

## "Fresh Fields" On Friday, Thirteenth

Hodges Directs  
English Comedy

From every angle, Friday of this week would appear to be the most unsuitable time ever to present a play—especially "Fresh Fields"—but director Raymond Hodges is determined to explode all mysterious and odious fatalisms shrouding Friday, the thirteenth, and promises the R. P. I. population a bang-up performance of Ivor Norvello's delightful comedy.

When Professor Hodges speaks of "A bang-up performance," he isn't kidding. For between Mary Frances Rutherford and Jack Creasy's good portion of Lady Mary's (Frances Cosby) elegant household appointments go the way of all unlucky furnishings when in the hands of clumsy colonials such as Tom Larcomb and Una Pidgeon. At every rehearsal it is Miss Rutherford's

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## Defense Club Elects Semester Officers

The first meeting of the Defense Club for the second semester was held on February 6 in the Administration Building.

The following officers were elected:

President—Ann L. Ugeansky.  
Vice-President—Mary Cox.  
Secretary—Mary Countiss.  
Treasurer—Betty Lorant.  
Chairman of Entertainment Committee—Edna Jane Nesbitt.  
Assistants—Bertha King, Willie Guthrie, and Estelle Gill.  
Chairman of Publicity Committee—Tallulah Markham.  
Assistants—Catherine Meinberg and Ruby Wallace.  
Chairman of Knitting Committee—Emma Dick.  
Chairman of Candy Committee—Betty Lorant.

The meeting was well attended with twenty members present. Mrs. Robins was a guest and was invited to be present at all of the meetings and act as ad-

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## Winners of Wigwam's Annual "Who's Who" Contest Announced

Votes Taken Monday Reveal Three Way Tie For Belle of R. P. I.

### THE SWEETHEART OF RPI

The girl of our dreams is the slickest girl!  
Her art includes herself;  
Each glamour charm, in its bottled form,  
Comes from a drugstore shelf.  
The gleam in her eyes and the gold of her hair  
Are the best that Chelf supply;  
But she's sure a scream in a net and cold cream—  
She's the sweetheart of R. P. I.!

By C. W. Valentine.

At an election held among the students on Monday, the eight most outstanding students of R. P. I. were chosen by popular vote.

The only tie in this year's contest was revealed in the vote for the Belle of R. P. I., who is supposed to be the most attractive girl on the campus. For this honor Florence Beasley, Jesse Cato, and Ann Powell had the same number of votes. A re-vote will be taken at twenty-minute period on Thursday and the Wigwam staff asks that all students cast their votes early.

Ulyse Desportes, after two years of valiant trying, finally was elected R. P. I. Wit. This well-deserved honor had been withheld from U. D. by a narrow margin for some time.

As the most versatile student on the campus, Sid Orr was chosen as Jack of All Trades. His active participation in all campus activities makes him worthy of this honor.

The student body president, Jack Creasy, was chosen Mr. Minorities whose claim to fame is that of being the most popular boy on the campus.

Bessie Peterson was elected as the Gaiety Gal of the campus.

As most popular girl on the campus, Katherine Curtis was named Miss R. P. I.

Personality Plus was the new title given to Helen Jonscher.

R. P. I.'s book-worm, the most intellectual student, is Betty Brodie.

All of these students well deserve the honors which they have won and the votes which were given them testify to their popularity on the campus.

This "Who's Who" contest, which is sponsored annually by the staff of the yearbook, The Wigwam, is one of the highlights of the year. Pictures of the winners will be given a two-page spread in the annual, and the winners will thus join many former winners in R. P. I.'s "Hall of Fame."

### THINGS TO COME

Feb. 13—Senior Card Party  
" 13—"Fresh Fields"  
" 19—Game Night Party  
" 20—Junior Sport Hop  
Mar. 6—A.S.L. Mother Goose Ball.

## Famous Hodges Curls Are Shorn: Barry Grows Up!



### LAST OF THE LOCKS

Barry Hodges, extraordinary son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hodges, R. P. I.'s theatre folk, last week ordered the barber's shears for his blonde locks. On Sunday morning, between making breathtaking U-turns on his tricycle, he demonstrated the difference between his present mas-

culinity and that in an old photograph. He now has a standard male bob instead of the curls over his ears.

Mr. B. Hodges' decision was due to an offense from a neighborhood scamp. "He called me a sissy," Barry said.

Barry shows remarkable intelligence for his two and one half years. He can call everyone in 819, where he lives, by their names. He knows all the boys in the school and can immediately tell you that they "live in Barry Hall." All he contacts he finds interesting and will not be satisfied until it is thoroughly examined. The other day he recognized a magazine and said, "This is Dada's"—much to his father's pleasure.

Barry's curls, blue eyes, and lithe body make him a handsome chap. His favorite costume is a sailor suit, though he fumes because the pants droop. Not satisfied with his parents' collection of victrola records, he has one of his own. "Old King Cole," he exuberantly demonstrates, is his favorite recording.

Mr. and Mrs. Hodges are preserving the locks . . . some for themselves and some for Barry's adoring relatives. In the meantime, Barry is developing big muscles so that he may knock his teaser in the nose.

## Students Invited To Senior Card Party

Members of the Senior Class are planning a Card Party which they will sponsor at the Dolly Madison Room of the Richmond Dairy Company on Friday afternoon from three to five.

For a charge of twenty-five cents, guests can participate in bridge, chinese checkers, bingo, pick-up-sticks, or any other of several table games which will be in play.

A number of prizes, including a door prize, table prize, and high and low score prizes in bridge, will be given.

Hostesses at the party will be officers of the Senior Class who have general charge of the party.

Refreshments will be served at the conclusion of the games. Tickets are on sale now for the party.

### "LITTLE BOY BLUE"

"Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn," and we don't mean bugle. We mean, toot that trumpet, and tell everybody about the Art Student's League's Mother Goose Costume Ball, which is scheduled for March 6.

There'll be rollickin' rhymes to fit the times, so come, join the fun. There's just one condition: You must wear fancy dress. The Ball is open to all R. P. I. students, and, don't forget, we'll be lookin' for ya!

# THE PROSCRIPT

Published weekly by students of  
The Richmond Professional Institute, College of William and Mary  
Subscription Rates, \$1.50 per year

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1942

## Valentine's Day and Defense

At first glance, many of you will probably ask, "What has St. Valentine's Day got to do with National Defense?" And, your question would be a good one. For, most of us have been told that Valentine's Day is a day for "hearts and flowers," for love and laughter, and for the sending of "sweet missives" to the "one and only."

That's what the day is for, really. And, it is the celebration of just such festive occasions, in sharp contrast to the other types

of "celebrations" being held throughout the rest of the world today, that makes this country what it is.

Did you ever stop to think, though, that, in the final analysis, the good old U. S. A. is your "one and only?" It is! Without it, and the principles of freedom for which it stands, such occasions would not be possible. Indeed, were we living in Germany or Japan today we might well be commemorating the "Sudden Death" of some general or other instead of remembering the time-tested sentiment of sending flowers and candy to "your best girl."

We're not saying that your best girl would be actually thrilled by a defense stamp or bond. But, we're pretty sure that she'd appreciate the reason that you cut down a little on her and added that little to Uncle Sam's growing store of wealth.

It takes money to win a war, you know. And by doing what you can to increase that amount of money you'll be assuring everyone that next Valentine's Day will be a happy one. So, remember your best girl and your best beau, but, above all, remember Uncle Sam!

## R. P. I. BLACKS OUT

The students and staff of the school did a splendid job of blacking out during Richmond's air raid on Monday night. Long before the street lights were out on Franklin and Shafer the dorms were totally dark. Everyone was quiet. Girls in 827 sprawled on the floor and told ghost stories. The Theatre Associates chatted in the gym. A few students wandered out to see the raiders (There were none.) All that could be seen of the Proscript staff was three lighted cigarettes in the basement of 901.

Thanks for the fine cooperation, everybody!

## PAUL'S

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## JIVE ALONG ALL YOU JITTERBUGS

Jive along all you jitterbugs to the Junior Sport Hop, featuring not one but ten of your favorite bands! On Friday, February 20, there'll be as neat a dance as you ever shook a saddle shoe at. And, the price — well, really, it's just twenty-five cents stag, and thirty-five cents drag. (You almost save money by bringing a date!)

Glenn Miller, T. Dorsey, Tony Pastor, and all the others will make you get that old patriotic feeling amid the red, white, and blue decorations that the gym will be wearing.

Don't forget the date—Friday, February 20; the place—R. P. I. gym; the event—THE JUNIOR CLASS SPORT HOP!

## Bloomberg Painting In Corcoran Gallery

An oil painting, Kitchen Design, by Harold S. Bloomberg, II, has been accepted and is now on general view at the Fifty-first Annual Exhibit of the Society of Washington Artists at the Corcoran Gallery.

Mr. Bloomberg began his studies a number of years ago under Miss Theresa Pollak, at the Richmond Professional Institute, where he continued as a student for two or three years. He then attended the Art Students League and the National Academy of Design, in New York, after which he returned to Richmond and was a student of Miss Pollak's again, and is now, while she is on leave of absence, a student of Miss Esther Worden Day.

## Students In Defense

Editor's Note: with this issue we begin a series of articles, to be written by faculty members and students in the various defense classes, which will emphasize the important part which students can and must play in defense. Our first article comes from Miss Lillian Guidry of the School of Public Health Nursing.

"Health—what is it? Man has found that the aphorism, "mens sana in corpore sano" — "The sound mind in the sound body," — is impossible in an unhealthy environment.

Let us define health as "the quality of life that renders the individual fit to live most and to serve best."

The Romans stressed sanitation, while the Greeks gave their attention to personal hygiene. But during the Middle Ages, when man's eyes were fixed on another world, scant attention

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## Sport Spots

Bessie Peterson

### A. A. MEETING\*

The Athletic Council held its regular monthly meeting in Room B on last Wednesday. Plans were completed for the A. A. Defense Stamps Raffle which will take place soon, and the second in the series of Game Nights which will take place on Feb. 19. Cynthia Mason, general chairman, has the plans well under way.

Katherine Flannagan was elected general chairman of the girl-boy basket-ball game which will take place the first Monday after the last girls' game.

Other business was discussed including pictures for the annual, treasury report, school monograms, and the point system.

Vivianne Grant and Virginia Flannagan are in charge of the Defense Stamp Raffle.

### GAME NIGHT PARTY\*

Because of popular demand, the A. A. is planning another Game Night Party for the night of Feb. 19. New surprises, in addition to the games enjoyed at the last meeting, are planned for this second event. Faculty members and students, alike, participate in these interesting affairs. Last month, Mrs. Chalkley, Miss Ball, Miss Cosby, Mr. Haviland, and Mr. and Mrs. Washer captured honors. Of course, the students showed up well, too!

### THREE IN FREE THROW FINALS\*

R. P. I. had the largest representation of any school in the Senior Women's Free Throw Finals, sponsored by the Richmond News Leader last Friday. Although the finalist found the center of the basket many times, their opponents proved their superb skill by sinking 24 x 25 and 23 x 25. Virginia Vanni, Ann Edge, and Bessie Peterson represented R. P. I. in the finals. In addition, Ann Lawrence, Connie Browne, and Mary Virginia Erickson participated in the semifinals.

### JUSTICE TRIUMPH 31-21\*

The R. P. I. sextet lost the third game of the season to the John Marshall High School team. The girls played a good game but were unable to match the speed and accuracy of their opponents. They missed the services of Rolph and Lyons who were unable to play.

High scorers for R. P. I. were: K. Flanagan, 8; A. Lawrence, 5; B. Peterson, 5; V. Vanni, 3.

Line up for R. P. I.: Forwards: Flannagan, Vanni, Peterson; Guards, Baylor, Edge, Donahue. Substitute: Lawrence.

Minority Matters

KENNY ROWE

Habousch's Grill has become the prime hang-out for the men of Barry Hall. Hamburgers, hot dogs, milk shakes, and hot chocolate, prepared in the delicious Habousch manner, provide the stimuli for eleven to twelve P. M. jaunts.

Oscar Nelson, feeling pangs of hunger after retiring, usually arrives in pajamas under his overcoat. He left the coat open one night, but all Mrs. Habousch had to say was, "You'll catch pneumonia, boy!"

Bill Wiatt, not making the trip, orders his snack in pairs—always two hot dogs or two hamburgers.

By one, there's a satisfying odor of onions in \$13, and everyone is sleeping contentedly with full tummies.

Mr. Hodges' play production of class, filled with long-suffering girls, now is embellished with three male art students, Jack Creasy, Sid Orr, and Yours truly. Result: The door in Fresh Fields opens without squeaks or accidents, no more purple sets.

Our Masculine Features

The portrait of Jack Creasy by Ulysse Desportes.

The baroque painting of Ulysse Desportes.

The brilliant performance of Mr. Ernest Mead at the keyboard.

Dr. H. Q.—

The other night Elmer and I had a fight. As I hauled off to knock him down, my hand ricocheted off his jaw and smashed against the wall splitting my knuckles open. Who am I to blame?

I'd do it again!  
Dear I'd Do It Again;  
Hit him again!

I have one boy friend in the army and one in the navy. Which shall I choose?

Undecided.  
Dear Undecided;  
Take it to the Marines.

Dr. H. Q.  
Dear Dr. H. Q.

My boy friend has started going with another girl. How can I get him back?

This is H—!  
Dear This Is H—!  
Go to the nearest Doctor. (M. C. V. is very handy!)

Dr. H. Q.  
Dear Dr. H. Q.

Just wanted to let you know that the Marines have landed and everything is under control.

Undecided.

SPOTLIGHTING THE SENIORS

The Senior Class "pres.," congenial Mary Ellen Trimmer, also known as "Chicken," is recognized always by her cheerful smile and her willingness to do anything you ask of her. As Photographic Editor of the Wigwam for two years, there is probably no one in R. P. I. that she hasn't talked to at one time or another.

Creas Spots

The first of our "men with the broom" profiles concerns one Percy Taylor, our most remarkable fixer-upper of things in various states of unrepair. Long-suffering and ever-cheerful Percy, whose official duties hereabouts involve "fixing up just anything."

The most remarkable thing about Percy is his unapparent prestige, gotten quite naturally from his role as a "papa." Percy is the father of nine attractive Taylors and the grandchild of three children. About his age Percy would prefer to apply the softer pedal.

For ten years, Percy has graced our hereabouts with his catchy, mustached smile, which inevitably accompanies each of his various deeds. Winters from 12 to 10 P. M. find Percy scampering about the local plot; summer always find him Atlantic City, Philadelphia bound with at least three children and Mrs. Taylor.

The youngest Taylor is "Ty-rone." Percy, poor thing, was so excited the first three days of his now four months that he had a bit of difficulty recalling Ty-rone's name. A check up at home supplied the necessary information.

To Percy, we doff our collective hats!

There is a tale about two to accompany an item in our column a couple of weeks ago. Our two adventuresome inmates were homeward bound one P. M. late. After descending from the local trolley, they were walking rather timidly along a more or less deserted street. "Don't look now, but there's a man following us," said one of the girls. So—the two stopped, turned, and glared at the would-be follower.

Whereupon the male spun and disappeared rapidly down the street—in the opposite direction!

And then this one just couldn't go unprinted. It seems that our most outstanding wit was one day in a lecture class. Last year this was. In the middle of a dramatic pause, he burped. and, oh, so loudly. After minutes of silence, Mr. Hodges said, "Well, at least you could say 'excuse.' " "Oh, I didn't want to do that," quoth he, "it might have attracted attention!"

Her pet peeve is cooking, but she loves sports of all kinds, and knitting.

As a daily commuter between here and Old Church, Virginia, which is "Chicken's" home town, she has figured that she has traveled 25,000 miles to get her education. Could anyone have a record better than that?

Vice - President Jean McCabe hails from Yankee-land, specifically Gloversville, New York. For a mighty little person, she holds a mighty big job in editing the 1942 Wigwam.

Her favorite pastime seems to be playing bridge, with a little skating and dancing thrown in for good measure. She dislikes coffee and beer, dirty politics, bulldogs, and, of all things, letters addressed to "My dear Miss McCabe." Her ambition is simple. She wants to be anything but a teacher!

This neat, quiet, self-effacing Senior, happiest when she's up to her neck in work, still finds time to give a cheery word and a friendly smile to her many friends.

Albany, Georgia, sent us Elizabeth Cobey in 1938; and everyone knows that we just couldn't have gotten along without "Cobina."

She has a sunny disposition, which people take advantage of when they come into the dining room late; as a major in Commercial Art, Vice-President of the A. S. L., and Secretary of the Senior Class, we believe her when she says that she likes to be busy.

She heartily dislikes to hear people say that art students don't work hard. And she loves strawberry ice cream, hot biscuits, swimming, and, of course, conversation involving "Johnnie" and "The Medical Profession."

We are sure that her aim in life, which is to justify her existence, has more than come true.

Diminutive Gladys Steele, our "Yankee" financial manager, who transferred to R. P. I. last year from Penn State, has made a name for herself by proving to be one of the most efficient members of the Senior class. "Gladdie" is, officially, Senior Class Treasurer.

She likes blues, dancing, the Kappa Psi's, and the 13 colored kids at the Settlement House. As a major in Social Work, she is interested in Group Leadership. She dislikes writing reports, having had five term papers in one

ARTISMS

or  
Is Anybody Going to the Drug?

Times have changed in the Art School; we used to be on Standard Time, and now we're on "War Time," which is really Day-light Saving Time, only drafted. Of course, there are those who object to this scheme of things, but, on the whole, we find it very satisfactory.

In the first place, Douglas Q. Denniston now gets here at nine o'clock instead of ten, as was his custom; and Mallory can now leave at five instead of six, without having to hurry at all. When Mr. Walker looks in on the Saturday Advertising Class at eleven-thirty in the morning now, it is really ten-thirty, and everyone is on a ten-minute-rest. We might here suggest that they have two ten-minute-rests in the studio classes for the benefit of those who get confused on the war-time program.

Congratulations to two of our boys for their accomplishments in a recent statewide competition, the Annual Virginia Artists' Exhibition at the Academy. Ross Abram's watercolor, "From Ulysses's Pig-Pen," took first place in the watercolor show, and Douglas Denniston's portrait "Mary" was exhibited in the oil show. This is the first time Douglas has exhibited, and we hope he'll continue to be as successful.

It is interesting to notice that both subjects involve people of our school. We really make the grade, in painting, posing, and contributing pig-pens!

This week's whine: Everybody else has three lockers all by themselves and I only have half of one!

The Art Students' Home Nursing Class got off to a good start last week, with two sections, each including twenty girls. One will meet on Monday nights, and one on Thursday nights. The course will last thirty hours. It promises to be extremely interesting and helpful through the pending emergency.

When asked by the teacher where a certain passage was in the Art History book, Custis Brooks revealed with confidence that, "It's right on some page in here."

All art students who anticipate going to New York with the ASL are urged to sign up as soon as possible. This is very important, as transportation and hospitality must be arranged.

semester, and thinks that Seniors do not get enough late permissions.

Brookville, Pa., did itself proud when it sent "Gladdie" into our midst.





Or we think of the darndest things during blackout)

Connie Brawe's new nickname is "Amber." How come?

Ann was so-o-o happy about Andy's present . . . nice thing to buy for yo'self, honey!!!

Ye editor got another of those cables all the way from China!!! Imagine including such trivial words as "ahem" and "How's school?"

Just where is it, by the way, that D. P. scrambles eggs for breakfast?

Everyone seems to be knittin' for the army or navy . . . special numbers are being contributed by all including a certain faculty member.

War time (and I do mean getting up in the middle of the night for breakfast and eating dinner in the middle of the afternoon) brings havoc to the campus. Barbara Peterson went to sleep at the breakfast table. She said it was the earliest she'd ever been up except when coming home from dances!

Now, who do you think would write a verse like this? Well—she did and here it is . . .

Some drink for the taste of their liquor,

Some drink to heal wounds of the heart,

But I am so dumb when I'm sober,

That I just drink to be smart.

Mary Frances Jones arrives to class on time at 8:45 . . . and on the Monday morning when everyone griped about losing an hour's sleep and came straggling in a lil' late!

Latest news flash . . . a no-lipstick club (for defense, y'know) Come on and join, gals!

Ann 'n' "Mac" went to Norfolk for the weekend; needless to say, Bill 'n' Bob were the feature attractions.

Mary Turner, who simply can't make up her mind, walked in Room 5 weighted down with a V. P. I. ring.

Reinhart and Walker off to Virginia midwinters . . .

Betty Roberts and what R. P. I. male make up the latest romance???

Dot Hammond and Ginny Fuqua were surprised by some mighty nice visitors, Monday . . . Cupid, what art thou up to?

Sore throats come in handy when someone like Vivianne Grant has 'em . . . It's beena mighty quiet week!

Ann Lawrence, can't you hold your men in town?

## "Fresh Fields"

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fortune to smash three statues and a "few pieces of Royal Worcester China." Mr. Creasy settles for "Love, on a pedestal, with folded wings."

Luck seems to have dogged "Fresh Fields" since its opening in London some years ago. The play enjoyed a run of some ninety performances before it was imported for American enjoyment. The play proved to be the most popular one produced by Mr. Hodges and the Essex Players at Lake Champlain three years ago. Thomas Lyons, who portrayed Tom Larcomb in the Essex production, is now playing with Ethel Barrymore in New York.

There is only one inconsistency in the R. P. I. production. All taboos and superstitions have been tossed to the four winds—except ONE. It's a matter of a last line. The idea is that the four walls of the stage might collapse or other dreadful catastrophes descend if the last line of the play were read before the final performance. On this point Hodges holds an iron-clad adherence.

All set to deliver the goods this week-end is the six-girl, three-boy cast including Frances Helm as Miss Swaine; Ted Turner as Ludlow; Frances Cosby as Lady Mary; Ann Morgan as Lady Lillian; Frances Rutherford as Una Pidgeon; Betty Donahue as Lottie Pidgeon; Jack Creasy as Tom Larcomb; Elayne Goldman as Lady Strome; and Oscar Nelson as Tim Crabbe.

Playing a one-night stand, and with a delegation of drama majors from Fairfax Hall expected as guests, Friday, the thirteenth, will be a lucky day for the Theatre Associates. (With the fates willing, that is.)

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## Defense Clubs Elects

(Continued from page 1)

visor. This, she kindly consented to do.

Plans were discussed regarding a dance to be given for a number of the officers from Camp Lee and increased activities toward the furthering of the defense effort.

Mrs. Carter, the hostess for the dances, was unable to attend the meeting.

This club, which was formed during the fall semester, has done a great deal to add to the entertainment of men in the service who are frequently in Richmond. They have given a number of Sunday afternoon teas and have made arrangements for the members to attend various dances sponsored by different organizations in the city who provide social functions for the soldiers.

The club meets in room 25 of the Administration Building every Friday night at 7:00 o'clock. All graduate students of R. P. I. are invited to become members of the club.

## Students In Defense

(Continued from page two)

was paid to health. Both the body and the environment were forgotten.

As a reward for this neglect, disease and death visited the palace and the hovel, alike, and claimed a heavy toll of human life.

Finally the dark and bitter winter of ignorance and neglect came to an end, and the spring of enlightenment began.

In England as late as 1858: "India is in revolt and the Thames stinks" were the two facts coupled together to mark the climax of a national humiliation.

From the stinking Thames and the fever nests (the beds where little white factory slaves slept in relays) was born the public health movement.

What is public health? Public health is the sum total of individual health.

It is up to us. Each and every one of us must guard our health as a miser guards his gold. Because one's usefulness, one's capacity to do good work in the world is seriously lessened by poor health, the health must be guarded.

The individual who neglects his health is a traitor to himself at any time; and a traitor to his country in war time.

Let us improve the quality of our health that we may be fit, in this time of emergency, to "live most and serve best."

Miss Lillian Guidry.

Some daffynitions:

Honesty: fear of being caught. Good sport: one who will always let you have your own way.

Pessimist: one who sees things as they are.



Dedicated to the Minority Club this week, this column will consist of our notable males who are outstanding for certain articles of wearing apparel. Most outstanding seems to be that ultra-loud plaid shirt of Creasy's. You can even hear that shirt coming up the street! Not to be outdone, Douglas Denniston, with equal good (?) taste, blossomed out in another plaid shirt. One of his favorite outfits, which is well-known to all the art school, is his green smock (which smelled most peculiarly of Yankee Clover one week). We've missed that bright and cheery green beret of Douglas' this year. Bring it out of the mothballs, chum, and hail us all again!

Kenny Rowe wears that cute red tie all the time. How about it gals, cute Kenny, eh what?

Don't forget Mr. Wood's purple tux and his red and yellow sweater.

The perfectly-groomed Tom Dobyns always in tie and coat . . . can't imagine Tom in any of those art-y work clothes. Maybe it's nice to be taking Music!

Ted Turner is another always-neat-looking person. We love his tan sleeveless sweater.

Syd Orr's inevitable blue coat and odd colored pants are always just Syd. Ulysses Desportes is always well-known in his black sweat shirt. Edgar Mallory's trade mark is his white (?) beer jacket. We ought to all autograph it and mess it up for him.

Clyde's turtle neck sweater is a popular and familiar sight. Oscar all dressed up in pajamas went out for a snack. Is this to be a popular fad? (No doubt some of the girls had already used that idea before too. . . . all camouflaged with a reversible.)

Missing lately is that familiar mustache of Jens Jenson. Without it he doesn't look quite all there. Are mustaches clothes? Well, almost!

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