

## Freak Weather Delays Publication

### Seniors To Nominate May Queen Friday



By Courtesy of the News-Leader

Richmond, the stately city of old Virginia transformed over night into a lovely fairy land of tinkling ice-cicles, crunching by-paths, crystal paths and dangling prisms, laughed and wept under bending boughs of benevolent beauty and heart rending wreckage. Mother Nature, poised in her pseudo garment of spring, entered the embracing gates of the city only to vanish and return stalking in an armor of brutal glamour and ironical beauty. Prancing and dancing through the parks and streets in a fit of mock hysteria, she mercilessly broke, slashed, and twisted her servants of the seas-

on into gnarled and crippled contours. In her left hand she bore a mighty weapon-beauty, which she poured lavishly over the crushed wreckage as a healing potion; then dashed away in a frenzy of destruction and beauty.

In her path the trees of a less frivolous nature groaned and swayed under their burden of untimely beauty. The street lights, fringed in a halo of symmetrical spokes, shed their pure light through masses of tangled boughs, made brittle and hard and lovely. The tender shoots of grass and ugly underbrush lay matted together in piles of fra-

gile china. The delicate leaves of the inferior shrubs slumped and froze in her path. The few suspended petals of ivy nestled among the protective eaves tugged in a surrendering manner at their weak joints and tinkled against the chilled window panes.

Racing through the streets, Mother Nature mercilessly cemented the cars in their tracks scorning loudly man's defiance of machinery over the forces of nature; yet gilding each with a coat of translucent splendor.

The sound of splintering boughs echoed through the glassy streets as overloaded branches came crashing to their doom.

The tiny fragments catching stray beams of light glittered and sparkled in mock-diamond like array on the crusty surface, tempting in their deceiving manner the hungry eyes of the passer-by.

To the north, south, east, and west, as far as the eye could see -- everything was clothed in a majestic coat of silvery crystal, terrifying and beautiful. The thoughtful wanderer could only stand in the wake of this maddening beauty and say, "Only God, the Creator of all, could make such destruction beautiful. How can it be?"

—Norma Culler.

# THE PROSCRIPT

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

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HOW WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR

NAME HERE?

TRYOUTS WEDNESDAY AT 4:30

FRONT LIBRARY

## To "DeDe"

With fond adieu, to the old term and higher hopes for the new R. P. I. students must pause a moment to pay tribute to one of the finest Editors the Proscript has ever had—our Editor-in-chief, Doris Douglas. "DeDe", as she was known to her friends imparted in her Co-worker so much of that little something which spells success . . . inspiration. Her cheerful smile and enthusiastic manner added the needed spark and lessened the burden when things looked pretty dark during Proscript make-up. Hard work is often overlooked by those who only see the results and do not witness the action but this time it will not be passed over lightly. I only wish that the student body of R. P. I. could appreciate, as we of the Proscript staff do, the diligence, patience and outstanding work done by one of our fellow students, Doris Douglas.

Working with her was a pleasure. Ideas popped up with machine gun rapidity and were instituted almost as quickly . . . to make your Proscript what it is today. The road has been hard, but we have come a long way. We of the Proscript staff feel as Abraham Lincoln felt on the historical day of his Gettysburg address, "It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced" . . . that it is our duty to carry on where others have left off. The road ahead will not be minus difficulties, but the ideals of others will not perish if we the students dedicate ourselves to the work they have begun.

—Norma and Bob.  
The Eds.

## Recreational News

**RICHARD CHASE**

Protagonist of the Folk Arts

Helping to get our new semester off to a good social start was Mr. Richard Chase of the Country Dance Society. Mr. Chase is well known among the people of Virginia for the excellent work he has been doing both in dancing and in other activities.

Seventeen years of work in square and folk dancing have given Mr. Chase a wide knowledge of the dances of this country and of those of other people. While Mr. Chase has studied abroad, he has concentrated his interests in the traditional songs, ballads, stories, and dances of our American culture. We can safely say that Richard Chase has done more for the tradition of Virginia folk lore than has any other person.

Beside his work in dancing, Mr. Chase has done much to spread the knowledge of and the construction of shepherds' pipes and hand puppets. Most of the puppet shows have been Punch and Judy shows for children. Mr. Chase is known to many people for his work in the public schools of Richmond and in the Square Dance Club at the University of Virginia.

— Betty Donahue

## SENIOR NEWS

Friday, Feb., 12, during the twenty minute period, the Seniors will hold a very important class meeting. At this meeting the Seniors will nominate candidates for May Queen. Every senior is urged to attend this particular meeting. Ad. Building—Room 5.

## Three B's Library GIFT SHOP

900 W. Franklin Street

FEAURING

COSTUME  
JEWELRY

## VALENTINE DANCE

February 12

JUNIOR CLASS

## Musical Notes

By BERYL SMITH

The orchestra of the School of Music made its debut Friday night, Jan. 30 in the Gymnasium Playhouse under the direction of Dr. William S. Naylor, the director of the Richmond School of Music. Mrs. Adelaide Fletmet, a member of the faculty, was concert master. Mrs. Fletmet was formerly at the University of North Carolina and served as concert master of the North Carolina Symphony Orchestra.

The orchestra consisting of about twenty pieces opened the program. The program was as follows:

Four Movements from the Second "Orchestral Suite" by Bach.

"Jesi, Joy of Man's Desiring" sung by the vocal ensemble, made up of Sopranos Elsie Lee Meredith, Ann Harris, and Ernestine Scott; Altos Eleanor Beach, Martha Jean Blayney, and Shirley Shapiro; Tenor Roy Caudle; and Basses Kenneth Rowe, Robert Watkins, Joe Staton, and Irving Schenker. (This was a debut for the ensemble, also.)

"London Symphony" by Hadyn by the orchestra.

Intermission  
"Depuis le Jour" from the opera "Louise", sung by Beryl Smith, a senior in Music.

"First Cello Concert" by Saint Saens closed the program.

It was a most interesting program and the hope was that there will be more programs like this one.



Pictures of all class sponsors and all retakes will be made early in February. Watch the bulletin boards for the dates. There will be a special price on retakes

## THE WIGWAM

Basement D  
Administration Building

# T. A. 'S Bill "Shining Hour" For February

## Say...

I'd like to see . . .  
 ...The Proscript with six pages all the time . . . plenty of candy bars in the drug . . . some more funny annual pictures . . . people's faces when Ruth Putzel pulls out her snakes . . . the same body when she bounced downstairs the other P. S. . . . a movie currently that follows the plot of the play from which it was taken (meaning, of course, "George Washington Slept Here") . . . Mabel . . . yes, Darrell and and Hortense and Violet, too . . . confidentially, I think Violet is just Mary Rutherford's pseudonym . . . Mary Turner looking positively thrilled about something . . . Mrs. Robins sitting down resting just a little while . . . Pat Royal's men all under one roof . . . Messrs. Hodges and Maloney working an "Charley's Aunt" . . . Somebody early in the morning who looked like high noon . . . An empty bus . . . Anita's technique in action . . . Miss Buhr as she was in "The Eve of St. Mark . . . who said "type casting? . . . Mrs. Hodges in the process of selecting a hat (oops---that lamp almost got me!) . . . Scotty's dance again---it was, by far, the best piece of creative work I've seen here in some time . . . "Now Voyager" again . . . Miss O'Connor at six o'clock in the A. M. . . . Someone with more school spirit than Norma Culler ---and this is her first year, too . . . Anyone more cooperative than Dela Tazewell . . .

Here's the latest . . . Miss Ruth Putzel's attempt to drown yours truly was not at all appreciated by the staff of **The Proscript** on account of all the empty space that has to be filled up. Of course, Miss Putzel is good at that, too . . .

We all miss Gloria Besser and her smile. Happy days to you, Mrs.!

A well knit verse by Mary Rutherford:

"There was a young man from Sterling, (Darrell)  
 Who lacked ability in purling.  
 He thinks he knits well  
 But it sure looks like hell  
 When he starts the needles to twirling."

Remark of the month (Made in M. and R.'s bag dept.):  
 Mary: "Isn't that a cute little bag?"

Morgan (with a sigh): "I wonder if anyone ever says that about me?"

## Jack Creasy Active In Roanoke Civic Theatre



JACK CREASY

By **RAYMOND HODGES**  
 Associate Professor of Dramatic Art

In a recent Guignol Theatre program Mr. Frank Fowler wrote, "The nation is at war, men are fighting, women are toiling, for the preservation of an ideal. Civilization is at stake. Every branch of our great democratic life must bring its strength to focus and throw the volume of its power and light against the aggressions of darkness. **THE THEATRE, AS AN INTEGRAL PART OF OUR CIVILIZATION, MUST BE KEPT ALIVE.** Many little theatres, and departments of Dramatic Art have thought it necessary to close. This condition is, of course, to be decried. On the other hand other groups have taken the "bit in their mouths" and have gone on, reorganized, put on more plays and have used that weapon which laughter can be.

One of the latter type of groups is the Academy Players of Roanoke, Virginia. Early this fall this group organized to put Roanoke on the theatrical map. Jack Creasy, who will be remembered as one of our most outstanding students, decided he had better join this group. He had majored in Advertising Art while a student here but he had taken several courses in Dramatic Art, in fact it was Jack's design that the Play Production class chose to use for last year's "Pure As The Driven Snow." Pictures of that set are soon to be pictured in a forthcoming issue of "Players Magazine."

The first play to be produced by the Academy Players was the well known comedy "Pennywise." Jack played a role in this show, designed and made a hundred posters by silk screen process and designed the set. "Pennywise" was followed by "Dover Road." Jack had a still longer role in this show and did his usual hundred and one odd jobs. He designed a gray set with a black ground cloth and black draperies. The furniture was antique walnut. The entire effect was rich and grand.

In addition to these major productions the Academy Players have sponsored a Gilbert and Sullivan Opera and a children's theatre production of "Robin Hood." Creasy painted the sets for the latter production.

Here, then, is a real organization doing a real job . . . providing entertainment and relaxation for busy people. Here, too, is a real chap putting to work ideas and theories he learned in the classroom. We're proud of Jack Creasy.

## ON THE CALL BOARD . . .

FEBRUARY 19, 20 "THE SHINING HOUR"

MARCH 30, 31, APRIL 1 "THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DR. FAUSTUS"

APRIL 29, 30 "LADY IN A FOG"

## Margaret Page, Bob Watkins In Keith Winter Play

On February 19 and 20 at 8:15 the Theatre Associates will present Keith Winter's "The Shining Hour." This, the first serious drama of the season, will be staged by Raymond Hodges.

Mr. Hodges has announced the cast, which includes four members of the drama department and two other fine art majors.

Margaret Page, who is from Rocky Mount, North Carolina, and is a student of Interior Decoration, will be seen as Mariella Linden, the outsider around whom the intrigue in the Linden home revolves. Miss Page was seen earlier in the season in "Brief Music".

Bob Watkins, a drama major, is cast as David Linden, the family head, whose interest in music and horses is more potent than his interest in his household. Mr. Watkins has recently been seen in "Hay Fever", and two one-act plays, "George" and "A Mind of Her Own".

James Maloney, associate in the drama department, will play Henery Linden, Mariella's husband. Mr. Maloney has appeared in all the plays of the current season and is now preparing the stage, Christopher Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus".

Betsy Williams will be seen as Hannah Linden, the spinster sister. Miss Williams is a drama minor. She appeared in last season's melodrama, "Pure As The Driven Snow".

Christine Taylor, who is a drama major, and who appeared to excellent advantage as the "Jinx" in "Brief Music", will be Judy Linden, David's weak but faithful wife.

Ted Turner, a fine art major, is cast as Mickey, the youngest of the Lindens. He, too, was last seen in "Pure As The Driven Snow".

The set was designed by Mr. Watkins. Stage manager for the production will be Dela Tazewell. Miss Tazewell will be assisted by Margaret Bean, Dottie Mills is in charge of the props.

WHAT'S NEW IN THE DEPARTMENT OF DRAMATIC ART  
 Community Dramatics - Drama 306.

Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday - 8:45 A. M.

This is another "how to do it" course. It takes all age groups and plans dramatic activity for each . . . Children's Theatre Organization, Puppets, Community Shows, Little Theatre Organizations, and management. If you work with any kind of group, don't miss it.



## Post Mortem



**JANET WHEELER**  
and that after-exam feeling

Exams do peculiar things to a person. If you don't believe this statement, take a look at the above snapshot. This is "Paleface" Wheeler entwining herself about a post in a form of relief and joy; she just encountered her last exam.

In 827 on Saturday preceding the first Monday of exams, the dorm had settled down for a nice quiet night of studying when the fireworks really began. To start things rolling, all the lights in the building went off, and then there was a mad rush to first floor to hunt for candles. Fifteen minutes later the place was once more aglow, so back to the books they went. When the clock struck ten, a loud clanging noise could be heard which resembled the fire alarm and sure enough, that's what it was. Of course, it was only a mistake but it caused plenty of thrills and provided another excuse to break away from those tiring books.

The next day being Sunday many planned to get a lot of studying done but, to make things worse, the day proved to be one of those delightful, invigorating spring moods and you felt like just sitting in the sun and breathing in that warm, fresh air instead of toiling over the lessons.

Finally the day arrived and after rushing through breakfast, you take a hurried glimpse over those notes, gathered up a couple of those ever faithful "blue books" and flew to class. Three hours of racking the brain was enough for anybody, so you fled out of the building, looking as though you had been pulled through a keyhole and thinking to yourself, "One less to go."

After repeating this same procedure four or five times, you are through doing so until the end of another semester rolls around.

Now you have a few days off to do as you please in, so that way over due "thank you" note is finally written, that book that has been on your reading list for the past three months is

## PROSCRIPT STAFF MEMBERS SERIOUSLY CONTENPLATE SUICIDE AS SHOTAGES OF COPY AND TRYOUTS BECOME INCREASINGLY ACUTE

Last night will go down in the history as the beginning of a new era in the life of the PROSCRIPT. Starting with the present issue, the staff was really impressed with the fact that there is a war going on. There was a time way back in the dim dark past when the news editors of the Proscript could sit at his desk, read copy and then say, "No, I don't think we will run this story. We have way too much copy anyway."

Like pleasure driving, 'them days am gone forever.' Now the editors stand behind the doors in the make up room, gun in hand. If anyone dares go up the library stairs or comes within the fair-hunting zone of twenty feet, he is a goner.

If he has a piece of paper in his hand his future is assured. If he doesn't have a piece of paper containing her choice bit of news for the forth-coming issue her future is also assured but it is much more painful.

The casual visitor in or near the PROSCRIPT OFFICE is indeed a brave or ignorant person. It is rumored that there are all sorts of traps set in the Library Garden for anyone who would like to work on the PROSCRIPT.

We have had all sorts of S. O. S.'s for tryouts for the PROSCRIPT. At present the requirements are pretty stiff: Applicants must have one head and one arm or a reasonable facsimile thereof and thereupon. Also she must have two legs, several pairs of shoes, and PATIENCE! If an applicant has an A card or better a car with three wheels (with tires) she is automatically made Editor-in-Chief.

But last evening things came to a head! There have been news shortages. BUT last night there was a shortage of EVERYTHING . . . nothing to write and no one to write it. In addition to that there was practically no one to type it up as the typists were slightly sick of waiting for the news to happen and be written up.

So this time THE PROSCRIPT, ever resourceful, went out and made news, and if you want to know, we got in cahoots with the weather bureau and drummed up this slick weather; or didn't you like it?

We have not yet stooped to murder. The shortage isn't quite that acute and no one is heart-and-soul journalistic to risk his neck quite so openly. Therefore it might be said with great authority that there will be no murders caused by members of the PROSCRIPT staff in the very near future. Suicide however is very imminent.

It happens once in a while that THE PROSCRIPT has a jinx-night—when there is no news. It would be therefore greatly appreciated if the students of R. P. I. would please go out and make some news so we will have something to print. There must be something we can all do worthy of print. Suggestions for the inception of a nudist colony will not be appreciated. Moving the Erroll Flynn trial from California would be both impractical and illegal.

accomplished or maybe the roommate decides to tidy up that closet a bit so you are all for that. It sure does feel good to relax and use your time as you like to and know that there are no themes to be written, no math problems to do, and etc. Guess exams are right much fun after all.

—Dottie Mills

Compliments

of

**THE CHESTERFIELD  
BEAUTY SALON**

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## CALENDAR

Feb. 12th — Dance, Junior  
Class — Valentine Dance

Feb. 12th—Defense Exhibi-  
tion by Interior Decora-  
tion Students Ad. No. 39

Feb. 19th and 20th—Play,  
"The Shining Hour"—  
Theatre Associates.

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**Remember Bataan**  
Invest  
**A Dime Out of**  
**Every Dollar in**  
**U.S. War Bonds**

## THE PAWS THAT REFRESHES

or

**No. No. A Thousand  
Times No, I'd Rather  
Die Than Say No**

By KNELLY KNOWS

Dear Miss Knows,

We stayed out last night until 2 o'clock this morning with two men. Did we do wrong?

Misses Sadowski and O'Connor.  
Dear Misses Sadowski and  
O'Connor,

I don't know. Did you do  
wrong?

—K.K.

Dear Miss Knows,

What do you think of a man  
who would kiss a woman with a  
cigar in his mouth?

—Miss Willingham.

Dear Miss Willingham,

Who was it who said, "A wo-  
man's a woman, but a cigar is a  
damn good smoke?"

—K.K.

Dear Miss Knows,

The girls in the Day Students'  
Room are always telling dirty  
jokes that I never catch on to.  
What would you advise me to  
do? It is very embarrassing.

—Miss House.

Dear Miss House,

Don't feel so badly. You'd be  
more embarrassed if you did un-  
derstand. Anyway I'll betcha Miss  
Sudan herself doesn't.

—K.K.

Dear Miss Knows,

I am an out-of-town student  
who lives in the dorm. All my  
dates want to go to Byrd Park.  
Is that all right?

—Miss Starke.

Dear Miss Starke,

Oh, I guess it will do until  
they open up the Byrd Airport  
again.

—K.K.

Dear Miss Knows,

I had a date with Mr. Watkins  
last night. Please tell my why  
he insisted upon reading essays  
to me until I fell asleep.

—Miss Shepherd.

Dear Miss Shepherd,

Who knows? Perhaps he's a  
wolf in Lambs clothing.

—K.K.

—Patsy Royall.

## SAY . . .

**HOW ABOUT PAYING  
YOUR ACTIVITIES FEE  
TO CYNTHIA MASON?**



# Current at the Museum

By BERLE WEINSTEIN

An art museum is a nice place to visit anytime but particularly now during these hectic days. The current exhibition is especially a Romancist's field day. It is of illuminated manuscripts and incunabula, and will be there until February 10.

These glorious hand printed and illuminated pages create an atmosphere of those golden days of yore when you might be killed, but at least it would have been done politely. To make the knights and fair ladies become even more real to you, and perhaps come up and look over your shoulder, the museum staff has put appropriate background of Gothic tapestries and sculptural fragments.

Of the illuminated letters—the colors are superb, just as the compositions are magnificent. An unusually charming one because of its naive interpretation is "Noah's Ark on a Stormy Sea," done in an "O". This is 18th Century Italian; it pictures a yellow house in the middle of a sea swarming with fish while you can see through one of the conveniently removed walls, Noah's family and the "two of each kind." Meanwhile Noah is peeking through a hole in the roof at the dove arriving complete with branch.

Another lovely one is a letter "D" decorated by an unknown Master of the North Italian school of the late 18th century. The title is "God, the Father, inspiring David to Write the Psalms." It is amazing for the control the artist had over a green and yellow checked background and two blue-robed figures.

A King David playing the harp, encircled in a letter "O," is also very beautiful. This is 15th century Franco-Flemish. The color is jewel-like-gold, red, gray, blue and green.

One which is remarkably reminiscent of El Greco is of "The Betrayal Kiss," and is from a Book of Hours done in 1450 by an Franco-Italian master.

Others that I would advise to look for particularly are "A Virgin and Dying King David" which is German, 1490; "St. John the Baptist, Announcing the Coming of the Messiah," in an "E", which is thought to belong to the Sieneese School; and "Abraham and Three Angels," 13th Century, Venetian.

But perhaps the jewels of the show are four little Persian miniatures that are exquisite in their

# ART N' STUFF

## ATTENTION ALL ART STUDENTS

Starting this semester your Art League will begin a half year of many activities. This is your chance to participate in a club for you, whether you are an Interior Decorator, Fashion, or Fine Art Student. The aim of the club is to do things we have all wanted to do but never have had time to do in classes.

This semester will probably bring forth (if conditions are favorable and we are almost sure they are) the annual New York trip in April, speakers of worth and a general bit of fun. The Speakers this term will include a fashion expert; a reknown decorator, and a fine art lecturer . . . So, come on, y'all let's make the art league the outstanding club of the year.

## PUNS N' COFFEE

If this column seems a little rancid, blame it on priorities. All the good jokes around here go to the Armed forces first.

### Bristles and Ail!

"Why the toothbrush in your coat lapel?"

"It's my class pin-- I go to Colgate."

### Joke --

Once there was a traveling salesman who stopped one night at the house of a Georgia farmer. "Gadzooks," he said, "gad-zooks and egad! This farmer has a beautiful daughter . . ."

But that very night the traveling salesman got a telegram that informed him he'd been called for induction in the Army. Now he's a soldier.

### A Lieutenant's Prayer

Twinkle, twinkle, little bar  
How I wish you were a star.

## Interior Decoration

Mr. Tolerton, head of the Interior Decorating Department has arranged an exhibit of his second year students' work. The project was to design a club room or U. S. O. for the Armed forces. Research was made by the students at the U. S. O. here in Richmond, as well as through direct contact with sailors, soldiers, and Marines, who gave their views on the subject. The exhibit will be held the night of the Junior Class Dance, February 12, in Room 39 (Gym). All cordially invited.

rich patterns and color. One of a battle scene is unusually lovely.

# Music N' Stuff

We ardently believe that a great deal more can be learned about music by listening to it than reading about it. Anyway, since the Proscript cannot attach records or even sell them, as some metropolitan papers do, we would like to give our two cents worth to persuade you to listen to some very good music.

In these trying times, a happier selection couldn't be found than Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, which the National Symphony Orchestra played several Sundays ago. It contains bar after bar of pure gaiety and joy. The simple second movement nears somberness but carries one forward nevertheless. The last movement is happiness and abandonment itself. All of it is, perhaps unfortunately, easy to whistle to the annoyance of those who don't want their strains polluted.

Incidentally, the motif of Beethoven's Fifth is his favorite one and may be found in a good deal of his other music, even in a little *Sonatina* which we have been practising. It's fun to watch for.

Another Beethoven we are fond of is *The Pastorale* or Sixth Symphony. It has all the peace of the countryside plus a cracker-jack storm and a peasant's dance thrown in.

Both of these volumes may be taken from the school library and played in the music building.

Music sometimes approaches the screwy side, which is the case of a good deal of art. We have been hearing a good deal of the Schostakovich from the Golden Age which prompted Dr. Hans Kindler's classic remark, "If you hear any wrong notes, they're right." We understand that the piece is Schostakovich's idea of the non-Soviet man, which means you and me. No doubt the composer has changed his mind since the Allies have begun diverting the Germans.

One of our acquaintances has a record titled *Love for Three Oranges*. Titles always offend and annoy us. For example, the first one and a half side of the discs is rather vague and dreamy so we think of oranges being squeezed instead of beauty. The last one and a half side sounds like elephants. We like that.

—Kenneth Rowe.



# Coed's Closet

Its a date!

Man waits, fidgeting, raging, looking frantically at his watch, while woman fixes her face, lingers on the phone, repairs her nail-polish, and dawdles with details. So it will be until the end of time. But you'll never lose a beau if you look divine when you finally DO appear. For instance, Phyl Goldman was worth waiting for one night last week when she walked graciously down the stairs in her new beige and black creation, a flawless fit and blessedly feminine for "Philisimo."

"E" came running down beside her in a frock of cocoa brown and jeweled tone aqua blue. It's unassuming simplicity looked lovely and right, on "Mouse No. 1."

Another dawdler, but definitely worth waiting for was "Weeksie" Burnes in her date dress of lusk blue, for a background with a pring of black. Gracious lines that are just perfect to win his heart.

Have you all seen Mary Garvey's new date coat? It's made in an appealing chocolate brown color, and trimmed in luxurious mink, the perfect thing to serve long and loyally on the home front.

Ann Powell's new green cashmere . . . just the thing for these long winter evenings—is the better half of the costume of the year and at the same time is charmingly feminine.

By the way talking about "new things," how Elsie Lee's new pictures of Bud, not one but two.

One reason why Marshall Hawthorne makes her date wait so long is . . . it couldn't be her new hair-do, or could it? Headlines of Hawthorne, these days, the upswamp! A regular Highland fling and right becoming too.

Evelyn Huiet in plated perfection of white toasty warm wool, trimmed in gold studs around the high neckline. Just the right amount of brilliance for "Ev."

Roberta Cowherd keeps her date lingering in the hall twiddling his thumbs as she zips herself into her tidy shepherd check shirt with rationed pleats all way 'round. A duration darling that she'll never tire of.

Buhr Rabbit's dark green slacks, plaided in flash bulb colors all just the thing to contrast with her fiery red hair.

Minnie B. Goodwin looks exquisite in her new Chinese Mink coat. Perfect for wearing casually over her shoulder with suits and enchanting over a dress for those after five dates.—Jeanne Brent.

## HABOUSH GRILL

SODA—SANDWICHES

WE DELIVER EVENINGS

834 W. Grace 6-0953—5-9477

# Nibble N' Clink . . .

Something new has been added! R. P. I. can now boast of a little sandwich shop all its own. Mrs. Hardaway, once known as the Proprietor of the book shop is found donning a chic little apron, slapping those delicious sandwiches-but lush, and frantically trying to fill those hungry students which descend upon her in hoards. Most everyone knows about our new little "ti-room" and spend scattered moments between classes spending scattered pennies in their never ending job of filling that bottomless pit--- which the biologist terms the esophagus. But for those of you who have a fobia of under ground places, and there are such people, take a gander in down-stairs Ad Building and the sight of those yum-yum goodies may even entice you to cut that next psychology class and revel in that little room of "good eats". If you have a sweet tooth, say no more. Mom Hardaway has all sorts of crunchy pies, crispy cakes, and great big shiny, sticky buns, and just oodles of cookies and candies, to say nothing of those wonderful sandwiches, styled for the individual . . . so step right up, kids, have your mouth measured for a super-duper "Dagwood" delight. The cost-well, why speak of unpleasant things. R. P. I. would like to have a stage-door canteen, but until more of the student body enlists in the "Wacks" or until Uncle Sam makes the William and Mary Extension entirely a female academy, the possibilities are doubtful.

Don't forget, kids, when the pangs of hunger descend upon you, it's time to hit R. P. I.'s Nibble and Clink.

— Norma Culler



LET'S

GO

To

C H E L F ' S !

840 W. Grace Street



## A SAUCER OF MILK

Or

Why So Pale N' Wan?

Exams are OVER! We've done all the damage there that we can it seems that someone did a little last Saturday night in 827 . . . It was pretty sticky C. Mills wasn't it . . . Hickok is going to be damaged too, only in a different way. They are really going to miss those five swell gals . . . Anne, Lucy, and Edie are all a flutter over their walk to the Alter . . . Scotty Mosingo, Libby Gardner and Lucille Penny go out into the cold, cold world to find fame and fortune . . . Scotty is going to Washington to put the Red Cross on the Map, while Libby is thrilled with her new job here in Richmond . . . 827 is also losing one of their cutest girls, Betty Blair.

Now lets see what's going on in the love life of R. P. I. . . . Two-bits Weeksie thinks a lot more of Pete than she leads us to believe . . . Ginny Fugua must have had a good time in Baltimore, why else that gleam in her eyes . . . Squabo's Jim is supposed to come this week-end and it seems Emily Shockley did her one better . . . see her man and brought him back . . . Well no harm in making sure . . . Dottie Leder just made a quick trip to Florida and came back all engaged, while Jane Quinn's heart is still hanging out in Charlottesville . . . From all accounts Peggy and Edie had such a glorious time at W. & L. that Peggy went so far as to miss her bus . . . Now Peggy I ask you . . .

Caroline Crown just couldn't believe what she heard about Pat Beles little brother, so Pat took her to see . . . He do'd it!!!

While Marion Radin is gallivanting at V. P. I. . . . Cooper and Cowherd will be seen gliding over the floor at U. of R.'s mid-winters . . .

Getting down to a more business like bit of news we find that 821 has a brand new house president. Yep, none other than Marion McLeod and Dolly Leder, Sue Lowman and Ruth Sohloff are the other members . . .

Well gals that's all the gossip I can uncover this week, so I'll hang on to this hang nail til next week. Meanwhile how about making a little news . . . go out and bite a dog or sumphin . . .

## GYMNASIUM PLAYHOUSE •

FRIDAY AND  
SATURDAY

FEBRUARY 19 and 20 At 8:15 P. M.

The Theatre Associates In

## "THE SHINING HOUR"

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Staged by RAYMOND HODGES

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## SPOTLIGHTING THE SENIORS



MARY FRANCES

RUTHERFORD

. . . is a girl . . .  
who is a drama major with fifteen hours of sewing a semester and a psychology course who would rather dance than eat (except when she is hungry) who loves bacon and tomato sandwiches toasted whose mother makes her take a blanket on all her dates so she won't catch cold who "just ate up" Of Human Bondage. She says the chapters always ended in the all important place. Typical example: "He grabbed her and pulled her under the hedge." Then the chapter ends . . .  
who knits  
who does imitations  
who inhibits the "dramatic booth"  
who keeps you awake  
who succeeds in being completely and constantly charming.

## Store Service News

There will be an important meeting of the officers of the Retail Club Thursday, February 12, during the twenty minute period. Big plans will be discussed. Store Service room.



**AVOID WASTE ON THE  
LITTLE THINGS.. SPEND  
FOR THE BIG THINGS.  
WAR SAVINGS BONDS**

"HE WHO SERVES  
BEST PROFITS MOST"

Our Aim Is To Give You The  
Best Possible Service

**Ray's 5 & 10c Store**