

Technology News

The Saga of IIT

Man Of The Week

Damon Martin Plans Career In Industry After Graduation

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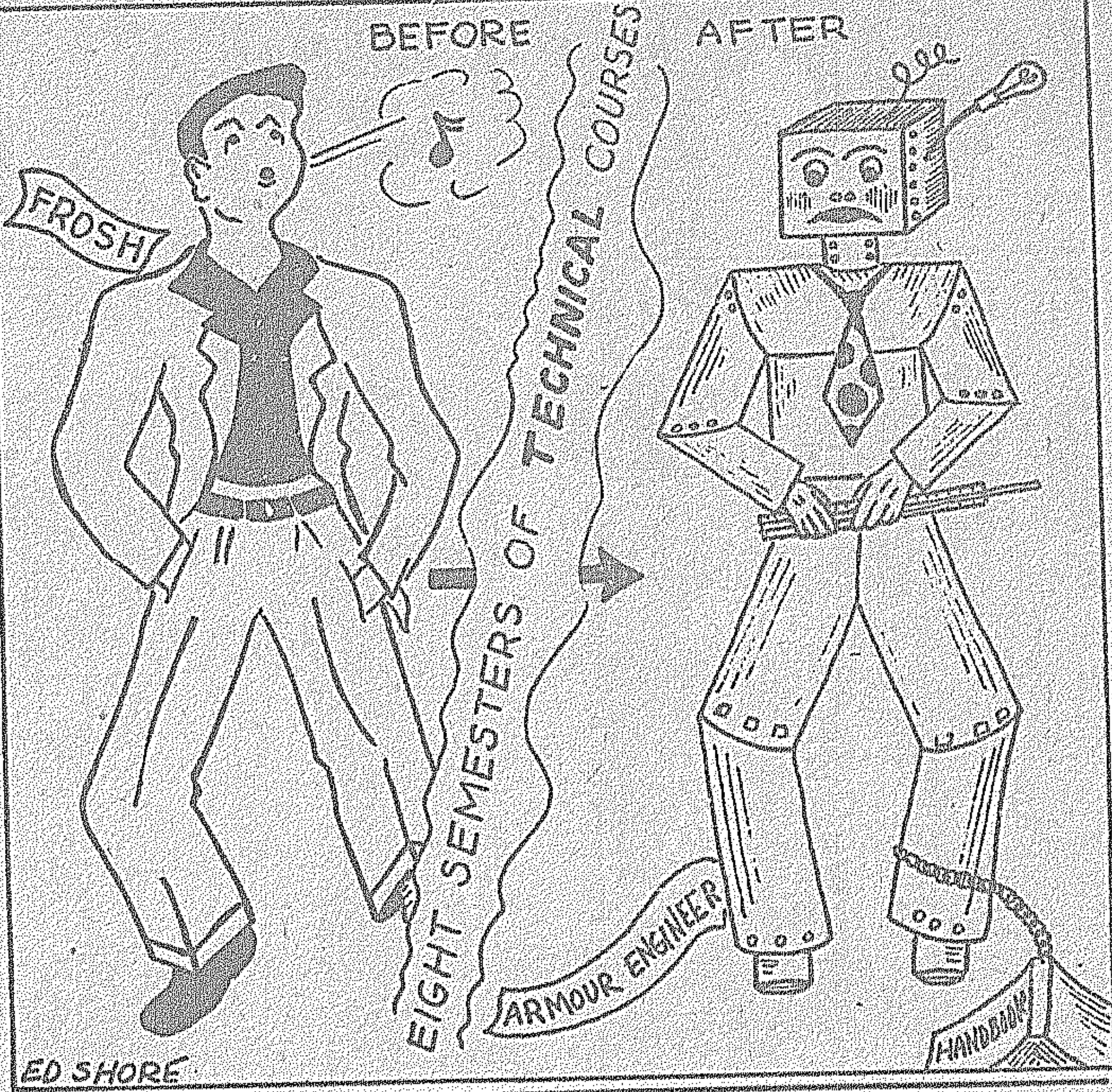
Freud vs Students

For many years at Armour and then later at Illinois Tech, it has been a tradition that only upper classmen and faculty members are permitted to ride the elevator in Main. For the past few semesters this rule has been flagrantly violated, much to the discomfiture of those privileged to ride. Last Wednesday about thirty school spirited upper classmen assembled on the third floor of Main to wait for any erring underclassmen to ride the elevator.

As it was necessary that the frosh and sophs not know of the fate awaiting them, the juniors and seniors were very quiet. Suddenly Dr. B. B. Freud burst from a chem lab and ordered the men off the floor. Immediate protests were raised as to why they should leave, to which Dr. Freud thundered, "You can't ask questions." The men showed no inclination to leave on such a flimsy reason so Dr. Freud called Dr. Hugh McDonald from an adjacent laboratory and ordered him to call Dean C. A. Tibbals and tell him that a "mob" of students were in Main and to come over and disperse them.

After Dr. McDonald left, the students' indignation rose at Dr. Freud's imperialistic attitude, and one of the more excitable student leaders said, "Sir, you haven't got those eagles on your shoulders any more." Dr. Freud remained impassive (see picture) and soon Dr. McDonald returned with the news that his mission had been successful. With this announcement, most of the upper classmen departed but a few hardy individuals remained to dispute Dr. Freud's dictatorial policies. With the arrival of the registrar, W. E. Kelly, as the dean's emissary, the last of the students disappeared.

The administration has sanctioned the rule about elevator riding; yet Dr. Freud has thwarted the attempt to en-



A Look At Alumni

Pvt. Edwin J. Hemzacek of Chicago has received his first overseas assignment in Manila as an aerial phototopographer with the 648th Engineers, a mapping battalion which recently was awarded the Meritorious Service Unit award by command of General MacArthur.

Pvt. Hemzacek is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hemzacek of 5133 S. Whipple St., Chicago, Ill. He received his Bachelor of Science degree in mechanical engineering from the Illinois Institute of Technology in 1943. Before entering the service in August 1944, he was doing experimental work at the Bendix Aircraft Corp., South Bend, Ind.

The 648th Engineers was the first army mapping battalion to arrive overseas and has functioned as the Base Map Plant for the South Pacific for more than three years. Last year the photo-mapping company to which Pvt. Hemzacek is attached mapped more than 126,000 square miles of enemy-held territory.

Pvt. Hemzacek's duties as a topographer entail the determination of ground elevations and other topographic details from aerial photographs.

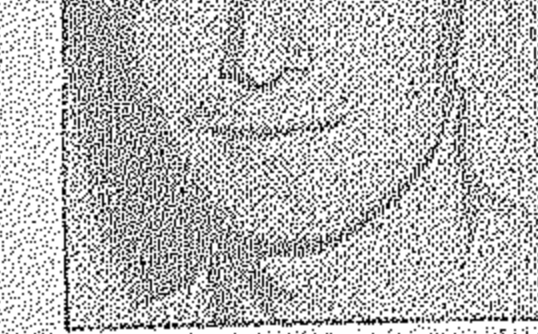
—JIM BROPHY

force it. Dr. Freud's attitude is really an invitation to freshmen and sophomores to ride the already overcrowded elevator under his protection. Surely in a democratic school in a democratic country, the will of the students and the will of the administration should not and will not be overruled by one man. As the students were not disturbing anyone and were enforcing a school rule, Dr. Freud was out of order. If co-operation in enforcing school traditions cannot be expected from the faculty, from where will it come?

V-12 VETS

Kenneth B. Marshall

A sailing farmer, Kenneth B. Marshall, hails from a 10,000 acre cattle ranch out in Idaho. On his way to becoming the man with the most versatile education in the navy unit, Marshall had a term of civilian liberal arts, is now a chemistry major, and is striking for a degree in veterinary medicine.



Though he has been in the navy since 1942 and will be in for two more years, Ken is eagerly looking forward to returning to the ranch. "We have the best land in our part of Idaho," he explains, "low land for winter and higher land for summer work. The cattle love it."

After boots at Farragut in December, 1942, Marshall went through quartermaster school there and finally was assigned to the "baby" carrier Tripoli. This ship had a complement of about 850 men and was part of the ferry command, training student pilots.

With four months of this duty, his ship was assigned to the Atlantic Fleet to do anti-sub patrol. But again, after only four months, Marshall was transferred to a minesweeper. He spent nine months aboard her and won a rate of Quartermaster 2/c. His duties consisted of preparing charts, signaling work, and assisting in navigating.

His minesweeper did escort duty, staying at sea 45-60 days at a time, but often layed in port for several days without actually tying up. During this time Marshall touched Casablanca, Dakar, Cape Verde, Brazil, and Panama, and he crossed the equator twice. Quite a story spinner, Ken keeps his roommates entertained with stories of life in these places.

He wears the Asiatic-Pacific, Atlantic, and American Defense ribbons with one star. Naturally, he is a shellback, too.

One good story he tells is of the time the Tripoli caught fire while tied up on the West Coast. Welder's torches in the hold set her afire while Ken and several others were "batting the breeze." When the cry of fire was raised everybody headed out. Next to last out, a radioman was hot on Ken's heels. "Only the radioman didn't make it. Man, I was never so scared in my life."

Marshall, who has a year of liberal arts at University of Idaho, intends to get his degree in veterinary medicine at the University of Nebraska.

—JIM BROPHY

Outstanding performance in scholastic and in military affairs, as well as a knack for making friends, brings Damon Martin into the Man of the Week spotlight.

An eighth term ME major, Martin was a five semesters co-op student before his draft board called him in 1944. He returned to Tech via Great Lakes in November of that year to complete his education as a navy trainee.



The Man of the Week was early interested in the social aspects of college life and pledged Triangle fraternity as a sophomore. His election as treasurer of the social fraternity

was followed by admission to Beta Omega Nu. He is now vice-president of that organization. Damon is no slouch scholastically, as his recent initiation into Pi Tau Sigma—the ME honorary—would indicate. Through eight semesters, he has maintained a solid B average.

Rounding out the record is Damon's appointment as trainee Lt. Commander in charge of Battalion I. This places him at the head of over half of the 300 man unit, an honored position for one who has but three "semesters" in the navy.

Dreams of civilian life now fill Martin's every waking minute. If inactive status is to be tendered men finishing eight terms, as seems the case at this moment, he will return to Caterpillar Corp. to take up where his co-op courses left off. The Caterpillar training program looks good to him and he hopes eventually to enter the field of development and research.

But for the present, at least, there'll be no more schooling. You see, Damon Martin has been chasing that Bachelor of Science degree since his graduation from the Canton, Ill. high school in June 1940.



A friend of ours claims he overheard, on a train, a professor and a farmer engaged in a battle of wits. To pass the time, the professor proposed a game of riddles at one dollar per riddle. The farmer agreed, but said, "Yer better edjicated than I am, so how about me paying fifty cents and you paying a dollar?"

The professor agreed that this was fair enough and said that the farmer should ask the first question: "Wal, what animal is it that has three legs walking and two legs flying?"

"Heh, heh," said the learned man. "Guess you have me. I don't know. Here's your dollar. What's the answer?"

"I don't know neither," said the farmer. "Here's your fifty cents."

"We're gonna have a swell time tonight Hon. I've got three seats for the movies." "Three seats? What do we want with three seats?" "One for your pop, one for your mom, and one for your kid brther."

"How long do you expect to drive around? You owe me \$18.50 now." "Better back up to fifty cents; that's all I got."

Mrs. Old-timer: "It says here in the paper that the young girls today are abandoning all restrictions." Mr. Old-timer: "Well, I'd better not catch Margie without hers on."

Hank: "Your dog looks smart." Frank: "Yeah, I say, 'Are you coming, or aren't you?' and he either comes or he doesn't."

Then there's the one about the skunk who said, when the wind changed: "It all comes back to me now."

"Wish we had a fifth for bridge." "You don't need a fifth for bridge, you dope." "Well, make it a pint then."

Breathes there the man with soul so dead who's never turned his head and said, "Not bad!" Wolf

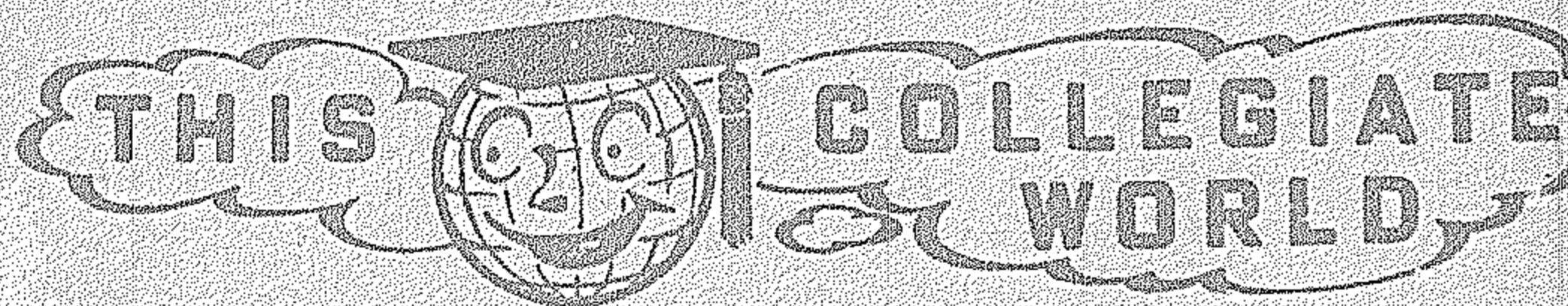
"You'd better jump out of the window," said the lady to her visitor, as she heard her husband approaching.

"Oh yeah!" was the reply, "you know that this is the thirteenth floor, don't you?"

"Well," spluttered the lady, "this is certainly no time to be superstitious."

'30' for now—

—THE RAZOR BLADES



Women are still taking over the men's world, it seems. A graduate in electrical engineering at Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Dorothy Cabiness, has just been selected the thirty-first woman in the United States to receive a Tau Beta Pi woman's badge. Although the constitution of Tau Beta Pi specifies men only, a women's badge may be awarded to outstanding coeds.

Should men and women of unequal education marry? Dr. M. R. Thompson, instructor for the course "Marriage and the Family" at Iowa State Teachers College, asked that question recently, and then proceeded to give his answer. A wide difference in education decreases chances for a happy marriage.

Texas State College for Women is another of the many organizations that claim a part in the atomic bomb. Head of the physics department at the college, C. E. Normand, has been on leave for two years assisting on the project, The Lass-O, campus paper, reports.

As an experiment, three members of the lip reading class at Ball State Teachers College went for twenty-four hours with plugged ears to see how it feels to be deaf. They found that as a general rule, people on campus do not face the person or speak distinctly enough for lip reading to be effective.

—JIM BROPHY