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"Keep
Your
Sunny
Side
Up!"

The Bacon

"I'm a
Fool,
But
Aren't
We All?"

VOL. XXV. NO. 20

KINGSTON, R. I., THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1930

Price Five Cents

Prexy Starts New Love-Lorn Column

Results of Vote and Pre-War Arsenic Starts Riot

The results of the week's nomination for our Gallery of Infamy are both startling and unique in character. After much unstuffing of the ballot box together with extended juggling of figures the desired results ensued.

First place was awarded to Rumble-seat Rhoda, the answer to a Dean of Women's prayer. She neither smokes, drinks, nor swears, in public, implicitly keeps the 10 o'clock rule, while petting is an altogether lost art to her. Rhoda's alibi is that she came to R. I. seeking knowledge of a different variety than any to be secured by "dating" with the male of the species. May success follow in
(Continued on Page 6)

Terrific Explosion Rocks East Hall

Coffee Percolator in Dining Department Blows Up; Slight Damage Results

A serious catastrophe was averted recently by the heroic efforts of John Briar, coffee tender of the East Hall dining department, when 25 gallons of boiling coffee suddenly decided to get out into the great wide open spaces.

It happened in the East Hall kitchen. All was quiet and peaceful in the victual house, as the K. P. went about their work in preparing
(Continued on page 5)

Aliens Deported On Fast Freight

Steward Warblers Get Per- mission from Faculty to Commit Suicide

On Friday, Feb. 28, the Glee (?) Club showed what six months of work will do. We are still wondering where they spent the six months. The concert was entertaining for all those planning to become radio announcers, "barkers" and those addicted to nightmares.

The tenor soloist either had indigestion or expected it and the audience cheered gleefully at each disappearance. The assisting soloist showed more possibilities and several false teeth, and although appearing at the wrong time on the
(Continued on Page 6)



OUR GLEE CLUB

Rhode Island and Ball All Wet; Slippery Ball Proves R. I. Hoodoo

"Bacon" Discloses Trickery of Connecticut Team; Ball Trained to Follow Dictates of Connecticutites; "Bacon" to Protest Games.

One of the greatest tragedies of all Rhody history occurred Saturday at the Connecticut gym. Believe it or not, if you were not there, you missed a big splash and should regret it to your dying day. This is how it occurred:

In the first place there was some kind of a contest going on, in fact three of them, but that is merely incidental to the story. Well, it seems that in this game, a basketball is used, and Coach Keaney had purchased a brand new one for the momentous occasion. His better half borrowed it without his knowledge and carried it away to the wilds of Connecticut in triumph. "Now," said she, "my girls will surely win." Aha—the villain enters. The poor ball, all unaware of the commotion it was causing, jumped nobly into action at the first whistle, felt a huge whack from Rhody's center, and landed at the feet of Kitty MacKay, from whence she grabbed it unceremoniously and for no good reason at all threw it into an instrument of torture called a basket. Can you feature it! Of course, the ball objected to such rough treatment and didn't realize that it had given Rhody a score, but it had. Being an impartial ball and not liking to see the contest too one-sided, it gave the next point to Connecticut, and thenceforward kept gyrating back and forth until the poor thing got so thirsty that it couldn't stand the strain and at the first opportunity landed on all fours in the pail of water by the scorer's bench. This conduct was considered unbecoming, and it was promptly fished out and reprimanded by being stood in the corner for the remainder of the game which ended 19-19. This was very gratifying to the ball since it was so impartial and it looked with extreme favor on Gen Fogarty who did a back dive and heaved the substitute ball into the hoop in the last ten seconds of the game, while Mrs. Keaney was tearing her hair and the audience was ripping up their best neckties and other familiar articles under the stress of the moment.

The poor silly ball after receiving its punishment all afternoon was nearly recovered except for a slight cold by seven o'clock but on beginning the Freshman game, the dear thing found it very difficult to see its way into Connecticut's basket due to an inflammation of its left eye and having a hankering for red hair and green suits decided to spend the greater part of the game with Red Kilroy who found it very easy to become acquainted and they piled up a considerable score between them. The Freshmen, having learned their manners at Rhode Island, gave all the credit to the ball, and said "If it hadn't been for this ball we couldn't have made one basket."

It is always sad to jump from the sublime to the opposite condition, but it must be done. A sad misfortune befell the ball during the last and least game of the memorable day, namely the so-called Varsity. The first ten seconds of the game were wonderful, the ball getting away at a great pace and romping around the floor, but mistaking Connecticut's blue suits for Rhody's (that is why, due to the colorblindness of basketball, no college should wear the same colored suits as its opponent), made several baskets before it discovered its error and by that time was so mortified that it hid its eyes in shame and fell into the water again. Well, this couldn't go on forever, and the ref blew his whistle and demanded a substitution declaring that the ball was all wet anyway. Unfortunately the sub was rooting for Connecticut and they soon found it out and played up to it, taking it for nice long walks around the floor, and dropping it into the basket and letting Rhody catch it, which got such a big hand from half the audience that they kept on with these antics until finally Rhody got tired and told the ref to blow the final whistle, which he did. Of course the score didn't matter but the poor ball felt so ashamed because it had lost its way, and hence the game, that it crawled out of sight into a taxi and wept all the way home.
(Continued on Page 6)

"Black Ring" Story Exposed by "Bacon"

Dub Reporters Score Scoop On Kingston Mystery; Heinous Crime Committed by Prominent Faculty Member

At last through much diligence and faithful work on the part of the "Bacon's" newly acquired dub reporters, this newspaper has rounded up the entire story of the "Black Ring" that has recently been initiated at Kingston.

For months, money has been trickling into the coffers of the editors of this paper from some unknown source. Always, these contributions were accompanied by veiled threats such as: "Don't mention this, you bo-hunk, or we'll feed you to the doggies." At last we have arrived (call Miss Peck) at the sticking point. We have located all the criminals who
(Continued on Page 6)

Keaney Finds New Training Methods

Hurdlers and Sprinters Get Leisure - Hour Practice Sessions

Through the medium of radio control many aspirants for track honors and spring baseball enthusiasts are getting healthy, enjoyable indoor workouts.

Agents for Victor, Sparton, Stewart-Warner and other howl producing units are sponsoring a Campus-wide demonstration of their respective radios. Through the inspired ether and aroma of Ned's superlative preparations, comes a variety of songs, orchestras, radio announcers and bill collectors.

This all leads to the methods of training for our big "athletics." After each meal there is a decided rush toward the fraternity houses, across the Campus, through that ever present mud, to the side of the dear old
(Continued on page 5)

Recreation Dept. Installed at R. I.

Tired Students Doze While Earning Three Credits; Variety of Subjects Dis- cussed; Three Students First from Ennui

Attention students. We are hereby offering a course, unparalleled in the annals of Rhode Island State College. As it will be outlined in the future college catalogues:

Domestic Mismanagement 62 1/2

Prerequisites—Course in Resuscitation 29 (credit hours), one (1) sense of humor, plenty of patience, knack of cutting the class when the prof does not call the roll.

This course covers a wide range of subjects as follows: Women of Siberia and the art of speaking to them in Eskimo language, their connections with the modern business depression; how to make money on the stock market by gathering the bulls and bears and making a circus; how to make a contract with your favorite bootlegger, gunman, etc.; and a wide variety of subjects dealing with the problems of the modern business man and his pet stenographer.

The primary idea of this course is to compensate the hard working senior Engineers for their services rendered in studying for their actual courses of their real college career. Those not desiring to attend class may, by special permission, cut the classes and take their lessons by correspondence. This course is especially beneficial to the owner of the college shoppe, since it provides him with customers who might otherwise be attending some useful class.
(Continued on page 6)

Lanza Scores Win Over M. E. Society

Third Overtime Period De- cides Score in Favor of Siam

Through the haze of cigarette smoke "Jigger" Lazarek stepped forward and called the spelling bee to order. Howard Droitcour called the names of those absent and sang out to Chief Lazarek, "Hail, hail, the gang's all here."

A committee supposedly using the society's funds to investigate social conditions of the A. S. M. E. (Association of Sliderule Manipulating Engineers, headed by Prof. Bills) came back from Yemma's with a report on the beer condition in Siam. A new committee was appointed to help carry in the old committee.

Prof. "Lanza" Whales was introduced as the author of William Haines' newest talkie, "Down to the Sea on Bicycles," and then he made a short resume of the plot under a title called "Screw Propellers."

The efficiency of propellers depends on the type of gasoline used in the bilge pumps. No one knows yet whether the talk was on airplane, ship or Freshman propellers (paddles). According to "Lanza," "it is possible to use false facts to determine many things, yet many more things would be possible if the real truth were known." This murder mystery will be continued in the next issue, if there is a murder.

The Beacon

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Notice of Entry

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EDITORIALS

A Synopsis

We wish to offer apologies, congratulate ourselves, and dedicate this special issue of *The Beacon*, which we have called *The Bacon*, for want of a more fitting caption, all in a single paragraph. In the first place, we apologize for the lack of a real collegiate type of humor, in these pages. In a way, it is all our fault, yet it is not our fault, when one considers that everyone of the six comic editors, who were engaged to fill the space herewith presented, failed to turn their work in at The Beacon office as per contract. There is nothing funny about their names, so we will not mention them. We also wish to congratulate ourselves on the spirit we have shown in working under such handicaps as the three upper stories of Davis Hall, which is a recognized fire trap, and the knowledge that a single untruth appears at the top of this page in the statement, "Published by the students of Rhode Island State College." We wish to dedicate this non-descript (ive) issue to all *Greasy Grinds*. May they filter out the dirt and accept the pure grease with the spirits by which *The Bacon* was produced.

Woe Is Me!

Ah, woe is me! Voice from the rear: "Then giddap, you damn fool." Again I repeat, "Woe is me." For years and years, I, the pride of the English courses of Po-dunk High School, have been laboring under the false impression that I could speak the English language with that clear enunciation that has marked all my latest speeches. But, alack, alas, and two laddies!

Professor, Doctor and Mister Charles Barrel has decided that we, the modern generation of the universe, have been mispronouncing all our words.

No longer is an automobile an automobile. Instead, gentle readers, let me inform you that Henry Ford's creation has the accent on the third syllable. Our familiar equipment of home is not a radio any more. Ah, no! Who of the modern world could believe that we, college men and women, could refer to a radio with a flat "a"? Nunununno! Radio has a co-ed pronunciation. Quite broad. The "a" is pronounced like the "ah" in rah-rah boy. I, poor child of the world, no longer have any leisure, instead I must sacrifice it so that the poet of Dr. Barrel's origination may rhyme it with pleasure.

And so, I, poor, desolate child of the world, tossed hither, thither, and yon by the varying whims of fate and fortune, must seek a new mother tongue. No longer can I pronounce with pride the special words of which I am so fond. Hereafter I must confine my words to paper so that Dr. Barrel can pronounce them correctly and the rest of the world suffer in blissful ignorance. Little will you, dumb palookas, realize that only Dr. Barrel pronounces these words correctly.

R. I. S. C. in 2030 A. D.

Kingston, Department of Rhode Island, January 18, 2030.—I have been asked by your magazine, *The Inter-Communal Gazette*, to give a brief description of a typical college of the High Workers' class.

As you all know, since our mammoth corporations have taken control of pre-world states and absorbed the cream of the old intellectual and aristocratic society, there is a distinct standard of education for each of the three Worker classes. Our school, we may say with pride, is one of the best. The tall apartment buildings of our Greek Clubs on College Avenue for the unmarried men, are the scene of much study just at present, for in keeping with an old revered custom, we have semi-exams, coming between the usual bi-yearlies.

From my window on the North Plaza, I can just see several late students from the Providence section of New York, settling their planes on the top platform of the landing tower of the Wales Memorial Airdrome near a beautiful little lake, where honor students are allowed boating privileges. The college proper might seem a bit complex, as one or two agriculture students from the District of Africa found it, but in reality, life streams in well ordered lines to and fro, on the connecting arches. The ancient library and auditorium is still a mark of interest to all those who are studying archaeology. Our students have the advantage of the several Canadian parks and places of amusement by special hourly air service.

A recent discovery agitated the student body into hilarious activity, when a page from an ancient yellowed school paper, "The Bacon," was deciphered and found to be a letter of protest against the constant recurrence of baked beans at meals; this situation happens to be a great source of annoyance to the present student body. Still we have plain, good, healthy food, and plenty of it; as one of our professors will testify, who ate for three consecutive days at the great general dining hall.

"Beds"

Introduction—

It has been said of Walt Whitman that he was the poet who drew the kitchen-sink into the parlor.

He could take a thing as common as a

blade of grass, raise and elevate it to the height of any of our so-called higher things in life, or as Shakespeare says: "There are sermons in stones and—ice cream in bricks." So I, too, have chosen a very common subject for my speech. My topic is "beds:"—

A bed is the symbol of all human life. We are born in bed and we die in bed. We experience our greatest pleasures in bed—

When we are ill we find solace in bed. We spend fully one-third of all our lifetime in bed.

Truly a bed is a wonderful contrivance.

A bed is like a beautiful seductive woman imbued with certain maternal qualities, who takes us into her arms each night—gives us rest, peace and comfort, and sends us forth each morning refreshed and invigorated, prepared once more to take up our battle for existence.

A bed is not an inanimate object. Every bed has its own peculiar and distinctive personality. There are those of you who have become so enamored of some one bed that you cannot sleep peacefully in any other. When you are in a strange bed you roll and you toss, you complain that you cannot rest. Truly you are monogamous in your taste for beds. I thank God, gentlemen! that I am as polygamous in my taste for beds as I am in my taste for women.

Think—think, of the moans and the groans, the death rattles, the cries, the dolorous sighs of happiness, the prayers and the entreaties that our beds listen to. In truth—our beds are our Gods—do we not kneel down and pray before them each night?

But a work of warning in this matter of bed—statistics prove that fully 90% of all deaths occur in bed.

Think of that—the figures are appalling.

It is quite evident that if we must indulge in that sweet sense of oblivion known as sleep—that we should do so as sparingly as possible.—Springfield Student.

Co-Education

These mixed fraternities, and conglomerated classes were all right, until long skirts came in. Now they're all off (our schemes, of course, you silly idjut, this is a family newspaper)—no co-education. Let the Cushing Street Improvement Association know that we Brown boys think far too much of our social position to go around with street-cleaners. Below the edge of a fur coat, the uneven bottoms of these new-fangled robes look like rags. The "Princess" skirt isn't even good for formal wear; it's too easily stepped on—and no woman will ever wear a dress-material so thick that it can't be torn. Nor does all this mean that we want every member of the opposite sex to don the shin-length garments of our childhood days. It is a policy of ours that the government should license the wearing of abbreviated garments. There can be but two reasons why any female should expose her calves.

One is that she is a professional hiker, and the other is that she has the rickets, and needs all the sunlight she can get. (Boy, we had a hard time working ourselves out of that one. You know, some of those Pembroke's might not believe that the Editor is doing this section of our collyume.)

There are, nevertheless, advantages in co-education. You have something to look at besides the window when you find that you shouldn't have picked this course anyway. One of the best points is that you can pick out the dumb women, and use your own discretion. There's nothing worse than discovering that your sweetie knows more about politics, poetry or the price of gin than you do. And then, co-education is so amusing!—Brown Daily Herald.

The Twidler

Before leaving Kingston for that famous little town of Storrs, Connecticut (perhaps most famous as the home of the Storrs egg laying contest), we perused the latest edition of The Connecticut Campus. Our main purpose was to ascertain the time of day that was scheduled for the basketball games, but we could not overlook the following quotation:

Rhode Island's weekly, The Beacon, ran heads last week reading "Beat Conn. Aggies Three Times a Day." They did. Incidentally, no comment was made as to the outcome of the games to be played at Storrs. That was a good sign! Several other good signs were noticed while motoring en route, the one that was best remembered being located on the very outskirts of the Connecticut Aggies' campus. It was inscribed, "The Little Shop of Reproductions."

The co-ed game started soon after 3:30 p. m.—just an hour later than the announcement in "The Campus" had stated. This showed to perfection, the equality of the rival weekly papers, if nothing relative to the strength of the basketball teams.

The afternoon game was no doubt the most exciting of the three, as any loyal co-ed will say. The R. I. delegation was composed of Professor S. Allan Howes, Mrs. William Whalen, some 20 girls and nearly 30 boys.

The Misses Burns and Birch played the best for the substitutes and Manager Fletcher did her part by sinking the ball (in a pail of water) from the bleachers.

Intermission takes place, with an inspection of all Connecticut buildings, campus and greenhouses. It was interesting to note that an entire wing of the "glass house" was devoted to the scientific raising of lettuce for the College Dining Hall. Later in the day, at 6 o'clock, to be exact, the Rhody crowd was served some of this delicious and appetizing "green food" for supper. The appreciation was untold (particularly by Miss Stillman's regular boarders)!

The meal was trimmed with "green" in more ways than one. In addition to the ordinary Nutmeg Frosh with little green hats, the pledges of Alpha Phi Fraternity were all present, yet not entirely accounted for. Their costumes varied from "babes in arms" (armed with nursing bottles, etc.) to "babes" desirous of being in arms. One Frosh in particular carried out (as well as in) his pot especially well.

There follows herewith a play-by-play report of the Frosh game. Try it on your new radio!

S. A. Howes forsakes original party and sits with crowd of co-eds and Mrs. Whalen. Band plays frantically. Whistle blows.

Horseman shoots first basket. One foul missed. Foul called on Horseman. One man hit in jaw. Virginia Lovejoy expresses sympathy for various players. One foul made by Bob. Score is now 3-0.

Kilroy makes a basket. Another basket by Kilroy. Score 7-0.

Connecticut makes first basket. Crowd increases, no doubt due to the Little Shop of Reproductions. One basket by Cox. Foul made by Kilroy. Score now 10-2.

Connecticut scores two baskets. Foul on Cragan—Miss Lovejoy screams, "Don't mind it, Bob, it's all in the game!" Donovan, Kilroy and Cragan add to Rhody's score. One more point for Conn. Collison takes Cragan's place and Horseman scores, making it 18-8. Brilliant floor work by Dark Red.

Time out for most anything. A few cheers break the silence. Cox watches Dimock play for remainder of period. Big shot (by revolver)! First half ends with score still 18-8 in visitors' favor.

Ned Holland leads the band and everybody sings the Big Cheer Song. Almost everybody dies on the Dirge Cheer. Game rebegins. Home team scores twice on thrilling baskets. Nice foul by Cragan, and two more points for Kilroy, making score 21-12. A strange interlude takes place. Announcer tells joke about a

short-sighted woman. Light Red makes brilliant dribble basket. Lovejoy screams, "Walking," but referee does not hear.

Horseman is taken out, and Dick Dimock goes in. Kilroy scores twice. Cragan makes astounding dribble and scores. Conn. Frosh allowed one basket. Score now 29-14. Light Red sinks two more, and time out is called while Prof. Howes favors with a glance. Mrs. Whalen seems to be enjoying herself. Nutmeglets score two baskets. Everybody is happy. Kilroy increases his score to 21 points. Home team scores final basket. Time out with 12 seconds left to play. Time in and the Ramkins win the game. Score, 36-20.

We will leave the Varsity game for another time when we don't remember it as truthfully as at present.

The dance and long ride home were both successful, as proven by the fact that this column was written right here in Kingston. That is a good sign!

Not many signs were in evidence on the return trip, although one did

read "All have sinned" on the adjacent rocks—and reading, wondered.

The Great Discovery

By Calla Flower

Professor R. U. Musclebound was sitting before his desk peeling a grape when in walked John Jacob George De Mope who was the phantom of the Art M. C. L. XXI Course.

"Professor," he exclaimed in a smiling voice, "I have it, I have it."

The professor looked up from his work and drawled, "Well what are you doing for it?"

"I mean I have made a discovery in my research work which will both astound and revolutionize the industrial world."

"Oh Boy! Gee Whiz! By Gosh! Goll! Hot Glistening Dog! Whoopee! and other exclamations signifying my astonishment," cried the professor who was an authority on grammar and composition.

"You see Prof", said De Mope. "While I was in the 'lab' a beauti-

ful feminine figure passed by the window humming an air from the opera 'Sapolio' and in the course of our conversation I discovered that she was a co-ed.

"But But! But!"—exclaimed the professor.

"Why Prof, how could you interrupt me while I am giving you such valuable information?"

"I beg your most humble pardon," said the professor, who was a stickler for conventions, "Go on I beg of you."

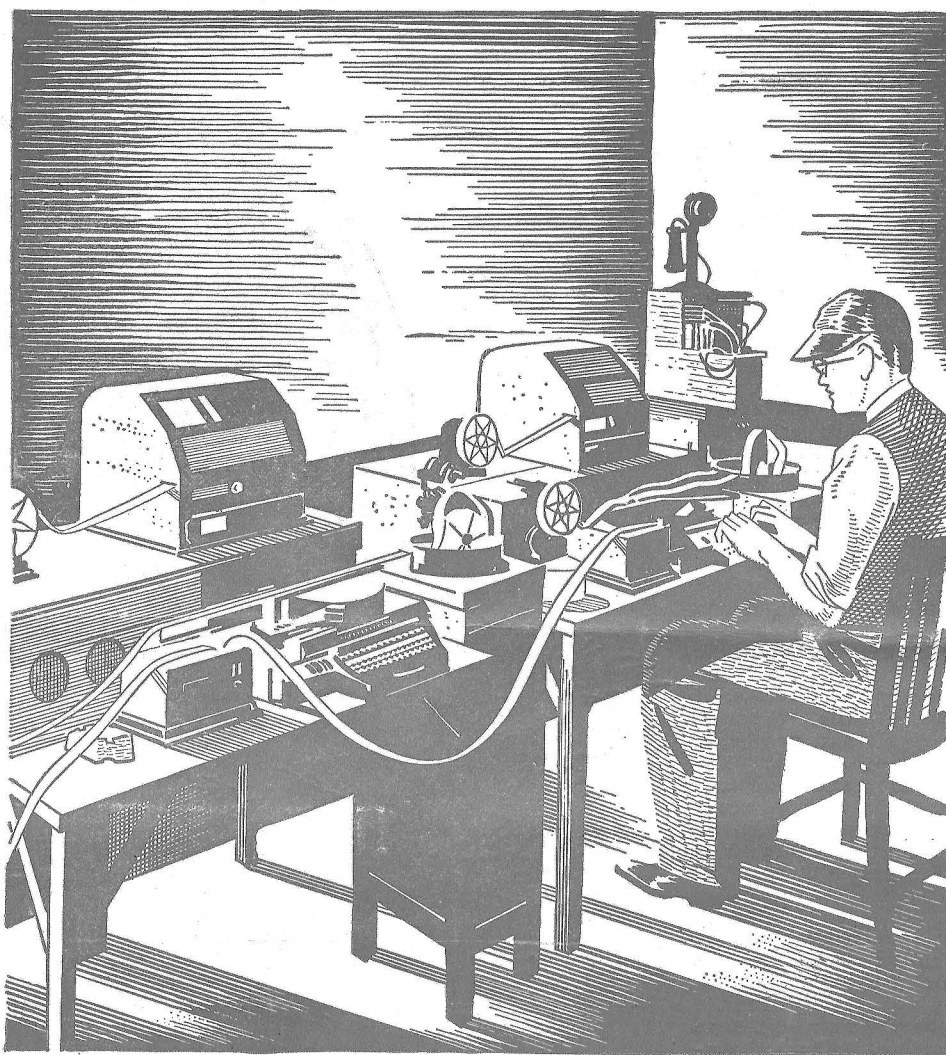
"You may be excused for the present, but please see that it does not happen again or I will be forced to drop your course and take up Home Economics."

"Please see if you cannot overlook my terrible Faux Pas and I will see that you are excused from classes for the rest of the term."

Very well on those conditions I accept your apology and by the way while your are in good humor please let me have ten dollars."

"Done no sooner than said," cried the professor as he handed over two

(Continued on Page 4)



Typing by wire—an adventure in communication

The telephone typewriter, a new Bell System service, has commercial possibilities as yet barely realized.

For example, a business house can type-write a message over telephone wires, and this is retyped instantaneously and simultaneously in any number of branch offices. The advantage is obvious—in

knitting together far-flung organizations and in quickening the pace of business.

Here is still another extension of telephone service which has already proved its value. The telephone typewriter promises even greater things as industry discovers new uses for this instrument of convenient communication.

BELL SYSTEM

A nation-wide system of inter-connecting telephones



"OUR PIONEERING WORK HAS JUST BEGUN."

"I'll Walk by the Bird Cage; I'll Walk by the Ape Cage; and I'll Be Reminded of You."

ADVICE TO THE LOVE WORN

Dear Ed:

How may I become popular?

Mr. Doubleday Whiffenpool.

Ans.—Explanation is futile. The following is a striking example as experienced by one of my correspondents. Initiate it to the greatest of your ability and popularity is yours.

"The party was lagging. The crowd looked for entertainment. Now was my chance! Confidently I strode to the piano. A suppressed titter ran through the crowd. (Don't try and catch this titter as it can run faster than you can). Now I would show 'em or I would never pay the bill to the correspondence school. As I sat down and stretched my muscular fingers gently across the polished keys, boisterous laughter met my ears.

Now I would demonstrate my ability to them! I bravely swung into that popular tune, "The Farmer in the Dell."

I ended the song and awaited the applause that would be mine.

The crowd was still laughing. (I'd die for dear ol' Rhody!)

Dear Ed:

I am a freshman and very lonely. I am in love with an Aggie co-ed. What can I do to make her aware of my affections?

Hayand Grain.

Ans.—My prescription never fails. As the young lady is an Aggie, it is well to show her that you are interested in her and her work. First, every evening for one week wend your way to the cow-barn and enter therein; the odor may tend to make you falter but never mind, you'll get used to that. Remember that old adage, "Familiarity breeds contempt." After seven nights of close association with bovines you will emerge with a distinct air about you. Evade your classmates for that will save them the trouble of evading you. Now, lastly, call up the lady of your desires and make a date. At this stage of the game you must use caution. Upon meeting the young lady slowly and carefully approach her, unseen, in the same direction as the wind is blowing. If you can get within five feet of her an have her exclaim, "What is your fairy perfume that transports me to the realms of ecstasy?" The entire affair is a success. If the young lady does not soulfully ask the above question but hurriedly flees from the vicinity—well—next time fall in love with a Home Economics co-ed.

Dear Ed:

Is it proper Campus conduct to associate with co-eds of the same institution at which I am teaching?

A Prof.

Ans.—Your query is natural. I have received thousands of letters of similar import. This practice has become quite prevalent on the campuses of American universities. This problem has become quite serious. Several professors of late have been mysteriously done away with, their bodies having been found most brutally mutilated. There is a threatened revolution of male students, who have imported gunmen from Chicago to take care of the situation. Let this inspiring message be a warning to those professors who aspire to such co-educational heights. Yes, I agree with you, my friend, this problem is quite serious.

Anyone desiring to have those knotty problems of life untied, communicate with the column entitled, "Advice to the Loveworn," care of "The Bacon."

THE PRODIGY

A young college prof married a chief librarian and in the interests of knowledge they decided that their child should be brilliantly endowed in higher learning from early childhood. As soon as the kid began to cry the young father would rush in and recite life cycles of Pleuro-cockeye and Spirygira—but the brat didn't like this form of Algy and kept up the brawl.

At meal times the phonograph would play Wagnerian compositions and if the radio was used only the very best of operatic music or singing was brought to the ears of the precocious child, and he would play it on the piano.

When the babe was three months old it developed a bad cough—the best of surgeons was called in, and as he towered over the crib he thundered: "Now, young man, and what's your trouble?" To which the fond infant replied: "Absolutely nothing."

The Great Discovery

(Continued from Page 3)

five spots, procuring the desired amount from the old wall safe which hung from the chandelier.

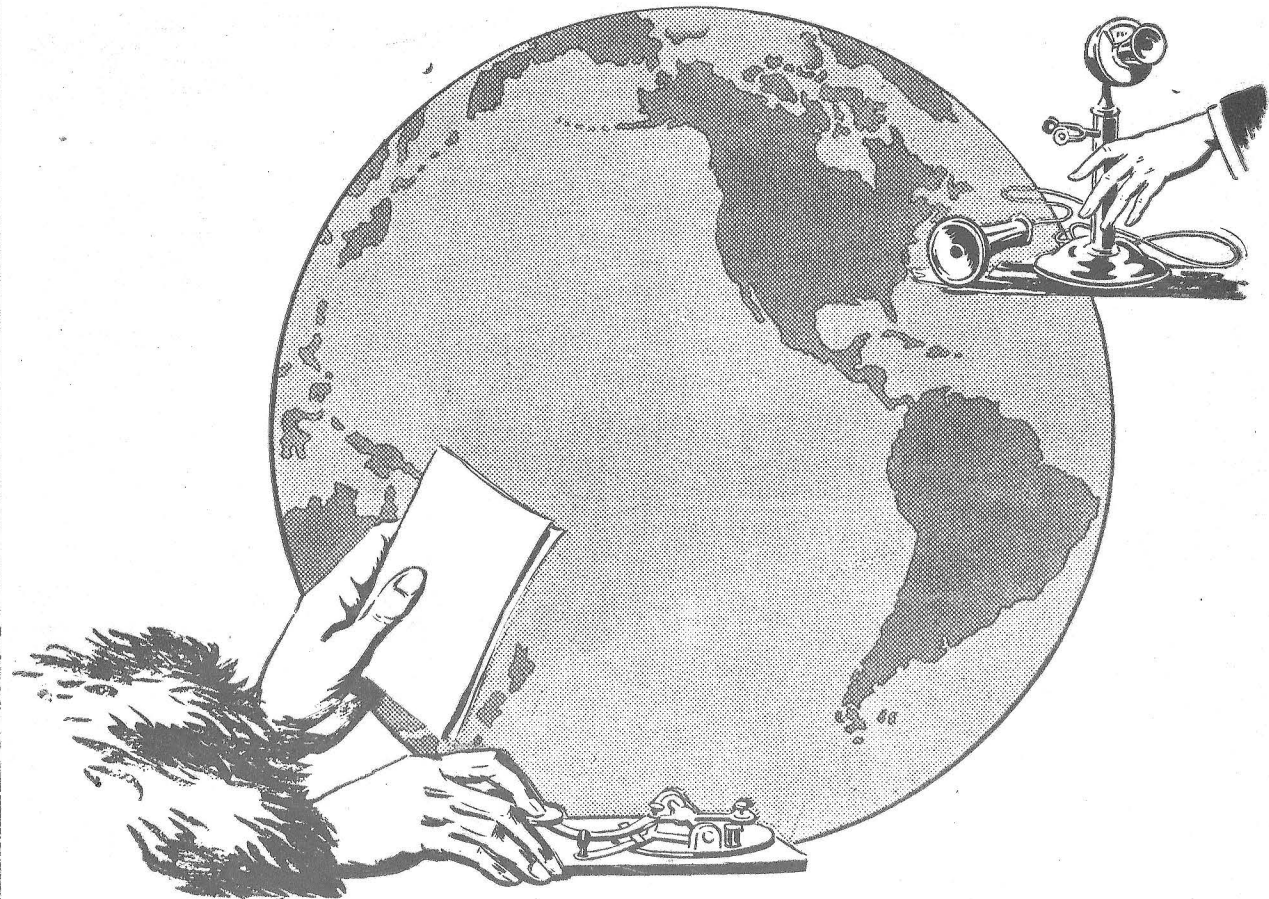
"Well as I was saying, before I was so rudely interrupted," continued De Mope, "I made an appointment with the aforementioned proud beauty for every day next week and to show her appreciation, she has let me in on a secret which is unknown to the world of arts and sciences and I promised not to breathe a word to a soul, but as you are a college professor and out of the class of most souls, I will allow you to be a possessor of this startling secret."

This is the hot dope: A friend of this co-ed is acquainted with a man whose brother's cousin is in love with a French style designer and through her she has learned that corsets will be back in style by 1935.

Upon hearing this the professor dropped off into a deep sleep from which he has never awakened to this day.



Her dad was a fireman, and he quickly put me out.



"Meinholtz, the Times Wants You ---"

FRED E. MEINHOLTZ of the New York *Times* sat in his home on Long Island, listening-in on a radio press dispatch from the Byrd expedition. Someone on the *Times* staff wanted to reach Meinholtz on his home phone. And quickly! But the receiver there happened to be off the hook.

Radio science was equal to the occasion. The *Times* radio operator sent a request to the fur-clad operator at the other end of the world. And Meinholtz was quickly made aware of the situation by a radio message from Antarctica saying: "Meinholtz, the *Times* wants you to hang up your receiver so that they can call you on the telephone."

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"I'm Glad I Made You Cry, Little Girl. Your Face Is Cleaner Now."

**TERRIFIC EXPLOSION
ROCKS EAST HALL**

(Continued from Page 1)

for the delicious evening meal which was to fill the hungry mouths of some four hundred students.

Suddenly there broke forth a thunderous and reverberating crash that fairly lifted the chef off his feet. The blast could be heard for miles about the campus. Confusion reigned supreme. Freshmen wept and children shuddered. Sir John, with his tremendous power of observation, took the situation well in hand at the first glance, and with the assistance of Joe Nedo, cleared the wreckage in short order.

The coffee percolator had without warning shattered itself beyond recognition. It had hurled its cover with such tremendous speed into the ceiling that showers of plaster fell from all parts of the building. Little damage resulted, however, other than a few shattered window panes and the loss of the delicious and malicious East Hall coffee.

**KEANEY FINDS NEW
TRAINING METHODS**

(Continued from Page 1)

gramophone and music dispenser. As you enter the houses the training comes into play. Hurdlers take chairs in two leaps, football players take out their man and continue on, wee Frosh take two looks and run for shelter. And why all the commotion? Just to be the first to get back to the radio and tune in on their favorite station. The training regulations do not cease, but continue with vehemence and gusto.

Weight men throw out the weaklings, baseball players warm up their arms, twiddling the dials and others get an appetite waiting for their turn. This exercise is, of course, rather strenuous to some, but it proves a healthy and happy method for getting into condition for spring pastimes such as knitting, chess and "come-she-come."

Coach Keaney is racking his brains in an endeavor to apply the radio situation to football. A system of radio coaching from the sidelines will

probably eliminate the "gol-ding-bone".

A BIRD TALE

Not many years ago, our famous Dean was accustomed to follow a certain route through the city in which he lived. It happened that on the route there was a bird store that contained a parrot who had become accustomed to life on the wide open seas. As Dean Q. Rioux passed the store one day, the bird greeted him with: "Ahah, what I know about you!" But our famous dean minded him not in the least.

Came Tuesday, came Wednesday, came Thursday, and always the sprightly feathered individual had the same cheery song for the saddened and embittered dean. Finally, in exasperation, the dean decided to get rid of the pest. He entered the store and asked to buy the bird. "That bird is not on sale," was the reply. "But I can sell you some of her eggs." "Good enough," thought the dean. "If I can't get revenge on the parrot, I'll get revenge on its off-springs."

Days passed and in due course of time the eggs yielded their contents. From one emerged a brown rooster, a second yielded a duck, and the third egg resulted in a beautiful goose. Again days passed, and again the dean took his customary path through the city. Again (don't mind the repetition) the parrot sang: "Ahah, what I know about you." But Q. Rioux was no longer embarrassed. He simply remarked to the parrot with ultra-sarcasm, "Ahah, what I know about you."

When in South County

SHOP AT

KENYON'S

Wakefield,

R. I.

...on the track it's **SPEED!**



...in a cigarette it's **TASTE!**

"A BIRD IN THE HAND is worth two in the bush." *Good taste*—what smoker would trade it away for any number of cigarette claims?

No Chesterfield smoker would. For its mild fragrance, its deeply satisfying character—in short, its *taste*—has always been the *one* thing smokers wanted:

"TASTE *above everything*"



MILD... and yet
THEY SATISFY

Chesterfield
FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos, not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED

Genius Uncovered In Raid by Cops

Poet Blazes Into Heat of Oratory at Esquimos Barn Dance

What ho; hail gentlemen, a genius on our campus!

'Twas last year that our genius was first uncovered—at Thirty Acres. Here, in all the beauty of nature she was first discovered. With pen in hand and pad on lap she diligently scribbled her first creation—a whimsical poem, short but inspired with all the characteristic beauty of Wordsworth and Whiz Bang. Let me quote her first production—

“Subtle as the August breeze
That toys with slightly mishaped knees

He made his way.
He was called our Aggie “Wow.”
And natively he chased the cow.

Bulls are queer that way.
Some of the greatest newspapers of the day have made comments on her works.

From the “Boston Adder”: Her work is like the music of a symphonic orchestra—much strikes the ear but little registers.

The “Providence Journey”: Our latest poet has risen from the ranks of the cow-barners. Her barnyard poetry is a dream—in fact a nightmare.

RECREATION DEPT. INSTALLED AT R. I.

(Continued from Page 1)
Our latest cub reporter outlined the following few lectures:

No. 1. The Tricerotops—a prehistoric animal with very little brain capacity per cubic foot of volume.

No. 2. How to use the word “engineering.”—I saw the engineering the station.

No. 3. Description of the Knights of old—

“Knights of old were very bold
And wore cast iron britches.
They bought much booze, I have been told
And slept dead drunk, in ditches.”

Thus far “The Bacon” has been unable to ascertain any definite plan by which the lectures are given. 'Tis sufficient that many a hard-working senior gains an extra hour of sleep.

Suggested Theme Songs

Bacteriology: Microbe, Oh, Where Can You Be?

Bridge Design: Old Man River.

Chem. XX: Am I Blue?

Dairy Practice: Is That Cream in My Coffee?

Down the Line I, II, III, IV: Follow the Swallow Back Home.

Economics: I'm a Marginalist, Aren't We All?

Economic History: Manor Mud.

English Comp.: Let Me Have My Themes.

Home Ec. IV (a) (b): Feed Me or Leave Me.

Mil. Sci.: Happy Daze Are Here Again.

Public Finance: A Little Tax Each Morning, a Little Tax Each Nite.

Transportation: When the Mid-night Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabam.

Zoo X: I Want My Rib.

“BLACK RING” STORY EXPOSED BY “BACON”

(Continued from Page 1)
are connected with the gang. The story:

Two of our reporters were sent to the home of Professor George Slightlypink and were sent to the room where the threat was said to have been received from the gangsters. A short description of the room should follow but we believe this could be very appropriately omitted at the present. Let it suffice to say that the ring was first noticed in the bathroom of Prof. Slightlypink. The reporters, being recently initiated into the work of newspaperdumb, failed at first to note the consequential evidences that were all too prominent. In despair they paged the editor himself. The editor, aware that he was not capable of handling the affair, sent in a hurry call for the author of this article, who modestly terms himself “the Greatest of the Great.” It was not hard for this wonder to round up the evidence that convicted the greatest criminal that was ever developed this side of Nortendusen.

There were several footprints on the floor. “Ah, some one has been walking here.” The steps were followed and Mr. Wonder immediately placed the professor himself under arrest. Next was the discovery of the black ring. The tub, located in the east corner of the room, was decorated with a beautiful ring of mourning. After due consideration and a few suggestions the newspaper gang decided that the ring was the natural consequence of the professor's annual bath. They therefore had the professor cornered. He himself was the originator of the black ring. When faced with such indisputable evidence the professor broke down and gave a confession to the “Bacon.”

The “Bacon” wishes to announce that it sorely regrets the way the case ended. The editor no longer has any spare money with which to go co-edding, since with the arrest and conviction of Professor Slightlypink, the weekly allowance of mush money ceased.

PREXY STARTS NEW LOVE-LORN COLUMN

(Continued From Page 1)
your footsteps even though the “eds” may not.

A close runner-up in the contest was that versatile Miss, Helen Darnit, who it noted throughout thirty-two counties and the village of Queens-ton for her extensive and colorful vocabulary. In a recent talking bee, a new variety of indoor sport, she was easily winner of first, second and third places respectively, if not respectfully, by her ability to talk at the rate of sixty words per minute making the air blue, but without once repeating the same syllable let alone the same word.

Among those to receive dishonorable mention were Iva Paine, who received ten votes in the negative for the title of “Miss Fistical Culture”, and who is esteemed throughout our ranks for her surpassing ability to put things over fifth a punch, and Ima Hogg, who ate up a record of nineteen pancakes, ten cups of Maxwell's best and eleven sinkers, after the last of which she herself sank to the floor to rise no more.

ALIENS DEPORTED ON FAST FREIGHT

(Continued from Page 1)
program he should appear in time for the funeral in which he will be very conspicuous in his box.

The only regret of the audience was the absence of several Chicago gentlemen expected in on the 8:15 freight. Their presence will surely be required at the next concert.

Piccolo Pete waxed hot on his harmonica with variations interspersed by the sounds of strangling emitted from the throats of satisfied customers. Mr. Anthony, the director, is to be congratulated for the success of the concert, considering the material with which he had to work.

The professor, who had a Freshman English class, cursed with Cal Coolidge-like reticence After a thousand, more or less, of themes beginning “I came to Hokum College to acquire knowledge” and ending “I think a college education is a good thing for an American citizen to have,” the frenzied professor pleaded for the personal touch in future English themes.

He got the following:—
“Dear Prof: I like your wife. How about fixing up a date?”

Customer—“I want something with lots of iron in it.”

Grocer (having his little joke)—
“Have you tried the chain stores?”

Rastus: “Is dat Lovelight what ah sees shining in yo' eyes, honey lamb?”

Mirandy: “Lovelight, nuthin'. Yo' jes watch yo' step, niggah. Dat's mah stoplight.”

A Baker Proposes
Sweetheart, you're roll the world to me. I'm a well bread young man and that's a good raisen why you should marry me. Be my better half and everything will pan out all right. Icing your praises night and day, because I loaf you. Doughnut refuse me, sugar, or you're cruller than I think you are.

Scientists predict that soon we will be able to do all our work by pressing buttons. Well, we can always get someone to press them for us.
—Marquette Tribune.

A few months ago a man was taken into a hospital for an operation on his skull. His brain was removed, and through some accident it was not replaced. He escaped, and it is rumored that he is now conducting a column in some university newspaper.
—Verse and Worse.

Manager—“What's the idea of sitting out there absolutely silent for five minutes?”


Saxophonist—“That was a request number.”

Pathfinder.

The fellows who claim the auto has not reached its saturation point should try riding a rumble seat during a rain.
—Middlebury Campus.

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A College On a Hill
is seen by men. It cannot hide its light. Printing reflects the workmanship of the printer. Good printing creates more printing for the printer. That's why for 80 years good printing in old South County has been done by
The Utter Company
Westerly, R. I.

RHODE ISLAND AND BALL ALL WET; SLIPPERY BALL PROVES R. I. HOODOO

(Continued from Page 1)
That's where it missed the fun. The team, much downhearted at the fate of their favorite ball could eat nothing at the terminal and the coach, remembering the sorrows of his own youth, bought them each a lollypop and sent them home to mamma. The Freshmen weren't very hungry, but didn't like to refuse food on G. P. and managed by hard squeezing to down a couple of steak dinners, which pleased the Coach very much, for he wants his little charges to grow strong and big so that they can be Varsity men next year.

Of course, the co-eds never eat much anyway, and had a modest lunch of gingerale and straws. They were much concerned at the sad fate of their old friend the ball and were very quiet on the way home, except for the singing of **Keep the Home Fires Burning**, to the tune of **Have you a Camel?** A happy bunch of boys and girls arrived home shortly before midnight, or maybe it was after, singing in the rain, and promised to go right to bed and not wake up the other children. The poor ball, weary and footsore after its long journey, and wet to the skin, was put to bed by Bob, and thus endeth the tale of the hero of this story. Believe it or not—I was there and heard the splash.

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