

TWO Technology News

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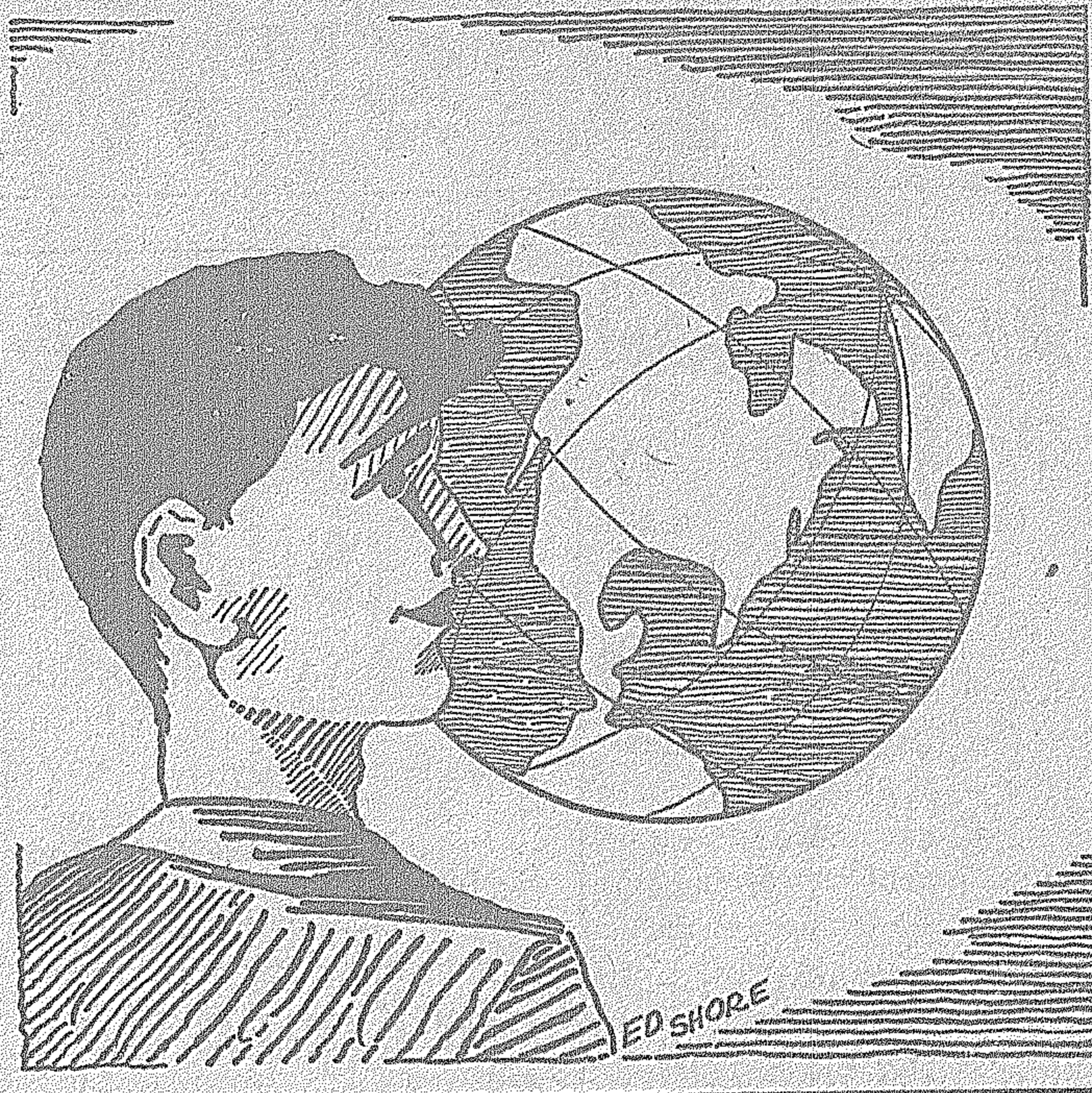
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Forward to a World of Peace



STEAMSHOVEL

The steamshovel really wasn't supposed to be in operation this week. In fact, I had already retired to the seclusion of my harem. The V-J celebration brought me hastily back to the loop searching for more members. Three slaps later I was convinced that the harem business has a dark future. Feeling in an ugly mood I geared the shovel and plunged down State Street.

Galloping towards me astride a pink elephant was A/S Norman Reisinger. Norm, wearing a straw hat with the rim flattened down, was definitely crooked. Through the haze of red, one could barely make out Norm's features, and some even said that below the sweat was a white uniform. Norm says he enjoyed himself immensely, but that he had a difficult time tearing himself away from the women.

It seems that Race Wilt recently came to school floating on air, after a rather interesting night with his one and only Denise. He was so enthralled that he could hardly wait to call her again. When this did happen, however, the phone was answered by her father, who stated in no uncertain terms that she was restricted for one month, after the fatal night. He can now be seen impatiently counting the days and hours that remain before he can again go out with her.

One boy for whom the end of the war was more than usually expedient, was Cal Zehnder. It seems Cal has a young woman on the south side who was quite interesting in the recent past, and also an interest on the north side has occupied him of late. The south side lass made up her mind to come to Dance Club one week to see Cal, and the same week Cal talked the other one into coming down. Catastrophe was about to occur when the war ended and cancelled everything.

From an unlimited supply of uncomplimentary fan mail I gather that there are some malicious individuals who would like to dismantle the steamshovel. It's T.S. (tough situation) but the shovel's whereabouts is a closely guarded secret. Furthermore, remember that life is a big game. How you play the game depends on the psychological attitude that one takes towards the rules. Some nefarious characters make up their own rules. However, the shovel's indiscriminate and digs every one alike.

—DOC

V-12 VETS

GEORGE FELCH

Back from New Guinea and the Admiralty Islands, George Felch is president of the freshman class and a pledge to Delta Tau Delta in his first term at IIT.

George enlisted in November, 1942, and was sent to Fort Bliss, Texas. Here he contacted a disease similar to poison ivy and remained in the hospital while his outfit moved a way. Things moved fast in those days; six months after his enlistment



George was in Brisbane, Australia.

One of those "now it can be told" stories concerns a pet parrot that was adopted by George as a mascot. The parrot had a rather annoying habit of chewing buttons off shirts and tips off shoes. One day the parrot in a happy mood wandered into the captain's tent and proceeded to create some havoc. An assessment of damages was made and George was restricted for a week. George claims the parrot was never inebriated although he occasionally swore.

Moving along, George's outfit, the first cavalry division, made several amphibious landings on New Guinea. George had a close shave one night when he raised his head out of his foxhole for a look in the dark. Immediately a sniper's bullet struck a log about three inches from his face and that's as close as George hopes they ever get.

Part of the division was having trouble in the Admiralty Islands and George went along with reinforcements. The campaign lasted about three weeks and the Japs were thoroughly defeated. It was here that George received a poor impression of the Japs' military intelligence. His outfit was cornered and pinned down. Yet for some strange "bushido" reason the Japs failed to take advantage of this opportunity.

While the division was sent on to the Philippines, George was sent to a hospital with a case of malaria. He was then shipped to the States and discharged after 26 months of active service. So far George has had only five recurring attacks and hopes the disease has about spent itself.

George likes the atmosphere at IIT and is rapidly becoming active in extracurricular activities.

—JACOB KRAMER

Slapsick Notes

MAX GOLDBERG, sophomore electrical, is related to Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom . . . DR. ALFRED C. AMES of the language department has a number of friends in the various federal prisons throughout the country . . . R. O. LOVING, assistant professor of technical drawing ranked third in his class of 700 students, at Texas A & M . . . S. I. HAYAKAWA, noted authority on semantics and author of the Book of the Month selection, "Language in Action," formerly coached fencing at Illinois Tech . . .

Techman Talking

E. I. FIESENHEISER—Assistant Professor of Civil Engineering
Education should be a preparation for living. It should give us a broader viewpoint or better perspective so that we see the relative importance of things to each other. As a preparation for the practice of a profession it also teaches us technical skills.

The idea of education as a preparation for living is probably most important. In this connection a disturbing thought came to my mind recently. I read the statement of a psychologist that people do not always understand their own motives or the reasons for their actions. One does not like to believe that an intelligent person is so like a machine, going here and there, or doing this and that, without knowing why.

However, if there is truth in the statement, the difficulty may be that people do not think enough about the reasons for their actions. They may be merely doing as they see others do, without thinking. In some cases a clear cut code of conduct might be of help. A code cannot of course cover every situation but can only establish general rules, and one must be able many times to 'read between the lines'.

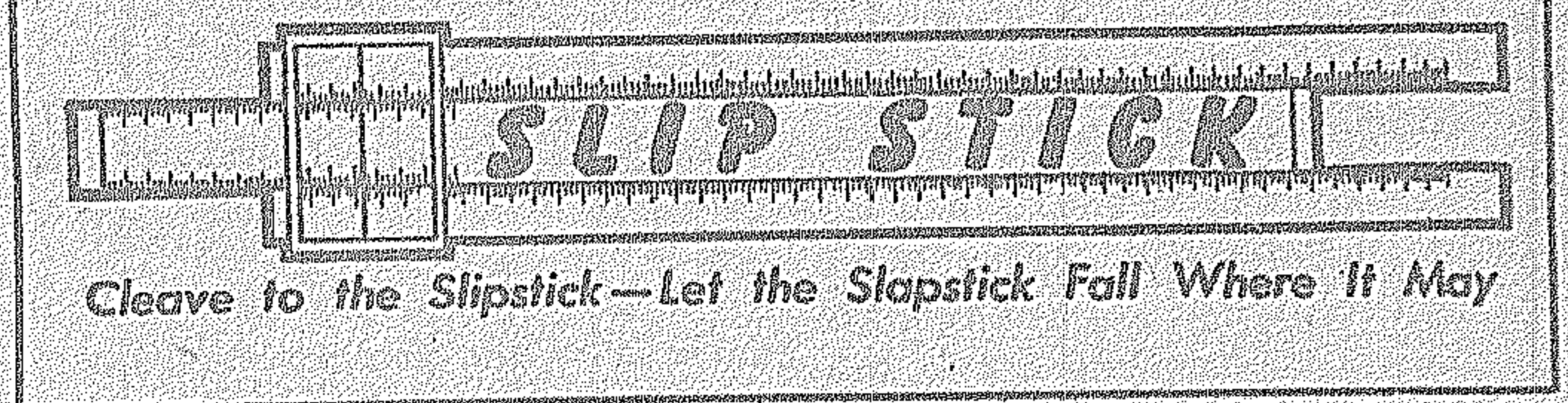
In this connection there is a "Code of Practice" for members of the American Society of Civil Engineers which attempts to set up standards for Civil Engineers in practice. This is an application of a code of ethics and should apply to other phases of engineering as well as Civil. Certain features of this code may be worth bringing to our attention.

"Every engineer should satisfy himself, to the best of his ability, that the enterprises with which he becomes identified are of legitimate character.

"No engineer shall falsely or maliciously injure, directly or indirectly, the reputation, prospects, or business of another.

"Credit for work and ideas shall be attributed only to the real authors. An engineer should not accept employment with another employer without first giving his superior due notice.

Space does not permit quotations of the entire code. Surely any engineer or anyone hoping to become an engineer may profit by studying such standards of conduct as the above.



This week's "stuff" is dedicated to Nursery Rhymes, which brings to mind a little ditty:

A modern Mother Hubbard went to her refrigerator, and when she opened the door she found a rabbit inside. She was somewhat astonished by his leisurely manner, so she asked him point blank what he was doing there. The rabbit poked his head out and pointed to the manufacturer's emblem. "It says Westinghouse, doesn't it? Well, I'm just westing."

—IIT—

She refuses to kiss
She refuses to pet,
So this little miss
Ain't a missus yet.

—IIT—

Little Johnnie had torn his trousers twice in the course of one afternoon, and when he came in with his pants torn again, his mother said: "You go straight upstairs, remove your pants, and mend them for yourself."

Sometime later, she thought of him and went upstairs to see how he was getting along. The torn pants were lying on the chair, but there was no sign of Johnnie. Returning downstairs, she heard a noise in the cellar and decided that he was down there playing. "Are you down there running around without your pants on?" she called loudly.

"No, madam, I'm just reading the gas meter," a deep voice replied.

—IIT—

Wife grew restless and suspicious. She sent a straight telegram to her husband as follows: "John, dearie, remember, you're a married man." Later in the day she received this reply: "Am sorry but your wire arrived one hour too late."

—IIT—

Journalism Extraordinary:

A reporter had been sent to cover a great mine disaster. He was so impressed by all he saw that he tried

to indicate the emotion and heroism around him in that great panorama of death. In a wire to his editor, he wrote, "God sits tonight on a little hill surveying a scene of stark disaster."

His editor wired back, "Never mind the disaster, interview God, get pictures if possible."

—IIT—

He: "Where can I get hold of you?"

She: "I don't know, I'm awfully ticklish."

—IIT—

Please don't ask me to marry you now, My mother would just have a fit. Good Heavens! It was only this morning we met.

Can't you be patient a bit? You know, dear, how people would talk,

They'd say it was not in good taste And besides, I don't think a girl— if she's nice—

Should marry a man in such haste. I'll marry you tomorrow, my dear, if you like!

And we'll share the same tooth brush and comb.

But stop insisting upon it tonight, Or I'll get up, get dressed, and go home!

—IIT—

A chiropractor is a guy who gets paid for what a sailor gets slapped for.

—IIT—

Love does funny things. Example:

Papa loves mama,
Mama loves men;
Mama's in the grave,
Papa's in the pen.
"30" for this week.

—THE RAZOR BLADES