

A Fable of the Golden School



Ample Salaries Were Awarded . . .

ONCE UPON A TIME in the city of the seven hills there was a college. At first it was a wee college, but in time it grew and grew and grew until it boasted full well 503 students.

And forsooth, this college was indeed a miraculous place—for the students vied with one another to see who could support more completely any project the leaders suggested or planned. Never before in the history of scholastic endeavor was there more whole-hearted participation. Oft times meetings had to be cancelled entirely because of the great throngs that filled the halls to overflowing long hours before the meeting time had arrived. And many were the times it could be remembered when so much money had been made by organizations that special committees were summoned in order to rid the treasury of this surplus cash. In the course of many, many seasons not a single plan failed because of lack of interest of the students (sometimes prevalent in similar colleges.)

And it came to pass each year, on the day when the sale of the school yearbook commenced, that there was great confusion; every student in the school hastened to buy his copy. There had been heard tales of a college in a distant land which sold only 155 copies of the annual to its 503 students, but not so at this college. It was strange that each student should buy a copy, for, to tell the truth, the staff did not deserve any credit. The book was published after only six and one-half days of work on its 80 pages. Apparently the few inexperienced persons in the school had been chosen, for inexperienced persons were rare indeed. The staff always took an extended vacation tour with the fabulous profits made from the sale of the book.

And it was likewise amazing that every student read the bulletin boards and signs each day, to find out what was happening in the school. Each time a class meeting was scheduled, every member would be present and on time. Only once in over four years did an absence occur. At this time, there were twelve members absent from a total of seventy-six; it was indeed horrible, for the class wanted to vote on an important issue, and could not.

Once a limerick contest with attractive gifts for prizes was sponsored. And of the 503 students of this school, all but eighteen answered. It was tremendously successful. And when the candidates for the "Who's Who" were announced, the editor of the yearbook was overjoyed, yet not much surprised, to find that every student voted on the first day. Indeed, this college was truly remarkable for its school spirit.

Although there was practically no effort spent on publicity or decorations for the semi-monthly dances, the sponsors were always assured of great profits. Generally, the officers of the various clubs were lazy (for the club always managed to pick its worst members for office) and did no work; they spent no time in the interest of the club but merely basked in the tremendous success that each enjoyed. Yet, despite all this, every organization was a success.

Then it was decided that the school should have a newspaper. When the staff was chosen from the hundreds of available applicants, ample salaries were awarded the editors and their assistants. It was found, however, that the staff was ill-chosen. Instead of working on Saturday afternoons, the editors attended football games, movies, and other frivolities. When the newspaper was issued, the students were most considerate in their reading. One girl read the entire gossip column each week for the whole year. Although she didn't manage to read the other articles, she was congratulated for having spent so much time in behalf of the paper. Another student was once observed reading an editorial. Still a third student could name the editor and the assistant editor without consulting the credit sheet. When the staff wished to receive opinions of the students on the formation of the paper, a questionnaire was printed. Again the editors were not pleased with the results—of 400 copies printed, all but thirteen of the questionnaires were returned. As a result, the paper was improved by a great measure.

And so it befell that as the years passed, that the attitude of this student body grew more and more definite. Many projects and many plans were made, and many meetings were scheduled. And all of them continued to be successful, year in and year out. Only a few people at this college did not work; the rest carried on the traditions

(Continued on Page Two)

THE PROSCRIPT

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1940

THE REAL "MEWS"

In the Proscript on October 30th the question was asked as to the meaning of the plaque on the south side of the brick wall at the entrance to the alley leading to the Art Gallery and library building which reads: "William and Mary Mews."

As to the quotation from Winston's Simplified Dictionary, one of your editors states a mews might be defined by a stable or group of stables around a court. Other dictionaries define it as an alley or passageway with stables located in it. The term is very commonly used in Dickens and many of his characters lived in mews, that is, in stables located in alleys in the rear of residences.

During the first three or four years after the Richmond Division of the College of William and Mary moved to this locality, it owned three stables on this alley. One where the art gallery and library building now stands, another on the site of the present gymnasium, and a third which stood where the present chemistry room and dressing room now are.

Col. A. A. Anderson, a distinguished New York artist, gave \$10,000 to be used in remodeling or starting construction on the building which now bears his name. After this was finished, a good many people visited this former stable and were very much pleased with it. One of the first of these was our neighbor, Mr. Frederick W. Scott, whose home, 909 West Franklin Street, is next to our Administration Building. Mr. Scott in those days was very much interested in the development of the property and particularly this alley. He suggested that the City Council be asked to close the alley immediately in front of the building and also offered to pay the expense of building the wall and iron gates that stand there now and also the brick walks that lead to Shafer Street. Mr. Scott suggested that the development be called the William and Mary Mews, and this name met with a great deal of approval at the time.

While it is very common in England to call an alley like this a mews, and while the term frequently occurs in literature, it is not common in this country and each generation of students wonders why the plaque with the horse's head stands there and why the term "WILLIAM AND MARY MEWS" has been used.

Mr. Scott died recently, and to the older alumni of the school this plaque is a memorial to one of our neighbors for the interest he took in our work.

The following quotation from a book written about the time this plaque was installed may be of some interest:

"In the buildings situated on the south corners of Shafer and Franklin Streets are housed the activities of the Richmond Division of William and Mary College.

"However, the most interesting of this group of buildings is the 'William and Mary Mews.' Following a brick walk, which opens on Shafer Street, one arrives at the old stable of Major Ginter which has been remodeled into an art gallery.

"The 'William and Mary Mews' has added much to the artistic atmosphere of Richmond and will greatly help to foster and develop the love of things beautiful."

A STATEMENT FROM STUDENT GOVERNMENT

The Student Government wishes to clear up a misunderstanding which the students have regarding the offices held by Miss Gray Chenault. At present, she is the secretary of the Student Government, which office is supposed to be held by a Junior. When Gray was elected to this office, and to that of House President, she was a Junior. However, she attended Summer School to gain her Senior

Under the Needle

Decca presents Hildegard in an album of songs by Vernon Duke. The album contains three ten-inch records and includes April in Paris, Now I Can't Get Started, Suddenly, What Is There To Say, and I Cling To You. Vernon Duke (natal name-Vladimir Dukelsky) is one of the prides of the popular music business which masks its respect for its betters with a cynicism it does not feel. Let him tell his own story:

"If I should die tomorrow—I am thirty-six—I would have lived more than most life-times. My parents were well-to-do people in the sugar business in Russia. My uncle, Prince Toumanoff, was Governor of the Caucasus. I was slated for a diplomatic career; so at four I started the study of languages. But before I was seven I was trying to compose and my parents saw which way I was headed.

"I studied at Kiev Conservatory until I was fifteen and the revolution broke out. My father was not active in politics but had the misfortune of being of the upper class; so we fled south to Odessa on our way to Constantinople. We had almost nothing to eat, and I suffered all the ills a boy can have."

In Constantinople he wrote his first published work, a ballet called A Syrian Tale. Since then his serious works have included two symphonies, two concerti, three other ballets and one opera. He was only twenty-three when his first symphony was performed, and pictures show that he has changed but little. He is still tall and good looking, with what he terms an execrable taste in hats and women. He likes the latter fat-not plump, fat!

Hildegard's style of vocal work is familiar to everyone. Her glorious interpretation of these songs of Vernon Duke is a thrilling experience that no one should miss. These intensely delightful songs provide Hildegard with splendid scores for her versatile talent. Every admirer of Hildegard and every lover of Vernon Duke songs will find this album combining the two irresistible. Decca Album No. 149.

Theatre Associates Announce Cast For "Cradle Song"

Sweetness and a universal love marks the stirring play "The Cradle Song," to be given by the Theatre Association Friday, December 6.

This comedy, by Martinez Sierra, is in two acts with an interlude in verse and is especially adapted for presentation in a school where a large percentage of the casting must include female rolls.

With the scene laid in a convent, the austere and barren effect needed in scenery is to be carried out by drops made of newspapers. According to director Raymond Hodges, this method was used in the Mexican version which he had the opportunity to see.

All of the stage sets are to be designed by Ruth Roach and constructed in the Theatre Workshop.

The cast, which includes characterizations of the laity as well as the religious, is as follows:

Sister Sagario, Dorothy Wilkinson; Sister Marcella, Mary Rutherford; The Prioress, Mary Beth Elaney; Sister Joanna of the Cross, Dorothy Price; Mistress of Novices, Frances Robertson; The Vicar, Viviane Grant; Sister Tornera, Ruth Roach; Sister Inez, Grace Worrell; Nuns—Leah Levine, Esther Goldfarb, Florence Beasley, Mary McIntosh; Sister Maria Jesus, Betty Grubbs; Countryman, Maybin Baker; Teresa, Frances Cosby; Antonio, Ulysse Desportes; Monitors, Margaret Moore; Alice Garabedian; the Doctor, to be announced later. Any changes in the cast will be announced.

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THANKSGIVING DANCE

The Athletic Association is engaged with plans for its Thanksgiving formal to be held on November 15. Save your shekels.

A FABLE OF THE GOLDEN SCHOOL

(Continued from Page One)

which it upheld. Truly, there was no other school like it.

Seriously though, you members of The Richmond Professional Institute, WHAT DO YOU THINK about this idea of (that overworked term) "school spirit"? If you are going to be proud of your school, NOW is the time that some particularly definite conclusions be formulated. Remember, for many of you, this will be the only college life you'll ever experience. Will you let it end with regret? We welcome your opinions.

credits. By the constitution of 901, the building in which she was elected to the presidency, this office can be held by either a Junior or a Senior.

A CORRECTION

Last week the name of Mildred Clements, Vice President of the Newman Club, was accidentally omitted from the list of officers.

We Need Your Help

We, of the Consumer Relations class, have an excellent chance to get some extraordinary publicity for R. P. I. You see it's like this—if we can make out a typical wardrobe and room furnishings budget needed here to be sent to prospective students of R. P. I., Miss Johnston can get it printed in "Mademoiselle." Well, when she told us about it the other day in class we pounced on the idea like a bunch of hungry cannibals seeing a missionary. So, we got our heads together in order to decide upon the best method of carrying out the project. Two committees were formed; one for clothing, with Nancy Chambers as chairman, and the other for furnishings, headed by Becky Fox. Each group is making out a questionnaire to be presented to you. Please co-operate in answering these, for this is your project just as much as it is ours. If you'll give us the information, we'll do the "dirty work"—compile it and write it up.

"SADIE HAWKINS" SOPH. SUCCESS

Susie Gulch Reveals Her Technique
Excerpt from Susie Gulch's memoirs:

Well, gals . . . how did you'll make out on that scrumptious Sadie Hawkins pow-wow Friday nite? As for me . . . I ketched myself a man! finally. I chased him all over that dance floor . . . knocking over all dem pretty ornaments dat was around in the corners, Dem cornstalks, sure was powerful huge hiddin places . . . but I dragged him out by his hair . . . sure, was a mess o' trouble . . . he tripped on 'ole Man Mose's bucket and before he come to I socked him wit dat wagon wheel . . . sure is handy to have dem things around when your man gits ornery! (sure was glad dese peoples at da door took his shootin' iron away from dat man . . . or I'd never h'entranced him wit my beauty . . .)

Anyhoo . . . den I done poured a heap of dat kick-a-poo-joy juice down his mouth . . . poor man he was gone den. Den . . . h, happy day . . . de preacher man done tied de knot . . . and for 2 bucks . . . which sure am an awful lot o' lamb chops, uh-huh! Afterwards I kissed da kissing rock . . . man, dat certainly was cooold . . . br-r-r! an' we sat in a corner 'n at . . . Mammy Yokum's delicious presarved turnips, yum-yum . . . 'n danced to her bootiful moosic. You gals dat didn't git no man nohows remember . . . it still am leap year . . . woo-woo!!

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Grad Talk

It seems that the lassies at R. P. I. really acquires a taste for education and more education.

We see Betty Crews quite often. She is training at the Stuart Circle Hospital and is all enthused about her work. In the same field are Doris Howard, Stuart Circle Hospital, Richmond; Nelle Rucker who is in West Virginia; Marietta Pitts, who is up in Boston; and June Ellen Ket-sules, who is at a hospital in Norfolk.

Martha Gaines is at Williamsburg along with Ann Seward, who visited us a few weeks ago. Amelia Jastrebski, '40, also found time to pay us a short visit.

Both Betty and Pat Moran are working in South Bend. Pat attended the University of Washington in St. Louis last year.

Gladys Harkness is still leading the life fantastic in Lexington, Kentucky—much the same as ever. We hope to see her sometime soon.

Rachael Raymer, '30 is back in North Carolina, doing Social Work.

We received announcements this week that Alice Willson is now Mrs. Robert Mosher.

That's all for now, but we'll have more of the current "doings" of the "old girls" next week.

TO ATTEND PRESS CONFERENCE AT V. P. I.

Jack Creasy and Kathleen Mansfield, Editor and Business Manager of the *Proscript*, will attend the Virginia Intercollegiate Press Association Conference at Blacksburg, Virginia, on November 8th and 9th.

Special dispatches from the conference will be forwarded for the next issue of the *Proscript*.

DRINK

Coca-Cola

IN BOTTLES

"See America" is Heeded By Faculty

Our teachers seem to have spent an interesting summer, each in a different way. Some went to summer schools, some traveled, and others just had a delightful time doing practically nothing in particular.

Miss Bell found the happy solution, we think, by combining work with play. She attended summer school at the famous Florida playground, Daytona Beach. Her courses were given by the University of Florida which was conducting a summer school there—just a block from the water. She took a course in Period Furniture with Gladys Miller, decorative editor of *Mademoiselle*, and course in Window Display, taught by Harold Kihl of Macy's Display Department.

Miss Shane also spent part of her vacation in Florida—in Jacksonville. She was invited to serve as one of the consultants for the merit examinations for social workers. She later did the Great Smokies.

Miss Johnson went north. She took a course in Consumer Education at Cornell University, comparing our course in Consumer Education with theirs. She later went to the New York World's Fair, to Cape Cod, and to Maine.

Two of our teachers went out West, Miss Bernard to Colorado for two months, and Dr. Bond to her home in Bellingham, Washington. Dr. Bond tells us that while there, she caught salmon that were so, so-o big. She drove there and back by herself, and made the return trip of 3,300 miles in four days!

Dr. McCoy turned jack-of-all-trades this summer. He spent most of his time at home doing everything from mowing the grass to making gutters.

Mr. Haviland and Miss Roberts each took a postman's holiday. Miss Roberts worked in a doctor's office doing physiotherapy work, while Mr. Haviland was supervisor of a handicraft project of the W. P. A. in Norfolk. He was responsible for the state wide contract his project received as a W. P. A. unit in making the fabrics that were used in the President's stateroom on the U. S. S. Potomac.

Miss Eggleston went the farthest north, we think, while Mr. Wes Walker and his wife went farthest south when they went to Mexico. Miss Eggleston, with Sweetpea, her car, visited friends in Brantford, Ontario, the home of Alexander Graham Bell. The Walkers spent two and half months in Mexico City, and spent the rest of their vacation visiting in Acapulco, Cuernavaca, Puebla, and other unpronounceables. The miniature sculptured heads he brought back were picked up by him near the Pyramids of Teotihuacan, and date probably from

L. R. C. to Read Sherwood Play

If you are looking for an interesting way to entertain a date or a pleasant way to spend a Friday evening come to hear the reading of *There Shall Be No Night*, by Robert Sherwood. That smash hit of Broadway productions will be read at the International Relations Club meeting on November 8, at 7:30; all I. R. C. members and their guests are qualified to attend.

Since its run on Broadway the production has been on tour. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontaine, in leading roles, are now playing to capacity houses at Toronto, Canada.

There Shall Be No Night expounds the philosophies and feeling of those who were once ardent pacifists, but who now believe that the principles of honor, freedom, and expression of thought are worth fighting for. It is of especial significance to us because, sooner or later, it will be necessary for us—as it was necessary for Finland,—to decide whether to fight for our way of life or to sacrifice, without a struggle, our beliefs to the fair, but sometimes impractical, worship of peace.

Dr. Hart Schaaf, Mr. Raymond Hodges, Mr. John Garber, and Miss June Goldsmith will head the cast that will bring to life the Valkoven's and their friend, an American newspaperman. The story embodies the struggle which took place in Finland and which is now taking place all over the world.

As an extra treat an interesting fact about the early history of the play will be brought to light at the meeting. It is one of those curious facts that would delight Sherlock Holmes or Walter Winchell.

the Aztec, Toltec, and Archaic civilizations.

Dr. Johnson had her plans to attend summer school at Harvard University upset by a troublesome appendix that decided it wanted to come out. However, she had a good time recuperating at Rehoboth Beach in Delaware.

Mrs. Mundy, or "Teacher" as she is popularly known, made a wonderful trip out of the Fashion Openings in New York City, which she attended. After taking in the Fair there as well as the fashion shows, she visited in Hartford, Connecticut, and then drove back with Pennsylvania friends through the mountains.

Mr. Junkin was with a summer group on the Chesapeake Bay again for his entire vacation. He was host to a few persons from the art school here, and many artists from Virginia and other states. They had great fun in a sailboat they rented for the summer, and in watching the local fishermen at their trade.

CALENDAR

Senior Class Meeting.....	Nov. 6
Glee Club at Ewart's.....	Nov. 7
Newman Club Meeting.....	Nov. 7
I. R. C. Meeting, 7:30.....	Nov. 8
Intercollegiate Press Association Conference at Blacksburg, Va.	Nov. 8, 9
Meeting of Proscript Staff.....	Nov. 11
Josef Hofmann at the Mosque.....	Nov. 12
Next issue of Proscript.....	Nov. 13
"Fashion on Wheels".....	Nov. 13
Athletic Association Dance.....	Nov. 15
National Field Hockey Tournament at W. & M. in Williamsburg.....	Nov. 21-24

Hors d' Oeuvres

OR, WHERE DIT IT GETCHA?

Winter draws on—O-aren't you cold? Speaking of cold, some of the faces around here could have been hacked out of marble—don't you know how to break down and smile when you speak to people—don't you know how to break down and smile when you speak to people—or would your visage crack?

Now you can pick up Adenoids and Tonsils out of the gutter—(Who dropped that library book? Pre-nursing studes—have a care.)

Have received a suggestion—that the Minority Club should get up a foot-ball team. Can't you see—Coach Haviland? Quarterback Watkins? D. Denniston making a pass? A ferocious tackle by Abrams? "Swivel-hip" Higgins on a broken-field run? Or can you? Ah well, neither can I. Say It With Song—

Our Love Affair—Frankie and Bob—or Carmen and D. P.

If I Forget You—the shock will be too much for me.

Beat me, Daddy—but please don't stop my allowance.

A certain Art Student says—"I just love to do men!" (Could she be referring to other things as well as painting? And she was such a nice girl, too.)

When you get down to bare-faced facts (and I do mean bare faced) the only good some peoples' heads do is to keep their ears apart.

And then there are those who take Sadie Hawkins Day so literally.

The Art Students League Barbecue—highly recommended as a way to become a contortionist in one not-so-easy lesson—(Did you see those trucks, or were you in one?) Overheard on same—"Whose foot is this?" "Mine," quoth he, from the other end of the truck. "Take your head off his shoulder—he's my date!" "Yes, my date is cute; isn't it a pity he has leprosy?" "You can't ex-

Alumni Entertains Social Work Grads

On Friday evening, November 1, the Alumni of the Richmond School of Social Work gave a reception for the current graduates in Social Work at R. P. I. Students and faculty were entertained under the supervision of Miss McGregor in the recreation room of the library. Group singing was accompanied by Peter Cursey, who played favorite selections on his accordion. Coco-cola's and popcorn were served after everyone had become sufficiently "het up" by dancing to "Oh Belinda." Faculty members of R. P. I. who attended, include: Miss Shane, Miss Mason, Dr. Krassovsky, Miss McGregor, and Mr. Minor. Mrs. Adelaide Toone is the president of the Alumni Association of the School of Social Work.

pect all this, and comfort too." "I feel a lot of conscription around the knees." "Why have a chaperone? I couldn't touch my date with a ten-foot pole."

And did you note—two of our lassies smoking pipes a la Mammy Yokum?—Walters coat?—or would you classify it as a tent with sleeves? (Somebody's rug, I bet.)—The prevalence of snakes?—and so late in the season. I knew we shouldn't go 'way out there in the country.—Who faded with who?—Brown and Redd adding color to the affair?

Yes, a good time was had by all—except the pig. Notes in Shorthand at the Sophomore Dance—

That "ger-jus" orchid dress of Jackie Wheeler's. Miss McGregor and Miss Roberts sweating over their dates—figuratively speaking, of course. Beryl Smith turning bouncer—beware of women with mighty muscles. Westhampton horning in—and in street clothes, too.

Then take for example Delp, who wants to raise a football team. (Substitutes and all?) Such ambition deserves to be fulfilled—don't you think?

Carolina Setting For Novel Plays

Bernice Kelly Harris
Employs Atmosphere, Color

Eastern North Carolina is a locality rich in material for the novelist and dramatist. Bernice Kelly Harris, a native of that region, realizes this; and, after studying under Professor Rock at the University of North Carolina, she wrote folk-plays to be acted by the people of her neighborhood. A volume of these was published this year under the title "Folk Plays of Eastern Carolina. All of the plays are one-act, and do not compare favorably with her novel *Purslane*, which was evidently written later though published first.

Purslane is a homey book, full of local color but lacking in plot. Mrs. Harris writes of the same class of people whom Erskine Caldwell has distorted. Under the pen they appear to be of quite a different stripe—simple, rugged, dependable, honest, and very religious. To be sure her characters lived in 1900; so perhaps the people have since changed. We doubt it, and prefer to accept her portrayals as true. Her people pick cotton go coon-hunting, enjoy fried chicken talk about the weather, and would like a little more money. Mrs. Harris has a clear understanding of human frailties and a deep sympathy for them.

Both the novel and the plays are rich in material for the social science student. *Purslane* contains a wealth of traditional and regional folkways and furnishes a background for the study of the problems of modern society presented in the volume of plays. In the collection are two plays dealing with evicted families, both based upon facts. In "Open House" a woman, when put out of her home, set up housekeeping along the highway under the stars of a cold winter night. "His Jewels" deals with a family which, with no place to go, took refuge in a church.

Some of Mrs. Harris's best work was written for the Federal Writers' Project and appeared in the book *These Are Our Lives* compiled under the Project. All of it is worth reading.

31 On Dean's List For 1939-40 Session

The office has recently published the list of the persons who are on the Dean's List for the second semester of 1939-40. In order to appear on this list, it is necessary to make at least three "A's" and to have no other grade below "B."

Academic Students include the following: Ella Waldron Allen, Betty Brodie, Stephina Chaplinski, Doris Clark, Mary Leith Cosby, Anna M. Engles, Shirley Goldsmith, Mary Tyree Gresham, Alice Jean Hedja, John William Horne, Amelia Jastrebski, Jean McCabe, Dorothy Mahoney, Ouida Oliver, Sally Boyd Revelly, Anna James Smith, Beryl Beam Smith, Alice M. Straus, and Bessie Lamb Woolfolk.

The School of Art Students are: Geraldine Burk, Ulyse Desportes, Dorothy Dudley, Douglas Houchens, Elsie Kiene, and Jeanne Sterritt.

In the School of Public Health Nursing are: Caroline Adams, Irene Nannie Akers, Lillian Rawlinus Baptist, Elizabeth Dorothea Budd, Evelyn Hill Morris, and Eleanor Shaw Ours.

HOCKEY TEAM TIES J. M. BEATEN BY COLLEGIATE

The hockey game on Tuesday, October 29, with the strong John Marshall team ended in a 1-1 tie. Margaret Moore once again scored for R. P. I.

On Thursday, October 31, the girls at Collegiate ran riot over our team by piling up a score of seven goals to R. P. I.'s one.

The return game with the William and Mary Reserves in Williamsburg was played yesterday.

BEN PARKER

—FLORIST—

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