

Plans Formulated For December 16 Dance

Harry Dusenberry and His Orchestra to Play

Have you been noticing the attractive posters around school? They are all about the coming Wigwam Christmas Dance, which will be held Wednesday, December 16, at 9:30 in the school gym.

Committees are already functioning to make it, as Katherine Curtis says, a "swell" dance. Heading the Decoration Committee are Phyllis and Elaine Goldman, R. P. I.'s famed twin-combination of president and vice-president of the Junior Class. All they are saying about the plans is that the set-up will be "Christmas-ie" and different. According to unofficial rumors, however, a wigwam, surrounded with snow, may be placed in the corner of the gym. Coming from New York, the twins naturally believe in a "White Christmas".

Helen Jonscher and Bettie Tucker will be in charge of the tickets, so don't be too surprised if a ticket is thrust under your nose and you are asked to buy it. (You should, you know. Katherine Curtis, who heads the Orchestra Committee, has already arranged for Harry Dusenberry and his orchestra to play at the dance. Lucille Guthrie with Doris Douglas as her assistant, is taking care of the publicity.

Incidentally, the dance will be formal, and the date has been changed from December 15 to the 16.

SOCIAL CALENDAR

December 1, 11:45, Gymnasium
... Convocation, Conservatory of music - Vladimir Havsky, pianist.

December 2, 5:30, Retailers' Dinner and Theatre Party.

December 3, 7:30, Rear Library
... Theatre Associates Comedy, "A Mind of Her Own".

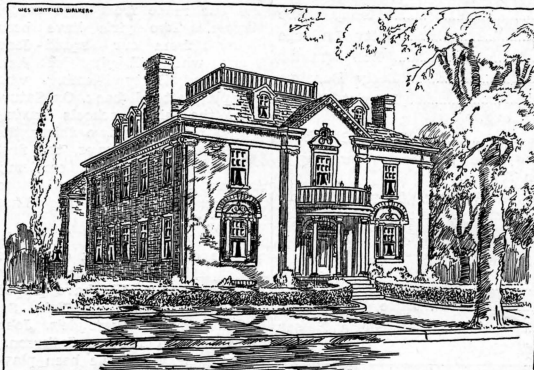
December 10-11, 8:15, Gymnasium Play House ... Theatre Associates, "Brief Music".

December 13, 5 o'clock, Gymnasium. ... Conservatory of Music, Christmas Carols.

December 15, 9:30-1:00, Gymnasium ... Wigwam Formal.

December 19-January 4 ... Christmas Recess!

R. P. I. Buildings Historical Landmark In Richmond



The charming home of Dean and Mrs. Hibbs is former residence of J. W. Allison.



R. P. I.'s Administration building, former home of Major Ginter, was erected in 1887.

In 1892, fifty years ago, one of the Richmond newspapers which has a column "Bygone Days in Richmond," contained the following item of interest to students at Richmond Professional Institute:

"Major Ginter is still in New York, looking after plans for the new Franklin Street Hotel." (This was the Jefferson Hotel.) Major Ginter lived at 901 West Franklin Street which he built in 1887.

"James W. Allison has by purchase from E. A. Saunders added to the lot owned on Franklin Street, opposite Mr. Ginter's city home and will erect a handsome residence on the property."

This reference to the Dean's house at 908 West Franklin Street which was started about 50 years ago and lived in by Mr. Allison until his death when it was occupied by his son, Mr. James W. Allison, Jr., until a few years ago when the college bought it. The E. A. Saunders referred to was the builder and former owner of Founder's Hall at 827 West Franklin Street.

Fifty years ago this neighborhood was the most fashionable residential section in Richmond.

Russian Pianist To Present Concert

Chopin's Schergo 30 Included In Repertoire

Vladimir Havsky, gifted young Russian pianist, will be presented in a recital by the Conservatory of Music at an open convocation in the gymnasium at 11:45, Tuesday, December 1. Dr. William S. Naylor, director of the Richmond School of Music, invited the young artist as the first presentation of the new conservatory to the student body. The program will be the record of 12 concerts which the school is giving this season and the first by a professional musician. The recital is open to the public.

Mr. Havsky will present the following program: Variations on "Harmonious Blacksmith" by Handel; "Pastorale" and "Capriccio" by D. Scarlati; "Sonata Opus 53" by Waldstein; Group of Etudes, Nocturne in C sharp Major, and Scherzo in C sharp Minor by Chopin.

The young musician is the son of Sergei and Mary Havsky, and was born in 1923 in Sui-fen-ho, Manchuria, of Russian parents. His father is a native of Tiflis, but later moved to what was then Petrograd. He left Russia during the revolution, emigrating to Siberia and then on to China, where he and his wife have continued to live. Vladimir's mother was born in Nikol'sk-Ussurisk, Siberia. The Havskys moved to Peking in 1926, and three years later went to Hankow, which Vladimir left in 1934 to attend a French and English school in Shanghai. Later, his parents joined him there, where they are now living.

Havsky left Shanghai two years ago and arrived in Richmond within a month. Each winter since coming to America he has spent several months in New York where he has been studying piano. He has filled concert engagements in various parts of Virginia, including his recent appearance as soloist here with the National Symphony Orchestra. He has also played throughout the South and East, and in Oklahoma, Kansas, and Missouri.

— K. R.

The next Theatre Associate meeting to be held in the rear library at 7:30, December 3, will present a romantic comedy, "A Mind of Her Own", centrally staged by James Maloney.

THE PROSCRIPT

Published weekly by students of
The Richmond Professional Institute, College of William and Mary

Subscription Rates, \$1.50 per year

EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Doris Douglas
ASSOCIATE EDITOR Norma Culler
MAKE-UP EDITOR Kenny Rowe
LITERARY EDITOR Kitty LaBruce
FEATURE EDITOR Bob Watkins
SPORTS EDITOR Betty Donahue
ART EDITOR Harriet Cooper
Assistants: Helen Cooper, Della Tazewell
CHIEF REPORTER Hilda Steinberg
SPECIAL REPORTERS:..... Jeanne Brent, Bettie Tucker, Peggy Lorraine, Dolly Lederer, Jean Shwab.
GENERAL REPORTERS:..... Ann Walker, Tiny O'Connor, Helen Hayvagian, Tas Mitchell, Marian Starts, Mary Turner, Helen Cooper, Dottie Mills.

BUSINESS STAFF

BUSINESS MANAGER Carol Bobbe
EXCHANGE EDITOR Alice Funderburk
HEAD TYPIST Gloria Besser
Assistants: Roberta Cowherd, Charlotte Leon.

Let's Tell Hitler Off

Don't you think that the preservation of Americanism is worth fighting for? The Americans at Valley Forge did; those brave and determined boys left bloody footprints in the snow to help give us the priceless right to run our country as we think it should be run. Today, equally brave and determined Americans are fighting to preserve that hard-won heritage. They are fighting to keep Americans the way they want to be . . . not as mere puppets bowing to the brutal whims of fanatical dictators.

Uncle Sam was a patient man before Pearl Harbor, but the coming of war, forced upon a peaceful nation, a free nation, has exhausted that patience. NOW "Unk" is demanding staunch loyalty, fast production, and everlasting Victory. So, let's give it to him.

We can too, if every man and woman in America, starting with YOU, will decide in his own heart that nothing is important except victory; if every politician will vote for his country first instead of his own re-election; if every manufacturer will be entirely devoted to war effort, producing the most and best, gladly giving up materials if they're more important elsewhere; if every workman will have the courage (and common sense) to work his hardest and longest and best for America, letting his "rights" go for the duration as cheerfully as our soldiers have let go theirs; if every labor leader realizes this is not time to GET more but only to GIVE more, for the country and the system that supports him and his members in freedom.

Yes, if those politicians, merchants, and laborers will do all that, if YOU will remember to do it, why, Uncle Sammy will get all the loyalty, production, and Victory he wants. Besides, we'll be backing the serviceman's real idea of what War means to him: the scream of bombs . . . bayonets in the hands of skulking enemies . . . and friends dying in the foxholes around him.

Let Americans fight and give their all in the determination that this government shall continue to be "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

—D. D.

SPORT NEWS

The Hockey Selection Committee met last week to choose players from the colleges and high schools in Richmond to make an All-Star team. The committee decided on a tournament to be held at Westhampton College on Saturday, December 5. Two teams were chosen: one made up of college girls and girls from the Richmond Club, and one made from high school players. Two girls have been chosen from our squad—Jean Terry, who will play left half back, and Betty Fleming, who will play left full back. On Saturday the high schools having second teams. At two thirty the All Richmond Reserves, the first team to be awarded emblems. Anyone interested in going to Westhampton, please see Miss Nesbitt.

The hockey season is nearly over, and there is but one more game left—-with Westhampton on December 3. We have played Collegiate, Richmond Club, St. Catherine's, St. Gertrude's, John Marshall, and Thomas Jefferson.

The girls who have been playing are: Pat Bell, Helen Jonscher, Mary Virginia Grigg, Anne Edge, Pat Quisberry, Betty Donohue, June Tribett, Betty Tyler, Jean Terry, Betty Fleming, Catherine Curtis, and Mary Hallmark. Substitutes are B. House, E. Tarris, M. Fox, C. Taylor, D. Shirkey, and N. Tignor.

Mary Virginia Vanni has played goal for the first time this year, and she is rated by the officials as one of the best.

The squad ended the season with a tea in the front parlor of 901 last Monday.

With the hockey season over, the basketball season will begin soon. There will be practice on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. If you do not know how to play, don't let that worry you; 'cause this is the time to learn. All of the time spent in practice will be counted toward intramural points.

Game Night to Be Held Dec. 2

The Athletic Association is sponsoring another Game Night. C'mon, all you people—forget your worries—and join in the fun. We are inviting 15 sailors and 15 soldiers. How about your entertaining them. The boys that came before had so much fun that they want to come back.

There will be quiet games—cards, checkers, etc., active games—deck tennis, badminton, shuffle board, - dancing - music - and a great big surprise at the end.

We want all of you to come. The price is only 10 cents, and we guarantee much more than that in fun. It will be at 7:30, Wednesday, December 2, in the gym.

—B. D.

WHAT THE BELLES TOLD

Come on, gather 'round all ye olde towne sdues, and listen to what the belles saw 'n told . . . and smelled!

That last word refers to the 9:45 gym class when a bottle of Grace Bambacus' choice (?) perfume was broken . . . crashed . . . alas shattered in her locker. What was it, Grace, "Scarlet Past," "Fateful Night" or "umm"? Regardless of the title, its fragrance will hover endlessly (and we aren't kiddin') in the gym's dressing room.

A blood curdling scream split the air, a sly giggle followed. What WAS going on in that booth at the drug? A murder? A joke? A date with a civilian? A double dip ice cream cone . . . for a nickle? No, investigation proved that Helen Havagian had two glasses of water on the backs of her hands. It was cute at about 1:00, but 1:15 rolled around and likewise 1:30; Helen's breakfast was getting lonesome, so she took matters in her own HANDS. Peggy Garrett was on the receiving end of that little trick, as she gracefully caught the water in her skirt.

These knit-wits!! Honestly, how do they do it? Jane Cavan made a long sweater in not quite two weeks, a pair of argyle socks (those complicated plaid things) in three days. Virginia Riley is in the average class. She has been 'on a sweater' for more than a year, and it's still in the uncompleted category. That is accounted for by the fact that after being in the closet a summer it flew at her from the door. Wonder when Helen Berz will be through with The BOY'S sweater (whisper-whisper) she has been making. Some of the things these knit-nuts are making are socks with different colored toe, spiral socks, angora tops, leggings (honest), and gloves.

What ever happened to that funny sock that someone laid across Dr. Bondy's table in his psychology class? It was such a queer little thing: a bright blue, high top, and about a size three foot . . . and so apologetic looking. If ANYONE has a size three foot, mail your name on a penny post card. We don't know where; just mail it, somebody's bound to want to know about it in this day 'n age.

Snapshots for the Annual should be turned in to Mary Virginia Vanni.

Say . . .

Did you know that it's twelve hours past the deadline, that the regular writer for this column has fallen in love with the cheerleader at the football game and couldn't show up here, that it's up to us to pinch hit for said reporter, and that we've already acquired blistered fingers from standing over the hot midnight oil? Well, such are the circumstances, and you shall be the victim . . . just a glimpse within the life of a newspaperman . . .

Hats Off Department: To the splendid Holiday Feast in the dorm feasted by Mrs. Tresser who really did herself (and the turkey) up brown for the occasion . . . A toast of aged port to Delia Tazewell, who not only delightfully giggles at the slightest provocation, but who also is a grand, cooperative worker, especially when it comes to turning in material for the PROSCRIPT . . . An appreciative smile for the typical, crispy weather afforded on Thanksgiving Day . . . A delivered-by-special - messenger orchid to the group of volunteers for dressing dolls for Mrs. S. real applause and a meaning tap of feet for Goodman's "I Don't Get Around Much Anymore" . . . and a definite something to the two gals who spent Thursday in the infirmary, to Margo who was tightly holding onto a NC doggie and to Caroline who waded thru "Vanity Fair" . . .

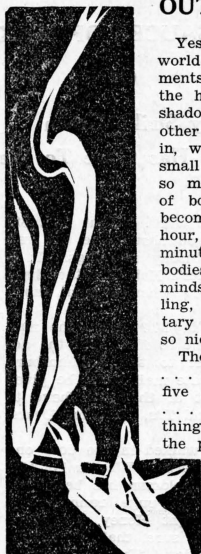
We Wonder About: Members of last June's graduating class and where they are and what they do and if they're here or if they're there, et cetera, et cetera . . . the retailers and how they're getting along as salesgirls, floor managers, junior executives, and Matinee Goers . . . the big cities and how THEY'RE getting along with the retailers . . . the boys in Uncle Sammie's forces and the Christmas they'll spend on the singing sands of North Africa . . . (this obnoxious typewriter and how it works) . . . Freeman's book, "Lee's Lieutenants" and if we'll EVER be able to finish its 800 pages . . . yes, we even wonder about those few persons who fail to experience a certain feeling of thrilling emotion when the National Anthem is played or who make a grimace when they have to stand at a play or a movie . . .

For the last thoughts, we quote from a page in the scrapbook: my favorite lines from my favorite person . . . with credit to A. J. F.

"There are many things I hate: Crying babes and trains that are late; Now, I must add another peeve: Overnight guests who never leave."

—D.D.

OUT OF THIS WORLD . . .



Yes, it IS important to get out of this world of storms and wars and disappointments which sometimes do sweep into the heart of man. While there is a shadow on the sun, we have so many other worlds which we can seek refuge in, worlds that are made of really very small things, but which are so big and so meaning to us that the other world of bombs and bayonets and blitzkriegs become the smaller. In the dark of the hour, in the silence of the night, in the minute before midnight . . . when our bodies perhaps are asleep but when our minds are awake . . . alive with sparkling, refreshing thoughts . . . fragmentary reflections, ever so vague but ever so nice . . .

The mighty, grey awe of Sacred Heart . . . the ghost of a garden wall . . . the five o'clock clouds low along the ridges . . . the church spires aflame with something and the shuddering organs . . . the peeling, white-washed palings around an old farm-house . . . wind dapple here and there along the breast of a river . . . the lines, "I love thee freely, as men strive for Right; I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise. I love thee with the passion put to use In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith."

There are many things we have known and loved and can remember . . . things which help us conquer this Other Universe that tries so hard to take away with its clenching, beckoning hand . . . but can't . . . mists of twilights and close, silent fogs . . . living, breathing silks and cool, nocturnal smells . . . April perfumes and a falling star . . . our thoughts become more vague, our vision more obscure . . . they're fading . . . our last, pleasant, sweet thought of the kiss and a word . . . we've escaped into our own world, a world of sleepy dreams . . .

—D.D.

OH TELL ME THE TRUTH ABOUT LOVE

Some say that love's a little boy,
And some say it's a bird;
Some say it makes the world go round,

And some say that's absurd,
But when I asked the Man-Next-Door

Who looked as if he knew,
His wife was very cross indeed
And said it wouldn't do.

Does it look like a pair of py-jamas

Or the ham in a temperance hotel,

Does its odor remind one of llamas

Or has it a comforting smell;
Is it prickly to touch as a hedge is

Or soft as an elderdown fluff,
Is it sharp or quite smooth at the edges?

O tell me the truth about love.

I've looked inside the summer-house,

It wasn't over there,
I've tried the Thames at Maiden-head

And Brighton's brilliant air;
I don't know what the blackbird sang

Or what the roses said,
But it wasn't in the chicken run

Or underneath the bed.

Does it howl like a hungry A-satian,

Or boom like a military band,
Could one give a first-class imitation

On a saw or a Steinway grand,
Is its singing at parties a riot,
Does it only like classical stuff,
Will it stop when one wants to be quiet?

O tell me the truth about love.

Can it pull extraordinary faces,
Is it usually sick on a swing,
Does it spend all its time at the races,

Or fiddling with pieces of string,
Has it views of its own about money,

Does it think Patriotism enough,
Are its stories vulgar but funny?
O tell me the truth about love.

When it comes, will it come without warning

Just as I'm blowing my nose,
Will it knock on my door in the morning

Or tread in the bus on my toes,
Will it come like a change in the weather,

Will its greeting be courteous or bluff,

Will it alter my life altogether?

—W. H. Auden

Coed's Closet

Filmy gowns . . . graceful dancing silhouettes . . . soft lights . . . dreamy music and lovely beaming faces greeted your eagle eye reporter as she swished into the magic ball room, pencil and pad in hand to jot down fashion notes on the opening Cotillion Dance. No kidding gals, you all made ole R. P. I. proud of its female population. The little cream puffs of lovely femininity which floated under my perch in the balcony supplied this little right hand of mine with more potent fashion notes than it was capable of recording.

The first thing that smacked yours truly in the face (there always has to be a first) was a choice morsel of glamor, Beverly Bowles, all rolled up in a mass of waving ostrichfeathers. The dead white of her gown and her soft rich brown hair falling softly around her shoulders made one stop and stare.

Right on her heels came Dotty Mills in a misty creation of pale blue net topped with a lovely black net bodice. The skirt of crisp layers of net narrowing in a graceful line at the waist was indeed lovely to look at.

For a bit on the sophisticated side what could be more apropos? example than Margie Buhr stacked up in that tantalizing strapless gown of jet. And speaking of strapless, "Squabo" looked quite the part in her smart looking black gown with that exquisite last touch—a sheer lace mantilla.

Adding a touch of warmth was Gwen Coburn dressed in a sheer gold lace trimmed chiffon. Gwen's fur wrap and gown were simply stunning together.

A special bit of praise goes to those fashion students who cooked up several original designs which put some Vogue creations in the shadows . . . Jane Quinn in that petite white gown portrayed a true picture of sweetness . . . Mildred Howard in her own combination of sheer net and lace personified Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" . . . Carter Green, not to be out done by the other Alice blue gowns, was a lovely sight to behold in her two-tone dress. The tight little bodice fit cunningly in a low waisted fashion and joined a flowing taffeta skirt of grayish blue which answered Carter's desire for that extra height.

Here's a toast to another lovely, lovely Cotillion with such lovely, lovely girls.

—N.C.

BUY BONDS
AND STAMPS

SENIOR NOTES

A definite decision has been reached concerning the caps and gowns. Mr. Pitchford is going to clean the gowns for \$.50 each, and they must be cleaned before we go home for Christmas holidays.

To Remember:

1. Each senior must put her name in her cap and gown.
2. Each senior day student must give Farrell Stubbs fifty cents by December 15th to pay for having her gown cleaned.
3. Each senior dormitory student must give Jackie Wheeler fifty cents by December 15th for having her gown cleaned.

After they are cleaned the day students caps and gowns will be kept in Room 26 as usual. Dorm students caps and gowns will be kept in 819. Jackie Wheeler will see that they are there. Please take care of this matter as soon as possible.

—J.W.

Junior Class Discusses Pictures

A junior class meeting was held last Tuesday during twenty minute period. Pictures for the Annual were discussed. They will be taken during January in 901. The price is only fifty cents. Each person will get two pictures, one to be used in the year book, the other to be kept by the student. Each junior will wear a dark sweater and a single strand of pearls. A schedule will be posted with the designated time the picture will be taken; everyone is urged to cooperate and show class spirit. The photographer will be close at hand, the price is cheaper than in previous years, so there isn't any excuse for any junior's picture being absent from the annual. Come on, Juniors, let's see how well we can do!

—L.S.

Compliments of

MAPLE INN

"HE WHO SERVES
BEST PROFITS MOST"

Our Aim Is To Give You The
Best Possible Service

Ray's 5 & 10c Store

Across from Lee Theatre



A SAUCER OF MILK

Or

Lucky Strike Green

Has Gone To War

Lucky Strike Green has gone to war . . . but . . . 827 has gone to work! Yes, it's true, you should see the gals dash out in the afternoons and Saturday mornings. It is the first time in the history of Founder's Hall that they have dashed anywhere other than the drug when a man wasn't concerned.

The most exciting time of the day??? When the mail comes of course . . . and a complaint to file: Will the administration kindly submit a request to the Williamsburg headquarters to the effect that separate mail boxes be given Sadowski and Thompson, either that or they will have to share their mail with the other S's and T's. That, my Dears, is an ultimatum! Huh, Mable???

And then we hear that he just walked in the door one night when Ruth White was keeping desk. Who is HE??? . . . That busy little "Weaver" Phyl Goldman has been getting mean on the subject, and weaving rugs, runners and towels for herself . . . that's all right Honey, we adore optimists!! Huiett and Carter made sure that Randolph-Macon was well represented at Cotillion. They sho' did a good job of it! By the by Cee-arter, Andy can hold the ticket for my watch any ole' time!!!!

A friend of a friend of a friend of mine has been walking around the ceiling with suction caps on his hands and feet!!! Do you believe that stuff!!! Me either. Well, drop around to the Proscript room and we'll show you.

A tip on a new tune: Listen to Kalamazoo . . . something tells me that is going to be a hit!!!

"Gags and Gals" of 819. Any similarity to a recent stage show is purely coincidental . . . Ask M. Burr about the complications that set in at the Cotillion. If you think YOUR love life is mixed up!!! Looks like her past, present, and future all caught up with her on one night . . .

Elfie is still putting the eyes out with sparklers. Garvey takes her books to the Med College library these days . . . atmosphere more conducive to study . . . did I say study, Mary?? Jane Quinn breezed in the other night from Charlottesville full of enthusiasm. . . . It must have been a "hot time in the ole town tonight." We love the Navy but we think they got a little too rough in the last game with the Alma Mater, especially since one of our gals chief heart interests was injured. Too bad Wheeler, we hope Tex will be on his feet soon . . . Weeksie is off to the Big City to slave for Retailing. Her last words, "I'll NOT be good!!! the spirit we like to hear!"

P. S. Chuck is back in town. Did we hear you see "woof" Chuckie???



PORTRAIT
Mary Northcutt

Vital Statistics—126 pounds of good solid college gal stuff, big brown eyes, delicate lil' nose—almost none.

Pet Aversion — Bugs, knock-down-drug out perfumes.

Pet Diversion — Making her trousseau and dreaming about—you know what!!!!

Last Seen — Drumming up "Date-Bait" for Cotillion.

Partial To—Air Cadets and Bridal Salons.

Headed For—A stroll up the isle in sunny Georgia.

Destined to Become—Mrs. J. N. Gibson, Jr.

RETAILERS' NEWS

Students Will "Dutch It"

Since those prominent store service students bid adieu and left only the merry echo of their voices in our memories, we remaining retail students have a big job ahead of us—the job of bridging up that missing gap and carrying on. It's up to us to make our retailer's club one of the "biggest and bestest" of R. P. I. and with a little cooperation we can do it!

The second social event of the year, planned during the meeting Wednesday noon, will be a dutch treat spaghetti dinners at Capri's at 5:30 followed by a theater party on Wednesday December 2.

It promises to be a gala evening so come on all you retailer's let's give this date a red mark on our social calendar.

Incidentally, we just received this letter from Marshall Hawthorne. Watch for letters from the other girls.

Baltimore, Maryland
November 25, 1942

Dear DeDe,

Well, here I am in the big city again! Say, traveling ain't what it's cracked up to be; I almost missed my train in Washington but managed to catch a cold!

It's so wonderful to be actually doing my senior store service work. It's something we all have dreamed about for so long. I didn't think I would see a classroom for weeks, but it seems that I had a mistaken idea 'cause that is exactly where I'll be for a few days, anyhow. They are really working the — censored — out of us, but I love it!

Write soon, you goon . . . miss ya' all.

Love,
Marshall.

WIGWAM
Dance
December 15th

Compliments of

Murphy's Restaurant

PAUSE AND
BE REFRESHED



CHELF'S

840 W. Grace Street