MERRY CHRISTMAS, MABEL AND JOE

Do you mind if we get sentimental? It's Christmas, isn't it? We feel good, don't we? O.K.—Here goes.

Merry Christmas, Joe. You too, Mabel. Merry Christmas to all the Joes and Mabels here at Illinois Tech. No, more than that—Merry Christmas, Joe and Mabel, whoever you are and wherever you are. Merry Christmas to your pop and mom, your kids, your brothers and sisters. Anybody we've left out? Merry Christmas to anybody we've left out.

We feel awfully good and we're trying to say something awfully nice, but maybe we're botching it up. Just to make sure you get the idea we're going to quote from somebody who really hit the nail on the head. It was Tiny Tim, remember, who said, "God bless us, everyone."

—Anonymous contribution from the Illinois Tech Campus.

THE STAFF

This is the beginning of that wonderful holiday season when students leave the campus for two weeks of Santa Claus and Father Time.

Looking back over the term we leave many problems still unsolved. However, it's a week before Christmas and we're not going to solve problems.

In mid-December we are reminded of all those little things that go with our favorite two week winter vacation...Christmas shopping, fir trees, jingle bells, and a big turkey dinner.

The entire staff of *Technology News* joins is wishing you a very Merry Christmas.

TECHNOLOGY NEWS

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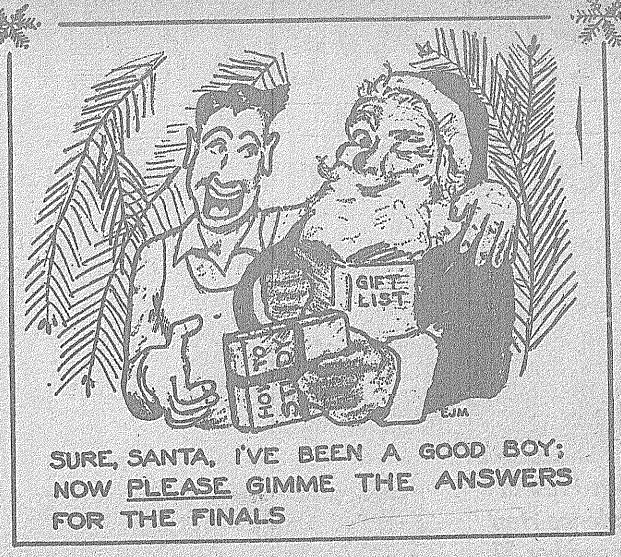

SURE, SANTA, I'VE BEEN A GOOD BOY; NOW PLEASE GIMME THE ANSWERS FOR THE FINALS

In A Friendly Sort o' Way

When a man ain't got a cent, and he's feeling kind o'blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine thruogh,
It's a great thing, Oh my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the tear drops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart:
You can't look up and meet his eyes—you don't know what to say
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall,
With its care and bitter crosses, but a good worl' after all;
An' a good God must have made it—least-ways, that it what I say,
When a hand is on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

Our appreciation to The unknown author.

Letters To The Editor

Tech Students Raked Over Coals For Apathy Toward School Functions

Sir:

Many times recently I have mulled the question of school spirit at Illinois Tech. This cogitation has resulted in the conclusion that there is a notable lack of this item apparent.

One of the facets of this spirit, to my mind, is the pride taken in announcing one's attendance at one's institution. Previously, I brightly and eagerly revealed my connection with the Institute to sundry acquaintances. The retort to this would almost invariably be "What?" spiced by an occasional "Huh?" and, rarely, a "Yeah?," this latter, however, being given in a tone of belligerency or confusion rather than in one of amazement.

A mite crestfallen, I would add, "It used to be called Armour," and while this would sometimes satisfy a member of one of the older generations, the general repartee tended toward humorous remarks on meat-packing, so that in self-defense I depend upon my intelligent conversation to carry the implication that I have been exposed to higher education.

In a recent monograph entitled "School Spirit—Why?" the problem was broken down into the following points: (1) the pride in school name mentioned above; (2) jolly old traditions; and (3) the mutual "showing-off" of the male students to impress the feminine portion of the student body, and vice versa. Thus one can readily see that this is a three-phase problem, and not to be undertaken in a light manner.

Since the Young Women of Today seem to have more of an interest in Engineers than in Engineering, and not much of either, at that, it would seem unlikely that enough of them would be attracted to our fair school to make active competition among male students for positions as Campus Wheels, with resultant increased campus activity, worth while. As the situation stands now, apathy toward student elections is extensive. One is led to the conclusion that the majority of students feel, that if all class officers, through some act of Providence, were to suddenly fall deceased, scarcely more than a ripple would disturb the calm surface of student activities.

It would seem then, to those of us who are still awake, that perhaps a renewed stress on Tradition would inflame the latent passions of spirit. As far as I have been able to discern, traditions at IIT consist of the following: (1) Partial deafness in the West ear of those who frequent the Main building for an extended length of time, due to the ferrous horses rumbling by on the N.Y.C. tracks; this caused the catch phrase "What did he say?" to be bandied about the building long before Mumbles emitted his first grunt. (2) Instructors who say "Well, I'll just give you a little work to do over the (evening) (weekend) (holidays) because, ha ha, I know the other instructors probably haven't given you anything and you'd have a whole (evening) (weekend) (holiday) with nothing to do to pass the time away."

And (3) Junior Week. This seems to be the most effective, the most disenchanting factor involved being the Open House portion of the program. Parents who are not briefed beforehand may wander about the campus in broad daylight, receiving such an unexpected disillusionment that Junior is packed off to some more refined-looking school, such as St. Charles. As a matter of fact, reports have it that school spirit at the latter institution is much higher than ours, and students there have yet to complain about lack of practical education. The main body of this letter was written before the A.W.O.L. project was revealed. More of these, which are in the Junior Week spirit, would help the situation somewhat.

If the development of the foregoing presents an inadequate solution to the problem, what is the answer? Would it take a football team to make the students and alumni give out with a big Rah-Rah for dear old Illinois Tech? Or perhaps a generous refund of part of the tuition payment, or a lessening of homework assignments? As the administration seems to have it, and probably justifiably, none of these appear to be practical at present.

Until something is done about the situation the student body and alumni will rarely emit anything more than a sardonic laugh when asked to give their All, or at least a suitable portion of it, to our school.

William Sebastian

That Insidious Minority Again

Sir:

Here we go again. The Integral Ball started the fire works and now the class of June '48 carries on in similar fashion. Apparently those few social lites that manage to maneuver our elections still have their finger in the pudding.

On December 2, it was decided by a questionable hand tally of some 52 eager beavers to a week 38 vote that the senior fling of June next will be strictly formal. To the childish delight of those who wish to follow outmoded traditions, or who have the money, it was a thrilling victory. Once again scions of IIT social life would not have to rub elbows with the peasants.

Naturally some will attend, but for every senior who does two will stay away due to this hasty ill-advised decision. Once again an affair intended for the majority will be attended and governed by that over-zealous minority.

Sidney Schyman

(Editor's Note: *Technology News* will award a carton of Chesterfield cigarettes to each of the two best letters submitted to the Letter Box for any one issue. Letters should not exceed 250 words and must be signed although names will be withheld on request. To be eligible for any one issue, letters must be submitted by noon of the Thursday preceding publication. The editor reserves the right to shorten letters.)

Man Of The Week

John Pottenger Typefies Rugged Techmen

By Jack Wolfe

Picture, if you will, a man mild and timorous, a lover of books, an esthete, an altogether mild and lovable person. Picture to yourself such a man, we say, and you will have absolutely no conception of John Pottenger, who has been a rugged outdoor type from an early age and once on a radio debate, "took the side nobody else wanted, just because I wanted to argue."

When Johnnie was in short pants, electric lights and whistling teakettles and things like that held a peculiar fascination for him, so he decided to become an inventor. When he came to IIT in fall of 1940, he had narrowed his choice down to either electrical or chemical engineering, fields in which he felt his inventiveness would be untrammeled. After the horrors of freshman chemistry, Johnnie chose the EE course. Things have changed since then, though, and inventing doesn't hold the old charm. In June, 1943, he entered the service, and thirty months in the infantry can work a big change in anybody.

Johnnie explains it himself this way: "My ambitions were revamped in the service. I got a lot more interested in people, and so instead of an inventor, I now plan to get into some phase of sales or personnel work."

Last winter Johnnie and two of his Pi Kappa Phi fraternity brothers built a 16 foot sailboat, and now he breaks out into a sailor's chantey on almost no provocation. Sailing now outranks all other sports activities in his estimation.

Johnnie's life isn't all spent on the foamy deep, however. He is president of Beta Omega Nu, a past president of the Interfraternity council, and a member of Rho Epsilon, AIEE and IRE.

Johnnie has a principle that he finds p off pretty well. "Treat everybody else pr good, and they'll treat you all right. His peeve is "women with a false air of sop cation." He couldn't be prevailed u say how he came to get this pe