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TO MEN OF GOOD WILL

Along about December 15th of each year a complex aura of good will and commercialism overtakes the American people. The source of this phenomena is commonly referred to as 'Christmas.'

At this time of year everything takes on a new, wonderful lustre. Students are happy—a two week vacation is coming up; merchants are overjoyed—business is booming; gushing young beauties are hopeful—maybe "he" will make with an engagement ring. Liquor dealers have the "old Christmas spirit" (at \$4.69 a bottle); parents are happy to see the expectant joy of their offspring; and, oh yes, there's a group over there who are joyous and benevolent, for the approaching holiday commemorates the birthday of Christ, the founder of their religion.

Whether one be Catholic, Protestant, Jew, atheist, or agnostic, Christmas has some sort of significance to each of us. Whether one views it as a pagan holiday for the renewal of old friendships or as the day of the birth of Christ, it does have a meaning for us all.

As such it appears to be a fine big holiday for everyone. But to view the wake of extravagance and hypocrisy on December 26 is appalling. There's an embittered woman fretting because the \$1.98 housedress she received from her husband did not at all compare with the \$2500 mink Mrs. Smith netted from her spouse. Others are stewing because they didn't receive a card from a person they had sent one to 'especially,' because they're broke after splurging trying to be Santa Claus to everyone, or are just plain stewed from over-imbibing in Yuletide merriment. Not quite the holiday for the strengthening of friendships or the celebrating of the birth of the founder of the faith which most of us subscribe to in America.

It's all the merchants' fault? Hardly. No one is twisting your arm to buy out the store. No, it all falls back to us who have created a veritable giant out of the once-joyous, holy spirit of Christmastide. Like so many other things today, the forces that made a thing great are now threatening to destroy it.

The salvation? Not in barring the doors of commercial establishments during December but rather by intelligence on the part of the individual. By all means show gratitude to one's loved-ones, but don't be blinded by the glittering tinsel surrounding those to whom you give presents merely for the furtherance of your own ends.

Only through the intelligent recognition and practice of the fine principles of the holiday can we hope to attain the universally desired Christmas present for all, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Woman of the Week

'Little-Joe' Nicholas Has Headed Five Student Organizations

by George O'Brien

One of the strongholds of masculinity on the campus has been broken by woman as the sparkling personality of Joan Nicholas overrides the accomplished males of IIT, and the "Man of the Week" retires before the guns of the "Woman of the Week."

"Little-Joe," as most of the students know her, has, in spite of example and opportunity, kept her feminine charm in her four years of sweat and tears with lessons, faculty and howling mob known as the student body. This remarkable fact alone would be enough to rise above the clamor of lettermen, "brethren of the lodges" of Michigan Ave. and the school, and all-around BMOC's for this corner of the paper.

Graduating from Oak Park High-School in 1941, she went to the Lewis campus and started her studies in pre-med biology, picking up the freshman and sophomore class presidencies in addition to several other activities while there.

When the Lewis branch of IIT was closed down, and moved to the Armour campus, Joan came along with little intention of giving the engineering cave-men a hard race for honor and recognition, but in time it was evident that "Little-Joe" with her personality, flashing eyes, and femininity had done a considerable amount of good work in converting our sliderule jockeys into gentlemen.

Here at Armour she has put a surprising number of honors in her IIT scrapbook. She has been president of Medical Arts Guild, WAA, Kiva, Pan-Hellenic council, and Kappa Phi Delta sorority in addition to working on Dramatech and the Integral, and is rounding out her

last days at Illinois Tech by working on the social committee of the senior class.

When she graduates, she intends to get a job as a teacher and then in October of 1947, enter medical college to work for her doctor's degree.

Techmen Talk

by Mike Werth

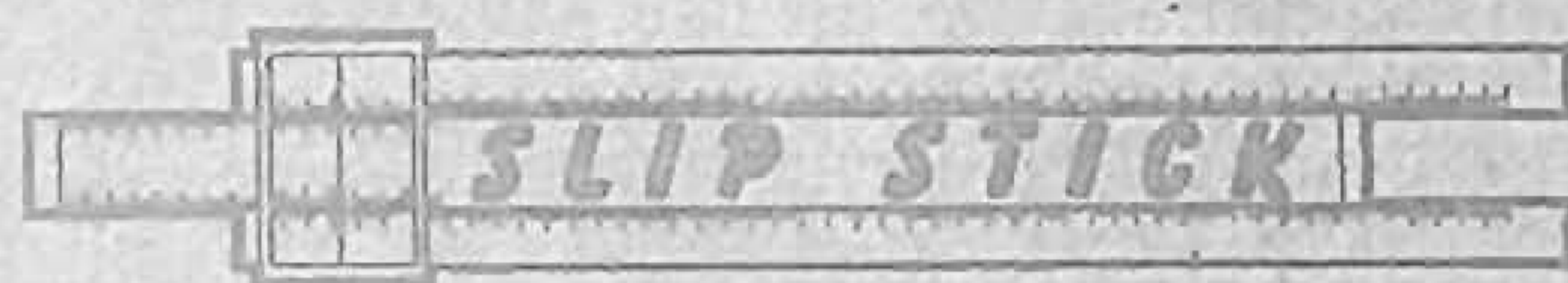
Question of the week: What do you think of the preregistration program?

Warren C. Ferguson, Soph EE:

"I am taking a straight course so it doesn't make much difference to me whether there is preregistration or not. I do hope it will save time on registration day so I won't have to spend all day again trying to get my class cards. It might also help to assure enough class room for all the courses requested."

L. F. Giegel, Senior EE:

"I think it is a good idea. They can get a more accurate account of the number of classes to be opened for each subject so I won't be out in the cold with regards to my classes as I was last time. Some classes this semester were quite a bit overcrowded. I also think it's a good idea to get to see our advisor. Maybe we can get some dope on the EE curriculum. I'd like to get their opinion on some of the courses."



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

Love is in bloom everywhere. The Latin demonstrates that he is the man with Roman hands: and the wolf, forever up to some monkey business, invites his latest victim to his country estate for a Scotch and sofa. Even the apes in the Zoo chant a love song: "Gorilla My Dreams I Love You." As for the small hours after midnight, they are being called the "Owl" hours; and during them, one gal we know, who can't sleep claims to be suffering from "hinsommonia."

—IT—

Two inebriated gentlemen staggered aboard a street car. One tried to give the nearest uniformed man his fare.

"Sorry, I can't take it," the man said. "I'm a Naval Officer."
"Gee!" the first explained, "Let's get off this thing. We've gotten on a battleship."

—IT—

The man and his friend walked through the door and before their eyes was a stranger with the first man's wife. The man immediately went into the kitchen and began looking through the drawers.

The friend, thinking that he was looking for a weapon, asked, "What are you going to do?"

"I'm looking for the coffee pot," he said.

"But what about that man with your wife?"

"To heck with him. If he wants coffee, he can make his own."

—IT—

A word to the wife is sufficient—if you say "Yes."

"I'm telling you" for the last time you can't kiss me."

"At last! I thought you'd never weaken."

—IT—

"Papa, what's a vacuum?"

"A vacuum's a void, son."

"I know, papa, but what's the void mean?"

—IT—

When a girl tells a fellow she's a perfect 36 he should grasp what she's talking about.

—IT—

A grave-digger, absorbed in his thoughts, dug a grave to deep that he could not get out. Came nightfall and his predicament became more and more uncomfortable. He shouted for help and at last attracted the attention of a drunk.

"Get me out of here," he shouted. "I'm cold."

The drunk looked into the grave and finally distinguished the form of the uncomfortable grave digger.

"No wonder you're cold," he said. "You haven't any dirt on you."

—IT—

A cultured woman is one who, by a mere shrug of her shoulders, can adjust her shoulder straps.

—IT—

Those who think our jokes are poor.

Would straightway change their views.

Could they compare the jokes we print

With those we did not use.
The Cultured Culture.



Products of the Steamshovel are few because the week was spent at the Three Deuces doing homework that falls due on New Years Eve. Priming, some people call it. The shovel is well oiled with a grade three, amber juice to keep it preserved for the period of inactivity. Now for the facts:

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The reason behind that amug look on the face of Allan Winsberg has at last been revealed. He never makes a mistake. Only last week Al could be seen carrying two slide rules to his classes. When questioned about this, Al said: "I get the answers on both rules and average the results, thus eliminating the proverbial slide rule error the instructors speak of."

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The Digger takes it upon himself to warn the unsuspecting students about Geraldine. She is only fifteen years old and in a sad shape. Bob Walsh drives her to school every day and tries to get many of the students to ride with him so that they can get out and push when Geraldine coughs and stops.

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After a party, when the last couple was leaving, Jack Castiglia was in the lounge of the fraternity house imitating a burlesque queen going through her paces, when someone shouted, "women." With a towel still dangling from his hand, he managed a wily grin colored with the shades of a rainbow, and an uttered 'g'bye."

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Tom Johnson has expressed doubt as to IIT being a home of engineers. His perplexity springs from the "writing on the wall" in various places. He says: "It seems that great literary talent is being wasted if all these fine composers adhere to their visions of an engineering future." Tom is trying to find one of these writers for the purpose of gathering enough data to write a book entitled 'The Public Amuser.'

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That's the dirt. Santa Claus always reads this column to keep up with all the doings of the bad little boys and girls of IIT. Let this be a warning.

—THE DIGGER

Curtain Call

Bill Knowles

Last night I really dove head first into the culture of the dear old theatre and swam around in the melancholy waters of Hamlet. Luckily the tide—the curtain to you if you're following this metaphor—lowered after three hours and left me high and dry in the baledny, just as I was going down for the third time. Practically everyone on the stage had died and it's a mystery yet how the audience escaped the same fate. Three hours of self depreciation, evil forces, and contemplated suicide is almost enough to swamp even the heartiest in the cultural swim. Thank heaven Mr. Evens had the kindness to bail out some of the flood of words. I understand this marathon originally lasted about an hour and a half longer. But then it is not for us groundlings to derogate. For are we indeed capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise?

What I've been trying to say is that while Mr. Shakespeare's Hamlet has been justifiably rated as second to the Bible in importance and greatness as a piece of literature, as a play, even with the expert whittling of Mr. Evans, its just too darn long. One can't help wishing that Shakespeare would have taken his own advice. Even in the torrent, tempest, and as I might say, whirlwind of his passion, he should have begotten a temporal temperance that might have given the theatre seats smoothness.

Well, so much for that. I must confess that after applying Sloan's Liniment apropos my recollections were that I had a very enjoyable evening at the G. I. Hamlet now playing at the Erlanger. The production you probably already know is called the "G. I." Hamlet because it was first conceived in Honolulu by the then Major Maurice Evens of Army Special Services division for presentation to the troops overseas. The play has been cut, rewritten in a more modern style, and

(See CURTAIN CALL on page 3)