

Naylor Urges Active Musical Interests

**Proves Musicians Interesting;
Wants Civic Orchestra**

Many of us think of musicians as either teachers who count time as they plod away at finger exercises for the piano, or as strange human beings who practice for long hours to produce the beautiful music that this world needs and yet often seems to appreciate so very little. Musicians are interesting people. There is one proof of this fact on our own campus here at R. P. I.

In the new and spacious building on the corner of Park Avenue and Shaffer Street, one of our most interesting professors may be found. He is Dr. William S. Naylor of Dayton, Ohio, who came to us in 1941 to be head of the Richmond Conservatory of Music. Dr. Naylor received his B. M. and Master of Music degrees from the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music during the years 1922 to 1927. After studying for one year, he received his B. M. degree; then during the remaining five years he taught and at the same time studied for his masters degree in theory and piano. Also, for two years during the summers he had charge of the Extension Branch of the Cincinnati Conservatory in Columbus, Ohio. Dr. Naylor, during this time, had a very unusual experience for both musician and men alike; he lived on the campus of a girls convent during the summer.

For twelve years, he was Director of Music at Judson College in Alabama. He then received his Doctorate of Music after five years of study and one year residency at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York.

Dr. Naylor's pet theory in music teaching is the practice of what he calls "debunking" the course in music. In this he shows the student that all musical development has its foundation in sound ideas. He thinks too that people who like music should develop their own musical interests, and not merely be satisfied by listening to music produced by their artists. One gets more out of music if he tries to express it himself. Public school music today is helping this greatly by having youngsters become interested in producing their own vocal and instrumental music. Dr. Naylor thinks there is a serious problem in Richmond in regard to music. There are musical

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Retailers Busy In Many Types of Work

The Richmond Retail Institute, under the leadership of Miss Viola Leonard and sponsored by the Department of Adult Education of the Richmond Public Schools is receiving a great deal of help from the store service students, Miss Shockly and Mrs. Worsfold go with Miss Leonard to the Down Town Variety Stores to help with the classes. The students attended a preliminary business conference in Barton Height which is to be followed by a clinic for Business Managers under Miss Bell's direction. Miss McMillan with her able student assistants, Misses Burns, Brinton, and Magie, travel to the Department stores in South Richmond each Tuesday and Thursday. While Miss Roberts goes to the stores on West Cary Street with Mrs. Robertson and Miss Worrell, Misses Van Sant and Hawthorne are helping Mr. Kirkpatrick, buyer of shoes in Miller and Rhodes, in the class on Shoe Fitting and Selling. Miss Kayhoe and Miss Parsons are assisting none other than our own R. P. I. alumna, Helen Vogel in the Selling of Wartime fabrics. Miss Brinton is aiding in the Infants wear class. These various classes are offered by the Retail Institute to train employees in the new government regulation affecting the consumer. They all wear the "V" for Victory buttons with "Trained for Victory" printed on them.

The students, as assistants to the instructors, do various, sundry things, such as registering the employees for the classes, (Continued on page 3)

R. P. I. Students Visit Sanatorium

On Thursday, October 29, a field visit was made to the Pine Camp Tuberculosis Sanatorium by R. P. I. students interested in Public Nursing. The girls met at the central building of the institution and Miss Sue Filer, Superintendent of Nurses, showed them the in-and-outs. Dr. George A. Welchons, Medical Director, talked to the group about the work of the institution.

Senior Class Meets

There will be a very important Senior Class meeting Tuesday, Nov. 3, at the 20 minute period. A full attendance is requested.

Requirements For Graduation Formed

Full graduates of the Richmond Professional Institute shall be divided as follows by the administration:

1. Persons who receive the B. F. A., B. S., or B. M. degrees in the Richmond Professional Institute.

2. Persons who meet the requirements for a three-year professional certificate in one of the applied arts and who in addition to this have credit for one year of successful college work.

Students in either of these above described classes will be eligible to take part in Commencement exercises, to wear the cap and gown as seniors, and to receive their certificates or diplomas at Commencement exercises in June.

3. Transfer students who have had one or two years of academic work before entering the Richmond Professional Institute will be eligible to be seniors and to participate in the Commencement exercises of the Richmond Professional Institute in the year in which they completed three years of professional work.

4. Students who have one year of academic work plus one year of professional before entering the Richmond Professional Institute will be entitled to be seniors in the year in which they complete two years of professional work.

Students in Group 1 and 2 will be classified as seniors in the fall, provided they have 85 credits or the equivalent.

Therapists Form State Organization

On October 24, Virginia Occupational Therapists met at R. P. I. to discuss the organization of a state association. Since the use of Occupational Therapy has been spotty throughout the country they found it adamant to organize a state association to acquaint those sections of the country where it is unknown.

Because of the war and the acute lack of trained technicians the course is one of the three new ones being offered this year. Colleges and universities throughout the country are waking up to the need. The course is the only one offered in the South and with this new center of training and the new State Association to stand behind them in promotional work, the therapists hope to put O. T. on the map in Virginia and Virginia on the map in O. T.

A. S. L. Considers Layman Membership

**Asks For Vote
From Student Body**

The Art Students' League at the October 28 meeting considered the adoption of a democratic plan which opens membership to all students interested in art. According to it, their interest qualifies them. They do not need to take art classes or be experienced in drawing.

The League considers that if this plan applied to all art organizations today it would do away with much of the isolation which art receives; would do away with much of the cynicism with which the layman approaches profound movements and "periods" in art theories. It would also help to diminish the idea that artists are peculiar people. (Most of the best look like businessmen.) Also, art students need to associate with people of other departments. An interest for them in social work, dramatics, music, retailing, business, or nursing etc., would do much to broaden their scope and bring variety to their work.

Of course, the Art Students' League is not altogether serious-minded and has its moments of fun. But art is not altogether serious either, but can have wit and gaiety.

The League would like to have the opinion of the whole student body on the idea. It asks that all students fill out the form below or a facsimile and put it in The Proscript box in 901 or give it to one of the League officers. They are Phyllis Goldman, Sarah Brockenbrough, Barbare Peterson, Katherine LaBruce, and Kenneth Rowe.

I do, do not think it is a good idea to open League membership to all students.

Name

Reasons:

Nota Bene

Have you heard the sad tale of the pitiful dog contemplating suicide in the middle of fourth street. When a bright R. P. I. student offered him a hamburger, he changed his mind. How about that!

THE PROSCRIPT

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R. P. I. SPIRIT

There's Christmas Spirit . . . New Year's Eve Spirit . . . ("Bottled Spirit" but what about R. P. I. Spirit, gals (and not to leave out the male gender of our student body, Gentlemen!)? We are all gay when the 25th of December starts pushing its nose up on the calendar so why not spread a little of that enthusiasm and save yourself a few hand-overs and hick-ups from over-indulgence during the holiday season and convert it into good ole' R. P. I. . . . Rah! . . . Rah! Now if you haven't found any out-lets for a good boost for our "Collich" here are a few accepted cases when you can yell in public 'til your heart's content without having someone put a mute on your mouth. Now even though we have enough men in the school to make up a feet-ball team, plus a few subs, we cannot boast of a Wm. and Mary Extension grid-iron line-up . . . But . . . some of the more athletic gals of the school find a work out in basketball or hockey quite exciting and even more so if there is a routin' tootin' group of supporters on the side-lines. Well, maybe your toes do get cold and your lips blue but that doesn't exclude you 'cause there are plenty of other ways you can work off a little excess energy. If you like the social aspect of school then get hep' kids, 'cause R. P. I. can put on some right sharp dances . . . and if the Japs don't blast Pickett or Lee in the near future it will be safe to say that men won't be at too great a premium. Now don't think we are in a rut because we have loads of other social functions. For you bridge fiends one of the classes is always cooking up one of those little cut-throat hen parties. (Fashion note—"Come in an open throat dress with a back suitable for knifing"). They have food and prizes galore, you may even win the "booby" . . . If you are the dramatic type the Theatre Associates would be happy to send you on your Hepburn career; but if you have inclinations of being a critic then come on over and sit in back of the bright lights. YOUR opinion means pul-enty; it was produced for your enjoyment . . . Maybe you have right in there pulling but we need some pushin' too. How about those class meetings. It's pretty nice to help shape up the few ideas you know, so why not dust off the cob-webs and pitch in a few of your own bright ideas? . . . One of the biggest problems in this "Spiritualizing" movement is a take-off on "our good neighbor policy"—in other words let's all get to know each other. Miss Town Student meet Miss Dorm. Student. Lets throw down the "Welcome" mat and have a bunch of the "gals about Town" come over to the dorm and have a cup of tea—

SLEEP

By An Insomniac

Sleep is an adolescent habit you should learn to give up when you get to college. It is wasted time. What happens when you go to bed at night? Nothing! Sleep, therefore, is wasted.

Some people say they can't find time for all the things they would like to do, and yet these very people actually find time to sleep at night. Is that democratic? No!

What is the most painful habit that people have to perform? Without hesitation you will agree that it is getting up in the morning. The solution to this problem is so simple that it seems almost ludicrous—don't go to bed the night before.

This eliminates the daily torture of pushing off warm blankets and putting painstakingly—warm feet on to a cold hard floor. Thus no more hardships in the cold grey dawn.

Sometimes sleep spells the difference between success and failure. Agreed that before a mid-term, sleep is an un-necessary evil to be warded off by black coffee and brisk walks around the block. There is no better time than in the perfect still of the night to concentrate—even for the unconstratateables.

Who likes to make a bed? Nobody! And yet people who sleep at night must spend at least five minutes every day making their beds. In a week this amounts to thirty-five minutes, in a month, one hundred and forty minutes, in a year one thousand eight hundred minutes, and in four years of college, seven thousand two hundred minutes. Such a waste of time is undemocratic, especially in times of emergency! Youth in American Universities should set an example and stop all this going to bed at night.

Regardless of these arguments, if you still must doze a little every now and then—what are class rooms for anyway?

At a house meeting last Monday evening, called by the President, Marshall Hawthorne, 827 elected the freshman representative to the house council. Dotie Mills was chosen out of six nominees.

Day Student "Spot" Provides Fun

Soft strains flow languidly out from the room as all eyes are on the dancing couple. The world's most famous orchestras play here; the best known singers fill the air with their music, and it is the most frequented "spot" of R. P. I. . .

It is here that weary people come to relax, dance, gossip, sit, and forget their troubles . . . until class time rolls around again. "That's right . . . you're right!" It is the day students' room. Recently converted from the office of Raymond Hodges, head of the drama department, this formerly uninviting room has virtually become "home" to many.

Ask Katherine Curtis who finds it a swell substitute for her living room. Here she can dance to her heart's content without worrying about, literally, cutting the rug. Flash! There seems to be strong rivalry between Ann Edge and Helen Jonscher for "Curtis's" favor.

Also ask Mary Virginia Vanni. Why bother to miss your bed? Just curl up on the sofa, borrow a few coats, and go to sleep. Don't let singing, music, or gossiping keep you awake. It doesn't, Vanni.

And what has this room got that the old day students' room hasn't? It couldn't be the full length mirror, or the quiet atmosphere, for the almost forgotten dayroom across the way has these; so it must be June Tribbett's singing, Jane Cavan's dancing lessons, and the "vick". After almost throwing it out (the vick, not June and Jane), Jerry Field and Dick Gibbs got to work. Using the cabinet of the old victrola, these two—"supermen" took the works of a "juke box" and got a contraption all their own.

But it works in spite of the "permanent" needle the boys bought! The "permanent" needle is no more . . . it scratched too much. And where do all these records come from? Some from obliging people as Betty Fleming and Mary Elizabeth Raider, and (Continued on page 3)

er sumpin'. Who knows you might get a piece of fried chicken in return. Anyway lets abolish the line between students. United we stand, divided we fall! And listen you trolley riders if you are itching to have your name swabbed in printer's ink drop a little gossip morsel in the Proscript box in Ad. and sho' nuff you will be another sip in "the Saucer of Milk." If you would like something exclusive and can dig up enough dirt we would be more than happy to let you run a column of your own. So step up somebody with some potent ideas and let's get a line on you all.

Well kids I'm banking on you. Let's get out and show our colors.

—Normal Culler.

SAY!

The crisp air, the crunching of leaves underfoot, lights twinkling through the park at dusk, the symphony, frost and coffee at midnight . . . all speak the coming of the new season . . .

And the passing of the old . . . with its warm starry nights . . . the smell of suntan oil . . . iced tea . . . week-end plans . . . summer stock . . . sand in your hair . . . rowing on the river . . . moments of peace in this world of war . . .

In a world where love and joy and life walk side by side with hate and pain and death . . . where men are confused and helpless and despairing . . . the perfect beauty of the seasons serves to revive and refresh their sad and weary hearts . . . the autumn's flaming immolation of the summer . . . the melancholy of leafless trees . . . the silent sound of falling snow . . .

The "Hay Fever" cast in the manner of the words . . .

Darrell: "I love being difficult."

Shirlee: "I'm devastating, completely lacking in restraint." (Dear me . . .)

Virginia: "Ah luvcs cypresses; they're such saad wary trees."

Demie: "I guess bein' a dresser for so long 'as spoilt me eye for nudity."

Annie P. (of Forest Hill and Chelf's): "a self conscious vampire." (and it's just after Hal-lowe'en too!)

Stewart: "a young thing with hot hands."

Mary: "the poor girl looks half-witted." (Quoted from the script, Mary!)

Mr. Maloney: "I'm sure you could carry off anything." (Meant as a compliment, please note.)

Yours truly: "He's not dead; he's upstairs."

Hangover from the play . . .

Miss Sadowski: "Now mother, don't get angry."

Miss Omohundro: "Furious - sh'm.mad!"

The Women of the Week:

All of the very charming day students . . . who wear most attractive clothes . . . and who lead just as vital and exciting lives as do the dormbells . . . but whose goings and comings never seem to get chronicled by THE PROSCRIPT. Here's to you!

To look forward to: "Bluebeard by the Ballet Theatre Thursday night. Boy, he's a killer! The wear and tear by Anton Dolin on such lovelies as Irina Baronova and Alicia Markova, must be terrific . . . however, I suppose at least one of them get vengeance on this bedtime story Gable when her brothers come a-riding or whatever happens that makes her keep looking out of the window . . . I always



ART-ICLES

Or

I'm Tailor-tacking My Way Through College

"1359 tailor's tacks, 1360 tailor's tacks, 1361 tailor's tacks, 1362 tailor's tacks," etc. And on through the night. Honest, "Teach" has got us counting away our insomnia hours in tailor's tacks instead of the customary animal. Every little teeny-weeny pleat! Why, we heard the other day that a clothing student was overheard in the drug ordering a tomato and tailor's tacks sandwich. Soon our whole fashion department will move (or be moved) part and parcel down to Williamsburg—and we DON'T mean the College!

We were strolling unconcernedly down the alley (mews to you) the other day, behind a familiar figure. Investigation proved it to be Deedee Douglas, a conclusion we would soon have reached for ourselves, had we waited a moment For who else (who indeed?) would stop and climb up the ladder leaning against the Administration building, just to see where it went? By the way, Deedee, where DID it go?

Don't forget the A. S. L. weiner roast Friday night! Bring your date, or just bring yourself. The price? 25 cents each—straight.

WEEK'S WHINE. There goes our last hope! What's the Army got that we haven't got? (Answer: Selective Service!)

We asked Mr. Walker what would become of his beloved and highly individualized hat if he should get drafted into the service. He assured us that he would put it away carefully, so that he could resurrect it when he came back. Miss Peterson, ever optimistic about such matters, suggested that perhaps he had better just concentrate on bringing back a head to put under it.

The print class couldn't take it when they heard the roll of the drums and the beat of marching feet on Franklin Street the other day. With fourteen accords, they rose and streamed down the hall, with Mr. Bonds staying sadly behind saying, "You can't do this, you know!" But it was such a WONDERFUL parade! So many soldiers! So many horns! So MANY flags! We wish they'd have them every Saturday!

At the meeting of the Art Students League last week, Mrs. Pollard acting director of business and finance at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts spoke to the art students on the history and policy of the Museum. The talk was most interesting and informative, and the League hopes that she can come again sometime.

—Kitty LaBruce.

went to sleep along about that time.

Yours truly: (admiring Morgan's fur coat) "Do you trap your own animals?" Annie P.: "Yes, this is wolf."

Sights for sore eyes: Miss McCandless' new blue evening dress—amazing discovery—it's slit to the knee. . . Doris Douglas doing a Hepburn in her mannish attire . . . Miss Omohundro's collection of hats . . . A new topcoat in the drama department . . . the beautiful ring on Mrs Robin's right hand . . . O'Connor's tresses delightfully tangled . . .

Dear Anita: (passing a drug store with whistling boys) "Oh, that lovely sound."

Ah just luvcs the lovely people

Day Student

(Continued from page 2)

others from the pennies contributed by the students.

Of course the old day students' room is still used . . . occasionally. Only . . . and I repeat occasionally . . . when a student wants to study, and when lunch (wonderful time) rolls around. This room, like the other, has been painted and fixed with new furniture. The cushions for the window seats are among the most appreciated.

Hilda Steinberg

that hep me fill up mah column, ah do! Mah soul, Mr. Maloney, suh!

—Bob Watkins

DR. NAYLOR

(Continued from page 1)

cal affairs, but as yet there is no music really representative of the city itself; that is, we have no city orchestra or chorus.

Dr. Naylor is very interested in the development of the American composition. But to him swing and jazz have "no right to be called music." They have become professionalized and commercialized in Tin Pan Alley, and in this process have lost a valuable something that makes music important and lasting. Although he thinks swing is much too sophisticated, he believes that it has contributed to the development of instrumental and choral effects. Jazz has been responsible for some unusual effects in modern music.

Musicians have other interests too. Dr. Naylor enjoys hunting. He prefers the deep south for this sport rather than Virginia, but we have a sport of which he is a great fan—baseball. He not only enjoys the game from the bleachers, but also adds that he has participated in this all-American game.

Few of us are well acquainted with the music department unless we study in that field but, we can see from Dr. Naylor's background of study, teaching and directorship that he is a very valuable addition to our faculty as head of our new Richmond Conservatory of Music.

Retailers Busy

(Continued from page 1)

furnishing the publicity for the newspapers, writing and giving radio talks. Peggy Brinton took part in a radio skit last week written by Miss Van Sant on "Women in Selling." They arrange and present charts and posters, give skits in classes, and outline the work covered in classes. These are some of the very interesting tasks they have to do.

During the Retail Seminar last week Mr. DuVal, head of the Sugar Rationing Board in Richmond, discussed the why and how of rationing. After his talk the meeting was opened and the students entered into a round table discussion on rationing in general.

Everybody's Gone

To

CHELF'S

R. P. I. FAVORITE
HANGOUT

840 W. Grace Street

CHELF'S DRUG CASE No. V

"GOING UP"



By Doris Douglas

"What's the address of the hotel?" asked Penny.

"It's the Houston, down on East 12th, and not too elite an establishment either," replied her employer, Detective Paul Vence. "So far, all the investigation accomplished has been only that done by the house detective himself. When he phoned me a little while ago asking for my help, he mentioned that one of the bellhops had broken down, wanting to tell all. Let's hope that we get there before the fun begins."

He stopped the car for a signal light.

"That looks like that might be it over there on the corner," Penn indicated a drab, grey-stone, five-story building on the opposite side of the street.

"Yes, that's the place all right; well, we'll just swing around the circle and pull up in front." Detective Vence skillfully guided the red Chevrolet (adv.) thru the merging five o'clock traffic and pulled to a stop in front of the swinging portals of Hotel Houston; he helped Penny out of the car and escorted her into the small, over-furnished lobby.

"Ah, Mr. Vence, I believe?" A pompous, bald-headed gentleman in his late fifties came round the desk to greet him. "I'm the house detective; Murray's the name."

"Very glad to meet you, Mr. Murray," acknowledged Vence and then introduced his secretary. "Shall we start right away?"

"Yes, let's. As I told you on the telephone, the girl's body was found in the coal bin and had evidently been there since early morning. Our janitor found her there around six A. M., and as soon as he told the owner, Mr. Trock and me, we all began looking around."

The house detective explained some further points and then showed Paul and Penny around the ground floor and basement. After examining the blood stains in the freight elevator, they returned to the front desk, where they were joined by Trock and an agitated, chain-smoking, young looking bellhop.

"You're Mr. Vence, ain'tcha?" asked the boy, turning and nervously coughing.

"Yes, I am."

"Well, I've got a lot to get off my mind—I know who killed Miss Blane; it was Trock, right

DEAR MA,

Hickok's finally into swing since SUE LOEMAN got a ring. Congrats to such a cute ole gal. It helps to raise our house morale.

SHIRLEY COLLINS wants one too. TIFFANY or 5 and 10 will do. Let's give BILL a gentle hint. And let it have a pretty glint.

Next comes MARY CHURCHILL WALKER.

Come on KEN don't be a balker. Put it on her left fourth finger. It's not the time right now to string her.

In arts and crafts our House excels.

Talk of rings, have you seen PAT BELL's?

He won't have to give her his. She'll make it hers if 'cause she's a whiz.

Come on SCHOCKLEY you can get one.

The more the merrier. It can be

there! I saw him do it. He would—

"Now just a minute, son; let's go in here and talk this over (echoes from Judge Hardy.) No use becoming so upset." Vence motioned to Penny to follow as he and the bellhop went into the manager's office.

"...Have a cigarette and try to think a bit more clearly about what you're going to say." Paul offered his package and pulled out a chair for the boy.

"Thanks, Mr. Vence. I'm perfectly all right, and I know what I'm saying. It's all the truth sir, and the only reason I didn't tell the police or Murray or anyone sooner is because I was afraid of what Mr. Trock might do to me. He hates me as much as I dislike him. He's a so—"

"That'll do. Go on with your story."

"Okay, I getcha. Along about 3 a. m. this morning I had to show a late arrival to his room, and on my way back down, I passed by Miss Blane's room. It's on the third floor; she's a good looking dame, too."

"Yes, yes, continue," interrupted Paul.

"Well, as I said, I passed by her room; the door was standing open and I could see inside. Mr. Trock was standing over her body; he was stabbing her with a letter opener or something. I saw him do it! I got scared and ran all the way downstairs as the regular elevators stop running after two." He paused, took a strong draw on his cigarette, and then resumed. "I didn't know exactly what to do, sir; I thought about calling the police or notifying Mr. Murray, but finally

DIGGINS' Or Slinging the Dirt

Keep a diggin' down dirty lane after Connie College gal is the maxim for this undesirable collection of remarks. However, we aren't full fledged scavengers so we might throw in a bit of non dust.

Bits of you name it: Minatures without an engagement is definitely copesetic says alluring Parsons. Uncle Sam's mail system should do a bit of collecting from the marriage bureau, since Ruth White obtains proposals via letter. Does this have any significance with the wings? Stop and notice: The frat pin that has been so carefully protected since hung on Fuqua—More power to Stuart Circle vs William and Mary! And when murmuring about those ladies in white Mary Beth Cole appears with her train ride romance, connected with orange blossoms and satin. Sighs and more sighs thrown in with a few more wonderful, pictures Dotty Price and never ceasing enthusiasm over that Sergeant from Camp Pickett. At this point Lacey has the diamonds fishing on the unattachable right hand. Someone has really put explosives on the acquaintance between Ruth and Dub,—and so we have cupid appearing again. Congratulations goes to Dottie Mills on her new reign as Freshmen representative to House Council for Founders Hall. Dottie isn't a bad looker either.

Peering between the keyhole we get a glimpse of a non descript party with non descript refreshments—how 'bout it, you lassies of third rear?

done.
ED calls around the house enough.
Come on SCHOCKLEY don't call it bluff.

SWEETIE too, has been plained awhile

Why can't BOB get into style? Surely now's the time to sprung Out of a box a diamond ring.

ANN LUCY's ahead of all
She got engaged this fall
February's the knotting date
Until that time we'll have to wait.
—Elsie.

went back upstairs to see if I could see anything else. The door was still open and Trock was sitting in the room, just staring at the body—he must've been that way all the while, cause it was almost five o'clock by that time. Well, he saw me looking in, so called me inside and made me help him carry her to the freight elevator. He made all kinds of threats, sir, and made me promise I'd keep my mouth shut about what happened. We tried to hide the body in the coal bin, but the janitor discovered it when he came in."

"I see."

Vence stood for a few seconds in silent thought and then stepped to the door, motioning to Trock and the house detective.

"Your bellhop in there has just made a beautiful attempt at an accusation against you, Trock, but he slipped up and signed his own confession instead. You better hold him for murder."

WHERE DID THE BELLHOP ERROR?

Ricky and Dela went trucking in proud fashion as they trip the light fantastic with O. C. S. cadets in the Virginia Room. And speaking of O. C. S., many fair damsels of these portals appear, but Rutherford shines out in brilliant colors as she throws her heart to the Army—Now say that isn't a fair statement when Doug is there too?

Ann Powell seems to have had a wonderful time at Hampden-Sydney last week-end with her old flame Bagley—Ann, what's Dave going to say? Roberta Trow deserted us this past week-end for Washington AND Baltimore—it seems that traveling was no problem for at least one person—or was it??? Sankie was all a flutter Monday—that's right Oscar was in town. It seems that Ruth Putzel can't get away from William and Mary—Extension or no Extension.

As our muscles grow tired and we lean on our shovels like the W. P. A.'s, we decide to lay the picks and the tools away and call it a day.

Compliments of

MAPLE INN

HOT POP CORN
OFF THE GRIDDLE
TO YOU AT



Ray's 5 & 10c Store

Across from Lee Theatre

Compliments of

Murphy's Restaurant