

Glee Club Sang At Ashland Tuesday

Special Numbers Given

Another of the several professional appearances which it has given this year was presented in Ashland on Tuesday night by the Glee Club under the direction of Mrs. Helen Rhodes.

The performance was given in the chapel of Randolph-Macon College to members of one of the circles of the Ashland Presbyterian Church.

The entire Glee Club sang several numbers. They opened with two Schumann numbers, "The Gypsies" and "The Lotus Flowers." Their second group included Star of The Night, The Bells of St. Mary's, and Allah's Holiday.

Alice Garabedian sang two solos, and a trio, composed of Lee Meredith, Mary Rowlett, and Marian Rosser sang "I Would That My Love." Alice Garabedian and Mary Cosby also sang a duet.

The piano soloist for the occasion was Mrs. Annette Talman who played two selections.

Mrs. Hilda Carson, a former pupil of Mrs. Rhodes and member of the R. P. I. Glee Club, was in charge of the program. The program was received with a great deal of enthusiasm by the audience.

CAMPING TRIP

On the week-end of May 9 and 10, the Organized Camping class will sponsor a school-wide camping trip to Swift Creek. All members of the faculty and student body are invited to attend and to bring a date.

Transportation, three meals, and overnight shelter are furnished for \$1.50 per person. The fee must be paid to Marge Buhr, Louise Simpson, or Mary Gibson by May 1. A representative will be in the front hall at twenty minute period until May 1 to collect the money from those who want to go on the trip.

Activities will include swimming, hiking, softball, a song contest, sleeping, or anything else that you might want to do.

The trip will start at 2:30 on Saturday and will return at 5:00 on Sunday. All students who plan to go are asked to remember that the \$1.50 must be paid by May 1.

FROM NOW ON!

April 24—"Carmen." Mosque.
April 25—"Daughter of the Regiment." Mosque.
April 25—Defense Dance, Gym.
May 2—Cotillion Club Spring Formal, Virginia Room; John Marshall Hotel.
May 6—Fashion Show.
May 8—Annual May Fete.
May 9-10 — Over-night camping trip.
May 15 — Junior-Senior Banquet and Dance.

Plans for Fashion Show Are Announced

The annual Fashion Show, to be presented by the Clothing Construction students under the direction of the students of the school of Store Service, will take place on the West Lawn at 4:00 o'clock on the afternoon of May 6.

Student chairman of the show is Marcia Freeman. Phyllis Knight is chairman of the costume committee the members of which are Louise King, Margaret Murcheson, and Jane Lee. The in-school publicity committee is headed by Nina Sproul, and is composed of Eleanor Haselgrave, Jane Jones, and Mrs. Josephine Hyde. Out-school publicity is in charge of Marie Benkert, with Minnie Lee Ryan, Elizabeth Bader as assistants. Virginia Sauer heads the music committee. Chairman of the staging and rehearsals is Nancy Chambers, with Corrine Lamborn, and Mary West as assistants.

Morning, afternoon, and evening clothes, which have been made by members of the Clothing Construction classes will be modeled by the girls. Spring and summer fashions will constitute most of the costumes to be worn, and the girls are planning some lovely original designs.

DEFENSE BALL

Another in the series of Defense Dances to be given at R. P. I. will take place in the gym on Saturday, April 25, from nine until 12 o'clock.

Under the sponsorship of the Athletic Association, service men from near-by camps will be entertained by members of the student body. As usual, the price of admission is 25 cents for each girl, whether she comes stag or drag.

Members of the Athletic Association under the leadership of Helen Jonscher are working out plans for another successful dance.

All students are invited to attend and to bring a date—just be sure he's in uniform!

Cotillion Dance, May 2

The Cotillion Club's second formal dance of the year will be held at the John Marshall Hotel on Saturday night, May 2, when members of the club will entertain their guests at the annual Cotillion Spring Formal.

Committee chairmen appointed by the club's president, Nancy Chambers, are: Hotel arrangements, Virginia Hale and Hope Wold; Bids, Nancy McCutcheon and Mary Gemmill; Music, Rowena Crippen and Eugenia Hardy; Flowers, Harriett Scott.

Dancing will begin in the Virginia Room of the hotel at 9:00 o'clock and will continue until 12:00. Officers of the club, Nancy Chambers, Phyllis Goldman, Verne McDowell, Phyllis Knight, and Virginia Hale, and their sponsor, Mrs. Chalkley, will be in the receiving line.

The bids for the dance will be available at the end of this week. Each member is to have one date bid, and one stag bid, and there will be a guest list.

Members must pay their second semester dues by May 1.

Dr. Martin's

Article Printed

Dr. Mabel Martin, of the Psychology department, is the author of an article, "When Is Play Not Play," which has been published in the current issue of *Mental Hygiene* magazine, now being issued.

Articles by Dr. Martin have appeared in many of the nations leading scientific and medical journals. She has for a number of years written the article on Psychology for the New International Yearbook.

Dr. Martin will attend the mental hygiene program which is being given this week at the Hotel Jefferson, in Richmond.

Lecture On Bomb

Students and faculty members of R. P. I. enjoyed and profited a great deal from a lecture-demonstration on "Extinguishing Incendiary Bombs" which was held in room A of the Administration Building on Thursday night.

The lecture, which was arranged by the Richmond Office of Civilian Defense, was given by Captains Starnell and Sweeney of the City Fire Department.

The subject of the lecture, which was illustrated by stereoptican slides, is a timely one and while we all hope we will not need the information included, we should follow a standard of preparedness.

Fifty-Five Students Return From N. Y.

Annual Trip Made By Art and Dramatic Groups

Fifty-five art and dramatic students, alumnae, and faculty members returned Tuesday morning from a four-day trip to New York. The annual trip was made this year by bus, and the students stayed at the Plymouth Hotel while in the city.

Visits to art museums, Radio City, a number of plays, and art galleries, and sightseeing trips took up the major part of the full week-end.

Students of the Costume Design classes were taken on a tour of the McCall Fashion Company by Mrs. Mundy, and they, as well as others on the tour, visited the leading department stores in New York. A number of students also attended broadcasts, including the Philip Morris program on Friday night.

Those who went on the trip were: Sarah Brockenbrough, Margaret Budina, Louise Lord, Lib Cox, Dorothy Simon, Sankie Hutchinson, Jane Moore, Nancy Parsons, Mary Sue Moore, Dorothy Hammond, Custis Brooks, Mary Gene Shelby, Phyllis Goldman, Grace Worrell, Charlotte Imberg, Elizabeth Beck, Shirley Ross, Jack Creasy, Mary Kayhoe, Louis Whitley, Harriet Kelly, Marjorie Scales, Mary Ferebee, Ann Doerschuck, Jane Quinn, Edith Goldstein, Kenneth Rowe, Ruth White, Florence Beasley, Marian Welch, Jane Ball, Margaret Lewis, Mary Garvey, Mary Gemmill, Doris Douglas, Garland Hughes, Elinor Beach, Frances Cosby, Farrell Stubbs, Anne Morgan, Marilyn Blum, Betsy Williams, Bettie Tucker, Elayne Goldman, Jane Hilbish, Margaret Greene, students; Mr. Raymond Hodges, Mrs. Hazel Mundy, Mr. Asa Watkins, and Miss Adelaide Sneed, of the faculty; Ethel Saville, Nell Blaine, and Lucille Britton, alumnae; and the Misses Mary and Martha Williams.

819 ELECTS OFFICERS

The second election of dormitory officers for the school year 1942-1943 was held on Monday night in 819. Sankie Hutchinson, who served this year on the inter-collegiate council, was elected president.

Elise Lee Meredith is the senior representative, Margaret Greene is junior representative, and Jean Buck is the temporary sophomore representative.

THE PROSCRIPT

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FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1942

Navy Benefit Show

The advent of the Navy Benefit Show at the Mosque on Wednesday night brought to the attention of many Richmonders the varied uses to which the purchase of United States War Stamps can be put. For that performance, the purchase of \$1.00 worth of War Stamps entitled the purchaser to a ticket for the show. No mere home-talent show was that one, by the way. For, the Metropolitan's favorite, Miss Helen Jepson, was the star of the performance. Other features of the entertainment were splendid numbers by the University of Richmond Glee Club, and various other musical organizations of the city.

For some time we have printed items concerning the way in which similar purchases of War Stamps have been used to advantage in colleges throughout the country. Admission to dances, plays, and athletic contests has been given to those who bought a certain amount of stamps. In some cases, even, the girls have been sent corsages of defense stamps which took the place of the more sentimental token of flowers.

Wouldn't it be a good idea for some similar plan to be used at one of R. P. I.'s defense dances? The 25c fee usually charged would buy a War Stamp which would help our government and the purchaser as well. Of course, a little money is always necessary to put on such an entertainment. We'd like to suggest, though, that some club who really wishes to help out in the War Effort make it a requirement that in addition to the 25c fee a 10—or 25c War Stamp be presented at the door for admission.

Posters, editorials, and pleas of all sorts have moved many patriotic Americans to purchase these stamps which help to insure their own as well as their government's security. No such plan, however, has been tried at R. P. I.

From press notices received periodically from Washington, the members of the staff have become aware of the need of such purchases by the student population of the country. We cannot depend entirely upon our elders to finance the War for us. And, surely, 10 or 25c out of our weekly allowance isn't too much to ask, now and then, for Uncle Sam.

Won't one of you clubs or organizations try our plan? We're sure it will meet with the approval of your drags in uniform as well as your Uncle Sam.

The Home Stretch

Well, we're heading into the home stretch, now, with only a few weeks left before good old graduation time comes around again. We all have term papers, and books, and books, and term papers to get out of the way before the final day of reckoning. And, with spring coming along so disadvantageously (it always does, doesn't it?) we're all paying more attention to nature, in its various forms, than to school.

If there are a few little things that you've always wanted to do in college—like acting in a play, or writing for the newspaper, or sponsoring some sports or social event—now is the time for action. Seniors, your days are few among us. And we know how busy you are. (Even the poor little freshmen, sophomores, and juniors are busy, nowadays.) But, don't let your college careers

come to an end without satisfying at least one of those "suppressed desires."

Let's all go "all out" for R. P. I. in the next few weeks and make the conclusion of this semester one of the most successful and happiest that the school has ever known!!

SELECTED

"I often wonder," a married man told me, "if I'm living with the same wife I had ten or fifteen years ago. She doesn't look the same and I don't believe she has a single idea that she had when I originally started going out with her. Her tastes are all different even to the kind of clothes she likes. Of course, her physical self has changed completely, because we're said to have an entirely new body every seven years. So if her body, ideas, habits, tastes, clothes and appearance have changed, just what is the same? I don't think she's the same woman at all. But if

not, who is she.—F. C. Kelly, in Cornet Magazine.

Psychologically I should say that a person becomes an adult at the point when he produces more than he consumes or earns more than he spends. This may be at the age of eighteen, twenty-five, or thirty-five. Some people remain unproductive and dependent children forever and therefore intellectually and emotionally immature.—Henry C. Link.

One of the easiest things to understand, yet the hardest to learn, is that the time to save money is when you've got some.—Grit.

FOR VICTORY



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Creas Spots . . .

Sometimes I seriously wonder if New York doesn't teeter on its foundations just a little bit when the Art Students League entourage is unleashed on the streets of that immense fair ground. Quickly though, the fifty-two odd persons are gulped up by the silken, satin, and sometimes ragged mass of humanity which makes up greater New York City, and petite Southern accents and saddle shoes disappear as if by a series of quick, noisy erasures.

Just being in the big city impresses one with many things. Mainly, that the best things are the cheapest: subway and ferry boat rides at odd hours, the greatest collection of art in existence, the ever-fascinating cavalcade that is its people, the lights, and the million odd shows performed at all hours and on any street corner.

After a weekend in New York, one is prepared for ANYTHING. Take this business of hair, for example. One automat boasts a cashier with absolutely maroon hair. Other shades include an off-carrot, a combination of golden brown and black and grey, etc. The climax was female with a light blue "wig". The hair, it seems, accompanies the odd twists of personality, for private quarrels are carried on en toto on the busiest corners, psychopathic cases exercise their mental undoing for everyone's benefit, and customers demand all the comforts of home from the poor, harassed waitresses in the greatest collection of restaurants imaginable.

New York is human, though, and everyone is snobbishness-less. Any individual there is eager to talk to one, it seems, and class and race prejudices melt in the faces of people being thrown together in the same exciting setting. Most memorable was the woman in the silver foxes on the Staten Island ferry. We had been tardy disembarking on the trip over, and before going through the turnstiles again and paying another nickel, were caught in the crowd and so just turned and got back on the boat without paying a second time. The lady with the foxes suddenly appeared from nowhere, and with a particularly complacent smile on her face, murmured, "We did the same thing, too!"

Fortunately, we managed a smooth trip, finding splendid and unusual spots to dine, good seats at highly entertaining shows, and visits with old and esteemed friends.

It's funny how one can run into friends in the big city. For instance we were delighted to see

ARTISMS

Or

Out of The Frying Pan Into The Dump

One bright spring morning the Advanced Life Class found themselves without any model, and not much class; but they didn't give up; they set out on a sketching expedition, and can you guess where they landed? At the city dump! (Oh, no, they went there of their own volition.) And they liked it so much that they've been there ever since, comfortably esconced amid the papers and tin cans and that sweet perfume that comes along with spring—and dumps! It is really a grand place to paint, and there is so much there that one spends the whole morning (of which there isn't very much when you walk there and have to walk back to an eleven-forty-five class) trying to decide what to do. Because of all the smoke from the train-yards below, there doesn't seem to be much color, so there's plenty of room for exercising the imagination. I think the best part of all is that I don't have to put up and take down any drapes, or all any poses, or even pay any models. I'd feel funny paying a dump . . .

One of these days, Mr. W. W. Walker is going to wake up and find that he has turned into a dining-room table, or a kitchen stove. He lives, moves, and has his being in furniture these days, and Fate is going to catch up with him. Not that we don't like to do furniture!!!

What black-headed palette-pal recently divulged that he considered it perfectly all right to two-time your girl, if you can afford it???

While we're small-talkin', what was that remark of Helen Rice's in Advertising the other day about being lonesome? She says she wants some lovin'! All right, boys, that's a challenge!

This Week's Whine: In this kind of weather, I'd much rather go out to paint. In fact, I'd much rather go out.

While Mirta was in Advertising the other day, she was working (?) on a scratch-board, and everybody around started being so catty that she scratched too deep. Consternation reigned.

The Saturday Culinary Circle was greatly chagrined last Saturday to discover that they aren't making their lemon pie mix any more in chocolate flavor. It takes too much sugar, the grocery stores report. They had to make caramel penuche instead.

220 down, and 47 to go, people!

a former alumni of R. P. I. in the Metropolitan Museum, who had an hour between trains which she spent amid the things she thought were beautiful. And then there was the excited voice of one of our inmates who yelled from a restaurant doorway as we passed by. Other run-ins occurred on Park Avenue, in Mack's and on the subway.

With feelings dampened by a slightly terrific bounce back, our

people were eager enough to get back to R. P. I. and nice comfortable beds. Things will no doubt settle down ultimately, and New York will not make any immediate beckonings—until another spring, and another trip rolls around. Until then, one can easily take the initiative in any conversation—relating in delicious detail the momentous things that were crowded into the weekend of April 18, 1942.

Sport Sparks . . .

TENNIS

The tennis team is in full swing now. The tournament has begun and is creating a lot of excitement. Virginia Vanni, the manager, urges all participants to play immediately to keep the squad in action. The first game is scheduled with Thomas Jefferson for the 29 of April.

ARCHERY

The archery squad went into action Friday with a very large attendance. If enough interest is created, matches with other schools will be scheduled. Shirley Ammons is the new manager replacing Bessie Peterson.

BOWLING

The Bowling Club's attendance has dropped considerably. Try to join the bowlers Wednesday afternoon for some real fun.

SOFTBALL

Due to the fact that no field is available, the softball team will practice indoors until one can be obtained.

MODERN DANCE CLUB

Official members of the dance group were named last week. The members are: Kathleen Bakeman, Marie Boecherer, Betty Donahue, Patty Guerrant, Frances Helm, Bessie Peterson, Doris Pierce, and Dare Shirley. The club is planning several recitals to be given this spring.

SUNBATHING

A new past-time, though not exactly a sport, has come with spring. Vinegar bottles, coca colas, and red sunbathers can be seen almost any day on the roof of 827. Ginny Hale, Verna McDowell, and others, are getting their exercise by calmly spending hours in the sun . . . and emerging with red faces, legs, arms, and so on! . . .

Now that spring is here, arrows are flying, tennis balls are rolling across Franklin Street, and the music of the modern dance group is filling the air, you're all beginning to think of the great outdoors. So, come out for some of our sports and get in on the fun!

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Well, here I am, waiting on the street corner, looking all around with my little binoculars for somepin' interestin' to do... (if I dood it, I dit a whipping... I dood it!! *— apologies to Red Skelton.)

And, first on my search for good juicy dirt are none other than that pitiful-looking crew which staggered back to school on Tuesday morning... whipped, but, oh boy... did they ever see ole N. Y. ... and I mean there wasn't a stone left unturned... "oh yes, we did see some art work, I think..."

Flash!! ... talk about love sweeping the country... sho' nuf has hit this school with a whiz-bang... those who are contemplating the next summer or fall for tying that knot are none other than... Marcia Freeman, Zee des Champs, Lois Whittlesley, Jane Jones, Mary E. Harris, and Ada Christianson, Louise Simpson... of course, I reckon there's plenty more that I ain't heerd of yet... but piles of luck 'n stuff to you'all cute things!!!

"Anchors Away" ... and, off goes the Navy... so, poor Sankie is now pinning away... well, gal, Oscar will write you soon... don't worry.

and, here, my children, is a lush tid-bit... who was Tom Dobbins askin for a date with... it sho' nuf wasn't a brunette lass!

Who were the two cute gals who dashed off to another smooth week-end to W. and L.??? we'll stop the suspense... Jackie Wheeler and Marj. Buhr... getting to be a habit, eh??

Jane Quinn plus loving... and what do you have...??? a dog-gone o. k. duo... um-m-m.

"Fran" Danto and Ralph of the massive Camp Lee are really doing nifty... and, oh, yes... she's added a new picture to her rogues gallery... my, my!

Package from Honolulu... for Miss Caroline Smith... and what do ya know... a hula-hulu grass skirt with all the divine trimmings... come on, baby, give us a shake or two... woo-woo!!

Who did I spy at the Phi Chi House last Sat eve??? none other than Marshall Hawthorne, Barbara Peterson, Carter Greene, Thelma Crosby, Peggy Brinton, Jean Williams... and a host of other representatives form our domain... oh, boy... well, one must keep up the moral...

Seen in the past few days... being frightfully chummy... and, you know... were...

DORMITORY LIFE—SOME PLACES

(The Louisville Courier-Journal Sunday Magazine has amazing ideas about life in a coed's dormitory. We thought you might enjoy some of their astounding conclusions.)

"Rah rah! Sizz! Boom Bah!" Nope, you're wrong. That's not the way a coed begins her day. She sticks one toe out from under the cover to see if it is cold. If it is (it nearly always is), she rolls over and sleeps for another fifteen minutes, usually missing her breakfast.

There's one thing about life in a college dormitory. It's never dull... When it comes to more entertaining spots, they're easy to find on any campus. The book store usually leads the list. (They sell very few books.) It's the place to meet friends and loaf, or to have the breakfast you've slept through. Usually just off the campus you can find the Inn, Sweet Shop, or drug store that is the college hangout. It's chief attraction is the juke box and there the rug cutters and hep cats, the smoothies and the wolves assemble.

At Floggie Hall all the girls have to stay in on Wednesday nights. As a result Wednesday has become the traditional bath night. The dorm becomes a place filled with females, all of them with wet heads and in curlers. Laundry facilities are practically non-existent so the bathrooms are converted into rivers where young women in robes wade about and rinse out a few pieces. The pieces in question are then carried back to the rooms of their respective owners and draped artistically on registers or anything else that happens to be handy.

But the labor has only begun, for it's still a little unconventional even in colleges, to wear unironed clothes. If you have a roommate who's a plutocrat she may own an ironing board; otherwise you'll be obliged to use the community one that stands in the end of the hall. If she does have an ironing board there's always the problem of where to put it. You can't put it under the bed because all of your summer shoes and your trunks and baggage are there, and you can't put it in the closet because if you open the door everything falls out. Anyway, you couldn't find it when you needed it next time if you put it there.

If you're a good sport, a swell egg, just one of the gang, your clothes will see a good many backs besides your own in the course of four years. You'll think nothing of it when your solitude is interrupted by a knock and a voice says, "Open up." Wondering who it is you reply, "Fall in," and she does, gushing rapidly, "Listen Thing, I've got a date for tonight and I wondered if I could wear that old corroded sweater your mother sent you last week." She gets her breath and indicates the new sweater that's your pride and joy. But you're a good fellow so you smile and say yes.

A clothes line is a handy thing. When pangs of hunger overtake a girl after the doors are locked she leans out a window and hails a passing male. If he is a gallant soul he goes off in haste and returns with hamburgers or some other edible which she can draw up with the aid of the rope.

The midnight feast simply can't be beaten for tops in dormitory entertainment... with the aid of candles (the lights had gone out) two of the girls were deftly making thick sandwiches and piling them on a tray while others sat about the room when the sound of footsteps told the girls the dean of women was approaching. With amazing presence of mind one girl rolled under the bed with the tray of sandwiches and the other picked up a Bible and a candle, and motioned us to kneel around her. Silently the dean used her pass key and was greeted with the not too familiar sight of a prayer meeting, so she slipped away. The sandwiches were produced from under the bed and the party was carried on as if there had been no interruption.

To be campused is the greatest woe that can befall a coed. It means no dates. No trips to town, nothing except staying in her room and studying.

A yarn that's credited to almost every college is the one about the girls who planned a party in one of their rooms... how to get the boys in their room was the problem. Sheets were tied together and hung out the window. The girls waiting in the window heard someone scaling their improvised ladder and soon saw a shining bald pate. The excited girl who held one end of the sheets wrapped around a bed post turned loose and the gentleman descended more quickly than he came. The next morning the president of the college limped into chapel with the aid of two canes.

Ann Walker... and her tall soldier boy... Andy; Tootie and Red... um-m-m... interesting; Frances Gregory... and Bill... ah, but it all ends much too soon... and so must we close this screwy epistle... ta, ta.

SENIOR SPOTLIGHTS

ALMA McCANN, she of the nimble fingers, takes our first spotlight. Although Alma is well known as the past housepresident of Founders Hall, and for her bubbling sense of humor, she will probably be remembered longest for the many entertaining moments she has given us from her piano. Being just a country gal from Walkers, Virginia, Alma says she likes going barefoot better than anything she knows, and hates shoes worse than most anything she knows. When looking for "Mac" you'll find her with Dela or Oscar or both.

FLORENCE MACKLER, Florida's own specialty next enters our revue of seniors. "Flo" is quite definite in her dislikes which are self-centered, condescended people and the "missing link". She likes pickles, dogs, horses, and last, but definitely not least, tall, blond, blue-eyed men. When asked what she desired in the future, "Flo" gave her personality smile and said, "Although I'm a 'lab tech' major, I want to marry a tall blond, and live on a large farm and raise dopy horses and kids." More power to you, "Flo".

Yippee, and here comes that rarity, a mountaineer who has never been charged with murder, SIDNEY OTIS ORR. This friendly boy from Big Stone Gap has won the hearts of all R. P. I. with his cheerfulness, his dependability, and his warm-hearted generosity. His baggy trousers and loud socks are a familiar scene on the campus, and we all envy his toothpaste smile, which he attributes to the fact that he only has seven toothbrushes. Sid likes to work with his hands and his ambition is to become an industrial designer. His one dislike seems to be women smoking. He must like his females feminine.

MARIE PIETRI, or "Billy" as many of her friends know her, is one of our fine art majors. She is away from the campus so much on her field work, that most of us know her best as president of the Art Students League. This quiet, dark-haired little girl, is quite a sculptor, and hopes to keep on with her work after graduation. She hopes to get a position doing museum work, with sculpture as her avocation. Her chiefest interest is in Uncle Sam's army doing his bit for us all.

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