

Technette helps solve Technie's Grim Tale

Last week, you remember, Techie Hawke, went to the village school determined to be active. In the cafeteria, his senior advisor warned him that he might be forced to wear a prisoner's key chain by the mysterious "Dragon of Apathya."

HAVING no class the next hour, Techie wandered over to one of the other tables to join some of his new found friends.

"Hi Boys," said Techie, pulling up a chair.

"Hello," mumbled Johnnie Leavey, his newly assigned partner in Chem lab, "What are you so happy about?"

"I was sorry I couldn't get into MIT, but not now. This school is 'IT' with double 'I.' Look at all the activities we've got here."

"Don't tell me you fell for that stuff. It's all a lot of bunk as far as I'm concerned. They'll never get you anyplace."

"But you said you wanted to get into some honoraries. What about that," said Techie with a look of triumph in his eye.

"Honoraries are different," said Johnnie, "you get keys for them. My brother told me all about it." "How do you get into them, then, if you're so smart?" asked Techie.

"Well, first you have to have a high grade point average and a lot of friends. If you have a language difficulty or you're a co-op it helps a lot." "I don't believe that," said Techie, "I think all it takes is a lot of activities."

"Go ahead then. Join your activities. You'll learn."

And that's exactly what Techie did.

He joined the Calculus club and waited for terrific events, but nothing happened. True, they did have Differentiation parties in the spring and Integration parties in the fall, but no one even went to them. Techie was confused.

Next he tried the Nuclear club and the same situation existed there. In fact it was even worse. They didn't even have parties. All they did was sit around and investigate each other's loyalty.

Techie couldn't understand. How could all these organizations do nothing so well? Techie looked over the social events that came up since he started school; the basketball game with no spectators, the dance that lost \$1,000.00, the assembly with no audi-

ence. How could so many things fail? It was as if some unseen force was keeping things from being a success. These weren't activities. These were *passivities*, *Eighty-seven passivities*.

How could this situation be so bad? How could all this indifference exist, all this apathy? *Apathy*—the "Dragon of Apathya," was it real? Impossible! Yet, look at the facts.

Hearing a clanking sound Techie turned to see his "Campus Leader" advisor coming along dragging his key chain behind him. He'd get to the bottom of this yet.

"I hate to bother you again, 'Campus Leader,' sir, but were you kidding me about that Dragon of Apathya?" said Techie.

"I wouldn't josh about a thing like that," replied "Campus Leader," shaking with fear and causing his keys to rattle vigorously. "Why do you bring it up again?"

"When you told me there were no active organizations, I didn't believe you. Now I know you were right. I've tried some of them and don't see how they can be any more inactive. Still, I don't believe in the 'Dragon,' but yet, something, some force, is causing all this inactivity. I must know the truth."

"Well, I'll tell you, Techie. As fantastic as it may seem, there is a 'Dragon of Apathya!' It all came about this way. Years ago, when activities were flourishing on the campus, we were ruled by a group of White Barons. These were the good Barons. Dances were successes with big name bands. There was standing room only for events in the auditorium.

"Then the dark day came. We were invaded by a group of Black Barons. They were bad barons. For days and days, weeks and weeks, months and months, the battle raged. The White Barons were winning, for Right was on their side. The Black Barons were almost beaten, and then, it happened. One of them had a clever idea.

"He looked in his *Technette*. There it was on the inside cover, 'We carry a wide variety of merchandise.' This was his solution. *What was the Black Baron going to do? How could the Bad Barons and the Dragon be defeated? Read next week's concluding installment.*



as I see IT

By ED MARCHAL

GRADE SYSTEM CHANGES at Tech have not been smooth, as the recent probation notices reveal. Adoption of the new four-point system was planned at least a year ago to be put into effect this semester. At the same time, however, probation policies were being modified. Now, the two issues meet in an unfortunate combination.

We recall that the three-point system once defined probation level as below 1.0 ("C") in any semester. Students with a rough schedule were in anxiety for 18 weeks, dreading the possible "probation" stamp on their grade reports. Policy was next eased to re-define probation as below 1.0 overall average, a boon to students employed part time or having heavy responsibility in student groups.



At the close of last semester, the registrar's new IBM tabulator was geared for recording grades on the four-point plan. In a move to save work probation stamps were omitted from the grade reports handed out at the start of registration.

After all, it was thought, couldn't any student easily divide his point total by credit hours earned to see if he was in good academic standing? Easily, that is, if he realized that the new requirements were in effect, and that reference to 2.0 as a minimum would resolve any doubts.

Some of the 500 probationers did this, and others, we are sure, felt secure thinking that they were unaffected if their former average was 1.0 or better. But, in the process of change, a 1.0 was not always a 2.0. A few E's made the difference, for the separation of D and E is more clearly marked—and fell—under the new system.

The startling discovery that a 1.0 before does not always equal a 2.0 now has made some students ask, "Why has the probation level been raised?"

No money no parade

Last week a letter appeared in *Technology News* encouraging a parade for Junior Week. Evidently, the author hasn't stopped to think of the situation that faces Illinois Tech. I agree that the idea is "terrific" and other colleges have "rootin'-tootin'" parades, but those same colleges also advocate school spirit and other thoughts besides books and slide rules.

At Illinois Tech the parade idea faces many insurmountable obstacles. Probably the largest obstacle would be the financial one. Most fraternities and organizations on campus don't have enough funds to decorate a coal wagon. A parade must have attraction in it to be a success. Most presentable attractions would cost too much money.

The second obstacle would be a place to exhibit a parade. Other colleges have a campus on which to parade. Our campus wouldn't make a very good host to a parade of any calibre. If we had a parade away from the campus the floats would have to be elaborate to reflect favorably upon Illinois Tech. Again, elaborate parades cost money. As far as I can see, we're in a vicious cycle.

Marty Hoef, Junior Week Chairman

TECHNOLOGY NEWS

Published every Friday during the school year by the students of Illinois Institute of Technology, 3302 S. Federal, Chicago 16, Illinois. Entered as second class matter October 12, 1949, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Represented for national advertising by the National Advertising Service, Inc., 428 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Advertising rates furnished upon request. Subscriptions—Domestic: \$1.50 per term. Foreign: \$2.00 per term.

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Slipstick

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

"We don't have to go to the movies."

"Why not?"
"Her mother and father are going."

Dee: "Swell party tonight."
Bob: "Yeah. I'd ask you for the next dance but all the cars are taken."

Dave: "Do you believe that tight clothes stop circulation?"
Larry: "Not with a woman. The tighter the clothes the more she is in circulation."

An old Scotch bachelor received a request from an organization in London to take care of a dozen evacuated children during the blitz. The Scotchman refused on the basis that he hated kids. He was then asked to house six expectant mothers instead. "All right," the Scot replied, "but the gals musn't expect too much. I am past 70 years."

Little Johnny: "Mother, what's a honeymoon?"
Mother: "That's where your father and I went after we were married."
Little Johnny: "Was I there too?"
Mother: "Yes, dear, you came home with me."

"Hey, listen you," shouted the irate father threatening, "I'll teach you to make love to my daughter."

"I wish you would," replied Bob, "I'm not making much headway."

What women's clothing leaves to the men's imagination is what makes it so expensive.

Brakes should get tight when the driver does.

A kitten is larger than a cat because it takes two cats to make a kitten.

Personnel manager (to applicant): "What's your name?"
Applicant: "I'm Gladys Zell."
Manager: "I'm very happy myself, but what is your name?"

Phi Sig I: "This town is dull. Can you suggest something in the way of a good time?"

Phi Sig II (disconsolately): "The Dean."

One can get disgusted with these people, or learn a lot from them. With indifference one can ignore them; with gentle tact, one can answer them briefly and smilingly; with nerve, one can reply to them in words at least two syllables longer than the ones they use.