

Victory Dance To Be Held

The International Relations Club has chosen Victory as the theme to be carried out at its annual ball November 27, 1942. The music for this gala occasion will be supplied by Barney Abrams and his entire orchestra. Dorothy Burill, Chairman of the dance, has announced that numerous prizes will be given, and surprises are in store for all who attend. The club began its campaign for the raffelling of \$1.00 (one dollar) worth of defense stamps on Thursday, November 5 - chances will be sold for \$.05. The winner of the raffle will be drawn at intermission, and if present will be presented with the defense stamps by one of our guest service men. However, should the winner be unable to attend, the prize will be mailed.

This year, because of the various rationing programs (evening dresses included) those tripping the light fantastic will be attired in informal dress with the one exception of saddle shoes. It looks like an interesting evening and should prove to be an exciting one as well. Watch your Proscript for future details.

Senior Class Discusses Ring

The Senior Class has started its most important year with a bang - At the last meeting held November 3, the much discussed subject of school rings was once more brought to the attention of the class. Many students prefer William and Mary rings, but as most of us know, that is impossible. The Richmond Professional Institute wishes to have a design of its own, something that will become a traditional part of the school. Any ideas submitted to the Senior Class along this line will be appreciated.

In reference to caps and gowns - it has been decided that each member of the class will have his or her cap and gown cleaned collectively. All day students gowns will be handled by Farrell Stubbs, and dorm students will see Jackie Wheeler. It is requested that each senior get in touch with one of the two immediately. The caps and gowns will be obtained in room 24 of the Administration building during the week of November 9, and name tapes are to be placed in

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—Courtesy News-Leader.

Retail Club Holds First Meeting

The Retail Club held its first meeting of the year Monday evening in room 203 with Mary Katherine Van Sant presiding. New officers were elected for the coming year -- President, Mary Katherine Van Sant; Vice-president, Demie Brown; Secretary, Norma Culler; Treasurer, Ann Watkins.

Mary Katherine appointed an entertainment committee to keep the club activities humming. Serving on this committee are "Weeksie" Burns, Mary Kayhoe, and Nancy Angell. Some of the activities planned are bridge parties, teas, skating parties, picnics, and bowling. Outside speakers will be present at some of the meetings, and a form of recreation will be the attraction at other meetings. At the next meeting the club plans to go to the Cavalier Arena for an evening of skating.

Jane Quinn Wins Design Contest

Jane Quinn of the Fashion Department was awarded first place in the design contest sponsored last week by the Occupational Therapy Department to find a design for a uniform smock to be used in the department. Jane's winning pattern will be made up and distributed to the Occupational

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Miss Grace Farnum, Registrar, Becomes Lieutenant jg in Waves

To Report To Naval Training Station In Massachusetts

R. P. I. Students Attend Ballet

Last Thursday at 8:30 R. P. I. students attended the brilliant performance of the Ballet Theatre at the Mosque Theatre. As always the Russian Ballet was at its best - colorful, exciting, with whirling, turning ballerinas making us sorta wish that we had kept on our toes when mother first gave us dancing lessons. One of the favorites was the 60-minute "Bluebeard" with all the thrills, mystery, and lovely maidens of yé olde fairy stories. And then there was the dancing of Markova and Anton Dolin in "Princess Aurora" - a delightful number portrayed by really great artists.

The Ballet Theatre is considered America's foremost Ballet Company with a cast of 125 and a symphony orchestra. The ballet was a real experience for some of the girls who had never seen anything of that sort before. It also served as a real inspiration for those studying modern dance and other forms of this art. It was a grand evening and one we shall long remember for its color, splendor, and beauty.

Miss Grace Farnum, registrar of R. P. I. has joined the WAVES, and next week she will arrive at Smith College, Northampton, Mass. to begin her new work. She will undergo five weeks of indoctrination period before assignment to duty. Since she signed up for administrative work, she will relieve a man from the desk for active service in the Navy. After the completion of her Probationary period at Smith she will be assigned "Continental United States". Which means that she, unlike the WAACs, cannot be sent out of the United States proper.

Miss Farnum was commissioned officially as a Lieutenant j. g. (junior grade) on September 23, 1942. She is therefore equal in rank and pay to any man in the U. S. Navy of similar rank. Her group, which is being inducted the tenth of November, is the last group to be commissioned immediately without preliminary training. Later applicants will have a period of training before getting their commission.

After Miss Farnum obtained her A. B. degree at Randolph-Macon Woman's College in

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THE PROSCRIPT

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R. P. I. LOSES FARNUM

R. P. I. has had to give with pride and regret one of its most familiar personages to the Navy. Miss Farnum will be remembered for a long time as the efficient, unruffled registrar who has successfully handled thousands of tangles with schedules, degrees, etc. The Waves will profit from her experience.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY SITUATION

Now that Christmas is only a little over a month away we are beginning to think about the holidays. When are we going to leave the campus? And how much holiday are we going to have? are the questions all of us would like to have answered.

We realize that transportation is going to create quite a problem this year, and we have received official information that the railroad companies cannot accomodate all of us if we leave on the same day. In view of this fact the Dean of William and Mary at Williamsburg has suggested the plan that the Juniors and Seniors leave school on December 17, the Sophomores on the 18th, and the Freshmen on the original scheduled date, December 19. The same plan would be used in returning to school after the holidays with the Freshmen returning on the original date, January 5, and the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors returning one and two days later, respectively.

This plan has been submitted to the transportation companies, but as yet we don't know what they are going to think of it. So, until we know exactly what the score is, sit tight students, and pray for the extra holiday—but be satisfied with what we get.

Your Loss Is Somebody's Gain

Do people shun you? Are you regarded as an old-fashioned fogie? Do you want to be just like other people? Here is how to do it in one easy lesson—lose something.

It might sound queer, but if you have looked at the bulletin board, you noticed that nearly everyone has lost something. If you find a diamond ring with one large stone and seven little ones in the shape of a V on both

sides, return it to Mrs. Robins.

Be careful where you step, for you might trample on a cameo setting. It was lost by Charlotte Hecke, pronounced HAFKEY) and was the color of the "chair in the left corner of the second parlor." Oh yes! The figure head was white. A reward is offered, so keep on the look-out.

Also if you run across a rather dejected looking wallet containing \$5 dollars "Cole" cash and several identification cards please return it to Norma Culler in 827 W. Franklin. Reward offered.

Miss Janet Stevens Travels About

It would be difficult to name one place as the domain and personal kingdom of Miss Janet Stevens, R. P. I.'s new crafts teacher, because you might find her almost anywhere, doing almost anything in the crafts line.

Miss Stevens, of New Orleans, Louisiana, came to R. P. I. in September as instructor in handicrafts in the new school of occupational therapy. In this department she teaches weaving. This class is conducted in the basement of the administration building and is of especial interests to Interior Decoration students. Miss Stevens also belongs to the art department, however, and can often be found in the art building, in her craft studio working with the art students in ceramics, jewelry, leather work, and linoleum blocks.

Miss Stevens, who was born in Indiana, has a Bachelor's degree in design from the Newcomb School of Art, Tulane University, and received her Master's Degree in education with a major in crafts last summer from the University of Tennessee. She was for some time supervisor of the Industrial Arts Project of the NYA in New Orleans, and has had a year's experience as an instructor in design and metal work at Mary Hardin Baylor College at Belton, Texas.

"Crafts should be more important to girls your age than ever before," Miss Stevens says, "because there will be a demand for lady councillors in boys' camps next summer to replace the men."

PORTRAIT

Vital Statistics: five feet seven inches, strictly on the solid side (and I ain't kidding), an alluring smile, dark brown hair, but versatile map. One of R. P. I.'s more eligible candidate for "Umph gal" No. 1.

Where Found: At the Show (Oh, oh, that almost gave it away . . . I betcha!)

Pet Aversion: Dating drips.

Pet Deversion: Spending a cozy afternoon in bed.

Favorite Male: Gad! don't pin me down, I've got the Medical College to consider!

Seen Frequently: In the Infirmary.

Often Heard: "Mr. Walker may I go to the Drug?"

Well if you haven't guessed by now you ought to put Detective DeDe Douglas on the case but I'll save you the trouble—It's none other than that gad-about Brennie.

Moral of this story: Either stop losing things, or get a larger bulletin board to post "lost and found" articles.

What The Bells Told By The Town Pryer

To all R. P. I. ettes who grace this column with a glance we inform that this is devoted and hereby dedicated to the town students!

It Just Can't Be Done

1. to make that 8:15 bus every morning.
2. for Mary Beth Woodward to live without Sen-Sens in English Class.
3. to decide whether Miss Nes-bit and Rachel Jones really do look alike.
4. to make HIS name look as cute as Betty Aherne made her HIS on her notebook.

We Wonder If

Alice Jerry ever got straightened out about her dinner-dance date Saturday P. M.

Jane Cavan is gonna turn out to be a regular lil ole From Trotter . . . V. M. I. and V. P. I.! Not bad, Cavan.

And how was that potent Hal-low'en party Becky?

Willie Ann Bochen is as cruel as she seemed when she smiled joyously upon hearing that HE was sick and was coming home for the day from V. P. I.

To The Dorm Studes:

The town students possess clothes, too. Although for the most part they may be seen dashing 'cross campus in sweaters swaying gracefully around their knees (Have you seen Nancy Smith's little creation she has just finished? The rubber bands holding up the sleeves are particularly enchanting) and tripping over the tops of their athletic socks they do have clothes. How 'bout Helen Hall's new round neck white silk blouse with the inset of a lattice work effect in a band around the neck? Jean Belle Posey is stunning in that rich tan coat with huge pearl buttons and the cream colored sweater. Beryl Pitchford and her luscious cotton, candy, angora sweater shouldn't be overlooked. She made it herself too.

Well kids, we'll sign off now But come town stooger and take a bow,

Do you want to get soaked in printer's ink?

Well dig up some dir—come on and think!

—Tas Mitchell.

SOLUTION TO CASE No. V "GOING UP"

As mentioned before, blood coagulates very quickly and ceases to flow from the body within 30 minutes. If the bell-hop had been telling the truth, there would have been no stains in the freight elevator. Anita Leibowitz was the winner of last week's mystery.

SAY!

Signs of the times: The increasing number of fur coats running about—with women in them . . . pumpkin pie . . . An open fire . . . Golden Chrysanthemums . . . rugs down, draperies up . . . an extra blanket . . . hot chocolate . . .

The R. P. I. Season seems to be off on a gala foot what with the curtain having been rung up and down on a well directed production of "Hay Fever." The cast must be finding conversation a bit dull these nights after the brutal badinage they have been subjecting each other to . . . in fact, no one dared be absent so the rest could tear him apart! Speaking of seasons the Richmond Season isn't doing so badly either. The Ballet Theatre and the Philadelphia Orchestra served that purpose admirably. Early January promises a brilliant production of "Die Fledermaus" by Johann Strauss. It will be performed by the Philadelphia Opera Company and the National Symphony Orchestra. If you saw "The Great Waltz," you'll remember Millza Korjus singing its haunting melodies.

Orchids to Anita L. for the tip-top way she handled the T. A. after performance receptions last week. Charming Miss L. poured punch and beamed benevolently on faculty, friends, patrons and perennial cast. The fortunate (?) "late strayers" were piled with punch by the thrifty lady until the bowl was so clean it didn't have to be washed. Methinks, Anita, you could have saved chips by using the same punch evah nite!

The Women of the Week: The Lady Eve who apple polishes; that true daughter of the South, Miss Virginia Van Lew Omohundro of New York, Torchland, Powhatan and Chanel No. 5— and her swell leopard skin chapeau; a lovely lady with — sharp edge-name, Mary Turner—she's slated to do "The Taming of the Shrew" in H. of the T. The ever beautiful Lynn Fontanne, outdoing herself in "The Pirate."

Vital Statistics: The dummy in the front hall of 901 (the inanimate one—well, the plaster one) had better be careful these chilly days. She's liable to get caught unawares—

Songs in the Night . . . from off the flat drab surface of a record . . . melodies wondrous to feel and know . . . the gold brocade wonder of The Brahms First . . . the blue velvet-Mendelssohn "Midsummer Night's Dream . . . the elusive sheen of Debussy in "Clair de Lune" and "The Engulfed Cathedral" . . . the multi-thued fabric of Jerome Kern in things like "They Didn't Believe Me" and "Yesterday" . . . Splendid Simile: As lovely as Ann Powell.

Whoever wrote that song that runs: "Snails so it, whales do it"



ART-ICLES

Or

"The Art Students' League Rides Again"

In last week's Proscript, there ran an article advertising that the Art Students' League was considering taking academic and other students into its MEMBERSHIP. This is not exactly what the League discussed. The plan was presented for making students outside of the Art School ASSOCIATE MEMBERS. In this capacity, they would be a part of the League, but would not be eligible to hold office in the organization. They would take part in all the Leagues activities, and the same rules for attendance would apply to them.

We are quite in favor of this plan. It would mean a connecting link between the Art School and the rest of the school, and that gulf has always been far too wide. There are a number of students in the school who "can't draw a straight line," but are really interested in art and its place in our life. These students are running full schedules in their own departments, and are unable to spare the time or the credits to take an art class. These are the students that the ASL hopes to reach through the suggested arrangement. Here "outsiders" will find interest in art programs, speakers and discussions, and in association with the art students. It is hoped that there will be a good response to this suggestion.

Marian Welch, former All-American Fashion Student, has taken on a new position. Marian is now Janitress of the A. A. Anderson Building. Her main interest is the sweeping. She was doing a really professional job in Fashion the other afternoon.

Our (especially MY) appreciation to Mallory-of-the-Coast-Guard for making the nice ASL poster in the Art Building. We understand he got shanghaied into it while home on liberty. Tut! He wanted to put his name and address on it, with "Please write to me" underneath, but somebody stopped him in time. (The address may be had at the Proscript office for 50 cents.)

When Doris Douglas asked Mr. Walker for suggestions for a title for that mammoth map job she is doing in Advertising, he suggested "Douglas's Directory to the Dumps and Dives of Richmond." ("This map will give invaluable assistance and inestimable aid to Johnny Doughboy or the gob when seeking entertainment in Richmond. It's a nifty and handy guide to everything from good-looking co-eds at William and Mary to a cold, frosty mug of suds at the tavern.")

WEEK'S WHINE: Our Whine goes up in loud lament for the demise of certain classes this year: (1) the Color Theory class (quote: "Do you think this class will ever replace the old-fashioned torture rack?" unquote); (2) the Portrait class (all class and no model, usually); (3) the Advanced Advertising class (Creasy, the Intellectuals, and chocolate fudge); and (4) the Art Students' Home Nursing Class (not artistic, but definitely classy!). Rah! Rah! Rah!

Miss Farnum

(Continued from page 1)

Lynchburg, Virginia, she was Registrar at R. P. I. for three years.

She is very enthusiastic and excited about her new adventure, and says that she is looking forward to many interesting experiences. She seemed pleased about her new Navy Blue Uniform which she will receive upon arrival at Smith.

evidently didn't know about So-crates. This pen posed this potent particle:

"Love was the theme that occupied us . . .

Love, after a fashion . . .
—Bob Watkins.

SENIOR CLASS

(Continued from page 1)

each gown. We of the senior class are extremely lucky in having this service at our disposal. We are very fortunate in not having to pay for the use of our caps and gowns as most colleges do, so the least we can do is cooperate. Come on kids, let's do a bang up job!!!!

JANE QUINN WINS

(Continued from page 1)

tional Therapy students.

Honorable mention was accorded Jean Buck.

Both designs were simple and practical coat smocks with lots of pockets. Great variety and originality appeared in all the entries, and therapists were very much pleased with the response.

Major and Minor Matters

Most of the music majors were at the Womans Club on Friday, October 30, to hear Mr. John Powell, the foremost Virginia pianist who is giving lecture recitals from October through May.

Mr. Powell talks practically as well as he plays. His ideas about music are valuable to anyone who plays anything from The Happy Farmer to a Beethoven sonata. He expressed the emotional part of music in his last talk. He stated that the great composers wrote because they wanted to share their feelings with their listeners and not because they wished their works to be filed away for any historical significance. Music is the reproduction of experience as feeling in sound.

Mr. Powell feels that an audience is as important as the performer when a work is played, since the audience is sharing the experience of it with the performer. The French always said that they assisted at a concert, never that they attended one. The audience seemed to feel that way when Mr. Powell played the Beethoven's Appassionat the work selected for the evening.

Students may obtain single tickets for 75 cents by contacting Mrs. Vera Palmer, phone 4-8532.

Those basement practice rooms have decided advantages. It is quite easy to see whether they're taken or not without even going in the building. Then too, music students may hear the opinions of the pedestrians which filter in as he passes by in a sort of "My Sister Eileen" fashion. We have heard of some rather flattering remarks and most the pianists are rather attractive.

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CHELF'S DRUG Case No. VI

"ON THE SCENE"



By Doris Douglas

The man flipped away his cigarette, pulled the brim of his hat farther down over his eyes, turned up the collar of his raincoat, and with a reassuring grip on the steel-tipped walking stick, stepped beyond the shadows of the stone wall surrounding West-knell Manor.

A deep, dank, gloomy mist hung heavily over the Outer Garden of the court yard and the small, steep, winding path was barely discernible thru the faintly penetrating ray of the pale, wane moon. The man, with considerable difficulty, stumbled upward, brushing aside the overhanging limbs and bushes.

The large, grey-stone house, swathed in complete darkness, loomed up in the foreground; the man approached the building from the side, stepped up on the open terrace, and with a quick glance over his shoulder (the left one), hurriedly passed thru the French doors, and cautiously entered the large, spacious ball room.

The stillness and quiet of the entire house seemed to possess a degree of hush with an almost death-like quality, and as the man silently and swiftly moved toward the curving stairway, he shivered and hastily glanced at the luminous dial on his watch. "Ummm, nearly three o'clock; surely they have all retired by now."

He seemed quite familiar with the lay of the house as well as the habits of its occupants. He walked up the steps, and upon reaching the second floor, quickly moved to the lower end of the large, dark hall.

Pausing only for a brief moment and intently listening at the door of the last room, he warily entered and stealthily approached the bed in the corner of the small bedroom, which was decorated in a definite feminine style. Focusing the beam of his pocket flashlight on the figure beneath the covers, he moved closer.

The intruder's movements were sure, exact, speedy, his intentions obviously premeditated. If there had been a witness present, he would have detected a sly, confident smile on the man's face. His act did not take long—the steel-tipped cane was whipped into action with speed and proficiency, its double-purpose tip proving to be a handy, camou-

A SAUCER OF MILK Or Scratching The Fleas

Since Hallowe'en we cats have been on the prowl and dug up some dirt . . . but lusk! Slinking down lover's lane we uncovered a few new faces—Hawthorne rides again; say who is that Don Juan anyhow? . . . Brennle dating "and" not one of the 4 musketeers . . . Mabel and Roberta last seen with TWO soldiers apiece!! Betty Blair and Zebie (the red nose.)

Sit down gals and heave a long sigh of relief . . . Eleanor Beach is all aglow again; Freddie the sailor is back from the "waves" . . . Kip went and got herself pinned AT LAST! (Well, wings any way.)

Sure sign winter is coming—Marcia has started house cleaning and returned a picture. Glamour gal Coper and her dilemma—Invites from Peen State, Richmond U. and Carolina—all in at the same time . . . Blair and the open-house in Staunton with Slaight, D. Mills and Richie keeping the home fires burning and taking care of the Naval Air Cadets at the same time.

Almee and date swapping gender for the evening . . . (Don't get excited, Delta Sigs swng a masquerade party.)

Questions to be answered: What was going on in the town students room Saturday morning? I could have sworn Dr. Bondy was in class but someone was doing a good take off . . . to say nothing of the rest of the faculty . . . By the by—Lacy and Pitchie did you break that third finger left hand or does that mean more "date-bait"? How did Carter's and Huitt's plans work out over the week-end?

Suggestive Tunes: DeDe and "White Christmas" . . . Tucker and "My Prayer" . . . Sadowski and "He Wears a Pair of Silver Wings" . . . Dela and "The Stage Door Canteen" . . . Ted and "I Want the Waiter With the Water" . . . Squabs and "Jim."

Those smooth running romances which give we fickle females hope . . . Carrole and Jay, Liza and Fitchett . . . Pat and Tommy . . . Dot Price and Bill (or should I say Bills?) . . . More power to you! you lucky people.

How about those men on campus? Darrel seen squiring a pretty little blond to the Drug. Bob Watkins chewing the fat in Beryl getting a first class squint at all the R. P. I. Co-eds in the hall (you're going to be late for class one of these days) . . . library . . . Kenny doing a SUPER job on the Proscript . . . Tommy still concentrating on "one" (Tough break gals.)

Well kids that's nuff carousing for now. By the time we get another shot of Cat's nipp we'll be ready to get tangled up in another ball of yarn.

flagged blade. Its thin, sharp point found its mark with certainty, the murderer removed it, wiped the edge off carefully, then replaced the knife within the cane. He gazed upon the body with a somewhat grim satisfaction, and noticing the profuse flow of blood, grabbed the scarf from the night table, and attempted to absorb some of the liquid in the cloth. It was a messy attempt though, so carefully wiping the blood from his own hands, he threw the scarf with disgust into the corner.

"Now for the finishing touches to our blasted damozel."

Removing a small object from his coat, he placed it within the grip of the victim's hands, firmly pressing her fingers closely around it.

"Ah, her own finger prints upon her own initialed pen-knife—what could be more obvious? The entire community knows of her financial troubles, of her withdrawing, reticent personality, of her recent remarks about "ending it all." They won't be surprised when they find her like this in the morning—an open and shut case of suicide."

He surveyed the room once more, made sure that the pen-knife was tightly clasped with

in her hand, switched off the flash light, tucked the cane beneath his arm, and moved toward the door once again.

"Well, bye bye, Madam Satan; sleep tight."

Just a minute, Mr. X, you're an efficient and thorough killer, but you'll never get away with it. Your mistake left every indication of murder, not suicide.

We don't think it's necessary to call in Detective Vence this time; surely, one of you sleuths at R. P. I. can detect the murderer's error. And don't forget, Chelf's are still offering that prize.

BUY BONDS
AND STAMPS

Where's Joe?

Joe's Gone To

CHELF'S

R. P. I. FAVORITE
HANGOUT

840 W. Grace Street

CO-EDS CLOSET Jeanne Brent

After snooping into many of the closets that belong to William and Mary co-eds—yours truly is ready, willing, and able to share with you the story of warm woollens, clinging crepes, and soft velveteens in the form of luscious date dresses.

Dates, dates, dates—the eatable kind are good too—but oh, that other kind!

Not even Fauntleroy looked as appealing as our own Lib Cox in her dirndl of deep-piled cotton black velveteen—with a square shaped neckline and rows of white Irish lace. The jet slip of taffeta and lace is an added attraction that can be heard but not seen.

Dates on long winter evenings can be pretty gay affairs, and you'll all want at least one warm and wooly dress in a strike-sparks color. Elsie Lee Meredith has just such a costume. Hers is a delicate aqua shade made on princess lines with spaghetti loops forming an interesting trimming on the right shoulder.

As a salute to romance, Mary Garvey's black velveteen dress is a sure thing for a beau-catcher. Wasp waist, full skirt, three quarter length sleeves, and a daringly low neckline all go together to make it what it is—and believe me—it's something!

The stagline will stand at attention which Marion Starts whirls by in her black crepe creation set off by baby blue sequins.

Betty Blair is prepared to capture a hero's heart in her black crepe with collar and cuffs of shining jet sequins. Cute as punch on our little Betty—but then that is to be expected on her.

Kip Austin looks pert and young in her new winter white wool. It has a marvelous moulded bodice, flared skirt, and just enough red trimming to accentuate the white.

It'll be Love at First Sight the minute you see Elsie Pettit in her brilliant dress-of-many-colors. The skirt is of bright tomato red, topped by a long torso jacket of a harmonizing blue-green shade. The red is carried to the trimming on the top and really looks sweet on "Lisie".

All these dresses have that Hall-fellow-well-met look. Gay little rounders for a night of it, yet slim, sensible, and war wise. You'll look so good he'll want to kiss you goodnight (even tho it isn't allowed) many more times than two or three, and you can't tell me you don't want to look that way, from the scenes on the dorm step late on any Saturday night—I know better, we all love it. More power to us for more dates in our cute little date dresses.