

TWO
Free Hour

The Friday free period from 11:10 a.m. to 12 noon was arranged and ordered by the dean to give time for all school assemblies and student organization meetings. In a school such as this where most students travel several hours a day to and from the campus, the possibilities of meetings after class hours are decreased manifold. All school assemblies held in the evening (as they are on campuses where the students live nearby in dormitories or fraternity and sorority houses) would be unattended. The fact that navy students do live a convenient distance from the campus bears little weight, as more than half the day school enrollment is civilian and all organizations and clubs demand equal attendance from both. The Friday free hour is surely a "must" at Illinois Tech.

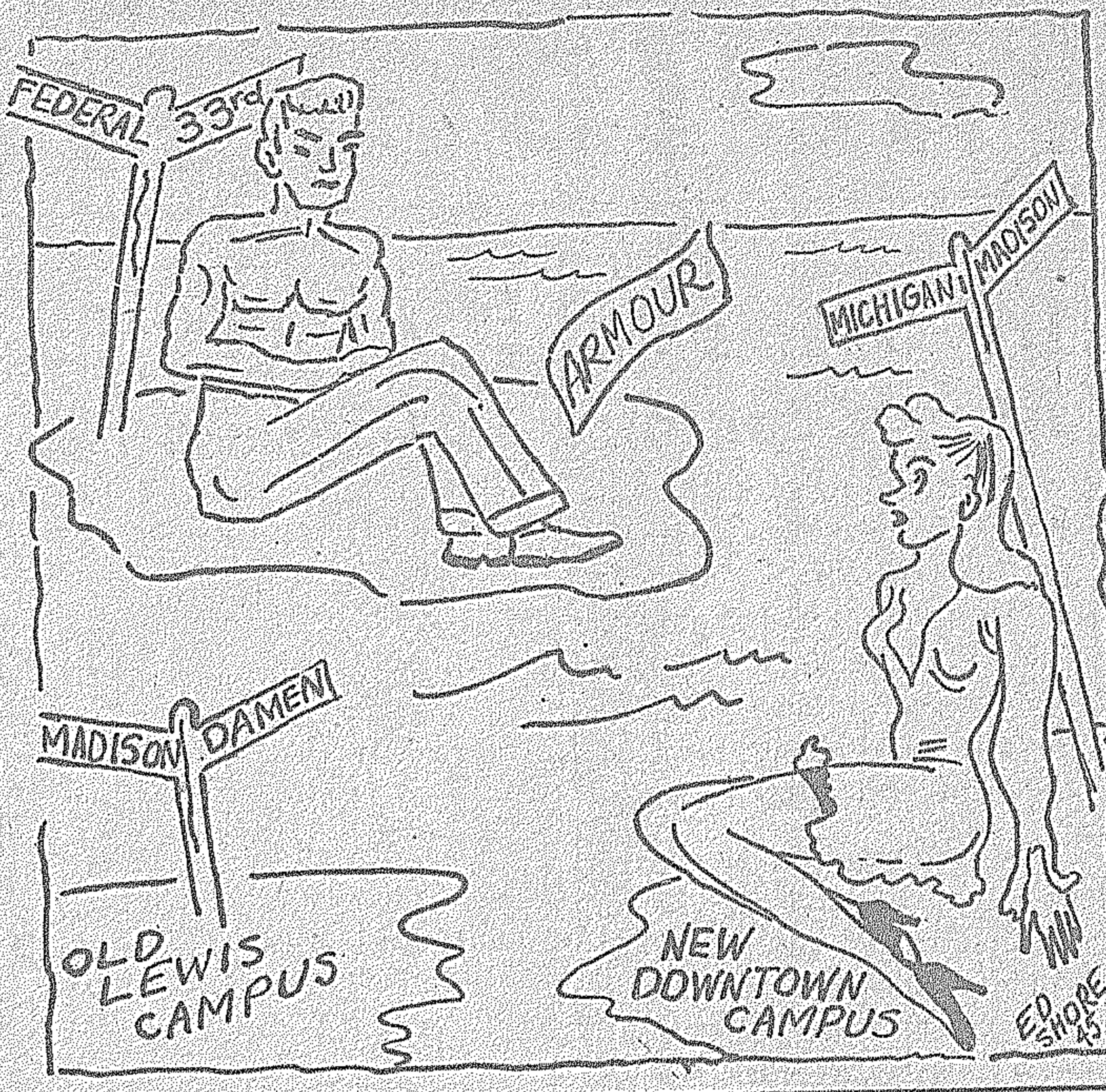
Yet in spite of the need for free time and the order of the dean, extra classes and mass tests are regularly scheduled for that hour by certain instructors. Even the navy office has ordered a physical training class from 11 to 12 on Friday morning.

The argument presented by these people is that the choice is put up to the students themselves. Though this method may be called "democratic" or "progressive" by some, it nevertheless defeats the purpose of the free hour.

This extra time on Friday should be and is a changing, fluctuating thing. No one can be sure from one week to the next, exactly what will happen at that hour. How then can a student know even a week ahead of time, let alone a whole semester, what may attract him Friday from 11 to 12? It might be anything from an all school sing or a Lana Turner movie to a scientific lecture, which would prove more valuable than classroom time.

One of the classes being held at that hour was arranged by seniors, the class not being scheduled at all by the registrar, so they could obtain a necessary credit for graduation. Here the fault is of the

Coed Campus



registrar and not of the students or instructor, for all such essential classes should be scheduled, and at a convenient hour.

Instructors must remember that this time is strictly the students'. Not even a vote by them to have a class or test at that hour is to be considered, for a vote requires that a choice be made between at least two things and the alternative to the class is never apparent until after such a vote could be held.

All problems dealing with classes should be taken up with the registrar. No instructor should be so inapt as to be unable to make equal tests. The free hour must be kept free.

Consolidation

With all the new buildings going up, and offices and clubs being forced to vacate their rooms to make space for storage of excess equipment, the average Techman might be led to believe that Illinois Tech's new campus is about to become a reality. However, this is not true. Only one of the buildings under construction, that for Naval Science and Tactics, is actually a part of the new campus.

The premature disposition of Lewis left Illinois Tech figuratively and literally "holding the bag." All the EE equipment there had to be stored at already overcrowded Armour. Rho Epsilon, the News Bureau, the Link, and many administrative offices had to move. The latest move of the administration is the acquisition of a "Loop campus" to house the department of architecture and the home economics department.

Valuable equipment lies strewn about, no one can find anybody else, and general confusion reigns. All the talk of consolidation might well have been left for the future as well as the ill-advised renting of Lewis until space had been made for the transition. Two separate movings will now be necessary to locate the Institute on one campus: one from Lewis to the Loop, and then from the Loop to Armour.

V-12 VETS

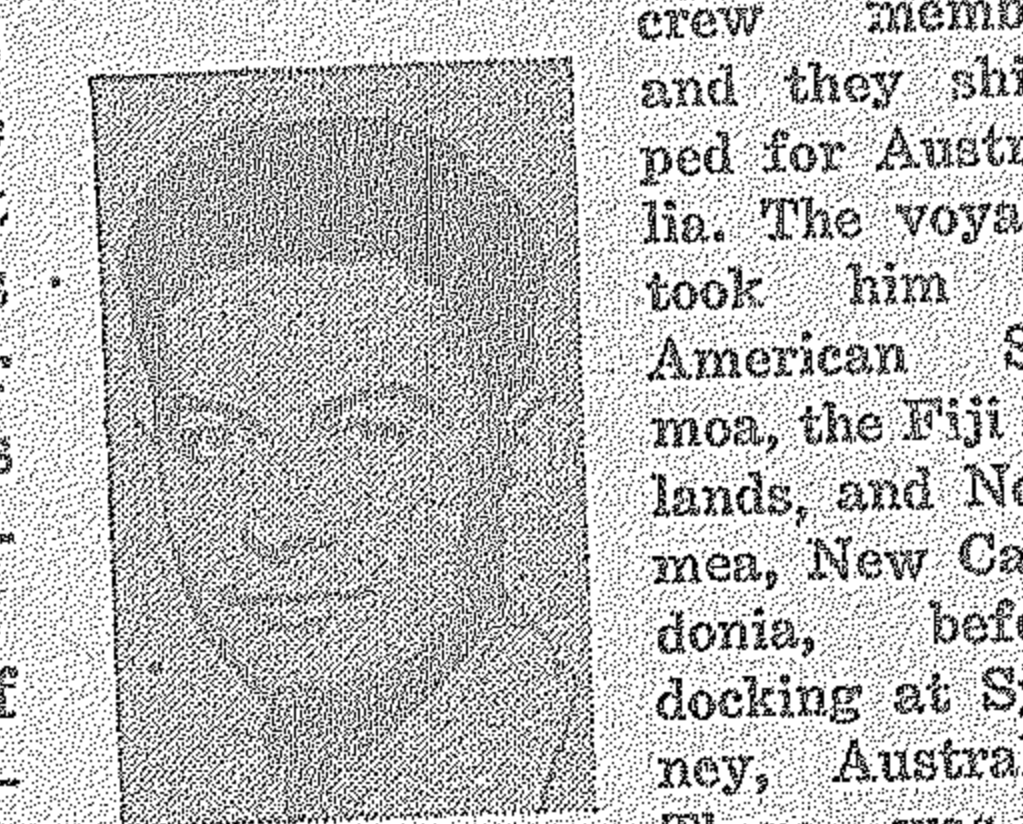
WILLIAM O. MONGESKU

William Otto Mongesku, fifth term mechanical, has performed widely varying duties in his four years of naval service.

Enlisting on May 20, 1941, for a six year hitch, he was sent to Newport, Rhode Island, which was then a recruit training center. At that time, the boot training had been reduced to two months, and after leaving boots, he was sent to aviation mechanic's school at Great Lakes, much against his will. There followed one month of basic school and he went to Ford's Dearborn school for three months of advanced training.

The destroyer base at San Diego, California, was Bill's "jumping-off" spot for Pearl Harbor, where he arrived three weeks after the American entry in the war. He put in three months at Pearl Harbor and received his flight orders as seaman, second class. These orders placed him on patrol duty off the island of Oahu for as much as 14 to 16 hours a day in the navy's Catalina patrol planes. Before leaving Hawaii, he was advanced to seaman, first class.

The aircraft tender, USS Wright, took Bill aboard as a temporary crew member

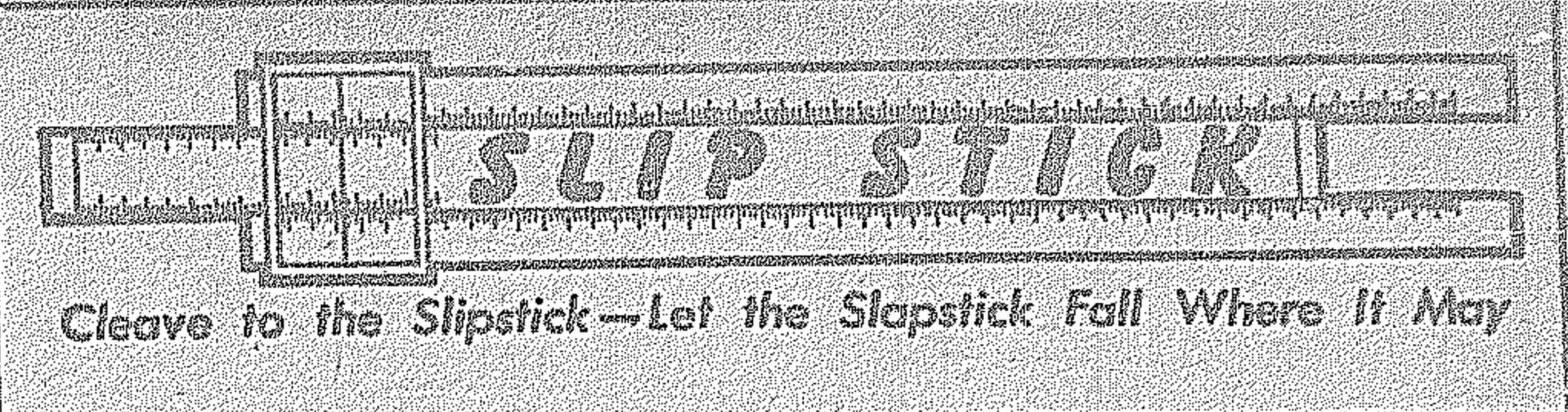


and they shipped for Australia. The voyage took him to American Samoa, the Fiji Islands, and Noumea, New Caledonia, before docking at Sydney, Australia. There was a short stay there and the Wright made the rough trip around the Australian Bight, off southern Australia, to Fremantle, where Bill was transferred.

Upon being transferred, he was sent to Perth, on the west coast of Australia, to help set up one of the U. S. Navy's air bases there. Catalinas flew patrol over the Indian Ocean from that base, and Bill, as aviation mech, third class, went along. He said the patrols were monotonous, lasting many hours a day for several months, with no incidents to break the dullness.

Bill was a member of the 101st Patrol Squadron, the group which became famous as the Sopac's Black Cat Squadron. They bombed New Guinea, the Solomons, and made nuisance raids at night all through the islands north of New Guinea. The squadron never lost a plane in spite of fierce activity in the early part of the war. They received a presidential unit citation for their work.

After two years in Perth, Bill was selected for V-12 and sent to San Pedro aboard the USS Hermitage.



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

A widow is the most fortunate woman in the world. She knows all about men and all men who know anything about her are dead.

—IIT—

Two girls were looking at the new paintings on display in the gallery. Suddenly they came before a nude, which one girl recognized at once as a painting of her companion.

"Why, dear, I didn't know you ever posed in the nude," said she in a tone of astonishment.

"I certainly did not," was the highly indignant reply. "He painted it from memory."

—IIT—

The drunk staggered into the automat and put two nickels into a slot and out came a piece of cherry pie. He put in two more and out came another piece. He kept that

up until he had 20 or 25 pieces of pie. And still he continued to feed in more money. Finally an attendant came up and said: "Don't you think you had better stop now?"

"What!" cried the drunk, "quit now that I'm having a lucky streak?"

—IIT—

She—It's easy to write a play. First act, boy meets girl; second act, they hold hands; third act, they kiss.

He—That's how I got arrested.

She—What do you mean?

He—I wrote a five-act play.

—IIT—

A bit of wisdom: Everyone is of some use, even if nothing more than to serve as a horrible example.

"30" for now.

—THE RAZOR BLADES

... Techman Talking

DANIEL ROESCH, Professor in Mechanical Engineering

The inscription "Fama factis extendit" on the stained glass windows at the head of the first stairs in the Main Building, symbolizes a "service to youth" idea. This is further illuminated by the statement in marble directly under the window, "Surely from heaven drops light for youth, if youth will walk thereby." The development of this theme of mutual and reciprocal opportunities between youth and philanthropy has undoubtedly been the basic reason for the healthy growth of the Illinois Institute of Technology.

The history of this growth in its service to youth illustrates again that any great institution or movement is but the lengthening shadow of a great man. In this case, as the situations developed, it became the lengthening shadows of two great men. Their visions were the catalysts which carried beyond their commercial interests. Recognition and tribute belong to Mr. P. D. Armour and Mr. Allen C. Lewis.

The service to youth of today also includes one to industry and to humanity. All have been fostered and amplified by the civic interest, unselfishness, loyalty, and outstanding contributions of the board of trustees, the administration, the faculty, the student body, and the alumni.

One significant fibre of the structure is the students' honor system, be it in the form of written, oral, or moral code. Its application, and tangible influence extend far beyond student years and its maximum effectiveness is when universally applied. Every long range thinker appreciates the need for more of the honor system in world affairs. Furthermore, the maximum effectiveness is accomplished more by the moral code than by the written or oral codes, since the latter require external explanation, interpretation, and enforcement.

A toast to the honor system, universally and reciprocally in action, and to the continued growth of the "service to youth" ideas launched so auspiciously by the founders of two great institutions, now one.



STEAMSHOVEL

Success is ruining my career. My married girl friend, Faye, did such an excellent job at back seat driving last week that I called on her for further guidance. This time, however, her rugged six-foot husband arrived at a most embarrassing moment. True to life, my explanation was not accepted and it can easily be deduced why the steamshovel is operating rather sluggishly.

Complaints on last week's diggings are still being brought in by staggering mailmen. One such nefarious individual, Robert Czeropski, claims his name was misspelled and bluntly suggests that we fire operator 267. In giving out stern justice, the previous mentioned operator was severely reprimanded and his beat transferred to a wooded section. It soon became obvious that the transfer was a mistake, as that wooded section was entirely populated by gregarious IIT men.

Heretofore, we have indiscriminately shafted all individuals, but now we take our hats off to the swimming feats of Frank Krawczak and Ray Murphy. Frank and Ray swam against Henry "Pappy" Camp, who went the route by himself while our

two heroes relayed. After much water had been drunk, our two heroes won by the astonishing distance of two feet.

The shovel in a mighty scoop struck some rock and the story of Alfred Bruckner and Chuck Melidones was brought to light. Under the guise of being committee members of the IT Vets, these two unscrupulous characters obtained pertinent information from a secretary who answers to the name of Arleen. Using carefully worded propaganda, Arleen's address, telephone number, and disposition were extracted by the two gentlemen. Of course, Chuck and Al deny all inferences and claim that the information was absolutely necessary for the completion of the committee project. After seeing Arleen, we are all for the project.

Before the Steamshovel stops, we would like to give some confidential but unsolicited advice to a fellow named Al. Al broke his index finger through excessive use. Our advice is to obtain insurance.

The shovel is thorough for the week and stranded up the well-known tributary. Consequently, next week's diggings promises to be soft and very closely related to all IIT men.

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