

PSIMAR

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

No. 16 Rochester, N. Y., May 26, 1944 Vol. 18

Class Of Forty-Four Awarded Merits At Impressive Ceremony

The following students received their certificates at the Convocation held at the First Presbyterian Church, Saturday morning, May 13. We are proud to present the Class of Nineteen Hundred Forty-Four and to wish them every success. We trust they will ever and anon visit their Alma Mater and give us of their advice, aid and comfort.

Chemistry Department—Charles M. LaForce, Rochester, N. Y.; C. Harry Lee, Rochester, N. Y.; John Fred'k Maurer, Rochester, N. Y.

Mechanical Department—Walter A. Beckdahl, Jamestown, N. Y.; Donald John Behnk, Rush, N. Y.; Robert W. Benson, Rochester, N. Y.; Robert Bruce Dewey, Rochester, N. Y.; Robt' G. Elton, Rochester, N. Y.; George Albert Galash, Rochester, N. Y.; Donald Q. Morehouse, Watertown, N. Y.; Fred'k L. Spencer, Dundee, N. Y.

Photographic Technology Department—Carl W. Buckland, Jr., Perry, N. Y.; James T. Chan, Canton, China; Remson L. Kentos, New Brunswick, N. J.; Martin Alvin Sewell, Nashville, Tenn.; Robert G. Speck, Albany, N. Y.

Retailing Department—Helen E. Airy, Macedon Centre, N. Y.; Maryellen Airy, Macedon Centre, N. Y.; Aneta J. Benedict, Fairport, N. Y.; Mary Jane Bird, Rome, N. Y.; Marion Blumenthal, Rochester, N. Y.; Alta M. Brushaber, Eden, N. Y.; Evelyn R. Deal, Nunda, N. Y.; Julia Jane Doty, Binghamton, N. Y.; Ann Gehan, Lyons, N. Y.; Jean Marie Glunz, Kenmore, N. Y.; Almera E. Hicks, Granville, N. Y.; Inez M. Hobson, Point Pleasant, N. Y.; Ruth Watkins Jamieson, Rochester, N. Y.; Clarence Judson, Savannah, N. Y.; Charlotte Graves Lakeman, Rochester, N. Y.; Betty Lee, Albion, N. Y.; Bette June Lerch, Rochester, N. Y.; Gladys S. Luther, Rochester, N. Y.; Jean R. McClenathan, Fredonia, N. Y.; Margaret Jean Miller, Port Huron, Mich.; Ida May Orr, Rock Stream, N. Y.; Ruth Elizabeth Pease, Rochester, N. Y.; Jean Burns Powers, Rochester, N. Y.; Arline Schade, Waverly, N. Y.; Reta E. Schoenthal, Fredonia, N. Y.; Edith Elaine Thompson, Canandaigua, N. Y.; Miriam Wemstein, Rochester, N. Y.; Josephine Wilson, Albany, N. Y.

Food Administration Department—Mary Agnes Bayer, Rochester, N. Y.; Mary Alta Carman, Remsen, N. Y.; Hazel Grace Cleverly, Warners, N. Y.; Evelyn A. Daniels, Gloversville, N. Y.; Helen A. Marian Greene, West Winfield, N. Y.; Janet Jackson, Warsaw, N. Y.; Pauline Bertha Jennejohn, Buffalo, N. Y.; Marj Kleehammer, Rochester, N. Y.; Loretto Ursula Maguire, Ontario, N. Y.; Evelyn Louise Parker, Sauquoit, N. Y.; Marjorie Ella Peters, Fairport, N. Y.;

Virginia E. Riley, Rochester, N. Y.; Betty Jean Rossier, Syracuse, N. Y.; Louise Schermerhorn, Fairport, N. Y.; Eudora Shaffer, Dundee, N. Y.; Catherine Yurkiv, Rochester, N. Y.

Applied Art Department—Joan Tallmadge Austin, Spencerport, N. Y.; Mary Jean Daniele, Rochester, N. Y.; Shirley Nelle Manhart, Henrietta, N. Y.; Patricia Ann Mulroy, Rochester, N. Y.; Wilma Potter, Corfu, N. Y.; Rosemary Francenie Young, Cassadaga, N. Y.

Publishing and Printing Department—Vernon L. Gardner, Rochester, N. Y.

Evening and Extension Division—Chemistry—Charles L. Volo, Rochester, N. Y.

Electricity—Robert J. O'Connor, Rochester, N. Y.; George F. Rich, Palmyra, N. Y.; Gerard F. Schmitt, Rochester, N. Y.

General Photography—John P. Etu, Rochester, N. Y.

Illustration—Frederick Hushla, Rochester, N. Y.

Machine Design—Arthur B. Cieslak, Rochester, N. Y.; Edward Francis Doyle, Rochester, N. Y.; Charles Isaacs, Rochester, N. Y.; James W. Moreland, Rochester, N. Y.; John A. Ostrander, Rochester, N. Y.; Anthony James Wilson, Rochester, N. Y.

Tool Design—Martin L. Flatau, Rochester, N. Y.

Machine Shop—Heinrich G. F. Arneemann, Rochester, N. Y.; George A. Bass, Rochester, N. Y.; Geraldine A. Burke, Rochester, N. Y.

Power Plant Operation—William P. Tenny, Rochester, N. Y.

Architectural Drafting—Raymond I. Yaeger, Rochester, N. Y.

Au Revoir, Chums!

BY WATTY

The message is farewell
But thoughts are just "so long".
We'll meet each other soon again
I'm sure that I'm not wrong.

For those of you who've reached
the gate
And have other ships to sail
Won't you keep in touch with us
With a frequent merry tale?

To all the rest who are booked up
On M. I.'s big roll call
Cheerio and heaps of luck
'Till you're back next Fall.

Pi Clubbers Frolic At Genesee Park

BY RUTH KUMPEL

Come Spring comes the grand and glorious weather—and what do the Printers think about? Why, a picnic, of course.

Last Wednesday aforesaid Printers, and a selected Photo Tech, jumped into their flashiest clothes, grabbed a few dozen "hots," and hopped a bus-buggy out Genesee-way.

Having arrived at Genesee Park, the Publishers and Printers tossed their chattel in the general direction of the nearest table and proceeded to play what they chose to call "softball."

Played according to Doyle and the softball rules or not, it was sufficiently strenuous to throw several hips out of joint, lame a couple of pitching arms and permanently disable one hardy "gentle-woman" of the press. (Let it not be said that we do not speak from experience.)

But leave us proceed. Having completely worn themselves out and sharpened their already ravenous appetites, the gang trooped to the fireplace and started roasting the hots. It was a case of the survival of the fittest. Those with the longest arms and most oomph came off with the mostest franks.

After satisfying the inner man (and woman), the representatives of the fourth estate, being a poetic bunch and appreciating the finer things in life, sat and "commented" (as one of them was heard to remark) with nature, until the sinking sun announced the departing day. And still they sat and

Finally Joe, the ever-faithful adviser, decided it was time to make tracks for home sweet home.

Quite a curfew struggle ensued, but Joe came out the winner, and thus ended a perfect day, with aching muscles and stiff "joints."

Wedding Chimes

Evelyn Daniels and 2nd Lieut. Charles Foster of the Air Corps will be married in the First Presbyterian Church, Monday, May 29, in a candlelight ceremony. The wedding will be all white. The sister of the bride, Beverly Daniels, is to be maid of honor and July Doty will be bridesmaid. Following the wedding, the reception will be held at the Residence Hall.

Jean Glunz will be married to Sgt. Robert A. Wilson of the AAF, June 10 in Buffalo at the Holy Trinity Church.

Evelyn Deal will be married to Don Pinckney, June 10, at Evelyn's home in Nunda.
Congratulations to you all!

HANDLING MEN

In handling men, there are three feelings that a man must not possess—fear, dislike and contempt. If he is afraid of men, he cannot handle them. Neither can he influence them in his favor if he dislikes or scorns them. He must neither cringe nor sneer. He must have both self-respect and respect for others.

Institute To Adopt Appropriate Name

Mechanics Institute, the city's oldest continuing educational institution, is about to enter a new era of its long and useful existence. The need of technical training for men and women returning from the war, particularly for those whose education was interrupted by the war, is engaging the attention of school and college authorities the country over.

Mechanics, which as the result of the Kimball report some years ago, revamped its courses to meet new conditions, is preparing to meet this new situation. Its plans will be made so as to fit in with the plans that may be made by the public schools and the University. The result of this community perspective will be an all-round opportunity which will meet all reasonable needs.

Symbolic of its new plans and status, its directors have applied to the Board of Regents to change its name to Rochester Institute of Technology. The change is being favored by alumni and by the Institute's present administration, and it takes cognizance of new opportunities which state funds and plans may open up.

The Athenaeum, to which the Institute was joined, in 1891, goes back to 1829, and Colonel Nathaniel Rochester was its first president.

Mechanics Institute was founded in 1889 by Captain Henry Lomh.

Under the present board, headed by James E. Gleason, and under the administrative presidency of Dr. Mark Ellingson, the institution has expanded its usefulness and made future plans which will carry into the post-war future the useful place its distinguished founders visualized.

In a certain sense, it may be said that it now has passed under the present board, headed through infancy and a vigorous youth, and is about to attain its maturity.

Intersorority Group Plans House Party

Everything's set and we're all rarin' to go!

The Intersorority House Party is this weekend at the Rotary Sunshine Camp.

Everything has been planned right down to the last morsel of food and blanket.

The Committees that have been working to make this weekend such a big success, are: Social Chairman, Loretta Maguire; Chaperones, Joyce Doolittle; Reception, Mary Carman; Transportation, Doris Burch; Permissions, Helen Vogel; Food, Rosaline Maggio; Cleanup, Gladys Luther and Ann Gehan; Entertainment, Jo Wilson, Judy Doty, Helen Greene and Jane Street.

The Chaperones that are going to join in the fun are Miss Fritz, Miss Thurber, Miss Todd, Miss Medden, Mrs. Karker, Mr. and Mrs. Skinner.

GENEROUS MIND

If a man be endowed with a generous mind, this is the best kind of nobility.—Plato.

PSIMAR STAFF

DORIS BURCH, *Editor-in-Chief*

HARRY SILVERMAN	Associate Editor
JANE MOAK	Business Manager
SHIRLEY MANHART	Secretary
ELIZABETH NORTH	Advertising
RUTH KUMPEL	Reporter
KAY BLODGETT, PHYLLIS AYLESWORTH	Associates
DOYLE KEELING	Photographer
MOE HOELZIE	Feature Columnist

No. 16 Rochester, N. Y., May 26, 1944 Vol. 18

"30"

It is with exceeding regret that the PSIMAR closes the school year with "30"—our last issue.

It has been a grand privilege and a pleasure for the staff to share you and unitedly publishing your PSIMAR, meeting the deadline regularly.

We have endeavored to make your school paper the "bestest ever" and to narrate events and activities as they revealed themselves, for your comment and delectation, "with charity to all, and malice toward none."

We are indebted to our advertisers, who have so consistently supported our humble efforts, and to our readers, for their kind indulgence and constructive comments.

We are appreciative of the splendid cooperation of staff and students for their contributions.

And now, as the school year approaches "30", we wish you one and all—happiness, joy, successes, and God bless you!

And, remember, whether you have completed your work, or are returning next Fall, we are anticipating your return, ever and anon, with utmost alacrity to your Alma Mater.

HOLD YOUR HEAD HIGH

A well known speaker recently said that individual responsibility and dependability is the thing, and that nothing en masse will ever take the place of the one lone man or lone woman with the ability to go places and do things, unostentatiously.

We agree. A continuing illusion or fallacy is to believe that there is more virtue in a crowd than there is in the individuals who compose it. The reverse is more likely to be true. Mob morality is pretty low at times, and at best despicable.

Today we see so-called mass movements failing because there is not enough individual honesty, intelligence, industry or reliability to put them over. Or where they go over, they go over because first of all

they have gotten over to the individual. Sometimes an organized minority will "gang up" for their selfish aggrandisement and exploitation.

It is one by one that people go to church, attend upon amusement or cultural offerings, save waste paper, pay taxes, and so forth. They may be moved by some mass appeal, but it is in single file they vote, and in secret.

Totalitarian regimes build up great mass enthusiasms, but it is the recalcitrant, free individual, who have to purge. Democracy works the other way, and it doesn't work: From the individual to the mass, from the inside outward.

Standing alone and independently asserting individual prerogative or ideological fulfillment need not make one obnoxious nor a hermit.

The independent individual is true blue and the true wheel of social progress and honesty.

Alma Mater Sighs

BY ELIZABETH NORTH

Now that we are with the last edition of the good old PSIMAR, the great annual orgy of "lasts" will shortly begin. The last club meetings, the last school bulletin, the last assembly, the last get-together of the gang down at Rudner's, or Cutali's or Foran's—whichever type you happen to be. What is so full of nostalgia and hangovers as those famous "lasts."

Being a good student now-a-days, is not what it was, either. The ranks are thinned before even Convocation rears its glamorous head, and many of us will find ourselves saying farewell with an undrafted handful of friends and acquaintances.

Some of our friends are far away—a few will never return. No, the "last" goodbyes we say to school this year are not very sorrowful. So many that we might miss have already gone on ahead.

Then, too, the depression days are no longer with us. The industries, arts and professions are hungry for new workers. There is a place and a need for us today that has never before existed so strongly. We have a *big* job ahead of us—a hard job.

Let us hope that this will be the *last* time we will have to face it.

Let's lend our all to win the war and get the job over with, once and for all.

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Responsibility



The responsibility which rests upon students in a technological institute in time of war is a heavy one for it is upon science and technology that all of our war efforts are based. Now, on the very eve of the invasion of Europe we must remember that those of us left on the civilian front must accept our full responsibilities and do the very best job that is within our power. In the first place, we must plan to secure as much education as we can so that we can be stronger and better workers, leaders and citizens. The President of the United States and other national leaders have throughout the entire period of the war urged a full technological education.

Many of the students at the Institute are employed on cooperative jobs. Others will take important positions during the summer time and will return to school next Fall to continue their education to the end that they may participate more constructively in the peace that will eventually come.

May I take this opportunity, then, to extend to all of you my warmest personal good wishes for the months that are ahead of us and to say that I count upon each and everyone carrying on some constructive activity that will help this nation in its hour of greatest need.

OUR TRUE FRIEND AND PRESIDENT



DR. MARK ELLINGSON

Our Service Lads Clark Union Alert

Another chevron has been added for Corporal Charles F. Dower of East Syracuse, N. Y., who was recently promoted to the grade of Sergeant at the 14th AAF base in China where he belongs to a fighter squadron.

Sergeant Dower, 22, is a son of Charles M. Dower, 109 East Yates Street, East Syracuse, and a graduate of Mechanics Institute in Rochester, N. Y.

Before soldiering Sergeant Dower was employed by the Solway Process Company in Solway, N. Y. He would appreciate word from his classmates.

BUY UNCLE SAM WAR BONDS

Well, kids, it's almost July 1, when I have to close my doors for the summer. I sure hate to see it happen, but then everyone seems to have jobs and big plans for vacation.

A few of our Service lads are still visiting us. Joe Knack, of Uncle Sam's Army and formerly of the Publishing and Printing Department, returned for a visit last week. Ed Chatterton has completed his boot training at Sampson and if you'd been over you'd have seen how neat he looked in his uniform.

The Retailing Department had a luncheon May 12 for their Seniors. Mr. Koch enjoyed washing dishes—right, gals?

Rose Latin, my former House Chairman, dropped in for a chat recently. Rose is still working hard at her father's laundry balancing accounts.

Delta Omicron had a spaghetti

supper here May 16 for their alumni and Seniors.

Right here my present House Chairman (D. B.) informed me that she wishes to express her gratitude in working for me and she wishes next year's chairman all the happiness that she has enjoyed.

"So long, kids, see you next year!"

Alumni In Service

Mr Clarence Tuites has received letters from Avis Ward Stoecker, No. 36899558, 847th NTS—H.A. A.F., Hondo, Texas. Ward has qualified for pilot, navigator and bombardier, ranking fourth in a class of two hundred. Good luck, Ward.

Carl G. Belson, ASN 12241666, Co. B, 52nd Bn., 3rd Ptl., Camp Wolters, Texas, is a company concerned with telephone and telegraph operation. Carl is enjoying his training and remarks that "one fellow came in with a 46-in-waist and after completing his training has acquired a stream-lined down to 38 in." God bless you, Carl.

These boys would appreciate letters from their classmates.

OIL, HOW CATTY!

When a woman goes to a tea and knows everybody there, she has a glomy intuition that it isn't very exclusive.



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CHEERIO!

Mechanics Institute

Henri Projansky

Morale Gives Lift Summer Garments Stylishly Fitting

BY SHIRLEY MANHART

Happiness does not grow on trees; we must produce this fruit. Every now and then people have to have their morale built. To some, this comes natural and to others it is difficult because they are always hurting themselves.

The soldier morale has to be built by entertainers and talks by their officers. Gradually, their morale is built to meet a situation. A candidate for president can make or break an election by what he says for the morale. If there are lectures on "How to Brave the Dentist", less people would fear going. Well now, all this happens because of the way we approach life. Everyone is not going to give us a lecture when something goes wrong, we must mentally help ourselves. The little boy who picks a fight receives a fight. When you smile, another smiles, and then there's miles and miles of smiles. Good or bad, you will receive, but always remember consequences. The world lies at our feet; how we accept it makes the difference.

DON'T BE A STUFFED SHIRT

I feel sorter sorry for a fellow that tries to be what he ain't. I know he don't like what he is.

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BY NANCY AUBEL

June . . . a big month for you seniors who don that special white dress for that special occasion—graduation. It's indeed an important event and your graduation gown, be it long or short, should be simple and just slightly sophisticated. In the long run, you'll want a fitted bodice, small puffed sleeves, a low round neckline and a very bouffant skirt. But, if you're thinking of cutting it off for a date dress later, keep the sleeves simple and the skirt straight in line. In short, however, have a neat capped sleeve, a bowtie or deep U neckline and a nipped in waistline that should be dropped slightly into a modified dirndl skirt. Think, too, about self-ruffling and ripples of ruching to dress up your diploma design.

But, even the underclassmen can graduate into cooler costumes for vacation days of work and play. Grow Victory in your garden and dig your darndest in a sun dress that has just a bit of a bodice but a full blooming skirt that gives plenty of room for active gardening. Or perhaps you prefer to do your spading in slacks or shorts—good enough—and you can still turn your back to the sun, for colorful halters are back again as companion pieces for these two favorites. Some of you will be helping with the harvest this summer and what could be a better farm fashion than sturdy denim overalls or frontier pants teamed with a gay gingham shirtwaist?

For play days, you'll really be in the swim of things, if you choose McCall 5648 for surf or sun bathing. Here are shorts that speak action in every pleat and a matching top that encourages a sun-fed skin. So, lend a helping hand and make yours a Victory vacation—but plan to play too—all in self-created outfits that are becomingly comfortable and ready for a summer of work and fun.

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The Art Corner



IS HE LIVING OR IS HE DEAD?

BY SHIRLEY MANHART.

If you aren't familiar with Mark Twain stories, this is one that he tells about Francois Millet. Whether it is a tall tale or the gospel truth is left for your discovery.

While dining in the Riviera at Mentone in 1892 with a man named Smith, I was suddenly given the attention of a stranger. Smith said his name was Theophile Magnon, an old retired silk manufacturer from Lyons. Then Smith, leaning back in his chair, told me that a long time ago when he was a young artist wandering the countryside with two other young artists, Carl and Claude, they met Francois Millet. "What, the great Francois Millet?" I inquired, and also wondered what connection this story had to do with the stranger. "Well," he proceeded, "he wasn't dead then. None of us barely had enough to eat and he fed us on turnips. In the village we were discredited. For us, it was swim or sink, so finally Carl got an idea. One of us must die," he said. "History has shown that fame comes after death. The 'Angelus' is truly great but no one knows about it, so Millet will be assumed dead but instead will take another name while we bury a dummy and previously make him known by selling his sketches and cipher all over the countryside. So it was agreed. We put items in the Paris and London papers of the failing condition of the master's health and sold altogether eighty-five small pictures and studies with sixty-nine thousand francs to show for it. Carl made the last sale, the 'Angelus' for twenty-two hundred francs. The time came for him to die and we four no more carried the coffin. Millet carried his coffin disguised as a distant relative."

"Well, what became of Millet?" asked Mark Twain.

"Can you keep a secret? The man I called your attention to in the dining room was Francois Millet."

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"MOE JIVE"

Your on-the-toes reporter tended the P. S. A. dinner Sunday the 4th, and overheard fella talking to a guy about another fella had overheard more about the Institute seemed to your reporter to be story worth looking into. The mination of much eavesdropping questioning and adding two, ended in quite a hum scoop news.

Mr. Colton and Mr. Dobbs, of the Photographic Institute, are leaving the Institute. The story wasn't to be released at the end of the year, but somehow it leaked out and we are getting to "scoop" this information.

Both men are going to work for Eastman Kodak Co. Mr. Dobbs is going to be a demonstrator. Mr. Colton is going to work mad on something he won't talk about. However, Mr. Colton will not be lost to the Institute. He says, "If Kodak is using, I will be teaching color photography as usual."

Mr. Neblette, the Supervisor of the Photo Tech Department, will not want to be quoted exactly, BUT, the program next year will be bigger and better. The men will be missed by all of us.

This would seem like a wonderful opportunity to thank Mr. Colton of the Mechanical Department, Betty Jayne Dawson, Dottie Moore, and Don Morehouse, for their untiring efforts for the success of the Starlite Prom. Particularly Miss Dawson; she did a magnificent job, and really serves Orchids from every one.

At exactly 10:10, I met Mr. Ellen Lundquist, Tiz Lowell, Ann Godey coming out of R. ner's. After the usual greetings of "H'ya, what d'ya know," I ran into a fella in a top hat, old things, and I had just picked myself up when I ran into Ben Graham of the Mechanical Department.

Said H'ya to Stan Soffer, Hal Silverman and a couple of other down in the "Bomb Shelter." Being much else going on except argument between two sailors we moved on to the Fitzhugh rendezvous and, on the way, ran into that fella in the top hat again. I wonder where he's going.

Nobody here, except Peter Tony, the guys who work at R. ner's, and Bill Kelly, doing usual efficient job as waiter, smoking a nickel cigar, no less.

On our way to the home of nickel quench, we ran into Blodgett and girl friend, also Ed is Burch (Ye Ed). Nobody knew in Dailey's, except John and he's always there, so on to Pillars; nobody home there either.

It later turns out that every went to the show Saturday night scotched a column. Gee, I wonder what happened to that fella in top hat? At last accounts he observed waiting for a bus.

HOW CONVENIENT!

Since the war took that inches off the tail of my shirt, been slipping into my pants hurry.