



Hults & Miller

Students Visualize Better Era When Dormites Present Skit

Dorm Formal at the Stork Club! Private maid for each room! Daring, sleek clothes! Men for everyone!

This is to be the life in the Residence Hall of 1955! At least, this is what the Dorm Council visualized for us in the pantomime they presented at the Valentine Party, February 13. The affair was held in Clark Union Lounge immediately following dinner. After removing their wet slippers, the girls settled themselves comfortably on the floor and awaited the entertainment.

With Marion Simonsen as narrator, the amusing two-act play was enacted by our able representatives. The first act gave a howling description of our present life at 55 So. Washington Street. The girls certainly like to laugh at themselves if their gleeful faces were any indication. Of course, the players may have exaggerated a little. Maybe there *isn't* a cigarette and man shortage here. We're sure Ninfa Vitale was only joking when she fainted as a man walked in. Then, too, we never have magazine salesmen walk in as we relax before dinner. "Baby" Myers and Jane Patterson put that one over very well. Jane looked especially fetching wrapped in that bath towel.

Between acts, popcorn and lollipops were served. Judging from the condition of the floor, the girls had as much fun slinging the corn as eating it.

Not quite satisfied with showing life in 1945, the play took us into 1955. Rosemary Sackett and Jean Dennis made their appearance dressed in rather startling costumes. They had the same effect on us as our get-ups would have on grandma. As they paraded around, Martha Etter entered and announced that she was flying to the Stork Club for the Dorm Formal—in her Piper Cub, no doubt!

This scene also took us out of the Dormitory and displayed other future happenings. Faye Burgwardt walked in accompanied by her darling children, Ninfa Vitale, Gloria Guile, and Janice Becker. She was sporting the latest thing in pocketbooks. It held everything necessary for a week's vacation. Anyway, that's what we observed when Ninfa stole the monstrosity from "Mommy" and proceeded to ransack the overgrown change purse. "Baby" Myers could probably qualify as a maid anywhere after her exhibition, although some people might object to having their homes cleaned with a flit gun.

The author of this clever piece was the above mentioned scrub woman who should be commended for her fine work. The program was thoroughly enjoyed by all and the girls hope to be the guests of the Council very soon again.

We take this means of thanking them for a first rate party.

MARY SOLAK

Valentine Dance RIT Boys "Yonder"

"Dress up for the Heartbeat Dance" was heard throughout the Dorm the week preceding February 10. Ginny Mason was chairman, and assisting Miss Mason were Jeanette Laney, entertainment, and Ruby Jabo, decoration. With these heads and their capable committees the dance proved a success.

Clark Union changed its perspective with Ruby and her committee's help. Her ingenious talent and imagination proved "heart warming."

The committee worked hard and had only a limited time to decorate. Maybe you've wondered why it was so slippery, or maybe you were one of the unfortunates that fell down? Mary Winkel, brightness, sprinkled the wax grains all over the floor until the can was empty. Yours truly discovered this trick too late to save herself, but luckily she was between the floor and the pile of records she was holding.

The entertainment was carried out successfully by Ninfa Vitale, Joan Dennis, Mary Waite "Dink" Coleman and Barb Wood. Ninfa and Jo did a strip tease which stopped at long underwear and bathing suits. Mary, "Dink" and Barb made an effective barber shop quartette. They sang "I Want a Beau" and "Put Her in a Corner." Their costumes added to the jollity of the act. (Did you notice their handlebar mustaches?)

Jean Lilholt decided that the floor was too slippery to dance on, so she just slid from side to side on the floor.

"Dink" and her man cut a wicked rug as did many others.

The coke and cookies were available at all times throughout the dance and were hungrily consumed by Sailors, Soldiers, Civilians, and girls with curls.

JEANNE VON DAACK

Glee Club Recruits

For those who are interested in a Glee Club, plans have been made by the Student Council to secure a man to organize and train such a group. This can be done only, however, if 30 or more are willing to participate and meet at least once every two weeks.

See Mrs. Perry before March 1 if you desire to become a member of this group.

Gym Calendar

Henceforth, the Gym will be open to men only on Monday through Thursday from 4 o'clock P. M. to 5:30 o'clock P. M. and on Friday from 2 o'clock P. M. to 5 o'clock P. M.

The reunion happened on Leyte, and from the news received from Lt. Frank J. Nazzaro, U. S. Signal Corps, it was quite the old home week. Frank is a 1941 graduate of the Photo Tech Department. During the landing on Leyte other former graduates of RIT were there to share in the excitement.

Deforest ("Spot") Inkley, Air Force, Class of 1941, whose home is in Randolph, N. Y., and W. Ralph Downen of Oneida, N. Y., also in the Air Force and graduate of the Class of 1940, were in on this "Big Push." Wonder what stories they were tossing around? Don't know if they had time for such things, but if they did, I'll bet they were some stories!

U. S. Signal Corps' representative was none other than Raymond Jacobs, Roslyn Heights, N. Y., who was in classes at RIT until 1940. Paul Robinson, knocker around our Retailing Department for the required number of years, and was also there to holler "Here sir!"

An announcement of a new arrival in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chuck W. Hodge is in order. The heir was named Carol Ruth, and from the latest flashes we have all are O. K. and doing fine—including Chuck. Chuck isn't in our Photo Tech Department now, he's in one of the "fightingest" departments known—the Army.

Two of our past Photo Tech members are now being held prisoners in Germany and there isn't much news being received from them. However, what we have received is good. So to you, "Buzz" Barton and Don Warren, is our sincere prayer for Godspeed and a safe journey home.

JOHN HUTCHESON

'Tention, Artists!

The Student Council is sponsoring a competition for suitable designs for use as school ring emblems. The Council is especially interested in having a monogram of the letters RIT which would be stamped in the oval-shaped center of the ring.

For those interested in entering this competition, further information can be secured from our Council Representative or Miss Medden.

All entries must be ready for submission to the Council at its next meeting on Monday, March 5.

How Revealing!

Many definitions of a gentleman have appeared here, prompting readers to suggest others. It appears that Edible Roast asked several of her women friends to define a gentleman and the conclusion was that a gentleman is "A woman out wolf!"

SPRIT STAFF

No. 9 Rochester, N. Y., February 23, 1945 Vol. 19

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MIRIAM HERMAN (Ret.)	<i>Reporter</i>

Joseph F. Sorace, Faculty Adviser

Edited and printed by students in the RIT print shop laboratory

Prosperity Peacefully Promulgated

Before President Franklin D. Roosevelt became war-minded, he uttered one of his sound statements in speaking at Buenos Aires on December 1, 1936. He declared that employment given by armament work "... is false employment, it builds no permanent structure and creates no consumers' goods for the maintenance of a lasting prosperity. We know that nations guilty of these follies inevitably face the day either when their weapons of destruction must be used against their neighbors, or when an unsound economy, like a house of cards, will fall apart."

We are in accord with the policy for a year's physical and disciplinary training for our youth. This conduces to fitness, preparedness, and prevention of a future holocaust.

We are assured that to thousands of young men the medical and the physical training they would receive in peacetime service would be a lifetime boon.

The vocational or specialized training being given in the armed services is designed to help carry on the business of war, but much of it is useful in peacetime as well. And the emphasis is actually on vocational training. Discipline, regular hours, proper nutrition, and guidance, work wonders to improve their mental poise, general health, and physique.

We are a peace-loving people. Therefore, let us not endanger the life and stability of the Republic by building a large military machine, the officers and men of which will be dependent upon the government through the abhorrent taxation of its citizens for their livelihood and aspirations.

Thus we warn against the dangers of a huge military bureaucracy which tends to usurp powers tantamount to dictatorship.

STRENGTH IN HARDSHIPS

Most successful and self-made men started at the bottom. Most "down and outers" started at the top! Hardships and difficulties make men strong; ease and luxuries make men weak.

—Wm. J. H. Boetcker.

ALL MUST BE EQUAL

There can be no equal rights where there are no equal duties; there can be no equal privileges where there are no equal opportunities; there can be no equal authority where there is no equal responsibility.—Wm. J. H. Boetcker

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Birthday Dinner As Served To Februaryites



Hults & Miller

Dorm President, Martha Etter,
Given Charter By Dr. Ellingson

The February birthday dinner was held on the fifteenth of the month in the RIT dining room. Betty Countryman, Paul Fitzgerald, and Denise Bovar were chairmen of the dinner which was served midst an atmosphere of "hearts and lace" since the theme for the evening was that of St. Valentine's Day.

Dr. Mark Ellingson, President of the Institute, was the guest at the dinner. After a brief address, he presented to the President of the Dormitory, Martha Etter, a charter called the "Grand of Power" which pertains to the government of the Dorm. Mrs. Etter will keep this charter which is for all the Dormitory girls and Council members to cherish.

The coeds whose anniversaries were so fittingly recognized are hereby mentioned: Sylvia Adriance, Betty Beckman, Martha Etter, Esther Gage, Catherine Hagerman, Cecilia Holleran, Doris Johnson, Jean Lawson, Norma Myers, Audrey Pratt, Faith Ross, Rosemary Sackett, Ruth Taylor, Laura Tucker, Dorothy White, and Mary Winkel.

Happy birthday was sung to the sixteen celebrities, and the dinner closed with the singing of the traditional "Lights Out."

MIRIAM HERMAN

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C.U.R.I.T. Tidbits

Hearts here, hearts there, hearts all over the walls! With these paper lace, and crepe paper streamers, Clark Union celebrated Valentine's Day with a gala party on Saturday, February 10. Yours truly wasn't around to see how the party went over, but to two lonely hearts it was a perfect site for a reconciliation. So glad to hear about it, kids. Sincerest regards for the future.

Because of the block change we are without that git-fiddling done so easily by none other than Dave Gilman, our one and only. Hurry back, Dave; we miss those lovable tunes. (We miss you, too).

During my noon-hour strolls around Clark Union for the past week, I saw civilians saluting civilians, green ties, and a shoe-shine parlor set up in the lounge. I thought at first it was just that foolish Photo Tech gang. Then it got to the stage where a floral gift was presented to Janice Tutton in one of her Retailing classes. Was Taylor Warren's face red! Especially since I have noticed the starglight in their eyes! Taylor has been moving quite quickly in Jan's direction and meets very little resistance or opposition. However, a word of advice to Taylor—Keep her in a darkroom where Joe can't find her.

With due respect to our Publishing and Printing Department, I wish to ask Joe if he is teaching the fine art of shoe-shining? Joe, one of your future experts gave Miss Medden's shoes a glossy finish last week in Clark Union. "Shoe

Shine Boy got no time to play." Lo and behold! Did you get the aroma of gardenias? I did, and they were beautifully placed on the left shoulder of our fair Art student, Phyllis Kipp. Valentine's Day gift from? ? ? More power to you, Phyl, they were lovely.

Yours truly wishes to inform those who didn't know that we have two talented artists in our midst. They are none other than Joan Dennis and Ninfa Vitale. The dance they do is enough to—well, those of you who were there at the Valentine's Day Party know what I am referring to.

Fran Edelstein has been worried about finding the ligaments she left at the U. of R., and when she'll recover from their loss. Cheer up, it's only a few ligaments, and the first hundred years are the hardest! (Don't quote me, however, I just heard this somewhere.)

Try as I did, there was no way to scoop some inside dope on the girls' Dorm Party held at Clark Union on February 13. I asked a fellow photographer who covered the event, but couldn't get a word out of him one way or the other. Bribery, I call it! "13" never was my lucky number, so we'll all guess about the events that took place.

"I'll give blood," he said, "I am only giving back what they gave me." These are the exact words in a conversation between Miss Medden and a student at RIT. I wish I could hear more conversations like this. Reason—RIT is not so well represented at the Red Cross Donor center as it could be if—we would stop talking and start giving. Alice Rosen has the way to secure blood donors, and it is with nitric acid. Seems to me we could get blood without nitric acid, but if it does the trick, yours truly shall have a bottle of it in his hand all next month.

If you can't fill his boots—fill his veins. Let's go RIT, he needs your support.

See you around Clark Union, kids. JOHN HUTCHESON

If we trust, we are trusted. If we are suspicious, we are suspected. If we believe in others we bless ourselves as well as them. If we regard them with dislike, we poison our own cup.



The Revealer

Beating my brains out at Rud's over a milkshake, trying in vain to think of a zoot way to pep up the column this week, the strains of "Rum and Coca-Cola" radiating from the juke box brought back memories of our own sweet and innocent "Dutch" Burley who, at C. J.'s party, amused himself in his usual quiet manner by doubling the gim everytime someone attempted to play the piano, playing catch with the apples, and admiring himself in the mirror between bites of sandwiches well-lubricated with a half-gallon of coke.

When some eager beaver then turned in a nickel in exchange for, "Let's Take the Long Way Home," my thoughts turned to the snow and I wondered if it could really be the reason for Les Boffey being detained in Buffalo! I don't want to infer that you didn't run into obstacles, Les—Was she a blonde, brunette, or redhead? . . .

When this gave way to "Star Dust," I smiled, for I knew that Artie Shan's shrewd disc was not the cause of that dreamy look that has been wearing Flo (Celmer) around lately. She wasn't very good at memorizing the Preamble to the Constitution, but you should hear her spiel off that note Kenny slipped her at the station. . . .

Earl Forrest in Watkins Glen and Bobbie Nicholson at RIT—What else but "Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall."

Now he has two. Yes, "I'm Beginning to See the Light" said Davey Boy as he added the second moral to his list. "Gossip-Bait" (Glickman) has now refrained from smoking. Strong will power of course—not to mention the cigarette shortage.

Well as long as I can't mention anything about Frannie, then there's no point in saying anything about John Hutcheson, so I won't.

It did my heart good to see Horton behave so nicely whenever he spied a Phi Sigma Phi boy last week. He looked so "cute" every time he approached one and saluted saying, "Is there anything I can do for you, kind sir?" And what could be sweeter than the darling little pink notebook dangling on a string around Ed Laubenstein's neck? It really looked "rare" with that adorable green bow-tie.

Ye gads, here comes Paul Driscoll with that malicious sketchbook. I guess I'll be on my way. I'm not exactly in the mood to see my face mangled in one of his terrific caricatures.

This is your "Busted Valentine" signing off. BETTY LOU

New Library Books

MANY A WATCHFUL NIGHT—Lieut. John Mason Brown

A superb account of scenes and experiences during the first days of the Normandy invasion. The author was stationed on the Augusta which carried many of the top personnel and his story is illustrated by excellent photographs. One of the leading war books.

STORY OF OLD ROCHESTER IN PICTURES—Frederick Brehm

Mr. Brehm has given the Institute a copy of his excellent history, and it is now in the Library.

SOUTH AMERICAN JOURNEY—Waldo Frank

"Personal history of what the author felt to be a mission down through South America. Mr. Frank tells how he was insulted by Fascists.

SUCCESSFUL WOMEN—Isabella Taves

Margaret Bourke-White, Valentina, Sally Victor, and many other successful women in such fields as Home Economics, Art, Radio, Fashion Designing and Decorating are described in this book.

UNREADY HEART—Richard Sherman

A beautiful English girl, who wants to go on with her pleasant life in spite of the war, who dreads to be "called up" for war duty, finds herself a part in the war when she falls in love with an American newsman and a young English pilot falls in love with her.

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Team	W	H	G	A
Faculty	36	3	770	677
Elec. I	26	13	704	611
Elec. II	24	15	728	634
Mech. I-A	24	15	710	633
Mech. I-B	16	23	687	594
Mech. II	15	24	681	598
P. Tech.	13	26	696	549
Chem.	2	37	588	514

Game Score				
High Single Game—	Palmer—Elec. II	222		
High Two Game Average—	Palmer—Elec. II	193		
High Team Game—	Elec. I	974		
High Team Two Game Average—	Faculty	757		

Individual Scores				
Name	Team	G	Av	HG
McLaughlin (Me. I-A)	4	168	183	
Fox (F.)		22	157	198
Jakala (Me. I-A)	26	153	202	
Mitchell (Elec. I)	8	153	183	
Van Puersem (F.)	20	150	188	
Karker (Elec. I)	8	148	170	
Palumbo (Me. I-B)	18	148	164	
Palmer (Elec. II)	26	146	222	
Hoffman (Elec. I)	16	145	186	
Watt (Me. I-A)	21	144	177	
Tuites (F.)	20	140	192	
Leisten (Me. I-A)	24	135	183	
Brodie (F.)	22	135	183	
Burley (Elec. I)	9	135	177	
Hollenbeck (Me. II)	26	133	179	
Chay (F.)	11	132	147	
Holt (P. T.)	26	131	178	
Holpin (Elec. II)	26	130	173	
Johnson (C.)	10	130	161	
Wilder (P. T.)	24	129	165	
Trapani (Me. I-B)	6	129	151	
Stein (Elec. II)	25	128	178	
Brennan (Me. II)	22	128	141	
Diegert (C.)	3	127	173	
Lafontant (Me. II)	26	127	173	
Putney (Elec. I)	16	126	168	
Warren (Elec. I)	8	125	183	
Wolfgang (Me. I-B)	16	125	179	
Shekell (Me. I-B)	12	125	148	
Showalter (Elec. I)	6	125	164	
Less (Elec. II)	24	124	171	
Deyle (C.)	21	119	158	
Bradley (Me. I-B)	12	119	150	
Laubenstein (Me. II)	20	115	177	
Karker (F.)	16	114	149	
Goldstein (Elec. I)	9	114	143	
Morcock (F.)	13	114	143	
Pickert (C.)	24	114	175	
Forrest (Elec. I)	10	114	145	
Hallatt (Me. II)	14	113	155	
Gonska (Elec. II)	16	113	152	
Rojek (Elec. I)	12	113	156	
Rice (Me. I-B)	10	108	142	
Eckl (Me. II)	14	112	145	
Hager (Me. I-A)	10	106	147	
Thomas (Me. I-B)	2	105	109	
Bunce (Elec. I)	12	105	138	
Hults (P. T.)	18	103	137	
Merton (P. T.)	24	103	163	
Lanceri (Me. I-B)	10	102	136	
Westervelt (C.)	10	101	131	
Yaeger (Elec. II)	9	99	127	
Gingold (C.)	8	94	112	
Schubert (C.)	5	93	113	
Rugs (Me. I-A)	23	90	115	
Wagner (P. T.)	24	89	152	
McIntyre (Elec. I)	9	86	116	
Hart (Elec. I)	1	83	83	
Nobles (C.)	12	82	110	
Kenrick (C.)	2	80	95	
McKinney (C.)	12	77	108	
Gilman (C.)	4	71	91	

This is your V. O. E. again with more advice to the lowlon. I received many interesting letters this week. Since I could not attempt to answer them all, I selected the following because it seemed to express the feelings of a great many of my readers:

DEAR V. O. E.:
I haven't slept a wink for weeks. I've lost my appetite and simply can't concentrate on my homework or anything else. I need your help desperately.

I'm terribly in love with Van Johnson. I've seen all his pictures fifteen times and saw his last one, "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" sixteen times. It made me terribly jealous when he kissed Phyllis Thaxter. Do you think he's really in love with her? Of course, he hasn't met me yet, so I can't blame him for thinking she's pretty nice.

I have five hundred and sixty-three pictures of him pasted on our walls. I even have one on the ceiling so I can look at him when I'm in bed.

I've written him faithfully every night and three times on Sundays for five weeks. He hasn't answered my letters yet, but I know he's awfully busy. I expect to hear from him any day now.

He hasn't found "the" girl yet, so I know he's only waiting for me.
LOVESICK LIZZIE

DEAR LOVESICK LIZZIE:
I can understand your infatuation for Van Johnson. It seems to me that you are not alone in your misery, however. I have received letters from five hundred other girls who are also in love with him. They can't sleep, eat or concentrate either. I'm afraid to think what's going to happen to the American girl if this keeps on.

I'm sorry, Lizzie. All I can tell you is that you girls will have to fight it out among yourselves, and may the best girl win.

The fact is that I think he's all right myself.

Sincerely yours,
V. O. E.

Polite Deference

With most of the young able-bodied men at war, the public cities are patronized by a preponderance of women and young boys and girls.

These kids are a queer lot. I have never seen one of them—boy or girl—give up a seat for anybody, however old or infirm they might be.

It doesn't seem to be a matter of principle with them, as it might be with adults. The kids don't seem to know. They regard their seat in a bus as they would regard a seat in a theater or a baseball park. It's their seat, they paid for it, so what?

It may be right, but to an old-timer it looks bad, queer and unethical.

Democracy as portrayed in the movies sometimes looks like mobocracy.

In the *Typographer*, we noted "another young abecedarian had obfuscated all competitors by giving correct orthography to acquiescence and sacrilegious." Thus in short, the boy had won a spelling match.

This reminded us of a "piece" that was spoken in school many years ago, and no doubt our fathers and grandfathers spoke it in their boyhood days. It must have been written more than seventy-five years ago. The author cannot be identified. In an anthology in the Rochester public library the selection is classed as anonymous. The "piece" follows:

"In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity.

"Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compacted comprehensibility, a coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency.

"Eschew all the conglomerations of fatulent garrulity, jejune babblement, and asinine affectations.

"Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast.

"Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittacaceous vacuity, ventricular verbosity, and valloloquent vapidity.

"Shun double-entendres, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscurent or apparent.

"In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from slang; don't put on the airs; say what you mean; mean what you say. And don't use big words."

Forty-two Protestant denominations have given their support to a united effort for better and more extensive teaching of religion. The work of religious education will be intensified by more than 180 councils of churches in the United States and Canada through the months to follow in order to combat the forces which tend to undermine and tear down the religious ideals and institutions of free peoples, striving to preserve those foundations of their liberties.

Dr. Roy G. Ross, general secretary of the International Council of Religious Education, says that more than 15,000 children of school age in the United States and Canada never have had any religious instruction. An effort will be made to teach them in one way or another, but at the same time, the means and methods of religious teaching in established Sunday schools and churches will be overhauled and improved and an effort will be made to engender a new missionary spirit among those who teach children religious truths and ideals.

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Handicap Is No Liability But Urge

This war will leave more broken bodies and damaged minds than any other war in history. Civilians on the home front, including children, have shared with the men in the fighting services, the shocks of warfare. Although our improved medical knowledge has saved thousands who would have died or been hopelessly crippled in other wars, the sheer numbers of those who have been made casualties by one means or another will leave us with the greatest hospital list in history.

So we assume that long files of "handicapped" will emerge from the war, men and women who have been so badly damaged that they will not be able again to fill normal places in society but will be condemned to endure what is probably the hardest cross of handicapped persons—the pity of friends and other "normal" persons.

Outstanding Results

It would not be at all astonishing, however, if from among the so-called handicapped persons who come out of the war, the future will produce some of the most distinguished and useful individuals of our national life. This is to be expected because it has happened in the past. Look wherever we will among the outstanding figures of history, we will find object lessons in how to triumph over handicaps. Everywhere we see individuals who took their handicaps not as defeats, but as opportunities, not as the end of anything, but as the beginning of something better.

The handicapped who come out of this war will be either like Richard III, who permitted a twisted back to twist his moral nature, or like Thomas Edison, who used his deafness as a means to develop some of his most useful inventions. This is not mere soothing syrup; it is one of the most obvious and practical facts we see. For every handicap, mental or physical, in the medical records, we will find some individual who used that handicap or rose above it, to achieve a satisfying life.

Discontent Spurs Incentive

After all, is there anyone who would say he has no handicap? Harry Emerson Fosdick in his "On Being a Real Person" says that most of our personal troubles come from a "disruptive tension between our actual and our desired selves." That is, very few persons are satisfied with themselves; in some particular or another they wish to be different. And in so far as they fall short of their desire for themselves, they are "handicapped."

Thus the handicapped, be their handicap serious or trivial, make up the bulk of humanity. The only perfect specimens, it may be, are movie stars and the heroes and heroines of novels. The kind and variety of handicaps that result from this war will not be new. The really interesting thing will be to see what kind and variety of uses will be made of them.

Sport Smacks

On Tuesday, March 29, a new singles champion for the 1944-45 bowling season will be crowned. It will come as a result of the handicap tournament to take place on March 15, 22, 29 at the Brick Church. Any student who has bowled ten games or more is eligible to enter. There is a charge of 25c for the tournament which will cover the cost of the trophy to be put in the showcase. The winner's name will be put on the cup.

Don't think that because you have a low average that because you can't win because every one entered has a handicap. Your average for the regular season is subtracted from 200 and seventy percent of that is used as your handicap per game. So all you bowlers who have bowled over ten games get in and see Mr. Brodie before March 1 and sign up for the tournament.

TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP

On March 1 and 8 the first four teams in the 1944-45 bowling season will tangle at Brick Church to decide the team championship. The team in first place will meet the 4th place team and the second place team will meet those in third. The two winners on March 1 will bowl on March 8 for the championship and the runners up will meet for the consolation prize. The first four teams are:

Team	Won	Lost
Faculty	33	3
Mech. I-A	24	12
Elec. I-A	24	12
Elec. II	23	13

JACK WILDER

Ish Zhat Shoow?

A husband habitually came home late at night about once a week, so his wife asked him what was the cause of his absences.

"I'm suffering from syncopeation, dear," he replied.

After a time his wife began to fear her husband had a locked case of syncopeation so she looked in the dictionary, thinking perhaps it was something else. She finally found the definition that fit. It said: "Irregular movement from bar to bar."

OH, HOW MERCENARY!

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

—Franklin

DON'T BE SNOOTY

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 writ on your back, and no money to take it off.

STUDENT BLOOD PHOTO TECH FLASHES PEPS SERVICES

February 20 was the day! Though a marked improvement was evident, the group who went to represent RIT at the Blood Donating Center was still too small.

We do feel that one department in the school should receive our utmost gratitude for its large representation. The Art Department, largely due to the efforts of Phyllis Kipp has had over one-third of its total quota of some sixty students give blood donations during the past two months. That is the kind of representation every department should have.

The next donation is to be on March 20 and will be given more publicity than any previous one. No one will have reason to forget to have his blank properly signed and submitted to Mrs. Karker in ample time.

One particular fact to be noted is that those who have been in uniform and are now at RIT are highly represented each time donations are given.

Those students attending the February 20th donation were:

Art—Betty Cayford, Tiz Lowell, Joan Eckhard, Cathie Reed, Phyllis Kipp, Ginny Norton, Joan Porter, Paul Malis, Evelyn Rose, Phyllis Whitfield, Pat Troy, Dick Hawver,

Publicishing and Printing—Betty Lou Rieker, John Reitschky, Edward Laubenstein, Frances Edelstein, Florence Celmor.

Photo Tech — Donald Soper, Mary Waite.

Electrical—Charles Burley, Robert Warren, Margaret Robinson.

Chemistry—Donald Schaubert, Robert Nobles.

Faculty—Mr. Van Peurse, Mr. Karker.

Youths Control Destiny

"The destiny of the world at any given moment depends on what its young men under twenty-five are thinking."

So spoke Goethe years ago, reminding us of a passage by the late Roman Rolland:

"If human civilization is still to be saved, it can be only through energetic awakening and alliance of the young people of the world, who sweep from the path of progress the monstrous idols of the past, the poisonous prejudices, the tyrannies, the lies. I have little hope of change in the generation to which I belong. But my spirit and my heart have always been with the young who travel always in the forefront, who never tarry, who carry in themselves faith in the future, and who want the sufferings of the old world to be destroyed and a new world, happier and better, to arise."

This was a week to remember for some of the Freshmen P. T.'s who never used a speed graph before. We got the three viewers and the two shutters all mixed up and of course, some students forgot to pull out the slide on their film holders (X-Ray film no doubt. No matter where you looked this town last week, you were bound to see a Photo Tech or two climbing fences, hopping buses, or exploring restricted areas. When the shutter bug hits you... there's no telling what may happen! Rudolph Muzio and Don Soper took a trip on an iceberg in the lake and came back almost frozen. The cardinal rule is "protect the camera no matter what happens to your self."

Mehitabel, Oswald, and Peregrine are three turtles that Mariabel Gurlat found on her ramble through a pet shop. Taylor Warre thought that he was developing bacteria in his darkroom when he found them swimming around in his water dish. I could swear that scream that shook the studio was feminine though. Do you suppose that Taylor was breaking a pledge?

Don Schaubert said I could use his name anytime that I needed to fill up space. Don Schaubert, Don Schaubert, Don Schaubert.

PHYLLIS JONES

Social Responsibility

Much is said these days about the importance of a sense of social responsibility. But the word social, in the sense, does not refer to a man's ability to handle a oyster fork, or to appreciate a Chopin etude, although these and other such talents may well contribute to his success. Social and civic responsibility involves participation in the activities of the group and community in which one lives and works, and an attempt to understand and improve various trends and ideas. Campaign activities, if based upon leadership rather than "campus politics" are a valuable indication of a man's ability in this respect. What has this got to do with the job? A great deal! It is increasingly important for a man to be aware of and curious about the world, national, state and local tendencies in politics, morals, social movements, and cultural developments. A changing order of thinking in a field apparently far remote from business and industry has a way of very forcefully and suddenly affecting one's job.

The man with a sense of social and civic responsibility integrates himself in the group with which he lives and plays as well as the larger community. He is alive to the issues which face the group and contributes as much of time and money as he can to its activities. He reads books, magazines and newspapers and tries to keep informed regarding important movements. He votes. Business and industry are vital parts of the social scene. They want men who are aware of social and civic life.

Wolfard's
Books — Fine Arts
Imported Jewelry
67 SPRING STREET

R.I.O.T. NEWS

Hello, chilluns! Greetings and all that sort of thing! Where shall we go for our first victim? Bring on the arsenic. One of the 6th floor inmates left her beautiful cell to drool over us—the subject—Benny Goodman. I guess he was appreciated.

Did you see Jack McGowan and "Beanie" Benson, two of our old-timers? Glad to see them back. Won't it be swell when they're all here to stay?

What's this we hear about a certain gal calling Brick Church "Flophouse"? It seems she tried calling for half an hour with no luck. Because of the hours, we know it wasn't a Dorm girl. As the old saying goes, "If At First You Don't Succeed," etc. Take to your stations, men! ! There's bound to be another call.

Jane Patterson visited the "old home town" this last weekend. Ensign Jensen sailed in for the weekend—SWISH!! !

Denise Bovar and Pat Fitzgerald seemed to be having a pretty good time at the "club" (pardon, suh!) Friday night. Say, kids, who were the two good-looking men?

Seems Mary Wade didn't make the Washington Street Shuffle! ("That's zinging in here the door locks.") Guess she wasn't a "twister for the slammer"—key to the door, Mary! . . . The time is ten o'clock on week nights, remember?

Did you know there's a gal that does most of her letter writing on desk duty? She was writing to her mother when she decided to send the first five pages on, and finish the rest in another letter. Wonder if her mother has to recuperate before finishing the last part—will her mother ever receive the last part? I always put "If not found within five days, keep it, I've read it." Works, too! Just stick it on the outside of the envelope.

Remember the old saying, "All Fools Think Alike"? Well, none of us can think of a good ending, so don't believe it.

BARR TIZ BOBBIE

Tolerance

And it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun.

And behold a man, bent with age, coming from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet; and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early in the morning, and go on thy way.

But the man said, Nay, for I will abide under this tree.

And Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned, and they went into the tent; and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.

And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of heaven and earth?

And the man answered and said, I do not worship thy God, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a god, which abideth always in mine house, and provideth me with all things.

Sunday Ode

Sitting in the corner
On a Sunday eve,
With a taper finger
Resting on your sleeve;
Starlight eyes casing
On your face their light—
Bless me this is pleasant,
Sparking Sunday night.

How your heart is thumping
'Gainst your Sunday vest!
How wickedly 'tis working
On this day of rest.
Hours seem but minutes
As they take their flight.
Bless me ain't it pleasant,
Sparking Sunday night.

Dad and Mom are sleeping
In their peaceful bed
Dreaming of the things
The folks in meeting said.
"Love ye one another,"
Ministers recite.
Bless me don't we do it,
Sparking Sunday night.

One arm with gentle pressure
Lingers 'round her waist
You squeeze her dimpled hand,
Her parting lips you taste.
She freely slaps your face
But more in love than spite.
O thunder, ain't it pleasant
Sparking Sunday night.

But hark, the clock is striking,
It's two o'clock, I snum!
As sure as I'm a sinner,
The time to go has come.
You ask with spiteful accent,
If that old clock is right,
And wonder if it ever
Sparked on Sunday night.

One, two, three sweet kisses,
Four, five, six you hook.
Behinking that, you robber,
Give back those you took.
Then as home you hurry,
From the fair one's sight,
How you wish each day was
(Sparking) Sunday night.
—Anonymous

Murrer Promoted

Alfred J. Murrer, 21, 247 Hazelwood Terrace, Rochester, N. Y., navigator on a B-24 Liberator bomber in the 15th A. A. F., has been promoted to the rank of first lieutenant.

He is a member of a veteran combat group under the command of Lieut. Col. Brooks A. Lawhorn, Tacoma, Wash., that has flown more than 160 combat missions and has twice received citations from the War Department.

Murrer entered the A. A. F. Department 15, 1942, and received his second lieutenant's commission and his navigator's wings at Selman Field, La., May 19, 1944. Prior to joining the Army, he was a machinist's apprentice for the Gleason Works in Rochester. He was graduated from East High School in Rochester in 1941, and RIT.

PREPAREDNESS

For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost; being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for the want of care about a horse-shoe nail.

Femmes Fabrics



BY MARY SUE MOORE

Hearts and flowers and Valentine candy . . . it's February!

February is the month of mid-winter dances and parties galore. Here's your chance, you of the school set. Now you can be as romantic as Juliet. For the days of the pencil-slim, straight-as-a-bean pole short formals . . . they're gone forever, we hope!

Instead school girls this winter and spring sally forth in formals with softly gathered skirts. They are far more becoming and make a girl the belle of the ball . . . for what could be more alluring than the swing of a flowing skirt as she glides o'er the floor in a dreamy waltz.

A wise 'un chooses the newer, fuller evening dress . . . there's a maximum of swing with a minimum of fabric and Uncle Sam nods approval, for these dresses fit right in with his L-85.

Here's a super formal for a smart one who can sew a formal, styled to her. It's McCall 5987, a school girl's dream . . . with petite fitted bodice and a skirt that boasts of gathers siding a center-front seam. Banded and bowed at top, it's the dress with a comelier charm all its own.

Make it in one of the new spring rayon prints and band it atop with a color interest chosen from the print.

Sweetest for this formal is a print of little cupids holding bouquets of yellow 'n' lavender posies dancing all over pale blue-grey rayon. Choose yellow for the band 'n' bow at top, and you're ready for a big evening.

Cottons are being made into formals 'specially for school girls. With spring on its way, you can't go wrong if you choose to dress up in cottons. Shadow print creesucker, organdy, dimity, and for a real sophisticate . . . black cotton lace.

Toe the mark in flat heeled evening play-shoes . . . the non-rational kind, put on long gloves, shower your curls in a cloud of veiling, and with a twinkle in the eye and a nimble sense of humor, you're ready to keep the stag-line busy for one long, glorious evening!

Fads And Fems

Well, gals, here I am again, and really, I'm getting' just as weary of winter as you. So here are a few ways we may brighten up a little.

We're sure to have our rainy spring weather, we hope (if Old Man Winter ever gives up!), so how about those pastel raincoats? They look delicious with matching hats and umbrellas. Or why not try a couple of contrasting colors? The effect should stop him dead in his tracks, even in the rain.

RIT was well represented at the V-12 Graduation Dance. It was fun, wasn't it, gals? And that dreamy look in Shirley Say's eyes . . . we just had to mention it.

Give your winter suit a lift, gals. Make an ascot of striped taffeta and a huge bow to match to tack on your beanie. You can create a very New Yorkish touch, and don't be surprised if it gives you a lift, too.

Feathers and flowers just seem to flood the fashion world and an extremely welcome flood I'd say. You can do so much with them by combining them in your hair or wearing them separately. You should include a few of each in your must-have list for 1945.

Fashions of 1955 were given a preview by the Dorm Council. Perhaps Faye Burgwardt will need that bag, fully a yard long, if she sets the fashion for bigger and better families.

A few of the Dormites are letting us catch a glimpse of the new spring suits. Of course, it's only a peek, and once in a while we catch them modeling it. Hector and Barbie Schultz are both all set with delicious suits in shocking pink.

Let you in on a few more secrets next issue, gals. So long! . . . BECKY

Government Taxes

When the government finds it necessary for the common benefit, advantage, and safety of the nation, for the security of our liberty, property, religion, and every thing that is dear to us, that certain sum shall be yearly raised by taxes, duties, etc., and paid into the public treasury, thence to be dispensed by government for those purposes ought not every honest man freely and willingly to pay his just proportion of this necessary expense. Can he possibly preserve a right to that character, if, by any fraud, stratagem or any contrivance, he avoids that payment in the whole or in part?—Franklin

BE FRUGAL

He that pays ready money might let that money out to use so that he that possesses anything he has bought, pays interest for the use of it. Consider the when you are tempted to buy any unnecessary household stuff, or any superfluous thing, whether you be willing to pay interest upon interest for it as long as you live; and more if it grows worse by using.

To believe your own thought to believe that what is true for you in your private heart, is true for all men—that is genius.