

Students To Sponsor War Service Program

In response to many requests for information as to what Service R. P. I. students can render for the national war effort, the Student Government Association will sponsor a special convocation on Thursday, December 10th at 11:45 A. M., in the gymnasium. The meeting will be chaired by Beryl Smith, the president of the Student Government Association, and will be highlighted by a speech by Mrs. John Cronly, the Director of the Volunteer Service Bureau of the Richmond Civilian Defense Unit.

Mrs. Cronly will describe the various services which college students may render and will tell us just how to go about offering our help. She suggests that we consider the following agencies and their need for assistance: the British War Relief Association—packing boxes, room service, recreational work, and sewing; the Filter Center—one four-hour shift weekly either from 2-6 or 6-10 p. m.; the American Red Cross—blood-donors, knitting, sewing, and making surgical dressings; the United Service Organizations—recreational hostesses; and clerical workers; the Valentine Museum—hostesses on Sundays; the Richmond Rationing Boards—interviewing and clerical workers; the Office of Civilian Defense—workers for the four information centers on week-ends and clerical workers for the office; and the Richmond Defense Service Unit—recreational hostesses for dances and social affairs and recreation leaders or supervisors to direct activities.

In accordance with school policy dormitory students, who are interested in acting as recreational hostesses for any organization serving men in uniform, will attend such affairs only as a school group and only when accompanied by some faculty member acting as chaperone. While the recreation work is most important and needed, it is hoped that students will give equal consideration to the other kinds of help needed.

Following Mrs. Cronly's speech interviewers from the Volunteer Service Bureau will register any girls who are interested in offering to help any of the above agencies or any other organization engaged in war service work.

Student Donates Blood To Red Cross

The Marine Corps and Coast Guards have their Unsung Heroes, the Army and Navy have their Roll of Honor, and now R. P. I. has a name to add to these lists—that of Mildred Cridlin. She will be able to tell her great-grandchildren that SHE gave her "life's blood" to the winning of the war.

The black-haired sophomore marched up to the entrance of the Medical College at precisely two o'clock on Friday, December 4. There she was met by Red Cross Workers, who escorted her to the fifth floor, and helped her off with her coat and into bed. A few minutes later Mildred was minus a pint of her "life's blood." "Why did I do it? Well," answered the smiling R. P. I. te, blushing slightly with embarrassment, "I read in the paper that they needed 600 pints a week and they only had 141 the first week. I decided they needed my blood more than I did."

"I went down to the recruiting station once, but they rejected me because I was under 21. I went back the next day with written permission from my mother and everything was O. K. She was questioned by a Red Cross Woman, who asked her if she had ever had any chronic diseases, and if she weighed more than 115 pounds. After answering the questions, Mildred fixed her appointment on a large chart that was hanging on the wall. With a word of warning not to catch cold or to eat fats six hours before coming for her appointment, Mildred walked out of the Red Cross Recruiting Station at 2 N. Fifth Street.

She admitted feeling a little excited. "Why? Well," she said, "I guess because I felt I was doing something good for my country." Besides having her "fighting blood" in the war, Mildred is doing her bit to keep up morale. At least once a week she can be found at the Army Air Base.

Who says this younger generation isn't in this fight?

—H. S.

The Proscript Staff Has Gone To War!

The Typewriter Ribbons Are Frayed

The world has done it, the tobacco companies have done it, and now (because we smoke so many cigarettes over here) we feel like we have a right to stage a battle of our own. We, the Proscript Staff, have probably broken all rules of newspaper standards

PLEASE NOTE

For all Clubs wishing to have events, meeting or social gatherings published in the Proscript the staff urges every organization on the campus to elect a club reporter to be responsible for the gathering of the news in time for the next publication. The news MUST be written up as you wish it to be published and placed in the Proscript box, which is located in the main lobby of the Administration building in the Faculty mail box section, by Tuesday afternoon the preceeding week.

There has been noted a slack in the attendance of school functions, due mainly to the cause . . . lack of publicity. The Proscript is anxious to serve as your helper in putting over these college functions. If the clubs would plan their meetings at least one week ahead of time instead of posting a last minute notice R. P. I. Clubs would exert a much greater force on campus than they are doing at the present time.

Newman Club Elects Officers

The newly elected officers of the Newman Club, which is under the direction of Reva Blakley of Sacred Heart Cathedral, are: President, Billie Hartford; Vice-President, Margaret Ashby; and Secretary, Mildred O'Grady.

The purpose of the club is to offer religious, scholastic and social guidance by discussion to the students of R. P. I. Although it is a nationwide Catholic organization, everyone is cordially invited to attend.

Meetings will be held every second Thursday of the month.

by streaming ourselves across the front page and putting our names in bold and daring print but we work hard, plenty hard, and now we just want a little publicity in recognition of our efforts AND more support from our PROSCRIPT readers. You have purchased War Bonds to aid the fighting nations, you have smoked Luckies for the American Tobacco Company, so why not come on and support our school paper? There are plenty of you physically fit "diamonds in the ruff" newspaper women who could enlist your services as reporters, writers, and go-getters. It's loads of fun to dabble in this wacky business of newspaper writing. It's like something out of this world . . . it's fascinating . . . it's nerve-racking . . . it's fun!! If you don't believe it, peep in on one of the Thursday nite make-up sessions and see your paper in the making. You'll see your Editor-in-Chief pulling her hair, feverishly trying to check and double check the various columns, reporters zooming in with items hot off the griddle, gals counting on their fingers and toes, and a few other oddities that make one wonder how the Proscript ever gets to press.

Something new has been added! The Proscript, after two months of publication, has officially opened the Proscript News Office. You can't miss it; it's located at the bottom of the steps in the Library building. Douglas and Culler went over there one Sunday afternoon . . . ladden down with tacks, pictures, dust cloths, grooms and a dozen other gadgets. By the time their ideas had been instituted the little room resembled the "Amos and Andy Taxi Office" but it's cozy, it's clubby, it's close, and they are proud of it. Come on over, draw up a chair, light up a cigarette and read some of the exchange papers.

The newspaper staff has burned the mid-nite oil more than once typing late articles, pinch-hitting for those who couldn't get there, and squeezing in extra

(Continued on page 6)

This Space Written During Blackout

THE PROSCRIPT

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ABOUT JOE AND BILL

Joe and Bill met at the water fountain. Around them swirled the roar and noise of one of Richmond's large industrial plants operating at full blast.

Joe straightened up after taking a long draught of water. Wiping his greasy hands on a piece of waste he said, "I see by the papers where they are having another one of those War Bond drives in Richmond. Something about 90 and 10 per cent. Have you heard about it?"

"You bet I've heard about it," Bill answered. "Pete, our foreman, was explaining it to me, and you've got it all wrong when you think it's just 'another of those War Bond drives.' This is an all-out effort to get 90 per cent or more workers in every plant in Richmond to sign up to put 10 per cent of their pay into war bonds."

"They've got every insurance man in town working on the campaign, and you know how those boys can sell when they put their minds to it. I'm already signed up. They didn't have to sell me on the War Bond idea, because I know every dollar I invest now comes back to me in ten years with interest. It's like money in the bank."

The noise drowned out Joe's and Bill's voices as they walked together back to their machines, but their conversation is being repeated in substance these days in hundreds of Richmond business and industrial plants. The Richmond Life Underwriters' Association has undertaken the task of enrolling the personnel of every firm and factory employing more than eight persons in the payroll allotment plan of purchasing war bonds.

The payroll allotment plan is nothing new. Throughout the nation 148,000 firms have 22,000,000 workers buying war bonds out of their pay envelopes. Deductions total \$300,000,000 monthly or 8 per cent of gross income.

Sounds big, doesn't it? But here's the other side of the picture. There are 8,000,000 workers still not on a payroll savings plan. The government needs a monthly deduction of \$500,000,000 to keep the boys on the fighting fronts fed and equipped.

Richmond still has several thousand workers in all types of employment not enrolled on a payroll savings plan. The Life Underwriters, those demon salesmen, will be in every Richmond firm sometime between now and the end of 1942. One of these days, someone, probably a fellow employee, will show you a payroll savings authorization card with your name on it.

Don't hesitate, sign. Let's not talk about the "duty" involved. "Duty" is a hackneyed word. It's your war, and it's my war, and let's get on with it. Your government is asking you to lend, not GIVE, understand, part of your income to buy a share in America's future. War is a business, a grim business, and the biggest one in the world, right now. Your dividends will be the right to go on living in the finest country in the world, plus a good rate of interest on your actual monetary investment.

What could be fairer?

AND HE CAME HOME

How does it feel to have an armed brother . . . I mean a brother from the Armed forces home? Well, now I'll ask you . . . remember how it felt to get an unexpected corsage Easter morning? Remember the thrilling tingle that rippled thru you, and the butterfly wings in your stomach when the door bell rang at about six o'clock . . . and you fell out of bed, raced down part of the steps, broad jumped the rest and you open the door? There it was. All done up in ribbons . . . with that cold fragrance clinging to it. You shivered sort of, didn't you, as you stood there in your pajamas hardly able to speak? And you felt sort of undeserving for such a wonderful surprise, didn't you . . . ugly old you in your curlers and cold cream and faded pajamas? Only this important species was a man . . . my brother . . . an ensign . . . who was standing erect and symbolic in his navy blue and gold.

Now you know . . . that is you have an idea of how it feels, but try to imagine now that the corsage lasted for eleven whole days. Okay, Alladin, you can put our lamp away now.

Carol Service To Be December 3rd

On Sunday afternoon December 13th at 5:00 P. M., there will be the annual feast of Christmas carols led by the Glee Club and Mrs. Helen Rhodes in the gymnasium. This is the twelfth year that R. P. I. has had this carol service. This year, because of the war, the service is to be quite simple.

The service will begin with a candle-light procession of the Glee Club girls. There will be solos, Christmas music, and carols. Everyone is invited, so come and bring a friend, sweetheart, wife, or husband.

From The Girl Back Home

Now, John, I am just a girl way off here on the side.

Without a gun to shoot with and a much, much smaller stride, But I've found there is quite a lot the girls back home can do. We can work and pull together and help you win it too. We can fight to stop the gossip and rumors 'round the town, And show the whole wide world we're out to make it sound.

We can stop the petty quarrels and see what's really right. We can try to live each day to make it really worth the fight, So, John, we're right behind you in all this hurly-burl.

To win the war, secure the peace, and build a brand new world.

—D.B.

What the Belles Told

Ding dong, ding dong. All right now that some relation has been made between the column and the column itself . . . let's go! **Sights Seen:**

Darrell Landrum and . . . Brandon attached to a piece of green wool they found in the A.d. hall. The hunt was on!! Tally-ho'. They wound wool 'til they caught up with their prize . . . Helen Berz and her inevitable sweater!

Patty Royal biting into a cake she had first bought, which was a wee bit on the antiquated side . . . she was told as she clamped down on it.

Jean Posy's V. M. I. ring she returned with after attending the ring finger brawl at V. M. I.

Betty Ahern and Rachel Jones waiting anxiously for the next showing of the puppet show in a Miller and Rhoads' window.

Have you noticed that happy glint in Sue Lowman's eyes? You have heard about John, haven't you? . . . after all, Susie didn't go home just for the ride; Sweetie seems to be happy also . . . must be that recently acquired artistic interest . . . eh.

Alice Jerry in that holiday looking red coat with the black velvet collar. By the way she is going to the next O. C. S. graduating dance at Camp Lee with a professional dancer!! (whistle)

Betty House in the middle of a fast game of basket ball racing madly to a goal . . . the ball clutched tightly in her damp little hands. The spectators were breathless. What was she going to do? There was a gleam in her eye. She tossed and the ball sank neatly thru the basket. A groan arose from the sidelines. A goal yes . . . but Betty was a guard . . . for the opposite team!!

WACKY WORDS

Real—You make home movies on them.

Pier—To look at sorority pledges.

Dare—Used to indicate place, i. e., The stadium's over dare.

Solo—A feeling you get after flunking five solid hours.

Dally—A newspaper that comes out every day.

Shin—A Chinese laundryman.

Lacking—You do it to wear a lollipop down.

Classic—Plural of class.

Per—Cats do it all the time.

Bush—Everyone does it when the convertible gets stuck.

Ads—Several pork-pies.

Bum—Sound made by a dud shell.

Eel—Sorority girls call you that in private.

Foreman—A quartet.

Mist—You do it when you cut class.

Noose—Stuff you read in your local paper.

Caddy—Plural of cad.

Say . .

HOW ABOUT . . .

All this recent cold weather . . . and the wonderful taste of hot chocolate after a tussle with the wind and weather . . . the reconstruction going in the rear of 901's first floor . . . construction as usual . . . Mrs. Robbins' passive observation of the mad goings on in the front hall between classes . . . no candy at Chelf's . . . Miss Ball's endurance . . . Patsy Royal's knowledge of the male . . . Virginia Rives Rowe's nose for news . . . Norma Culer at the I. R. C. dance, making one think of Cholly Knickerbocker covering Brenda Frazier's coming out . . . Darrell's dancing at idem affair . . . Miss Buhr's new earrings . . . Miss Stevens, whom I'm always tempted to ask, "What's Cookin'?" . . . Christine Taylor, goin' to town as the Jinx in "Brief Music" . . . Mr. Tolerton's trench coat . . . Winnie Trock's perennial rain coat, now discarded in favor of her fur number . . . the screaming in the gym last Friday P. M. resulting from Mary R.'s ballet lesson . . . DeDe's swell pinch hitting for this uninspired correspondent last week . . . the gasping Miss Cooper, who always arrives at the library FIVE minutes after it has closed . . . Betty Donahue, ecstatic about the spaghetti at the Capri . . . Miss Dixon's happy-go-luckies . . . scraps of carols already floating on the R. P. I. air . . .

Morgan: "Have you ever met a man you couldn't handle?" Liebowitz: (hopefully) "Not yet".

Note to Mary and Darrell: We hear it's patriotic for everyone to flatten out his can and give it to the government . . .

The Williamsburg Scene: The William and Mary Theatre did James Thurber and Elliott Nugent's "The Male Animal" last Thursday and Friday and yours truly was one of the trio who pilgrimaged down the peninsula to observe doings in Phi Beta Kappa Hall. There was a black-out and air raid practice just before the performance so the audience huddled itself into the basement of the two hundred year old (or nearly!) Wren Building. But the play was worth waiting for and coupled with dinner at The Lodge and another visit to The Palace even justified the cold ride to and from.

Impressive . . . the brilliant Kreisler recital . . . the Sunday afternoon Shostakovich cycle . . . Havsky's performance at last Tuesday's Convocation . . . especially in the Beethoven and the Chopin nocturne . . . the fine showing made by the W. and M. glee club at the Musicians' Club.

BACKSTAGE AT "BRIEF MUSIC" WITH A PROSCRIPT REPORTER



stage debut tomorrow night. Are you nervous?" "Naw," she answered, entwining her legs around the chair.

"Gee, that's my cue," and with that the bare foot actress leaped right up on the stage calling back, "Enjoyed talking to you."

"But Miss Wheeler . . ." We called as she smiled nonchalantly . . .

Oh, here comes Miss Ann Morgan who has many times appeared before this audience. She is sharing the lead in the part of Drizzle.

"Miss Morgan, may we have a word with you?"

"Really, my dear, I am far too busy," and she lifted her hands in a tired professional manner and headed for her dressing room.

Just then we were almost knocked down as someone passed by. It was the red-headed rabbit, Miss Margaret Buhr who became famous as Purity Dean in "Pure as the Driven Snow." Miss Ann Powell was with her and she smiled sweetly as Miss Buhr continued to walk over us.

"Gee, dearie," said glue-foot Buhr, "Why don'tcha watch where you're goin', huh?"

"@!b&\$%" we muttered.

Miss Powell plays the part of Lovey and Miss Buhr is Minnie but it is too late to go into that now.

Maggie (Margaret Page) looked like our next victim so we drew in our breath in determination and stalked up to her. Standing directly in front of her, we shouted, "Miss Page, is this your first appearance on the stage?"

She smiled . . . no answer.

"Miss Page . . ." we attempted again, a little louder this time.

"Rosey (Anita Liebowitz), Jinx (Christine Taylor), 'someone please,' we bellowed. "Say a few words for our paper."

No answer; I screamed, "Please let me quote you for The Proscript."

No answer. We looked around . . . We were being starved at.

We stuffed our notebook and pencil back into our coat pocket, turned up our coat collar and walked into the night.

Reporters are born . . . not made . . .

Scott being timely in last century's "Marmion":

"Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;

But let it whistle as it will,

We'll keep our Christmas merry still."

Things That Bore Me

After being urged upon many occasions to write this bit of information for the betterment or boredom of R. P. I.'s inmates, I weakened. Perhaps I actually gathered together super-human strength mixed with a bit of nerve, and on a bet from a certain Mr. Watkins, herewith stick out my neck to which each and every potential victim may apply the verbal axe.

Each of us knows of things and people that annoy us, but we do nothing about it except grumble. To these things, I have attached my pet phrase, "That bores me!" With total disregard to continuity or consequences, I shall list them below and may Heaven have mercy upon my soul:

Some things that bore me—
Rainy Mondays . . . People who flip mail boxes . . . Wading through long volumes used for classes which are "required" for our degrees. They interest us but little, and seem to the student to interfere with life, mostly social, especially on the week-end . . . Girls who expound theories on love; then when pinned down to bare facts, admit no greater experience than that of the "boy next door." It "broke up" because he went away to prep school! (or perhaps started kindergarten!)

These unfriendly cusses who bury in the corner of the Day Student's room, and take time out from their studying only to look up and scowl at newcomers who burst in with "wim, vigor, and vitality"! . . . Bob Watkins' guips in History of Theater, followed by the same grueling experience of Play Production on alternate "daze" . . . People who always know a good joke, but can't remember the end . . . Soda straws that refuse to syphon right in the middle of the drink . . . Running out of ink near the end of an exam . . . And speaking of the foul inventions, EXAMS! . . .

Then what about people who buy their Christmas presents in July and boast no shopping to do during the wonderful Christmas rush, the poor misguided souls . . . Alarm clocks that refuse to run down and ring blithely away until you, the tortured soul, crawl out of bed to turn it off . . . That last match on a windy night. It always goes out!

Just to close, here are those insignificant things that run a person haywire—Runs in stockings . . . lipsticks that break-off . . . compacts that when opened sprinkle the floor with their contents . . . broken mirrors . . . telephone calls that are always for someone else . . . then, that most gruesome experience of all —Cherries in the bottom of the glass—and no spoon!

Pickin's From Hickok

"Little minds are too much wounded by little things; great minds see all and are not even hurt."—La Rocheforecauld.

Great minds . . . this column is for you!

Were we supposed to believe that the Store Service gals were leaving school for four weeks to work? Work? well, that isn't exactly what we have heard . . . via correspondence; Now take Shockley and Kayhoe in the Metropolitan City . . . Emily has informed us that she is taking excellent care of Kayhoe . . . poor gal . . . can't you see Mary holding up traffic on Fifth Ave. by one of her frequent hysterical attacks . . . oh me! However . . . they write . . . "we have already begun feeling the importance of our positions" . . . good luck gals! Oh yes, we are more than curious to know a little more about the Harvest Parties given by the folks out Kentucky way . . . why doesn't Kack explain herself?

Now let's take a look into the goin'-ons around here . . .

Could you please explain to me why Shirley Collins went down to Camp Lee last Sunday? Also . . . why does Ruth Sobeloff go to Baltimore so often?

Wonder what Collin's MAIN purpose was for going home . . . could it be to see that good look-in' Yankee?

Have you noticed how anxious Edie is for December 16th to roll around? We can't blame you, Edie dear!

By the way, did you hear about Gregory's trip to Annapolis? A wonderful time was had, but . . . Fanny sat on the Navy's side and yelled so loud for Army, that she returned minus a voice. Must have been a wonderful game . . . even though Army did lose.

Last, but not least . . . did you notice how well 821 was represented at the John Marshall last week-end? There were thirteen of us gals . . . among the few other people who were there!

Well chums, so ends another catty-chat from a little mouse hidden in the historic walls of the Hickok Hall.



Watch for new, thrilling adventures in the

"RETURN OF CHELF DRUG CASE".

OUT OF THIS WORLD . . .



What's your favorite time of the day? Mine is 11:30 at night just after I have turned out my light, turned on my radio, and pulled up the covers. My bed is right next to a window and as I lay there in the darkness listening to the "Music You Want" program all the things I want to think about run through my mind and every thing I want to forget slowly slips away into another world. You are really missing a treat if you have never listened to the "Music You Want" program. Every night some great artist or composer is represented and the music fits in so perfectly with the time you want it. From Shostakovitch to Straus, from Heifetz to Pons, all come to me as I lay in my little 2 by 4. How much nicer it is than in the stiff seats of a concert hall but then how much fun pretending you ARE in a concert hall. The moon shining in my window and the twinkling stars create that heavenly feeling of contentment and peacefulness that one almost forgets in this war-torn hectic world.

POEMS

A KISS

A kiss is a peculiar proposition; Of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two.

The small boy gets it for nothing, The young man has to steal it, And the old man has to buy it. The baby's right, the lover's privilege, The hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope. To an old maid, charity.

—T. O. M.

REPORT

Roses are red,
Violet's are blue,
Lillie's are pink,
I saw them on the wash line.

—Anon.

NO GO

I begged and begged,
But she said no.
I begged again,
But still no go.
I finally asked
Why she wouldn't
Do it even if
She shouldn't.
She replied
A silly whim;
The water's much
Too cold to swim.

—M. E.

WISDOM

All of the words that seem to trouble you,
Somehow or other begin with a "W".

Women, wealth, worries, woe,
Want and women, (even so)
Wine, women, work and wry,
Whiskey, women, wages, why,
Waste, women, washing, war,
Warts, women (as said before)
Women, women, women, women,
Women, women, women, women,
All of the words that seem to trouble you,
Somehow or other begin with a "W".

—Some Man.

LITTLE WILLIE

Willie, with a thirst for gore,
Nailed little Mary to the door.
Willie's mother with great poise,
Yelled, "Willyum, cut out the noise!"

—D. K.

COLORED

I never saw a pale blue cow
I never hope to see one.
But from the milk we're getting now
I know that there must be one.

—D. K.

Dorothy Thompson Defines

An American is a fellow whose grandfather was a German forty-eight who settled in Wisconsin and married a Swede, whose mother's father married an English woman, whose son met a girl at college, whose mother was an Australian and whose father was a Hungarian, and their son in the 20th century is six feet tall, goes to a state college, plays football, can't speak a word of any language except American, and is doubtful whether he ever had a grandfather.

IT'S A FACT

Times have changed. If you don't believe me read the rules in force at Mt. Holyoke College in 1837:

No young lady shall become a member of Mt. Holyoke Seminary who cannot kindle a fire, wash potatoes, repeat the multiplication table, and at least two-thirds of the shorter catechism.

Every student shall walk a mile a day, unless a freshet, earthquake, or some other calamity prevent.

No young lady shall devote more than an hour a day to miscellaneous reading.

No young lady is expected to have gentlemen acquaintances unless they are returned missionaries or agents of benevolent societies.

Ad Libbing At The Twelfth Hour

"The moving finger writes."
"I'd like to see ya try it . . . personally I've never been able to manage without a pen or pencil."

OR BOURBON

Love makes the world go around, but then, so does a good swallow of tobacco juice.

I'd tell you the one about the window that was painted on the outside, only you probably wouldn't see thru it anyway.

"Let me live in the house by the side of the road."

Because I sure don't like walking a couple of miles to get to my abode.

Our grandmothers believed that there was a destiny which shaped our ends, but the modern girls place more faith in girdles.

ONE VICE

Stag: "Do you smoke?"
Drag: "No, I don't smoke."
Stag: "Do you drink?"
Drag: "No, I don't drink."
Stag: "Do you pet?"
Drag: "No, I don't pet."
Stag: "Well, what do you do?"
Drag: "I tell lies."

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



Ride of the Pink Elephant

As the clock struck two, I found myself feverishly patching up my graying temples with Golden Blonde Rinse No. 5. The reason for this uncanny procedure at such an ungodly hour was . . . my room-mate. Ah! the door-bell. With shaking fingers I unscrewed that damn piece of worthless antiquity . . . the lock. "Why, Deah, you look so pale," quoth Mabel. "Mabel, my Dere," croaked I, "It's 2:00 A. M. and the curfew tolls at 1:30." (Mable had been dating one of THOSE physically un-fit, some affectionate parting Lieutenant had warned me about—at that point I was beginning to doubt his word—). "Mable, my Dear, why were you late?" . . . "Well, my Pet, you see I was walking through the park with Mark and I slipped on a Banana peel and wrenched my foot. We had to take it slow walking home." My maternal instinct surged forth and I began the chemical process of eradicating the first layer of evenly spread lip-stick from her puss. Besides, those pink elephants had been kicking up an awful rumpus in the air during my period of anxiety and when they started chasing the butterflies with purple nets I figure it was time for bed or . . .

All was quiet on second front (my location in the Dormitory) for a while, at least. Sleep was not to be mine at this point and as I lay there gazing at the foot-prints on the ceiling (we had them sprayed with phosphorous for just such occasions) I mumbled BANANAS, bah! . . . Bananas!!! I shrieked, "MAYBE, do you realize there hasn't been a banana in a Banana Split since July. Mabel Dear! Mabel Deah! Mabel Dere!" . . .

When words fail water helps so splashes of water were flung thru the air with the greatest of ease. The next moment a white slip was seen frantically waving thru the air as a sign of peace (Pardon the interruption but there is a blackout going on). The gurling sound of "take me out coach" was heard from Mabel's vicinity —"I'll give with the gab. Tonight I went and got myself engaged!" "Gad," I groaned, "I'm destined to be another old maid. There went the last piece of civilian meat a la mode."



ART - ISMS Or "Heard Melodies are Sweet, but Those Unheard Are Sweeter"

Thus Keats once summed up the opinions of people like those who cut convocation last week! They really did miss something.

The Art School enjoyed the Havsky concert perhaps more than any other department (except of course the Music School.) It is interesting, this relationship between branches of the fine arts. Art students are primarily interested in visual art. They express their aesthetic emotion in paint or in stone, or such-like. But look at the number of them who also haunt the Theatre Associates quarters, and the Conservatory, and the English department. The Arts are inevitably tied up, and you'll find it every time. It is likely that there are as many tickets to the Celebrity Series sold in the Art School as there are in the Music School. We think we get the most enjoyment out of life that way.

When Vladimir Havsky launched into that BUTTERFLY ETUDE, we really sat up and listened. We heard it picked over for months at R. P. I., but boy, we never heard that much gusto put into it!

Kenny Rowe was heard to murmur, "Nineteen years old, and he can play like H . . . !" "Like what?" we prompted. "Like Havsky."

WEEK'S WHINE: Less than two weeks till the holidays, and all I have to do! Saints above!

Speaking of Christmas, when ARE we going to settle down to the Christmas Card business. We really should start grinding them out now, you know. They should have been ready for the mail by now, what with the postman shortage.

The Art School was sorry to hear that their former classmate, Doug Denniston (who seems to go right on making this column in spite of having joined the army six weeks ago), has spent quite a few days now in the hospital at Camp Lee. I guess its more comfortable there, anyways, though . . .

WHAT MAKES THE WHEELS GO 'ROUND: Mrs. Mundy's all-embracing smile; D'Arcy Morton's unfortunate toe, which didn't react in time; Phyl Goldman's unmatched energy and enthusiasm; Penny's new knee-length socks; Beryl, looking like a lovely Renoir, wjem everubpdu;se fees; ole a Roualt; the smoke in the hall at ten-minute rest; Kennyrow's "sild scream!" the wonderful list of distinguished names on the cards in the Art books in the library, Desportes, Junkin, Bevilagua, Creasy, Fisher, Wilson, Blaine, White ad, etc.; Pete's beautiful and eloquent recitations; we trying to scrape up this column once a week . . .

ADVICE

In your relations remember this,
Meet the kissing problem face to face;
To kiss is bliss no pretty miss should miss,
And 'tis no base disgrace in any place.

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Coed's Closet

This year of 1942, the sky over most of the world is loud with bombers; it is hard to hear the angel's wings. Yet this year Christmas will be celebrated again. And this year mbre than ever, it will be celebrated by giving.

This year in many countries, people are giving great gifts . . . their possessions, their personal desires, and even their lives for an ideal. And you, on your part, will give presents this Christmas that you have, perhaps, never given before. Gifts of cheerfulness and humor to your family; of courage to the doubters, the defeatists, around you. And actual gifts, as always, to people you love . . . signs of an affection that seems more important now than it ever has.

December holidays! Christmas week! New Year's Eve! The gay days of the season when you should wear your prettiest clothes . . . your happiest smile. When you can jump out of your "work clothes" into your fetching white wools such as June Wharton has. Hers has a hug-me-tight bodice, swirling, twirling skirt and is trimmed with brightly colored hearts and flowers perched here and there. A holiday special if there ever was one. It is one of those extra super holiday numbers.

Little Tiny O'Conner is "dreaming of a White Christmas" too as you'll agree when you see her in that new Teddy Bear Cloth coat. It's something to remember her in . . . trimmed in the brightest green, to wear over her gayest wool dresses.

"New suit for the New Year" was Marcia Eidleman's resolution when she picked out her luscious red flannel with lapels edged in navy blue. A striking contrast to Marcia's dark hair.

Love is a lovely thing but so is "Jamie" Jameson in her new gown that takes her out of her loveliness and into his arms as they dance to the tune of A Pretty Girl is Like A Melody. It's made of ice-blue slipper satin, contour hugging bodice, that is really cut low, back and front. For practical purposes it has a very narrow halter strap and is trimmed with silver heads done up in a flattering design. All this is added to the full, full skirt that sweeps the dance floor as she glides over it.

Yes, the Holidays, Santa Claus, candy canes, tinsel and full bumpy stockings, the more gifts the better as long as the "desire to give" is behind it all.

JUST IMAGINE:

Ruth White as Ruth Black
Katherine West as "Tat" East
Virginia Morrison as "Rickey"
Lessinger

Margaret Page as Margaret Sheet
Joyce Rickey as Joyce Poorly
June Wharton as January Whar-
ton

Helen Hedgepeth as Helen Rail-
walk

Ruth Slaight as Ruth Brick
Margaret Fox as Margaret Wolf
Betty Austin as "Kip" A. Model
Liza Cox as Liza Hen
Louise Lord as Louise Earl.
Katherine Alfriend as Kat Noe-
nemy

Beverly Boles as Beverly Timid
Marian Radin as Marian Gloomin
Maude Spindler as Maude Knitter
Phyl and Elaine Goldman as Phil
and Elaine Silverwomen

Roberta Cowherd as Roberta
Sheepsingle

Caroline and Dottie Mills as Caro-
line and Dottie Factories
Betty Royston as Betty Raw
Oyster

Marcia Eidelman as Marcia Busy-
woman

Janet Wheeler as Janet Walk'er
Nancy Parsons as Nancy Clergy-
man

Norma Culler as Norma Painter
Aimee Hawes as Aimee Hees
Bettye Tucker as Bettye Folder
Gloria Besser as Gloria Worsor
Gwin Coburn as Gwin Auburn
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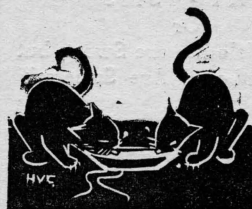
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Life Was So Peaceful At The Laundry

Six-fifteen P. M. and quiet reigns in the reception rooms of Founder's Hall . . . Six-twenty-five . . . Oh, Gad, it can't be . . . but yes it must be . . . it's Royston going for the piano . . . please, somebody, anybody, beat her to it! Oh, Ricky did it and now we will hear opus No. I with the bird seed adicts hitting the vocals. The coo-coo's are . . . Morrison, Baby and Beach. Whoops, the Mills kids are pleading for some boogie-woogie. Here it is and Noble and Josephine are hitting the West Virginia rat race . . . but mean. All good things happen after dinner . . . yeah, that's when Broadwater contributed to Brentwater's jewel collection. Then too, there has been propaganda about Cynthia giving 2:30 permissions . . . idle gossip . . . huh . . . Little Leon and Roberta just ran over to the drug constituting Mr. Five by Five . . . cute kids. Tockmorton has taken her furs from storage and from the covering on her door the fur must be rabbit! What have Parsons, Peterson, Holmes and Hardy been up to? They sure are telling secrets.

Seen shooting the hockey at the I. R. C. informal were Quinn, Graham, Audry Schreiber and Roberta Trow . . . looks like de boid is on de wing after all. Also, our great Professor H. waltzing up a breeze . . . for this our point ribbon.

Mildred and Jim are the most silent of partners. We have nevah, evah heard . . . or seen . . . How about doing "an Edison" (light on Subject) Mildred? Then 819 can sleep and they are oh, so tired . . . Sankie is still playing to the starboard . . . we're waiting for the port side however.

Our favorite songstress Elsie Lee "soloed" at Pickett and from reports they want her to run for C. O. . . . Yep, she is THAT good!! Was that Marjorie Blumberg we saw jitterbugging with some soldiers last Sunday? Ummm . . . Then, we have the case of HEY MABLE Stevenson who is bitterly misunderstood.

For those of you who do not think you care for music, listen to Sussman sing and then you will KNOW that you don't care for it . . . Fourteen gals from R. P. I. showed their faces at the John Marshall. They get around, huh? . . . Giggles Goldhan "A", spoke to Hank . . . a loud voice from the booth . . . "Oh boy, do I!! And you?" . . . Giggie "B" giggled . . .

That's your fill, turn to "What The Belles Told." Either that, or go back to the Laundry!

WHITE CHRISTMAS

The flakes are beating against the window panes and the wind is stripping the last of the crisp brown leaves from their sockets. I love snow . . . especially when it flakes on your nose or melts in tiny tear-like puddles on your cheek . . . Or when you fall in a mass of downy-white depth and find a clear crystalline outline of your rugged snow pants or wooly mittens imprinted on the earth. Best of all, I think, I love the lovely, lovely sights . . . the world transformed into a silvery fairy-land of angel food landscape, topped from tree-tops to welcoming, tinkling bells with the frothy, elegant "stuff" of satin-texture. The ugly little swinging gate fashioned into a shimmering portal of fantastic beauty . . . the ragged shrubbery molded into a halo of heavenly whiteness . . . the jagged rocks gently smoothed as if by the mighty hand of God . . . the tender shoots of winter grass put to sleep under the maternal blanket of ermine . . . the pure expression of mother nature's passionate self . . . the re-incarnation of our beautiful earth . . . a holy communion in white which removes the scars, for a fleeting moment, of this troubled world, giving hope and inspiration to its weary travelers.

BACK AGAIN

I used to eat Wheaties for breakfast every morning. I'd split open the top of the package with a bread knife, sprinkle a quantity of the cereal in an ordinary oatmeal dish, pour in just enough cream, and coat the mixture with some plain white sugar. It wasn't so bad when grasping the edge of the bed to pull myself out mornings I'd tear it to bits under me. I didn't mind particularly when the steering wheel of my car crumpled under my hands and we turned over three times into a ditch. I thought it was a good joke when I banged the door of my fraternity house and it fell to the ground. But when I tried to kiss the only girl I ever loved and broke her neck, I went back to Grapenuts.

CUFF NOTES

December 10-11, 8:15, Gymnasium Play House . . . Theatre Associates, "Brief Music."
December 13, 5 o'clock, Gymnasium . . . Conservatory of Music, Christmas Carols.
December 16, 9:30-1:00, Gymnasium . . . Wigwam Formal.
December 19-January 4 . . . Christmas Recess!!!

THE PROSCRIPT STAFF

(Continued from page 1)
little words. We don't mind that, we just want more cooperation in the future, our Editorials read by all, and your suggestions for a bigger, better paper.

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