

# THE PROSCRIPT

Vo. 4, No. 13

Richmond Professional Institute, College of William and Mary

Tuesday, Dec. 15, 1942

## Holiday Banquet Dec. 16; Wigwam Formals, 17

### A Christmas Message

Soon, fellow-students, we along with most of the world, will at least pause to commemorate the birth of a Child, the advent of a life, the coming of character, the fact of a gift, designated as the Love Gift of God to man.

"The advent of a life", did I say? But what a life! A life given for the world that we might not perish but have life everlasting!

"The coming of a character"? Yes, the world's greatest ideal poured out by God into the mold of humanity.

"A gift"! A love gift; a free gift; "not as the world giveth, give I unto you", but a generous gift. The royal road to God is through Christ -- The Gift!

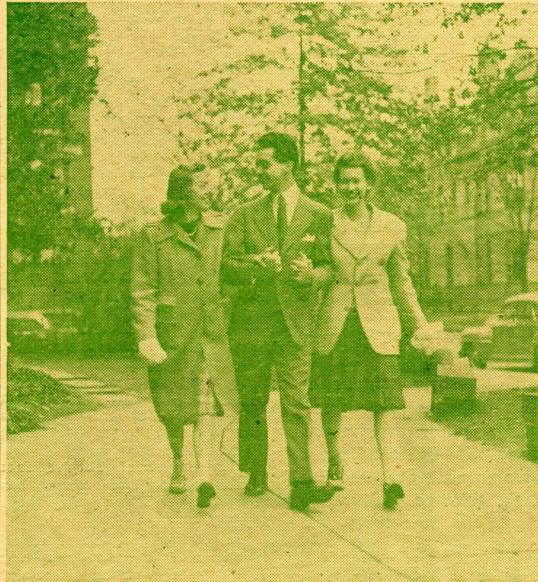
This, friends, is God's Christmas gift to you, to me, and to the world.

Christ challenges the gift of personality with all that it involves. Did He not give Himself? We should give ourselves! God needs personality rather than other things; nothing in the category of things is equivalent to the gift of the person.

This challenge makes a direct appeal for an unselfish life. Stand the selfish part of your life in a corner and view it carefully. How cruel it is, especially in this time of need! Christ presents the great example at this moment -- "He died for all that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them." And again, "He laid down His life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." Here is the moral obligation. Life for life. That is the order. We find it in all creation. We live because some living organism gave its life for us.

Should the need of the world be lost in our self-interest as rivers are lost in the sea?

God grant that this Christmas may bring a permanent, true meaning to each of us. With God's Gift received, Christ's challenge accepted, and the world before us, let us have the confidence in this Christ of Christmas who said: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."



Editor-in-chief Doris Douglas discusses plans for THE Proscript Holiday Issue with her assistants, Bob Watkins, Feature Editor, and Norma Culler, Associate Editor

—Thompson Photograph.

### We've Got It!

#### Got What? Christmas Spirit, You People!

Norma: "Hey, you two, what are yall chewing the fat so enthusiastically about over there?"

Bob: "Shall we tell her our secret, DeDe?"

DeDe: "Why, certainly she's Associate Editor, you know."

Norma: "That was kind."

Bob: "We're just full of ideas about the coming Holiday Issue of the PROSCRIPT; have you two cents' worth of suggestions . . . or are you broke as usual?"

Norma: "I'm simply bursting with suggestions . . . if you'll just let me say 'em."

DeDe: "Well, give, old gal, we've just got three inches here you know."

Bob: "Why not have . . ."

Norma: "We'll have gobs of cuts, gobs of gags, and . . ."

DeDe: " . . . and gobs of gals!"

DeDe: " . . . Now, wait a minute, this is to be printed you know; come on, Culler, as you were saying?"

Norma: "Lots of pictures, some juicy gossip, everything very Christmas-ly, and of course, Bob's features."

Bob: "Oh, yes, MY features; how about . . ."

DeDe: "A nice Editorial, maybe with some romance and a note of nostalgia and what, not."

Norma: "Why, Bob, you wouldn't!"

Bob: "Now, look, take Art-icles for instance: we can . . ."

DeDe: "I've already finished OUT OF THIS WORLD and have the front page and the editorial tentatively planned."

Bob: "That's fine; my column will . . ."

Norma: "Don't interrupt; say, Douglas, there's a luscious COED'S CLOSET, and a delightful . . ."

Bob: "Now, wait a min . . ."

DeDe: "Let's not talk anymore shop; let's surprise our public and have the 'bestest' PROSCRIPT, yet!"

Bob: "Look . . ."

Norma and DeDe: "Okay, PUBLIC! here 'tis; hope you like it."

Bob: "Girls, girls . . ."

### Dusenberry Band To Furnish Stylish Music

#### Formal Banquet To Be Given Wednesday In Founder's Hall

Have you purchased your ticket for the Christmas dance yet? The dance, which will be held in the gym Thursday, December 17, promises to be one of R.P.I.'s best.

Committees with Catherine Curtis as "header-upper" have been working for some time to make the dance a big success. Phyllis and Elaine Goldman are working on "Christmas-ly" decorations with snow and things. Helen Jonscher and Bettie Tucker are in charge of the tickets, and they are really disposing of them fast. Catherine Curtis (who says the dance will be "swell") has arranged for Harry Dusenberry and his orchestra to play, and those who have heard him say that he's just all-right. Lucille Guthrie and DeDe Douglas are taking care of the publicity, and they were responsible for the very attractive posters around school. Last but not least, Ann Harris and Virginia Vanni will welcome girls and their dates at the door, by collecting tickets.

On Wednesday night, a formal banquet will be given in the dining room of Founder's Hall, at 6:00 for all dorm students. Girls will wear evening dresses, and smoking will be allowed. A big dinner is being planned, and the dining room will be attractively decorated with candles, evergreens, and other decorations to carry out the spirit of Christmas. Singing of carols will also be featured, so start tuning up so you will be able to really make reindeers want to prance when they hear "Jingle Bells". The students will have as their guest of honor Dean and Mrs. Hibbs and daughter, Mary Sue.

Don your prettiest formal, bring a date or come stag, but by all means start your vacation right by boosting the Wigwam and coming to the dance. You're in for a good time Thursday night, December 17. See you at the dance!



# THE PROSCRIPT

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## To You . . . with love

To Harry, with love. To Cecil with love. To Jean . . . To Pieter . . . In every language, including the Scandinavian, the sentiment is the same. At Christmas the heart turns with redoubled poignancy to home and those we love. A boy in Ireland dreams of a hilltop in Ohio and a pretty girl with freckles. A young wife in Salt Lake City thinks of her husband winging his way far over the Pacific and their thoughts meet and fuse. (Not to be 'fused with con.)

Christmas is suddenly not just parties or presents or having wonderful times. Christmas is being together. It's a name traced on a frosty windowpane, it's a letter worn with creases, it's a face seen in the glowing embers of a fire, it's the echo of childish laughter. For a brief moment millions of people all over the world pause to warm their spirits with a beloved memory, to trace in their hearts the architecture of a brighter future, to pledge its realization.

Christmas greetings with love. Four short simple words winging their way 'round the world. But eloquent, prophetic. They say everything that has to be said. They're the handclasp, the kiss, the timbre of voice, the bright laughing face of a girl surprised under the mistletoe . . . they're the chimes of the carillons . . . the candles glowing in a hushed dusky nave. They're the message of hope and cheer, a happy omen for tomorrow.

## NOW ON SALE

A Pictorial Guide of  
WHAT TO DO AND WHAT NOT TO DO  
IN CAPITAL TOWN

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## Coed's Closet

The Young Still Dance . . .

All over America, this Christmas holiday, the young are dancing. In white-and-gold ballrooms, in hastily built U. S. O. recreation

centers, in road houses, in somebody's living-room with cornstarch on the floor. To the music of smartly uniformed bands, or nickel-devouring juke-boxes or radios. They are waltzing (white gloves, swirling skirts, faces pink with exertion), they are doing the conga (one-two-three-kick, one-two-three kick; the line, snakes around the table, the gourds rattle, the drums thump.) All over America, this Christmas holiday, the young are dancing; all over America, they're having fun.

The gaiety is not the hectic hard-working gaiety of the twenties . . . that eat-drink-and-be-merry, it's-all-so-futile attitude seems dead (and pretty dismal) now. Nor is their gaiety the result of ignorance, of indifference to the world crisis. They, least of all, are indifferent, because they, most of all are affected by it. That young man over there stood first in his class at law school; he's now on leave from a minesweeper. The girl he's dancing with passed her Red Cross exam this morning, with distinction. Their future individually or jointly, is uncertain. They've faced that; and, for the moment, have forgotten it. This evening they're having fun.

In England too, the young still dance, still have fun in spite of the infinitely greater uncertainty hanging over them . . . not recklessly, not as opiate, but simply because they enjoy it. In Germany the story is somewhat different. A dispatch to the New York Times from Berne, Switzerland, last April, said: "In Germany an immediate effect of the outbreak of hostilities against Yugoslavia was a general ban on dancing in public. This measure invariably follows any large-scale military operations undertaken by the Reich." Why? Perhaps because dancing has been defined as a "mild and beneficent exercise." It is beneficent; it induces a feeling of happiness, of pleasure of good-will towards men. That would never do, in the Reich.

But, in the democratic countries, it does all right. Freedom to dance in public may not be a major tenet of the democratic faith . . . but it is a tenet all the same. The right to dance, the right to have fun, are not least among the causes for which the free world is fighting. The young people concerned may not have thought of it in exactly those terms, or even thought of it, consciously at all. But the salient

fact, the important fact remains: in America, the young still dance.

And on December 17, William and Mary will have their Annual Christmas dance. This is our dance; we all love to be seen in filmy, floating dresses and we will be on that night before we all go to our homes to celebrate the holiday season with our loved ones. There we'll be in snow falls of white dresses . . . catch all, for moonlight and compliments floating around in our own gymnasium which will suddenly be transformed to a celestial winter wonderland. All our Coeds have planned weeks ahead just what to wear to the grand Holiday Ball.

There will be Kip Austin, in pale blue sequins—bodice with Minikin straps for enchantment, black net skirt for dancibility. Ellen Beach in a truly conversational piece of white lace with sweetheart neckline and a skirt for any cadenza.

Then there's "Pete," a "Rapsody in Red"; Mary Louise Jackson, sweet as ever in palest pink and ostrich plumes; Norma Culler in Champagne colored spun rayon and bubbling over with personality.

Betsy Williams, Mladova in lace, white as a white Christmas; "Pudge" Hardy decked out in black jersey crepe and white marquise looking as inviting as a holly wreath.

Our own Mrs. Munday, jolly as Old St. Nick himself, attired in heavenly blue crepe with white beaded embroidery on the clever Eton jacket. Merry Christmas Teacher! Student Sallie Clark plans to wear sophisticated black crepe with ermine trim. The dress is new isn't it Sallie and we all love it . . .

Charlotte Leon will wear her glamorously black gown of rustling taffeta, the contour hugging bodice being made of luscious lace.

Lib Cox and her room-mate plan to be twins in velveteen. Lib in blue and Louise in red. Cute little Shirley Collins in dazzling black crepe with vermilion red horizontal insets. Jane Quin in candy-striped looking as sweet as a candy cane and ready to decorate any tree.

Holiday nights will be fun if you go on wearing these dresses the boys adore—feminine, soft, and love-cut, clinging bodices and swirling, twirling skirts for you see—the young still dance.

—Jeanne Brent.



# We're Dreaming of A White Christmas

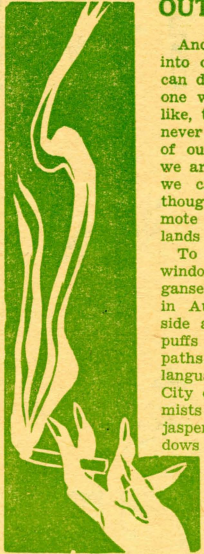
## RIDE OF THE GREEN ELEPHANT

Christmas holidays . . . that last fling of the old year and a big build up for the new. Parties and dances . . . old friends and new . . . bits of shredded tinsel and the smell of pine . . . crunching snow and tinkling bells . . . old Burgundy and sparkling champagne . . . all those little things that make this season so mellow and wonderful.

Just a few more days and the train will come puffing into the station. HOME AGAIN . . . yes, home where the fire burns brightly in the big fire place, and the sight of our loving faces makes us want to stay right there by the fire with them for these two short weeks. Two weeks with no classes to pull you out of bed . . . no breakfast bell to make you think your alarm clock has gone on a binge. Two weeks in which to relax and enjoy!! (RELAX did I say?)

The first night home you perhaps look at your skeleton social calendar with a hidden sigh in your heart, but as the news fired through the town that so-and-so has arrived from college the phone begins ringing with the gusto of a repeater. (Even if it is a FEMALE on the other end of the wire). Dad and Mom are pleased at first, that daughter has such loyal friends but when it reaches the point where Dad cannot get settled in his easy chair before the gadget begins ringing off the wall, then Dad begins to wonder if "life wasn't so peaceful in the laundry" . . . A dance at the country club, bridge at Mary's, a dinner party at the Longfellow, an egg-nog party at Betty's, an ice-skating party at the lake. And of course you must have the gang at home to help Mother thin out that ice-box that is simply crammed with goodies. You have the car at least one night. All you want is one week's ration card and no more! It will do Dad good to walk to work for one week. Mom ought to be so happy to see all the kids again—even if it does knock the censored out of her budget. She shouldn't mind losing a little sleep one night while the kids knock down the ceiling getting hep to the jive (she waits up for you every other night firing a whole magazine of questions as soon as you hit the top step). Life is one crazy rush, with the family going nuts and you knocking yourself out trying to cram everything in that wonderful two weeks--of relaxation with the family -- are you kidding? !!!!!

## OUT OF THIS WORLD . . .



And away from this war-worn world into one of our own . . . one where we can dream and think and do as we wish; one where it's safe to do the things we like, to love the people we love, to never, never hate . . . just a world of our own, of our own dreams and thoughts, where we are free from fear of intrusion, where we can relax in reverie, wherever our thoughts may take us . . . to faraway, remote lands of loveliness, lands of love, lands of memories . . .

To the bluish waters of Cadiz . . . to windows open to a South wind on Narragansett Bay . . . to the tumbling waters in Ausable Chasm . . . to a cornfield-side a-flutter with poppies . . . to great puffs of flowers in patterned garden-paths . . . to Chicago, in Carl Sandburg's language: the "Stormy, husky, brawling, City of Big Shoulders" . . . to seasons of mists and mellow fruitfulness . . . to jasper-sands by a purple sea . . . to windows open to a South wind on Narragansett Bay . . . to a land where these lines take on meaning reality: "The night in silence under many a star, the ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know, and the soul turning to thee O vast and well-veiled death, and the body gratefully nestling close to thee . . ."

—Doris Douglas.



But, dear, that's the wrong color!

## This Christmas

Christmas is one season when the business of climbing out of the groove is universal. Each man, woman, and child feels a definite tug within himself of the deep rooted sense of Christmas tide. The holiday spirit invades every corner of America, with its excitement and gaiety. All the children are keeping Santa busy with their orders and are preparing to hang the largest stocking available with high hopes of getting it filled to the brim.



This month America's main-streets have been thronged with happy shop hounds. There has been no missing the Christmas spirit in the midst of such busy buying. There are toys galore in all the toylands with which to delight the heart of every boy and girl. Each store and shop has tried to out-do the other in decorating for the season . . . The bright colors of Christmas lend themselves to attractions arrayed in every conceivable spot in the windows.



The snow has come, bringing with it the white beauty of a real Christmas. Snow gives to the world a quiet and a grandeur befitting the occasion celebrated.



More than ever this year people are anxious to buy things to bring happiness and to show the love behind them. Many are sent far away to those who are busy defending our right to have a Christmas.



Many are approaching Christmas with a heavy heart. It is hard to sing "peace on earth, good will to man" when so much destruction and chaos envelopes the world. Hope and faith must be found that Christmas will continue through the years to come to find the calmness and brightness promised by the angels. Christmas this year will be a more solemn, a more important occasion. The beautiful carols, always so moving, will have an added meaning. But we can still see Santa flying through the air, and hear his voice ringing out -- "on Dancer, on Prancer, Dixon, and Blitzen" as he leaves from his mission of showing love and joy throughout.

A.P.





## Your Inquiring Reporter

Calling Bob Ripley! Calling Bob Ripley! Turnabout has come to RPI! This time the faculty is on the receiving line of the question, so here we go and fire away.

The questions asked were, "What do you want for Christmas?" "What do you think you will get?" And "What are your plans for the holidays?"

MISS JANET STEVENS, Crafts teacher: "There is nothing I really want for Christmas, except a knife. Take that look of horror off your face . . . a pen knife. I could use water colors and brushes, but they are so hard to get now that the war is here. I don't know what I will get, but I hope it is something useful. I like to get things I need. Where do I intend to go? Well, I am going back to New Orleans. I'll have to travel 30 to 40 hours, but it will be worth it. I am hoping to do some work in ceramics at the Art School of Newcomb while I am there. It will be good to get home, because I have been away since June 25th." (Incidentally, Miss Stevens is making most of her gifts.)

RAYMOND HODGES, Associate Professor of Dramatic Art: "We are going to stay right here for the holidays, because this is Barrie's home. (Barrie is Mr. Hodge's young son.) We want to stay here and give him a real Christmas. Our Christmas will center around him . . . a tree and all that. What do I want? My pet desire is for an electric razor, so I can shave before going to class. I know I am getting a pair of bedroom slippers. Barrie was sworn to secrecy, so

he already told me! If it is possible, Mrs. Hodges and I would like to skip up to New York to see a few shows."

MISS LOIS WASHER, Mass Recreation Director: "The thing I want most of all is to see the end of the war. This is my greatest desire. Next of all, Mr. Washer and I want to visit my parents in Pittsburgh, but that depends on transportation. Of course I would like some records. (Attention, Mr. Washer; We know you read the Proscript, so take these gentle hints.) I would also like a pencil that always stays sharpened and with you, a new leather notebook, and some books. Oh, and there is something else. I would like some of those stars that shine when you put the lights out. It would look nice on my blue ceiling."

DR. MARGARET JOHNSON, dean of women: "I don't know what I want for Christmas, but I like surprises best of all. The one thing I really want I am afraid to talk about . . . it might jinx it. I guess I am just superstitious. I'll let you know after Christmas though whether it comes through or not. I am going to Georgetown, Delaware, for the holidays. Mother and I were invited to Providence, Rhode Island, but because of the train situation, we can't go. We usually have a house full of guests for the holidays, but everyone is either in the Army or Navy, so it will be very quiet . . . besides Georgetown is a little town. I would like to paint the living room with that new type wall paint, but mother is afraid I'll mess up the room. Maybe this time I can do it."



# Say . . .

The snow brought with it that intangible magic air of happiness and peace . . . it made your eyes open wider and your heart beat faster and your breath come faster . . . even as someone you love . . . It made people run and jump and skip and say "I'm going Christmas shopping tomorrow!" It made Dela Tazewell sparkle over her hot chocolate as she elaborated on her Atlanta trip . . . Rose Morey planned New York shopping . . . Miss Morton dreamed of a trip by choo choo . . . Remember Shakespeare on Christmas?

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawn singeth  
all night long:  
And then, they say, no spirit  
dare stir abroad;  
The nights are wholesome; then  
no planets strike,  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath  
power to charm,  
So hallow'd and so gracious is  
the time.

In a slightly different vein speaks Leigh Hunt of "Jenny kissed me" fame:  
"Glorious time of great too much;  
Right thy most unthrifty glee,  
and plous thy mince piety."  
Formula for reducing: Join the play production class, Marian McLeod swears she has lost twelve pounds in it . . .  
Quotes from the glorious theatre . . .  
Lynn Fontanne to Alfred Lunt in "The Pirate":  
"Lies like yours may someday blossom into those flowers of the soul that are called ideals. I shall follow you — I shall follow you to the end."  
Our Anne Morgan in "Brief Music":  
"Why can't all of life be like a second act of Rostand — with the curtain just about to go up, the music playing in the pit, a hush in the house . . . and a pounding in your heart?"  
Things to come . . .  
The Christmas dance . . . music, laughter, hearts aglow . . . going home . . . wrapping the presents . . . cutting the tree . . . then decorating it . . . stockings hanging before the fire and someone reading "The Night Before Christmas" . . . drinking in and being thrilled by "The Messiah" . . . singing carols . . . a church spire towering above you and all about it little stars winking from the velvet night . . . the joy and peace of loving and being loved by those around you . . .

—Bob Watkins.



## ART-ICLES

Or

"T'was The Night . . . Etc.

"T'was the week before Christmas and all through the school

Not a creature was stirring except the Art Students and they were doing everything . . ."

I guess that's the way we all feel at times like this, but I declare, NOBODY could possibly be as active as we are right now. It is evidenced on all sides. It exudes from every item of work we do. Witness, for example: The Christmas presents being prepared in a cramming dash at the last minute in the Crafts Class. All kinds of things . . . Edie's pig . . . the scrumptious leather wallets and purses and photograph holders and things . . . the glazed pottery (which looks like the day-after-Christmas) . . . Sarah and Virginia's beer mugs . . . Doris's never-ending flow of juicy jewelry. And then in the print class: "I wanted to finish this silk screen by—(you know what), so I can give all my relatives one." And over in fashion: Petey's Christmas angel on the accessories ad, Jessie's "White Christmas" number. And, natchery, in Mr. Walker's classes, literally hundreds of beeyootiful . . . Christmas cards.

I tell ya, there's just nothing like the ole spirit!

Here of the day: Kenny Rowe got a TP on his composition in Life last week, and that's really something! It was a wash-and-ink-drawing of his sister's wedding reception, which Kenny pulled through the week before, and a very wedding-reception-y picture it was, too! Congratulations, Kenny!

What's cookin'? The glazed pottery, and you can smell it from here! It wasn't our fault, and it certainly wasn't the kiln's fault. What on earth could have happened? Nobody knows, but you really should (or shouldn't, I guess) have seen it when it came out! Probably on account of the war.

Miss Peterson sat in Advertising one day last week (she didn't have anything else to do, I suppose) and calmly declared, "You can look for my mail if you want to, but I know I didn't get any." So 'Liza looked, and returned aeons later staggering under a load of mail. Miss Peterson had gotten EIGHT letters, and they weren't even Christmas cards.

Were you at the A. S. L. Christmas party last week? Well, after all that publicity, et-cetera that it got, why not? It was wonderful fun. We held it over in the Library Building (The A. A. Anderson Gallery of Art, to you), and sang Christmas carols—with all the trimmings—and drank cocoa and doughnuts and candy and all that. We're all for having another one for New Year's.

Pat Bell and other 821 Belles (no apologies forthcoming) engaged in a dear old snow battle with the few precious balls of it that accumulated last week, when we had that wonderful afternoon. Little true damage was done, but all had a good time. More power to the snow! We wish it would fall every day, just so we could look out our windows and dream dreams that could never seem possible any other time . . .

No whine at all this week; we feel too good.

We hear that the anatomy class wishes that the dean would change the hour of the convocations, as it interferes with their class period. Lunch hour, perhaps . . .

A recent letter from Doug Denniston—reveals that he is as cheerful as could be expected, rapidly on the mend, and HOPES—wishes, anyway—to be home for the Yule.

"And I heard him exclaim, as he drove out of sight (Santa Claus, not Doug).  
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all Good Morning!"  
(It was right late when he finished at R. P. I.)

## WHAT THE BELLES TOLD . . .

Single belles, single belles . . . single all the way . . . Oh, what fun it was last year with him on Christmas day! All right, so it's not funny, that's what it is . . .

The International Relations Club (plug) is sponsoring a swell idea . . . They're selling little "red books" with the names and addresses of all the students in R. P. I. Won't it be simple to look up your friends thus instead of using the telephone book—and storming the office. They're just 15 cents each. Yes, your name is in there, too. What was that rumor we heard about those books being sold in army camps?

Betty Granger has quite an accomplishment these days. By merely glancing at a street car about a hundred miles down the tracks, she can inform bus riders if it's what they want.

Scene at a glance:  
Charlotte Heeke whispering that she saw "The Women", as given by the Camp Lee pretties.

Jane Cavan nonchalantly dropping a penny in the juke box and looking surprised when the little thing fell out.

Helen Hall wondering why Ray brought her mother a box of candy the other night.

Kathryn Harris preaching against giving him your picture for Christmas. Experience, Kitty, m'gal?

Jean Poser asking if we dared put anything about her in this column. She can stab us, maybe, but by gum, it's not fair to twist the knife!

Hilda Steinburg sporting a wee gold bar a private gave her. Now it seems to us as though lieutenants were the ones who . . . oh, well.

All the girls in general and each one in particular discovering that a certain R. P. I. lad was married. It often happens, girls.

Betty Curt Tyler making the most attractive set of wool gloves, scarf, and argyle socks.

Thoughts that passed in the night;

There's nothing more provoking than

snow turning to slush  
someone deliberately enjoying a hill-billy song  
boys with curly hair while there are girls haunting "permanent" salons

There's nothing more delightful than

believing in Santa Claus  
mid-night mass on Christmas eve night  
and ten days from now believing you-know-what!  
Til then, be good, and here's hoping you'll all have a happy, tinsel-covered, holly-berried, mistle-toed holiday.



## Excuses For A Party Every Night During Xmas

- Dec. 19—Mothers day at Bronx Zoo.  
Dec. 20—Anniversary of the meeting of the Snow-flake Chasers Club.  
Dec. 21—On this day in 41 the beer shortage was marked in England.  
Dec. 22—Three more shopping day until Xmas.  
Dec. 23—Anniversary of Sally Rand losing a fan.  
Dec. 24—Egg-nog night.  
Dec. 25—Merry Xmas.  
Dec. 26—Anniversary of the landing of the baby Penguins from the South Pole.  
Dec. 27—Anniversary of the Little Man's Bowling Club.  
Dec. 28—Discovery Day in Rangoon.  
Dec. 29—Anniversary of the Beginning of the G-string murders.  
Dec. 30—Birthday of Rocco Geboni.  
Dec. 31—Party before the party.  
Jan. 1—Happy Hangover day.  
Jan. 2—Six days and a year ago Mickey Rooney applied for a marriage license.  
Jan. 3—Have a brand new one gals then break the habit 'cause there are classes on the morrow.

## Art Student Leaguers Hold Yuletide Party

On Wednesday night at 7:30, December 9, the Art Students' League held its Christmas meeting. It was an open meeting and the last time that art students could become members. Plans are being made to include non-art students in the League after Christmas.

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## THE CHESTERFIELD BEAUTY SALON

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### UNUSUAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Christmas Cards  
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## A SAUCER OF MILK

Or

## Eggnogg Is A Fine Substitute

Twas the night before the 19th  
and all thru the dorm,  
every creature was stirring,  
and I'm not kidding!!!

What with the Christmas dance and Christmas shopping still to be done there hasn't been one moment of rest . . . All in all the Christmas Spirit is in full swing with the Kappa Phi's doing their bit . . . ask Beverly Bowles who was the nice Santa who gave her her simply stunning blue and white striped shirt. The plaid lumber shirt being sported by C. Mills was given to her by a Santa the of Selby.

Margaret Stark really shocked us the other day when she nonchalantly walked into room 30, a combination of Mae West, Veronica Lake, and Marlene Dietrich . . . when asked what they thought about it the guests of Margaret Fox gave a vacant-silent-stare.

Kip Austin received a dozen roses and a lovely big picture of "Ed". That little girl has really gone domestic on her 19th birthday.

Have you seen the sweater she did NOT knit for Birton? Kip shared honors this week with Margaret Fox, Pete and Ruth Slight.

Dottie Mills and Gwen Coburn are still hept on the subject of Air Cadets. Do you still wear Van's pin Dottie?

Janet Wheeler—Alias "Campus Lou" is again on the loose . . . quote: "It's not that I don't like my room, its myself, I can't stand," unquote.

That was a mean mistake one of the girls made at the desk the other night when they told Pat C. Tommy S. had called.

Special to Santa:

Dear Santa,

Please bring a fraternity pin to Jamie (from Snap), a picture of A. T. to Louise and a hope that RPI will someday rate with Churchill's Sweet Briar. Also a certain man to Tat West, a smile to Harriet Gwin, and please dear Santa please bring me one of Minnie B's lieutenants.

One of Mrs. Chalkley's  
"feeble minded children."

What's this about Ted Turner keeping Catherine Alfriend out after taps? . . . Charlotte Leon was seen dancing with "Curly" at the Marshall Room Saturday last . . . We perked up from our loneliness when Marshall came back for a visit last week-end . . . you've been away a long time, Marsh, but Don's waiting at Camp Lee . . . We hear that the "P-47" (Harriett C.) is going to raise halleluiah during the Xmas holidays; maybe we had better warn "Danny, the Hand-Holder" hmmm . . . Hey, keeds, get this: our DeDe is going to spend her holidays in Chicago again at the home of . . . guess who . . . why, Artful Argo, of course . . . And listen, Jim, the Little Foxes wrote Squabo about a wedding in June! She's forgotten all about that but just thought we'd let YOU know.

Who were those Two-too men talking to Dela in the living room Sunday . . . Huiet and Culler are heading for Randolph-Macon this week-end; keep the fires burning my Deahs! Louisa and Bobby are coming on fine—he's the nice lad, ya know!

An hour before the deadline, so,  
A merry Christmas to all of ye,  
And to ye all, a good spree.

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## DEAR MA,

I haven't written home in so long that I have so much news to write about. It won't be long now 'til I can tell it all to you in person. 4 more days!

The most exciting thing happened. Pat Bell is a sister to a 9½ lb. baby brother. Just think, in 20 years he might be a co-ed here.

Last week there were four girls invited to the Engineer's dance at the country club, and they were all from Hickok House. You should have seen the fleet of command cars that awaited them at the door.

Sweetie and Phil Edmiston are sacrificing part of their Christmas holiday to convenience the O. C. S. The wolf has bitten Phil.

Edith Goldstein's Ed made Phil Bet last week. Isn't it strange how opposites attract? What's more, he just got into the air corps.

Ma, love is blooming in December. Shelby is leading the graft what with a dozen sweetheart roses and a big box of bonbons. Despite the war, chivalry is still with us. Ma, nobility sends me roses.

Frances Gregory wants to know why tapeworms don't smother when they get inside you. Will someone answer her question?

Churchill Walker got a long distance the other night commemorating the anniversary that Ken first told her he loved her. Isn't that romantic?

There's a girl who lives on the second floor here who gets more phone calls than anyone else in the house, and she never answers the house phone. This is the problem of the week.

Else

## "JUST KEEP ON DOING WHAT YOU'RE DOING"



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