you so much!"—and she raised the revolver and fired again.

Proverb: Short dresses have the effect of making one look longer.

Ask a girl to talk—if she's talkative;

Ask a girl to walk—if she's walkative;

Ask a girl to dance—if it's permissible;

But never ask to kiss her—if she's kissable.

If all the girls that didn't neck were gathered in one room what would we do with her?

She: "My father takes things apart to see why they don't go."

He: "So what?"

She: "You'd better go."

"Here is a letter from your wife saying you are the father of a ten-pound boy."

"Does she say anything else?"

"That's all, except at the end of the letter she says, 'truly yours.'"

If a diplomat says "yes" he means maybe!

If he says "maybe" he means "no." But if he says "no" he's a diplomat.

If a lady says "no" she means "maybe."

If she says "maybe" she means "yes." But if she says "yes" she's no lady.

Question: What is a brassiere used for?

Answer: To keep the back of a sailor's hand warm.

Definition—Barracks: A group of beds surrounded by crap games.

"That is a pretty dress you have on."

"Yes I wear it to teas."

"Whom?"

I was struck by the beauty of her hand.

I tried to kiss her.

As I say I was struck by the beauty of her hand.

He: Let's get married or something.

She: We'll get married or nothing.

Some girls are not afraid of mice—others have pretty legs.

A well built girl is like a three ring circus. A fellow doesn't know where to look rst.

The proof of this column is in the wastebasket, "30" for now.

—THE RAZOR BLADES



If all Tech students were placed end to end, they would reach for a sandwich. So the Steamshovel turns philosophical this week to comment on the outlook of the typical IIT man. But we must get to work and give with more interesting data.

First item this week is about the esteemed Feature Editor of this sheet. It is fortunate that he does not get a chance to "blue-pencil" this copy or he would not get such publicity. "Silent" James Brophy has been going around for the last few months with that "look" in his eye. It is rumored that the object of his affections is "Beth" Kelley, secretary in the Mechanics Research Department. Let's not fool anyone any more, James, why aren't you man enough to express your amour?

Charley Young is the candidate for Dealer of the Week. Young spent last Saturday evening in the Winking Pup, establishment of high repute. Naturally the evening could not be complete without a pickup, so he latched on to a winsome blonde. After an evening of spending the lady's money, Charley escorted her home. Not until he was telling her goodnight in the darkness of her front hall did he discover that she was 29 years old and had been divorced for two years. Says she, "Oh, it feels so good to have a man's arms around me again."

An item in last week's Steamshovel about the trouble Chuck Hatstat was having with the mother of his favorite frail annoyed him, it seems. Chuck says to get the facts straight before telling the story. Well, the straight dope is that it wasn't his bringing her in at the very late hour of 2 a.m. that caused all the trouble, but a letter he wrote to the girl panning her mother, and which fell into the wrong hands. Chuck, haven't you learned never to put anything in writing?

Herb Rivkin has developed his lurchy chest into gargantuan proportions. While playing tennis the other day, he removed his shirt to display his talents. However, a policeman ordered him to cover up. It seems he scared a girl in the next court; she thought he was the missing link.

Anent the nicknames quoted last week, the Shovel has unearthed more: Call Jimmy Slaton "Peaches," Sylvan Warner "Swish"; try "Webster" on Lil Hanicitis, or "Tuffy" on Dr. B. B. Freud; and then there's "Diamond Bill" Andrele.

It has been said that it takes some time for everything to come out, but that it always does. This explains why the following piece has just come to light. Bob "Coolie" Fordham had the boys in his quarters fooled when he claimed that he was escorting Lilly Hanicitis to the Autumn Nocturne. In fact not until the night of the dance when he arrived without her did the fellas find out. Coolie's story then was that Lil had stood him up. The next Monday he made a point to tell Lil the whole story, for she was ignorant of all the proceedings.

Art Overn is the operator that is really dealing nowadays. Art is playing hard-to-get Marie Schrot of the CE department. Though Art has many other irons in the fire, he has managed to get as far as calling her "Mable." Even with all this, Art continually claims that he is unhappy. No doubt it's that West Coast interest that bothers him.

Thus we come to the end of another small selection of the doings of the underworld characters of Tech. Don't go away, there will be more of the same next week, but pardon us if we don't spell your name correctly.

—THE SHILLELAGH