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Editorial

Veterans Tutoring

In the accelerated tempo of peace, of attending school and of working on the outside in order to live in our high priced world, our minds and energies are struggling to cope with all the too evident post-war problems. The intensity of school life has left us with but little time and inclination to reminisce. Luckily, perhaps, most of us have forgotten the war and all its tragedy but there are still a few who can not forget.

These men are in veterans hospitals all over the country.

Together they helped shoulder the responsibilities of fighting the war and now they deserve a share in the peace. Throughout the country doctors are attending the ills of the wounded and disabled veterans by caring for their bodies; should that be all? When a fellow has lost the use of both his arms and legs there are not many forms of diversion open to him; but one thing he can still do is think!

With this fact in mind the Illinois Tech Veterans club decided to organize a tutoring service for the patients at the Vaughn General Hospital. The tutors are to be composed of IIT students who are willing to give up one evening of their time between April 1 and May 30. Their purpose in organizing this service was to help men already interested in learning, give them something in common, and stimulate the interest of others in programs of this type.

The question of increased subsistence is vital to many veterans who are overwhelmed by the soaring cost of living. The real value of the \$65 GI subsistence check has dribbled into insignificance as many veterans are forced to work twenty to thirty hours a week in order to continue in school. Yet in spite of this, the latest figures show that over 100 veterans have offered their services in this tutoring program.

This is an indication that even under the stress of school work and financial responsibilities some of us haven't lost our perspective—haven't lost the ability or desire to help others. If this same spirit of helpfulness and cooperation were prevalent throughout the world today many of our so-called "insurmountable" economic and political problems would be solved.

People Who Live in Glass Houses . . .

HUMPHREY WHILE WAITING FOR A TABLE IN OUR CRAMMED LUNCHROOM WAS UNDERSTANDABLY UPSET . . . BUT WHEN HE FINALLY GOT SEATED AND AFTER HE ATE, WELL . . .



Man Of The Week

Felix Rosenthal is Member of Three Engineering Honoraries

By Sam Rand

Unlike most IIT students, Felix Rosenthal is not a native of the United States; he was born in Munich Germany. From his experience abroad he seems to have been made more keenly aware of what it means to be an American citizen; he is making the most of every opportunity and privilege accorded him as such.

Felix's parents brought him to Chicago from Germany in 1937. In spite of initial difficulties, he soon oriented himself to his new environment, and graduated with honors from Hyde Park High School in June, 1942.

The following September Felix, desiring to major in mechanical engineering, came to Illinois Tech, on a one year freshman scholarship. The following year he qualified for yet another scholarship, this time the Cook Sophomore Award.

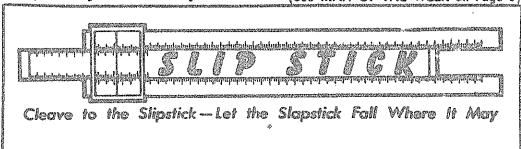
In June 1944, during his junior year, Felix joined the navy. It was

while he was on duty at a navy repair station that he first became interested in electronics. Felix's academic work has won for him a place in three honoraries: Tau Beta Pi, of which he is recording secretary, Pi Tau Sigma, and Eta Kappa Nu.

Outside of his academic activities, Felix has a good many other interests. Chief among these is the IIT Community Service Committee of which he is chairman. Knowing the true importance of tolerance in a democracy, Felix devotes a great deal of his time to the fostering of harmonious race relations in the neighborhood through this committee which he helped form.

In spare moments Felix Rosenthal's interests turn to his hobbies which include photography, bicycling, tennis and baseball. He also has developed a taste for good music

(See MAN OF THE WEEK on Page 3)



In response to overwhelming indifference, the slipstick is happy to revive its question and answer service. This week's query is, "Every time I try to tell my wife about my overseas experience, she sneers and says, 'You would have made a good WAC!' What should I reply to shut her up?" signed, Vexed Veteran.

Answer: Tell her you did.

—IIT—

Wife: "Haven't you anything good to say about my mother?"

Husband: "Yes, she objected to our marriage."

—IIT—

She: "Honey, I'd go through fire and water for you."

He: "Make it fire then, I don't want you all wet."

—IIT—

Dept. Head to Prof, "It's all right to tell that coed she has pretty ankles, but you musn't compliment her too highly."

—IIT—

Blonde: "And if I refuse you will kill yourself?"

Techwolf: "Yes! That is my usual custom."

—IIT—

Moe: "Are you going to take your girl to the movies?"

Joe: "Don't have to go to the movies."

Moe: "Why not?"

Joe: "Her mother and father

are going."

—IIT—

She never really had a chance
Long years had Annie waited,
But when she entered IIT
Oh, boy, was animated.

—IIT—

Boss: "You've already had to leave to see your wife off on a journey, to attend your mother-in-law's funeral, to care for your little girl's measles, and to go to your boy's christening. What is this time?"

Lackey: "I'm going to get married, sir."

—IIT—

And then there's the legend about the man on the flying trapeze who caught his wife in the act.

—IIT—

He (on the phone): "Hello, Irene, can I see you tonight?"

She: "Sure, Bob, come right on over!"

He: "But this isn't Bob."

She: "I'm not Irene either. But come over anyway."

(See SLIPSTICK on Page 3)



Leaving the midst of the Sigma's with a sigh of "Well done," the Digger turned to see how the rest of the campus was progressing in their undercover activities. Such dealings as recorded below shall not be tolerated. They are just too, too bad!

Ginny Dorociak, Flo Dumke and several other girls have been spending all their "spare moments" knitting. When asked what she was making, Miss Dorociak replied, "Oh, just little things."

Digger's note: In order to qualify for the Junior Week Baby Contest the child must be at least one year old.

A special news release by the Steamshovel: The mystery of Celia Barbeau's missing picture has been cleaned up. Her photograph had been on display during the last election and had mysteriously disappeared. The one and only copy was found resting on Jim Voss' desk. Jim had bribed the man who caught him purloining the picture BUT the Digger was there too.

Rich dividends were paid to those who invested a penny in the peanut-vending machine in the Student Union last week. Bill Furlong stuck a copper in the other day, flipped open both outlets and received for his troubles six cents and two handfuls of peanuts. Unfortunately the nickel outlets were blocked off a day later.

Just about the time a fellow gets ready to hand in the last bit of school work his mind wanders. Sitting in the back of the room was John Basic, taking in the dreary lecture when he was heard to loudly declare: "Gad, I want to get out. I get the Basic urge."

A number of Arnold Albin's classmates are collecting money to get that long overdue haircut for Albin. Their motives are quite selfish, they want to save themselves the embarrassment of making wolf calls at a girl in slacks and later finding out that it was Arnold. Even engineers cannot stand this type of deception.

Don "Lover-boy" Arenson, who has for some time been looking for luxuriously furnished sleeping quarters, has just decided to occupy an apartment recently vacated by a fellow student's parents. This cohabitation is to be carried out with a curvaceous sophomore architect. It is interesting to note the effect of Bertrand Russell on his "mathematical mind."

As regular as weekly quizzes, Harry "Kissey" Marcado entertains his girlfriend Joan to visit him on the campus. After bragging about her abilities, he finally took her out for a date. When Harry escorted Joan to the car, he found four of his drooling fellow engineers perched in the back seat. After the build-up they all wanted to enjoy the ride.

Holding out on automobile bumpers did not disturb Eymard "Ames" Keal when he got his car, but now he is drawing the line. The manufacturer made one slip. As a consequence Keal was barreling along the outer drive to an early morning class when his front wheels parted company. Eventually he recovered the balky one but not before he had dragged his axle for some time.

In his great quest for a liberal education, Roland E. Fisher took a job in the library. Every afternoon he can be seen, pouring over the "literature" looking for the facts of Life.

There is no percentage in writing anymore because the cute typist just left and the Digger MUST follow her home on his hands and knees.