

"WHO IS
MISTER V?"

THE PROSCRIPT

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MISTER V?"

Vol. 4, No. 10

Richmond Professional Institute, College of William and Mary

Tuesday, Nov. 24, 1942

Mr. Raymond Hodges Has Wide Experience In Play Production

Now Directing Brief Music

Looking for a teacher of dramatics, an actor, or a director? Your search is over! I know just the man who has all of these qualities. Trail any Dramatic Arts student, and they will lead you to the office of Raymond Hodges, Associate Professor of the Dramatic Department here at R. P. I. You will always find his office crowded with students, and there will be Mr. Hodges, the center of attraction. In the palm of one hand he holds a group of A's, B's, C's, and even "smiling zeros", while the other is outstretched beckoning one and all to join the Theater Associates.

After receiving his B. S. degree at the State Teachers' College, Bloomsburg, Penn. and his M. A. from Columbia University, Mr. Hodges worked on his Doctorate at Columbia, University of Pennsylvania, and Bucknell. As Director of Activities at North Scranton High School, he started his teaching career; this position was followed by similar experience at Marywood College and University of Scranton. While he was working for his Masters degree at Columbia, Raymond Hodges made his New York stage debut in "Wilderness Road." During the summers for several seasons, he was with the Essex Players on Lake Champlain. At first his position termed "second man" in the plays produced. It was during this time that Christopher Morley understudied Mr. Hodges for a part in his own play, "The Rag Picker of Paris."

The Cobweb Players, in Factoryville, Penn., was Mr. Hodges own company. The theater that they used had been at first a Baptist Church, then was used as a lounge-hall for the G. A. R.'s, and finally as a theater. One of the most amusing things about this theater was the fact that they had a front curtain of the type used in our production of "Pure As the Driven Snow." Said Mr. Hodges, "The scene painted on it was of the Civil War. Some of my Southern actors didn't like the painting at first, but one day they changed their minds about it. One of them discovered a rebel soldier bleeding to death on the battle field, and they decided that it

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MR. RAYMOND HODGES
Asso. Prof. of Dramatic Art

Mrs. Forman Speaks At A. S. L. Meeting

At the last meeting of the Art Students' League, Mrs. Lucia Forman, the Fashion coordinator at Miller and Rhoads, spoke to the League, about fashion in general.

Mrs. Forman, a charming person herself - in a ravishing hat with lots of feathers - described the importance of maintaining standards in fashion to hold your place in general society. She told how one might easily be set apart and made very uncomfortable just because they refused to cooperate with modern trends in dress. However, she said one may, and must, keep her individuality, within the bounds of the dictates of fashion.

Mrs. Forman then told the co-ed League members what men prefer in the clothes women wear. She says they love blue and gray and furs, and are somewhat apprehensive about off-shades, such as chartreuse and mustard. They like simplicity, with plenty of style.

"Resist bargains when they are clearly not for you!" Mrs. Forman advised. "So often women buy something just because it appeals to them, and they know they can't wear it, and they never do. Stick to your type."

After the talk, there was an

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I. R. C. Dance November 27 To Follow Victory Motif

Barney Abrams' Orchestra To Furnish Music

Special features of the International Relations Club dance which will be held Friday night, November 27 from 9 to 1 o'clock in the gym will include door prizes, a raffle award, a wonder bar, unique decorations, and music furnished by Barney and his entire

Emmett Lavery's Play Next On T. A. Slate

The second curtain of the Theatre Associates' new season will part December 10, 11, and 12 at 8-15 P. M. on Emmett Lavery's all girl play, "Brief Music." This production, which will be staged by Raymond Hodges, is a very adequate vehicle for the talents of the thespians participating. It concerns itself with the lives of seven girls through the joys and tears of three years of college.

Ann Morgan, as Drizzle, the sensitive genius, will play her first lead in a Theater Associates production and shows promise of a brilliant performance. Opposite her, as the strong, willful friend, will be Janet Wheeler, making her dramatic debut at R. P. I.

Also in the cast is Anita Liebowitz, who will be remembered for her performance in "George" which opened the season. In other roles are Ann Powell and Margaret Buhr, of last year's "Pure As the Driven Snow," and Christine Taylor and Margaret Page, also newcomers on the Gymnasium Playhouse boards.

Robert Watkins and Darrell Landrum will stage manage for "Brief Music." The remainder of the production staff is as follows: Make-up, Katherine West, Nancy Parsons, Mildred English; House, Hilda Steinberg; Properties, Kip Austin, Dela Tazewell; Prompter, Dotty Mills; Lighting, Phyllis Goldman, Mary Louise Jackson; Publicity, Ann Powell; Programs, Helen Kuck.

Also in rehearsal is a one act play, "A Mind of Her Own," which is being directed by James Maloney, assistant in the Department of Drama. In the cast are Virginia O'Connor, Marian McLeod, Shirlee Sadowski, Hilda Goldstein, Robert Watkins, and Mr. Maloney. It is a gay, romantic comedy revolving around the efforts of a "sit-by-the-fire" to outsmart and out-do her dominating family and develop "a mind of her own."

orchestra. For those who prefer moonlight and roses, the waltz and dream pieces are just what the doctor ordered, and for our rhythmic jitterbugs, "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," etc., will greet your eager ears.

Spectacular decorations to carry out the Victory theme of the dance are being planned by the decoration committee under the direction of Jerry Field, one-time interior decoration major and member of the senior class. In addition to these elaborate decorations which are the most professional which R. P. I. has had, will be a wonder bar where refreshments will be served. During intermission, the drawing for the prize-winning name in the raffle, which the club has been sponsoring during the past several weeks, will be held. The prize will be awarded in defense stamps. Door prizes also will be awarded during intermission.

Dot Burill is general chairman of the dance. She is being assisted by the following: tickets, Libby Gardner; program, Jean Roberts and June Goldsmith; publicity, Betty Fleming and Betty Blair; decorations, Jerry Field and Irving Shaboe; Miss Chalkly and Dr. H. Davis are action as advisors for the dance.

It looks like a gala occasion, so come on, let's support a worthy cause and have fun at the same time.

"Help liberate Poland, Norway, and France. Swing and sway at the Victory dance."

D. D.

Memo Pad

- November 26; Thursday . . . Thanksgiving Holiday
- November 27; Friday . . . I. R. C. Dance
- December 15; Tuesday . . . Wigwam Christmas Dance
- December 19; Saturday . . . Classes dismissed for Christmas Vacation.

THE PROSCRIPT

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PLEASE NOTE EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear Kenny,

Thanks very much, old boy, for your wishes of good luck to me in handling the Editorship of THE PROSCRIPT. Certainly am sorry that you couldn't continue as head man, but now with a few less burdens, you will undoubtedly be the best make-up Editor we've ever had. You (and the rest of you students too) can see from above the capable assistance I am bound to have from the others on the staff. Incidentally, let's both doff our hats in Norma Culler's direction . . . a marvelous cohort.

I'm right with you till they start rationing printer's ink.

Doris Douglas, Editor.

PORTRAIT

Marshall Hawthorne



Vital Statistics: Five feet five, flowing wisps of auburn locks, big eyes.

Last Seen: Pacing the floor with a floor walker.

Favorite Hang-Out: The John Marshall Hotel.

Pet Aversion: Writing letters to a certain O. C. S.

Listening to Mr. Five By Five. Allergic to: Alarm clocks, phone calls before 7:30, sweets for breakfast.

Plans for the future: Hopes for successful adventure in Baltimore.

RAYMOND HODGES

(Continued from page 1)

wasn't such a bad painting after all."

Last summer as production manager of the Show Shop in West Hartford, Conn., Hodges had the experience of putting on productions in a tent placed in a vacant lot. "When it rained the actors had to stop speaking, because the audience couldn't hear them," remarked Mr. Hodges in telling of the difficulties of a tent production. "Also the auditorium became flooded at the first occurrence of rain. After much wondering why this fate befell us, we discovered that this vacant lot had once been used as an ice-skating rink!" For the high-spot of his career, Mr. Hodges looks fondly back on the production of "Charlie's Aunt." It seems that this play has three changes of sets, and he declares that in a tent, three set changes "ain't no fun," to use the expression that fits so adequately.

As sponsor of the Minority Club and the Theater Associates, Mr. Hodges is kept quite busy. He is trying to train those in the Dramatic Arts Department for professional positions in the non-commercial theater. There are many possibilities for positions in this field; much more so than on Broadway. He also said, "There are tremendous opportunities for studying here at R. P. I., in the dramatic line, because of the other departments such as art and the modern dance which instruct these students in things so closely connected with the theater."

Raymond Hodges is a valuable professor on our faculty, and as all of us realize, a good friend of all. He has had much training along with practical experience both in teaching and performing. When asked if he had done much traveling, Mr. Hodges replied, "Well, no, if you mean European travel!" So we can be certain of the fact that he didn't start that mess over in Europe! Maybe if those "over there" had such advantages that we have here in having professors who really take a vital interest in us as individuals, we could all settle down to some good living in the Democratic way.

M. T.

MRS. FORMAN

(Continued from page 1)

open discussion, during which Mrs. Forman advised each girl what was best suited to her in clothes.

K. L.

WIGWAM

Dance
December 15th

What the Belles Told

There are all sorts of bells. The dinner bells, frinstance—those to which people run joyously when they beckon. That goes for the R. P. I. belles. Then there are sleigh bells which sound out gaily on cold nights. So do our belles. Also there are fire bells which are called "sirens." So are our belles. Of course there is the famous Liberty Bell—which is half-cracked. So are our belles.

Pat Raab doesn't fit into that category, exactly, but who else could get her car wedged in so tightly 'tween automobiles that police were the only ones who could budge it? When the feat was accomplished the line waiting in front of a theater, cheered lustily.

For Whom the Belles Toil . . . okay, so what if a pun is the lowest form of wit? The "whom" in this case, refers to a certain boy at the Richmond air base, and the belle is Patsy Royal, who gave a surprise birthday party for him last Thursday night. Wasn't that nice? Of course the fact that he brought her 60 bars of candy and 20 packages of chewin' gum the last time he came, has nothing to do with her liking him.

A few Observations On Life—men are definitely not like street cars. Naw, at least, they are more like Patterson busses which take forever to come, and then whiz by—not stopping at all.

All those gals who went to the V. P. I. dances are still so sleepy and hoarse it's just not human.

Keep smiling—yes, go on and grin like an idiot, with the aid of a kerchief, a few bobby pins, and a smug "keep smiling" expression the illusion has been created of a date that night.

T. M.

How's Your Health?

Beware of a continued cough! If you have a cough that nags and persists, it should be thoroughly investigated. There are many causes for a continued cough. In the first place sinus must be considered a frequent cause.

Although there is such a condition as "cigarette cough," it is not usually the cause of a cough. If the cough should be due to cigarettes, complete abandonment of smoking should produce prompt relief.

Can we maintain our good record and prevent tuberculosis despite the war? The answer should be an affirmative one, provided we take care of ourselves.

M. D.

BUY BONDS
AND STAMPS

Say . . .

Have You Seen . . .

The swell new "Ogden Nashisms" in the current Saturday Evening Post . . . The way the sky looks around eight o'clock in the morning . . . behind the trees . . .

The black goldfish in the Library garden pool . . .

How Ika Chase and Paul Gallico kid their readers in their "Are You Attractive to Men, Women?" in the November 15 Vogue?

The Proscript's Editor in her double feature . . . slacks and hair-do . . .

All the new help at Chelfs . . . did I say help?

Gloria Besser . . . a quart of D'Orsay's "Intoxication."

Ann Morgan . . . Ted (not Turner.)

Miss LaBruce . . . the coast guarded.

On the Dramatic Horizon . . .

That magnanimous meteor from Nawth Calina, Marion McLeod...

Laud chile, awta see the way she's a bumpin' an' a bouncin' through the new one actor. It's called "A Mind of Her Own." Las McLeod is also doin' to a turn the role of Emily in the studio production of that thriller-killer, "Ladies in Retirement." Marian hails from the deepah dere ole South, she-all do. Laud chile, to know huh is to lov' huh!

The acting class . . . which is killing, in more ways than one!

Misses Morgan and Wheeler, creating a new dramatic team in the current "Brief Music."

Miss Omohundro reading the shrew in such a way in the Bard's "Taming" for H. of the T. that we can picture her considered ejection from the Stork Club.

Things You Missed . . .

Leg glamor (not from bottles either) in the Library last Thursday in the P. M. furnished by La Donohue . . .

Parlor tricks in the dramatic booth at Chelfs . . . by Hedy O'Connor, early in the A. M., grinning in the English with her peepers closed . . . but definitely reminiscent of the Cheshire cat in "Alice."

The way the penny candy in Chelfs flies and what with the rubber shortage and all . . . well . . . the dormelles around these parts (no pun intended) are gonna be sadder and wider!

Things exciting . . .

Buying something in the Sarah Lee Kitchen . . .

Christmas books from New York stores . . .

Christmas tree balls . . . long black gloves . . . the daily mail . . . a new record . . .

To Be Remembered . . .

This Thanksgiving above all others. . .



A SAUCER OF MILK

Or

"How Do You
Do, and Why?"

So time evaporates another week, but since we are young and youthful and this is the day of mad pacing, we keep with the goings on here and 'yon . . .

Decisions to be contemplated: will the wedding bells toll, or should we say have they already tolled? Wheeler vs. Tex; Bobbe vs. Jay; Squabo vs. Jim; Mary vs. Jack; Chuck vs. Buhr; and then Funderburk, tops the duets with her latest announcement. Billy started the Florida-Richmond wires aflame and then set Alice's heart the same way. Adding to the uniqueness of the situation is the data: phone booth, Sunday morning, three A. M.

Please to meetchas: Tall, lapping, and striking Katherine Alfriend; possessed with a violent dislike for blind dates is Margie Blumberg; slap happy and slug nutty Pat Quisenberry; alluring and lucious after calling on vivid make up for a little aid, definitely describes Lula Grace Worley; strongly silent and subdued Joyce Rickey; exercising every muscle and limb is that jitterbug specialist, Lucille Joseph; mobbed as both men hit town at once, Agnes Noble; recently acquiring a most becoming coiffure motif sneaked from George Washington, is worn by Beatrice Bodenstein these days; tantalizing cupid via ancestors and the family tree, Katherine Franck; making a former Kappa Psi alumnus, who now belongs to Uncle Sam's war school, very happy for one evening, Margaret Fox; and sprinkling that gentle touch around it May Bush . . .

General exodus this week-end with Crown and Edmeston bombing N. Y., Lederer and Goldstein to W and L; Van Sant heading for Louisville where she'll put Fort Knox out of commission; Mary Ann Walker also tripping to the Glamorous City for the Army game.

Mary Garvey isn't doing so badly over at 819 . . . we certainly like her frat pint donated by Chris . . . Weeks has finally gone to the Big City to gaze at all those city slickers and those big (sigh) skyscrapers . . . Sankie got homesick and trucked down to North Carolina to visit the folks last weekend . . . and before more is said, have you seen Ann Powell's gold wings . . . an outcome of that five day visit by a certain someone.

Roses to: Those Goldman twins who furnish us with those yum-yum sandwiches for an early nite snack . . . Kids that explains our complicated assignments . . . Men for the Cotillion Dance.

Rasberries to: Tests on Monday morning . . . those guys who cancel dates the last minute . . . those happy Thanksgiving greeting cards, report cards to you.

And as shadows fugit, as it draws or leaps along, we will be back to smear what old father time does for these gay belles at R. P. I.'s school of learning . . . be it social or anti-social.

Coed's Closet

As we peel the calendar day by day and the holiday festivities draw closer, R. P. I. coeds brighten up each other's spirits with gay, sparkling colors. Speaking of gay—that dashing red coat of Bennie's with its neat cut, tops off any outfit with a capitol "T".

Trucking off to West Hampton in a sharp costume of vivid purple was Helen Hedgepeth. Gobs of soft wool gathered around the waist, trim elbow length sleeves, a tiny "V" neckline and a chic little skull cap made up this attractive dinner ensemble . . . but lush!

One of those "peas in a pod" Goldman twins suggested food for thought. E. Goldman last seen dashing about in preparation for the O. C. S. dance at Camp Lee looked delectable in a petite gown of crispy black net topped with blood red velvet. A dress like that is what makes Lts. develop heart trouble.

For one of the week's most outstanding sport ensembles we turn to third rear and Betty Blair's smart plaid suit. The material alone is a love with its rich brown background accentuated by natural and lime green blocks. Carrying out that classic "tweedy" effect Betty wears a good looking nubby knit sweater.

One thing which couldn't be overlooked (the whole dorm is gabbing about it) was that black, tissue-thin gown of Marshall Hawthorne. For those of you who weren't in on the preview, such expressions as "Gad," "tough glamour," and "exquisite" were noted. The gown itself is of filmy jet draped gracefully in flowing folds from the shoulder where it is caught snugly around the waist and filtered into soft L-85 lines around the bottom.

Things to look forward to . . . "Squabo", the gal who sports the suits is about to add another to the books. This time it will be a smooth looking black garterdine of an ultra tailored cut. For the occasion Jean will wear a neatly tucked white silk blouse with one of those flattering little round collars. A single piece of costume jewelry will garnish the lapel. P. S. She carries a glamorous rolled, mink muff.

Pat Coder's pale green light weight wool dress is another A-1 fashion item. Its pleasing simplicity is broken only by the soft unpressed pleats at the waist and huge jacket buttons.

Never let it be said that the Co-ed's Closet slights any part of a ladies' apparel. We cover everything from minks to P. J.'s . . . and speaking of P. J.'s, have you seen Ricky's little red, white and blue sailor sleepers? She looks like a little dream.

J. B.

PAUSE AND
GET REFRESHED



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A DAY'S RUSH IN THE DORM

Early in the morning, (at least it seems so to us), the 7:30 bell rings and you think, "No, it couldn't be; why, I just went to bed not more than five minutes ago." But you drag yourself forcefully out of bed, still with the thought of how nice it would be to stay under those warm covers. You toddle down the steps to the inviting odor of bacon and coffee. Seated, you take a look around—what ghastly looking monsters . . . no make-up, hair still rolled up, and eyes that look like two bags.

At 10:45 the dorm is a madhouse, buzzing with activity. Rushing to your mail box you say, "Wonder if he wrote," or "Why in blazes name didn't mother send me that check." And you still can't help but be a little jealous of Miss Popularity who got four letters and a box of eats. Maybe tomorrow will be YOUR day.

When the clock strikes one you hear something that resembles a stampede of cows descending to the dining room. Founders' Hall now looks like the home for the starved. Familiar saying are . . . "Soup again today, ugh," or, "If I have to eat cheese one more time, I'll die."

When those dear ole profs release you for the day, it's off to the drug to feed again! You do the week's wash while your roommate gabs of the day's event and MEN.

The blessed dinner bell rings and it's men no more, but food. By this time the meal has become a little more dignified, and you'd never think it was the same bunch of girls you saw the preceding meal.

After dinner there's the proverbial banging on the piano and foghorns (that are supposed to be sweet) or girlish voices. When 7:30 rolls around you take to your hovel and this time to drive your roommate crazy by studying phonetics aloud in the closet.

Exciting gab heard in the next room must be investigated. Susie Q. has just some in from her date and it sounds like the F. B. I. questioning her. "Did you have a good time?" What all did you do?" "Did he kiss you good night?"

Finally you decide to retire for the night but no . . . there's the fire alarm. Dolefully you file into the hall, down the steps and outside into the cold night air. If a girl looks good then, she is considered a real American Beauty.

At last the dorm is quiet one more day has ended and time for that much needed sleep . . . prepare yourself for ditto manana.

D. M.



Fashion Students Sadie Anderson, Nancy Goode, Mason Harman, Dena Steiner, and Gloria Besser sketch costumes at Valentine Museum with Mrs. Hazel Mundy, Instructor. (Staff.)



ART-ICLES Or "The Child Is Father of The Artist"

One day a couple weeks ago, Mr. Bonds told his Print Class to bring some carfare on Saturday, because they were going on a trip. It was a great secret, and nobody knew where—nobody, but Mr. Bonds. So on Saturday morning (it was that awful frigid day) everyone showed up bright and early—that is, EARLY, and he took them all over to Grace Street and herded them on to a Patterson bus. They rode and they rode and they rode and they got off. And there they were at—guess where—the Albert Hill School. There was an exhibition of school work on there that Mr. Bonds wanted them to see.

Well, my dear, you just never saw such beautiful things. The pty is that things like that should stay stuck away in a public school, where no one will ever know about them, while the State Museum of Fine Arts puts on the "elegant" shows of the "artists' work! Such color, such pattern, such absolute naivete of approach, and such beautiful feeling of form! It was completely refreshing and reviving to the students, who get so fed up with theory, days on end. The class hopes to go visiting more often.

Our chattering friend, Helen Cooper, just opens her mouth, and the funniest words come out. She says things she never meant to say at all. For instance, that about the TJ-JM football game. Helen was getting along fine, with many interesting details, until she reached the climax. "And right at the end, they made the most beautiful home-run."

Who is this Lulu, anyway???

Weeks Whine: What happened to the Christmas holiday plans???

Keeping up with the Joneses: Edie Goldstein's little treks to Lexington . . . Jeannie Kirkhuff's moron jokes . . . the date situation the day before the Cotillion Ball . . . the "due date" for the Life composition . . . the shameful, disgraceful dearth of attendance at the Art Students' League meeting . . . a little note from Nellsey-Wellsy Blaine divulging that she is now working with Lord and Taylor—painting gold initials on suitcases . . .

Mrs. Forman, speaker at the last A. S. L. meeting, gave Harriet Cooper a good sendoff. She told everyone present what type they were, and what kind of clothes they should wear. She said Harriet was the dramatic Spanish-type, and could wear 'most anything—as long as it was brilliant!

K. L.

OUT OF THIS WORLD

Now more than ever before in OUR lives . . . we need a world within . . . a world where sadness and pain and evil and war are strangers . . . the world that is the abstract materialization of all our hopes and dreams. In the past men have lived in times akin to our . . . times of uncertainty and doubt . . . and they have found means of relief and re-creation and re-establishment of their ideals and beliefs and their worlds. Some of them took their music and their books and their paintings off the dusty, bloody plains of hate and lust to some hillside refuge where they cooperatively built a dwelling place . . . which we remember as a monastery . . . out of THIS world. From out its portals . . . when the world was ready to receive them . . . poured men's treasures . . . earthly and otherwise . . . their learning and their love . . . things wonderful in a world starved for them. Again men have been forced to go out of this world . . . and this time the new world must be within themselves . . . a place to keep all that is beautiful in their lives . . . a place to go at dusk . . . and come away prepared to face the night. . .

B. W.

Retailers Begin Careers

The senior Store Service majors are now about to embark upon their careers in large department stores, in bustling metropolises all over the country. Saturday these outstanding students leave to step into positions as Junior Executives doing floor and personnel work. Mary Katherine Van Sant will be associated with Stewart's in Louisville, Kentucky. Mary Kahoe's job takes her to B. Altman's in New York City. Marshall Hawthorne will be located in Baltimore, Md., at Hochfield's, while Miss Parsons will be stationed at O'Neil's. Elizabeth Magie, Emily Shockly, and Weeksie Burns are being sent to Bloomingdale's, in New York. Remaining in town to work in the department stores will be Peggy Brinton Mrs. Robertson, Miss Worsfold, and Grace Worrell. Best of luck!

Compliments of

Murphy's Restaurant

Compliments of

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