

Cotillion Club To Sponsor Schoolwide Dance

Blanton Belk Speaker At I. R. C. Convocation Wednesday, March 3

The Reverend J. Blanton Belk will speak at convocation Wednesday, March 3, at 10:45 A. M., in the Pace Memorial Church. Dean Hibbs will preside and Miss Peggy Lorraine, President of the International Relations Club which is sponsoring the convocation, will introduce the speaker. The Glee Club led by Mrs. Rhodes will sing two selections.

Dr. Belk, pastor of St. Giles Presbyterian Church has chosen for his timely subject, "Our Major American Problems," including current international problems. During the last war, Dr. Belk was in France for fourteen months commanding a battery of anti-aircraft guns. This experience has given him a deeper understanding of our fighting men.

He has had close contact with such people as Bishop Logan Roots, a personal advisor to Madame Chang Ki Chek, Bishop George West of Rangoon, India, and Rodger Hicks who is one of the few white men ever to have

(Continued on page 2)

MAY DAY RESULTS

The big event, May Day, is not in the too distant future for R.P.I. has already rounded up the college beauties to participate in the lovely affair. For the past two weeks elections have been held among the different classes to choose their representatives in spring festival. Each year R.P.I. tries to make its May Day lovelier than the last. This year we are very fortunate in having such beautiful lassies to participate. The entire elections, according to their classes are listed as follows: May Queen — Anne Powell Senior Class Representative — Betty Blair

Marge Buhr

Junior Class Representatives — Janet Wheeler Phil Goldman

Sophomore Class Representatives — Jeanne Brent Margie Scales

Freshman Class Representative — Dottie Mills Virginia Gibson

If the cap fits . . .

The days of just "putting on a play" are pretty well over in colleges, particularly in forward looking and aspiring institutions, and those in which schools of drama are made an essential part of the school set up.

Inadequate rehearsals, frivolous material, and sloppy production are taboo now among drama groups who hope for some measure of artistic achievement. The average presentation today involves many weeks of hard, intensive work by the director, the cast and the large crew needed to bring a play into being. This work now is not entered into as a "lark," but rather as a serious and humble effort to present something worthwhile to the best of the ability of the persons concerned.

Consequently, it is with a feeling of pity and disgust that I write my reactions to the reception of the student body to the Friday evening performance of "The Shining Hour" by the Theatre Associates. Those students who chose to make a Roman holiday out of the serious efforts of their fellow students cannot be too severely condemned.

A play does not exist until a cast and a script are made to come to life as an artistic entity by the catalytic agent of an audience. An audience that does not try to fulfill its function as an integral part of the production cannot expect the persons on the stage to perform to the best of their capacity or to derive the full benefit from the work of the playwright.

It would be possible for the college to go on presenting juvenile and insipid comedies, designed only for the simplest spectators. However, anything that is really worthwhile for the players and for an audience capable of appreciating something more intellectual than a bingo game requires an audience capable of disassociating the players roles in the performance from their real life personalities.

This adolescent behavior is probably not malicious on the part of the students. It is merely a lack of thought and appreciation of the work of a crew, the players, and the director. If the standards of RPI dramatic productions are to continue to rise, the standards of audience attitude must be immeasurably improved. Otherwise, I suggest that plays be discontinued and that a game of charades be played on the stage every month for the edification of the playgoers.

—James J. Maloney.

To Honor Service Men At Gala Affair In Gym On March 6

The bang-up dance of the year will be held in the Gym next Saturday night, March 6. Details of the dance are clothed in the deepest secrecy, but your inquisitive reporter has done a bit of snooping and these are the facts that have been brought to light—

The dance is being given by the school's Cotillion Club, and it is the only dance of the year that the club invites the whole school. This super-special is being given for Service Men only. You may bring that cute sailor you met last week, or come and dance with the Lieutenants who are to be guests of honor at the dance.

It seems that the "refreshments" committee is putting up a stiff fight with the OPA to secure drinks. There'll be something served even if it's just H₂O with a smile. Decorations are a deep dark secret, but we hear there will be a place to rest your weary bones and find out where his home town is.

A floorshow will be the surprise of the evening, the first given this year, and said to be the funniest ever given at RPI. Admission is thirty-five cents, Stag and Drag. The girls are to have the honor of breaking, and everyone is going to arrive promptly at 8:30 to get things started right away.

Men, music, a floor show, fun, dancing—all in one dance. That's all the reporter could unearth; come yourself Saturday, March 6, and find out yourself.

War Problems Discussion Exciting

The exciting new War Problems course got off with a bang last Tuesday with a fire-ball panel entitled "Should Americans Be Taught to Hate?"

Dr. Martin, Chairman of the discussion had as her speakers Miss Rowe, Dr. Bondy and Rev. Smith. From the beginning the panel burst forth into a vigorous exchange of ideas, Dr. Martin had quite a problem in trying to calm the members and limit their periods. The students, of about seventy-five in number, joined in with noted remarks of approval and otherwise, and found it hard

(Continued on page 4)

THE PROSCRIPT

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Proscript Now Member of National Collegiate Press

The Proscript is now a member of the Associated Collegiate Press! This in itself is a great honor, to be associated with nine hundred other college publications. This Organization offers untold benefits to our paper in connection with make-up, publication, and constructive criticism. On January 30, 1943 all the subscriptions to date were sent to the Association for competition with other papers of colleges and universities all over the country to be judged for appearance, material, workmanship, and general make-up, in accordance with the size and character of the school. Of course we of RPI cannot expect to come out in the top bracket as our paper is still very young and lack the stability of a school paper mellow in years and steeped in tradition, but the very constructive criticism that we will gain from this service will enable us in the future to better our school paper until we have attained the goals stated by the Associated Collegiate Press in reference to the requirements of a well-rounded publication, which are: (1) To provide an instrument of giving information desired by those persons interested in the institution—the students, faculty, parents and alumni. (2) To provide an instrument for the expression of student thought and to unify the ideals and objectives. (3) To create a wholesome college spirit. (4) To promote and encourage wholly college activities, and (5) Give The students what they want, by encouraging them to write letters To The Editors.

We of the Proscript Staff are very proud to be affiliated with such a worthy and important body and hope that the students of RPI share in our feeling. You will hear more of the results in the future.

—Norma and Bob, The Eds.

DR. BELK SPEAKER

(Continued from page 1)
close contact with Mahatma Gandhi. These as well as many of his other friends have helped to give him a deeper and clearer insight into the international problems confronting our lives.

Dr. Belk was the first to organize the young people's open forums in Richmond in which they discuss current and interesting topics. We are fortunate to have him to speak at our next convocation.

(Note to Seniors—Academic procession will form at 10:40.)

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DARLING, What Is That?

Darling, what is that?
That, dearest, is a hat.
Are you positive, are you certain,
Are you sure its not a curtain?
Do you mean you're going to put
your head in it?
How's for keeping cake or bread
in it?

—Odgen Nash.

In spring a young woman's fancy turns lightly to thoughts of hats. Hats! Nutty things aren't they? But oh well—look at what wears 'em. Have you ever tried to phy—, psychol—, phew! let's come again. Have you ever wondered why women, supposedly good rational specimens of humanity, ever allowed themselves to become subjected to such atrocities? No? Well, to be frank and honest with you neither have I until someone gave me this crackpot assignment. Since we are on the subject though, let's start wondering a bit—hey! come back here; there wasn't anything said about wandering.

First of all, it seems that milady's new spring bonnet will follow the traditional trend of provoking that inevitable interrogation off, "call that a hat?" No matter what manner of tone it may be asked in, don't worry. That's just part of the masculine make-up and the members of said gender revel in it.

Where were we? Oh yes, the new spring chapeaux. Well, strike up the band and crane your neck a wee bit further in order to see the fashion parade now advancing with firm and measured step.

Oh, oh, look right there, see that delicious little number passing, not the model silly, the hat; it's just frothy feathers and oodles of veiling and very ideal for the new light blue frock with the lacy collar and cuffs. Sufferin' catfish! Is that someone wearing Aunt Miranda's garden basket? Only this one has velvet bows in it instead of squash or cucumbers. It only goes to prove that variety is the spice of life. Ah! here's a chic little thing—natural straw with a perfectly huge nosegay of flowers perched right in front. Yum, yum, that would be the real McCoy for a date at the country club luncheon-dance. Say, will you pay attention to what's being said instead of making eyes at those lieutenants! Granted that hats are poor competition to uniforms. If you feel that way though, there's even a solution to that most grave perplexity. Wear a uniform of the WAAC's, or the SPARS and then be certain that even the hats have the full approval of one masculine person—Uncle Sam.

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MEET THE FACULTY

By Mary Turner

One of the things that a student values most in a college career is contact with teachers who are friendly and helpful at the same time. Mrs. Helen F. Rhodes, of the Richmond School of Music, here at RPI, is the perfect answer to this search in the field of vocal music. She is a native of Richmond, and received her pre-college training at St. Catherine's School in our own city. After graduating from the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, she took graduate work at the Peabody Conservatory. From there she went abroad to study voice from a teacher of the Paris Conservatory, and appeared in recitals in Paris and Rome. Mrs. Rhodes has studied with such notable personalities as Herbert Witherspoon, former president of the Metropolitan Opera, and Edward Albion, of the American Opera Company.

From Fassifern, a school for girls, in Hendersonville, North Carolina, where the glee club under her direction won for several years the silver cup awarded by the Southern Association of Music Competitors, Mrs. Rhodes came to the Richmond Professional Institute and has been a member of the faculty for twelve years. She feels that the voice students here are of a high degree, saying, "They have shown a marked improvement in the standard and ability of pupils since the School of Music was enlarged." In teaching, Mrs. Rhodes tries to stress technical training as well as beauty of tone. "Time in training is wasted if the student has no foundation of breathing, resonance, tone production, and the fundamentals of singing that produce a good voice. The beginner should have this foundation before beauty of tone can be properly reached."

Mrs. Rhodes has a very admirable hobby. She loves to cook, finding chance to exhibit her art in the planning of three meals daily and having parties. A home seems to be typically what we would expect one so completely feminine and lovely to enjoy, and we of RPI appreciate the advantage of having her as our teacher and friend.

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ART N' STUFF

Last week was Homecoming Week at the Art School. First, Doug Denniston, U. S. Army, blew in, looking fine (considering his late tribulations). Next day, in came Mallory, of the Coast Guard, which Dr. Hibbs remarked that he thought had put some weight on him. Then Asa Watkins, former student and professor in the Art School, arrived. He was observed by their correspondent at the symphony. Next appeared Sidney Orr, fresh from the Mechanics School at VPI. Sid is seeking a job in Richmond. We wish him luck, as it surely is nice, having him around. Then, bless Pat, we were just casually standing around in the hall outside Studio 35, when what should appear, like a vision, but Ulysses and Carmen! Really, we were overcome; Weeks pass, and we never have a visitor. When it rains . . .

Many art students were observed at the play on February 19 and 20th, likewise at the recital by the Music School on February 23rd. Isn't it encouraging to see the broadness of the painter's scope of enjoyment in art? It makes life so interesting.

Plans are under way for the big event of the Entertainment Year. The ASL Costume Ball on March 13th. Committees have been appointed, and work begun. It sounds grand. The theme is international. Boy, what a scope for costuming! And for decoration! If you were ever here before, you know what grand parties the ASL can give. Be sure not to miss this one! It is open to Art Students and Not-Art-Students. Watch the bulletins!

Hips That Pass In The Night

Are you thin and run down? Do you have a big waistline and bulges around the tummy? Then all you have to start thinking about is the calisthenics class that Miss Nesbitt hopes to start just after spring vacation for fifteen minutes every morning before breakfast.

The class will be mostly for those dormitory students who do not take gym and get no exercise other than walking. A reward will probably be given the girl or girls who attend class regularly.

Start thinking about it and try talking yourself into getting up fifteen minutes earlier in the morning so that you can keep physically fit.

Things That Bore Me

By Mary Turner

To add to the numerous things that bore me, I have another new list of items. If you recognize yourself, you'd better reform! Because after reading this everyone else will point you out to their best friends on the way down to the Drug to get their saucer of milk for the day!

Head-nodders --- that is, people who sit in lecture and nod away at an attempt at inarticulate assent. Either it's a form of subdued and subtle apple-polishing, or perhaps it's a new form of St. Vitus Dance. The latter is to be expected at RPI.

And speaking of the Dance, have you heard that the Devils in the RPI production of "Dr. Faustus" are to be taken from the Modern Dance group? Very appropriate selection---or haven't you seen them practice yet?

People who look blank when you tell a little moron joke---like the one about the little moron who took a tape measure to bed to see how long he slept.

That between-semester interlude, sort of a "rose between two thorns" idea. You get used to living a sane life for a few hours, and then registration-daze arrive once more. But it is fun to change classes. Yes, you who "couldn't stand it any longer"

and also the bunch of new suckers, too! There's always something to be admired in one who can "stick it out"---yes, a year course for a whole year! Or maybe their advisor uses a whip!

The telephone rings just as you plunge a sudsy head under the shower! Or the same invention that merrily jingles away as you fumble with the front door lock trying to get in. You finally succeed, rush to the phone, pick it up, and have an enlightening conversation with Yehudi.

Slacks --- definitely no on the female form! You can wear the pants in your family, girls, but for Heaven's sake, don't let them be so obvious!

Gals who don't put enough wool into sweaters---and too much other material! Of course, it may be that new fashion note, the L-85 look. I'm not sure of the 85---but it does look like L.

Oh, I saw where Roxy, an eighty year old circus elephant, had died and was giving her body to aid in the war effort. Now, there's "food for thought"! Yes, I always say Eat, Drink, and be Mary, for Tomorrow Who knows? (And if you see Who, ask him why I write this column!)

MUSICAL NOTES

The Richmond School of Music presented Tuesday evening, February 23rd at eight-fifteen in the recital rooms of the music school, the second student recital of the year. Students from the c'asses of Mrs. Felmet, Miss Green, Mr. Mead, Dr. Naylor, Mrs. Rhodes, and Mrs. Schroeder took part.

The program included Nardini's Concerto in E Minor arranged for the violin; also selections from Gierdano, Bach, Mozart, Hageman, Schubert, Hadyn, Schumann, Chadwick, Quilter, Brahms and Massenet. Soloists appearing were Ernestine Briesmeister, Dorothy Stewart, Kenneth Rowe, Ernestine Scott, Shirley Schenker, Elsie Lee Meredith, Elyvira Christian, Irving Schenker, Natalie Harland, Doris Hegepeth, and Beryl Beam Smith.

The recital is one of the many public performances in which the students are presented to the public. This is one of the ways

OUT OF THIS WORLD

The midnight air is heavy

With still-born dreams---

Their lush perfume is wafted

Earthward by weary winds

Whose dash through space

Has robbed them of their strength

And dropped them dying

In your willing hair.

Hark now! Is that new air,

So truly sweet and pure,

A promise of rare things to come

Or is it but an old mirage

Of dying and decaying dreams,

The fevers fancied yesterday?

R. W.

in which the rest of the students are able to know how and what music students are accomplishing. It is the wish of the music students that more of RPI would attend.

—Mary Kimsey.



Coed's Closet

Spring, Spring, wherefore art thou, Spring? The answer to this little maiden's prayer is going to be the day when the new season peeks its breathless self 'round the corner of R. P. I. For when that day comes, your snooping reporter on the latest fashions will again be happy. Something new here, and something new there will give yours truly a tiny morsel to have printed in this column.

When I handed my complaint in to Co-editor Watkins, his immediate reply was, "Why don't you write about the male population of R. P. I. The male population... isn't that funny? All six of them. Not knowing how to write about men's wearing apparel, I wouldn't know how to tell you about Bob's neck-wear, each one a more be-dazzling brilliant shade than the next. Or perhaps I could mention his soft gabardine suit of flawless fit, with the belt of the same material as the suit. But no, I'll keep that under my hat because I wouldn't know how to begin to put it into words.

Then, too, I could tell you about the clever "wave in the hair" worn by another one of our members of the stronger sex. But no, again, I better hadn't, he might not like it.

Now Miss Dela Tazwell is a good friend of mine, and I don't care utter a word about that outfit I saw her flitting about in the other day. I could tell you that it had lush flannel slacks, but that would be fibbing 'cause they had the worst case of "bags in the knees" I've ever seen. Then I could say her hat was a charmingly feminine bit of frou-frou, but I couldn't say that when it looked like a potato sack atop her blonde curls. No hard feelings, Dela, I just don't know what to write about.

I'd like to go so far as to tell you about the night-wear worn by some of my very closest friends. Those horrible men's pajamas draped around . . . no, I better hadn't mention the name. Then that oh! so flattering night shirt of green and white checks worn by another belle of R. P. I. Every time she puts it on it's all over her like a tent. No hard feelings, Mouse, it really looks like H... Heaven on earth.

CURRENT AT THE MUSEUM

Berle Weinstein

There are two "museums" exhibits current at the museum. One is a stunning show of children's work, and the other a perfectly glorious collection of colour aquatints by Georges Roualt. The children's exhibition is made up of work gathered from Richmond Public Schools accompanied by drawings done during the Spanish Civil War by the Spanish children. There are some perfect honeys in this group of child artists' work. It is lucky they were not hung along side of some adult work I have seen --- or maybe it would be a good idea to wake them up!

In studying these paintings it becomes apparent how much the modern painters owe to child art --- here we find a Marin, here a Roualt, and again a beauty of a Matisse. This last one is a gorgeous thing of a back and white ma cat with two yellow kittens reclining on a round rug.

The Roualt prints are in two groups. One is a set illustrating a poem by Roualt, himself, called 'The Circus of the Fallen Star', and the other group is to illustrate a book by Andre Saures titled 'Passion' which I think is a collection of poems with religious themes.

I consider Roualt one of the greatest, if not the greatest, painters alive. The color of these things and the building of them is actually miraculous. There is one of a horse-back rider, another of a head of Jesus, and another of a dancing girl that almost make you want to cry, they are so beautiful.

However, there are potent things, and if you have never seen a Roualt before, they may come as a bit of a surprise, but the thrill you get as you begin to understand them is surely worth the battle.

A young schoolteacher smiled sweetly at a gentleman before she realized she didn't know him. "Oh, pardon me," she said. "I thought you were the father of two of my children."

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A Saucer of Milk Or The Sunken Belles

Hickok got all dressed in their best bib and tucker on the 24th to see Mary Kayhoe become Mrs. Eugene Ford at the First Baptist Church. The wedding was held in the chapel which was decorated in greens and spring flowers, with candelabra on each side of the altar. Mary wore a brown gabardine suit with brown accessories, and her corsage was of three gorgeous deep purple orchids. Her sister, who was her only attendant, wore a blue suit with blue accessories and a corsage of talisman roses. A reception was held at the Kayhoe's home, where the wedding cake was cut and the Hickok girls had the honor of pulling the ribbons on the cake. What a coincidence

that Emily Shockley should have gotten the engagement ring and will be walking down the center aisle of the Methodist church on the 27th. Mary and Jeep made a grand exit among a shower of rice, tin cans, "Just Married" signs, and a big rolling pin tied on the front of the car.

Another girl to get her man is Margery Ashby, or should we say another man --- well, anyway, she received a beautiful diamond from Dick just recently. Miss Pat Bell also wishes to announce --- to whom it may concern --- her recent engagement.

A good house detective is needed to find out who was the sender of the valentines on this last February 14th.

WAR PROBLEMS (Continued from page 1)

to restrain themselves until the panel was thrown open. The whole discussion was fascinating.

The one point accepted by all was, "We as Americans hated the Nazi Methods and believed we should fight to a finish," but after that point was settled the battle of wits began.

Dr. Bondy first made the point that hatred was an essential emotion in war --- necessary to KILL. Against the protest of his opponents he backed up the statement that even though it is a TERRIBLE thing to inflict upon a man --- it WAS necessary, however Dr. Bondy was aware that the consequences afterwards would be terrible.

Rev. Smith refuted Dr. Bondy by contending that DEVOTION to our ideals was a sufficient motive, and hate would make peace IMPOSSIBLE!

Miss Rowe was able to edge in a few words while the two male speakers glared at each

other. She stated that hate was already prevalent and that hate producing propaganda would prove injurious.

For the next twenty minutes a battle royal was staged among the speakers, with Dr. Martin as umpire. Meanwhile the students sat fidgeting in their seats raring to go. When the word was given for open discussion a magazine of questions were fired at the panel speakers as the excitement grew more tense by the moment. Again Dr. Martin found herself in a difficult position, for timing the students was practically impossible. They were EXCITED, they were INTERESTED and they wanted to TALK --- and they DID!

The entire hour was chucked full of enthusiasm and interest. It is one of the most fascinating classes I have ever attended and one not soon to be forgotten. I only wish that all the student body could attend this wonderful new class. The students of R.P.I. are indeed indebted to Dr. Johnson, Dr. Bondy and Dr. McCoy.

---Norma Culler.

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THE PAWS THAT REFRESHES

Or

Mammy, Mammy, Tell Me

By KNELLY KNOWS

Dear Miss Knows,

I came to R. P. I. from the country, and really, I feel quite out of place. I get along well in intellectual subjects, especially Math, but to the other girls I appear ignorant of modern manners. Tell me, please, just what is a kiss?

Miss Frayser

Dear Miss Frayser,

Mathematically, a kiss is simply nothing divided by two.

K. K.

Dear Miss Knows,

Please advise me what to do. My personality must be a bit below par. I'm in despair for I've tried almost everything without consequence.

Mr. Weinstein

Dear Mr. Weinstein,

Have you tried taking rhumba lessons? You know, the rhumba proves a definite asset to one's personality --- or something.

K. K.

Dear Miss Knows,

I shall have my first date next Saturday night. Give me a little advice as to how to act.

Miss Austen

Dear Miss Austen,

If you can't behave, at least be careful.

K. K.

Dear Miss Knows,

I tried to take your advice regarding the Day Students' Room humor, but it's awfully hard to concentrate on my Spanish in the morning when jokes are flying, literally, over my head.

Miss House

Dear Miss House,

Your case is hopeless, I'm afraid. I can see but one course for you to take --- that of Definitions and Explanations which is taught by Miss Woodward every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning at 8:45 during Physical Ed class.

K. K.

Dear Miss Knows,

Darrell said he was sleepy, so I offered my shoulder. Why did he not accept it?

Miss Tribbett

Dear Miss Tribbett,

He was afraid you would take advantage of him.

K. K.

Spread Thick and Let Dry ---

"Where are we going to eat?"

"Let's eat up the street."

"No, I don't like asphalt."