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Extra! R. I. Teams Have Managers!

For First Time Since 1925, Each of Five Sports Have a Varsity Manager; New System a Success

Coaches Keaney and Tootell and their athletes are singing "Halleluiahs" and for ample reason. For the first time since 1925 every sport will have a varsity manager and a swarm of assistants.

In other years the mortality rate for aspiring Frosh and Soph manager candidates was fearfully high. These assistant managers frequently flunked out, or were declared ineligible by faculty rule and when a new year rolled around, several sports would be left stranded without a manager.

Two years ago a student committee decided to adopt a new system of selection, a scheme which was developed from the study of the methods used at twenty-seven colleges. As now ruled, if there are two good assistants in one sport, one can be changed to another where there is no satisfactory candidate available. Ben Mayhew is acting manager of cross-country this fall. The list of managers and assistants is as follows:

Cros-Country and Track

Gladding Johnson, '29 Manager; Benjamin Mayhew, '30, 1st As't; Jack Anhalt, '31, 2nd As't; Maurice Almfeldt, '31, 2nd As't; Stanley Fisk, '31, 2nd As't; Charles Dummer, '31, 2nd As't; Carl Frikz, '31, 2nd As't; Clyde Monroe, '31, 2nd As't; William Cushman, '32, 3rd As't; Harold Tabor, '32, 3rd As't.

Football

William Mokray, '29, Manager; Wendell Henry, '30, 1st As't; Lincoln Dexter, '31, 2nd As't; Anthony Judge, Jr., '32, 3rd As't; John Doll, '32, 3rd As't; Harold Lord, '32, 3rd As't; Glenn Martin, '32, 3rd As't; William Kelley, '32, 3rd As't; Thomas Malone, '32, 3rd As't; Henry Briggs, '32, 3rd As't; Russell Capwell, '32, 3rd As't.

Basket Ball

John Heuberger, '29, and Allen Ernst, '29, Managers; Robert Marshall, '30, 1st As't; Clarence Burrows, '31, 2nd As't; Ralph Farrow, '31, 2nd As't; John Fielding, '31, 2nd As't; Eugene Vaughn '31 2nd As't.

Baseball

Allen Ernst, '29 and John Heuberger, '29, Managers; Tibor Parkas, '30, 1st As't; John Moseley, '31, 2nd As't.

Several States Represented

Students From Nine States, Hawaii and India at Rhody

Statistics reveal that Rhode Island State is expanding in enrollment among out of state students as well as within the state. The following is the enrollment of students according to the states in which they live: Rhode Island 473, Connecticut 13, Massachusetts 65, New Jersey 8, Maine 3, New Hampshire 2, New York 2, Florida 2, Ohio 1, Hawaii 1, India 1.

Rhode Island Loses To Coast Guards By 6-0 Score

Magoun, Kearns and Galvin Star in First Game of Season

The State grid machine opened its 1928 schedule with a hard fought 6-0 defeat against the United States Coast Guard Destroyer Force.

The sailors outweighed Rhode Island's line 20 pounds to a man and were constantly replacing their players with newer and fresher men. It was early in the third quarter that a reserve line aided Heckler in ploughing through for the only touchdown of the afternoon.

Shortly after Heckler's touchdown Kearns ran back Baker's punt 50 yards to the Coast Guards' 20-yard chalk mark. Two short forwards, Roberts to Magoun, were unsuccessful, and a plunge to the left by Howes netted a yard. A skin tackle play by Roberts failed to gain first down. Coast Guard secured possession of the pigskin and immediately punted out of danger.

In the last quarter Magoun tried a forward passing attack, but only one out of eight attempted passes was completed.

Captain Magoun, Kearns and Howes displayed ability in the backfield, netting five first downs and stopping the Navy's six attempted forwards. Captain Galvin was the stellar man on the line, aided by "Jigger" Lazareck and Cragan. O'Hare was forced to the side lines (Continued on page 6)

Judging Teams Show Up Well

Leroy H. Hersey is Outstanding Man Among Prof. Ladd's Cattle Judges at Springfield

In the intercollegiate general livestock and dairy cattle judging contests held at the Eastern States Exposition last week, teams from Rhode Island State College placed third and ninth respectively. Leroy H. Hersey was the outstanding man on the Rhode Island teams, placing high in the beef cattle class and sixth in the total scores.

The competition in the dairy cattle contest was very keen and Rhody's team did not show up so well. Connecticut took first place, closely followed by Cornell, and Massachusetts. Minard W. Price did the best of three local dairy cattle judges, he placing twenty-second among the twenty-seven competitors.

Only four teams participated in the general livestock contest and the competition was not as close as the other contest. Every man on the team came in for a share of the prize money, with John Hammond taking third place in the beef cattle class and James Armstrong placing fifth in judging sheep. Syracuse and Penn (Continued on page 6)

R. O. T. C. Campers Score High

Kingston Delegation at Camp Devens Make Good in Drill, Marksmanship and Sports; Rhode Island Songs

Immediately after final exams, twenty-two men of R. I. State College departed for Camp Devens to uphold the reputation of their Alma Mater among students of eight leading N. E. colleges. How well this was done may be judge from the following.

The first to receive positions of distinction were Creighton Magoun, who was appointed a member of the Student Advisory Council, and Henry Armbrust, Dean Hunter and Andrew McCarville, who were appointed members of the year book staff.

After the range work, Henry Armbrust qualified for the R. O. T. C. rifle team, later being chosen to attend Camp Perry.

Lawrence McCluskey received a medal for being the most efficient in his platoon.

The following men qualified on the range:

(Continued on page 5)

Student Council Rounds Out Its Organization

Judiciary Committee Elected; Roster of Officers Completed; Campus Sophomores Considered

The first meeting of the Executive Board of the Student Council was held last Wednesday evening in the Chemical Lecture Room under the direction of Creighton F. Magoun and the following men were elected: Creighton Magoun, president; Kenneth Mackenzie, vice president; William Trumbull, secretary-treasurer.

The judiciary committee which is to seal the fates of the errant Freshmen for the current year comprises Kenneth Mackenzie, William Trumbull, Wallace MacLean, Harold Pearson, Matthew Kearns and Creighton Magoun, acting ex-officio.

The committee on activities and athletics is composed of Henry Armbrust, William MacDougal, John Glover, Theodore Pykosz and Benjamin Mayhew.

Frequent punitive meetings will be held, and offending "Frosh" will be promptly relegated to the coal pile to work off their excess steam. Names of Freshmen breaking rules may be turned in to any member of the above named judiciary committee, and each complaint must be accompanied by a statement of the nature of the offense and the date on which it occurred.

Campus Sophomores, i. e., those Freshmen who can show satisfactory evidence that they have completed one year under "Frosh" rules in another institution may become exempt from these rules upon application to the judiciary committee.

Coach Speaks In Providence

Keaney Tells Interscholastic Conference of His Experiences

The second annual meeting and dinner of the Rhode Island Interscholastic Conference was held last Friday night at the Providence Plantations Club.

Many secondary schools in the vicinity of Providence were represented, and many good speakers were introduced.

One of the principal speakers who proved to be very interesting was Frank Keaney, physical director and coach at R. I. State College. He stated that there is an immediate need for strict medical supervision over the athletes who come from secondary schools and those who continue their studies at R. I. State College.

After all business discussions were dropped Mr. Keaney entertained remarkably with sparkling anecdotes of his experiences as a coach and teacher. He mentioned his early experience as coach at Woonsocket, where he met with defeat in the first ten baseball games that his team played, won the eleventh game in the 12th inning and then was the victor in 76 of the next 77 games played.

Mass Meeting Is Held

Full Attendance and Spirited Cheering Mark Rally

The mass meeting held last Friday night in Lippitt in preparation for the Destroyer Force football game was marked by full attendance and spirited cheering. The Freshmen knew the cheers and songs, and their contribution to the volume of noise was large. Two "Frosh" cheer leaders appeared, Wallace Crook and Milton P. Hyson.

Vincent Murphy, commandant of the cheer leaders, led most of the yells, with William Lloyd, '31, as relief man. Instructor Everett P. Christopher led the singing.

New Manager Re-Opens Shoppe

Stanley L. MacDonald of Wakefield Is to Manage Shoppe Recently Closed by Mal Bowers

Mal Bowers' old College Shoppe is open once more under the management of Stanley L. MacDonald. Opening day was celebrated last Monday morning and a large number of students partook of "Mac's" delicacies.

The Shoppe is freshly painted and newly decorated in an attractive manner. "Mac" is an experienced chef, coming from Wakefield, where (Continued on page 6)

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Notice of Entry

Entered as second-class matter October 3, 1917, at the Post Office at Kingston, R. I., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The first and best victory is to conquer self; to be conquered by self is, of all things, the most shameful and vile.

—Plato

Dad's Day

Most students have a father who is very much alive. He seems especially so when he gets the bills. But how often does he come to Kingston? Twice, once when son graduated after four or five years of campus life, and before that, once when son nearly flunked out and father came down to see "Prexy" and tell him how much political pull Mr. Father had with the bigwigs. As if that would compensate for son's laziness!

Most students are proud of father. The attitude of the youngster who says to a comrade, "My father can lick your father," is maintained throughout life. We once saw an editorial which praised the boy who, when asked who was the world's greatest man, answered, "My father."

New Hampshire, Connecticut, and many other colleges designate one home football date as "Dad's Day." A senior asked Coach Keaney about having such a day here, and his endorsement was immediate. "Rhody" could have such a day. Why not?

Any normal father would enjoy seeing a game down here, especially if his offspring is on the team or squad. He would be interested in looking over the buildings and grounds. He would have chats with other fathers. A group of the fathers of Rhode Island men working together could help the college. Contacts made with the faculty would be beneficial.

Why not "Dad's Day?"

Coach Keaney

(Providence Journal, Sept. 20, 1928)

Coach Frank Keaney's Rhode Island gridders will be the first of the State's college teams to roll into action, the Kingstons being scheduled to meet the New London Tars Saturday afternoon. Reports from South County are to the effect that State's team, in spite of the loss of several high calibre players, will give all opponents plenty of trouble before the curtain falls in November.

Keaney's elevens have won the reputation of being fighters from the first kickoff to the final blast of the whistle. He

instills fighting spirit into the players the first day they report and there's no let-up until the schedule is completed. Although State's mentor does not obtain the publicity that goes to the coaches of major colleges, it is an established fact that he is one of the smartest in the New England field.

Co-Ed Engineers

For the second time in two consecutive years a Co-ed has registered in the agricultural course. It is surprising that the engineering course has not attracted feminine students more frequently than it has. The engineering field covers a multitude of sins, and the technical graduate is not necessarily going to have the job of driving a tunnel through the Andes. The engineering education fits a person for many positions which could be filled by a woman.

Certainly it is not lack of brains which prevents the Co-eds from taking up engineering. Back in the dark ages when we went to High School, many of the girls in the mathematics classes were as capable as the boys. The teacher called upon our class in alphabetical order, and a hard problem which was coming down towards us and flooring student after student never worried us, because the brunette on our right could always solve it. Incidentally, she is married now and has probably forgotten math.

Imagine seeing Co-eds waiting in line to raise a test in Thermo with Lanza.

The Perils of Co-Education

A football coach attributed a poor season to the distracting presence of Co-eds in the university. Another found a reason for successful seasons in the fact that his school was a boy's school. The idea does not square with romance if it does with fact. It has been claimed that men were more virile under the eyes of women.

The system has been in practice long enough for its results to have scientific value. Our own impression is that, "It's swell for the girls and hell for the boys."

The average girl matures two or three years earlier than the average boy. By the time she gets to college she is an adult physically, mentally and socially. Her chief concern is in finding a husband, and a co-educational college offers her four years of daily contact with a select type of male. It is a made-to-her-order bargain counter in husbands, and the number of college romances attest to the fact that the Co-ed is aware of her opportunity and takes full advantage of it.

The average boy, on the other hand, reaches college still in the horse-play stage of adolescence. He still needs to ease his growing pains with rough sports, and his interests are still the learning and making and collecting interests of the boy. The girl is a woman when she reaches college; the boy is not a man until he leaves college. The contacts of co-education, which are natural to the girl, are unnatural to the boy. He is distracted. The girl is being fitted for life; the boy is wasting the time he should be using in becoming fitted for life.

So we suggest co-education—if any—for women. For men, four years among men. Which presents rather a problem in arithmetic. —Chicago Tribune.

Mutterings from the "informed" still persist in being heard from time to time whereby Co-eds are charged with coming to school merely for the sake of ensnaring a husband.

The movies, of course, have also contributed their share toward the completion of such a picture. Look at any current college movie. The hard-working college boy, upon falling into the clutches of the Co-ed, suddenly undergoes a transformation from that of a virile he-man crashing through opposing football teams into a delicate, timorous, tea-and-coffee drink-

ing habitue of a Co-ed circle.

And the Daily Northwestern, desirous of alleviating such distressing conditions, offers herewith a few suggestions. In order that high-powered football teams may be maintained, why not try keeping Co-eds out of school until the gridiron season is over. Co-eds could be provided with sirens which could be sounded at periodic intervals to warn the men of the presence of women.

Football men undoubtedly need the most protection. They, seemingly, are the most susceptible to the charms of our man-hunting Co-eds. To transport these gridiron gladiators to the playing field, armored cars could be provided. After the game, the players could be speedily shanghaied to their places of residence before scheming Co-eds have opportunity to plan and lay their traps.

—Daily Northwestern
(via Ginn & Co. reprint)

Harsh words, stranger, say we. Our belief in co-education and Co-eds remains as steady and unvarying as Point Jude Light.

Pilfered Paragraphs

If money getting is a success, every man is a failure. No man has yet got all of it.—California Daily Bruin.

As a rule people who think they are fighting for a principle are just fighting for the fun of licking the other side.—California Daily Bruin.

At any rate those who vote for Barney Google probably select the only candidate they ever read about.—Daily Nebraskan.

The other day we heard a fellow calling his small change "chicken feed." We are willing to wager he never took a co-ed out to dinner.—Wisconsin Daily Cardinal

To settle the argument once and for all. Gentlemen prefer blondes because blondes know what men prefer.—Duke "Hornet."

A girl often speaks without thinking, but never thinks without speaking.—Linfield Review.

Love is blind but the neighbors are not.—"Orange and Blue."

A woman's intuition is marvelous, sure enough, but just the same she burns the toast now and then.—Blue and White.

Kansas, we note, has now invented a Greek letter title for its Leap Year sorority.—"Gotta-Getta Poppa."—New York Evening Post.

The big problem twenty years ago was to build highways. Now it has come to the point where more highways must be built or the automobile factories must be closed down.—Duke "Chronicle."

Co-eds National Anthem: "We Are Tinting Tonight."—Furman "Hornet."

He who laughs first, has told the joke.—"Onargon."

Spanish toreador says Lindbergh would make a good bull-fighter. Considering his marvelous resistance to bull he already is.—Arkansas Gazette.

Next Week in History

- Sept. 27, 1927—Fourteen staunch Freshmen work, erect bleachers for the first football game of the season.
Sept. 28, 1927—Cap'n Hammond has his army put in its initial appearance in spite of a heavy drizzle.
Sept. 29, 1927—Coach Keaney issues an edict; the varsity eleven must give strict adherence to training rules.
Sept. 30, 1926—The first issue of the "Beacon," and it contains a new advertisement!
Oct. 1, 1926—The college orchestra holds a dance at Lippitt Hall and sixty-four couples make merry.
Oct. 2, 1927—Ohhhhhh! 'Tis eighty-nine in the shade!
Oct. 3, 1927—It is the first Assembly of the year and Prexy doesn't have to read the pledge to the Freshmen. (He knows it from memory.)

A PAGE OF HUMOR

And Do You Know That?

The work of a telephone girl is not a business or profession; it is a calling.

That a pessimist is a fellow who waits the full seven minutes when a Prof. doesn't arrive at class on time.

That a girl in the ante-room is worth two in the parlor.

That if it took Milton six years to write one page of a book, how long would it take one convict to do one sentence?

That the laziest animals we know of are oysters. They're always found lying in beds.

That all the world loves a lover—except his rivals.

That it seems to us that Noah instead of Edison should be credited with the invention of electricity; because when Noah put the animals out, didn't he make the ark light?

That the guy that named small change "chicken feed" evidently never took a co-ed out to dinner.

That the main trouble with colleges in America is that the professors don't recognize ability and the students don't possess it.

That this week's absent minded prize goes to the bird who threw his towel into the bath tub and draped himself over the towel rack.

That the trouble with most of us is that we are shooting at nothing and hitting the mark every time.

That the one-armed fisherman always had a hard time telling how long the one was that got away.

That it's all right to know your onions, but don't breathe it to a soul.

That love is the feeling that makes a woman make a man make a fool out of himself.

That the tailors' national anthem is: "As ye sew, so shall ye rip."

That the tunnel may be dark, but many a couple makes light of it.

That most of the splinters in the banister of life are unnoticed until we start to slide down.

That executive ability is the art of convincing people in a co-educational institution that women have no rights.

That in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to what the sorority girls have been thinking about all winter.

That all the world except the United States lies in the "temperance zone."

That in the eighteenth century traveling was very romantic; most of the roads were only bridal paths.

That a woman always means what she says, but you must know how she meant it.

That women are always right—except in the head.

That if silence is golden all women are bankrupt. Ask the man who married one.

That a college professor is a man who is paid to study sleeping conditions among students.

That a chicken in the car is worth two walking home.

That hell hath no fury like a woman cornered.

That he who laughs last is trying to think of the dirty meaning.

That an opportunist is a man who, upon finding himself in hot water, proceeds to take a bath.

That a man with a past is a college youth who has just come home from a date.

That the feminine figure is a wonderful gift to art; also ignorance is bliss, but marriage is—

That the sun never sets on the British Empire because the empire is in the east and the sun sets in the west.

That women are all right in their place, but they have no place that we know of.

That in some respects all girls have it all over Venus. They have two good arms.

—New York "Round-Up."

The End

It would soon be over; he looked at the pistol, fingered the trigger and sighed. Why must it all end? Why did not Time stop in its eternal flight? He looked about him—a sea of faces—hilarious—hardly realizing that in a few moments he would end it all. Why did they stare at him so? He'd show them—the pistol! That was it. He raised it toward his head, took a last deep breath and fired! A woman screamed; the game was over!

—California Pelican.

That out in the western parts of Pennsylvania the schoolmarms still use hickory sticks to make their pupils smart.—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

"Where are you from?"
 "West Virginia. Down in God's country."
 "Why do you call it that?"
 "Nobody else can get through it."
 —Okla. Whirlwind.

The only difference between a modern co-ed and a seventeenth century pirate is that the pirate is dead.

—Westminstrel.

"They laughed when she spoke to the waiter in French."
 "How come?"
 "Because she says 'demi tasse,' and I says, 'Okay—do you want coffee also?'"

Youth

Youth
 You call me young!
 I planted my heart with you,
 I was.
 I left it in your care
 You tore it up and the roots are gone!
 I am not young—not young—not young!
 For my heart is dead today.
 Duke "Chronicle"

"I say, Duke, what is the unusual quality fellows see in her?"

"I think it's her effeminacy, Patrick."—Notre Dame Juggler

Uncle Holtzman says, "I never did trust these circus freaks. Just yesterday I seen in a paper the headline: 'Three Armed Men Hold up Drug Store.'"—Wisconsin Octopus.

Tish: I never go to church because there are so many crooks there.

Tush: It's all right. Come on out some time and we'll make you feel at home. —Goblin.

They giggled when I sat down to the piano, but when I began to play the lessons I learned from the Sure-fire Correspondence School, they laughed right out loud.—Georgia Cracker.

Bored Sophomore: I've been around with girls, and girls, and girls, and girls—

Freshman: Where? On a merry-go round?—Arizona Kittykat.

"I don't like the looks of that guy over there."

"That's only his glasses."—Wisconsin Octopus.

Triumphant Bookkeeping

Visitor—"Isn't it difficult to keep your household budget straight?"

Mrs. Newlywed—"My dear—it's terrible. This month I've had to put in four mistakes to make mine balance correctly!"—The Passing Show.

There is a sign on a basement restaurant in Chicago which reads: "Coffee and a roll downstairs—ten cents."—Trinity "Tripod"

Mr. Trickedd—"When I read about some of these wonderful inventions in electricity it makes me think a little."

Miss Smart—"Yes, isn't it remarkable what electricity can do?"—Epworth Herald.

His Alibi

Lady—"A strong man like you ought not to beg. Why don't you look for a job?"

Hobo—"I can't look round, lady; I gotta stiff neck."—Boston Transcript.

Her Swan Song

Miss Helen of Butler sang two beautiful and appropriate selections, after which she was taken to the Parker cemetery for interment.—Pennsylvania paper.

Mrs. Godard: "Heard, what is a hypocrite?"

Heard Izant: "A fellow that comes to college with a smile on his face."

Little boy: "What are weinies?"
 College man: "Hamburgers with tights on."

Mary had a little dress,
 It was light and airy,
 It never showed a speck of dust,
 It just showed a lot of Mary.

Mary: "Are you sure your arm is where it belongs?"

Bob: "Why-er it's not even touching you."

Mary: "I know it."—"Parnassian"

Creepes and Crawlers

The Weekly Quiz

1. What student said "Napoleon was a small man; look at me?"
2. Who liked Ethics best?
3. Who is named after the largest state in the Union?
4. What famous professor said: "Gentlemen prefer bonds?"
5. What religious bird made money on the hymn-book monopoly?

If you can answer but one, you ought to administer some embalming fluid to your gray matter.

If you answer but two, you know mighty little.

If you answer three, you shouldn't brag about it.

If you answer four of the five, you have "It".

Latest News Flashes

Coming attractions, lecture on "Auto-Strop Razors and Granger Tobacco" in the new auditorium.

The schedule committee promises to have a correct product by January first.

Sometimes it take thirty hours on the coal pile to teach Freshmen to tip their hats to co-eds, Professors, and Seniors.

Subjects for Freshmen desirous of taking the famous four and one half months' course at Kingston:

Chem. I or French II
 Co-edding or Calculus

Alumni and upper-classmen present to the Freshmen the following list of phone numbers if they wish to carry on a conversation with the telephone operator:

Usquepaugh	13-J-11
Old Mountain	606-R
Wickford	7-W
Thirty Acres	3030-R
Paddy Hill	4321
Biscuit City	1932-J

Gas and Light, Too

Oh, well, here's another about Mrs. Newlywed:

A young bride went down to the telephone company to see about having a telephone installed in her bungalow. She asked what the rates were, and after being told, insisted that they ought to be lower for her. Upon being refused, she asked to see the manager, and when he said, "But, madam, why should we give you a special rate?" she replied innocently, "Oh, but we buy all our telephones from your company."—U. of S. Calif. Wampus.



"I hear that you get your haircuts at a barber college."
 "You bet, college men should patronize college men."
 —Notre Dame Juggler.



"I hear Spence's wife has left him for th third time in a year."
 "Very likely—I suppose you know she was formerly a cook."
 —Ohio State Sun Dial.

THE POET'S CORNER

Last Week

Assembly starts in Edwards Hall,
I'm still in form—slept thru it all.
Freshmen strut their suits with
pride

As Paul D.'s army hits its stride.
Wednesday's weather causes pain,
Football practice in the rain.
P. T. artists start to work
As Toot piles on the dirty work.
All Rhode Island gets the blues,
Six to nothing—tough to lose.
The movies help us to forget,
But who cares much? We'll beat
them yet.
All things that start must have an
end,
And so good day, my gentle friend.

H. C. K.

The Bright Young Spark

(With apologies to R. L. S.)

"O, I wad like to ken," says the Bright
Young Spark to me,

"Why students all should study
what Profs. think ought to be?
And swallow all that nonsense with-
out so much as—why?"—

"It's gey and easy speirin," to the
Bright Young Spark says I.

"O, I wad like to ken," says the Bright
Young Spark to me,

"If Prof. is dreaming or does he really
see

"The serious stud." he talks about—
Of course this town's not dry!

"It's gey and easy speirin" to the
Bright Young Spark says I.

"O, I wad like to ken" says the Bright
Young Spark to me,

"If Teno ever watched the wicked
chimpanzee

And thought it couldn't move since
Motion is a lie?"

"It's gey and easy speirin" to the
Bright Young Spark says I.

"O, I wad like to ken," says the Bright
Young Spark to me,

"What Matter is and Motion and
whither do they flee?

And Space and Time and Energy what
makes a seagull fly?

"YERE A FECKLESS ASS at speirin"
to the Bright Young Spark says I.

"O, wad I like to ken," to the Bright
Young Spark says I.

"What ever makes you talk that rot
I listen with a sigh

This life, my boy, with you does not
at all agree."

"I caught it from the Profs." says the
Bright Young Spark to me.

—McGill Daily

And Have the Say!

Yes, men are down-trodden
At Berdoo

Just look around, you'll see
It's true

They have to wear
The Monkey suit.

They have to take
The co-eds boot:

She calls him Pilgrim,
For why, you guess?

For each date,
He makes progress.

It's easy enough to be gay,
When you're the best looking
Girl at the ball.

But the guy worth while
Is the one who can smile

With the worst flat tire
of them all.

He necketh best, and loveth best,
All women great and small;

But now there is a new porch light,
He dare not neck at all.

Advertising in the Hiawatha Agency

Hear the legend of the Hunter
Of the feasts of Instant Postum
He who lived in Minnesota
Ere accountant, banker, merchant,
In the Prophylactic forest
On the shores of Coca Cola
Dwelt the Moxies in their wigwams
Old Sapolio, the grizzled prophet
And the warriors young and eager.
In the lodge of the old chieftain
With Uneeda, more than Mother
And Victrola old and feeble
Lived the warmest of the maidens

Musterole, Sapolio's daughter,
Musterole, the Sun-kist Chiclet.
All the young men sought her favor
Left their troubles at her wigwam
Brought her Thermos skins for
raiment

Brought her Tarvia for oinment.
And sweet Musterole smiled upon
them,

Smiled on Vaseline and Pointex,
Smiled on Listerine and Valspar,
Smiled but left them unrequited,

For her love she gave to no one,
Then from Multibestos mountain
From the Hills of the Ex-Lax
Came the Young Chief Instant Postum
Mightiest hunter in the forest.
All superb in strength and beauty
He it was who trapped the Kodak
He who shot the great Sears-Roe-
buck

Eversharp—his trusty hatchet
Every Arrow Head a Hotpoint.

On him gazed the Moxie maidens,
Nujol poured her glowing glances,
Bold Carbona sought to win him,
Topkis bro't him cakes and honey

But for Musterole yearned Postum,
No Pyrene could quench the ardor
That she kindled in his bosom.
Through the fields of ripe Wheateana
Through the Shredded Wheat they
wandered.

To the White Rock by the River
By the rippling Cuticura
There beneath the Palm Olive sha-
dows

From the boughs they picked the
Grapnut

There they saw the sun descending,
Naught cared Postum for the night
winds

Blowing through the Holeproof forests
Musterole was there beside him.
To his bosom quick he drew her
Held her to his manly bosom

Whispered words with love aburning
Told her how he'd caught the Seal-
pax

Told her how he'd slain Bull Durham.
Told he how he'd stripped Ampico
Boasted of his Father's tepee

With its sides of Mentholatum
And its wings of sweet Socony.

To him Musterole a quiver
Listened, and her heart gave answer
All the warmth of love she gave him

Gave him Rubberset affection
Gave her heart to Instant Postum
Thus he woo'd and thus he won her.

Passed the years in quick success
Small Post Toasties came to bless
Triplets—B. V. D. and Gold Dust—
Little Beechnut, Wrigley, Spearmint

Vici Kid and Pluto Water
These, and other Fairies
Soaped the Wigwams with their
laughter.

—Silver Fox News.

There are jokes that make us happy,
There are jokes that make us
groan.

But the jokes that seem most funny
Are the jokes we call our own.

—Exchange.

East Wind

What news, East Wind?

What news today?

Tell me, East Wind,

Tell me as you play,

Like a lightsome fairy

On the water in the bay.

Tell me, East Wind,

Whence have you come?

From the rustling apple orchards

Or the rich, lush plum?

Tell me, East Wind,

Tales of far away.

Of golden, glowing rivers

Where wild waves play;

Of the music of great vallies,

And what the flowers say.

Tell me, East Wind,

Tales of far away.

Tell me of this northland,

This great land of ours,

Of its mountains and its meadows,

And sun-gold showers.

Tell me, East Wind,

Tales of long ago,

Tales of the silence

And the silver of the snow;

Of lost camp fires

That long have ceased to glow,

Of White Man and Red Man

And wandering Eskimo.

Lead me, East Wind,

Down the Trail of Time.

Where have fled the weary centuries

To another fairer clime,

To a vague and far-off someplace

Where life's a golden rhyme.

Oh tell me, East Wind,

Fading far away,

Where do the winds go

At the end of day?

What do the flowers say?

And wild waves at play?

Tell me, East Wind,

Fading far away.

—McGill Daily

Rock-a-bye Freshie, on the tree top,
As long as you study your grades will
not drop.

But if you stop digging your stand-
ing will fall,

And down will come Freshman, di-
ploma and all.

—Ex.

The Editor

The editor sat in his sanctum,

Trying his best to please;

His hair stuck out through a hole in
his hat,

His elbows were out at the knees;
His brow well stained with printer's
ink,

Showed that he was trying to think.

The editor sighed in his sanctum
Trying his best to please;

In spite of 'plaints a piling up,
In spite of his bony knees;

Doing the best that he could do.

The editor died in his sanctum,
Trying his best to please,

He never did make the public admit
That he was earning his fees;

Folks never helped him—not one
note,

But kicked, from habit, on what
he wrote.

The editor went from his sanctum,
Up—up—the golden stair,

But he had to pay for his sins,
Publishing newspapers there.

If Angels, like mortals, are hard to
please,

His elbows may still be out at the
knees.

—Idaho "Argonaut."

Caprice

They call us wild because we love,
and laugh, and play.

They call us wild because the blood
of youth is gay.

Still what care we for their ad-
vice?

We know our own does well suf-
fice.

Tomorrow, deeds in Mem'ries Halls
are hung.

Let us live now, today, while we are
young!

—The New Hampshire.

The Fox's Serenade

Little Goose, I love thee, little Goose,

As I sing below thy window,

Often thus I stray

Waiting, till thy face appearing

Chase my fears away.

The twinkling stars are brightly shin-
ing,

The sky is dark above me

As for thee I'm sadly pining.

How I dearly love thee!

All alone I'm waiting. Is it any use,
Little Goose?

Little Goose, I love thee, little Goose.

Soft and low I breathe my passion;

Will you come and bless my sight?

Ah! if dreams your form could fashion

How unwelcome were the light!

Do you smile, my love disdainng?

Meanwhile through the lonely night

Here I wait, of thee complaining

To the stars so cold and bright.

Come with me—to mother—you, I'll

introduce,

Little Goose.

Little Goose, I love thee, little Goose,

Leave me not in darkness pining.

From thy lofty window's height

Let one look of pity shining

Warm my heart with new delight.

I love you more than life—or nearly

But I dare not stay.

Some night you will be mine really

When I pass this way.

Adieu, I hear the farmer; the dog is

now unloose,

Little Goose.

—The New Hampshire.

The following translations is taken

from Grillpazer's comedy, "Weh dem

der Lügt" (Woe to him who lies).

Gregor, a rich Frankish bishop, re-
bukes his servant for lying.

O Friendship, Love, and Acquies-
cence;

O all ye bonds of our existence;

Ye too are joined by truthfulness.

For Truth abides in all existence;

The wolf who growls before he
plunders,

The lightning's flash before the
thunder,

The singeing fire which keeps its
distance.

You who delight in lies, what are
you?

You who betray your friend, what
are you?

You are no beast, for it is truthful,

No wolf, who warns us by his cry,

The devils alone's a lying rascal,

And you a devil when're you lie.

—Trinity "Tripod"

Roses are red,

Pickles are green,

You can't walk home but you

From a submarine,

R. O. T. C. CAMPERS SCORE HIGH

(Continued from Page 1)

Rifle, Thomas Halpin, sharpshooter, Henry Armbrust, George Cook, Andrew McCarville, Joseph Santoro, marksmen; pistol, George Cook, expert (thereby receiving the cup for highest score), Thomas Halpin, Creighton, Magoun, Alden Petterson, sharpshooters; William Fleming Joseph Santoro, Henry Armbrust, William Murphy, Franklin Potter, John Heuberger, Maurice Monahan, Norbet VonDembowski, Lawrence McCluskey, Charles Teed, Richard Conklin, marksmen.

Rhode Island placed first in pistol and fourth in rifle marksmanship.

Each college organized a baseball and track team. In these sports Rhode was among the leaders. The baseball team was runner-up for the championship, suffering defeat only at the hands of New Hampshire. The track team placed third in the inter-collegiate meet, George Cook garnering 8% of Rhode Island's 14½ points. Yet more impressive than all this was the Rhode Island spirit which was the sunshine through the clouds on a rainy Sunday, or on the many long, dusty hikes led by Richard Conklin and ably supported by Walter McKenzie whenever a plane was available, the Rhode Island men impressed their school songs upon the entire camp, so much that it was not uncommon to hear certain Connecticut "letter" men walking about singing lustily, "Rhode Island will win today."

Coach Tootell Able Coach and Hammer-Thrower

Popular Track Coach a Star Athlete in His College Days; Represented U. S. in the 1924 Olympics

Coach Delmont F. Tootell, known to all as "Toot" or "Coach", came to Rhode Island State from Mercersburg Academy, Penn., in the fall of 1925. Coach Tootell was born in Lawrence, Mass. He attended Bowdoin and Tufts with a medical career in view, but the "call of the track" proved too much.

At Bowdoin he was tackle on the football team, besides having participated in all track sports. It was while at Bowdoin that he qualified for the Olympic team as hammer-thrower.

After four years at Bowdoin "Toot" went to Tufts for a year. In June 1925, he went to Paris to compete in the Olympic meet. He won the hammer throw with a distance of 174 feet, 11 inches. Incidentally, he is still the Olympic hammer thrower champion. From Paris he went to England, where he broke their record by a throw of 179 feet, 10½ inches.

His next endeavor was that of a coach at Mercersburg Academy, where he stayed for one year. In his Junior year at Bowdoin he had played against Rhode Island State in football, and through the influence of Coach Keaney he was induced to come down here in the capacity of a track coach.

We can't blame Mr. Tootell a bit, when he expresses his keen delight for athletics, for it was upon the 1924 Olympic voyage to Paris that he met the young lady, who is today Mrs. Tootell!

"You've heard the sheep song?"

"What is it?"

"Wool you be Mine?"

"No, no. All I want is ewe."

Aggies to Hold Another Bawl

First Major Dance of the Year To Be Held in New Armory Nov. 5

The date of the 1928 Aggie Bawl has been officially set for the night of November 5th, according to announcement by Leroy H. Hersey, president of the Agricultural Club. A bigger and better Bawl is being planned, and the date is one that should appeal to every one, as it comes on the night before Election Day, on which day all classes will be suspended.

The Aggie Bawl is the first major dance of the year. It will probably be held in the new armory, and a good time is insured for all who attend. Just ask an old-timer on the campus about the "lively decorations," costumes, music, prizes and eats!

The proceeds go, as usual, toward paying the expenses of the various judging teams.

SUMMER ACTIVITIES

Henry Armbrust arrived back in town just recently, all dressed up in an Army uniform and a wee moustache. His story of summer activities included six weeks with the R. O. T. C. at Camp Devens. Then three weeks were spent in teaching life saving for the Red Cross. He next attended the United States Army Small Arms Firing School at Camp Perry, Ohio. Here he earned a certificate recommending him as an instructor of pistol and rifle marksmanship, and also captained the First Corps Area team in the National Rifle Meet.

After returning from R. O. T. C. camp Maurice Monahan worked as clerk in one of Central Falls' grocery stores.

Harold Gerlach waited on tables at the Crescent Park dining hall.

Thayer Chase and Ralph Farrow were landscape gardeners. Chase worked on Taylor's estate in Newport, and Farrow cut brush in Scituate for the city of Providence.

Andy Hjelmstrom and Charlie Flaherty were farmers. Andy located near Brockton. If it did not rain Charlie cut the grass on Wednesday mornings.

Chester Lynn was a coach at the State Rifle Range in Rumford.

Allan Haskins went to Nantucket to become a bell boy.

Lincoln A. Dexter was an automobile demonstrator for the Bradburn Motors Co. of Pawtucket.

Frank Caulfield is the one who made the big dough. He worked in Gorman's Bakery, Central Falls.

Joe Cragan worked in a Stonington machine shop.

Bill Trumbull was the assistant city engineer in Chicopee Falls, Mass.

William Wansker spent the summer as first assistant to the cigarette vender aboard the Boston-Halifax passenger line.

"Al" Suter performed the duties of "blanket tester" at the Esmond Mills.

Eli Kramer was the mainstay of the Cosmopolitan magazine sales corps.

Edward G. Anderson was employed by the Rex Manufacturing Company

Miss Barber Comes Here

Miss Emily Barber Takes Position Left Vacant by Miss Gosling's Resignation

Last Monday morning Miss Emily Barber of the class of 1928 took over the duties of secretary to Prof. George E. Adams, director of our local Extension Service.

Miss Barber should prove to be a competent successor to Miss Madeline Gosling, the former secretary, as she spent one year at the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School in Providence, where she attained the honor of "Certified Student."

Miss Gosling, who was employed in the college office for two years and in the office of the Extension Service for one year, has accepted a new work in Newport, R. I. Her good nature and unceasing labor will be greatly missed by all those who have made her acquaintance.

of Providence. He specialized in soldering cigar lighters.

Joseph A. Zak and Anthony C. Thatcher practised the art of farming during the vacation. The former in Greenfield, Massachusetts and the latter in Rehoboth, Mass.

Michael J. Faella helped his father "sling paint" on houses in various parts of Providence.

Guido M. Armeno was director of a playground in Providence, R. I.

"Ed" Long was employed by the General Fire Extinguisher Company of Providence. Alfred Marchand of the class of '28 is an analytical chemist with the same concern.

Harold F. Scott attended summer school at the Rhode Island College of Education devoting most of his time to the study of courses in Psychology and Education.

Stanley Szulik and Theodore Sykosz passed the summer in New Bedford, playing semi-professional baseball.

Thomas H. Lloyd studied mechanics at the summer school at M. I. T.

Horace Kreinick passed the long vacation hours by working in a tack factory in Brockton, Massachusetts.

Reginald H. Perry enjoyed the work in Captain Hammond's Army so much that he contrived his martial career for a few weeks at Fort Adams. The rest of the summer was spent at his home at Arnold's Neck.

Burton P. Batty joined the ranks of the Howard Pierce Construction Company's laborers for the summer. He received wages, experience, and blisters.

John R. Moseley turned Aggie for the summer months. He took care of the old hens and young chickens on a Glastonberry, Conn., farm.

John R. Christensen chauffeured for H. W. Sorrows, former secretary to Herbert Hoover. A large part of his summer vacation, however, was spent on, in and around Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire.

John G. Fielding was manager of the ice-water tank in the Ocean View Hotel at Narragansett Pier.

After six weeks of hard training a Camp Devens under Major Wilbur

John W. Henberger took up the pick and shovel profession. He spent his evenings entertaining the girls of Warren and vicinity.

Leroy W. Knowles, Jr., practised up for the Aggie course on the Mt. Pleasant Farm in West Kingston.

Walter W. Anderson was a combination chauffeur and salesman in the city of Providence.

James O'Hare was an assistant steam fitter. Matty Kearns assistant electrician, and Julian MacKenzie was with the Westerly Water Dept.

Paul Cieurzo gave vent to his artistic emotions with a pick and shovel.

Clarence Hoxsie sold pink underwear at the Boston Store.

Duke Freshman Writes of His First Experience

Relate His Initial Visit to the Shack; Co-Ed Was Wonderful

(The following is reprinted from the Duke University "Chronicle." Southgate Shack is one of the girls' dormitories.—Ed. Note.)

With the sudden change of weather last week brought on by the gentle zephyrs of fall, Eros turned my thoughts to love, and I hied me to Southgate to begin my course in Shack I.

This being my first visit to that abode of beauty, charm, virtuous women and erudition, alike, I was a trifle nervous as to how to start my course. However, I arranged for a blind date and hastened forth on a balmy eve for my initiation into the fancies and foibles of the weaker sex.

The girls! ah, but I can add nothing which has not already been said in many a bull session in days gone by. But anyhow they are a sweet bunch of girls, and they are all fickle but one, and she's damned indifferent.

Through a maze of slowly gliding couples I made my way towards the building of my desires, fearful at each moment that I might step on some one. At last I am inside and having been instructed beforehand in the art of getting the femme, I boldly wrote my young co-educational's name on one side of my handsomely engraved card, nonchalantly lit an Old Gold which affectionately got me thrown out of the Shack. It seems that smoking is not permitted in Southgate, at least there's a rule to that effect.

The plot thickens. My flamin' Mamie gets downstairs in a short quarter of an hour (30 minutes, actual time). She broke one record and two buttons in her wild haste to see the man of her dreams. She had on her roommate's "hit" and coat, but I fooled her and took her into the Senior parlor, which seemed to be the only empty room on that floor.

However, she seemed anxious to be out beneath the brightly shining moon and stars, and wanting to take a smoke myself without feeling like a criminal, we checked around the course which I found to be limited to the Owl, Pine Tree and Dr. Few's. That seemed to be a rather small area to me, but I suppose after talking Shack I for a few weeks I'll know a lot of places where two can slip off and play hide and seek without the Student Council ever knowing the difference.

Prof. Randolph Teaches C. E.

Prof. James R. Randolph, Substituting for Prof. Webster, Has Been With Bureau of Standards

Prof. James R. Randolph, who is substituting for Prof. Samuel Webster in all of the Civil Engineering courses, hails from Boston.

He received his degree of Master of Engineering from Virginia Polytechnical Institute. He has been on the faculty of George Washington University and also of Mount Allison, Canada. For a time he was with the Bureau of Standards at Washington.

RHODE ISLAND LOSES TO COAST GUARDS BY 6 - 0 SCORE

(Continued from page 1)
early in the game, receiving a bad gash on his right hand.

The lineup:

Coast Guard (6)	R. I. (0)
Reaves le	le Capalbo
Pressel lt	lt Cierzo
Barton lg	lg Hielstrom
Cotter c	c Lazareck
Cummings rg	rg O'Hare
Shonts rt	rt McCue
Exler re	re Capt. Galvin
Capt. Allerdice qb	qb Capt. Magoun
Davis lhb	lhb Kearns

Baker's Barber Shop

Where the Boys from Kingston Go!

Main St. Wakefield, R. I.

Spaniol rhb rhb Howes
Heffelfinger fb fb Roberts

Score by periods:
Coast Guard 0 0 6 0—6
Rhode Island 0 0 0 0—0

Touchdown — Heckler. Substitutions: Rhode Island—Scott for O'Hare, Cragan for Capalbo, Van Dembrowski for Ormiston, Sherman for Scott, Pray for Cragan, Dugall for Sherman, Cahill for Dugall, Scott for Dugall, Messiere for Roberts, Capalbo for Pray, Ormiston for Capalbo; Coast Guard—McGee for Barton, Hartson for Pressel, Immay for Shonts, Barker for Cotter, Lombard for Exler, Wicky for Cummings, Rainer for Reaves, Baker for Heffelfinger, Halsepar for Davis, Barr for Spaniol, Duffield for Allerdice, Exler for Lombard, Papri for McGee, Hicks for Lombard, Sofi for Immay, Halsepar for Pearson, Bar for Wicky, Zuern for Barr, Gibbs for Duffield, Baker for Heffelfinger, McConnell for Barker, Barker for McConnell, Pressel for Shonts. Referee—Halloran. Umpire—Dr. Volk. Linesman—Carens. Time—Four 15-minute periods.

NEW MANAGER RE-OPENS SHOPPE

(Continued from page 1)
he operated MacDonald's Cafeteria. Previous to this he was head waiter at the Yale Dining Hall in New Haven, and has managed a Waldorf restaurant in Providence.

With two eating places on the campus the fellows need no longer worry about taking their girl friends to the same place all of the time.

Two college fellows, Bill Lloyd and Jack Glover, are working at the Shoppe.

"Frosh" Bible Is Neat

Relates His Initial Visit to the Information

Check-ups on the Freshmen roster show that practically all of the first year men and women have bought the Freshman Bible. Those few who have not done so should procure one at once.

The gathering together of material for such a hand-book is difficult, and the editor, Donald Bunce, and the co-ed editor, Mary Kelly, deserve credit. Allan Haskins, business manager, garnered a nice bunch of advertisements.

The book is strongly bound and well illustrated. The information contained on the pages makes the Bible very valuable to Freshmen. Songs, rules, athletic records, and campus organizations are among the subjects concisely presented. An index makes everything instantly available.

The financial profits of the publication go to the Beacon.

JUDGING TEAM SHOWS UP WELL

(Continued from page 1)
State both placed ahead of Rhode Island in team scores, but the showing of the local boys was considered very good in so much as Rhode Island does not rank very high as a general livestock state.

Much credit is due to the efforts of Prof. John E. Ladd in coaching the judging teams. Plans are under way now for next year's teams, and it is hoped that more of the agricultural students will take an interest in judging and make a try for the team.

The following men made the trip

TAILOR
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SUITS MADE TO ORDER
Simon Wreschinsky
WAKEFIELD
Telephone Narr. 1111R

JAMES A. WRIGHT
Druggist
for
R. I. Students for 25 Years
WAKEFIELD, R. I.



to Springfield: general livestock team, Leroy H. Hersey, John Hammond, James Armstrong, Ralph Farrow, and William S. Moody; dairy cattle team, Minard W. Price, Winthrop Farnsworth, and Clarence Hoxsie.

Another Aggie Co-Ed Enters

Miss Helen Mitchell, Saylesville Girl, Registers as Aggie; Has Been Active in 4-H Work

One more Rhode Island State College has opened its portals to a young lady desiring to take the agricultural course. Miss Helen Mitchell from Saylesville, R. I. hopes to follow the successful path of Miss Muriel Fletcher who, last year, was the first co-ed since 1913 to choose this branch of education.

Miss Mitchell comes from Pawtucket High School with a very fine record. She is not altogether a stranger to Kingston, having been for five years a member of the 4-H Club at their summer camp on the college grounds.

Freshmen "Eds" making their way hesitatingly along the short-cross-country course, will probably stop and ponder upon the pleasures of Thirty Acres when Miss Mitchell's speeding Reo flashes by on the road to the bathing house.

So-So Hen: "When I grow up I'm going to join the Ku Klux Klan and cluck."

Ambitious Hen: "When I grow up I'm going to be a mason and lay bricks."

Browning King & Co.

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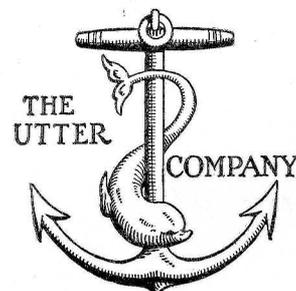
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