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An Active Honor Board

Very little has been heard of the Honor Board since the beginning of the term. One case this term resulted in a conviction but aside from this the board has appeared inactive. Admittedly, the very nature of the board's work demands no publicity since names of men brought before it are known only to the members but perhaps the lack of news is due to a lack of cases.

It has been suggested that the reason for the apparent lack of cases is the dearth of student support of the Honor System. And perhaps this condition is a result of a student ignorance of the powers of the board.

Upon deciding that the defendant is guilty of cheating, the board may recommend severe forms of punishment. A student may be expelled from the school with a consequent loss of all college credits at IIT. About the most lenient penalty given has been an incomplete given in a course until a cribbed experiment was made up. Two convictions before the board traditionally mean expulsion. A loss of a possible four years of college work would be a severe blow.

The discharge of chairman Rudolph Foglia just before Christmas caused a lag in the planned campaign of the Board to increase the prestige of the System. However, with the election of Howard Johnson as chairman last week, the activities will be resumed. He is scheduled to speak before the next meeting of the Faculty Council to reawaken faculty interest.

The Honor Board is a strong power in itself, but the Honor System is not as strong as it should be. With increased interest on the part of both the students and faculty, greater effectiveness of the System should soon become evident.

Know Your Fraternities

Rho Delta Rho Returns As Growing Fraternity

In the latter months of 1918, several students at Armour Institute of Technology, led by the true spirit of college fraternalism, laid plans for the organization of a fraternity. After a short while, the group took definite steps towards becoming a recognized fraternity on the Armour campus. On August 27, 1919, the Rho Delta Rho fraternity was chartered. Soon afterwards a formal petition was drawn up and presented to the Institute. The petition was accepted and in February, 1920, Rho Delta Rho became active fraternity.

The initial membership numbered only ten, but because of the ideals set by these ten charter members and the sincerity of the men following in their steps, the fraternity has thrived and increased both in size and importance on the campus. The fraternity, in spite of its comparative age, has done unusually well.

Because of the number of members being called to service, last semester the organization was obliged to become inactive. However, it has reorganized this semester. It is looking forward now to even greater achievements in the coming months as the active members return from the service. The Rho Deltas are their very active alumni organization.



As I start off the New Year, I am filled with a hangover from the holidays. No, not that kind of hangover, stupid! It's a continued feeling of good will and charity. I've resolved to be kind, appreciative and to strive to help those who deserve it. To wit:

Ministers

Don't like bar sinisters.
They consider that sort of irregularity.
As the height of vulgarity
And go around making remarks
About the need for patrolling
the beaches and parks.
They hate to see any deadlock
Between sin and wedlock
And get very nervous
When people omit the marriage
service.

They regard as villains
Owners of unauthorized chilllains,
A point of view
Which of course doesn't embar-
rass me or you
But makes things very incon-
venient
For many really quite nice girls
who may have been just a bit
lenient.

So although none of us is in
danger
Of the arrival of an inexplicable
little stranger
Still I think we ought to join
with a lot of others
And wish the best of luck to the
nation's unmarried mothers.
—Ogden Nash

—IT—
Husband: "You used to say there
was something about me you loved."
Wife: "Yes, but that's all spent
now."

—IT—
"Hello, little girl! Want a ride?"
"No, thanks. I'm walking back
from one now!"

—IT—
Then there is the sad case of the
young lady who ran all the way home
the other night because she was be-
ing chaste.

—IT—
Co-ed: "Why didn't you find
out who he was when the profes-
sor called the roll?"
Friend: "I did try to, but he
answered for four different
names."

—IT—
Patron: "Do you ever draw pic-
tures in the nude?"
Artist: "No, I usually wear a
smoking jacket."

—IT—
Latest report on the housing
situation . . .

"So you are building a new
house, eh? How are you get-
ting along with it?"
"Fine. I've got the roof and
the mortgage on it, and I ex-

pect to have the furnace and the
sheriff in before fall."

—IT—
Two blades, returning from some-
where, passing a residence where
one of the occupants had forgotten
the conventional use of the window
shade:

"That girl's not a bit shy, is she?"
"Well—not exactly—but she's cer-
tainly retiring."

—IT—
The elderly spinster sniffed
when anyone suggested that it
was too bad she did not have a
husband.

"I have a dog that growls,
a parrot that swears, a fireplace
that smokes, and a cat that stays
out all night. Why should I
want a husband?"

—IT—
"Darling," he said, "I must tell
you, and you must believe, that I
have never loved any woman but
you; that you are the only woman
in the world for me; and that you
are the first girl I've ever kissed.
You believe me, don't you, darling?"
He gazed into her luminous brown
eyes for his answer. He grasped
her hands in his. "You must believe
me!" he cried.

She hesitated, and then, nestling
her head on his shoulder whispered,
"Yes, I believe every word you say.
I love you as I have never loved be-
fore. I have never really cared for
a man until now; you are the strong-
est, the bravest, the best, the most
perfect man in the world. You be-
lieve me, too, don't you, sweetheart?"

And why shouldn't they believe
each other? For she was Eve, and
he was Adam.

—IT—
Parson: "Do you know where
bad little girls go?"

Naughty Nell: "Of course I
do!"

Parson: "Where do they go?"
Nell: "They go down to the
railroad station to see the travel-
ing salesmen come in."

—IT—
And so in closing, remember
you who have resolved to ab-
stain from the demon rum that,
"One swallow doesn't make a
summer, but it breaks a New
Year's resolution."

—THE VICIOUS VIPER



"Deeper and dirtier in '46!" With this thought in mind let's review the latest diggings.

A couple of real financiers are A/S DeWitt Pickens and A/S Jim Brophy. Returning from liberty on the Michigan Ave. bus last Wednesday night, these two "Morgenthau's" were seen matching pennies with a couple of the fairer young passengers. Such was their eagerness for a few red cents that they rode past their stop all the way to 45th Street. Total profits—fifteen hard earned cents.

Albert Abrams has made one New Year's resolution he knows he will keep. He has resolved not to have any more parties. Last week Albert was host to a fraternity New Year's party at his home. After it was over Albert discovered that some "artist" had spent what must have been considerable time decorating the walls with staples. Other considerate guests swept confetti and paper under the carpets and other places. Mr. Abrams is afraid that some of the furniture will have to be repaired and a number of dishes replaced. Also, some curious articles were left after the party, all of which (with the exception of a fifth of liquor) can be claimed by the owners. Albert is sure he will get an eviction notice very soon, too.

The IIT student who spent his nine days of Christmas vacation getting sick is fairly common. But consider the case of luckless Dick Jacks who spent nine days getting well. Dick started the holidays by coming down with the flu the first day home and got over it just in time to make the first day of school.

Leonard Rabins was fascinated by a certain red-head who was the life of a New Year's party he "just happened" to be attending. After the party broke up "Sir Gallahad" Rabins volunteered to take Bonnie home. Four hours later he himself was finally seen staggering home. Can this be the case of the last four hours? We guess not.

Evelyn Beacham was seen closely examining the halls of Chapin yesterday with a perturbed look on her face. When asked what her trouble was she replied, "I've lost my glove, which isn't so bad, but it had a penny in the finger, too!" There's a rich and very personal reward waiting for the one that finds that penny.

The holiday spirit prevailed during a pre-vacation math class in spite of the fact that Professor Resnikoff was engrossed in reducing a messy looking expression to a straight-forward relationship. When finished he asked the class, "Are there any questions?" No answer. "Class dismissed." And thirty students jammed through the doorway at once.

The celebration of New Year's Eve was characterized by many unusual sights, not the least of which was that of A/S Eugene Flory attempting to hold up some of his buddies with an "Army 45" cap pistol. Was our trusty seaman driven to desperation by the strain of holiday spending or was he merely under the influence of those liquid vitamins?

Ray "Don't Call Me Gunner" Murphy went dancing a few weeks ago with his raven-tressed co-ed from De Paul. During the dance he met a girl, known only as Dorothy, who seemed to have more than a speaking acquaintance with Bill Maguire. In fact, Dorothy referred to him as "Willie the Wolf." Now the question is, who is Dorothy? Maguire claims he doesn't know her, but his room-mates haven't been convinced that Dorothy doesn't know him.

Bill Dombrowski has claimed to everyone that with his clean conscience his name will never be brought to the powerful scrutiny of Steamshovel. Well the latest has been uncovered. He was invited to a big Christmas party out in Cicero by two girls. First, he met lovely Rosie and was so overwhelmed by her charming personality (and intoxication) that he spent the first half of the evening with her. Then the second girl, Georgiana, arrived and in a sweep took Bill's evening over. The hall just sang with "Billie, let's dance," but Bill was sure he could take care of them both. So when time came to go home, off they went. It was rumored that there was an argument as to who was to be walked home first. Now, Rosie and Georgiana are angry at one another. Bill says that now he will have to resort to the Link for his dates. Now, what happened that night? Bill refuses to tell anyone!

It was at one of those pre-Christmas parties that Rover-Boy Don Helbling added "Show-me-a-little affection" to the collection of Quarters 1 se-briquets. Helbling, they say, was higher than the proverbial kite, and flying with his flaps up. It had to be, though. He was trying to reach one of these well trimmed brunettes, but she was too tall and he is just a little guy. When he couldn't kick the high heels out from under her, the lad had to turn to salesmanship. The "Show me a little affection" routine seemed good; at least it was worth a pat on the head at the first go-round. Finally succumbing to a flood of tears, the gal broke down. "Show-me-a-little-affection" got kissed on the forehead.

Enough for now, fellow sufferers.

—THE SPEAR