

Commendable Postwar Plans Being Made By RIT Students



ALFRED A. JOHNS, Registrar

ANOTHER SCHOOL YEAR nears its close. Another milestone in the course of your preparation for your place in the economic order looms just ahead. It is important that we pass this milepost with flying colors, some to leave the Institute for their life work, others to return next year.

This has been a year of great world events—Allied triumphs in Europe, success in the Pacific beyond our wildest dreams, the disaster of the Belgian Bulge, the invasion of Germany and finally the unconditional surrender. At the Institute this has been another war year with its casualties, with the death of men students, with an unending series of civilian efforts to help the boys over across. In all of these efforts we have had a part of which we can be proud. We have done these things as a part of the larger job of making ourselves competent to take our places in a community facing continuing war and then postwar tasks which will try the mettle of our citizens individually and collectively.

As we leave this year, some for the last time, and some to return, we certainly can think back with great satisfaction to epoch-making events that will be remembered forever in a land of free men. Better still, we can look forward to the days to come with confidence—because we have played our parts well in trying days and because we have better prepared ourselves to take our full place in our respective communities. We have learned that we can do our own work well and at the same time take a part in the larger area of community, national and world events.

The inevitable farewell this year will bring us to the point where we can retrace our steps back to a peacetime economy. Whatever comes we can look back with pleasure and satisfaction—and go forward with growing confidence that we may soon be helping "on the way back."

And so farewell, and may you always turn in the score that you have this year.

Peter Clark, 17, son of Mrs. Gertrude M. Clark, 39 Taylor Street, owes his life to our own RIT hero, Donald R. Schaubert, who snatched Peter from the raging Genesee river on Sunday, May 27.

When young Peter's canoe turned over, Don dove into the river to rescue the drowning youth.

This is the second time Schaubert has been immersed in his clothes on a rescue mission. The first time happened last summer when his seven-year-old brother, Bruce, fell into the water at Keuka Lake.

We of the SPRIT staff recommend our hero lifesaver for a Carnegie medal.

Glorified Chief . . .

Finally, we're getting around to the big job of trying to adequately express our thanks to our editor Frannie, for the good work she has done in putting out those fine editions of the SPRIT.

She accomplished this, however, only through constant and determined effort, as well as plenty of exercise. Anyone who had anything at all to do with our paper knows of the merry chase upon which she was led, looking for copy trying to get us to "make" news and "making" news herself.

Yes, the SPRIT was a full-time job for Frannie, and she certainly had the situation well in hand at all times and managed to meet the deadline regularly.

There are those of us who don't have a chance to be on the "inside" but some of you may have noticed our editor walking around in a daze a few days before we received our copy of the SPRIT.

This was due entirely to the work she had done half the night before, so that we could have our SPRIT on time!

Well, Frannie, it was swell working with you and for you and we all hope you'll return to manage us next September.

Roundelay!

An English soldier was chatting with a German prisoner.

"What are you going to after the war is over?" the Englishman asked.

"I," said the German, "am going to make a bicycle tour of Germany after the war."

"Yes," said the Englishman "and what will you do in the afternoon?"

Colton Honored

Howard Colton, excellent color instructor at RIT, was nominated for the office of President of the Technical Section, Photographic Society of America, at a recent meeting. The popular Ed Wilson received a nomination for the Council also.

It's the last issue for the year, and it's about time that you earned a little about the SPRIT staff, those people who devote their time writing about you, and you, and you!

A revealing bit about our red-headed gossip editor, Betty Lou Rieker, is the news that she's doing part time modeling for Kodachrome research over at Kodak Park. Believe me, she's photogenic.

If you are out that way before school ends, stop at Howard Johnson's to see their newest hostess—Editor Fran Edelstein. There's a busy girl!

Then there's Mat Gingold—next year's *Technila* Editor. He's done a swell job on the SPRIT, and is already laying plans for a great yearbook.

Orange Blossoms Bloom

Rumor has it Jack Wilder will be middle-aiding it with Betty in the not too distant future. We'll be seeing him around the Photo Tech building next year doing some fine instructing.

Maybe you've wondered where Johnnie Hutcheson got that military bearing. He spent eighteen months in the Air Corps, and rose to the rank of Staff Sergeant.

If "Tiny" Hulst ever asks you up for dinner, don't hesitate! He makes his own salad dressing, and it's delicious.

Bobbie Hadfield and Becky proved to be as good on the stage as they are with a pen. The U. of R. boys really had a treat last Friday as our two staff members gave out as "Cobina" and "Gravel Gertie"—oh, those accents!

"Tiz" Lowe (whose real name is Gladys) will be off to Lyons, New York, where she's doing creative handcraft painting.

Maybe you've been as curious as the rest of us about who V.O.E. is. Now the curtain comes down, and we can reveal Barbara Hequembourg is our Dorothy Dix. We've a whole file of applications as Gravel Gerties, husband, and problems have been sent to her from all the places our SPRIT is mailed to each week.

Sprit Staff Depleted

As graduation comes nearer, the SPRIT faces the loss of some printers who've kept the presses rolling, and some reporters and columnists whose stuff we've read with interest all year. Good luck, kids, and thank you a lot!

Of course, we can't forget our own Photo Tech Flash, Phil Jones, either. She's really gone in for writing in a big way. Seeing the grand work she's done with SPRIT this year, we have no doubts whatever that she'll fulfill her secret ambition of becoming a Journalistic Photographer. Best of luck, Phil!

Last, but not means least, is the third member of the RIOT News triumvirate, Barb Schultz. Even though she spent her past two years in Rochester, she is looking forward to the day when she'll pass through on her travels.



Clip Nip With Mighty Seven War Bonds

Our Ever-Popular Friend And President

SPRIT STAFF



DR. MARK ELLINGSON

Impressionistic Reflections

The curious thing about human personality is that it does not exist in a vacuum. One's personality is something which impinges on the personalities of others.

For instance, Robinson Crusoe on his desert island did not have to worry about his personality until he saw the footprint of a stranger in the sand, and knew that he must make friends with this unknown, or be at war with him.

So must we understand, as we move among our fellows, that our mental and physical and emotional make-up registers for good or ill on the mental, physical and emotional make-up of others.

In short, the impression we make on other people is the index of our own sense of well-being, and we are happy or miserable in proportion to that impression.

Therefore, to note the effect on others of what we do and say is among the highest of inquiries.

It begins by observing whether the people whom we know give us a smile and a lingering handshake, or whether they cross the street when they see us coming.

It continues by candid self-analysis of those elements in our personality which seem to arouse the antipathy of others.

For little is more certain in this world than that failure to win the esteem and affection of people around us, means failure all down the line. No amount of brains or education or skill or money can compensate for the fact that people won't work with us simply because they don't like us.

Big Prune

A county school teacher had forbidden the eating of candy and the chewing of gum during school hours. One day she became suspicious of a lump in Johnny's cheek. "Johnny," she demanded, "Are you eating candy or chewing gum?"

"No, ma'm," replied the pupil, "I'm just soaking a prune to eat at recess."---

Money Is Needed

The Battle of Japan has just begun. It must be backed up, paid for, and fought for by a free people, intent on sweeping the Pacific clear of fascist hate—forever.

With the war in the West our first and major concern, we have not yet been able to go all-out in the East. **But neither has the Jap.**

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	FRANCES EDELSTEIN (P. & P.), <i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
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BARB SCHULTZ (Ret.).....	<i>Social Register</i>
JACK WILDER (Photo Tech).....	<i>Sports Editor</i>
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BOBBIE HADFIELD (Ret.).....	<i>Columnist</i>
JANICE BECKER (Ret.).....	<i>Feature</i>
BARBARA HEQUEMBOURG (Ret.).....	<i>Feature</i>
JEAN VON DAACKE (Ret.).....	<i>Reporter</i>
MIRIAM HERMAN (Ret.).....	<i>Reporter</i>

Joseph F. Sorace, Faculty Adviser

Edited and printed by students in the RIT print shop laboratory

"Words, Words, Words"

Any good wordmonger is likely to have close at hand a volume bearing the depressing title—"Umpsteen Thousand Words Most Frequently Mispronounced."

Depressing because it is terrible to be reminded that every time one opens his mouth to speak, he takes that many thousand chances of making himself ridiculous.

The bright spot in this picture of possible errors of speech is the fact that most of the words over which we stumble never are pronounced at all!

The right use of simple words is one of life's greatest disciplines. A pedant may master such tongue-twisters as idiosyncrasy, supererogation, and antidisestablishmentarianism, and still fall down over such simple words as yes and no.

Edward Bok, the Dutch immigrant, who learned and mastered a new language, once put down the word "no" as the hardest word to say in any tongue. For that single syllable takes more grit, strength of will, and foresight than almost any other.

In this business of words, many of us are in the predicament of Shakespeare's Polonius after Hamlet had given him a line of double-talk. Polonius asks, "What do you read, my Lord?" and Hamlet replies, "Words, words, words," leaving the old man exactly where he was before.

Even so, we read words and listen to words, and speak and write words, and all the time we are groping and hoping for the words of spirit and of life; words that brace us up and get us where we had never been before, by making matters plain.

Reminiscences And Felicitations . . .

This year has been an outstanding one in the history of the Rochester Institute of Technology. It has been a year of work, fun, acquiring new friends and living an altogether different life. Further, it has been a year of progress and new enterprises. RAMI became RIT, RAMIKIN became TECHMILA, and PSIMAR became SPRIT.

Although in its stages of infancy, SPRIT has a promising future before it. A future that can become realistic only through the untiring efforts of all who are affiliated with it.

In view of the fact that this issue of SPRIT will be the last one for the school year 1944-1945, it becomes altogether fitting and proper to stop a moment and give a well-deserved word of gratitude and hearty thanks to not only the members of the SPRIT Staff, but to the many students and members of the faculty who gave their wholehearted cooperation and assistance to the well-being of the paper.

Now, to all, a parting word being best wishes for a pleasant and enjoyable summer.

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

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MAT GINGOLD

Our Compliments!

No, we couldn't let the year go by without giving due credit and thanks to Mat Gingold, who has been in many ways responsible for the production and output of the SPRIT.

You've all seen him around the Institute and have come to know him through one or more of the many various activities in which he has been engaged. A hard worker, who not only starts a job, but sees it through to the finish, with the best possible results obtainable.

His aggressiveness, friendliness, and sticktiveness have made him well-liked and admired by all students and faculty members.

Now, Mat, we'd like to say "Thank you" for those many mornings you came in at 7:30 to get the form on the press, for the noon hours you devoted making corrections in order to meet deadlines, and for the grand job you did in helping to make this year's SPRIT a success. Because of the numerous compliments given us on the fine typography of the SPRIT, we feel you are, indeed, deserving of public commendation and worthy of our praise.

What A Figure!

A school teacher one day, during the hour for drawing, suggested that her pupils each draw what he or she would like to be when grown up. At the end of the lesson one little girl showed her an empty paper.

"Why," said the teacher, "isn't there anything you would like to be when you grow up?"

"Yes," said the little girl, "I would like to be married, but I don't know how to draw it."

How Restful!

Doctor: "Your husband must have absolute quiet. Here is a sleeping powder."

Patient's wife: "When do I give it to him?"

Doctor: "You don't give it to him—you take it yourself."

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

—BY JOHNNY HUTCHESON

Each new dawn that is surely followed by dusk, then darkness, brings nearer to us the end of this school year. Everything we do has some sort of memory attached and firmly placed within one's thoughts. So it is with these thoughts in mind that I write my last copy this year for ye ol' editor.

Our pleasant days around the Union have been filled with every school activity possible, and we have made many friends within its aged and sturdy walls. So many of those will leave after completing their personal record of advanced education. To those friends of yours and mine, I wish to extend my heartiest wishes for success—equal to the success they enjoyed at RIT. I know we shall miss you—and think of you often.

The Union has been the meeting place of pens and yearbooks—you surely have yours by now! I suppose you still have room left between its corners for more cheery sayings and best wishes from those grand fellows, Tom, Dick, and Harry!

Say, fellows, we should have crashed that Intersorority weekend affair, gals, and fun. No, I guess we just missed that one, but we'll know more about how to zig zag out and around there next year. Hey, fellows! It got back to my ear that Miss Medden was quite the perfect and congenial chaperone, though, that's really nothing new, we always knew you were "tops," Miss Medden.

Happened into the Dorm Sunday night (who am I kidding) to find out that all the RIT student body

went canoeing and were there some sore arms in town Monday! Jack Wilder's is sore from reaching for potatoe chips in Schaubert's canoe. OK, so Schaubert hit him with a paddle!

Lorenzo's—the place and the date—the night of May 31—dinner Dutch treat. Student Council was the gang. Believe it or not, yours truly has been in town nearly a year before he got up nerve enough to have dinner there. Miss Medden again was on hand, and some twenty students got "speck" in a nine-course meal. It was fun, let's make it a date for next year.

The Photo Tech Department came back again this year with a department dinner. It will be held tonight at the Ridgemont Country Club and a large turnout is expected there. Several of the Photo Tech students of previous graduating classes are expected to be here for the event.

The Chi Delta Phi Fraternity has their last outing coming up on the tenth of June, and it will be a canoe party at the Genesee Valley Park. That should be fun. The gals are coming and bringing all the food. Yours truly, being a member, is looking forward to the day and maybe by the end of the day will learn to paddle an Indian's "chris craft."

Enough said. Only be sure to linger in Clark Union a while before you depart for home this Summer. From the grapevine, I understand it might not be standing when we return next year. Put this and the SPRIT in safe keeping until next Fall, Joe. Have a pleasant Summer vacation, gang!

Dusty Rusty . . .

And then there is the one about the three Englishmen motoring in a pre-World War II automobile. As they approached the city, one of them asked the driver, "Tell me, old chap, is this Wembley?"

"No, old thing," replied the driver, "this is Thursday."

"By jove, so am I," contributed the third occupant. "Let's stop and have one."

Warm Embrace

Betty: "You mean to tell me that Sergeant Gordon just sat on the sofa all evening with his arms folded?"

Lois: "Yes—but I was in them."

The Moon's Up

Private Smith (aboard an Atlantic convoy): "Sarge, I'm beginning to feel seasick. What can I do?"

Sarge: "Don't worry, son; you'll do it."

How Befogged!

Then there was the gob who walked into a bar optimistically and walked out misty optically.

DRINK SEALTEST
HOMOGENIZED

Milk

Brighton Place
Dairy

The Brat!

Irate Parent: "I'll teach you to make love to my daughter, young man!"

Soldier: "I wish you would, sir. I'm not making much headway."

Buy Mighty Sevens



Invest in the Mighty Seven
To destroy the Nippy heaven
And thus insure security
To our USA fraternity.

Fads And Fems

Hi, gals, it looks like we're on our way to some warm weather now that we're about to leave RIT. However, here are a few last-minute notations from yours truly.

Of course, you'll be swimming or should I say, splashing around this Summer, so that brings bathing suits to mind. Ninfa and Barbie Schultz are both most attractive in their black ones which are equally different.

With the trend very definitely toward that bare look, we hope you're acquiring a tan. (Plug for the new sun deck on the Dorm roof.) When you've finally acquired this tan, why not wear a gay and fascinating gilet to show it off?

Tiz is one of those lucky gals who possesses those coveted white gabardine long shorts and jacket to match. The jacket makes a very handy item to wear over your cottons on chilly evenings.

Time to offer congratulations to our future brides, Ginny Mason, Jean Dennis, and Janet Preston, and to Sylvia Adriance, Lucky gals; but having known them, we feel that the future misters are just as lucky.

We now stop to salute the most prompt fem of the year—"Weezer." It seems she's so prompt that not long ago she arrived one whole evening early at one of our big events, namely, the Junior-Senior Ball.

After Intersorority House Party, we noticed any number of chic hairdos running around the Dorm and, of course, Bobbie Hadfield with her terrific sunburn was sort of crawling around.

Have you spotted those Tiny Liser creations yet? That one-strap-only effect is very unique. I guarantee some of you gals can turn out creations equally clever, so get going.

Well, gals, the fateful time has come to say "Goodbye" until next Fall. I'll be looking forward to seeing you again and meeting all the new fems and seeing the latest fads.

BECKY

Student Council

The Student Council met in its final session.

A proposed program for next year was discussed and it was decided that at the initial assembly of the year an explanation of the functions of the Council will be given for the benefit of the Freshmen.

A description of the procedure for electing the representatives to the Council will be given in detail.

John Hutcheson was elected as temporary chairman for this year's Council to be in charge of getting next year's Council under way.

A change in date for the dinner to be held at Lorenzo's Restaurant for Council members and guests was not known in time to be changed in the preceding issue of SPRIT. The date set is May 31.

As its final consideration, this year's Council made some necessary revisions in the house regulations of Clark Union. These revised rules will be posted next Fall.

The Council wishes to thank the student body for its cooperation and for its many constructive suggestions made through its respective members.

AL HORTON

Photo Tech Flashes

The rain is over at last (it says here) and everybody's studying for exams. Of course, Chuck Miller found time last Sunday to go canoeing out at the Genesee, and before the afternoon was over he was fishing himself, his Chem book, and his color notes out of the channel, I hear. What a place to study!

Personally, I thought Sunday was a little cold for a pleasant dip but Don Schaubert didn't hesitate when he saw the boy in the next canoe upset. "Can you swim?" he said as he very calmly unlaced his shoes. "Glug!" the little boy replied as he went down for the third time. Bravely our "hero" dove in and pulled the lad to safety. Annie received honorable mention in the paper for holding the canoe steady, and there's another press clipping to show their grandchildren!

As the end of the year nears, we can't help but realize that we won't be seeing a lot of the kids back next year. Lory Friedman is leaving this Friday; Jo Swantz is planning to attend Northwestern; Don Soper will be obeying the commands of a drill sergeant before September; and Ronald Johnson leaves for the Navy June 16. Incidentally, Ronald pulled down a 94 on the Navy's Radar exam which is really something to be proud of. Rumor has it Paul Rand is staying in Rochester; C. Harper might be married before the Summer's over; and Tiny's taking a Summer course at the School of Modern Photography. The Adam Street rendezvous won't be the same.

Those red pieces of cardboard ohmnie Hutcheson is juggling around are tickets for the Photo Tech banquet. Taylor's got his teeth now, and he's hoping we have roast beef—well, who isn't? I hope to see you there, kids. It's the last big doings of our busy year, so come and bring your friends.

PHYLISS JONES

Hoary Wave!

"Here comes the parade!
Where's Auntie?"
"She's upstairs waving her hair."
"Goodness! Can't we afford a flag?"

CHEERIO!

Institute of Technology
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THE REVEALER

BETTY LOU RIEKER

And so it's good-bye or maybe just so-long to RIT, where anything can happen — and usually does.

It's been fun tearing you kids apart. I'm forced to take my hat off, however, to those who played the fox all year. Yes, you did a good job of keeping your secrets secret. Certain individuals such as Phil Moore, Charlie Palmer, Don Sturtze, and Dutch Burley were always on the verge of being revealed, but were just a little too sly every time.

On other occasions, I had some beautiful dirt but I was suppressed from revealing it because the SPRIT couldn't afford a libel suit this year; besides it was naughty.

Then there were the people like Don Schaubert and Annie who never cease doing the unexpected. For instance, this week, just having his name in the SPRIT wasn't good enough for him. He had to go and jump in the river to save a little boy, just so that he could get his name in the city papers.

I never could get a lead on those operators, such as Dink Coleman, Mollie Ann Williams, Beannie Finster and Budge Stockwell, who did all their operating in other grounds.

Naturally the characters, such as Ray Corrigan, Ansel and Bobby Nobles, who were born with joke books in their mouths, couldn't be quiet long enough to be overlooked.

The love-life of RIT, couldn't be ignored with such prominent couples as Tiz Lowell and Jim Phelps, Betty Eddy and Jack Wilder, Johnnie and that girl he goes with, and Moe and Carol. We all really hope that everything turns out tops. Take your time, kids, but please let's not have any grey-haired grooms and wheel-chair brides.

I never objected to the threats of her it looks good. I hope you having my throat slit. And the mob in the hall with clubs every other Thursday didn't bother me much. But that long ride in the country—and the long walk back

promised by Stevie, cut me to the quick.

There were plenty of good Sports, though. For instance, "Bubbles" is a labeled girl, but on don't mind Bubbles—but facts are facts. Not to mention "Boots" La Rose, who would much rather be called Gerry. Muscles Forrest is still wondering whether he prefers "Muscles" or his latest moniker—"Fuzzy."

Let me thank those silent partners who kept me informed. You know who you are, and for your own protection it's best not to mention names.

(Really, kids, you'd be surprised how a few cigarettes can loosen up the most tight-lipped best friend.)

Then there was Davey Boy. Ah

Yes, he started out with no moanings, got all the way up to three, and then slipped so far down again that I couldn't record it anymore.

I have to admit that I was mis-

informed on that account though.

All the time he was sitting on the curb, reaching down into the gutter.

I thought he was looking for his lost morals. How should I know he was only picking up butts?

Yes, it really has been fun.

Fun? Joe hounding me to get copy in before the deadline. I al-

ways had it in at least two days after the deadline. Flo working

fiendishly on the Linotype so that

Mat tearing his hair out because

he couldn't lock-up the form un-

til the copy was in and set up.

Les going mad because Mat

couldn't give him the form to

start the presses rolling. Then a

week's recuperating period after

I went through the obstacle

course outside the bookstore on

Thursday.

As of today the Revealer has

stopped revealing. In other words,

you can do what you please with-

out reading about it in the next

issue.

Well, this is your Revealer

signing off — and reminding you

that: "People who live in glass

houses — should pull down the

shades."

Intersorority House Party

Yes, sir, they did it again! You mean you haven't heard about the Intersorority House Party? The gals dragged plenty of blanket out to the Rotary Sunshine Camp, but still froze during those cold nights. By the way, where were the men? Ask Jean Dennis and Elizabeth White how they met out.

You should have seen Jabo that fetching outfit, namely, all her clothes, swimming in the lake. You can see that the sun was out by that rosi(?) complexion of Hadfield's. It's a mystery to some who found fish in their beds, couldn't have been Strauss, could it?

We had a big dinner Sunday planned by Shirley Anderson. Was super! Delta Omicron was awarded the scholastic cup this year.

Many thanks go to our chaperones—Miss Medden, Miss Terry, Miss Barnard, and Miss Ferry for a wonderful time.

How Disturbing . . .

The Millers went to a movie taking their very vocal baby along. At the ticket window the were warned that if the child w not quiet during the show, the would have to get a refund and leave. Halfway through the show the wife turned to her husband and whispered: "What do you think of it?"

"Rotten."

"Pinch the baby."

How Humiliating

The Fort Rit post newspaper reported that a corporal who has just received a GI haircut walks over to his sergeant and asks:

"Does it look bad?"

"No, not bad," the sergeant replied, "but you'd better stand your head. This end up!"

Long Time

Miss Sergeant: "You're not eating your fish. What's wrong with it?"

Private: "Long time no sea."

It Could Happen

Her dress was tight—
She scarce could breathe.
She sneezed aloud!
And there stood Eve!

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How Reverent!

The husband who knows where his wife keeps her nickels has nothing on the husband who knows where the maid's quarters are.

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Demonstration In New Electronics Laboratory



Electrical Department Is Now Equipped For Electronics Course

EARLE M. MORECOCK, Supervisor, Electrical Department

ELECTRICITY is thought to consist of particles of matter so small that they would be invisible even though magnified thousands of times. The behavior of these particles, however, can be accurately predicted, measured and controlled. To understand and deal with this behavior, one must be able to form mental pictures by the process of controlled imagination rather than by the use of the eyes. This additional sense seldom is a gift, but usually must be developed throughout a long period of study and much practice. The process can be aided materially by demonstrations with actual equipment, and by providing equipment with which one may check the results of his own reasoning.

The Electrical Department recognizes the value of good laboratory equipment as a teaching aid, and its facilities compare most favorably with those of leading engineering schools throughout the country. Much time, effort, and money is spent each year in purchasing, modifying, and installing new equipment and in modernizing and maintaining the old. Some of the equipment used in electrical laboratories is not available on the commercial market and must be designed and constructed by the department faculty.

With the coming of so many new applications for electricity, special effort has been made to keep the laboratory facilities up to date. A new laboratory for teaching the fundamentals of electronics and the application of these fundamentals to radio and other forms of communication was begun last Fall. Much of the equipment needed for this work was received in time to offer evening school courses in electronics to about 230 people. The level of instruction ranged from introductory work to a course for engineering graduates. More equipment for this laboratory is now on order and will be made available as soon as war conditions permit its delivery.

Electronic equipment which has been received recently for installation in the electrical power laboratory consists of: a one-kilowatt, high-frequency, vacuum tube oscillator for tempering metals and preheating plastics; a 20-kw., three-phase, ignitron rectifier for changing alternating current to direct current; an electronic tube controller for operating direct-current motors from alternating-current power systems; and vacuum tube equipment for synchronizing alternating-current generators. On order at the present time is a 150,000 volt X-ray machine, an electronic controlled welder, an electronic air filter, and several other pieces of industrial electronic equipment.

With this most modern equipment installed, the Institute will be able to maintain its status as one of the best equipped electrical schools in the country.

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

Carey Roughs 'Em Typos Explore Shop

First Lieutenant Edward R. Carey, 21, 358 South St., Lockport, N. Y., navigator in the 461st Bomb Group, a 15th AAF B-24 Liberator unit, recently flew his 35th combat mission over enemy territory.

His group, commanded by Col. Craven C. Rogers, Wagner, Okla., has twice been cited by the War Department, for outstanding accomplishment against the enemy. "My roughest mission was a single to bomb the railyards at Innsbruck, Austria," says Carey. "Flak knocked out one engine over the target and started it burning. We landed at an emergency field a few miles behind the front lines with the engine still burning."

Carey has been overseas since last August and has participated in bombing attacks on vital Nazi targets throughout southern and central Europe.

"Going over Vienna a piece of flak came through the fuselage and bounced off my flak helmet," he says. "I thought it was the ear flaps hanging until I looked down and saw the shrapnel lying on the floor. I reached up and felt the dent in my helmet and got scared. It's a good thing those helmets are sturdy."

Since he began flying overseas he has won the Air Medal with three bronze Oak Leaf Clusters.

A 1940 graduate of Lockport High School, Carey was attending RIT when he joined AAF on January 6, 1943. He received his wings during January, 1944, at Hondo, Texas.

His wife, the former Sylvia En Derby, and parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Carey, live at the Lockport address.

How Touching!

Talk about the inexperienced clerks now holding down jobs in department stores! The other day I was walking through a department store when I distinctly heard a sweet young thing ask a male clerk where she could get some silk covering for her settee.

Without batting an eye the guy directed her to the lingerie department.

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The students of the Publishing and Printing Department toured the plant of the Rochester Envelope and Printing establishment on Clarissa Street.

They were guided about the plant by their genial host, Mr. Willett, general manager, who with his assistants, courteously explained the various operations and shop practices.

The visit was most enlightening and highly instructive. These visual aids and industry observations are indeed exceedingly beneficial.

Kreamer Upped

Wilbur W. Kreamer, 22, who as co-pilot of a B-17 Flying Fortress has flown many missions against targets in Germany, recently was promoted from the rank of second lieutenant to first lieutenant. His wife, Mrs. Maretta Kreamer, lives at 311 Highland Avenue, Salamanca, N. Y., and parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Kreamer, at Great Valley, N. Y. He attended RIT before entering the Army Air Forces, and now flies with the 100th Bombardment Group, a Fortress outfit of the Eighth Air Force.

Keep Frugal

When you incline to have new clothes, look first well over the old ones, and see if you cannot shift with them another year, either by scouring, mending, or even patching if necessary. Remember a patch on your coat, and money in your pocket, is better and more creditable, than a wriggle on your back, and no money to take it off.

The second vice is lying; the first is running in debt.

Christine Leonardo . . . at

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RIOT NEWS

As we write this column we can't help but comment upon the fact that the weather in Rochester is very lovely tonight. It's very unusual and probably by the time all of you read this, all will have changed back to the customary gloomy state. It's a darn good thing that we write RIOT news instead of bulletins for the Chamber of Commerce glorifying the Rochester weather.

RIT had quite a number of representatives at Cornell for Spring Day. Among them were Beannie Finster, Nomo Myers, Barbara Wood, Dink Coleman, Tiny Hults, and Charlie Strong. Also, a number of the V-12's, well-known around these parts, made themselves known there, too.

Mary Waite and Betty Homkey handled the weekend well by attending a company party.

Congrats to all the Seniors for three years work well done. May you all have good luck and happiness, and make big names for yourselves and the old alma mammy. We're going to miss the whole swell crowd of you, and that's no bluff.

Three of our gals, Janice Becker, Bobbie Hadfield, and Dink Coleman are appearing in a lil' entertainment at the U. of R., Friday, May 25. This oughta be good, fellas!

Sylvia Adriance came floating back to the Dorm on wings after her working block in Elmira. The reason—her man back from overseas and a beautiful engagement ring! Best wishes, Sylvia. We hope you'll be very happy.

Janet Preston leaves Sunday for a date with the preacher and Wally Wheeler. The wedding date will be June 13th. We hope you two will come back and drop in on us occasionally. We don't like losing a good couple, but you sure took the happy way out.

Maybe we'd better warn you if the weather keeps up, there are sure to be a lot of red faces wandering around here—that new sun deck on the roof needs a good workout.

Well, kids, this is it. No more of us until next year when we'll return as upper classmen. Have a happy summer, gang!

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Bouquets And . . . Congratulations!

With the end of the year in view we find that most of the social activities of the Institute have come to an end. Bearing this in mind, we begin to think back over the many good times we've enjoyed.

This brings to mind one person in particular who has been ready, willing, and able to lend a very helping hand to our functions. We all know who this red-headed, good-natured Beau Brummel is. Yes, his name is none other than Brad!

Brad has worked tirelessly and unendingly to make, in particular, our formal dances the huge successes that they were. He has shown an interest, not only in the dances, but in the very students themselves and, through his glowing personality, has provoked many a humorous gag.

Remembering this, we, all the students of RIT, would like to take this opportunity to give him a rousing cheer and a very hearty, well-earned, "Thank you, Brad!"

Williams Exalted

Lieutenant Leroy A. Williams of Rochester, New York, has been promoted to the rank of Captain at Headquarters Army Air Forces, India Burma Theater, where he is assigned to the Photo Lab.

Captain Williams, who is a graduate of RIT, was employed by the Defender Photo Supply Company before entering Service three years ago. He has been overseas sixteen months.

Capt. L. A. Williams' wife, Mrs. Nona M. Williams, resides at 39 Miller Street, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold F. Williams, at 59 Rand Street, Rochester, New York.

Our Advertisers . . .

To you businessmen, in every phase of economic endeavor, we take this occasion, in our last issue of this school year, to express our very deep gratitude to you.

You have been understanding and congenial, most gracious and generous, and really assisted us with your complimentary encouragement to do a better and nobler job with our SPRIT.

Therefore, we wish you all a happy and successful season, and trust to renew our relationships next Fall.

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We have perused our copy of *Technilla*, which has come to our desk.

Scrutiny of content reveals a splendid piece of typographic arrangement and balance.

It is worthy of meritorious commendation and the data is fully informative and admirable.

We wish to extend our felicitations to the staff and Adviser of the yearbook for such a wonderful job.

Phi Sigma Repast

The Phi Sigma Phi fraternity enjoyed a gathering of its members for a hot-dog roast on Tuesday.

The fraternity has sponsored an active and varied social calendar this year. The annual dinner-dance was a great success as were the fraternity's many other events.

We plan to make next year even more successful in social activities.

Canoe Picnic Due

Chi Delta Phi fraternity has planned a get-together for the end of the school year in the form of a canoe party, to be held Sunday morning, June 10, 1945, at 9:00 o'clock.

The opposite sex of this party will supply the victuals and beverages for the anticipated ravenous satiation for the strenuous ordeal contemplated by the men.

Is This Cricket?

That kid is a stubborn, determined brat.

Yes; it will have its bottle or bust.

Ode To A Red Head

My buddy, I've traveled round the world
And many maids I've met;
There are two kinds you should avoid
The blonde and the brunette.

Pie Tempts Bus Boy

A Kansas City restaurant advertises for a bus boy: "Would you like to eat pie three times a day? Wages \$18 a week — and you'll also have to carry a few dishes."

Being ignorant is not so much a shame, as being unwilling to learn.



New Library Books

Andrews, Roy Chapman
Under a Lucky Star

This book is the most interesting travel book to appear in some time. It was published in 1943, but is a recent acquisition in our library. Roy Chapman Andrews was for years director of the American Museum of Natural History. His book is a lively, enthusiastic record of his travels in Central Asia and of his remarkable discoveries there. Here is a man who loves his work, and who enjoys life and knows how to describe the strange places he visited so that the reader can enjoy them, too.

Wright, Richard
Black Boy

Richard Wright, author of "Native Son," has written the story of the first few years of his life—the ones he spent in the South. When he felt that he must break the unhappy record of his life and see whether he could find a better life and opportunity in the North he was still under twenty, but he had already suffered all the tragedy which has beset the Negro in America. This book is one for all thinking Americans, as it highlights the race problem in which we are becoming increasingly concerned. Mr. Wright is a writer of remarkable abilities, especially since we know he is self-educated and trained. He now stands among the first and best of contemporary writers, and we feel that he will continue to improve. Surely we hope that he will bring out another chapter of his life soon, and, for our own peace of mind, find that it has been a happier one.

Bowen, Catherine Drinker

Another book, new in our library, is the remarkable biography of a remarkable American family, the best known member of which is Oliver Wendell Holmes. The author brings out many facts about Justice Holmes which are little known, his record in the Civil War, his home life, romance with Fanny Dixwell and his relations with his family. It is a biography that reads like a novel and is so very well done that it is engrossing from the beginning to the end.

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Institute's Highlights for School Year, 1944-45



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