



LETTER OF THE WEEK: Registration

One of the prime requisites of an engineer is efficiency. The importance and necessity of good organization and method in everything from personal study habits to the eventual application of the studies is emphasized here at IIT. In view of this, any institution which trains engineers should be a model of efficiency.

But what a shocking example was set by our school for this term's registration! The same antiquated system that has proven inadequate times out of 5 in previous registrations was set before one of the largest groups ever to register here. The result was a crowd whose confusion was exceeded only by its patience. However, there was a look of disillusionment on the faces of the newer students that leads one to suspect that their enthusiasm had dipped a little below par.

The registrar knew (or at least should have known) within close limits, how many registrants to expect. Was anything done to prepare for an orderly registration? Hardly. On Wednesday at one o'clock the auditorium was filled with registrants and not a single authority was present to install organization. When the registrar finally arrived everyone was ordered out into the hall, stampede style, and he who happened to be by the door

was a fortunate person, for that was now officially recognized as the head of the line. On the next day, for freshman registration, a numbering system was installed; it's encouraging to know that someone woke up at long last.

The blow came, though, when the aspirer to knowledge reached the third floor of main where, it was rumored, the class cards were to be obtained. The line was four deep and extended nearly the length of the corridor. This bottleneck made it necessary for many students to come back on a later date to finish their registering. Such an arrangement left these students in a very unhappy frame of mind.

Is the administration willing to accept defeat or can they promise the students an efficient, streamlined registration next semester? It must be granted that the large number of new students presented many difficulties, but why something wasn't done in anticipation of this is unforgivable.

R. F.

# Hope... for women

—HOPE IVERSEN

For the benefit of the bewildered (or perhaps it is the bewildering) freshmen, and the new women students, for one edition this column is to help familiarize them with the IIT sororities.

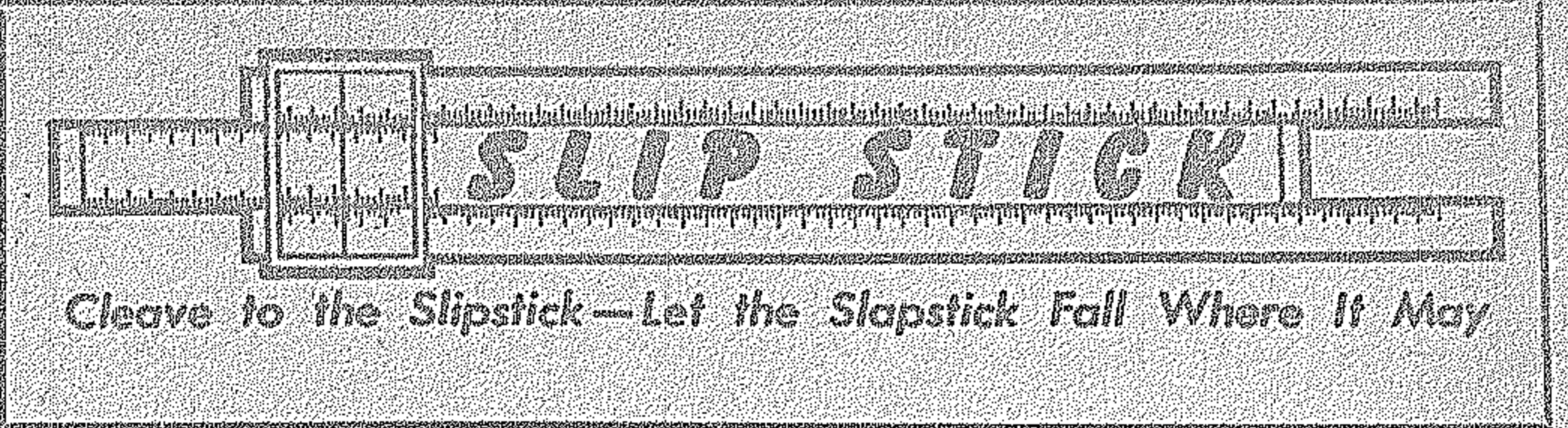
For those interested in sororities, there are four local sororities on campus. The sororities are governed by a council made up of two representatives from each sorority. The Pan-Hellenic Council sets down the rules that regulate the sororities during rushing. If a sorority breaks a rule, Pan-Hell fines it.

The rules that Pan-Hell has made for the rushing season are

1. A girl must be on campus one semester before she can be rushed.
2. A rushee must not eat, have cokes, or go to a movie with active sorority members unless at least two sororities are represented.
3. A rushee cannot stay at the home of an active sorority member unless a member of another sorority also stays.
4. A rushee cannot share a locker with an active sorority member.

After the rushes are held, the rushees make a list as to their preference of the four sororities, and if the sorority has sent an invitation for her, she is pledged.

It is wise for a girl to join a sorority, for they have been the main social life of the girls for the past few years. To be in a sorority means that you have a meeting at regular intervals, and spend a week, or at least a weekend, together during the summer. It means that you as a member share with your "sisters" the rituals that are the sorority. And finally, it gives you the opportunity to form lasting friendships.



A new semester is again in progress, along with a new edition, new faces, and—women!!! Sorry we can't have new jokes too.

An Arkansas farmer was driving down the road with a wagon load of barnyard fertilizer. A tourist from New York chanced to stop him to inquire directions. After obtaining the information he desired, the tourist inquired of the farmer what he had in the wagon.

"Manure," said the farmer, "go in to spread it on my rhubarb."

"Well, I'll be damned," said the tourist, "and my wife laughs at me for spreading butter on my pie."

—IIT—

Mary: "Mabel told me you told her that secret I told you not to tell her."

Phyllis: "It's beastly of her to have told you that. Why, I told her not to!"

Mary: "Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me. So don't tell her I did."

—IIT—

And said The Yellow Strand: "A man never knows whether or not he likes bathing beauties until he has bathed one."

—IIT—

V-12'er: "Say, what's this I hear about you being asleep on watch last night?"

NROTC: "It's right, darn it; I was asleep when the blonde across the street switched from her negligee to her pajamas!"

—IIT—

The hen is immortal; her son will never set.

—IIT—

And when the starlet said to the tattooist: "I want you to tattoo a cat on my knee," the latter shook his head and replied: "No, a giraffe or nothing."

Do you think it is good luck to pick up pins?

Not if the gal they're fastened onto objects.

—IIT—

The engineer asked her if she was doing anything that evening, and she said she wasn't. So he took her out and sure enough, she wasn't.

—IIT—

"Just think, John, we don't have to pull down the shades; we're married now!"

—IIT—

An admiral, watching a young inductee labor eagerly but clumsily on the quarterdeck, asked: "How long you been in the navy, son?"

"Two months," the boy replied, "How long have you been in?"

The admiral was taken slightly aback but he good-naturedly answered: "Thirty years."

"It's hell, ain't it?" the youngster said sympathetically.

—Reader's Digest

—IIT—

Telephone operator to new girl she is breaking in: "No, honey, you say, 'Just a moment, please,' not 'Hang onto your pants, mister!'"

—IIT—

Before saying "30," let it be known that the wartime laundry service has just about put an end to the white collar man.

—THE RAZOR BLADES

# Alpha Sigma Phi Is One of Oldest Groups on Campus

Alpha Sigma Phi fraternity was founded on Dec. 6, 1845, at Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut. In 1864 the fraternity was forced to disband through the efforts of the Yale faculty. However, by holding secret meetings the organization continued to flourish and soon thereafter several chapters were formed. In 1907 the fraternity was reinstated and permission was granted to establish the Alpha chapter at Yale University from which a national organization composed of thirty-eight active chapters has grown.



The Alpha Xi chapter of Alpha Sigma Phi was organized at Armour Institute of Technology as the Gamma Chapter of Beta Phi fraternity in 1913. In 1921 Beta Phi ceased to exist as a national organization. However, the Gamma chapter retained the name until November 16, 1923, when it became a purely local fraternity known as Phi Beta Tau. On November 24, 1923, Phi Beta Tau was installed as the Gamma chapter of Phi Pi Phi.

Phi Pi Phi was a very strong fraternity on the Armour campus for sixteen years. The chapter had been in existence for twenty-six years, ten of which were under the guide of Beta Phi. After two years it was decided that the ideals and principles of Alpha Sigma Phi were similar to those of Phi Pi Phi and plans were made for a consolidation of the two fraternities. On July 22, 1939, the consolidation was realized and the two fraternities became one.

The portals of the local chapter of Alpha Sigma Phi are at present located at 3154 South Michigan Ave. However, due to the necessity of establishing a place of lodging for the navy men who came to Illinois Tech in July of 1943, the house was turned over to the school and as such became Quarters 6. The fraternity then moved into a small apartment on South Parkway and here remained until July of 1944, when it was decided that maintenance of a house should be disbanded until after the war.

The local chapter of Alpha Sigma Phi, refusing to relent to the hardships brought about as a result of World War II, has maintained her membership which at present consists of a total of 35 actives and pledges.

With the cessation of the war in August and the 100th anniversary of Alpha Sigma Phi scheduled for December, all Alpha Sigmens are planning a gala termination of an eventful year.

Wood Herman, "the man who plays the blues" and the leader of the most solid outfit in the country, is our candidate for top honors in the current Downbeat poll.

Three of the Herman Herd were named by the Esquire critic's poll as the outstanding new stars of swing last year. Chubby Jackson, bassist; Flip Phillips, tenorman; and Bill Harris, slush-pump, could form the nucleus for any band. Chubby Jackson, playing an unconventional but futuristic five string bass, has the best beat in the business and is a virtuoso of the bull fiddle. Bill Harris, leader of the great Herman tram-trio, possesses the ideal tone for good jazz plus amazing technical control of his horn—he's great. Flip Phillips, who brought a touch of 52nd Street style to the band, has tremendous command of his instrument and a powerful rasping tone with which he exploits an endless variety of great musical ideas.

'Twasn't always thus with Woodrow Wilson Herman. Following his resignation from Marquette University and a short stay with several semi-name bands as a sideman, he set out with a group of eager but young musicians to form "the band that plays the blues." It wasn't long before he and his buddies discovered that patrons don't very often pay to hear a "band that plays the blues," and a revision of policy was in order.

Pearl Harbor and the subsequent drafting of his star sideman brought a rush of new blood into the band. The youngsters brought along new ideas about how music should be played and an original style evolved. And the band gets better every day.

## Quarters #1

Saltine, the present V-12 mascot, is a female dog who is a "dead ringer" for Salty, the former mascot. Wednesday morning she gave birth to a litter of six healthy pups. The pups were born under a study desk of room 05 in the hold of Quarters #1. Two of the new arrivals are black and three are black and white, or maybe white and black. The sixth looked black at first but decided in favor of brown. They were promptly classified as "gear" and now occupy the house #1 gear locker.

We owe thanks to the seamen who repaired one of the washing machines in the hold. It works fine now.

## Quarters #2

Well, Bushelle's boys are off merrily change-stepping their way through another semester. You know now we picked up this strange means of locomotion, don't you? No? Well, just try to "keep in step with the man in front of you" as is recommended by our Company Commander Fordham and you'll soon find out how the habit is formed.

Then we have that heroic combination of "Big" Bill Kissinger from Quarters #2 and "Fearless" Jack Price from Quarters #3. It seems this dauntless duo was swaggering, or staggering, if you will, down 33 St. when two lonely girls appeared and asked Bill and Jack to escort them to the "L." The girls were very much afraid of walking through this dark town alone. Our two heroes responded to their call of distress in true navy form. "We'd be very happy to be of assistance," said they, "but please run faster. If you can't keep up with us, we aren't going to slow down. We're scared too!"

## Quarters #3

Quarters 3, which was Quarters 4 last term, now has 51 men stationed in it. Of these, only eight were in the unit last term. Most of the other

# NAVAL NOTATIONS

men transferred to IIT from Alma College, Ohio Wesleyan, or Bowling Green.

Men of the house are entertained in the evening after chow by W. E. Allman on the piano. All requests, from "Rhapsody in Blue" to "12th Street Rag," are quickly and capably rendered.

The full length mirror on the first deck got a good workout with the issuing of NROTC uniforms. Not a man coming down the ladder in his bright brass buttons could resist a look in the glass, for better or for worse.

## Quarters #4

Dee, "I'm Sorta Broke" Hayes, gave the quarters its initial jolt of the new semester. Dee, who heretofore had frequently asked others, "When are you going to do it?" has done it himself! He is now a shackled man, he's engaged.

The quarters' flag, if such existed, would at present be at half mast in honor of the late freeman, Robert H. Jenkins. Jenkins' defeat was so thorough that even his typewriter was affected. In fact, it types only one address on envelopes and as a result a certain young lady tallied approximately twenty said envelopes this week; and we thought the Japs suffered total defeat.

With the return of the men from leave there was a great deal of monetary exchange. It seems that a few fellows, who were California bound, have decided to brave at least one more Chicago winter.

## Quarters #5

Barracks #5 houses 48 men, 26 of them being newcomers from such picturesque small colleges as Alma and Bowling Green. In its early days the place smelled of paint, varnish, and inadequate toilet facilities. The situation is much improved now. The paint and varnish are drying.

Bob Schulte of the "Shore Patrol Schultes," who has highly resolved

to never again associate with Bacchus, is now spending ten pensive days repenting his indiscretion. There is a rumor that a strong prohibition movement has been started in Quarters #5.

Our buddy, Davis, is now at the Great Lakes Naval Hospital recovering from diphtheria. Here's wishing you speedy recovery, Ed.

## Quarters #6

Claude Geffken, genial M.A. of Quarters #6, was pleased to greet 20 new Techmen and indoctrinate them into the ways of the institution. The fellows come from Alma College, John Carrol and Case College and some of them are said to have spent days looking for the "campus."

Since the quarters houses part of ship's company, most of them waiting for discharges, there's never a dull moment. Chief Ross Yador came in one evening with a strange, deadpan look on his face. Shortly thereafter he was found in his sack—not an unusual occurrence in itself—but fully attired in dress blues. No explanation has ever been given.

Autumn and the football season have brought an end to Beverly Butler's Grant Park escapades. Any day you might hear him explain, "It's not that the girls play the game or that the players take all their time—it's just too doggone cold!"

## Quarters #7

The number of inmates of old House 6 dropped to twelve during leave, when the greater part of the men transferred to Quarters #1 as V-12'ers. Glowacki, as a "Rotsey" lieutenant, assumed responsibilities and has guided the 41 new men of the company through the stormy first week with a steady hand. His staff, Dave Marshall, Howie MacAdam, Bob Hauser and Chuck Hatstat are all eager and this week should see things settle down to normal.