

THE CLASSES

Class of 1901

A. A. DENICO, PRESIDENT.

Vice-President.

A. B. SHERMAN, SECRETARY.

H. D. SMITH, TREASURER.

Members

N. A. BRIGGS

E. E. DAWLEY

A. B. SHERMAN

C. S. BURGESS

A. A. DENICO

H. D. SMITH

L. B. K. CLARNER

R. H. JAMES

R. H. STEERE

E. A. SHERMAN



1901

COLORS—Crimson and White.

Dear readers of this book, as we, the last representatives of the colonial days of the college, come before you to relate briefly our final struggles, we hope you will not be amazed if some surprising things are told of such a dignified class. That we are as dignified as previous classes there is no doubt; but as we have always been so the fact is not so noticeable.

Seldom in the history of mankind has H₂O been the means of severing the golden ties of friendship, but this great health restorer is responsible for the parting of two of our worthy classmates who have always shown unbounded love for each other. That one of these Wilby with us commencement is due wholly to the charming influence of Miss Dolly, whose faculty for brightening the soul is not excelled. The offence of the other was Con(g)don(ed), but the fact remains that he did not treat one of his friends White.

Denico has practiced for the track with a zeal which can only be rewarded by success. He rode a distance of five miles and back at least

five times a week the entire winter. The peculiar thing about his training is that he always rose in the night and never went beyond a certain place in Wakefield for fear of overtraining. His speed may be judged from the fact that it usually took him from four to five hours to make this trip.

Burgess has served as legal adviser for some members of the class. One member in particular when questioned as to why he did certain things would always reply that "Burgess told me to do it." That Burgess would make a capital lawyer there is little doubt, and the ability he has shown in Steer(ing) those inclined to be (Crooked) has been wholly a success. His favorite resort when not at the R. I. C. is the Pier.

The class owes its wonderful progress to the unusual equipment it has for crossing the great sea of college life. With Burgess at the helm we have been Steere(d) through many a stormy voyage, although sometimes nearly Tuckered. As for Wilby, all we can say is, "Blessed are the peacemakers."

The most astonishing misdemeanor and the worst perpetrated by any member of the class during the whole course was the wrecking of a train at Narragansett Pier. It came as suddenly as some of Miss Dolly's questions, for he was one of the most dignified and respected members of the class. He is a famous athlete, and probably didn't have any destructive intentions but was only trying to verify the law of the indestructibility of matter.

As for the girls but, little can be said, as they are so reserved and dignified that they would have no dealings with classmates, only a few members of the poultry class being admitted to their company; but this is not strange, as they are noted for their individuality. Hortense James has been true to the old saying, "She never cares to wander from her own fireside," and has once more honored us with her commanding presence, although she has had an extremely melancholy bearing since her return.

We are sorry there are not more lower classmen. They are such a minute quantity that the Sophs could not find enough to disseminate their hilariousness on, so they most unsuccessfully tried to defeat some of the plans of the upper classmen, thus violating one of the oldest of the unwritten laws of college life. But there is still hope of their redemption, as they have two years more in which to learn this great law of propriety.

Our one word of parting advice to the lower classmen is: Be loyal to R. I. C. It is with the deepest sorrow that we leave, and the debt of gratitude we owe her will always be foremost in our minds.

Class of 1902

B. J. CORNELL, PRESIDENT.

O. N. FERRY, VICE-PRESIDENT.

A. L. REYNOLDS, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Honorary Member

E. J. WATSON.

Members

L. CLARKE,

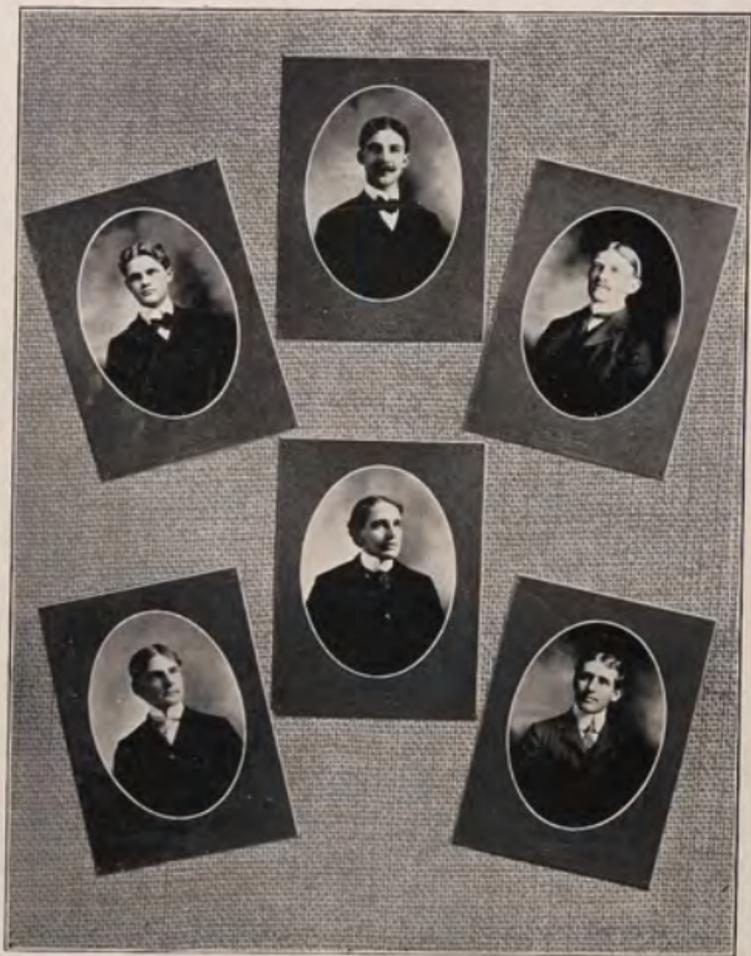
B. J. CORNELL

O. N. FERRY

R. N. MAXSON

R. W. PITKIN

A. L. REYNOLDS



OLIVER N. FERRY
LATHAM CLARKE

BAILLY J. CORNELL
RALPH NELSON MAXSON

ROBERT W. PIERCE
ARTHUR L. REYNOLDS

1902

COLORS—Royal Purple and White.

LATHAM CLARKE.

It has been said that it takes all kinds of people to make a world, and this is also true of classes. The class of 1902 is "blessed" with widely different types of men, but we all unite in admiring the greatness of our precocious infant "Doctor" Clarke. He has the true idiosyncrasies of genius, and his flights of imagination are unsurpassed. Once he was a lover of biological research, but now his fickle fancy has turned to chemical lore. It is rumored that his discoveries are so vast and important that he will soon be the centre of attention in the scientific world. He has lately commenced investigations in the realm of "Physiological Calculus," and is still seeking new worlds to conquer. We, the uninitiated, stand aghast when we hear him address some frightened Sophomore: "Young man, you are not to use any apparatus in this laboratory, for it is *all* reserved for MY WORK." It is true he has his an"tip"athies, which in some cases are well founded. Blessings be on your head, my little man; just live and learn.

BAILEY JORDAN CORNELL.

B. J. Cornell is a vivacious young man from the banks of the Hudson River. It has been insinuated that he is a man of exceptional ability, but as we have known him for some years we wish to deny any such erroneous report. We confess, however, that he has exerted his talent in a surprising manner in the preparation of this little volume. Unfortunately, B. J. doesn't do any remarkable things that we can relate, so this sketch must draw to a close. He threatens to leave the classic shades of Kingston at the end of this year, but we live in hopes that certain potent bonds may be strong enough to keep him in our midst.

OLIVER NELSON FERRY.

Three years ago when a little band of Freshmen gathered together under the shelter of Davis Hall the most modest and shy member of the class was our dear little Oliver. He could not be enticed away from the campus by any of the wiles of the upper classmen, and positively refused to succumb to the attractions of the fair damsels of the Watson House. We fondly hoped at that time that he would prove to be a subduing element in the class and help to keep the wilder heads within the pale of propriety. But how rudely were our hopes shattered! Who would think that in three short years such a complete change could be wrought? We are now kept continually on the alert wondering what is going to happen next, and are never sure that all is well with Oliver. He has, however, the redeeming feature of aspiring to become famous in the engineering profession, and it is hoped that his present unstable equilibrium will gradually approach a perfect and lasting balance.

ARTHUR LEONE REYNOLDS.

It is with great diffidence that an attempt is made to faithfully portray the wonderful attainments of our worthy member from Athol. As a literary and mathematical scholar his parallel is not to be found in the college, and his work in electrical engineering bids fair to place him far above the common workers in that profession. Arthur has his troubles, of course, like the rest of us, but he has such a happy way of taking his medicine that no one ever dreams that "Stub's" life is anything but a bed of roses.

RALPH NELSON MAXSON.

Common words cannot express all the qualities of this gaseous genius from the windy city of Westerly. In the use and abuse of technical phraseology he cannot be approached by any psychological or physiological elucidation of the ordinary ephemeral microcosm who is exhaustably sequaceous enough to show obeisance to his seraphine proboscoidal protuberance.

The circulatory vibration of his inferior mandibular appendage by means of the oesophigal commiscures, actuated by means of his ganglionic medullary oblongatal combinations, exudate multitudinous and infectious Solomonisms regarding anthropological heterogenousness. Also is it

especially conformable to fact in his cerebro-hemispherical dissertations on the constitutional formulary of meta-benzene-dicarboxylic-enzyme-paracetaniline-sulphonic-esterated-nitrosophenylstryphinic decomposition.

ROBERT WILLIAM PITKIN.

It is an unfortunate circumstance for the malignant reviewer when he chances to meet such an unpretentious character as "Deacon" Pitkin. We should have been most happy to roast him, but the worst we can say is that he isn't as bad as the rest of us. He has always acted as a balance wheel for the wild and wicked members of the class, and his good intentions even force him to stay out all night "watching" for opportunities to prevent evil. The "Deacon" is visibly broadening in his views of men and things, and although we depraved ones can never hope to reach his ethical standards, he still attempts to encourage us in our upward struggles. He is somewhat of a "grind," but, notwithstanding this, we expect him to be a great engineer.



Class of 1903

C. E. WHITMORE, PRESIDENT.

Vice President.

E. L. KIEFER, SECRETARY.

F. L. CROSS, TREASURER.

COLORS.—Purple and White.

Honorary Member

A. L. BOSWORTH.

Members

K. G. BARBER	E. L. KIEFER
L. M. COOKE	R. W. KENT
E. J. CRANDALL	W. LOOMIS
F. L. CROSS	A. N. PECKHAM
J. G. CROSS	M. L. QUINN
J. E. DUFFY	E. S. RODMAN
W. GODDARD, JR.	E. A. TEEFT
F. C. HOXSIE	M. F. WHITE
W. M. HOXSIE	C. E. WHITMORE



To write the history of this class,
And write it clear and plain,
Is more than mortal man could ask
And have a mind that's sane.

For all the things that have occurred
In the class, both great and small,
Would make a book of size unheard
And drive the printer to the wall.

So for these simple reasons
I'll select the greatest facts
And with them my paper season,
Although it much will lack.

At the end of every term
Each Prof. gives his exams ;
As when the tide does turn
The fisher digs his clams.

So when vacation ended,
As Profs. we all began ;
And on a Fresh. descended
And gave our first exam.

One night when the Grange was over
Lou C-----r rattled by,
And under his wagon's cover
Was a cake got on the sly.

His horse was quick unharnessed ;
Then he ran to get his cake,
And his face with smiles was varnished ;
But, alas ! it was a fake.

While Lou was vainly searching
And hunting all around,
The cake was—Oh ! so pleasing,
As a "Sophie" ate it down.

The Poultry Class that now has gone
Knew of Noah and his Ark,
And of the lake the water formed,
On which he sailed his bark.

To rain they knew was a habit then
And for forty nights did fall ;
But they didn't know of its vogue again
Till they lived in Davis Hall.

The newest things that come about
Are now the greatest craze ;
The Sophs alone have brought them out,
As the nights bring forth the days.

For in sleighing we clearly set the pace
As to time, or size, or mirth,
And in easy manner won the race
In the care of Miss Bosworth.

One night when the ground was covered
With white and crystal snow,
A sleigh was by one discovered
All ready a trip to go.

The straw was piled in deep and soft,
With blankets new and old,
And every effort was put forth
To keep out the stinging cold.

The Seniors were to take a ride,
But somehow changed their sleigh,
To sit straight up and side by side,
In Stutely's two hoss shay.

Of all the laws of beast and man,
Their courses and their range,
I never, never, never can
See why they made their change.

Whene'er you hear that cannon roar
And wake the valley round,
Tip scurries 'round to every door,
But the Sophs are sleeping sound.

At breakfast then we get a treat
To hear the ladies tell
That they had jumped so many feet
And back exhausted fell.

Then's the time you bite your lip
To keep from laughing out,
While all the while they're calling Tip
The poorest of a scout.

Last year old Cupid wandered 'round
And tried to enter in;
The doors of certain hearts he'd found,
And some he wished to win.

One time we feared that he *would* win
And steal away some hearts
That ever to the class had been
Among its brightest sparks.

But now we firmly know
That they never will vacate,
Or from the class e'er go
Until they graduate.

But there is more that I must say
Before my paper's done
Of the fast degenerating way
Of one from Tiverton.

The first time that we saw him
His soul was spotless white,
And never could temptation grim
Deflect him from the right.

But the greatest reasons I'll unfurl
When I say it's caused, perchance,
By his walks with a certain Senior girl
And his eagerness to dance.

Class of 1904

W. S. RODMAN, PRESIDENT.

M. W. BRIGGS, VICE-PRESIDENT.

T. P. WELLS, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

COLORS.—Blue and White.

Honorary Member

S. W. SANDERSON.

Members

MYRON W. BRIGGS

THOMAS P. WELLS

WILLARD A. BALLOU

WALTER S. RODMAN

TIBERIO GARCIA ALOMA

JOHN CLANCY



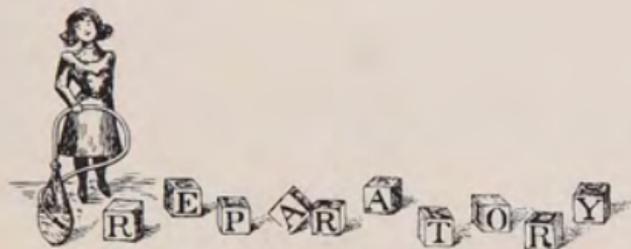
At last we have entered upon our real college work with renewed enthusiasm and with the intention of overcoming all difficulties, such as "Trig" and the intricacies of "Deutsch."

Miss Sanderson, our instructor in English, who began her duties as we entered our Freshman year, kindly consented to become our honorary member, and her kind advice has been of great assistance to us in many ways.

Sad to say, we lost several of our classmates of last year, and as only two new students joined us, we have but a small class. Nevertheless we intend to make up in quality what we lack in quantity, and to render applicable the well known motto, "Multum in parvo."

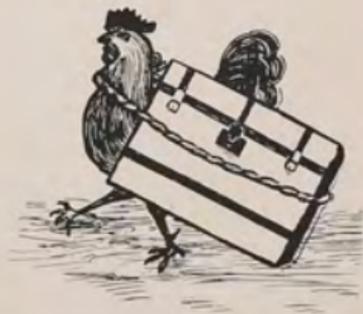
Our first year in the college has been very pleasant, and, for the most part, without any disagreeable occurrences, although we have been slightly annoyed by some of the upper classmen in their eagerness to "borrow" our class caps and exercise their authority. We have received all such jokes good naturedly, however, and look forward longingly to the time when we shall become Sophomores.

P. S. We are patiently awaiting the return of our "borrowed" caps, as we are sure that the upper classmen would not stoop so low as to retain them permanently.



Visitors at the institution are often heard to inquire concerning the crowd of children they see upon the campus. But when it is learned that they are only the "Preps," the questioner understands their juvenile antics at once. Yes, my little ones, play and frolic while you may; and although you are a nuisance we have not the heart to repress your innocent amusements. You are, indeed, kindly dealt with, for when you are weary of your A. B. C.'s Prexy shows you marvelous pictures until your tired little heads droop in the sweet slumbers of childhood. There seem to be some little girls in your midst who have ambitions; some for conquests, others for an extended education at "Smith." It is an amusing sight to watch this bevy of youthful charmers (?) as they prink and preen themselves on the steps of Lippitt Hall. Sometimes they succeed in attracting little boys, who bashfully succumb to their irresistible attractions and then stand lost in mute admiration.

We will offer you some bits of good advice before dismissing your insignificant affairs. Don't try to be older than you are; always acknowledge the superiority of everybody. Don't advertise lost ink bottles with a reward greater than the original cost. Don't overwork, you are in danger of physical collapse. Now if you bear these things in mind there is some hope that you may in time become endurable.



The History of the Poultry Class

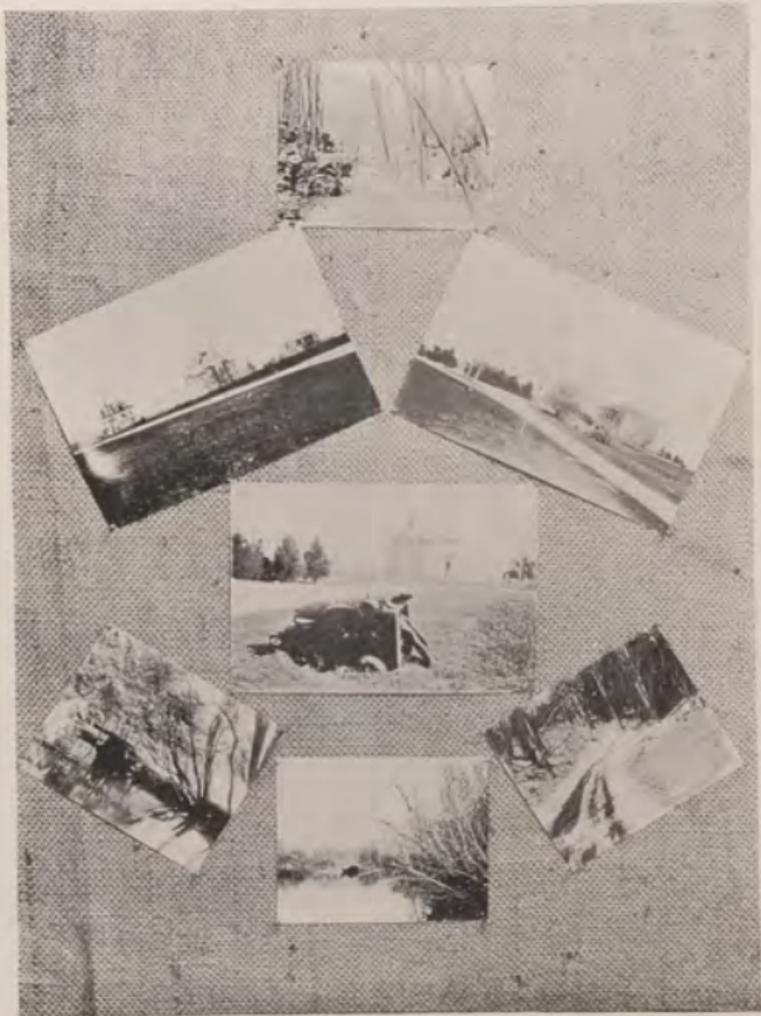
Now it came to pass on the ninth day in the first month of the new century that the fourth class of the Poultry School assembled for six weeks' instruction and experience. We came from many states, extending from New Hampshire to Illinois, and although we differed in manners and habit, one bond united us all. Barely two days had passed when a strong political feeling became manifest, and this continued throughout the course. Everybody wanted to be President and all the other officers too, but finally, to prevent trouble, the Presidency was given to a little fellow who was too small to arouse envy, and nobly did he fulfill the duties of his office. He was so preoccupied in the contemplation of his own importance that he failed to create excitement by any violent measures. We had hardly landed at the college when our trunks became homesick and started to fly back, but were finally captured in a neighboring grove. This was not the only strange thing that happened, for the roof of Davis Hall seemed ever ready to pour forth a stream of chemically pure (which means very wet) water upon our innocent heads. The regular students did not seem to appreciate our agricultural longings, and the quiet hours of the night resounded with the cries of poultry until sleep was a priceless luxury. War was about to be declared, but a cooler

second thought showed discretion to be the best policy. We acknowledge that we were fresh and from the rural regions, but just because we were not engineers, biologists or chemists we were treated as badly as Freshmen. Some of the college men honestly thought that we didn't know very much, but we did. Organic and inorganic chemistry were mastered in three lectures, and other things with equal rapidity. There actually wasn't a man in the class who could not answer any question propounded to him. But, alas! we didn't get a chance to show off.

The Y. M. C. A., Dr. and Mrs. Brigham, President and Mrs. Washburn and Prof. and Mrs. Card have our sincere thanks for the hospitality they extended to us. It is true our enthusiasm was rather "dampened" upon some of these occasions, but that was due to the sins of our conceited members, so we bore it in silence.

We made one vital mistake during the course. When we organized we invited three worthy members of the 1900 class to join us as honorary members. It soon became apparent that they meant to "rule the roost," and, of course, as they were possessed of an iron-clad, brass-alloyed assurance, they made things unpleasant for our ambitious colleagues. "Prof." T-y-o-r in particular was an especially unique specimen of pure and unadulterated bluff. We are all highly gratified that we have had the honor to listen to his extremely "valuable" remarks, and shall treasure them in our memory as samples of "profoundest wisdom"

We wish to say to the college men that we really had some very unassuming, good-natured students in our class. Don't blame them for the faults of their companions, and in parting remember us with at least some fellow-feeling for the sake of our few virtues. Long live Rhode Island College!



SNAP SHOTS AROUND KINGSTON