campus COMMENTS

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This column is for expression of ideas from readers. Letters containing not more than 250 words will be printed. Anonymous letters will not be considered for publication, although a writer's name will be withheld from publication if desired.)

LETTER OF THE WEEK: AVC

It appears to me that AVC, with its sober and intelligent discussions at its national meetings (as contrasted with the unrestrained brawling that characterizes the conversations of some other veteran organizations), its determination to carry out in words the promises of democracy as they apply to all citizens, and in its policy of putting the welfare of the people as a whole above the narrower interests of veterans as a special pressure group, represents the maturest thinking that has so far been shown by any veteran organization. I feel that a chapter of AVC at IIT can perform a need function in vitalizing student thought and providing leadership in socially responsible school and community action.

(Signed) Dr. S. I. Hayakawa

This may hardly be called a letter in the formal sense, so lets call it a venting of some pent-up civic responsibilities. The motivation for this action can be laid to the thermodynamics lectures of one Professor Winston. "Brother Carr, just how long are you going to let this business of a technical education encompass you at the expense of neglecting your responsibilities bestowed upon you as a citizen?"

Let me first point out that I detest the form of destructive criticism. On innumerable occasions I have heard the views of many different students venting their wrath, and rightously so, on such things as: the "over-eager" heating and ventilating—also the lack of same, depending whether you are in Chapin or Machinery Hall, bottlenecks in the lunch room and registration, football teams, lounging and relaxing facilities, "bookstore efficiency," ad infinatum, yakkity yakkity, yak!! Yet to date none of these grievance seekers seemed to have a *constructive* solution for their particular problem. This is wherein I differ.

My particular gripe concerns those of us use the Elevated System (alias the "Rattler") in our journeys back and forth to this place of learning. We, who refer to each other as "Kenwood Kagers", have a real grievance, and offer a tangible solution. The issue is basically this, a problem in Safety Engineering. We, the Kagers, are grateful for the restriction of 33rd Street to a "No Parking" area. This gives both the Jay Walkers and the motorists a clear unobstructed view. In so doing this step has eliminated many potential hazards. But the extreme opposite is found at the intersection of 33rd and State Streets. Frankly the Kagers are getting really riled at having to cross this obstacle course twice daily. It soon gets tiring to outguess the 'courteous' street cars and the "Maniac Fringe" truckers in order to gain access to the other side. True, this separates the "Quick and the Dead" in a hurry. Of late, fortunately, the latter have been in the minority, but this intersection has a "past"—and death is still waiting patiently for another victim there. Lets eliminate this hazard and put up traffic signals. Then the dazed homeward bound student body of Kagers can be assured of safe conduct on the Rattler.

I believe that in order to acquire stop lights at an intersection, the volume of traffic, both mobile and pedestrian, have to be of sufficient quantity to require automatic signalling. This isn't a State and Madison—but it certainly qualifies. Lets you—the Tech News—get behind this in a hurry and straighten out this situation—remember if you don't, the "Old Man with the Scythe" is still there waiting. When he strikes again, the "lights" will be put in. Lets beat him to the punch.

Thus, with a duo purpose of "Educating and Civilizing 'Em", I take my leave.

(Signed) John S. Carr

As a student I have watched with interest your attempts to effect

(See Campus Comments on page 8)

Techmen Talk

by Mike Werth

Question: What in your opinion is the Republican landslide of this election indicative of?

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Fred W. Gruber, Soph IE:

"As I see it, people just didn't like the way Democrats were handling things with regard to shortages of different commodities, reconversion, and the O.P.A. Prices were kept down so factories just couldn't operate on a profitable basis. The President doesn't seem to be doing anything of his own accord but is prompted by advisors. I myself can't see all these loans to Britain. Many people feel that the U.S. has too often been taken as a sucker making outright gifts disguised as loans. The Democrats are being blamed for this and the change is expected to bring about quicker reconversion and lower taxes."

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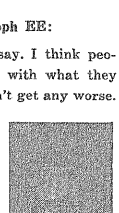
Lorenz Schmidt, Soph EE:



"That's hard to say. I think people aren't satisfied with what they have, and feel it can't get any worse. People don't realize the commitments of the government. Promises of lower taxes and free competition brought many votes. I don't think the President should be blamed too much since he was caught in somewhat the same position with respect to the issues to be dealt with as a hot potato between a pair of hands; you can't let go of it with both hands at the same time. Many voters were also quite disgusted with the Chicago political machine and as a result many good men had to suffer. High pressure advertising also affected the direction of voting."

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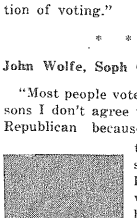
John Wolfe, Soph ChE:



"Most people voted G.O.P. for reasons I don't agree with. They voted Republican because they believed that the meat shortage and housing shortage was due to the bungling of Washington bureaucrats. Most Americans are getting fed up with handing goods, and services to foreign countries which seem to be using it for purposes other than intended. In their minds Republicans always stood for Americans first. Big business wanted to get rid of business restrictions. I don't think this landslide will improve things. In my opinion most people didn't know what they were voting for, didn't know much about party differences nor about individual candidates.

INFORMATION FOR FREE

Among the most mutually disliked people in the world are teachers.

Anybody who chances to stray to the editoral column of *Technology News* can find wrapped up in capsule form the most frequent sins committed by that form of human species (the term is used advisably).

Because teachers over the world have failed to set up favorable press relations the general impression has gotten around that teachers lack that certain something. The flame of students' imagination has been flamed by the occasional instructor who staggers into a classroom with a glassy look in his orb, goes to work feverishly with chalk and eraser while giving with the meatballs of wisdom, and is not shut off until the final bell rings.

Only last week Angelo Patri (a gent who is on the "must" list for the well-rounded student along with Dorothy Dix and Shelia John Daly) observed that the reputation of a school depends upon its teachers. In that case, orchids to the News Bureau, which had to overcome such a great disadvantage in ballyhooing Illinois Tech as the mecca of engineering talent in the Midwest.

But this was to be a propaganda piece to promote sympathy for teachers.

Actually teachers have been reported to have some human traits. Many are kind to their offspring—they take the kiddies down to the delicatessen every month to look at the candy in the window. Others are gentle to their family—beating their wives only twice a week.

Others have such utterly human habits as collecting records (jazz, at that) and—horrors!—even sneaking an occasional look at the daily sports pages.

Like normal, everyday hoomin beans, teachers are prey to the axiom; misery loves company. For instance, no self-respecting teacher would dare to take up residence in a neighborhood other than that surrounding the University of Chicago. Perhaps some of them feel that the university radiates knowledge. Others, in lieu of taking in a movie on a dull afternoon, may want to skip over to stagg field in the hopes of seeing Harry Urey, Art Compton and the boys make with the uranium.

In any case, teachers should fight for their rights. They should demand to be withdrawn from "neuter" and classed as "male" or "female."

The current rage in obtaining "rights" is by striking. Let's have a big, riping-roaring teachers' strike against the student body . . . with Bernie Weissman as the John L. Lewis of the Teachers' Union.

Hope Humor Pours Forth Into Print

Bob Hope, nucleus of that Pepsodent pandemomium, has penned a commentary of the first year of a world at peace that classes him as the Picasso of the literary world. "So This is Peace," pours forth a myriad of that standard Hope humor which convulses millions of his radio listeners weekly.

The work describes the ugly truth of the year of peace, commencing with the housing shortage and all the way up to our foreign policy. However, Hope deals with these matters in acontinual run of a glorified "Slipstick." In describing shortages and the empty racks of the haberdashery shops with clerks clad in undershorts, Hope identifies them as Hart, Schaffner, and Marx. There wasn't much concerning scientific progress in the post war era but he did have this to say concerning the Bikini experiment. "The only place on earth that hadn't been touched by war was blown to hell." President Truman is summed up as, "the man with the Independence look 'Laughing on the outside, crying on the inside'"

John L. Lewis is congenially referred to as "tha guy with a lump of coal over each eye."

IIT Department Heads Combine To Solve Steamshovel Dilemma

by George O'Brien

Noticing the presence of a mixing concession on the campus, and the conquest apparatus used, a hypothetical question came up at the daily conference of sidewalk supervisors which stated, "What would happen if the steam shovel ever ran out of gasoline and couldn't get out of the pit it had created?" A committee was hurriedly formed and in investigating material for a plausable answer, ran across this report in a back issue of "Burly Girlies" which went on to say:

". . . The campus was thrown into an uproar and several of the vitally interested, five in all, were detailed to get a concensus of opinion on how the steam-shovel could be removed without the use of gasoline. To get at the base of the trouble we looked up the operator of the machine and after a time found him in a local tavern, sobbing quietly into his beer. His only solution was to wait until some gasoline could be obtained, but in the interest of continuing the job at once, he decided that the departments of the school might be able to offer some answer that would take the heartbreak out of the delay.

"Upon consulting the Chemical Engineering department, and interuting them at their task of undenaturing lab alky for the bottle trade, the question was passed around and after several hours in a profound huddle, they suggested that one should pipe the pit full of acid, dissolve the steam shovel therein, pipe the acid out and reverse the reaction. This should give you your steam-shovel, they said.

"But lest the other departments feel slighted, we went around to each of them in turn and got their answers. The Electricals suggested that the only way to do it would be to seal it in a vacum tube, turn on an appropriate amount of juice, and collect it in a condenser. They stated some rather lengthy theorems about it's just being a case of whirling electrons, which you could funnel into a wire, and after piling them up in the condensor, carefully unwrap the outsides, and . . . Presto! Steam-Shovel!

"To get another slant on the subject, we went to the Fire-Protects. They stopped us cold with the question: "Does it have the official seal?" While we were framing an answer, they ushered us out of the office with considerable evidences of shattered dignity. Shaken in spirit but not in intent, we continued in search of answers.

"The department of Mathmetics being our next stop, we considered the terrors of running across a lurking "Square Root of Minus One." The gentleman who met us was very cordial, telling us to pull up an integral and sit down while he saw what he could do about it. Several hours later we heard a muffled voice through the vast stacks of paper that had accumilated asking for an aspirin. We gave him one and tiptoed quietly away.

"While on our way to the Mechanicals, we ran into the Civils surveying a lot for the erection of a Maypole. Having narrowly escaped a few miscellaneous black eyes, we put the question to them and after a short time they suggested a way of laying a train of dynamite charges that would move the steam-shovel out of the pit . . or somewhere. They went on to say a thorough study of the matter would be necessary and that they would see to it that we would receive an answer shortly.

"We continued on our way to the Mechanicals and finding that most of the department was out to lunch, we looked up the anchor watch. We found three of them taking a shower under a leaky steam valve bravely singing "Three Little Fishes." Irreverantly breaking into one of the solo parts we threw the riddle into their faces. Without even breaking the rythm of their song they gave us an answer based on the elements of their craft. All one would need, said the bass as he latered his slide rule, would be a lever and a fulcrum. Wiping some of the soap out of the magnifier, he said that if we provided a lever three miles, twenty-eight feet, and three and one-half inches long, he would take a day off and supervise the job. Just about then a high pressure line burst and sent scalding clouds of steam all over the room. We dashed out and even as we closed the door, we heard the faint harmony of "Old Mill Stream" above the mad hiss of escaping steam.

"We were on our way to the Industrial Engineering department when we fortunately ran into one of the oracles of the finance page. Learning of our quest, he stated that there was no solution to the problem except to leave the shovel in the pit and let it rust away to provide a demand for a new one. He let this sink in, muttered an an enigmatic "Hah" and stalked away . . . "

The report went on to elaborate what was finally done, telling of the action finally taken when the long overdue gas truck arrived. A not of tradgedy was struck when they found the mathemetician two weeks later in a state of semi-starvation, still worrying on the problem.. The details of the 95 page report turned in by the Civils were not disclosed but it was remarked that the Fire Protects were being held under suspicion of withholding the gas-line due to the fire hazard it would have created.

When this article was presented to the sidewalk superintendants they generally agreed that it was a good idea to have a bit of gasoline around in case of emergencies and in the event that no gasoline was in evidence, that this report be available to any distressed parties.

Developing Broadminded Engrs. Is Aim of Civil Department

by Sam Rand

Civil Engineering is the oldest branch of engineering and, as such, it has played a very important role in the history of man. It is directed by Prof. Phil Huntly.

It has also played a most important part in the history of Armour Institute of Technology. The Civil major was first instituted here in the year 1899 when the school was only seven years old. At that time, the late Dr. Alfred E. Phillips was the only CE instructor. In 1901, he was joined by Professor Melvin Baker Wells, who is now in retirement.

Through the years the Civil Engineering Department has become more and more an integral part of the Institute. The present personnel include such competent men as Professor Phil C. Huntly, Professor John C. Penn, Associate Professor Roe L. Stevens, Assistant Professor E. I. Fiesenheiser, Asistant Professor George W. Granthanm. Instructors R. W. Sauer, John Butkus and K. Milbradth.

The Armour CE students of 1900 had in many ways the same curriculum that the present CE dept. has. Main differences are that the present courses, while not as complete, includes more mechanical and electrical courses and less structural design.

(See Broadminded Engrs. on page 7)