

## Technology News

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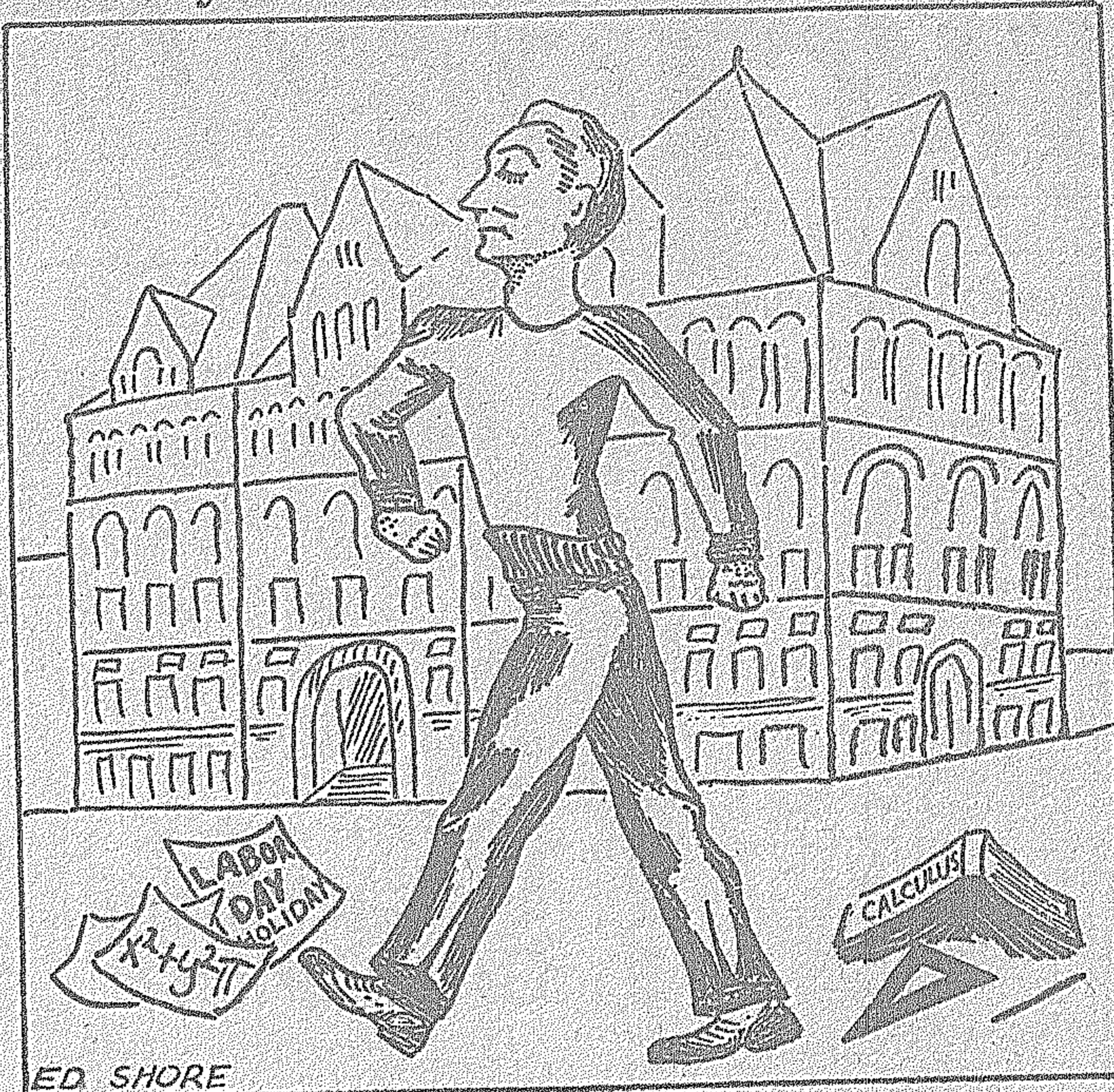
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## Holiday Bound



## Faculty Interest

A short time ago there was a decided lack of student interest in school activities. Organizations dwindled off in membership and gradually disappeared from the campus.

With the increase of returning veterans and an increase in the interest of navy men in student activities, IIT has become a well rounded educational institution.

But through this transition period, where was the faculty? Organizations striving to get back on their feet looked, sometimes in vain, for a sponsor.

One would think that the increase of student interest in school affairs would bring a corresponding increase in faculty interest.

But it hasn't.

At the last all-school dance, "the Integral Ball," the only member of the faculty present was President Heald.

A group of enterprising students decided to form a drama club. They searched and searched for a sponsor, but apparently all the professors were too busy. At last they found a sponsor, only to lose him last term. This group is now non-existent!

Is the aim of the professors here just to make a living alone, or are they deeply enough interested in their profession to help the students develop the cultural and scholastic sides of their education?

The worst examples of faculty complacency are the many professors who present their daily lectures, without thought of how the class as a whole is grasping the important facts. They go on and on until there are only one or two in the class who have entirely assimilated the information. Then they wonder why so many students fail quizzes or sit with blank expressions on their faces. Why don't these instructors offer special instruction for the student who is slower to grasp things?

Increased support of student activities and affairs by the faculty would prove that they are not a bunch of "wet blankets."

## V-12 VETS

James D. Jones

From "torpedo junction" fifty miles south of Tokyo to the V-12 unit at IIT is a big jump, but Jimmy Jones of Quarters #4 has taken it in his determined stride.

Jimmy joined the navy in April of 1942 after having completed a year at Wichita University.

The regular boot camp training, then a three month cooling of heels at OGU, met Jones in the navy.

There was to be no action or sea duty for him yet, not till after RT School. Radio Technician's Sch. lasted 9 months through various stages in Texas and at Treasure Island.

To finish up his training, Jones was sent to submarine school at New London, Connecticut. Having now acquired a little bit of knowledge about everything, he was ready for sea duty. It took practically no time at all to be stationed at Midway, as a relief submarine crew member.

The duty of relief crews is to overhaul the submarine when they come in from patrols. During this time, the regular crew get a two week vacation. Jones spent six months with the "gooney" birds of Midway. These birds, which inhabit the isle, are protected by a statute which places a \$25 fine on anyone who harms them.

The USS Shad, one of the navy's new subs, to which Jim was transferred as a regular crew member, had seen service in the European theatre where she sank two German men-of-war. Now the Shad was making the long patrols to the coast of Japan.

Jones learned just how long these patrols could be, when they stayed out for a period of 86 days and at other times for 65 and 56 days. It's during times like these that the mettle of each of the 74 men and ten officers is shown. The men see the sun only through the periscope, get into fresh air at night when the sub surfaces.

As all men aboard submarines, Jimmy learned to stand all the watches aboard: sound, radar, helm, bow and stern plane, and the rest.

The patrols extended to the front door of Tokyo. One time the crew all took a look at Mt. Fujiyama, but just didn't have much to say. Just south of Tokyo Bay is a spot near O'Shima called "Torpedo Junction." The spot earned its dramatic name from the work of submarines like the Shad, which alone sank ten Jap vessels in that vicinity.

The best kill, relates Jim, was a 10,000 ton troop ship loaded with re-

turning soldiers. The Shad sank her with three hits out of a four torpedo spread. The skipper took one quick look to make sure of the hits and then dove down deep to sweat it out as the Jap destroyers began dropping depth charges.

The depth charging continued for a couple of hours, said Jones. It's just like heavy thunder back home, except that it shakes everything, and you kind of wonder how much closer they'll come. This time they were all close.

Most of the contacts were made at night when Jap ships would try to sneak out of Tokyo Bay.

Once the Shad tracked an unknown target, when the unknown vessel fired four torpedoes. Jimmy was on deck when this happened and watched them pass twenty yards wide. A short time later, the Shad's radiomen picked up a message sent by a US sub saying it fired four torpedoes at an unknown target, and the place was the same as that where the Shad had been. The "unknown" target was a U.S. sub!

An incident which nearly cost the lives of every man aboard, as well as that of the ship itself, remains vividly in Jones' memory. The Shad was cruising to its patrol station when a Jap plane was spotted. Within 40 seconds the Sub had cleared deck and dove to 160 feet when it was found that the conning tower hatch had not been properly secured, water was gushing in, and was now waist deep in the control room. They would have to surface, with the plane above them. Luckily the ship surfaced, the hatch was dogged properly, and quickly dove to the safety of the lower depths. The damage had already been done, for it took four days of continuous work to get rid of the salt water which had flooded the radios, radar, sound gear, and fire control gear. Jim labored days without sleep to get his equipment back into shape.

Stories like this might be nice to talk about at times, but Jim's love is geology, to which he hopes to return after the war.

"It's tough to study electrical engineering when you'd rather be studying something you like," he says, "but I'll fight it out to the end, at least till my 29½ points grow large enough to get out of service."

—WIT KOSICKI

## Athlete, Student and Leader; Attainments of Pete Browning

The Man of the Week spotlight moves in, this week, for a close-up of Robert Browning, seventh term ME student and Navy trainee. Modest and easy going, he is athlete, scholar and leader, and is known to one and all as "Pete." Browning got his first glimpse of Illinois Tech when he reported to the newly formed V-12 unit July 1, 1943. At George Williams' College, where the freshman trainees were placed, Pete early distinguished himself on the basketball court as an integral part of the very successful G. W. team.

Transfer to Armour campus on July of 1944 brought Browning in to his own.

He pledged Alpha Sigma Phi that month, entered intramurals and began to work with Coach Wagner's cagers, some of whom he had recently opposed in the George Williams-Illinois Tech games.

By the time class elections came due that fall, a definite "gang" of five guys had formed in Quarters #6. Without Pete's knowledge, the

other four, Tom Blim, Gene Evers, Alva Oslin and Mort Miller, quietly campaigned for his election as President of the Junior Class. He won hands down. More recently, Browning has become president of Beta Omega Nu, Honor I and the Senior Class, each a high honor in itself.

But seven semesters of activity and attainments have not made him forget that school is a place where you go, more or less willingly, to study. Pete's average of 1.8 requires an apology to no one. Though a mechanical engineering major, his varied interests could lead him into any of a number of fields in the post-discharge days.

And that completes the picture of Robert Browning, Man of the Week, athlete, student and leader.

## STEAMSHOVEL

Because of the untimely demise of the previous operator, who was caught with his shovel down by a revengeful "Steamshovel-ite," I was hurriedly summoned to dig the dirt this week. Because of the holiday yesterday, we were somewhat slow in getting started, but the trusty old shovel made up for everything and finally came up with slime of the lowest sort.

Bill Bloudek's daring feat is one of the lowest this week. It seems his one and only introduced Bill to her best girl friend, and added the interesting information that she goes to the picnic grove in Park Ridge every week end. Our boy of the week took one look at the girl friend and decided that she is meant for him; so he conveniently traded girls and is now a steady customer at the grove. Except when it rains, we add.

Three more of our fast-talking friends talked themselves into a deep hole last week, from which they were rescued only by the trusty steamshovel. Herb Schnabel, Bob Hauser, and Ray Murphy met three females in a large green Buick while riding back to quarters on their thumbs, and just happened to mention that liberty came on Wednesday night. On Wednesday night a green Buick pulled up in front of House 4, and Herb Schnabel, Bob Hauser, and Ray Murphy disappeared out the back door to take refuge in Quarters 5. "They were nice girls," explains Murphy, "but what beasts!"

Highlight of last week-end's social calendar was the Pi Kapp house party. Here Al Dimoff and Bill Cummins enjoyed themselves immensely by playing such innocent childhood games as spin-the-bottle.

Man of many troubles is Bill Kedrow. Bill went to the Aragon to see what he could see, and whether or not he could take her home. Here he introduced himself to an interesting young lady and proceeded to make time. But, being a dealer, Bill naturally let his eyes roam and soon came across an old flame. He politely excused himself from his first conquest and left to cover more interesting ground. It soon became apparent that things were not as before, and he decided to reverse his field once again. Unfortunately, he was unable to locate the first young lady, and magnanimously concluded it would be nice to walk the old flame home anyway. Now the Aragon is a pretty big place, says Bill, and he couldn't find her either. Thus it turned out that he walked himself home in the moonlight.

Wit Kosicki is a boy of one taste. "The last three women I've gone steady with," says Wit, "have all been named Eileen."

Another one of the dealers on the campus is Harold "Slugs" Guldberg. Slugs hied himself over to his girl friend's apartment one balmy Wednesday liberty evening, and upon arriving there he sacked off on the couch while waiting for her to get ready. Next thing he remembers is being awakened by the little woman and being told he had only 30 minutes to get back to the quarters. He got up, put on his neckerchief, and left, a very disgruntled, but thoroughly rested, man.

Bruce Bourne, second term freshman, is interested in a 16 year old girl from Indiana. The unique part is that she holds a Bachelor of Philosophy degree from the University of Chicago, and has studied dramatics and singing under some of the outstanding opera stars. More than that, she will live with his family when, as, and if she stays in Chicago for some time.

Some time ago, Professor Vale Chamberlain was illustrating a point in economics, by theoretically giving a theoretical \$100 to each of his so-called students. One lad, who evidently was having a difficult time deciding what to do with his \$100, suddenly looked up and asked blissfully, "Say, is this \$100 tax-free?"

This concludes this week's "diggings." Next week, with Doc back in the seat, the 'Shovel will resume its disastrous delving into the lives of Techmen.

—THE SHILLELAGH



DR. JOHN F. McNAMARA was boxing champion at Loyola University during his college career . . . Ch. SP(A) BILL STEWART'S brother, Jack Stewart, is a motion picture actor. Recently he has been seen in "National Velvet" and "I'll Be Seeing You" . . . LOUIS SLATTERY, Ph M 2/c, is co-author of several short stories appearing in Liberty magazine . . . DEAN JAMES C. PEEBLES played 3rd base for the 1904 Armour baseball team . . .