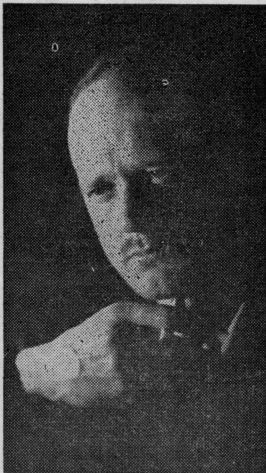


Vol. 3. No. 12.

Richmond Professional Institute, College of William and Mary Wednesday, Jan. 21, 1942



W. W. WALKER

## Mr. Walker to Have New York Exhibit

Industrial Water Colors  
In Argent Gallery, Jan. 26-Feb. 7

Of particular interest to students and faculty members of R. P. I. is the news of an exhibit of twenty-one industrial water colors which Mr. Wes Whitfield Walker, assistant professor of art, will have at the Argent Gallery in New York from January 26 to February 7. Mr. Walker, who has always been fascinated by the engines and machines of this industrial age, includes in his show many pieces which show vast steel buildings or machines with a turbulent sky in the background.

Painting under the name Kameron Kent, he has had a prolific career. He has been identified with Scribner's Magazine, Town and Country, Country Life, and the Sportsman. He has also worked with The Bermudian International Publishers, Transcontinental and Western Air, the Kansas City Star, and the Kansas City Journal.

Born in Yorkshire, England thirty-one years ago, Mr. Walker had traveled and sketched his way through the forty-eight states, Canada and Mexico by the time he was seventeen. He studied at the Kansas City Art Institute and Kansas State Teachers College. Mr. Walker served as a member of the faculty of the Design Laboratory in New York under

(Continued on Page Three)

## Inter-Club Council Forms Committee

At a meeting of the Inter-Club Council, held on Wednesday, January 14 with Jack Cressy presiding, a discussion was held on the possibility of working out plans to insure the success of future dances.

Throughout the fall term, various clubs have given dances in the school gymnasium. Although some of these dances have been well attended and have proved financially successful, the majority of them have met with an indifferent attitude on the part of the students. Because of the time spent on plans for the affairs and the expense involved, the Council was concerned about the cause of the disinterest.

Suggestions were made by the Council members as to possible reasons for the lack of enthusiasm, and ideas for solution of the problem were given. The fact that most of the difficulty lay in meeting people at the dances was an important consideration in the discussion. Hesitation on the part of the girls to "break" on the boys tended to slow up the dances considerably. Another important factor was the total lack of enthusiasm in the "girl-break" type of dance. Still another grievance was the fact that all the dances were formal. Informal dances, it was thought, would meet with more popular approval.

### Corrections Suggested

For correcting these faults, several suggestions were made. A hostess committee wearing "Ask Me" tags would eliminate the difficulty of becoming acquainted with strangers. Some of the members also suggested that dances of the boy-break type used by the Cotillion Club would meet with the satisfaction of the girl-break objectors. The matter of music was also discussed, and the Council considered the possibility of having two formal dances a year with big-name orchestras. Then, using a nickelodeon for music, the other dances could be informal ones.

### Committee Named

It was decided that a dance-planning committee be formed of all council members interested. This committee will give aid to the organizations in planning their dances and will attempt to work out a plan by which the success of future dances on the campus will be assured.

Those named for the committee are Mary Louise Evans, Margaret Benedict, Marge Buhr, and Kenneth Rowe.

## Dr. Hart Schaaf Appointed to Important Defense Position



C. HART SCHAAF

—Courtesy Times-Dispatch

## Mr. Wood Writes Poems for Proscript

Charming and unique describes our Proscript friend, Mr. Clement Wood, whom we asked to contribute to the Proscript. Mr. Wood heartily agreed to write his version of Richmond for us, and so we have something to look forward to in the coming issues. Scan these pages, you chicadees!

When we tasted forbidden fruit by entering the 813 dorm, Mr. Wood and his wife proved to be delightful hosts. They related interesting narratives and amusing incidents, all of which were definitely enjoyed, and lavished us with beaten biscuits, sherry and cheese.

The following are a few of Mr. Wood's humorous lyrics which he jotted down:

### FLORAL TRIBUTE

Nazi Willie, in streamlined panzer,  
Drove into Russia, to find the answer.

Now it's winter, and Russia is chilly.  
Florist, your best flowers, for Willie!

(Continued on Page Four)

## Has Leave of Absence From Classes at R. P. I.

Dr. Hart Schaaf, who came to R. P. I. at the beginning of the 1940 session—after having received his degree at the University of Michigan and served as a member of the faculty of the College of the City of New York—to become associate professor of government and public administration, began an indefinite leave of absence last Saturday to become assistant coordinator of defense for the Commonwealth of Virginia. (He had previously studied Swedish government conditions at the University of Stockholm from 1937 to 1939 while on a traveling fellowship from Michigan's University.) Last summer he served as assistant in capital budgeting in the office of the Governor.

### First Faculty Member to Defense Post

The first faculty member of the school to be taken for defense work, Dr. Schaaf will remain in Richmond, where the defense work is being directed. His position will cover authority all civilian defense activities in the state. Air raid work and volunteer fire units all come under Dr. Schaaf's jurisdiction. The initial problem to be settled, Dr. Schaaf said in an interview last week, is the general rationing programs, which include the purchase of automobiles and tires.

Of his new position Dr. Schaaf said, "I expect a lot of headaches but a lot of fun."

Dr. Schaaf has been an outstanding member of the faculty at R. P. I. for the two years during which he served. He has served as director of publicity for the college and was chairman of the orientation committee for the year.

### Brilliant Record

His brilliant record, which he made while on the Earhart Scholarship in Sociology at the University of Michigan, led to his being graduated, cum laude. In the summer of 1929, he visited England, Belgium, France Germany, and Switzerland as the recipient of a youth group. He lived a year in France and concluded his trip in Europe with a tour through Czechoslovakia, Germany, and England. During 1938-39, he worked in Stockholm, Sweden.

after exams.



## Creas Spots

Last week-end we-all received a specific request from our out-of-town guest. "What," asked our tongue-in-the-cheek pal, "is this Richmond offspring of William and Mary like, anyway?" "What makes the place tick—since it obviously must tick in one fashion or another."

Hold onto your hats, kids, because this, precisely, is how we answered:

R. P. I. is a remarkable assemblage of countless varieties of folk, situated somewhat on a plot of ground, and boasting of the highest percentage of beautiful girls of any college its size in the state! (Feuds between other schools invited.) The place is overflowing with bohemians, intellectuals, scholarship students, and professors with and without wives and husbands. Mostly without.

R. P. I.'s main drag converges in the front hall of the ad building — which houses everything from canned beef stew to day students. (Who, too, are often put on the pan.) The extremities of the "campus" extend from 813 W. Franklin to 908 W. Franklin, east and west; and from 900 Park to 840 Grace (Chelf's), north and south.

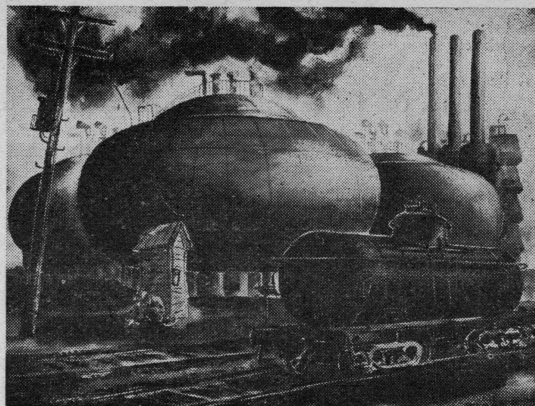
R. P. I. is one of those places where one is likely to find: a paper bag of water being ARTfully tossed out a third story window at the most susceptible-looking passer-by; or an inmate who wondered about Miller and Rhoads' floor "which kept going up and down in spots;" photos in *Vogue*, *The New Yorker*, and *Glamour* of a former student who went to the big city on the annual A. S. L. trip, and found a model contract more inviting than an all-night return trip to Richmond via the Greyhound; or a forthrightly session of barber-shopping, the seat being an inverted trash can perched on an ordinary chair.

Or, gal whose last year's room mate persistently enjoyed her nightly "big, black cigar;" or a thespian who has dispensed with the house phone in lieu of a more reliable whistle; or, a niece of the famed Kay Kiser, who has managed to survive with only a minimum of publicity.

It's the temporary home of the author of "Shortnin' Bread," the hand-over of a brilliant mind—for Virginia's defense council; the alma mater, in part and in entirety, of five-sixths of Virginia's outstanding artists; a particularly successful jumping-off place for matrimonially-inclined females. It was the first school of social work in the south.

That, we explained, is a cross section of what makes the wheels revolve at R. P. I. We'll continue again in a future issue.

BUY  
DEFENSE  
BONDS



EAST KANSAS PETROLEUM RESERVE, by W. W. Walker

### Walker Exhibit

(Continued from Page One)  
Gilbert Rhode and for the past four years has taught classes in Advertising Art and Art Structure at R. P. I.

In telling of the difficulties encountered in his painting "East Kansas Petroleum Reserve" Mr. Walker says:

"I began one morning in late June sketching a coal black negro washing down a gigantic Frisco locomotive in the Kansas City yards. The sun was scorching, and the hot iron of the tank cars was searing to the touch. But I wanted to get this thing—the shine of wet, smoking engines under the play of the sweating negro's hose — so I stuck at it.

Then some one tapped me on the shoulder and a voice behind me announced, 'I'm Jake Jones, foreman of the roundhouse. Do you work for Frisco.'

"No," I said, "I don't."

"Then you'll have to get a yard pass from the superintendent's office," he went on.

The superintendent was no more helpful, though, than the foreman Jones had been: I'd have to get a permit, he said, from the headquarters in St. Louis before I could do any sketching in the yard. It would take ten days. "I haven't that much time," I told him, and departed the Frisco yards.

I drove through the river bottoms until I came to a group of tank cars huddled red like great tomatoes shining under the sun. Here again, I had no pass, so I drove on once more. Finally I approached the refinery from the rear until I came close enough to

Members of the Cotillion club have received from Mrs. Virgie Chalkley invitations to a Diamond Jubilee tea in Founders' Hall from 4 to 5:30 o'clock, Sunday afternoon January 25 and each member is invited to bring one guest or escort.

get the composition, "East Kansas Petroleum Reserve."

When the patrol cruised by in the prowl car, they stopped for a moment, got out heavily, hitched up their artillery, squinted at the sketch, beamed happily at each other, and one of them said, "I got a brother in Peoria who never took a lesson in his life. And he can draw ANYTHING!"

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## Minority Matters

KENNY ROWE

President Sidney Orr called the third meeting of the Minority Club in the parlor of 813 on Friday night. This time the club approved and inducted all new male students of the school. They were as follows: Ted Turner, Barton Jensen, Oscar Nelson, Lawson Davis, Bill Wiatt, Tom Dobyns, Irving Schenker, Bob Fuller, and Clyde Burnette.

The club decided to continue its plans for a movie. Bill Wiatt, Ted Turner, and Oscar Nelson were additions to the script committee. Also under consideration is the purchase of a government bond for a fund to be used by some worthy student who would not be able to attend school otherwise.

Mr. Hodges invited the club to his apartment for its next meeting which will be sometime in February.

David Van Tijn, formerly of Holland, was a colorful visitor to 813 during the past week-end. He had hitch-hiked all the way from New York, where he is a student at the Bard College to visit Dr. Bondy.

Mr. Van Tijn made the trip down in fifteen hours. He stated that hitch-hiking was easy until he arrived at the long stretch between Richmond and Washington.

During the night Mr. Van Tijn's face had nearly frozen but this experience was nothing compared to his experiences in the Alps. There he had slept under at least half a dozen blankets besides all the other clothing he could muster. He had been able to acquire a sun tan on the same site in the daytime, however.

Those stalwart lads, Professor Watkins and "Toughie" Turner still brave the chilly blasts of early morning for their daily callisthenics. Their endurance, perseverance, and lack of sniffles amaze all.

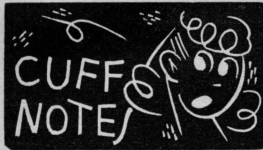
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Attention! Let's inspect the line of defense 'round about this here school . . . and I do mean self-defense! Us poor chilluns has got to have somethin', 'n anything is rellef from all this studying I hear is running people to ruin . . .

Flash! Overheard from down the halls of 821 . . . may I be allowed to quote this juicy li'l tid bit? "All men are fish . . . cause they're such suckers!" Wod Frances, them are mean woids!

Dottie Simon seems to be doin' all right out Richmond way with the popularly known Lem!

Harriet Kelly, that lucky gal who got such a nice campus . . . after all, sugar, you should really appreciate it a bit! At least you can't be gettin' in any wrecks 'n stuff up in your room!

Well, reckon Sue Noble isn't gettin' married just yet, anyway!

Poor Reggie's luscious Ensign has been stationed way out round Pearl Harbor . . . that's a shame honey!!!

N. Y.!!! Most fun was had by all of the Store Service gals . . . must have been extremely educational according to all reports I've heard, step by step!!!

Marge Buhr had a t-phone call from her new male in Michigan! Incidentally Conway sent her a lamp for her birthday. Keep a light in the window for him, hon!

Why can't Scottie understand what "flippers" are used for in stage production?

Sankie Hutchinson's new theme song, 'T've got you under my skin' . . . must be a man up her sleeve . . .

Lois 'n Bootsie at a party stag Saturday nite . . . came back in high spirits too!

Betty Ann Jameson never introduced her "West Franklin Job" to any one but her mother . . . but what harm can her mother do in comparison to these Wm. 'n Mary gals?

Little John spends all his time and do-re-mi calling Margaret Barbore from deep Georgia.

Friendly relations policy of Latin American Countries carried on by U. of Richmond Joe Amrhein and Jo Morales . . . what's the matter White and Beasley?

Kath VanSant trying to calm down long enough to write down the cablegram sent all the way from China from . . . shucks kids, guess who? That would upset my nervous system for weeks!

Newcomer to 827 is Betsy Williams . . . hope she can stand the strain of being under slap-happy Douglas who, from all reports stomps around till dawn! Could be insomnia or somp'n'.

## Artisms

or

### "Look Out for the Paint in That Chair"

Notes from the Art School this week are rather strained, because of the pressure put on the inmates by the wardens in preparation for exam week. You should see the Life II inmates devouring Art-Now!

Number 625681 takes English, and here we get a sample of what happens to the defenseless artist in the unequal struggle with the academic school: he learns to appreciate literature according to rather unusual standards. Well, to make a long story short, Dr. McCoy asked Number 625681 if and why he enjoyed reading Jonathan Swift; to which 625681 replied enthusiastically, "Oh yes! You can read him so fast!"

It seems that in the Crafts Class, there is a Pot. It is no ordinary pot, you must understand. It is very unusual. In fact, it is an All-Transcending Pot, and this is modestly stated upon the bottom of it, for the benefit of those who might not recognize this remarkable property of it. People have suggested writing "Made in Japan" on the bottom, beside its title, just to see if its creator would really commit hari-kari upon discovery of the awful crime, as it has been rumored that he would.

That's the end. I mean, there really isn't any story at all. It's just a . . . pot.

The Week's Whine: Illustration board has gone up again.

We of the Art School (you notice I don't limit it to the artists therein) wish to express our pleasure at having the Music Department back with us, for a while, anyway. They are our friends, and we love their warblings and plunkings during our studio classes. Miss Pollak calls it "delightfully disturbing." Speaking of music, we wonder how many schools boast boys who whistle symphonies while pursuing artistic careers?

Of palettes: Since the escape of one of our principal inmates, just before Christmas, we have felt obliged to keep up the Palette Tradition for Auld Lang Syne. The technique of putting up your palette after a session with it is to scrub off the soft paint from the center, but leave the pure color around the edges, because you never can tell when you'll need a thing like that. The result is that the paint gets dry, and by and by you can't scrape it off. So you just put more pure paint inside the first ring. This dries up; so you put the next paint inside that, so that the hole in the middle gets smaller and smaller. Finally the hole disappears and you have three alternatives: (1) You buy a bottle of turpentine and a new palette knife and scrape it all off, one week. (2) You turn the palette over and use the other side of it. (3) You buy a new palette.

You usually just paint over the dry paint.

## WOOD WRITES POEMS

(Continued from Page One)

### PICK-ME-UP

Some boys, I think, are too low to crawl.  
They'll yell, "Hi, Toots!"  
And never take me out at all,  
The brutes!

### EACH PACKAGE DATED

There was a young blonde named Douglas  
Who mourned that her last date was huggless.

"Now the weather's unwarm,  
If he doesn't reform,  
My date book will soon have one mug less."

### TINPAN ALLEY OOP

Music, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory.  
Nothing, thank the Lord, survives.

Of boogie-woogie, licks and jives.

### MORE PEARLS TO PASTE

God might create cosmos and herb,  
But he wouldn't make an object to an intransitive verb.

Men like a girl with verve and grace,  
And do not mind a pretty face.

Beware of the girl who, when she dances,  
Her partners go home in ambulances.

A husband, in the 19th cent.,  
Was also called a permanent.

Any gal is glacial!  
Midway of her facial.

Clement Wood.



Holidays are over and we're back at school—back to classes—back in the groove. While we're in the midst of all this toil and tumult, let's go back to some of the pretty Christmas fashions.

The most ingenious dress and the best-looking one I saw was a plain black formal with those quarter sleeves. Its clever owner had pinned two silver saltspoons on the bodice. From one hung a red chiffon handkerchief, and its mate was in her hand.

Then there was a little black faille dirndl with a tiny velvet Peter Pan collar. Over the skirt was an extra curricular activity in the form of a black velvet apron that was tied casually with a huge bow in the back. The sleeves were pushed to the elbow.

I saw some delicious crepe lounging pajamas. 'The pants were black and wide enough at the hem to pass as a skirt. The top was white and had long sleeves. The neck—the most beautiful part—was a deep V showing the new spring feminine influence in a crepe ruffie that followed the V around the neck about one inch from the edge.

I saw a beautiful white evening cape that was perfectly plain except for numerous colored paillettes that were sprinkled over it dramatically. They twinkled like a rainbow of stars.

There were the usual white wool dresses with hold studs and gold dresses with gold studs and gold belts. Also there were two more colors that will bear watching—the new bright Kelly green in both formal and informal dresses, and bright cerise used in clothes and accessories.

With the reopening of school there appeared Pittsburgh greylike clouds that were a prelude to luscious ivory snow. With snow came a new mode in attire adopted by so many of the lasses. To spite the cold, biting wind, R. P. I. gals have donned handsome gray flannel slacks; comfortable, sloppy blue jeans; high top rubber (and otherwise) boots; and high woolen socks and stockings.

Plenty of ski suits are traipsing around. Did we see some chillen' tagging off to Byrd Park to do some fancy figures on the ice?

Bright colored scarves are tied over curls to keep the snow flakes out. Pink-tipped ears are kept warm by bright, fluffy ear-muffs. There are some mighty snazzy goloshes tramping around the campus. Did anyone see any long red flannel underwear? Very snuggy!!