



Class of 1903.

COLORS—Purple and White.

RAYMOND W. KENT, PRESIDENT.

ERNEST A. TEFFT, VICE-PRESIDENT.

CHARLES E. WHITMORE, SECRETARY.

WARREN GODDARD, TREASURER.

HONORARY MEMBER.

Mrs. T. M. FOCKE.

MEMBERS.

KATE GRACE BARBER

WARREN GODDARD, JR.

EDITH CECILIA KEEFER

RAYMOND WARREN KENT

MARY LOUISE QUINN

ERNEST ALLEN TEFFT

CHARLES ELY WHITMORE

Class History, 1903.

We are so well known to most of you that to rehearse all our deeds which have been relegated to the past would be a waste of energy. An outline merely of our history will be sufficient.

As Freshmen we had the life and vigor of children—good and bad—with many things to learn and some to teach. Although we could not recite "POL ECON" nor respect the knowledge of our upper classmen, we could show our college friends how to play football, have a successful sleighride, dictate to a Sophomore class or have a good time generally night or day.

Our Sophomore year found us the same alert, active band, slightly reduced in numbers, but still ready for trouble of all kinds, from "visits to the office" to ostracism from the college; the latter resulted in great physical benefit to some. Thus we passed the year, still maintaining our athletic prestige and acquiring some knowledge incidentally on our way.

The Junior year, that year of financial strain, found us still happy and a trifle mischievous, but ready as ever to show our ability to run receptions and dances. We found time to put out a "Grist" and to prove our claims to shares in the bugle despite the Seniors. Thus the third year slipped by with but one shadow to darken its bright path—the passing onward of a classmate.

And now we assume the title of "Grand Old Seniors." How pleasant that name and honor—the realization of the fairest dreams of our Freshman days! But this realization carries with it our gratitude for past and present joy and helpfulness. So we, though few, now turn from our past history, conscious only of beneficent care, and salute thee, our Alma Mater, "R. I. C."



Junior

Class of 1904.

COLORS—Blue and White.

WALTER S. RODMAN, PRESIDENT.

TIBERIO GARCIA ALOMA, VICE-PRESIDENT.

WILLARD A. BALLOU, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

HONORARY MEMBER.

SARAH WATSON SANDERSON.

MEMBERS.

TIBERIO GARCIA ALOMA

FREDERICK LAWRENCE CROSS

WILLARD ALGER BALLOU

WALTER SHELDON RODMAN

FRED CLIFFORD HOXIE.

Class History of 1904.

After a period of hard studying and patient waiting, we have at last arrived at that stage of our college career when it becomes us to uphold the standard of college work as Juniors and as publishers of the GRIST. At the beginning of the year we were pleased to increase our number by receiving two members of an earlier class who had left college to go out into the world, but who could not resist the advantages and pleasures of the old school life and so returned to spend another two years of painstaking work in our midst. Our only agricultural member did not return last fall, but we hear that he is doing well as a telegraph despatcher and seems to have exchanged his agricultural ambitions for something more remunerative and less arduous.

During the three years of our college course it is needless to say that we have encountered many difficulties. None of them unsurmountable, however, and now they are all things of the past, on which we may look back with a smile. As we come to the end of the Junior year, we feel the exhilaration of the racer who gathers his remaining powers, with the goal full in view, for its home spirit. At the end of the Sophomore year graduation is too vague a thing to occupy the young student's mind; it is too far off, too many things may happen meantime and it does not give him the stimulus which he feels later. As he finishes the Sophomore year a feeling of satisfaction comes over him as he reviews the battles already won and contemplates those yet before him. Although this year has been a very busy one with us, we have succeeded in retaining the reputation for high scholarship we made in our first year.

Numerous excursions have been taken by various members of the class during the year; notably, one on wheels to Hope Valley and an inspection trip through the principal electrical plants of Providence.

Taking everything into consideration we have had a most prosperous year and we now wish to thank all those who have kindly helped us in collecting material for this Grist and to beg their indulgence for any mistakes or knocks which we have made intentionally or otherwise.

Rah! Rah! Rah! for Nineteen-four.

We are few but we need no more.

We have the unusual honor of having one of our class an instructor in the college and feel ourselves somewhat above the others in this



Walter Sheldon Rodman.



Tiberio Garcia Aloma.



Willard Alger Ballou.



Frederick Lawrence Cross.

respect. "Cap" is the same jolly fellow as of old, always working for the benefit of the class and the college. He is Capt. Sparrow's right-hand man at drill and achieved great success in drilling the recruits last fall.

Willie, our biological fiend, takes great pleasure in dissecting all sorts of animal life and is also prominent in the Lecture Association and the Y. M. C. A. An inordinate love of dancing causes him to travel far from his own fireside on the stormiest of nights, while his great regard for anything chemical causes a sad depletion in his pocket book from buying various decoctions with which to try his skill in combining them into various useful liniments, salves, etc.

Roddy is the same easy-going chap as ever; one day tired of school, the next head over heels in laying out plans for the next year's work. No problem is too long to phase him and in addition to his studies he is engaged in a twenty-hour per week course in baseball. He is very fond of being at home, only missing his own little bed once in these three years. He always sees to it that he is home to supper as if his very life depended upon it.

Fred is our practical electrician and can pick more flaws in a formula for efficiency than any other five students in the college. He, too, is often led far afield in search of a dance, and not the least of his troubles is the question of whom he shall take to the next dance and whether he will get his programme filled or not. But for all that he is a good-hearted fellow with a Colorado mustache.

Fritzy, our fifth member, is the genial driver of the college team and chief engineer of the class. We predict that at some near date he will be applying for a patent for a new-fangled gas engine upon which he is busily working. He is one of the F. I. G. gods, and very well so, for he is big and powerful.

Miss Sanderson, our honorary member, has always been and will continue to be our bright and witty guide who leads us safely through the labyrinth of social and class affairs. She is an ideal chaperon, with her lively humor banishing all dullness from sleighride or reception.

Honorary Member

CLASS OF 1904.



SARAH WATSON SANDERSON.



Class of 1905.

COLORS—Brown and White.

JEAN GILMAN, PRESIDENT.

S. ELIZABETH CHAMPLIN, VICE-PRESIDENT.

NELLIE A. HARRALL, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

HONORARY MEMBER.

ELIZABETH WATSON KENYON.

MEMBERS.

S. ELIZABETH CHAMPLIN.

JEAN GILMAN

VICTOR WELLS DOW.

NELLIE ARMSTRONG HARRALL.

JAMES LEE MURRAY.

Class History, '05.

In accordance with our rash promise of last year, we now take up our pen to jot down again a few of our doings and misdoings. We have been kept so busy by our pace-makers, the Course of Study Committee, that we have failed to make a record at all commensurate with the traditional Sophomore class history; so busy in fact that but one of our members has been able to avail himself of the usual Sophomore privilege of an extra two weeks' vacation, a vacation which, contrary to precedent, he did not spend at Wesquag.

To the kindness of our honorary member, we are indebted for a very enjoyable sleigh ride, followed by a spread at ye "co-ed" dormitory. For full particulars consult the Narragansett Weekly Times for December nineteenth.

With one of our members president of the Y. W. C. U., another Vice-President of the R. I. C. A. A., and yet another Assistant Football Manager, we trust that we are excusable for feeling that our importance as a class is not wholly in our own conceit. Our class is also represented in the F. I. G. and L. A. S. S. societies, clubs, broomsticks or whatever they may be.

But enough of singing our own praises. This year's course of study marks the beginning of that breaking up of class ties which for most of us must inevitably come. Last fall our paths which until then had run parallel began their wide divergence. The girls now tread the giddy, musical mazes of "la langue française," and dig their scalpels into the fragrant calyxes of the flowers and into the gory bodies of the cats, seeking for the place where the latter keep their nine lives, we presume. The boys now tread the more steady guttural "deutschen weg," and must perforce satisfy their insatiate instincts of cruelty upon the insensible elements and wreck their frail barks upon the rock-strewn shores of mathematics.

Next fall comes yet another division among the boys, when they must choose the course upon which shall rest their chances of success or failure in after life. Little besides our class meetings will then remind us that we are one class still; but this divergence of interests, coupled with the occasional dropping of a classmate from the "life strenuous," we feel to be but prophetic of the time when we must inevitably leave the halls of dear old Kingston.



Class of 1906.

Colors—Black and Orange.

CLARENCE ARNOLD HILLS, PRESIDENT.

CORA EDNA SISSON, VICE-PRESIDENT.

MILDRED FRANCES KNIGHT, SECRETARY.

MARION GRAHAM ELKINS, TREASURER.

HONORARY MEMBER.

E. JOSEPHINE WATSON.

MEMBERS.

BENJAMIN HOWARD ARNOLD

WALLACE NOYES BERRY

ROLLIN GROVER CLARK

MARION GRAHAM ELKINS

EDITH MAY FLEMING

LEE LA PLACE HARDING

CLARENCE ARNOLD HILLS

FREDERICK GEORGE KEYES

MILDRED FRANCIS KNIGHT

ROLANDO MARTINEZ

HOWARD MARTIN NICHOLS

CORA EDNA SISSON.

PERCY WILFRED SLOCUM

Class History, '06.

Yes, we are Freshmen and very proud of it, too, for are we not the center of interest? The little Preps. look up at us and the upper classmen look down upon us. We even wonder if the College would thrive without the class of '06.

Our history is neither long nor exciting. Some who joined us at the first of the year have left us, but we are still strong in brains (? by the editors) and numbers. Not until a short time ago did we consider it necessary to have a constitution. Accordingly four (?) of our members drew up one and presented the results to the class, who gave it an enthusiastic hearing in spite of the attraction of the gymnasium near by.

Behold us in our glory in Dr. Leighton's domain, where, amid cracking test-tubes, we gasp and cough over chlorine and deny that we ever jumped at an explosion of hydrogen. Our elders regard us with amusement, but they offer their valuable assistance in times of need, and there is one especially who unlocks all mysteries.

Do not leave without a glance at the Freshies in the physical lab. Just look at our girls experimenting in electricity. Why do they gaze about so helplessly? Are they waiting for the spirit to move? Alas! no, for it is far too lively in the galvanometer's magnetic needle.

One of our members has a decided genius for geometrical drawing and has already been recommended as a fit candidate for the museum.

In our struggle up the stony pathway of learning, we have come to only one of the Hills of life; and although now and then a rare Berry refreshes us, yet we stumble on as if in the darkness of Knight up the unknown way.

Now we must leave you until we speak again through the next edition of the Grist. In that time may we grow to be even more of a blessing to our College.



Prep.

History.

Our family is increasing in size, and since we wrote you last we have added to our number a generous supply of little brothers, sisters and cousins. A few of our companions have developed into real live college students (?) and like all the college people look down upon us and seem to have forgotten that they were ever among us. But we have one consolation—"PAPA" is still training us in a way we should go and he seems to us to be head and shoulders above any one else here. Say, we had a basket ball team and they played great, too; beat the "Freshies" and you can just bet we feel big. It isn't always the big fellows that get there first, you know, we little

ones can just dodge right between their legs and then they feel pretty cheap. The big boys say we bother them, so "PA" is going to send us home early every day, but we don't mind, rather like it in fact. We have just heaps of fun playing "soldier," but those guns are pretty heavy; we're going to ask for some air-rifles next year. Don't you think we know some pretty big words? Well "PA" gives us one a week to learn so that we can go out and astonish the Freshmen. Some of our littlest brothers get awful sleepy sometimes and then "PA" gets cross and scolds, but we try to be good and some day he's going to give each of us a bag of peanuts and a stick of peppermint candy and the big boys don't have any of that, so we think we've got the best of the bargain. It is awful hard work to write a history; we had much rather play marbles, so if you will please excuse us, we'll stop now and have a nice game before the bell rings for us to go to our bread and milk. We go to bed at half-past seven every night, but some day we're going to be great big men and women and then we can sit by the fire and think what a dandy time we had when we were "PREPS."

History of Poultry Class of 1903.

On January eighth, nineteen hundred and three, we launched our bark and steered straight for the harbor known as "Poultry Knowledge." Our class had representatives from all stations and all lands; from millionaire to backwoodsman, from France to Usquepaug. Our members were especially noted for their unity of thought and action and it was with many regrets that we were obliged to bid farewell to our classmates and the dear R. I. C. Of course we received the customary amount of hazing from the regulars, but then baths are always beneficial even if they are somewhat unexpected.

We take this opportunity to thank the faculty and students for making our stay so pleasant and enjoyable, for we were treated like angels—all we lacked were the wings. We had some trouble in trying to show our appreciation of the kindness of all, but finally with open pocketbooks and hearts, we succeeded. Some unmentionable persons regarded us as "Rubes" and tried to dictate to us; but we think that we understand the rules of society quite as well as the Senior boys, so we went ahead and achieved no little success. Allow us here to offer a little advice. Whenever you wish to give a dance, you should always consult the two little boys who wear the shoulder straps, since they seem to think that they run the college.

Just a word about our honorary member, Mademoiselle Givernaud, who by her *love* for the Poultry Class, helped us through the last days at college. *Hand in hand*, with President Smith, she enabled us to realize our expectations in the highest degree, and it was her kind words and loving smiles that calmed our perturbed spirits when we became excited at the unpleasant suggestions of a few whom we need not mention. Diamond was the sparkling life of the class and he could not be beaten as a jolly good fellow and as a lover of the



POULTRY CLASS.



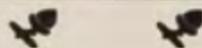
POULTRY CLASS AT WORK.

ladies, although Weed pressed him close in the latter respect and was nearly beaten, for his affections seemed to turn only from sister to sister and back again. Poor Kolbe we had to leave behind in Kingston. Truly love works wonders. We must not slight the ladies of our class and we thank them for their kindness to our sick members, and especially the Madame, who so generously helped us out in our projects. We were fortunate in our choice of officers and we owe much to the faithful manner in which they performed their duties. Lack of space forbids further mention of our classmates, so we can only wish them a happy and prosperous future.

Our delightful course was brought to a fitting end by a reception and dance tendered to the faculty and students, followed by an enjoyable banquet, served to the members of the class and a few of their friends. We shall always be pleased to remember our six weeks' stay in Kingston as a period embracing golden opportunities for gaining knowledge in our chosen work, as well as a season for a royal good time.

Kind college friends and faculty, we bid you all a reluctant farewell with every wish for the success of the Grist and for a long life for the Rhode Island College.

Poultry Class, Poultry Class,
We never take a bit of sass,
The banner members of nineteen-three,
The Poultry Class of R. I. C.





'Neath Shady Elms.