

Major Formal Event Rings True; Coeds Blossom Out At Grand Social Event Of School Year

The Blossomtime Prom, final major formal event in the social calendar of the current scholastic year, was held by the members of the Junior and Senior classes at the Seneca Hotel, Saturday evening with dancing from 9 to 1 o'clock.

The co-chairmen in charge of arrangements were Mrs. Faye Burgwardt and Betty Lorraine Eddy.

It seems as though the care given to our little buds was really worthwhile. Never before were there so many beautiful blossoms blooming in one room at one time.

You no doubt noticed the sigh of relief written over the faces of Chairman Faye Burgwardt and her assistant, Betty Lorraine Eddy. At 9 Saturday night there was a sigh of relief—the dance is a success! They couldn't have made the dance the hit of the year without the capable assistance of their various committees.

The lilting strains of melody and a bit of jive came forth from Bob Bruce's orchestra in the Seneca Hotel Ballroom. Our hats off, please, to Dan Gonska who made a most excellent selection of the band, and to Ralph Gilpin who made the hotel arrangements. Things were really popping when the midnight curfew was lifted. And, ah, the little Dormites did get their late permissions after all. Those 2:30 days are back once more.

We owe much of the success to the financial committee who made the dance possible by their ability to sell tickets. Alberta De Ritis was given much support by Do Damon and Gen Pawelczyk who tore around madly selling those little white admission cards to everyone in sight.

What is a dance without good publicity? Ginger Dwyer and Corwin Skinner were on their toes all right. Ginger was the one who took over Clark Union one Friday noon for the skit and ticket raffle. Did you know that all those posters seen about RIT were made by Cathy Reid, Janet Preston, and Corwin Skinner? That was a lot of work and might we add, a super job.

The decorations were the finishing touch to the gala occasion. Joan Dennis went to town with her storm of ideas. With one storm, the flower arbor came forth to make a typical entrance for the Blossomtime Prom. We all surely enjoyed walking beneath the beautiful blossoms, Joan. She certainly was on the beam when she added the little white picket fence around the orchestra stand and so very carefully attached the luscious flowers. Among those assisting Joan were: Betty Eddy, Alice Rosen, Ninfa Vitale, Doris Burch, Do Damon, Kay Blodgett, Daisy Pal-

mer, Faye Burgwardt. The men on her committee who were pounding away, hitting a finger occasionally, were: Corwin Skinner, Jack Wilder, Dave Johnson, Ralph Gilpin, Charles Palmer, Leif Baldwinson, Johnny Orr, Bob Morin, and John Reitschky.

We can't forget Jack Wilder who invited the chaperones. Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Hagberg, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Brodie, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fox, were dancing with bells on and having a gay old time. My, but we all had fun!

You probably couldn't tell who was wearing the black dress behind the camera. It was no other than Ann Marie Humphries who was dashing about taking these wonderful pictures you'll want to keep.

Barb Dixon was right there to get the men dates who wanted the attractive girls from the Dormitory.

Sure was grand to see a few Alumni shining at our dance and wishing a bit that they were back. Those cards Faye Burgwardt sent out really did some good.

Well, kids, the Blossomtime Prom is over, but it will never wilt from your memories. You'll have to admit, it was the best one ever!



Donors Honored Blain Cited

The Rochester Chapter of the Red Cross called RIT to express its thanks to the students who have faithfully supported the Blood Donors Center.

The Student Council wishes to offer its appreciation more specifically to those representatives and departments who loyally and regularly contributed. The work of such persons as Phyllis Kipp of the Art Department must especially be noted and commended.

Many have contributed enough blood to be enrolled in the Gallon Club and, although this list is incomplete, we wish to acknowledge the following: Dr. Ellingson, Earl Karker, Ray Corrigan, Kay Blodgett, and Don Schaubert.

By the time this issue of SPRIT is distributed, the Blood Donors Center will have terminated its activities. The invaluable service it has performed will go on indefinitely as the veterans returning home will testify.

Second Lieut. Robert A. Blain, Hazelwood Terrace, Rochester, N. Y., B-24 Liberator pilot, has recently flown his 20th combat mission. The announcement was made by Col. Leroy L. Stenfa-wicz, group commander, Willrose, N. D.

Lieutenant Blain arrived overseas last November. He has participated in major air attacks against vital enemy installations in the Mediterranean Theater of Operations.

Lieutenant Blain holds the distinguished Flying Cross for "an extraordinary achievement in aerial flight." He also holds the A Medal for "meritorious achievement in aerial flight."

Lieutenant Blain was graduate from Aquinas Institute in 1932. He attended Institute of Technology, Rochester, and was employed as an inspector for Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y., before entering the Army on July 8, 1942. He received his flight training at Ellington Field, Tex., where he was commissioned a second lieutenant on November 3, 1943.

Chi Delta Phi

The Chi Delta Phi Fraternity elected the officers for the ensuing year.

The newly elected officers are as follows:

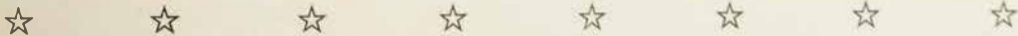
- President—Mathew Gingold
- Secretary—Richard Hudson
- Treasurer—Robert Thompson
- Vice President and Treasurer—Herbert Watt
- Activities Committee—Floyd Holben, Chairman
- John Di Paula
- Charles Pollandra

Veterans Lauded

Recently sent to Mathew Gingold, President of Chi Delta Phi, was a most interesting letter from the U. S. Global War Veterans. Following are partial excerpts from the same: "This organization wishes you and other officers of your organization success for the year 1945-1946. . . It is worthy to note, that veteran of World War II have been receiving civic recognition. . . It is with pleasure that we ask and urge you to join us in the annual observance of 'I Am An American' Day, on Sunday, May 20, 1945."

Know How

To be a great deal of a man, hence a leader, involves, on the one hand a significant individuality and, on the other, breadth of sympathy, the two being different phases of personal caliber, rather than separate traits.



Convocation Gifts—Give War Bonds

Blossomtime Was Funtime At Excuse My Ashes

RIT Formal Dance At Seneca

Soft lights, sweet music, and beautiful girls set the scene of the Blossomtime Prom held at the Hotel Seneca last Saturday night.

As we walked through the archway of flowers, it looked to me as if everyone in the Institute had turned up for the dance.

Our Mary Queen, Daisy Palmer, was there with Hank. She looked very lovely in a pink crepe gown; but then have you ever seen Daisy when she didn't look lovely?

I saw Tiz and Jim dancing over in a corner, oblivious of everyone else as usual. Some call it love. How about it, Tiz?

Speaking of twosomes, Jean Dennis and her future husband were pretty absorbed in each other, too.

Ann Marie Humphries was hopping around on chairs and tables, taking pictures as usual. Hope they turn out all right, Ann Marie.

Faye Burwardt set a new fashion in hats. Those pink rosebuds looked lovely with that black and pink gown she was wearing. How about it, Bud?

Mary Waite looked like a Southern belle in a beautiful white ruffled dress.

Several of our clever seamstresses whipped up their own gowns for the dance. Audrey Wynn looked pretty swish in that black taffeta original. As did Gen Powell in that lavender marquisette. They tell me the girls in 608 stayed in all Friday night making Jean Stanton's dress.

Martha Etter and Jerry were really going to town on the jitterbugging. I didn't see them sit down once.

Bobbie Hadfield and her sailor weren't doing so badly, either. Bobbie looked adorable in a white eyelid gown with fuschia trimming.

That steady twosome, Frannie and Johnnie, were there. Frannie looked more sophisticated than ever in a fuschia gown trimmed with gold.

Say, Peep, you certainly spent a long time out in the kitchen! What went on there? Don't you like crowds? Ruth Becker and Dale saw you go out there. They went out to investigate, but I noticed they didn't hurry back either. H-m-m!

Betty Whitney was there looking beautiful in a printed pique gown. Say, Betty, what was that political argument you had with Farrell Tom, since when are you wearing lipstick?

Soldiers were rather outnumbered by sailors and civilians, but we couldn't help noticing Betty McCargo and her soldier. Betty looked simply out of this world in a black and white jersey dress that accentuated her tan.

Never let it be said that an RIT girl lets any grass grow under her feet. He came, she saw, she conquered, and a wonderful time was had by both. How about that, Ruby and Fatch? Ruby looked very sweet in a cotton print. That girl really likes to jitterbug though—b-but definitely.

The whole sixth floor of the girls' Dorm never would have been ready on time if it hadn't been for Tardy. She was kept

pretty busy taking the socks out of Whitney's hair, doing Hector's nails, buttoning N. J.'s twenty-two buttons, and seeing that Faith Ross had an even sun tan. But did Tardy go to the dance? No. She stayed home being true to Paul. She tells me he's practically an admiral at Sampson now.

Although it was a wonderful dance, Sally Hoepfner thought it was pretty expensive at a dollar a dance. They danced only three dances.

Betty Eddy really rode to the dance in style in Jack's new limousine. It's a La Salle with a Cadillac motor, no less. Pretty solid there, Jack!

Something different in the line of formals was that midriff gown Ann Losi was wearing. Very attractive, Ann.

Long gloves seemed to be all the style at the dance, but I especially noticed Betty Alexander's. They were made from the same material as her dress.

N. J.'s date, Whitey Johnson, proved himself the hero of the evening as he bravely beat out the flames of the burning drape. N. J. swears that he saved her life. She was looking very pretty in her bouffant blue net, and m-m—what a sun tan!

Nina looked very sophisticated in black taffeta. That was something pretty special.

Johnnie tennis also looked very striking in her black gown. I expected her to walk up to me with that Lauren Bacall "look" and say, "Have you got a match?"

Nancy Fuchs and David seemed to be having a good time when I saw them. Nancy was looking very attractive in yellow net.

David Snapp was mighty proud of his date, but can we blame him? After all, Heeky sure looked on the "all-red" side wearing red and white plaid taffeta.

Bets Mason and her sailor must have been going in for some acrobatic dancing. She seemed to be whirling through the air half of the time.

Everyone was overjoyed when they announced that we were going to have 230 permission. They lifted that curfew just in time.

Pres and Wally made a darling twosome. It won't be long until wedding bells ring for those two. Pres looked lovely in white.

I saw Mollie Ann talking to five sailors during intermission. She looked pretty smooth in that yellow strapless gown.

As the orchestra beat out the rhythm of the last song, a little after one o'clock, everyone began to leave, looking tired but happy. The Blossomtime Prom of 1945 was over! — HEQUEMBOURG & STAHL

Restraint

One who always appears to be his own master and does not too readily reveal his deeper feelings, is so much the more likely to create an impression of power. He is formidable because incalculable. And accordingly we see that many people deliberately assume, or try to assume, an appearance of inscrutability.

One of the reasons we are going to win the war is because our G. I.s have such a sense of humor. I want to pass on to you one of the best anecdotes from overseas brought to this country by Brig. Gen. Fenimore Irwin of the British Indian army.

Two G. I.s on a dirt job were strolling along a suburban road outside London when they saw on a hillside, a building which said over its archway "Hall of Remembrance," the British name for crematorium. With usual G. I. curiosity one of them went in to see what it was.

A few moments later he came rushing out in such a hurry his friend thought someone was after him with a machine gun. To the other's question as to why the haste, the investigating G. I. said:

"Darned if I know. I walked in and there were a lot of people in black standing around a pit from which flames seemed to be coming. Some of them were crying. All I said before I got thrown out was: "Hi, folks, what's cooking?"

Larry Keeps 'Em Up

Staff Sergeant Lorenzo V. Gambacorta, 21, of 717 Warren St., Hudson, N. Y., has completed one year of overseas service with the Ninth Air Force.

The section head of the technical supply section of one of the squadrons in the 410th Light Bombardment Group, in France, Sergeant Gambacorta is the senior enlisted man in charge of the various items, spare parts, machinery and tools needed to keep the A-20 Havocs of the 410th "Raiders" flying on their tactical bombing missions.

Performing this unsung ground duty of the Army Air Forces, Sergeant Gambacorta has contributed much to keeping the Havocs flying in cooperation with the Allied armies pushing through Germany.

A graduate of the Hudson High School, he attended RIT as a student in the Publishing and Printing Department and was employed as a printing press operator by the Universal Match Co., in Hudson, prior to his enlistment in the army in November, 1942.

Scotch Twosome

Some friend of mine swears this is true. When he was about to become a father for the first time his wife was rushed to the hospital but she got there too late and the baby was born on the lawn. He received a bill for \$25 for delivery room and objected strenuously pointing out that the baby was not born in the delivery room, but on the hospital lawn. Several days later he received a corrected bill with the item "Green fees, \$25."

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102 PLYMOUTH AVE. SO.

—:— V. O. E. —:—

DEAR V. O. E.:

My name is Bill. I am a sailor from the U. of R. and am writing to you for assistance. I hope you can help me. I met a beautiful blonde at your May Day Dance last weekend. I can't remember whether her name was June or Joan, but she was beautiful. That I remember.

Well, enough of that. What want to know, is how I can find out her name and address? She is tall, blonde, with blue eyes—sort of a cross between Lana Turner and Lauren Bacall, if you know what I mean.

Please, dear V. O. E., find out who she is so I can write to her. Sincerely yours,

BILL

DEAR BILL:

I was very glad to receive your most interesting letter, and I promise you I will do my best to find the girl you are looking for. I have an idea! I'll send your letter to every girl who was here for May Day weekend, and your girl is bound to turn up. As soon as I hear from her, I will let you know. Sincerely yours,

V. O. E.

Inter-Sorority

Now to summon up Intersorority's successful year, here are a last few highlights:

There is to be a gala time at our annual houseparty to be held at the Rotary Sunshine Camp the weekend of May 25-27. A big turnout of our four sororities is expected, plus plenty of fun!

Recently the officers for next year were elected and are as follows:

President—Phyllis Kipp
Vice President—Muriel Watkins
Secretary—Barbara Wood
Treasurer—Alice Fritts

This year's success is credited to the able leadership of our Intersorority adviser, Miss Terry, and whose absence Mrs. Karker officiated. Following are the out-going officers:

President—Kay Blodgett; Vice President—Louise Strauss; Secretary—Jessie Liebeck, and Treasurer—Cecelia Holleran.

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RESTAURANT

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(Except Sunday)

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Counter and Table Service

RIT STUDENTS FETE MAY DAYERS



R.I.O.T. News

Gosh, kids, do you realize there's only about four weeks of school and then it's au revoir till September? A lot of swell seniors will be leaving for good, so we'll just have to do our darndest to make this column of ours newsey as possible.

Say, fellows, did you get a look at those cute lil gals we had here for May Day? Hope all you boys are planning to return next fall. If you don't, you'll miss out on an awful lot!

And while we're on the subject of the weekend, the Powers Hotel did a thriving business with some of us Dorm gals. From the sound of things everyone had a wonderful time!!! (It says here, even if the laundry was on the top floor and started bright and early Saturday morning.)

Someone in keeping with the baseball season made a catch on a foul ball but managed to home run. If you don't get it, read between the lines.

Congratulations, Daisy, on being chosen our May Queen. We're very proud of you. Kids, did you see her picture in the paper? ... Whoop!!!

The Navy Ball is at Cornell next weekend, and Baby Myers, Dink Coleman, Barb Wood and Beannie Finster are the lucky girls going—hope they have one swell time.

Did you see those gorgeous chorus girls at the dance Saturday night? "Rita" Hutcheson, "Veronica" Neracker, and "Hedy" Andre certainly gave way with their dancing and singing ability. Nice going, fellows!

Comment should also be paid to "Lauren" Dennis and "Humphrey" Florin for the superb performance of that ever-favorite movie "To Have and To Have Not."

Beannie, Cathie and Baby Myers opened up the entertainment with a cute greeting. All in all, every one was swell, and we're sure the May Day guests liked it as much as we did. Never realized there was so much talent lurking around the halls of RIT.

BARBIE, TIZ, BOBBIE

Women Rule

John Erskine, in the *New York Times Magazine* article of March 14, 1943 entitled "The World Will Belong to the Woman," says:

In the last war the men who went into the armed services had a grievance against those who stayed home and took over their jobs—in some cases permanently. This time all the men who are capable of going will go, and their jobs will be taken over by women. The women will receive the same wages and they'll do the work with equal competence, perhaps with more devotion, since this is their chance to promote their sex on a large scale. If the war lasts, they will be entrenched in American industry. What will happen to the males when peace returns can hardly be foreseen. Perhaps peace—and the males—are not expected to return; perhaps the boys of coming generations will be trained to patrol and police the world. In any case the world will belong to the women.

The birth rate has gone up temporarily in the first emotions of the war, but if the conflict is long and if society reorganizes to give women careers side by side with men, there will be plenty of sex but no children. For the nation to survive, every woman fit for motherhood should be a mother, but motherhood is not what the women just now want, and they are fairly skillful in getting their own way, especially when they are wrong.

I have never known a man who wished he had been born a woman, but I've heard many women say they wished they had been born a man—from which I conclude the women, if not the inferior sex, are the dangerous one. With all their femininity they wish to be like men. They can be counted on to rock the boat.

Light-heeled mothers make leaden-heeled daughters.

What's proper is becoming. See the blacksmith with his white silk apron.

Visiting Girls Explore RIT Halls Learning Educational Benefits

"Has your guest arrived yet?" cheerfully floated down the halls of the RIT Dorm as girls dashed off to train and bus stations to meet their guests. After numerous such trips Friday, and a few on Saturday, our May Day guests finally were all accounted for.

Friday evening was passed in various ways from going to the movies to dancing barefooted in the Lounge. I understand the girls at the Hotel Powers had several Dormites drop in to see them and inspect their rooms.

Tiz Lowell insisted that one-sixth of the hotel room was hers, so she proceeded to talk to her one-sixth from 6 p.m. until getting up time. Her roomies could not help laughing, for Tiz and her conversations are out of this world. Somehow she managed to make herself heard above the roar of the laundry on the floor above.

The alarms went off at the early hour of 8:30 a.m., or did you go off at 9:00? Anyway, guests and hostesses scrambled out of bed and, after a few minor collisions, managed to dress and have breakfast.

At 10:30 the girls met in the Lounge for a tour of the Institute under Dr. Smith. Here the girls snooped in all the corners of RIT and met the Department Supervisors. The tour was full of incidents but concluded at 11:30 a.m. without any serious happenings.

At noon a delicious luncheon was given by the faculty for the guests. Mr. Thomason stated that somehow he got to Food Administration and never got any farther. It must have been his clever jokes that kept him there so long.

Although it rained as usual (this Rochester weather couldn't be nice even to impress some prospective Rochesterians), we found nearly everyone splashing around uptown or just walking in the rain. However, about four o'clock we noticed the curlers and bobby pins being put to work, for the banquet and dance were now filling everyone's thoughts.

At 6 p.m. the Cafeteria was like a spring festival with one hundred seventy-five lovely girls and a big sprinkling of Faculty members and wives brightening the scene. The tables were beautifully decorated, and the room was lit only by candlelight.

With a delectable dinner (thanks to Mrs. Jordan and helpers), we enjoyed singing numerous songs. Miss Hogadone was worried that we would fail to sing "Roll Out the Barrel," so her table took matters into their own hands and started the Barrel rolling.

The highlight of the banquet was the crowning of the May Queen. After relating all the careful searching at Tiffany's for suitable gifts for the candidates, Dr. Ellingson presented each girl with a pack of cigarettes from Rudner's, for as he said, "I do not advocate smoking but I am told a pack of cigarettes can get your room cleaned for two weeks."

Daisy Palmer was then crowned Queen and Martha Etter, Matron of Honor. A lovelier queen could not be found anywhere, and her attendants were all equally lovely.

At last 8:30 and time for the big dance rolled around. Eastman Hall was a May Fairy Land with flowers and May poles giving it atmosphere. A regal throne was erected for the Queen, and she presided. The soft strains of such as Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey, and, oh yes, Frankie, filled the air. Amid whistles and much laughter the floor show began and our "RIT chorus girls (?)" appeared.

If you would not be forgotten, as soon as you are dead and rotten, either write things worth reading, or do things worth the writing.

(We still have several fellows asking about the first bit of feminine pulchritude. Take a bow, Rick Andre! We must admit the boys did put on a wonderful show.)

So Saturday evening ended and so to bed after a snack or two and a few whispers.

Sunday morning at 10:45, a stream of girls poured from the Dorm to the First Presbyterian Church where Rev. Cayley had prepared a special service to which our May Queen took part. We wish to thank him for this honor, and I know none left the church without a feeling of deep reverence.

A progressive luncheon began at 1:30 p.m., and it certainly was fun getting a different course on each floor. You know, Bobbie the idea was to start on the second floor and go to six—not the reverse—but then it was quicker I suppose. Lou Holtz is no doubt still trying to collect all the coke bottles, and it looks as if Ann Lost will be eating rolls until next May Day.

All good things must end and so did our May Day. However, we're not sad, for we are sure we'll see all you gals next year. So until then—

BECKY

The ancients tell us what is best, but we must learn from the moderns what is fittest.

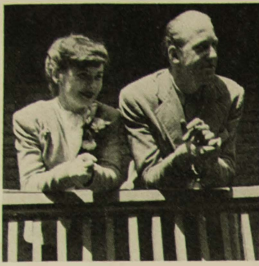
Slovenly Speech

Ye Editor At Ease . . .

SPRIT STAFF

"And so I sez to him—you ain't kiddin' me."
 I remember that in high school our teachers wanted us to use other words to express the same meaning as "said." "Said" was a trite and overworked word. Now even "said" seems to be disappearing from the ordinary public conversation.

"I sez to him—he sez to me." Maybe the people who ride in the buses and subway cars never went beyond the first grade. They are well dressed and well groomed but their speech is slovenly. Why can't we have a little more culture in our speech? Why not use correctly one little word "said."



And Johnny . . .

Moral Training Needs.

We should debate the fallacy not to pour out our money in educating the Germans and Japs, while our own graduates of high schools lack a proper knowledge of American history and English phraseology.

The trouble is that education is too often not properly defined. Webster defines it as "the process of acquiring moral and mental discipline gained by study and instructions." Matthew Arnold, professor at Oxford and an inspector of schools for thirty-two years, defined education as "a disinterested endeavor after perfection—an endeavor that is not a having or a being, but an eternal endeavor becoming something finer, better, happier, more useful."

The true motive of education should be to develop character. Moral education has always been of paramount importance. Hence, in view of the depression in moral and spiritual life of America, do we not need most to endeavor to inculcate in the young conviction of right and loyalty to that conviction at all costs? For if the claims of conscience are held lightly, or if the urge is feeble, self-interest will result, which will not make of our youths builders of nobility—which should be our objective in education.

The building of character is the only way to prevent the criminal tendency from coming to the fore. That should be the one great task of educators.

Is not our greatest error in graduating students who have not the capacity for leadership and permitting them to get into places of power and "messing things up" for all concerned?

Our world catastrophe should convince us of this fact, since logical people know that it is the result of "our own standing idly by" and doing nothing in time to stop the process and to prevent the building up of aggressor nations of the two most powerful machines the world has ever known. Having allowed the criminals to arm themselves, we must now pay the terrible price in suffering and appeasement.

Must we continue to err in our field of education and so fail to produce real moral leaders? And must we of the democracies continue to send new politicians instead of true statesmen to our governments, whose only requisite is the ability to get the votes for the political machine, and whose only object is self-aggrandizement, because they lack logical international understanding?

One ship drives east, and another west,
 With the self-same winds that blow,
 It is not the gale, but the set of the sail,
 That determines the way they go.

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Joseph F. Sorace, Faculty Adviser

Edited and printed by students in the RIT print shop laboratory

C. U. R. I. T. Tidbits . . .

—BY JOHNNY HUTCHESON

As I send these words on to ye ol' editor, I am among friends celebrating "Atlas" Schaubert's birthday. Believe me, gals (if you are interested), there will be some more like him in RIT in 1960. Heaven forbid! He's really OK; nothing like "Atlas," except the red hair. He is now twenty-two (ten years have passed by); he is still in RIT. Those gifts he received today were most unusual. And, you hid them in the oddest places. Don, behind oak trees. Or was that tree on Hague Street a spruce?

Were you around the RIT Auditorium when the Dormites tore down all the twenty, some years in which Al, Dick, and yours truly attempted to become men? All I have to say is, all that time trying to become a man, and in one night they make chorus girls out of us! (Goes to show what a Dormite can do in short order.) It was really fun, though, and I wish to thank Cathie, Baby, and Beannie for the way they apply that kiss and tell solid. Bob has turned out to be Bogart, and who other than Joan could do such a marvelous job of Bacall? (Further proof of the advisability of mixing Publishing and Printing and Chemistry.) Ossie Deigert has met competition in the fine art of pinball machine manipulation. Who could show such an artist up? Believe it or not, he was about thirty-six inches in height and two and one-half years old! Ossie had better choose from a younger field of competition. What do you think, Ossie?

Here is some good news. Clark Union will be open five nights a week next year, and Mrs. Perry will be on deck to maintain a very efficient and orderly office. Thus there will be more doing in the Union than there was during this year. That's the story, so let's get in to that swing—Clark Union swing. Swing over there five days and nights a week.

Stake Your Stakes On Lucky Seven Buy War Bonds For A Happy Haven

Proclaim not all thou knowest, Mad kings and mad bulls are all thou owest, all thou hast, nor to be held by treaties and packthread.

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R.I.O.T. NEWS

From all the talk that has been going round about the dance Saturday night, everyone had a wonderful time.

Congratulations to those of you who helped in the decoration of the ballroom. Lots of comments were passed around on how swell it looked. How about having some for all the forthcoming dances from now on?

Faye Burgwardt made a glamorous entrance with her brand new hair-do. Looked as though she stepped right out of *Bazuar*.

Martha Etter and Jerry La Rose did okay on those fast numbers. Just a couple of "jitterbugs" at heart!

Ruth Becker and Ruby Jabo's dates were very nice, and from all that has been said, they had a perfect time. Those Sampson men are all right—just ask those gals—they'll tell you!

That's all for now, kids. Please drum up some business for R.I.O.T. News. Remember, the next SPRIT will be the last, so do your best to dig up some gossip.

BARBIE, TIZ, BOBBIE

Trifling Wolf

I happened to be talking with a high school girl the other day remarking about how sophisticated the present generation was. Just then a classmate of hers strolled by, decorated with lipstick and looking like something out of a chorus.

"Pretty sophisticated looking for an adolescent," I remarked.

"Oh she's one of those adolescents whose voice has changed from 'No' to 'Yes,'" the young thing remarked.

Discernment

It is no proof of a man's understanding to be able to affirm whatever he pleases, but to be able to discern that what is true is true, and that what is false is false, this is the mark and character of intelligence.

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THE REVEALER

After shaking hands with that super doorman, Brad, I walked through the arbor of blossoms with my head in the clouds and gracefully tripped over Taylor Warren who was armed with his old faithful Speed Graphic. As he crouched for the kill, the big flash lit up the already half-lit "Boots! La Rose, the boy who jitterbugged to anything from "Back Beat Boogie" to "Stardust". (That was a well-earned stop-over he took in Batavia on the way home, too.) While "Boots" knocked himself out to the soft strains of "Moon-glow", Mat Ginkold and Norma glided across the scene. They were followed by Ev Rose and Friz, who stopped for a moment to talk to Nina Ritz and Bobbie Rice who were still amazed to find themselves there—mostly because they hadn't decided to go until an hour before.

Hearing many sighs and whistles, I looked in the direction of the door in time to see Frannie slink onto the dance floor in a mist of fuschia and gold, followed by that stuffed shirt, pardon me, stiff shirt and tux, that surrounded Johnnie.

Well, I shut my mouth, grabbed Davey, who had been contentedly sitting in front of a mirror all this time, and started to make the rounds. We bumped into Don Schaubert who, at the moment, was explaining the finer points of something to Annie.

Leaving the Schauberts behind, we came upon Dean Westerveldt with a heavenly look in his eyes and a heavenly bundle in his arms. Dean, where did you get that luscious blonde?

We started downstairs with Muscles Forrest, Barb Nicholson, Ansel Brennan and Jayne MacDonald for some champagne. But on the way down (for some strange reason), Davey developed the hiccups. "David," I said sharply; he looked at me with his beautiful red eyes and said, "Well, what do you expect, chimes?" That did it; no champagne for us; so the other poor kids had to drink it all by themselves.

Betts Mason was standing at the top of the stairs wondering where she could wear her recently acquired Sigma Chi pin so that it wouldn't show (seeing as how her date and pin didn't go together). All of a sudden, out of nowhere, came the man belonging to the pin. Ah, these triangles! There was Betts with two men, and pin, and not knowing what to do with

any of them. For once she was really stuck.

Every hour on the hour we thought of you, Wanda, wishing you could be there—with some body else.

The rest of the evening we spent: in observing the delighted look on the faces of the Dorm girls after the 2:30 extension was announced. Finding out that RIT coeds have wearing apparel other than blue-jeans and men's shirts. Admiring the variety of flowers displayed by the lucky girls. Wondering if the boys will ever get the kinks out of their backs from trying to fit into their shirts. Laughing at the worn look they brought along from trying to master tying their bow ties. Getting a kick out of Audrey Wynn and her sore feet. Feeling sorry for Ray Corrigan as he told Mary Beth how much he had wanted a Kelly green tux.

Yes, it was a wonderful evening; everybody is feeling in the pink; the boys are still in the red, and probably will be for a few more pay days.

BETTY LOU

New Tasks, Needs

The single greatest obstacle to our crushing of Japan is distance. While in the Battle of Europe, supply ships from our bases in England had only an overnight run to make; ships in the Pacific have long-reach round trips taking up to five months to make.

To crush Japan will take time, heroic and backbreaking effort, overpowering equipment. Millions of fighting men—freshly outfitted and equipped, will have to be moved from Europe halfway around the globe, and supplied day-in, day-out by hundreds of new ships now being built.

Frat-Sorority Meet

Having organized a new frat club for the Veterans of RIT, we gathered together with our sister sorority, Phi Upsilon Phi, Wednesday evening, May 16, at Clark Union, at 8 o'clock. All had a grand time and were given the opportunity of a better acquaintance with our sister sorority.

R. G. M.

Tennis Club Flays

An organization meeting of the Tennis Club took place at Clark Union, Thursday, May 3. Three teams were chosen at random, each with a captain.

The teams are set up as follows:

- I—Alex La Fontant
- 1—Ruth Taylor
- 2—Jayne MacDonald
- 3—Barbara Childs
- 4—Alex La Fontant
- 5—Ansel Brennan
- 6—Bob Warren

- II—Jerry Less
- 1—Vivian Lockwood
- 2—Faith Ross
- 3—Charles Burley
- 4—Melvin Goldstein
- 5—Jerry Less
- 6—Bryce Showater

- III—Shirley Anderson
- 1—Shirley Anderson
- 2—Carol Weldon
- 3—Raiph Gilpin
- 4—Charles Palmer
- 5—Bob Jakala
- 6—Leif Baldwinson

Single games are being played each week. All teams play according to numbers, the winner being the one winning the set of six games first. The three winning the most sets will play the winners of the other two teams to determine championship.

Games will be played as follows:

- First game—
 - No. 1 and 5; 2 and 6; 3 and 4.
 - Second game—
 - No. 1 and 4; 2 and 5; 3 and 6.
 - Third game—
 - No. 1 and 3; 2 and 4; 5 and 6.
 - Fourth game—
 - No. 1 and 6; 2 and 3; 4 and 5.
 - Fifth game—
 - No. 1 and 2; 4 and 6; 3 and 5.
- Dr. Warren C. Davis is faculty adviser for the Club.

Photo Tech Flashes

The Junior-Senior Prom was a lot of fun, and we got a glimpse of Ben Morton's new girl. U-m-m, nice? Good model material I bet.

The truth can now be told since Ann Marie Humphries did such a swell job on the dance pictures. She never used a Speed Graphic before! (Now don't all holler. You mean there is such a Photo Tech!) How did Jean Stanton ever find time to finish making that gown she cut out Friday night and take in a movie with Chuck Miller, too, all in twenty-four hours?

Let's all pray that these three liquid weeks of rain will end, and we can get started on some plans for a bang-up party or picnic to end the year!—PHYLLIS JONES

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"No" People

There are plenty of "Yes" people in the world. That is why there are so few leaders. You see, the leaders are made up of the "No" folks! The "No" man is the one who thinks for himself. He accepts only those truths and suggestions that fit both his conscience and his judgment.

The "No" man is a fighter for his own rights and the rights of others, who are unable or unwilling, to fight for themselves. The "No" man is the one who does not accept a commission, or a grave task, without convictions in its regard.

There are any number of people always ready to say "Yes," but how few say "No!" Thomas Carlyle once wrote an inspiring essay under the title of "The Everlasting No." Behind its utterance is the protest of the soul. Where would this world be did it not have its honest protesters to guide the ship of State, and of Life, safely through the shoals and into hoped-for harbors?

It takes both training and will to say "No." But it finally becomes the safety valve, and the protector of our happy way of life. "No" is written invisibly all over the countenance and upon the walls of the brain and heart, of the strong and independently acting character.

"No" people are outstanding. They are often referred to as "queer" or "different." Well, that is just what they are—nobly queer, and satisfactorily different. They inspire us all. They suggest the pitfalls and the dangerous routes to us of tragedies ahead. They are the able, and effective, men and women of the world.

I have a friend who has this little word printed in big letters and hung over his desk—a silent warning to those who would idly intrude, or seek an unfair advantage upon his good nature. There is something definite and final to this little word, so often misunderstood.

In daring to say "No" you issue a challenge as well. And only the strong are able to face it! Its utterance always stimulates the intellect and brings out the reserves of one's mind—hidden and awaiting urgent call.

STUDENT COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS

The Student Council, at its meeting of May 9, 1945, discussed plans for an informal get-together of its members. A dinner was decided upon to be held at Lorenzo's Restaurant on Tuesday, May 15. Each member will be responsible for his expenses.

An extra appropriation of \$30.00 was granted to the Glee Club to pay the fees of the director and accompanist for the remainder of the term.

Money is to be appropriated to Mr. Wells for re-painting the "Tennis Court" and "Clark Union" signs.

All entertainment to have been held for blood donors has been cancelled.

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The Spirit Stirs

The spirit that is America — no word written, spoken, or printed can express it, it is too elemental; a force that descended upon Washington and the Continental Congress and was the guiding light when no human precedent could show the way.

The spirit that is America produced the Monroe Doctrine. It brought about the Louisiana Purchase. It prevented the building of fortifications between the United States and Canada and it won the West.

The spirit that is America enveloped Lincoln and made him immune to the barbed shafts of ridicule and criticism and although the assassin's bullet ended his physical being it gave him immortality. It was the spirit of America that carried this country through the trying days of the reconstruction period.

It was the spirit that is America that composed the Star Spangled Banner and the Gettysburg address. It was the spirit that is America that brought about compulsory education for every citizen. It sprinkled libraries all over this country using as its instrument men of great wealth.

It was the spirit of tolerance that is America that made possible the National Conference of Christians and Jews, of which a former vice-president of the United States is president.

It was the spirit of cooperation that is America that guided our secretary at the Havana Conference and is bringing into closer affiliation the educational facilities of the Americas.

It was the progressive spirit that is America that produced the greatest inventions and made possible the greatest purchasing power of every citizen and gave to those who create by hand and brain the greatest returns for their efforts.

May it continue to inspire every artisan in our factories and the leaders of our military forces and remove from them jealousies and vaulting personal ambitions. May it turn our practical politicians into statesmen and weld us all into a more united hemisphere.

— R. O. Vandercook

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Delta Omicron

Mrs. Karker's sorority, Delta Omicron, has elected for next year's officers:

President—Muriel Watkins
Vice President—Eileen Dowling
Secretary—Shirley Stone
Treasurer—Elizabeth White
Social Chairman—

Millicent Stevenson
Social Secretary—Leona Caswell
Intersorority Representatives—
Jane Shaffer,
Joan Greenwood

Officers whose terms expired are:

President—Jessie Leibick
Vice President—Marion Burrill
Secretary—Marilyn Harmon
Treasurer—Martha Gene Lyner
And to these girls, the first three of which are graduating, go our thanks for such a grand year.

Subtle Sonnet

Discussing romance and such things with a group of friends the other day, I happened to mention a friend of mine who was turned down by his girl when he proposed to her. This reminded me of one of them of a poem on the subject. It went: "Go ask father," she said "When I asked her to wed, And she knew that I knew That her father was dead, And she knew that I knew What a life he had led, And she knew that I knew What she meant when she said, "Go ask father."

Misinterpretation

Sometimes a citizen gets into trouble just being patriotic. Imagine what must have happened to the patriotic butcher, who, trying to be helpful, placed the following sign in his meat store:

"Ladies! Please don't bring your fat can around on Saturday anymore."

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Fads And Fems

Hi, gals, and this includes all you gals who were our May Day guests, too. It's Spring again, for a few days (we hope), so I'm off.

Say, have you tried out the new sun deck on the Dorm roof? H. B., Hecky, N. J., and I ventured to the great heights, and who did we practically fall over but Peep and the two B's (Macargo and Magavian to you). We proudly tried to brag up our sunburns, even if we did look only slightly pink.

It seems that one of our May Day guests hailing from Egerts-ville and answering to "Moe," has a knack for snips and snaps—that purple dress was really all right, Moe!

If your last year's sandles seem a little beyond hope, try Ev Horvitz's solution. A few splashes of paint here and there, and my, but we're gay!

Pardon me, but did we see you strolling around in your red and white night cap? (Yep, you're the guilty one, Catherine Hagerman.) Just what is the lowdown on that cute little job?

The sixth floor was in stitches as Mollie and Ginger tried on their formal for the Junior-Senior Ball. How did you make out, gals, or don't I dare ask?

Leading your parade of Fems is definitely our May Day Queen, Daisy Palmer. This is one May Day we hope she will always remember.

Do you suppose? Could it be possible? Well, I heard . . . Yes, gals, Miss Hogadone did don a grass skirt and, creating her music by banging two pans together, gave the Retailers a demonstration of the way the South Sea Islanders do it.

Time for slumber, so off to dream land, gals!

BECKY

Birthday Tidbits

Forty-three girls were honored at the last birthday dinner of the year which was held Thursday evening, May 10, in the Institute Dining Hall.

Jane Patterson, Betty Homkey, and Ann Godey, chairmen of the dinner, attractively decorated the room with fresh, colorful spring flowers. These and candlelight gave the room a lovely atmosphere. Lollipops were given to all present.

To Lynn Mapes we would like to extend our sincere birthday wishes, and an apology for not having extended them at the dinner on her birthday.

Mrs. Robert Young, formerly Miss Grace Lee, and also the former Assistant House Director, was present at our dinner and expressed her surprise at the increase in size of the Residence Hall family.

A display of patriotism was shown by the singing of many patriotic songs. The singing of "Lights Out," closed the affair.

Best wishes and good luck to each of you, not only for 1945, but for all the ensuing years.

MIRIAM HERMAN

White For Delight Photo Tech Flashes



BY MARY SUE MOORE

Queen of the May—to reign over the May Court . . . to march proudly down the aisle to claim that coveted diploma . . . or to sing glad songs in the graduation chorus—for any or for all, students are clamoring for white dresses.

And a graduation dress plays double duty, if you choose one that goes smoothly from diploma to dating.

Our smiling girl graduate rates a bouquet of poses for sewing her own graduation dress. It's McCall 6057, endeared to her heart because she picked just the style for her, and seamed it to suit her fancy.

The cap sleeves, the sweetheart neckline, the perky plenum are accentuated by dainty ruching trim.

For those who celebrate the annual ringing of the final school bell with long dresses, there are formal with softly gathered skirts, tiny fitted bodices and petite sleeves that make perfect in summer's favorite, white eyelet embroidery.

Graduation is the time for celebrations. For the Senior or the Alumni Dinner, you'll want a dress in rayon print. Turn loose your imagination, for there are prints galore.

On the sentimental side is a print of pink carnations topping a black background. Summer brown plays a new note for prints, and you'll love the print of little circlets or copy reading "I love you", exclamated with green fleurs and scattered pell mell over brown crepe.

Borders are bordering the terrific. Gigantic tropical flowers and palm leaves span the hem of a dress, draped to one hip. On a smaller scale, but just as effective is the print of Aztec Indians dancing in and out among their primitive symbols of life and love.

Keved to the entertainment of the times, California Authentics have printed a blue-toned rayon with swirling notes, bars, stiffs, and miniature maesters, inspired from Warner Brothers' new production "Rhapsody in Blue", an epic drama of the life of George Gershwin.

Graduation . . . top honors to you all!

It was a sad day for the New York Central when the Wolverine Express failed to make the curve on the track near North Washington Street, but it gave the Photo Techs a chance for some good shots. Zip Case and Jack Wilder got there before the press, I hear (I wouldn't know—I slept through it all!) They got some excellent shots, but the freshmen news hounds also found a lot to pop away at the next morning. Tiny's press card from his hometown paper was an "open sesame" for more than one of us. It was amazing how many policemen were impressed with "Inspector Byrnes said we could take this shot, sir!"

May Day Weekend has come and gone but Taylor Warren does not feel it's wasted. After all, he figured out several new ways to hang by his heels from the ceiling to get pictures of the Saturday night dance.

"Maizie" Hutcheson caused quite a flutter in the floor show in that long wig. Were those "nylons,.." Johnnie???

Those who became acquainted with Marilyn Reid, Joan Bishop, and Dorothy Hagerman hope this weekend intensified their desire to be Photo Techs. We'll see you next year, girls!

The ratio of next year's Photo Tech Freshman Class is two girls to eighteen boys. Things are looking up!

With the victory in Europe, came the news that Lt. Homer Wilson, Class of '41, had been liberated from the prison camp where he had been imprisoned for a year.

PHYLIS JONES

Typos Tour Press

The students of the Publishing and Printing Department visited the *Times-Union* plant Thursday. Mr. Bernard Garrity was host to the group of RIT Typos, and with his assistants, conducted the neophytes throughout every department of the building.

Each process was explained in detail, and the students learned at first hand the publishing of a newspaper, from copy, ads, to the pressroom, and out to the delivery platform.

It was an unique experience and of much instructional and illuminating value. These visual tours are replete with revealing recesses and processes, unavailable in our vade mecum and texts.

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New Library Books

Your Library has the following books, listed in order of their popularity, which are nationally acclaimed as "best sellers." How many of them have you read?

EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN —Graham
GREEN DOLPHIN STREET—Goudge
GREEN YEARS—Cromin
A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN —Smit

LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN—Williams
GREAT SON—Ferber
RAZOR'S EDGE—Maugham
STRANGE FRUIT—Smith

NON-FICTION
BRAVE MEN—Pyle
ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM —Layden
ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN —Papashvili

TIME FOR DECISION—Wells
THE BIBLE AND THE COMING READER—Chase
HOW DEAR TO MY HEART —Kimbrugg

ROAD TO SERFDOM—Hayek
Other popular new books in the Library are:

APARTMENT IN ATHENS—Wells
TROUBLED MIDNIGHT—Guthrie
AN INTELLIGENT AMERICAN'S GUIDE TO THE PEACE—Wells
WOMAN IN SUNSHINE—Sicimort

RITer Saves Mate

Russell Hopcraft '41, who has been a prisoner of war in Germany was greatly thrilled to be rescued by a former classmate, Henry Patton, an artilleryman in General Patton's Army.

Russ said, "I was so embarrassed that Hank did not recognize me at first . . . but I surely was glad to see my former classmate come to my rescue."

Russell had been a prisoner for four months at Ziegenhan, Germany; at one time his whereabouts had been unknown.

Russ is certainly glad to be back and to renew friendships. He looks well and is eager to return to printer's ink and RIT for a refresher course in the Publishing and Printing Department.

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