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## I Have Neither Given . . .

After three years, the Honor System looks like it's finally washed up. The Honor Board, the group elected by IIT students to administer enforcement of the System, will request that the Honor System be suspended. Last week the Board refused to handle a case and asked that the faculty discipline committee act in its place.

Everything else has failed. Perhaps an outright suspension of the System will succeed where enforcement has failed.

But why has the Honor System failed to live up to the hopes which were voiced by those who introduced it to the Illinois Tech campus? In almost every other college where the system has been in effect, it has been observed by the student bodies. On most campuses, it has become a tradition to be honorable.

Has the Honor System failed because of a failure of the honor of Illinois Tech men? Frankly, we don't know. It is true that one cannot import a tradition and expect it to grow overnight, but the fact remains that at Illinois Tech, the tradition hasn't grown any in three years. Does the lack of growth indicate merely a lack of interest, or more seriously, a lack of honor?

It would seem that the two would go together, and it is obvious that Illinois Tech students just don't give a damn about any Honor System.

## Only Slightly Used

The Bookstore management has made an urgent appeal to all students to sell their used textbooks to the Bookstore for resale next term. Delivery on many texts has been put off for months due to strikes and the acute paper shortage. Thus many students face a Lincoln-esque, "can I borrow your book to read tonight, I'll have it finished by morning," situation.

In its appeal the Bookstore appears to be very understanding and helpful. But in the light of their second, third, fourth and fifth hand book dealings in the past we seriously wonder. It has been common practice to mark up the re-sale price one dollar over that paid for the book. This, in most business circles, would seem to be a nice profit for taking on a product which could be resold within 15 minutes without twisting anyone's arm.

The students will, frankly, be "over the barrel" as far as textbooks are concerned. It will be the Bookstore's chance for a fine killing with the expenditure of a minimum of effort. We are well aware of the fact that the Bookstore is not a non-profit organization and that it is run to make a profit and usually satisfactorily accomplishes this aim. But from this end it seems that it is about time to start debiting that goodwill account, which has had a negative balance for so long, by keeping exploitation down to a minimum as far as second hand sales are concerned.

## Man Of The Week

# Martin Salmon Is Member of Tau Beta Pi, Chi Epsilon, ASCE

by Walter Zwierzycki

Technology News heads it 1947 scroll of *Men of the Week* with Martin Salmon, eighth term CE. Graduating from White Plains High School, located in New York, in 1940, he entered Cornell University that fall. There Marty completed the first two years of his schooling before leaving for the army.

He spent twenty-six months in the AAF, most of which time was spent in the Southwest Pacific.

There he was attached to the 866th Air Engineer Battalion, which wandered through New Guinea, Leyte, and Mindoro leaving a trail of new buildings, hospitals, warehouses and air strips behind it.

His duties in the army gave him some practical experience in construction work and thus he does not feel that his time in the service was completely lacking in the furtherance of his education. Nevertheless, he did not turn down that white slip of paper they offered him in the early part of 1945.

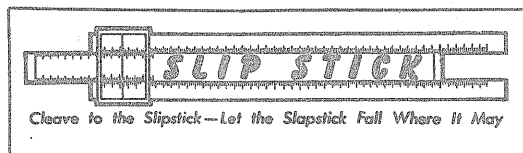
Again a civilian, Marty found his home was now in Chicago, where it had been prior to 1937 when his family migrated east to New York. Since he found himself once more in Chicago he decided to follow in the footsteps of his older brother

Marty started his fifth term of civil engineering here at IIT in July, who previously had attended Armour.

Salmon is a member of Chi Epsilon, Tau Beta Pi, national engineering honorary fraternity, and the student branch of the American Society of Civil Engineers. Last semester he served as president of Chi Epsilon and vice-president of the ASCE.

After graduation, Marty plans to continue at IIT in the Graduate Division working for a M.E. degree.

He believes, "Eventually all engineering courses will be extended to five years to more adequately cover their respective fields."



Engineer (to shop girl): "Do you take anything off for cash?"

Girl (indignantly): "This is a store, not a burlesque show."

—IIT—

CO: "Who brought you here in this disgraceful condition?"

Yardbird: "Two MPs, sir."

CO: "Drunk, I presume."

Yardbird: "Yes, sir, both of them."

—IIT—

"Certainly my daughter is a good girl," said the mother. "Every time she goes out she comes in with a Gideon Bible under her arm."

—IIT—

"Did 'oo forget your wrench?" the cutie lisped to the plumber who was feeling around beneath the sink.

"No, baby," he replied. "I'll get to you in a few minutes."

—IIT—

## INFORMATION FOR FREE

There has bin much hew and kry uv late two introwdooce knew sistems intwo the English language. The hews and krys raynge from a campane bye George Bernard Shaw two boost the alfabet two forty-two letters two an infiltryshun uf fonetik spelling intwo dasly reeding.

Four allmoast a senchury Shaw has inficketed himself upon the huan race, absumeing that his oh-kayshunal soretyz intwo the world uv wit and literachure hav bin satisfakshun. Among the eskenntrieties in witch the old jentelman has gloored is the matter uf an enlarjed alfabet. Four meny years he has looked disadnefully upon the huan race, uv witch he is loth to admit he is a member, four strugling along these senshuriy on 26 letters.

Purrrhaps he is rite. He cund find meny recroots four his campane among the syentists uv the world. Theigh hav fownd it difult to restrikt itself two 52 capitall and smahl letters, fourging intwo the relm of the Greeks two supplement its vocabulery. Hoo among them, four instance, has knot yoused "v" two designate velocity, volume and viscosity?

Tatching up the cudjel on behaf uv fonetik spelling is the champeun uv the smahl man, the Chicago Trib-yune. The daaly counterpart uv Teknolojee Noose has tachen grate strides inn simplifieing ishues uv the dae. A freight trane is know langer a freight trane butt a frate trane. Und is ein shutter-ldikker a photographe? Know! know! know! He is a fotografer.

Weather the fad will servive can bee determined only bye the peepul hoo halve bin willing to wade threwe fyve paragraphs uv the stuff to stagger intwo the finul sentense.



Does your dog have a Tau Beta Pi key? Probably not. Neither has the Digger; therefore the Digger must be a dog, and to prove it, the following evidence is offered:

Dick "Kissey" Michalsky got along very well with Irene (Vin. 10373, better take it down boys, it's not in the telephone directory) Radvilas while working at the ITV's collection booth before Christmas. Now—alas—there is a rift in this beautiful friendship. It seems Irene invited Dick to a house party but he turned her down the last minute, claiming sickness. Irene later learned that he was sick all right, but that was after he returned from another party the same night. Later, Dick was heard to remark, "Oh, I never did go for small, clinging blondes anyway."

Ray Nordhaus and his girl friend, Jo, invented a new type of dance step which they think should be an all-time success for lovers that are too sick to learn dancing. No complicated Arthur Murray dance charts, no Latin hip crushers are used. The system only requires two people firmly entwined in the darkest corner, just swaying from side to side with the music.

Many people traveled during their Christmas vacations — however, Bob Schlager overdid it. Living out of town, he made many trips to Chicago in his efforts to two-time a couple of blondes. Bob claims that he "eagerly looks forward to the lull between semesters to recuperate from the operations."

The most unique excuse of the New Year has reached the ear of the Digger. Dave Smith claims his ankle was broken when he stepped on a marble on the edge of a high curb in a dark alley while trying to start a fire in a basement.

There was a hidden story behind the pledging of Ronny Lind to Pi Nu Epsilon, the musical fraternity, avers Jake Dumelle. The fact that Ronny was with the Glee Club for four years has nothing to do with it. Someone in the fraternity swore that Lind was the grandson of the famous Jenny Lind.

Timed like an Elgin watch, John "Curley" Horn became the father of the first 1947 baby in Rockford, Ill. As a result, John's family was endowed with gifts ranging from rattles to carriages from the Rockford residents. Sorry, boys, no more cigars—you'll have to wait until next New Year's Day—maybe.

The Digger

## Curtain Call

Bill Knowles

There doesn't seem to be much doubt about it: for tops in laughs, drama, and skillfully disguised and palatably presented preaching, it's a G. B. Shaw every time. If this sounds slightly in the Hollywoodish superlative vein, try the old boy out yourself. Just now a new organization called "Theatre Incorporated" has resurrected Pygmalion and is presenting it at the Selwyn with Gertrude Lawrence and Dennis King in the leads. Truly with Pygmalion at the Selwyn and with Harvey right next door at the Harris, the area around Randolph and Dearborn suffers nightly from small earthquakes caused by the laughter which thunders out from both theatres.

But a little about the play. Pygmalion in Greek mythology was a sculptor of Cyprus who created a beautiful statue which he called Galatea. His creation was so perfect and beautiful that he fell madly in love with it. His love for this cold, but wonderful, block of marble was so great that Venus rewarded his talent and love by bringing the statue to life. As far as I know the Greeks considered this the end of the story.

But to Shaw this gift of life was the beginning. After Galatea was alive then what? What was she to do? How should she use this gift? What if one were the responsibilities of Pygmalion toward his new creation? Such are the questions Shaw wants answered.

To find the answers he brings the story up to date a little. His Pygmalion is now Professor Henry Higgins, a teacher of phonetics. His rough marble is Eliza Doolittle, a slovenly Cockney flower girl, whom he takes from the gutter and transforms into a cultured lady capable of passing herself off as a duchess at the king's garden party. Just as was Galatea, she is given a new life. Now, says Shaw, Pygmalion (Hig-

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