

RIT Hostellers Enjoy Ski Sport At Letchworth Park Meeting

SPRIT

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No. 8 Rochester, N. Y., February 9, 1945 Vol. 19

"Phew . . ."
"Ouch, I ache."
"I'm fagged!"
"Let's go see the nurse . . ."

Those were sounds in the halls of RIT the Monday after we hardy souls got back from the Youth Hostel trip to Castile, N. Y. Look at those ruddy cheeks, whetted appetites, and smiles!

The milk train express (Castile in forty hours or bust!) delivered us a mere two miles from the place we stayed, and Bob Noble's toboggan doubled in brass as a baggage wagon. The toboggan served as a cart to haul one hundred pounds of groceries, a means of transportation, a milk truck, and of course as a toboggan before the weekend was over. The welcome lights of the Hostel meant we could actually get warm again. We were beginning to doubt it.

We woke up around five o'clock Saturday to the tune our teeth were chattering. The fire went out in the huge fireplace, and it was cold as banished hope. Ted Rojek, "fire builder first class," deserves a merit badge for getting out and cutting the wood at that awful hour. Breakfast consisted of coffee a la Noble, strained through a handkerchief, and pancakes with *real butter* or a reasonable facsimile thereof. Ginny Rouse did most of the cooking, and set some kind of record for sleeping too.

We were on the hill early (as soon as the sun came up to light our way), and by nightfall there were some very weary people scattered in snow drifts over Wyoming County. We tried to hike to Letchworth Park in the afternoon, and all went fine until someone suggested that we try the well known "short-cut" through four feet of snow. Why that snow was so deep we'd almost lose Herb Watt every time he'd break through the crust, and when Herb disappears, you can believe that snow was *deep!*

Dwight Putney was kept busy repairing Alice Rosen's skis every time she went down a hill. He proved so handy that he was commissioned to attempt to repair the radio, the victrola, the broken hot water pipe, and the short-circuited light. The only visible result was the blowing of a fuse. Candlelight may be romantic, but not when searching under cobwebs for a fuse box, eh, Dwight? Four "eager beavers" decided to attempt to toboggan by moonlight on a tree studded unknown hill. All those chances to break our necks, and the most serious accident was when Dwight and Ted crossed the creek the wet way.

By Saturday night the other Hostellers arrived, and we were all laughing at Betty Lou Rieker, and her "I don't like to seem hard to get along with, but . . ." We sat around the fire and sang until the wee small hours. Only a traitor would have admitted that you really couldn't see across the room through the smoke. You couldn't see the fire for the socks and gloves in front of it drying, but someone should have told us that mittens don't toast like marshmallows. There were several two-toned pairs worn on Sunday due to this oversight. But, the question is, did Alice *ever find* the red socks she lost every few hours all weekend?

By Sunday the boys decided that any girl capable of being out on the ski hill all day was able to chop wood, and a serious fuel and paper shortage threatened. We decided that the trip was a success when Maribel Gurtel schussed down a whole hill late Sunday morning without a tumble. Dean "Doc" Westervelt coached Mary Solak in physics between bites of the weiners we had for dinner.

The trip from Silver Springs to Castile was only ten cents on the train, but there was no train so we tramped the five weary miles back Sunday. We had enjoyed the hospitality of the American Youth Hostel and our house parent very much. We hated to leave—I guess that is the sign of a good time—and we promised to get together again soon. Little did we think it would be comparing aches and pains at the nurse's office the very next morning!!

PHYLLIS JONES

Snap, Crackle, Ouch — Heard On Snow Train



Photo by Harold Aple

Valentine Throbs Heartbeat Dance



Come on, Dormitory girls, and put on your best bib and tucker and stroll over to Clark Union, Saturday, February 10, for the Heartbeat, a Valentine Dance sponsored by the Dorm girls. Virginia Mason is the chairman of the affair.

Dancing, refreshments under the direction of Ann Losi, and entertainment directed by Jennette Laney, consisting of the *Dorsette Revue*, a Barbershop trio featuring Barb Wood, Mary White, and Fay Coleman, resplendent in muntachios and checked trousers, and a skit will be had for free.

Clark Union itself will be an outstanding Valentine, with hearts, streamers, and lacey ruffles applied by Ruby Jabo and her committee, Faye Burgwardt, Fay Coleman, Marion Simonson, and Beverly McCoy have made the posters which you must have noticed this week. The chaparrans are Mr. and Mrs. Steinmann, Mr. and Mrs. Skinner, and Mr. and Mrs. Culver. Barb Slater is in charge of publicity.

Sailors from the University of Rochester and Sampson, and servicemen from the U. S. O have been invited, and a special invitation is extended to the men of RIT. So one and all, let's make the Heartbeat the success of the year! SLATER AND STANTON

Alumnus Honored

Second Lieutenant John H. Boyd, 27, 108 Conrad Drive, Rochester, N. Y., pilot on a B-24 Liberator bomber, has arrived in the 15th AAF and has been assigned to a veteran combat group.

His group commanded by Lt. Col. Brooks A. Lawhon, Tacoma, Wash., has flown more than 150 combat missions against the enemy and has twice been cited by the War Department for outstanding performance against the enemy.

Boyd entered the AAF September 7, 1942, and received his second lieutenant's commission and his pilot's wings at Moore Field, Tex., September 7, 1943.

Prior to joining the Army, he was a machinist employed by Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y. He was graduated from Charlotte High School in 1934 and attended the Institute evenings.

Get what you can, and what you get hold: 'tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.

Virtue Is Its Own Reward

We must not in the course of public life expect immediate approbation and immediate grateful acknowledgement of our services. But let us persevere through abuse and even injury. The internal satisfaction of a good conscience is always present, and time will do us justice in the minds of the people, even if at present the most prejudiced against us. FRANKLIN

SPRIT STAFF

No. 8 Rochester, N. Y., February 9, 1945 Vol. 19

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DISTRIBUTE THE WEALTH? . . .

Wealth is not money—it is the things we use: houses, radios, food, clothes. The only good anyone can get out of money is to use it to buy these things. If you had all the money in the world and there were no things to buy, you'd starve and freeze.

A very wealthy gentleman traveling by railroad recently was snowbound late at night at a small village waystation. He was tired, hungry, and cold. Yet all his wealth or checkbook could not produce a mere sandwich and a cup of coffee in such an isolated predicament.

True wealth—the things that make life worth living—can't be distributed like so many playing cards—it has to be produced every hour of every day of every year, or there would be none and we'd all soon die of starvation, cold and disease.

Nobody can distribute what isn't made. First it has to be produced, and the people who produce it will share in it. Some of the production of course has to go to pay for the factory or farm that makes it possible. Some has to go to the honest government that safeguards the factory and farm and worker. The rest (and it's two-thirds or more of the total wealth produced) goes to the people who did the producing, in the form of wages. The more they produce efficiently, the more there is for them to divide.

And that's the way wealth should be distributed—the only way it can be distributed . . . the more you add to the world's goods, the more there is for you to share.

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Fads And Fems

February—the month for sweet hearts, and ah yes, our blizzards, too. It's me again, however, to give with a few suggestions gathered here and there.

Of course you're expecting a Valentine from that certain one! So in case it's flowers, why not give them a special place? Coriages are frequently seen taking the place of artificial flowers at the waistline of your favorite dress; or, pull your hair away from your face in that flattering new style, and tuck your roses at the nape of your neck. Then fragrance lingers with you to remind you of him.

Checks seem to be the lady fashions choice for spring. Short jackets and straight skirts give you that slim look which we all strive for madly. (Of course, a little exercise does help too. Why not do your one, two, three, and then when you select your Spring suits, notice that slick look.)

Again the craze for bangs has hit the Dorm—please don't mistake the girls in 408 for French poodles. No fooling, it's really Wink and Sylvia underneath their cute hair-dos.

Gay and exciting new prints are just the thing to liven up your inbetween-the-season's wardrobe. Don't be surprised to see anything from Mickey Mouse to cannons marching boldly over your cleverest dresses.

No doubt Betty Whitney was tearful upon receiving a wire stating that her golden, Arnie, was killed in action while splashing around in his bowl on the radiator. The least we can say is that he's no longer cold blooded.

You Dorm girls will all be at the dance this week end, so what to wear is our problem. He's seen in skirts and sweaters—in fact he's seen too many skirts and sweaters. Why not put on that little black number you haven't worn in such a long time? A pearl choker and earrings will make it look like new or even that pastel wool which just came from the cleaners. Look your prettiest and see if he doesn't tell you about it.

I'll be looking for you there Saturday, so 'til then, so long!
BECKY

Publication Dates

The tentative dates for publishing your SPRIT are as follows:
Feb. 23, Mar. 9, Mar. 23, Apr. 6, Apr. 20, May 4, May 18, June 1.

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Lieut. Wolz's Group Cited By President

Second Lieutenant Donald Wolz, 24, recently entered the aerial offensive against the Reich when he participated in the Eighth Air Force B-17 Flying Fortress bombing attack on Hanover's vital manufacturing yards which have been sending supplies to the German army on the Western Front.

Lieutenant Wolz, Fortress captain with the 385th Bombardment Group, commanded by Colonel George Y. Jumper, Natoma, Calif., flies with the formations of the famed Third Air Division, the division cited by the President for its now historic England-Africa shuttle bombing of the Messerschmitt aircraft factories at Regensburg, Germany, in August, 1943.

The airman is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Phillip C. Wolz, 253 Harding Road, Rochester, New York. His wife, the former Miss Lee Hutcherson, lives at 1426 N. Van Buren Street, Stockton, Calif.

A graduate of Charlotte High School in Rochester, Lieutenant Wolz received his diploma at Rochester Institute of Technology and attended Ohio State University. He worked as an efficiency expert for Eastman Kodak Company in Rochester before his entry into the Army Air Forces in February, 1943. He won his wings in May, 1944, at Stockton, Calif.

Student Slang Lists "Hates"

"People we could easily do without" are listed in campus terminology by the Texas Christian University student newspaper, "The Skiff", in the following "garbology":

Bijit (feminine), always busy with someone else's business; boggie, never smiles; bushness has a duchess complex and twobit grammars; globb, just naturally untidy; twarp, full of punks wisecracks.

Glammie-pie, a gal who looks beautiful, and that's all she does; tellagoon, can be relied upon to say the right thing at the wrong time; gabbit, volunteers lots of jolly information, mostly wrong and jerp, spends most of his time relating personal experiences of interest only to himself.

A New York electrical engineer has been granted a patent on a pinless diaper. It's said to be non-skid, too.

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V. O. E.

This is the Voice of Experience speaking. Have you any problems you want answered? Has your boyfriend fallen in love with another girl? Can't you make up your mind between Bill and Bud? If your love life isn't what it should be, just write to the Voice of Experience in care of this paper and your problem will receive careful consideration.

Looking through my stacks of mail, I came upon this letter, which I will attempt to answer.

Dear V. O. E.:

I have a serious problem on my hands. Would you please tell me what to do? You see, it's like this. I am a very attractive girl, and boys are crazy about me. I am now engaged to three sailors, one marine, and two soldiers. They are all very handsome, and I promised to marry them when they come home. Now they are all coming home at once. What shall I do?

Lulubelle Jones

Dear Lulubelle:

It seems that you do have a very serious problem. In the first place, you shouldn't have promised them all that you would marry them. I think that the best thing you can do, is to take the next train to California.

Sincerely yours,
V. O. E.

P. S.—What are their phone numbers?

LARNIN' HOW

The soundest asset any man can have is the earning power of his hands and brains.

Photo Tech Flashes

"Praise the Lord, we're not a goin' fishing!" So many people have asked us if those metal boxes that Photo Techs carry are our angling gear that I want to put it in writing that they contain the supplies we use for retouching. As handbags they are a bit clumsy, but some members can't seem to be parted from them even for a trip to Rud's.

First P. T.—(slaving to get her Study Tech in on time last week): "What's the difference between appraise and apprise?"

Second P. T. (after much deep thinking): "Spelling, I guess."

When "Doc" Thronsen was criticizing prints the other day, he picked up a shot of a box of doughnuts mounted with an inch wide black border. "My, my," he remarked, "it looks like a memorial to a doughnut maker."

"In the Spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of what he's been thinking of all winter, or something," but that doesn't explain the number of engagements which developed over the holidays. C. Harper Strong gave Helen her ring exactly one hour after Christmas came in. He said that it would have been midnite on the dot, but her grandmother wouldn't leave the room. Good luck, Charlie!

Anne Kepler says she got that black eye from running into a trimmer, but I don't see how it got way up there. Maybe it's a new version of the oldie about the door.

If you notice "lip lettuce" on the Photo Tech boys, it's a protest because Mr. Wilson made our hearts flutter with his trim new mustache. The boys took one look, held an indignation meeting, and came to school the next day looking a bit shaggy.

Barbara Frost got 99 per cent on her Photo exam, and that deserves mention. Nice going, Barb!

The next meeting of the Rochester Technical session will be held February 11. See the bulletin board for other details. It promises to be a good meeting, so come on, Photo Techs, let's all show up!

Anne Kepler and Don Shaubert seem to be hitting it off since they discovered each other. I bet they will be glad to see Math Class start again. PHYLLISS JONES



AFTER DINNER STORY—
William Irish
A collection of mystery stories.
BEST PLAYS, 1943-44—
Burns Mantle
Digests of the season's leading plays (and the yearbook of the theatre in the country's leading cities).

BEST SERMONS, 1944—
Edited by G. P. Butler
BIBLE AND THE COMMON READER—
Mary Ellen Chase
"An interpretation of the Scriptures as literature and as history" (written for the common reader).
Mr. Cayley preached one of them.

DINNER AT OMAR KHAYYAN'S—
George Mardikian
The owner of the famous Armenian restaurant in Hollywood gives some of his recipes and includes a history of food service in early San Francisco.

EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN—
Gwethalyn Graham
A love story which highlights racial prejudices and is a challenge to all forward thinking and intelligent Americans. (The story is excellent and this is considered one of the year's best books.)

FISH AND TIN FISH—
Philip Wylie
A collection of stories, some of which appeared in the Saturday Evening Post, about two guides who run a fishing launch in Florida waters. (They meet all kinds of people on the fishing trips and each story is full of excitement.)

KITCHENS NEAR AND FAR—
Herman Smith
Another book about food and good cooking.

RIDGE—Arch Merrill
This is the latest of the popular Arch Merrill books.

R.I.O.T. News

Purty soon now comes Valentine's Day and, of course, we're all hoping that the mailman will be laden down with Valentine greetings and stuff! Now to get on to some of those items that have been occurring.

The Retailers were struck by a stroke of luck last Saturday—those that are working now. Due to the fact that all retail stores are closed due to the fuel shortage, they have a four-day vacation. Darn lucky, we call it!

Valentine's Day was a little ahead of schedule for Ann Marie Humphries. On Saturday night, January 27, Doug presented her with a beautiful engagement ring. Of course, it was no surprise. Really, We could all see it coming by that look in their eyes, and the way they took their special stand by the Dorm bulletin board every night.

Barb Dixon has a passionate love for hot dogs we discovered on the night of the Phi Up's rush party. They proved too much for her though, she was sick the entire next day. You shouldn't throw them around like that, Dixon. Remember the meat shortage!

The Freshman Retailers have hit on the bang craze again. It seems to hit 'em every year—the bang craze, we mean! Mary Winkel and Sylvia Arsenace look very enchanting in theirs, eyes if they did have to get each other down to do it!

The mob that went to Letchworth Park for the ski jaunt must have had a good time. At least Phylliss Jones, Mary Solak, and the rest of their own crowd all looked blooming when they got back. That's a good idea that and let's hope it happens again!

The Dorm is holding a skating party on Sunday, February 11. If everyone will meet in the lounge at 3 P. M. garbed in the correct dress for wintry weather and, of course, armed with skates, we guarantee a good time for all at Genesee Park. We're not responsible for what happens to you once you get there. You're absolutely on your own as far as we go!

Saturday night, February 10, Dan Cupid's holding a little session at Clark Union. Lots of surprise entertainment is also being planned, so don't miss it. You Dorm girls who attended the Cotton Club Revue last year will have a vague idea of what Saturday night holds in store for you.

You see, February isn't such a bad month after all! One never knows—anything can happen! So stick around everybody, with eyes and ears open, and see what turns up!

P. S.—Don't miss the V. O. E. column this week—it ought, a be pretty good. BARBIE, TIZ, BURRLE

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The Revealer

I don't want to say that even the rugged individuals who dug their way up to Letchworth found time to "pair off," but Ted Rojek and Phyllis Jones pulled a toboggan beautifully together. Herb Watt and Ginny Rouse did a superb job of sitting by the fire. Not to mention the unique technique Dwight Putney and Alice Rosen worked out for falling down hills. Hills, ah yes. I didn't know there could be so many hills shoved into five miles. Roads are always nice too—especially when you can find them. This is one girl who prefers the "beaten path" and has ceased her career as a "trail blazer."

Believe me though, there's nothing like the great outdoors—even if it is covered by six feet of snow. What little brunette from the Art Department is breaking all records in reforming Dave Gilman? After seeing him sitting in the Peacock Room drinking *ginger ale*, it's obvious that she has put a moral on his list. (Just think, when he gets another one he will have two.) Anyway, she really seems to have taken over. The "psychologist" to whom I refer, is Jackie Perry.

It seems that "Bobbie" Nicholson is still having "block" trouble. Only this time it's "Muscles" For-

rest, and he's on his way out. (Of the block, of course.)

This paragraph is a memorial to the snuffed-out flame of "Freedom of the Press." I don't wish to infer that "Ye Editor Frankie" suppresses my every attempt to bring to light the many "interesting" to say the least, episodes that spark, blaze, and smolder throughout each day of her life. In fact, she's the only one in Rochester who isn't bothered by the fuel shortage.

Those West High Alumni, C. J. Weldon and Al Neracker seem to find a lot to talk about these days. Perhaps the good old times had at West High I hardly think so. People don't usually discuss the "good ol' times" at such close range.

Before signing off, let me extend my heartiest congratulations to Dean Westervelt for the forethought he displayed in visiting all the "soda fountains" and storing up that great supply of "amber water" before the shut down. I hate to say he's a fiend for the stuff.

The surest way to keep your name out of "The Revealer" is to be good. But if you can't be good, you're responsible for the consequences!

BETTY LOU

"If a buttercup is yellow, what color is a hiccup?" "Burple."

Men's Bowling League Scores

Team	Team Averages			HG	G A
	W	L	PG		
Faculty	30	3	770	683	
Elec. I	22	11	794	609	
Me. I-A	21	12	710	631	
Elec. II	20	13	728	637	
Me. II	14	19	681	603	
Me. I-B	14	19	687	588	
Ph. Tech.	10	23	696	544	
Chem.	1	32	588	507	

Game Scores					
High Single Game	Palmer - Elec. II	222			
High Two Game Average	Palmer - Elec. II	193			
High Team Game	Elec. I	794			
High Team Two Game Average	Faculty	757			

Individual Scores					
Name	Team	G	Av	HG	
McLaughlin (Me. I-A)	2	170	183		
Fox (F.)	20	158	198		
Jakala (Me. I-A)	22	155	202		
Mitchell (Elec. I)	8	153	183		
van Peursem (F.)	18	152	188		
Karcher (Elec. I)	6	152	170		
Palumbo (Mech. I-B)	14	149	164		
Palmer (Elec. II)	22	148	222		
Hoffman (Elec. I)	14	148	186		
Tutes (F.)	16	144	192		
Watt (Me. I-A)	20	143	177		
Leisten (Me. I-A)	20	138	216		
Hollenbeck (Me. II)	22	134	179		
Cayley (F.)	11	132	147		
Holt (P. T.)	22	132	178		
Warren (Elec. I)	6	131	183		
Brodie (F.)	18	131	170		
Gilpin (Elec. II)	22	131	173		
Brennan (Me. II)	20	130	164		
Trapani (Me. I-B)	6	129	151		
Burley (Elec. I)	7	129	149		
Wilder (P. T.)	20	128	163		
Jonsson (C.)	8	128	154		
Diegert (C.)	3	128	141		
Stein (Elec. II)	22	126	178		
Less (Elec. II)	22	126	171		
Putney (Elec. I)	14	126	168		
Lafontat (Me. II)	22	126	173		
Shaskell (Me. I-B)	10	125	148		
Wolfanger (Me. I-B)	14	124	179		
Bradley (Me. I-B)	12	119	150		
Deyle (C.)	17	118	139		
Morocock (F.)	9	118	143		
Forrest (Elec. I)	9	117	145		
Goldstein (Elec. I)	7	117	149		
Karker (F.)	12	114	141		
Laubenstein (Me. II)	18	114	147		
Hallatt (Me. II)	14	113	155		
Gonska (Elec. II)	12	112	152		
Ecki (Me. II)	14	112	145		
Pieckert (C.)	20	111	175		
Showalter (Elec. I)	3	111	145		
Rice (Me. I-B)	8	109	137		
Rojek (Elec. I)	10	108	156		
Hager (Me. I-A)	8	108	147		
Westervelt (C.)	8	106	131		
Bunce (Elec. I)	12	105	138		
Hults (P. T.)	16	101	126		
Yaeger (Elec. II)	8	100	127		
Morton (P. T.)	20	98	153		
Lancieri (Me. I-B)	8	97	116		
Gingold (C.)	8	94	112		
Schaubert (C.)	5	93	113		
Warren (P. T.)	20	92	152		
Rugg (Me. I-A)	20	88	115		
McIntyre (Elec. I)	8	84	116		
Hart (Elec. I)	1	83	83		
Kenrick (C.)	2	80	95		
Nobles (C.)	10	78	110		
McKinney (C.)	10	74	95		
Gilman (C.)	4	74	91		

Mr. Elberfeld was responsible for the start of this merry-go-round of music by so efficiently repairing our recorder. For this we are grateful and sincerely wish to thank him. Now we can play some real records at one time. This came around at a very appropriate time, because Bob Nobles, a Chemistry student, donated several records from his own private collection. Three cheers for You, Bob! Thanks. Just a few hours ago I met Ginny Rouse at the Dorm, and she informed me of some new records that she bought for Clark Union recently while shopping downtown. "Rum and Coca Cola" and many more favorites are among them. Now I hope to see you dancing at the Union more often. These things were done for you, so drop in and enjoy them.

Mrs. Perry wants to start a Girls Club. So those of you who sign up for your supper or just sign, drop in and pay the lady a call. Leave your name, number, and where you choose to be buried; but leave it as yours truly realizes the possibilities of such a club. More fire with good-looking undertakers.

Yes, we do have some fine Katherine Cornells in RIT, but they seem just a little bashful. So we have started a Dramatic Club to bring this season's hopefuls into the open. We need all sorts of tradesmen. Come on over, don't knock; we are looking for Hamlet.

There was a pledge dinner given at Clark Union on January 25 by the Phi Upsilon Sorority. By the grapevine, I understand the affair was a fine success. Must be the reason for those names flying, back and forth among several students living in the Dorm.

All I have heard about the snow train last weekend was the cause of much jovial laughter. They seemed to be a good share of sore aching muscles and some sprains or broken bones. Oh well, anything to have a good time—if you really has a good time—Frank.

During my daily trips around the Union, I noticed the long face worn by our Photo Tech "Die Juan." I wonder if it's because "Annie doesn't live here any more." (Cheer up, old bean, what woman is worth it?) Then, too, it could be the result of those "Finals." If it is, thank heaven there's a two week probation period.

Suppose you've heard that the ex's got together for a Saturday evening's dinner at Cutali's. Meat balls and "speket" were the stars of the menu. Believe it or not, you were truly was in the middle of the strings—all of them. Party included such notables as Don from our Chem Dept. with Ann, the tiny who was around with the cute blonde visiting the Frontenac Of course, "Moe" and his gang and only were there, with "Moe" knocking us out with jokes usual.

Hope to see you within the next two weeks, gang. So long for now though.

C.U.R.I.T. Titbits

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast." This seems to be the theme of my column this week, so lend me your ears. (Of course, your eyes might prove helpful, too.)

Mr. Elberfeld was responsible for the start of this merry-go-round of music by so efficiently repairing our recorder. For this we are grateful and sincerely wish to thank him. Now we can play some real records at one time. This came around at a very appropriate time, because Bob Nobles, a Chemistry student, donated several records from his own private collection. Three cheers for You, Bob! Thanks. Just a few hours ago I met Ginny Rouse at the Dorm, and she informed me of some new records that she bought for Clark Union recently while shopping downtown. "Rum and Coca Cola" and many more favorites are among them. Now I hope to see you dancing at the Union more often. These things were done for you, so drop in and enjoy them.

Mrs. Perry wants to start a Girls Club. So those of you who sign up for your supper or just sign, drop in and pay the lady a call. Leave your name, number, and where you choose to be buried; but leave it as yours truly realizes the possibilities of such a club. More fire with good-looking undertakers.

Yes, we do have some fine Katherine Cornells in RIT, but they seem just a little bashful. So we have started a Dramatic Club to bring this season's hopefuls into the open. We need all sorts of tradesmen. Come on over, don't knock; we are looking for Hamlet.

There was a pledge dinner given at Clark Union on January 25 by the Phi Upsilon Sorority. By the grapevine, I understand the affair was a fine success. Must be the reason for those names flying, back and forth among several students living in the Dorm.

All I have heard about the snow train last weekend was the cause of much jovial laughter. They seemed to be a good share of sore aching muscles and some sprains or broken bones. Oh well, anything to have a good time—if you really has a good time—Frank.

During my daily trips around the Union, I noticed the long face worn by our Photo Tech "Die Juan." I wonder if it's because "Annie doesn't live here any more." (Cheer up, old bean, what woman is worth it?) Then, too, it could be the result of those "Finals." If it is, thank heaven there's a two week probation period.

Suppose you've heard that the ex's got together for a Saturday evening's dinner at Cutali's. Meat balls and "speket" were the stars of the menu. Believe it or not, you were truly was in the middle of the strings—all of them. Party included such notables as Don from our Chem Dept. with Ann, the tiny who was around with the cute blonde visiting the Frontenac Of course, "Moe" and his gang and only were there, with "Moe" knocking us out with jokes usual.

Hope to see you within the next two weeks, gang. So long for now though.

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