

Technology News

Patriotism

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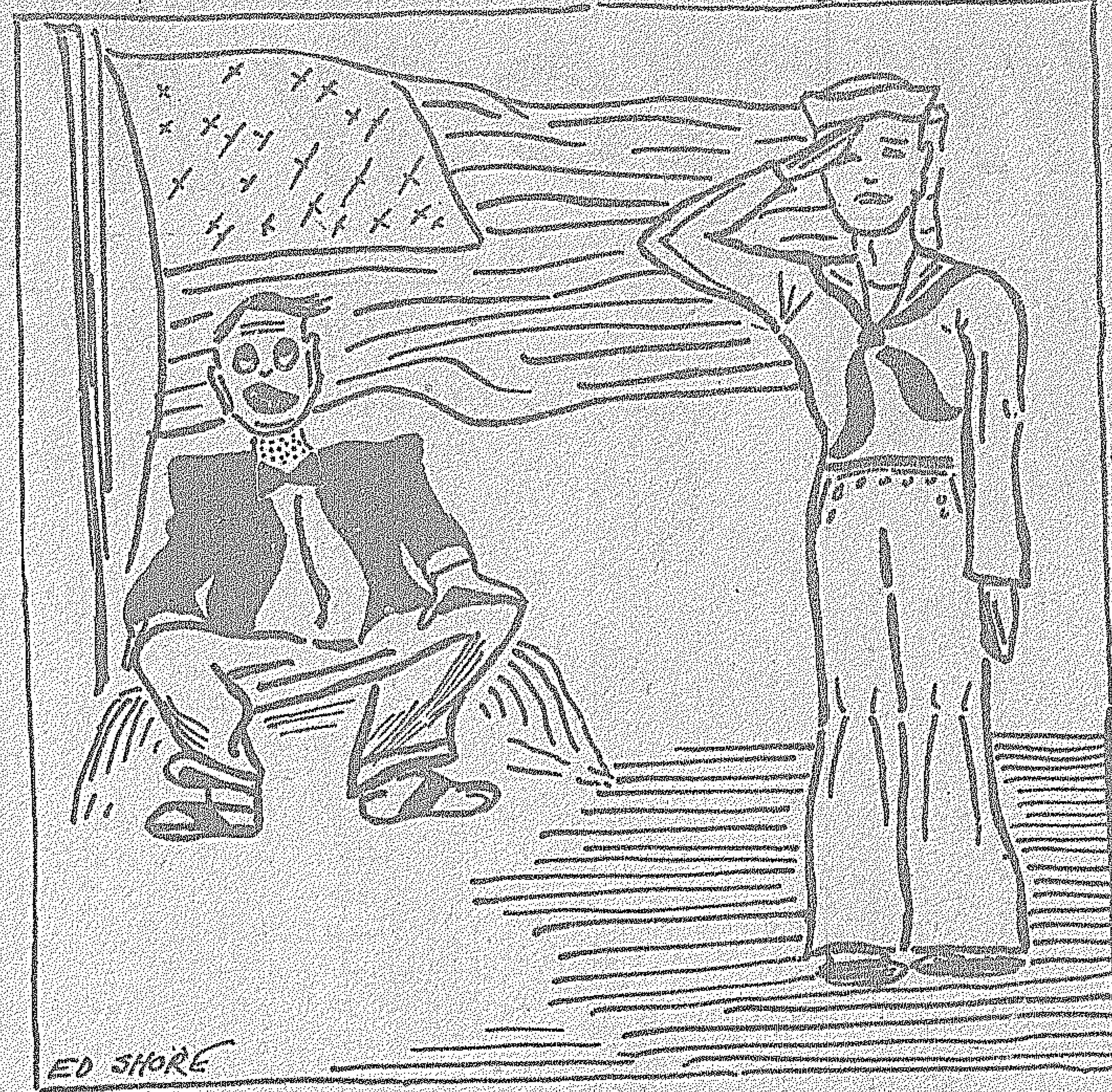
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ED SHORE

Student Conduct

A recent letter to *Technology News* by Dean L. E. Grinter, vice-president of the Illinois Institute of Technology, stated in part, "If the *News* will keep hitting at all phases of ungentlemanly student conduct, results will be achieved."

The phrase "ungentlemanly conduct" usually sends one to the bookshelves for a volume of Emily Post; but the rules of etiquette as laid down there do not in general apply to the daily life of a Tech student. Rather the more simple rules of courtesy and good manners are the criteria by which the student should regulate his actions.

The need for simple courtesy can be seen at the elevator in Main almost every day. Often those waiting for the elevator include besides the usual students, instructors and secretaries bound for offices and classes. The probability of a student being in a greater hurry than any other passenger is doubtful, yet daily, students may be seen crowding and shoving ahead of instructors or secretaries to reach the elevator first. Common courtesy would place the instructor and secretary first.

A second offense often committed at the elevator occurs when the car is crowded. Invariably those riding to the third or fourth floor get on first and require those in front of them bound for a higher floor to vacate the car to let them out. Common courtesy would hold them back to board the car last.

Last week a letter from a student printed in the column, "Letters to the Editor," called attention to the lack of patriotism of many civilian students, instructors, and maintenance men regarding the "Star Spangled Banner" as played at each morning's navy formation. Such neglect and bad manners is unbelievable, but true. Merely standing erect and uncovered is sufficient and much less inconspicuous than the careless lounging and smoking on lawn as practiced now.

Man Of The Week

Knepper Climaxes Journalism Career as Editor-in-Chief

In July of 1943 Man of the Week Trent S. Knepper came to Illinois Tech after spending a semester at George Williams College. Trent lost no time in acclimating himself to IIT and he soon became active in the glee club and *Technology News*.

Before coming to GW, Trent, who hails from Kendallville, Indiana, was stationed at the University of Illinois in Signalman's School.

While in "Boot Camp" Trent had the privilege of serving in the honor guard of the late Franklin Roosevelt on one of his Great Lakes fishing trips. Also while in Boot Camp Trent had the opportunity of singing a solo on the coast to coast radio program from Great Lakes, "Meet Your Navy."

Previous to his entrance into the navy, Trent attended Purdue University where he studied mechanical engineering and was baritone soloist in the glee club. He was also initiated into Alpha Chi Rho,

a social fraternity.

Now serving on *Technology News* for his fourth semester, Trent has held the positions of reporter, headline editor, and assignment editor. This semester he was selected by the managing board as editor-in-chief. For his work in journalism Trent was elected to Pi Delta Epsilon, national collegiate journalism honorary fraternity, last semester.

For the past four semesters Trent has been the baritone soloist in Illinois Tech's glee club. He has participated in all the glee club production including the Christmas program and the recent Mother's Day program. Last Semester Trent was elected to Pi Nu Epsilon, national musical honorary.

"T.S.'s" post war plans include twins before he's twenty-five and a continuation of his engineering and musical education at the University of Illinois.

—AL KUKRAL

STEAMSHOVEL

The Steamshovel poses a problem: Now that the semester is at the half way mark, how can you tell whether it is half over or half yet to go? With this profound thought, the old shovel moves ahead to scoop more dirt.

Don Lokke's morning pick-me-up is a little freckled-faced, auburn-haired woman named Helen. Don, though he has had courage enough only to gaze at her from one end of the street-car, confides that she has big, beautiful eyes, and she winks at him every morning.

"Sonny" is still a wrong guy! Slugger Weissman stepped up to the plate after the Senior Mech-Senior Juicer intramural game to show the boys how to handle the old shillelagh. He averaged .750, hitting the ball to the pitcher three out of four times.

Nimitz, the campus pooch, was a big hit at the Dance Club last Wednesday. After the dog chased the dancers, "Fearless" Tommy Blim took the situation in hand and grabbed Nimitz by the neck and deposited him fiercely outside. As Tommy came in with a satisfied look on his face he was greeted by a burst of applause from the dances. 'Course he didn't see Nimitz scampering along about five feet behind him.

Add to the list of students who are on their instructor's SOL list the name of Bill Furlong. Bill it seems was discussing and cussing the merits of his TD professor: "The blankety-blank old buzzard couldn't tell a French curve from a hole in his head." Unfortunately the man standing at the edge of the group was his instructor, and Bill was forced to beat a hasty retreat.

The activities of A/S Al Bourdon are again worthy of note. Al journeyed to Wisconsin over the Labor Day holiday and chanced to meet a new female interest. As life will, things became complicated last Wednesday when Al's previous interest, a large redhead, and her sister, also a good-sized redhead, showed up at Dance Club. Al is always willing to avoid a scene and so he politely beat feet back to quarters and holed up, even refusing to talk of the matter.

Interesting relationship on the campus is that of Bob "Coolie" Fordham and secretary Lillian Hanicits. Lillian calls Coolie "Big Brown Eyes" and thinks he's just "cute as a button." Bob stands there with his disarming bashful grin and takes it all in.

One of the dealers on the campus is the bane of Quarters #4, Claude Goffken. Some woman is always calling House #4 and asking

IIT VETS

It was during the strategic but crucial invasion of North Africa that Bill Nightingale earned his Purple Heart.

Right before the infamous Jap attack on Pearl Harbor and when war seemed imminent, Bill enlisted at Fort Benjamin Harrison. It didn't take long before he was sent on to the armored school at Fort Knox.

Bill was a tank commander with the rating of a "buck" sergeant, and according to him, life in those days was uneventful. Once, however, he was lost for three days while on maneuvers. Directing his tank in an encircling movement Bill captured a gun

company. When he returned to the rendezvous the other tanks were nowhere in sight. Bill was without supplies, maps, or a radio, and it required three days for him to deduce where the outfit should be located.

Leaving the port of embarkation Bill landed in Northern Ireland and thence to England. Bill claims that the British fog was so thick that in the morning you had to literally cut your way through it.

A favorite pastime of Bill was to entertain the British switchboard operator by disclosing certain fundamental parts of American humor. Although the British are extremely conservative, a sort of reciprocal trade agreement was inaugurated and Bill enjoyed himself immensely.

After three more weeks of amphibious operations Bill landed at Mercur Ba Sijar on the North African coast. The political negotiations had seemingly paved the way for an easy victory, as there was no resistance at this beachhead. But if anyone thought that the entire campaign would be of the same order, illusions were soon shattered by gunfire.

At the La Senira airport, the French put up heavy resistance and the American casualty list grew. Bill's outfit took the airport in just two days of truculent warfare. Ironically Bill was shot in the hip right before the French surrendered. Afterwards the French became amiable and helped evacuate the wounded.

Bill was sent back to England, where he became known for his calm and composure during air raids. During one air raid while everyone was running around in confusion and chaos, Bill complacently slept through the whole thing. Besides the anti-aircraft fire, two German planes were shot down about five miles from the hospital.

Bill spent four more months in a hospital in the States and was honorably discharged after thirty-eight months of active service. He is a sophomore electrical and thinks everything at IIT is coming along fine.

—JACOB KRAMER



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

We dedicate this column to shy little Warren, whom Bessie was very fond of until he got fresh and spoiled everything. "Gee," says Bessie, "isn't it terrible how fast a man can undo everything?"

—IIT—

Gob: "Honey, every time I see you my heart beats faster. I feel the urge to do bigger and better things. I feel strong and virile. Do you know what that means?"

She: "Sure! It means that in about five minutes I am going to have a wrestling match."

—IIT—

Said the Warden to the man in the death cell: "The Governor says you can have one hour of grace."

Prisoner: "Okay, bring her in."

—IIT—

Spinster (to burglar): "Yes, yes, I have money. Well, don't just stand there. Frisk me!"

—IIT—

A good girl always sticks to "no,"
A bad girl always "yesses";
A smart girl makes them sound alike.

And holds the boys on guesses!

—IIT—

"I dreamed of you last night, big boy."

"Did I have any luck, baby?"

—IIT—

"I suppose that I shouldn't be offering you wine in view of the fact that you are the head of the Temperance League?"

"Oh no, my dear lady, I'm the head of the Vice League."

"Well, I knew that there was something I should not offer you."

—IIT—

Once upon a time a girl said to her girl friend, "How do you

make love to a sailor?"

The answer was, "You don't! You just stand there and defend yourself."

—IIT—

Math Prof: If I've talked too long, it's because I forgot my watch and there's no clock in this hall.

Voice in the back: There's a calendar on the wall behind you.

—IIT—

New Bank Clerk: "Miss Jones, do you retire a loan?"

Stenog: "No, I sleep with Aunt Sophie."

—IIT—

"Yes, mother. I'm a model and the artist for whom I pose does painting, sculpturing, and etching."

"But of course, my dear, he does one thing better than anything else, does he not?"

"Yes, mother, but nevertheless, he's pretty good at painting, sculpturing, and etching."

—IIT—

He: Listen, Baby, you play ball with me and you'll get places.

She: Okay, but I don't want to start in the bushes.

—IIT—

Did you hear about the wife who shot her husband with a bow and arrow because she didn't want to wake the children

—IIT—

"Did she let you kiss her, Pete?"

"No indeed! She isn't that kind."

"Well, she was to me."

—IIT—

As a last reminder, remember that the stork is the bird with the biggest bill.

—THE RAZOR BLADES

for Bill Anderson. Now there is no such person as Bill Anderson, but Claude tells here he is Bill and always talks to her. Last week the lady became suspicious and asked if it really was Bill Anderson she was talking to. Dealer Claude, without batting an eye, said, "Lady, of course this is Bill Anderson. Who did you think it was, Claude Goffken?"

And so, as it must to all columns, the end comes to Steamshovel. But don't despair, we'll be back next week with bigger and better dirt.

—THE SHILLELAGH