

## Cotillion Opening Dance November 20th

### R. P. I. Goes Over Top In War And Community Fund

Richmond Professional Institute went "over the top" in the War and Community Fund campaign raising a total of \$525.00. Of this, contributions were as follows:

Freshman Class, \$55.00; Sophomore Class, \$17.00; Junior Class, \$16.50; Senior Class \$7.25; Graduate Students \$32.50.

The student class chairmen Gwendolyn Marshfield, Nancy Angell, Frances Danto, and Phyllis McGruder deserve special commendation for their work. Also, the committee members assisting these chairmen worked with enthusiasm and persistence.

Some of our students attended the opening dinner of the Fund Drive, on October 19; others were present at the "report luncheon" and a number were present at the Victory Dinner on November 2 when the fund as a whole went "over the top."

### Girls' Glee Club Sings At Ewart's

The Glee Club appeared at Ewart's Thursday night, Nov., 5 presenting new music with special pieces by Elsie Lee Meredith and Nathalie Wilson.

The Girl's Glee Club is in vogue this semester with pretty green skirts and yellow R. P. I. monogrammed blouses. The girls will wear them at the next convention. The group will appear in a recital for the Musician's Club on Sunday, November 22, at the Women's Club.

Incidentally, don't you think R. P. I. needs a school song? Come on and write words for one.

### One Must Know

The present day world situation is the most exciting period in the history of the world. It is our duty as college students to keep up with the world happening. Some faculty members made a short survey of how well the R. P. I. students kept themselves informed. Think how much more thrilling it is to live with the news than to read the cut (Continued on page 2)

### Santa Claus Needs Help

Santa Claus needs help! He has issued 250 dolls to the Salvation Army as Xmas gifts for underprivileged children but they are still all wearing their birthday suits. Dressing these dolls should prove to be fun, for every college girl is still a little girl at heart. This service project gives us a chance to play with a doll and at the same time we can render a very valuable service for the current war effort includes not only recreation for service men, but also for civilians, especially children. The dolls may be dressed as soldiers, sailors, marines, nurses, Waacs, Waves, adult civilians, children, or infants. Join in the fun and make some little girl happy Christmas day.

If you are willing to dress a doll, or can get someone to do it for you—(Mothers of day students, please note)—sign up on the sheet on the Recreation Bulletin Board opposite Room 10 on the first floor of the Administration Building. Dolls will be available November 20th and should be returned December 15th.

### Dan Caldwell Stops For Chat

We were all glad to see and talk with Dan Caldwell last week when he came by school for a visit while on furlough. Dan's an ex-R. P. I. man, and was an Art Major, his genial ways, big ears, and "stories" being familiar to us all. Caldwell has had two years' R. O. T. C. training at V. P. I. prior to his studying here, so it didn't take long for his application to be accepted for Flying Cadet School. After signing dozens of papers and receiving about three furloughs (Dan thought he'd NEVER start to fly), he was sent to Mitchell Field in Nork York and from there to Waco Field, Texas. He stayed there during the greater part of the summer and is now stationed in Miami Beach, Florida, where he will receive his commission in February as Second Lieutenant in the United States Air Corps.

When we asked Dan about the women, he grinned and said, "Well, the New York girls are swell, those from the Lone Star

### Kenneth Heinie's Medical College Orchestra To Furnish Music

#### Store Service Students Aid Mobilization

R. P. I. Store Service Students last week took an important step in assisting Richmond merchants for the coming rush season, in view of the shortage of help.

These students made an employment file in order to place the women of Richmond and to select stores for those that had been trained by the Retail Institute for retail work. These women, who are interested in retailing and who have been trained, can best aid the country in wartime by working on the home front and keeping business going. Some of the students helped Miss Bell interview and place people who had completed their course in Wartime Selling, and who were interested in getting jobs.

Women interested in replacing men in the service met Monday afternoon at John Marshall High School and were assigned to training classes under the Retail Institute. These classes will prepare saleswomen before they enter the store for actual work. Upon completion of the course the women will be competent to serve in the job of wartime selling.

Much enthusiasm has been shown throughout the city for this program of mobilization. Women at home are anxious to contribute their bit to the war effort, and this is their opportunity.

Information about the Retail Institute is posted on the Store Service board.

### P. S. It's The Proscript

The PROSCRIPT is called the PROSCRIPT and not the POSTSCRIPT because a Postscript is just a little reminder of what is happening and the PROSCRIPT tells what is going to happen.

State even better, BUT none of 'em can beat what Virginia has to offer." And when Caldwell left here he was heading toward Mollins, so he must have perfect proof for his statement.

The spacious and newly-decorated ballroom of Hotel Jefferson will provide the setting for the gala opening dance of the Cotillion Club next Friday night, November 20. The stylized rhythm of Kenneth Heinie's Medical College orchestra will provide the music, with Billy Clark as featured vocalist. Elaborate plans have been made for the success of the dance, and Sally Powell, president of the club, urges all members to obtain date and guest bids as soon as possible and to attend this opening, which will be one of the most outstanding affairs of the year.

Mrs. Chalkley, adviser of Cotillion Club, can solve your date problem, and assisting her with the "man" are Mary Northcutt, Chairman, Carol Bobbe, Jeanne Brent, Jackie Wheeler, and Ethel Seville.

Doris Douglas is in charge of arrangements and decorations with Alice Funderburk and Edith Goldstein on her committee. Chairman Phil Goldman heads the bids committee with the able assistance of Anne Powell and Dela Tazewell.

Dancing will be from 9 until 1, so get those bids NOW, don your glad rags, grab the man or men of the moment, and JOIN THE FUN AT COTILLION!

### Store Service Club Plans Skating Party

The Store Service Club will have its first outing Wednesday, November 18. The club which got "under-way" last meeting with the election of officers is now ready to "go on its way" with a year of interesting programs and gay social functions to be held alternately. No foolin', kids, we are planning a gala skating party at the Cavalier Rink a la dutch treat. It will be loads of fun!!!! Come on and rub shoulders with all the retail students you might be "bumping" them in a few years.

Meet in the lobby of 901 Wednesday night, November 18 and be ready for a good time on wheels.

# THE PROSCRIPT

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## RESIGNATION

With regret, I am forced to resign as editor of The Proscript due to a heavy Senior class schedule and scholarship duties. I have enjoyed working on the paper and wish to thank all of those who have helped with it.

Doris Douglas, who has been a very capable associate will take over as editor and I wish her much luck and good sailing with it.—Kenneth Rowe

## THANKSGIVING HOLIDAY

As the last Thursday in November draws nearer and nearer, every American, no matter where he is, thinks of turkey, cranberry sauce, football, cold feet, and a good looking "drag." We here at R.P.I. probably have the same thoughts, coupled with the urge to go home. But, we must remember the thousands of American service men who also think of home but who aren't able to leave their respective corners of the earth.

Since there is but one day we have for vacation from classes, we must be satisfied to stay put—being patriotic at the same time, too. However, there will be plenty of entertainment, and besides the special Thanksgiving feast at the dorm, there will be lots of pigskin play on the gala day. William and Mary will line up their determined chins against those of the University of Richmond at gridiron gate, while Tee Jay High School will tangle with John Marshall.

We asked several members of the faculty concerning their plans for the day, and this is what they had to say:

Mr. Hodges: "I will enjoy a quiet turkey dinner at home with the wife and babe."

Miss Pollak: "I'll spend most of the day painting in the studio."

Dr. Martin: "I'll follow the example of most of us and stay here in Richmond."

Mr. Bonds: "First of all, I'm flying to New York for a conference with Mayor LaGuardia and some other great artists up there. Hope to get back in Richmond in time for the bird in the dining room, after which I'll retire to my room with an Alka-Seltzer."

But, it's just like Mr. Walker said—gasoline cannot be had, and if you do have gasoline, you have to have tires; if you have tires, you have to have antifreeze. If you have all three, you need spare parts, but the mechanics have all joined up and aren't available to work on any spare parts

—if you can get them. And since you can't get reservations on trains or busses, and since bicycles are frozen and you can't drive but 35 miles per hour anyway—why not spend the day at home? But whether we go, whether we stay, here's a wish for a Happy Day.

## Miss Sue Hurt Of R. P. I.

Into the midst of R. P. I.'s faculty has come attractive dark-haired Miss Sue Hurt, the head of the newly organized Occupational Therapy Department.

Upon her graduation from R. P. I. in 1927 she worked for a year in Washington and New York settlement houses and in 1932 graduated from the Philadelphia School of Occupational Therapy. She then attended Harvard Medical Summer School.

The next hop was the Reconstruction Hospital in New York for two and half years and out at Westbrook Sanatorium in Richmond for one year. Then the Curative Workshops of Johns Hopkins and the University of Maryland wanted her so she bided her time there from 1935 to 1940. At the same time Miss Hurt was part of the visiting staff of the Boston School of Occupational Therapy. Her last adventure before joining us was the Richmond Crippled Children's Hospital and summer school teaching at Philadelphia. Last year Miss Hurt was here as an honor student preparing to open R. P. I.'s fine new department this fall.

When asked for a statement Miss Hurt said "It's a swell profession, a most interesting set-up, and a fine opportunity because of its many allied professions offered here."

## For A Wider Program At The League

The Art Students League has, this year, brought two extremely good speakers to talk to its members at the meetings. This is one of the most interesting and profitable kinds of programs the League could offer. Both of these lecturers were secured through the Museum. For this reason, what they had to say, though of interest to the whole membership, was directly addressed to the Fine Arts students.

Nearly 70 per cent of our League is made up of commercial art students, and they are tremendously interested in the League and its activities. They want speakers too. They want people who have achieved what they are striving for to come and tell them how it feels when they get there. They want advertising artists and dress designers and fashion illustrators and interior decorators. There

## SPORT NEWS



BETTY DONAHUE

The most outstanding social event of the Athletic Association since school opened was Game night. Ten sailors were invited from the Naval Air Station in South Richmond. This type of recreation proved very enjoyable for them because it was different from the things they ordinarily did. The boys more than enjoyed the rush they received. Over seventy girls attended. There were girls in charge of the games and activities, and they offered helpful suggestions to those who wished help. Ping pong, deck tennis, badminton and dancing were offered to those who wanted activity; while there were table games and shuffleboard for those who wished something less strenuous.

Susie Glamour, a very attractive model, heralded the coming event in the front hall of the administration building for a few days.

Those girls who worked on the advertising, ticket, and decoration committees deserve a lot of credit because they really did a grand job!

The A. A. is sponsoring these Game Nights every month, and the next one will be held early in December. We hope to invite more service men for that time. Suggestions for more activities will be welcome.

## ONE MUST KNOW (Continued from page 1)

and dried facts later. The African situation, the Guada Canal, and the Stand of the French are all up to the minute items of interest and items necessary to know. Keep up with the news. Be able to speak intelligently.

must be persons like this in Richmond who are not too busy to come one evening and talk to us.

Can't you do something about this?

DON'T  
FORGET  
COTILLION



# Say . .

Do you have a scrap book? I have—several . . . a "gallop" poll reveals that most everyone I know has several! They are specialists and they are "scrap-pers" . . . some are meticulous to the "nth" degree . . . others collect, under one cover, everything from match books to old garters! . . . well, maybe not QUITE that far . . . anyhow its a great indoor sport and at the same time a loadstone, luring to the brim to such an extent that THEY are all but ousted!

These receptacles for shattered remnants of the past are uncannily potent in their strange power to recreate from a faded rose or a crumpled torn theater program some magnificent and enduring experience . . . these material remains conjure up a hundred effervescent memories. . . DON'T they? . . .

The night you saw Sigmund Romberg's "Blossom Time" with its heart-breaking second act finale . . . the tragic Schubert slumped over his piano . . . and the orchestra crashing out the chords of the "Unfinished" theme . . . and the curtain descending . . .

Baronova and the Rose Cavaliers dancing unforgettably in "Aurora's Wedding" to Tchaikovsky's "Sleeping Beauty" music . . .

Lynn Fontanne, at the end of "There Shall Be No Night," sitting listening to Sibelius with her dead husband's last letter still warm in her hands and an unworried calm, penetrating the scene . . . and the onlooker . . .

Massine as the gay Peruvian in Offenbach's "Gaité Parisienne," that delightful and spicy ballet that breaks down and can-cans!

Last Spring's flaming performance of the Tchaikovsky's Sixth by the Philadelphia.

The last edition of the Ziegfeld Follies with Bobby Clark, Fannie Brice and Gypsy Rose Lee being lowdown . . . and Ruth Harrison and Alex Fisher dancing in a dream called "Midnight Blue" . . .

Gertrude Lawrence, in a rare movie appearance, behaving magnificently as the unloved wife in "Men Are Not Gods" . . .

The finale of the Music Hall revue . . . where even seeing depress believing . . .

All these . . . and more . . . sometimes they succeed in losing themselves in one's memory . . . but come flooding back with a remembered word, a smell, a song . . . or a scrapbook . . .

—Bob Watkins.

The game of basketball was invented in 1891 by James Naismith, an instructor at the YMCA college at Springfield, Mass.



## ART-ICLES

Or

### Home Town GALS Make Good

R. P. I. really knows how to turn 'em out.

Remember last year's dark little daughter with the Spanish accent and the build to wear what she wanted to? She's back in Puerto Rico now, and holding her own. Mirta Mora, one of R. P. I.'s top fashion students during the last two years, wrote to Mrs. Munday recently that she is holding down a good job teaching dressmaking in a Vocational school in Mayaguez, Puerto Rico. She sent her love to all the girls and says she hopes to return to Richmond someday.

And did you see that lovely full-page ad for Miller and Rhoads' Toy Department in Sunday's paper (November 8)? Who? None other than our Betty Berry, a B. F. A. graduate of last June. Betty was also a fashion major, and she received the honor key in Commercial Art at graduation. Now she is proving herself. Take a look at that ad. We think you'll be hearing more of Betty!

Speaking of last year's vintage, the art school enjoyed a visit last week-end from Adelaide Sneed, former-crafts-teacher-and-everybody's-friend. She is looking grand, and was gratefully received in every quarter. Many nostalgic tidbits were exchanged, and promises of an early return extracted.

Also, Clyde Burnette, fresh in from South Carolina (God's Country (no, we aren't biased)). Heaven knows what he's doing—it didn't look a bit military—but we know it's all right.

And who should we meet downtown but Donald Higgins, that ramping, roaring cowboy of Gershwin's-Rhapsody fame! He's working in a railroad yard in Hopewell.

And of course, there's Ross, out there in Missouri . . .

The Art School seems to be taking pretty good care of itself without these illustrious persons, however. Witness, for example: Deedee Douglas' exotic, exhilarating hair-do, (which reminds Dela Tazewell of a funny hat she once had); D'Arcy Morton's difficulties in Fashion with drawing hands; Christmas carols in Advertising on a clear November morn; Carter Green's yellow dress, which is being recorded on many a canvas in the Life Class.

Jean Brent's open-door hospitality; Sarah Brockenbrough's and Miss Steven's Ferdinand and Mamma which are gradually taking shape in Studio 38; Edie Goldstein's meeting Waterloo after Waterloo (in the shape of Army uniforms) at the Museum, while hostessing; Margie Mercer's weakness for wrecks (reall, we mean — not figurative wrecks) . . .

The night class in Crafts suffered a blackout the other night when a fuse blew out, and the studio was plunged into darkness. The whole class migrated to the Life Studio, where business was resumed as usual.

### Note To Autograph Hounds

After much discussion as to its possibility we finally decided we just had to have Dr. Kindler's autograph before we left the National Symphony Orchestra concert. We plotted our course, rounded the building of the Mosque, pushed open the "No Admittance" door of the stage entrance and found ourselves lost among the throngs of musicians awaiting a smoke during intermission. Slowly approaching a saucy-looking violinist we bravely told

him of our intention and asked which would be the right direction to attain our goal. We were told to wait at the bottom of a flight of stairs and sure 'nuff down came THE Hans Kindler talking with his Dutch brogue to a man named Sam. Thrilled, I simply held out my program and said, "Pleeze, Dr. Kindler," he smiled and I noticed he had the nicest blue eyes. He scrawled out his name, patted us on the back, stepped on his cigarette, told us not to miss the first movement and stepped out on

## CO-EDS CLOSET

By Jeanne Brent

After considerable huffing, puffing, and loss of energy, I finally reached the pent-house studio of one Mrs. Hazel P. Mundy. From within the sky-lighted room came the buzz of machines mixed with the feminine giggles of the happy seamstress at work.

Upon pushing open the door the sounds became louder and the picture more interesting for now I could SEE as well as hear. The first thing that struck my eye was a crisp filmy load of entrancing blue net and lace. The woman behind this masterpiece of sewing was Mildred Howard, the style a contour hugging bodice of lace with a billowing skirt of unrationed net that should lead to romance in a big way . . . a special added attraction is the underskirt of matching blue rustling taffeta, perfect after-dark gown for sophistication and youthful charm.

Carter Green was perched on her "high chair" in front of a form that was attired in a brilliant red dress suit made of softest gabardine. Its gored skirt is topped by a hug-me-tight jacket with a little extra curricular activity in the stetson 'round back . . . distinguishing differentness to go out with her best beau.

Mason Harmon was cleverly adding bias pockets to her highly colored cotton plaid blouse. The mixture of green, red, and white blended together makes this "a must" in any coed's wardrobe.

Lib Cox is working on a date dress of luscious fuchsia with gathers here, there and everywhere. Fitted top, swishing, twirling skirt that's going to be the apple-of-her eye everytime she opens her closet.

Lenore Susseman was smoothly fitting a piece of black felt over a milliner's block preparing to make herself a hat to go with an already completed bag. Trimmed in luminous electric green with the edges kinked add to its attractiveness.

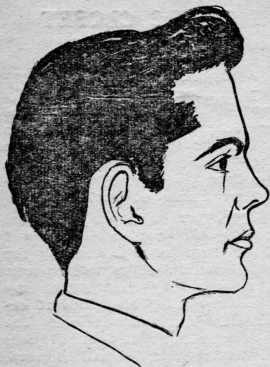
Jane Quinn's jolly town suit of block contrasting wool and velvet is grand to wear now and later under fur. Long torso jacket with insets of velvet, buttons running up and down the front all go together to make it a truly charming outfit.

Congratulations to all these gals for their cleverness in styling their own chic, youthful clothes to add to their already large collection of originals.

the stage to conduct Brahms' Fourth Symphony.

—Gloria Besser.

BE PATRIOTIC  
BUY WAR BONDS  
AND STAMPS



### Portrait—Tommy Shiflett

**Vital Statistics:** A Tyrone Power smile, five feet nine inches tall, curly "deep" brown hair and sparkling eyes. A "right" cute co-ed I'd say.

**Last Seen:** Pouting out of a dentist's office.

**Favorite Hang-Out:** Just any place a certain lil' gal might be. P. C. doesn't just stand for privileged character . . . or does it????

**Pet Aversion:** Finding moths in the most unexpected places . . . No need to worry, Dela can "doodled" it up right again.

**Pet Deversion:** Whistling in the alley . . . the nightingale angle YOU KNOW.

**Allergic to:** Nautical wall paper!!!!

Well kids . . . its Tommy Shiflett . . . a swell guy . . . We hate to see him go.

### Subconscious Streams

Let's get together now and have a tete a tete chat about "goings on" on and off the campus. What's this about the new D. L. D. club being organized up on third alley? We don't know very much about it but we do know that the initiation was more or less a game of "where am I". What certain Delta Sig has the motto "love 'em and leave 'em?" Marion Radon's room seems to be a special hang-out for all the jitterbugs nowadays; ask Carol Bobbe who rooms right below.

Onions to . . . that 7:45 bell on those cold mornings when you would love to stay in that warm bed . . . that empty mail box . . . being minus a date on Saturday nights . . . tripping over to the Ad. Building every night to find the "coke" machine empty . . . that room mate who loves to keep a messy room.

Familiar Sight . . . Carolyn Martin running around at midnight trying to solve the mystery of the amoeba . . . those delayed "handshakes" while telling your date good-night in front

## A SAUCER OF MILK Or What's Hollywood Got That We Haven't Got

Question of the week. Chip! chip! How much wood would a wood chip, chip, if a wood chip would chip wood? This is solved by sipping off the foam, and unscrewing the cork—Speculated results: indefinable human beings shuttling through dorm rooms—being too friendly by saying—hah yo—u and departing with a most abrupt by—eee!

Hitting Hollywood in Med Dancer fashion were these by—proxy celebrities: Looking too too Veronica Lake was Elsie Pettitt; giving Olivia de Havilland a complex was Carolyn Mills; mixing feet first was Garbo Douglas without "I tank I go home"; then there was Tat West wrapped in evening fashion that would make a Hollywood premier look dim; of course Brent really went Hollywood with her never ceasing fickle love affair—her only lacking link was the divorce—and so we depart from the limelight and chat of more inflaming subjects.

Festivity was definitely in order as our R. P. I. maidens jived at the Camp Lee Officers' Club last week. Leading off the fun was Carolyn Crown—Followed by the "twinsies" and Elsie Lee with that sharp guy who has captured her endless charm. Of course there were others but our binoculars have disappeared; so that's the dope on this affair.

College prom trotters of the week were Cooper and Leon as they set the world on fire at Chapel Hill.

Halt and gaze upon the quiet and pensive: Louise Lord, that attractive little number with few words, but when they do come they are definitely sweet! Typically collegiate looking is Susan Wagner and even Betty Grable could use that figure. Any radio announcer or dramatic personality would gladly accept Marie McHose's stimulating voice. Then there is Doreshuck—with no enemies all kindled in love. Here's to the creator producing more such creations.

Side Glances: Missing Shirlee Sadowski—found a brunette version that isn't too resembling, but that amiable personality is still there. Duchie, which precedes Houtman, will have to join the WAAC's to keep in touch with her Romeo over 'yon seas. This a bit of conservatism—to keep the rest of us from the alphabetical phrase!

Taking Westwood by storm was the farewell party sponsored by Pat. Incidentally where does Tazwell fit into this puzzle? Others adding their personality to the fun were Northcutt, Hawthorne, Hawes, Morrison, and Minnie Bee, which shared her birthday celebration with the Navy. So the men in Blue take over another GOOD fellow!

And speaking of the armed forces we peep into Marion Raiden's heart—and what do we see—the Air Corps and while we are peeping into hearts we see Kinsley first with Lorraine and now Guthrie "Praise The Lord" and pass him around girls. And still peeping we try to see the Ty Power, who is to present the winner of the I. R. C. raffle with prizes at the victory dance.

Flash Again! Have you decided how much wood a wood chip would etc, etc. Well just keep your feathers on, and the answer will be visualized. And since we have chipped far too deeply and there are priorities on wood, we will send the lumber on to the government and send the saw dust on to you—Remember don't take any wooden chips!

of the dorm . . . that hungry look on students' faces which appears every morning about eleven o'clock . . . Tat West blushing over her jokes at the dinner table . . . Harriet Gwinn continuously studying . . . June Whorton's daily mail from Chapel Hill.

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**Joe's Gone To**

**CHELF'S**

R. P. I. FAVORITE  
HANGOUT

840 W. Grace Street

## What The Belles Told

Well, here we are again, having peered and pried into the heads and hearts of our belles, listened thru the booths at Chelfs and hid behind lockers in the gym to gather the "stuff" for you to contradict . . .

Did ya know that Jean Roberts went to Washington over the week-end to see her man? He's a handsome hunk soon to sport little gold bars, dark hair and 6'4". We wonder if Jean is gonna take the fatal step . . . Blanche Glenn is tricky . . . not only does she knit striped socks for THE one, but she also has initials woven in the toe—H.H. . . Cars are still in existence as Monroe proved by rolling to a smooth stop in front of R. P. I. the other day. The back seat of this dark red job was just loaded with manhood, but June Tribbett was probably lurking around . . . No, it is agreed that it would never happen on a Saturday afternoon or during a two-hour free period or on a dateless week-day night with "no tests tomorrow," but such is life, and Rachel Jones and Yours Truly took advantage of "it." They were standing on the corner in front of Loews' Theatre after their swimming lesson one night, when a man approached. They took in their bear traps and he spoke. He left them shortly but before going he offered them two free tickets (why gripe about the 4c tax), and Rachel and Y. T. "seen the moon pitcher."

Expressions are really wonderful . . . on new faces. Some bits of the week are: Anna MacDowell's when Helen Hall produced the flasher on her left hand . . . Helen Hall's when the stone dropped out and she had to admit she hooked it at a Sadie Hawkin's Day game at Camp Pickett . . . Betty House's when she went in Charles Store the only place where angora wool could be bought . . . Betty Gray Tyler's when she showed the picture in her wallet . . .

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