

PSIMAR

Rochester Athenaeum and Mechanics Institute Student Publication
(Read in reverse, initials of which, signify PSIMAR)

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Cafeteria Cuisine In Which Students Make Culinary Titbits

"To make our appetites more keen with eager compounds we our palates urge."—Shakespeare

The cafeteria dining room is a familiar sight to most of us. But few people know what goes on behind the scenes. While many of you are still slumbering peacefully, our cafeteria slowly awakens.

At six A.M. Joe, the smiling and friendly janitor and Jack-of-all-jobs, enters the scene to greet the milk man. An hour later our loyal Katherine arrives; she has been with the Institute for twenty-five years and is now our General Duty Lady. At the same time, when Fate is kind to us, the Vegetable Preparation lady arrives; it is not uncommon this year to find the Director's Assistant Director preparing string beans or broccoli while scussing the next day's orders with a salesman. Our three juniors come in to start the rolls and pastry and to prepare breakfast which is served at seven-thirty. As Joe says, "Those girlies can mix-a-the-eggs and floppa-the-pancakes."

The cafeteria really comes to life when the remaining members of the staff dash through the kitchen to get into uniform and be at their jobs by eight o'clock. This student staff is composed of eighteen outstanding young women from the Foods Department, nine of whom receive their cooperative training in each block. One senior has complete charge of the cook's section while another senior works in the office with the Director. There are three juniors managing the pastry and salad sections and the Freshroom, the four freshmen shape and bake all of the rolls, set the food for the counter, wait on special parties in the Washington Club, and prepare and serve dinner to the dormitory girls under the direction of the senior cook.

Each week day morning a class of five or six students in large Quantity Cooking comes into the kitchen to prepare some of the food for lunch. Each girl is assigned one or two products which she prepares under supervision. Here she has an opportunity to apply her knowledge of food principles and methods. Though we use standardized recipes our products are not always uniform because of individual differences. One student decides that the soup is too salty while another is certain that it needs more seasoning. We strive continually toward the development of a "food sense" which is the sixth sense necessary for food management.

Our waiters and bus boys are from other departments in the school. This year the dormitory women who have formerly had table service for their evening meal have had to change to cafeteria style service. We are looking forward to the day when there will be more available manpower.

We are proud of our modern kitchen which is one of the best equipped food laboratories in the country. Have you wondered why we have such a large kitchen? Come in and watch plenty of people working without getting in one another's way.

If there are those among you who have not dared venture into the female sanctum sanctorum from which pours forth the aroma of apple pies and sauteed onions, won't you come in to see? There might even be an extra cookie for you.

"When H. D. Thoreau was asked at the table which dish he preferred, he answered, 'The nearest.'"
—Emerson

STUDENTS PREPARING THOSE APPETIZING DISHES



Photo by Marty Sewell

Doris Taylor, Dorothy Larson, Marva Van Dusen, Doris Burch, Mrs. Velma Jordan, Director, Marion Long, Sybil Lieberman

"Yet the publick must and will be served; and they that do it well, deserve publick marks of honour and profit."—Penn

THE ENCOURAGING WORD

It is a simple matter to give a person praise when praise is merited, and the rightful due of the deserving. Too many of us take too much for granted in this department of social relationships.

Friend Husband is likely to say to himself—"Oh, she knows I am always thinking of her; must I tell her every day?" And she thinks to herself—"He is all the world to me, but is it necessary to assure him every hour of the day of my devotion?"

And so it goes with warm friends, kind benefactors, and the thoughtful passerby who renders us a service. We assume they are well aware of our appreciation. Students should be encouraged in their assignments by appreciative considerations and the incentive to do better work.

Perhaps they are, but it is good to give it just the same. Good for these others, and good for ourselves. We grow in soul as we acknowledge how much of our welfare and happiness is dependent on others.

So why not speak the encouraging word, the tender word, the word of appreciation which rises to our lips, so often to die there. The telephone is handy. The mails still go through. The shops still sell inexpensive trinkets, and the florists are still in business.

Expressing one's gratitude or sense of favor to another is like weaving into the otherwise dull fabric of life a slender, golden thread that gives a sheen to the whole. The recipient will treasure such words or deeds long after the giver has forgotten them.

The squeeze of the hand has more significance than the slap on the back. The one is impressive, the other aggressive.

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SERENITY AND SANITY

Is this era of speed, and more speed, rapidity and streamlining, leading us into insatiability and insanity? Or are we learning to "sit in the cottage by the wayside and to commune with God?"

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote for our enlightenment and meditation that "a little house well filled, a little land well tilled, and a little wife well willed are great riches." How true? That's serenity!

In his Walden abode what Thoreau wanted was a stout roof overhead, attire sufficient to cover him, and food enough to preserve life. This may sound as simple philosophy for simple living. But the late Theodore Roosevelt emphatically advised us to live the simple life for the preservation of our democracy and of our serenity and sanity.

Contrasted with such masters of the art of living are those whose mad and endless thrust is for things and more things. And yet, while we live in an age of material abundance such as Franklin or Thoreau could never have imagined, happiness is not a characteristic of this hurly-burly age.

Security and serenity are not the same thing.

Indeed, the character of a happy life was long ago set down as one who is—

"... freed from service bands
Of hope to rise, a fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all!"

That's serenity and sanity!

SHOW YOUR STUFF

Plan for the future without fear and you will be fortified your spirit successfully to contend with emergency that may appear.

It is the fear of the future that weakens the spirit, so many. They fear to face realities—which should be the brave task of us all. Strife alone gives edge, power to one's courage. As exercise strengthens physical body, so do opposition, struggle and disciplines give strength and growth to the spirit.

To enter a day without fear is to assure the fullness of every faculty of the mind, and the body as well.

There is no doubt but what each of us was born with a certain fear—but only for protective purposes—not for destructive ends. The larger proportion of our fears and worries actually never are consummated. But they do damage all along the path of our lives unless ignored and mastered.

The Great Teacher was forever giving encouragement and throwing out constructive thoughts in words like "Be not afraid," and "Fear not." To think in terms of fear is to disarm fear and leave it harmless.

The moment that we dismiss fear from our thoughts we grow rich in courage and incentive and are enriched with the vital elements of our nature, which we use in spirit and lead us to the achievement of our hopes, desires and dreams. If we can go ahead without fear we can travel far—far beyond our immediate imagination.

People sleep peacefully and gainfully when they go to their beds at night—without fear in their minds. And they enter upon the tasks of the day with enthusiasm. Faith in oneself is a powerful antidote against all fear. It even radiates and strengthens the faith of others. Within is that burning fire that keeps the heart warm.

Carry around with you these two thoughts: "I can" and "I will." Fear will then turn its back on you and leave you to go forward—without fear.

Be ever determined to do and achieve, despite discouragements and the "stings and arrows of outrageous society." Fear not and blot out!

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Democracy Dominates

BY ELIZABETH NORTH

We hear a lot, nowadays, about the problem of obtaining (and keeping) household help. It seems that the scurrilous creatures who formerly inhabited the servant's quarters would much rather work in a war industry. We will not discuss the patriotic angle of this horrid phenomenon. It is true that every one is urged to enter war production and that it is a worthy occupation. Let us see why the remainder, the stay-at-homes, the mechanically inept, and the few women who actually enjoy housework, are becoming the scandal of cocktail conversation.

Compensating Consideration

First, wages must be raised. It occurs to a very few women, and to practically no men, that housework is physical labor requiring any particular degree of skill. It has so long been women's work to cook, sew, wash, scrub, iron, dust, market and attend to the children, that it is assumed by the masculine portion of our happy land that every girl at a marriageable age has all the highly specialized skills to perform such feats, and that it is as much a part of her natural equipment as her face and form. Many a newly wed husband has been annoyed to find that the little woman cannot cook in the manner to which he is accustomed, refuses to darn his socks in the fine spidery web of his mother's day and simply will ask for the most expensive modern tools to do the things that she could perfectly well do without. Yet he would think it very unfair if the boss required him to step into the shoes of a man of twenty years' experience and at once produce the same results. He would be indignant if his production were slowed by antiquated tools and worn-out equipment. Too few people realize that the work of a household is demanding of real skill and art. To underpay and overwork such help is foolish.

Time Element Important

Another drastic change is the matter of hours. If a maid "lives in," her time may not be constantly occupied at each second of the day, but she is always on tap from 6:30 to 10:30. A sixteen-hour day has vanished for everyone but her, and rare indeed is the mistress who having granted specific rest periods, will resist infringing on them. There may be mending to be done, the baby

needs watching, a letter must be mailed—whether the "free" time takes the form of a walk, a few minutes sitting down or an afternoon off, there is always some tiny thing that could be done in the meantime; just enough to rob the time of complete privacy, freedom or relaxation. Is it any wonder that the dirt and monotony of a few hours in a factory are welcome in exchange for the measure of independence?

Mental Tasks Appreciated

I welcome the change in the domestic situation. It is high time that we learned to appreciate the dignity of household tasks, well performed. We have too long regarded such chores as requiring inferior intellect and lack of ambition. The ladies who find themselves for the first time struggling with ration points and haggling for chops are gaining an increased respect for their vanished Annie and Bridget and when the war is over and the darlings return to their chores, let us hope that the lesson will be learned. Let us hope that an eight-hour day, a living wage and an attitude of mutual respect will appear in our homes for those who earn their living with as great skill as any wage earner. Let us hope that a measure of prestige will become attached to such occupations, and that no woman will be heard to say, of another, as I once heard one say, "Oh, she's only a servant!"

ERADICATE THE WEEDS

Everyone of us can improve the scenery of our mind, by cultivation, study, and research. We can make people feel that we have a beautiful garden in there, and that we preserve only that which is beautiful and everlasting. The thoughts that we express are usually the explanations of the scenery that is of our mind an inseparable part.—George M. Adams

POOR AUNT

Jones took his aunt out riding, Though wintry was the breeze. He put her in the rumble seat. To watch his anti-freeze.

STAKE THE STEAK

Waiter: How did you find that piece of steak, sir?
Don M.: Oh, quite accidentally. I moved that piece of potato and there it was.

THIS STREAMLINED ERA

Mr. Davis: Where are you going in such a hurry?
Joe: I just bought a new history textbook and I'm trying to get to class before it goes out of date.

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May Day Being Planned CLARK UNION SPEAKS

Boy, it sure seems as though things are startin' to pop around here these days. Besides the Junior-Senior Prom, there's a May-Day weekend coming up from May 5 to 7, with Dotty Lou Moore as chairman and Ninfa Vitale assistant chairman. At this time girls who intend to enter RAMI next fall, and who will live at the dorm, have been invited to 55 South Washington Street to get a glimpse of how we of the Frontenac live and play. Last week 170 invitations were written to 170 lucky gals. Gee, wait till they get them! (Won't they be thrilled to death?) Well, anyway, we expect a big crowd and everything that goes with it.

Dinner To Be Served

On Friday night there will be a regular dinner in the cafeteria, to which everyone will have to wear a crazy hat of her own creation. A theatre party concocted by Judy Doty and Alice Rosen will follow the dinner. Saturday morning there will be a tour of the entire school during which the girls will get an idea of its general set-up. This tour is in the capable hands of Kay Blodgett, Alice Rosen, Phyl Aylesworth, Ann Marie Humphries, Ester Booth and Tommy Thompson, with the kind cooperation of Dr. Smith, who will supervise the trip. After this, the troop will troop down to the cafeteria to be fed by the faculty, no less. There will also be a recreation period managed by Ann Marie Humphries, Jane Palmer and Hilda Loercher, during which the gym will be open for any athletics it can provide. When the hunger pangs start coming, a banquet with delicious, delectable food will be ready. Last but not least for Saturday, we will wind up the day with a dance to which all RAMI males will be most welcome. With the following girls in charge, this is sure to be a success: chairmen—Bette Alexander and Ruth Palmer; assisting are Angeline Losi, Millicent Stevenson, Eileen Dowling, Delia Dekin, Vivian Lockwood, Virginia Moore, Audrey Pratt, Maxine Reed, Phyl Aylesworth, Betty Eddy, Dottie Larson, Martha Gilmer, Faith Ross, Jane Palmer, Almera Hicks, Jo Wilson, Rita Schoenthal, Meg Middleton, Carolyn Chamberlain, Hilda Loercher.

Church Services Included

Sunday morning Hixi® will take the girls to the Protestant church and Ginger Dwyer to the Catholic church. Kay Holdridge is making preparations for the buffet luncheon at four o'clock Sunday afternoon. Bernyce Stovall, Barbara Dixon, Doris Burch, Ann Gody, Carol Bisnop and Muriel Watkins are working with Kay to see that our mouths are filled to our liking. The funny thing about this luncheon is that the guests will start on the second floor of the dorm to pick up their plates, then go to the third for their salad, fourth for rolls and butter, fifth for beverage, and so on. Finally, Sunday night, the girls will start packing their bags to leave us, but probably planning to return in the fall. We hope!

Well, kids, up until the past two weeks it was kinda quiet around here. But thanks to the Navy and Marines things have livened up. That last bunch of service men spent lots of time playing checkers and dancing here. Ed and Jim were a couple of popular guys. Kinda nice, eh—girls?

I see where I can listen to some new records. Got a couple of really hip-jive tunes, namely, "Down The Road A Piece," "Celery Stalks At Midnight," "Let Me Up," and on the flip of that is "I Cried For You." Both of these are by one of our favorite bands, Harry James. He's in the army now but we can still listen to him on records here in Clark Union.

A few more of our former students were back recently. Larry Spero made us a brief visit one afternoon. John Matern of the Chemistry Department spent a week around these parts, I've heard the main attraction was a girl named "Jo". Bob Hall, M. V. Hersey and Joe Mayer also dropped in for a chat.

I've noticed that it's pretty quiet around here now that Ed Chatterton is in the Navy. I heard the kids say that he likes it a lot down at Sampson.

I'm glad to see more of the Foods students coming in to trip the light fantastic. Well, chums, we'll see you at Clark Union.

Student Invasion

Several times our school has been invaded by groups of nice-looking fellows and girls. After a thorough investigation we found out that they were students from various Rochester high schools. The students were taken through the school and then had lunch in the cafeteria. They had talks with the different advisors and teachers to try to help them pick the field in which they were most interested. They all looked like swell kids—let's hope that they are with us next year.

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Pin Up That Figure!

Watch that form! The girls are bowling the usual Wednesday games at Brick Church. Wednesday afternoon finds a scattering of girls from different departments trying to drop the pins. All winter the fellows carried on an extensive bowling program with great write-ups in the PSIMAR, and methinks it's about time the girls had a bit of publicity. The following scores are for games played on April 19th.

	Points
Marge Peters	93
Katie Yurkiw	98
Ida Mae Orr	86
Virginia Riley	103
Teddy Bayer	69
Mary Carman	64
Janet Jackson	85
Eudora Shaffer	80
Evie Daniels	70
Ruth Pease	120
Betty Lerch	117

RAIN BY WATTY

Br, rain—
Cold thing
Why does it have
To go with Spring?

As I sit here now
I sputter and moan
'Cause a dark, gloomy shadow
Overhead has grown.

Shucks—no hike
No fun—no men
Now I'll have
To do my Chem.

MOE JIVE

Flash . . . !

On Tuesday, April 18th, Marty Sewell and Mac Palmer had another of their terrific battles, this time it was whether Marty should meet her at 8:30 or 20 minutes to 9.

Quoting Mr. Sewell after the battle, "I hate fighting, but I sure do like to make up."

Quoting Miss Palmer, "Naturally I won."

Flash . . . !

Martha Gilmer just got back from Florida, where she acquired a husband-to-be, a ring, and a beautiful tan. The husband-to-be, is Bob Etter, the ring is a diamond, and the tan is just tan.

Flash . . . !

Our spies tell me that Joe Zucco was seen coming out of Marlyn Park's dark room. Why?

Bob Coe was back to the Dorm for a while last Wednesday the 19th, looking just as fine as ever.

Oh, by the way, does any one know who was out in front of the Dorm last Sunday the 16th at two o'clock in the morning? It seems the party or parties were blowing their horn and generally making noise. Now that is very naughty, as you all know, and Miss Harvey is dying to know who owns the car. This writer gathered the impression that the owner is in for just gobs and gobs of trouble if he is identified. (Ack-ack-ack-ack!)

Has everybody seen that neat string of oyster-fruit Beanie Benson gave Bobbie Hadfield before he left for the Army? Pretty slick. I should say, pretty slick.

Rumor has it that there is a secret engagement at the Dorm. There have been deeply veiled hints that the lucky girl is Marg Middleton. (Of course there have been almost as many hints that it is somebody else.)

The eleven officers of the Leave Us Be Pure had their bi-monthly meeting last April the 20th. A simply roaring time was had by all, as they sat around and gossiped and discussed purity and things.

Well, kids, it looks like the STARLITE PROM is really getting off to a roaring start (Junior-Senior Prom to you un-hep few). Everybody is interested (everybody that's anybody). And at last it can be told, we have engaged the finest band we can possibly afford. It will always be said that the Prom of '44 was really some thing. We have hired an organization of musicians that has won the acclaim of listeners all over the states. They have been playing at Army camps and military centers for about a year, and just recently have started a road trip.

The band is JOY, and her all-girl band. Joy plays a really hot trumpet and the rest of her band is just as hep. Those of you who have heard her recordings know they play sweet as well as hot.

Mo:

DONT REPEAT IT

Kae: Can you keep a secret?
Barb: Yes, but it's just my luck to tell it to someone who can't.

The Art Corner



FREE GIFTS

BY SHIRLEY MANHART

Nature provides inspiration for the artist and then, too, makes him more conscious of many of life's extras. Design has made the most use of nature to produce interesting patterns. Bright-colored insects have been a popular motif for jewelry, such things as snail earrings, spider pins of turquoise stone, a snake ring, and shell necklaces. Designers for fabrics and wallpapers often research for flowers, feathers, birds, leaves, pussywillows, pine cones, berries, milkweed and such. Used most frequently in fairy stories and decorative spots for books are nature's trees, snowflakes, sky, stars and animals. Ideas of design are founded on the seven symbols, all laws of nature. They are the horizontal and vertical line, the circle and semi-circle, the curve of beauty, the triangle and the wave.

Intersorority Banquet

The Intersorority girls held their annual banquet at the First Presbyterian Church on Friday evening, April 21.

After a very delightful dinner, Miss Ann Gehan acted as mistress of ceremonies for the program.

Mr. and Mrs. Koch and Mrs. Cayler were guests, Mr. Projansky was the chief speaker, giving a very interesting talk on furs. He brought many fur coats with him, which the girls delighted in trying on. A movie was shown entitled "The Romance of Furs."

Miss Gladys Luther presented the Intersorority scholastic cup to Delta Omicron. This is the second year in succession that Delta Omicron has received the cup.

There were seventy-nine present, and a delightful time was had by all.

LUKE 19:45-46

And He went into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold therein, and them that bought; Saying unto them, It is written, My house is the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves.

HOW EXCRUCIATING!

"Tonsillitis and laryngitis are pains in the neck," according to Mr. Ulrich, our Chem. II teacher in the Foods Department. Anything can happen in that class—mostly corn!

First Voter's Dilemma

BY ELIZABETH NORTH

On account of being eligible for the first time this year, leave us think about the political situation. Leave us even talk about it nowadays as in the days of old I am beginning to think it is the same as our did.

The most outstanding feature of the pre-election skirmishes of this year is the extraordinary courage of any of the possible candidates to come right out and say the things they want to be President. Now if I were convinced they were truly sincere, I don't know that I could blame them—since the President is about the most troublesome and thankless job I could want to wish on any fellow. If they all mumble something about being "willing" to serve if they are drafted. Now, according to the vast and extensive observation when somebody is asked to do anything either says, "No," else goes right ahead and does it. It is coming to a pretty pass that we are getting so "draft-conscious" that that is the only way we can get anybody to admit they'd like to be President.

Of course most of us are pretty well convinced that Mr. Roosevelt would just as soon serve in the capacity. Anyone who can stand to one job for twelve years must have a certain fondness for it. But these Republican gentlemen really have me confused. If this party "After you Gaston," does not cease, we are likely to all be Socialist and elect just whoever happens to be hanging around and who is crazy enough to declare himself. We new voters are simple souls. We aren't trying to drag anybody. All we want is a strong willing guy who really wants the job. Well, speak up, fellows! What shall it be?

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Henri Projansky

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