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## The Beacon (04/23/1931)

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# FROSH



# BEACON

VOL. XXVI. NO. 23.

KINGSTON, R. I., THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1931

Price Ten Cents

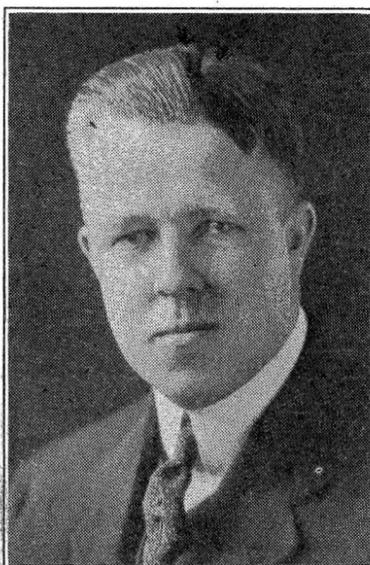
## Dr. Browning Honors Rhody's Former Prexy and Welcomes New

### Class of 1934 to Benefit by Challenge of Leadership Opportunity at Hand

While the Class of 1934 is a distinctive one in many respects, none carry greater significance than that it is the first class to enter under a new administration. For nearly a quarter of a century, our college was guided by a single president, and the vast majority of the alumni of this comparatively young institution has known but one Prexy. Our present buildings and our present educational standards we owe primarily to his steadfast and untiring devotion to a single purpose—the welfare of Rhode Island State College. His influence will be as lasting as our college itself, for it was he that convinced the people of Rhode Island that our college was not an institution of questionable value but rather one of proven usefulness. It was this fact that probably unconsciously prompted you to select R. I. State as the college of your undergraduate days, and in so doing you have paid homage to the memory of our first President Edwards.

But now another administration is at hand and with it come greater opportunities for each and every member of the Class of 1934. Just as you stand on the hill here at Kingston and observe the dawn of a beautiful spring morning and with its coming catch the thrill of a new enthusiasm for life itself, so now is it your privilege to witness the dawn of a new administration.

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DR. H. W. BROWNING  
Faculty Advisor

## Frosh Relates His First Impressions

### Stands in Line for Hours, Made Knight of Broom. Buys First Edition

"Golly, my face is still wet. Mom kissed me affectionately, held me tightly, Pa shook hands with me, and said, 'My boy, I'm counting on you to come through.' That was all right so I nodded, and said, 'I'm doing the same on you,' and off I went to the station. I rode on a train for several hours, then heard the conductor call out, Kingston. I jumped up, rushed to the door, could hardly wait for the train to stop. Here I was at last, in a strange land. I felt a lump grow in my throat. A fellow in a blue sweater met me on the platform.

"Can you tell me where to go?" I asked him in a scared way. Not that I really was scared, but I wanted to show him my independence. "You're a Freshman, aren't you?" he asked. "Sure, are you?" I returned. "Naw, I'm the chef's assistant." I felt flattered, and knew I was in luck when he offered to take me to the college. On the way over I became frightened stiff when he took out his teeth and made monkey faces at me. Later I learned that he was Joe Neido, which explained everything. I got off at the foot of a granite prison. A bunch of fellows were in line, so I just stepped in line too. "What are we doing here?" I asked the fellow in front of me. "Don't you know?" he asked. "No, do you?" He didn't, but we stuck together anyway. Soon my turn came to get inside the building. I saw a bunch of doors, and noticed that every once in a while a Freshman, I think it was, would step out. I found that they were registering, but I didn't like that. At home when we registered the cows and sheep the doctors would look at their teeth and see if everything was all right. Finally I did get registered, though, and lost about a hundred bucks while I did it.

"But that wasn't the end. All week I had to stay in line, waiting, waiting, waiting. In the gym I stood for three hours with a towel around me, awaiting my next.

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### ATTENTION!!!

The Frosh Beacon has been asked to make the following request:

It is especially requested that the student body as a whole remain in Kingston during Interscholastic Day, in order that we may give the sub-Freshmen the famed Rhody welcome. Remember, many of these sub-Freshmen will be in Rhody's Freshman class of next year, and it is necessary to give them a proper first impression of the school.

There will be many new and different conveniences for the benefit of both the spectators and contestants this year. Foremost among these is a system of loud speakers to broadcast the results of the events over the whole field. These were made possible by Dannie O'Connor, '30.

Remember, the cooperation of everyone is needed to make the field day successful!

## Dr. Bressler Extends Greetings To Members of Class of 1934



DR. R. G. BRESSLER  
President

### Prexy Stresses Importance of Present Frosh Class to School's Future

"To the Class of 1934:  
"I am very happy to appear officially in the columns of The Beacon when it comes out all dressed up in the distinctive and differentiating colors of the class of 1934. Green likewise is the color that nature uses in the springtime to indicate new life, hope and confidence in the future.

"I have been a freshman on the campus of the Rhode Island State College for three weeks and I assure the freshman boys and girls particularly that it has been a very great pleasure and delight to all the Bresslers to receive the many friendly hazings and cordial welcomes that have come our way. Our experiences here are not unlike the experiences that you must have had last fall. We have wondered just what these good Rhode Islanders here on the campus might do to us. While we haven't worn the 'dink,' which is the badge of all our tribe, we do subscribe to the doctrine that it is a good thing for the first year students of every campus to be designated in some characteristic way so that visitors will not mistake us for those already initiated and thereby expect of us more than we can give.

"I congratulate this freshman class on its opportunity at the Rhode Island State College. You are about to complete the first year

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## Prexy Speaks At Assembly Makes Vivid Impression Upon Student Body By Earnestness

Dr. Bressler's first appearance at Assembly Monday afternoon was duly marked by the first appearance of the senior class in academic costume. Following the entrance parade of the faculty and the senior class all in caps and gowns, Dean Barlow introduced Pres. Bressler, who spoke on "Accuracy As An Aid to Science."

President Bressler immediately gained the individual attention of the entire student body by telling a few humorous anecdotes. He told of the popular superstitions of bygone days and how science has overcome these. He spoke of "horse-hair snakes," a "rain of toads," and told of mice being created from grains of wheat.

Dr. Bressler spoke at great length upon Pasteur as an exemplar of scientific research. From this fact, and the fact that he stressed the scientific side of all his material, it is believed that Dr. Bressler will continue in the footsteps of the late Dr. Edwards, and stress the scientific and engineering courses more than he would an arts course. In fact, in the beginning of his speech, Dr. Bressler made the statement that he would rather fit himself to the college as it is than readapt the college to fit him.

## Co-ed Glee Club To Give Concert

### Tomorrow Evening Marks The First Presentation; Miss Gould, Leader

During the past winter, the co-eds have been busily working building up a glee club. They have been most fortunate in having for an instructor Miss Gould, who is well known hereabouts for her work with group singing. On Friday evening, April 24, at 8 o'clock, these girls will climax their season's work with a recital.

Included on the program are two solos by Miss Gould herself and a duet by the Misses Gertrude An-

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## Diary of Freshman Tells Secret Love

### Heart-Throbbing Romance Revealed in Uncensored Form

Sept. 8 (Mon). Arrived bright and early. Stood in line all day. First I plunked down one hundred dollars to register. Then I went in a circle and had a bunch of funny looking men and women look me over, sign a card they made me carry, and ask in a dignified way, "Will you take physical training or cultural arts? Quick, answer yes or no." Lines, lines, lines. It's not waiting for the cafeteria to open it is undressing for the doctor. Oh, was I embarrassed!

Sept. 9 (Tues.) Ah, how happy I feel. A regular Rhode Island State collegian. My Alma Mater, long may she wave! The boys at the house treat me fine. We stopped into Ned's Coffee Shop to get a bite to eat. Three other fellows were with me; the way they talked they knew everyone around here. I ordered a ham sandwich and a glass of iced chocolate. The boys looked at me in a funny way, and said, "Why don't you order a nice heavy meal? Don't you know that Freshmen get their food free here?" I felt great. Isn't it lovely to be a Freshman? I called the waiter over and changed my order. Now I would eat. I sent for roast duck, German fried potatoes, tomato cocktail, ice cream a la pineapple and the rest of the menu. To show the boys that I had brains, I ordered a few extra desserts and treated the gang. As long as it was free, why not? Ned could stand it. When we finished a funny thing happened. The arrogant waiter brought me a slip of paper. On it was written \$3.55. As my friends, all three of them, suddenly left, I felt sick. I must send home for money tonight.

Sept. 10 (Wed). Good old Keaney. Met him for the first time today. My name beginning with a Z, I was in the second group to report to the athletic field. The Coach made us toss balls around, jump on the dirty ground, run hundreds of yards, and roll peanuts with our noses. Maybe it wasn't the coach that made me roll the peanuts. He said he was, and showed me a badge, with the word

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## Oddities Revealed In Questionnaire

### Compulsory Assemblies Favored; Majority Prefer Honors

Following the precedent set by the Freshman class of last year, the executive board of the "Frosh Beacon" composed a questionnaire which was distributed among the class immediately following the assembly on April 6, 1931. During the days that followed the Freshmen filled out the blanks and gradually all votes were collected and the results compiled. The board now adds another chapter to the history of the Freshman class by publishing the results of this vote.

Pauline Coggeshall captured the co-ed honors by being the most beautiful, most popular, and best dancer. Marion Bishop and Ruth Stene rated close seconds among the fair sex, the former being judged the best all-round athlete and runner-up for the title of best all-round, and best dancer, while the latter was voted the most respected and best all-round.

Elisha Peckham was voted the most handsome and Chester Cash- ing the most popular of the male class. Earl Ralph was judged the best all-round while Stanley Dobrowski "walked away" with honors for best all-round athlete.

It seems that a year changes one's opinion materially, because the class voted to abandon the "Freshman Hat Rule" but on the other hand they also voted that they would firmly enforce the "rule" next year. This shows that the class isn't very consistent in their voting or maybe it's just human nature.

Professor Ralph E. Brown was voted the most popular professor

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## Freshman Banquet Saturday Evening

### Dr. Bressler Will Address Yearlings at Annual Get-Together

The annual Freshman banquet will be held on Saturday evening at seven o'clock in East Hall. Herbert Davis, whom the class elected as chairman of the affair, has worked hard to arrange a successful program, and has encountered numerous difficulties. But finally he and his committee have assured a delightful evening for all who are to attend. Those who have been working with him are Marion Bishop, Ruth Newman, Ruth Stene, Pauline Coggeshall, George Brayman, Charles Commons and Leonard Tamuleich.

The dining hall will be attractively decorated with the college colors because the committee has decided to employ these colors of blue and white in place of the "proverbial" green and white distinctive of the Freshman class.

The guests of honor will be President and Mrs. Raymond G. Bressler, Dr. and Mrs. Harold W. Browning, Coach and Mrs. Frank W. Keaney, Coach and Mrs. F. Delmont Tootell, Kenneth Goff and Kay Regan. Speeches will be made by President Bressler, Dr. Browning, Ken Goff and Coach Keaney. The latter will award numerals to fifty-five members of the Freshman class. The waiters who are to provide the service at the banquet are all members of the Junior class and are: Arthur Edmond, Armand Pelletier, Leon Breaudt, Harry Gill, John Rego, Erland Tillman, John Tyler, Harry Lewis, John Schmidt, Byron Porter, Kenneth Potter and Ernest Goodwin.

# The Fresh Beacon

Published Yearly by the Freshman Class of Rhode Island State College

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## Welcome Dr. Bressler

Dr. Bressler, welcome to our college! We, as Freshmen, will have a greater degree of contact with you than any of the other three classes. We wish to extend to you our sincerest wishes, and tell you that at all times will we be ready and eager to co-operate with you in your important work. To us, the work is important, immensely so. This is our Alma Mater, and we wish to do our share toward making it an institution of which we can well be proud. With the precedent of the liberal, tolerant, illustrious Dr. Edwards to follow, your task is no easy one. But we have faith in you. We know that you will carry on the torch and lead us to higher glories.

## University of Rhode Island

At intermittent periods during the past year we have heard various suggestions concerning the necessary improvements needed at this college. What is needed most? Is it a community house? A dormitory? A liberal arts course? Better roads? More financial support? The Utopian answer, of course, is obvious. We need all—a community house, a dormitory, better roads, financial support, a liberal arts course.

How are we to go about attaining our ideals? How shall we start making our dream come true? How will this theoretical Utopia be made into a practical reality? Taking a cold, matter-of-fact, realistic attitude on this question, what is the immediate job on hand? We believe that it is the awakening of our State Legislature toward their well-nigh criminal neglect of Rhode Island State College. Too long have we been regarded as a step-child, an underling, to whom a scrap has been thrown now and then. The opportunities for expansion at Kingston are almost unlimited. In spite of the occasional conservative self-styled reactionary in our midst, we believe that the vast majority of students and faculty members favor greater expansion.

Just what does expansion mean? First, we might mention what it does not mean. It does not signify the creation of a Frankenstein machine, a giant bogey. Nor does expansion contemplate the submersion of the undergraduate body at the expense of the research and graduate departments. Because this has happened at Columbia, Chicago, Pennsylvania and other large universities, is no reason to assume that we are faced with any such possibility here. In the first place a large graduate college grows in a large city. It is natural that a city like New York or Chicago can offer a hundredfold more opportunities to a graduate student than can a town like Kingston. We haven't the hospitals, the laboratories, or the necessary equipment. This point seems so obvious that it needs no further discussion.

Then what would expansion mean? We believe that it would mean the transformation of Rhode Island State College into the University of Rhode Island. However, this change of name would come as a natural consequence. In the first place we want the inclusion of a liberal arts course at Rhode Island State. At the present time the students attending this institution are forced by the State to take scientific training along extremely narrow lines. To many, these courses are distasteful. It is idle to argue that if they don't like what is offered they can go elsewhere. This is a State College, and residents of this State should have the privilege of getting an education merely for education's sake, not as a professional training.

What is necessary before the liberal arts department can become a reality? Foremost, of course, comes physical paraphernalia. We need a new building to house this department, we need new instructors to take charge and teach the added courses, we need a new dormitory to handle the increased enrollment, in fact, we need another appropriation from the State. Several years ago this college received a \$600,000 appropriation from the people in the form of a bond issue, after the Legislature refused to act. At that time the voters of Rhode Island acted magnanimously in upholding their faith in this college by the record vote of confidence.

Why not conduct another bond issue campaign, giving

the people of the State the opportunity to stand by their college? In this way will the necessary money be raised to enable Rhode Island State College to keep up with the requirements of the State. One needs but look at the admission records to see the large number of desirable applicants that are turned away, not because of any fault on the part of the student applying, but owing to the lack of accommodations. This State should be wealthy enough to give every boy and girl a chance to enter college, if they are otherwise acceptable.

Expansion, then, means greater opportunity for a greater number. It does not mean the death of undergraduate spirit, but rather the growth of it. Not long ago New Hampshire State College became the University of New Hampshire. With what results? Within a few years its enrollment trebled, and now more residents of that State are enabled to get a college education. We believe that a college graduate is an asset to any State.

We sincerely hope that after we leave here we shall be able to say: "I am a graduate of the UNIVERSITY OF RHODE ISLAND."

## Pilfered Paragraphs

And then there is the woman so particular that she always reminds the cook to take the strings out of the "stringless" string beans.

Some people imagine that if they can replace the frying pan with a chafing dish they will need no other credentials to enter high society.

A bank advertisement tells us that money in the bank is the secret of poise, but the secret of having money in the bank is one of balance.

There is no sense of worrying over the theory of evolution when a few minutes before the mirror might decide the question for all time.

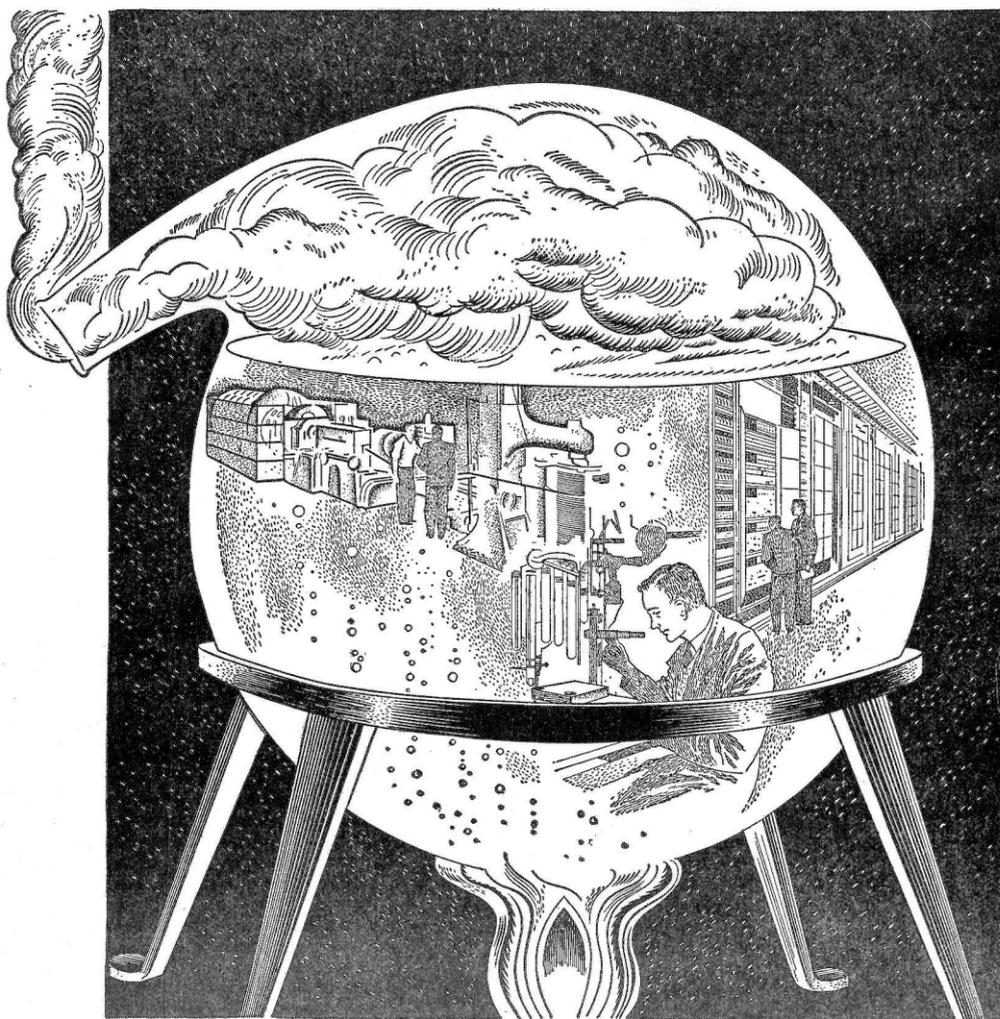
## Phi Kappa Phi Holds Election

### Dr. Bressler and Ten Seniors Duly Honored at Meeting Last Week

Last week Phi Kappa Phi, national scholarship fraternity on the campus, elected eleven new candidates to membership in its organization. These new appointees distinguished themselves in their scholastic endeavors by attaining high averages for the four years. The average required for election to Phi Kappa Phi is 85 per cent in all studies. The men and women who attained this average and therefore were elected to Phi Kappa Phi were: George Ormiston, Business Administration; Ralph Belmont, General Science; John Hammond, Agriculture; Virginia Lovejoy, Home Economics; Madelin Babcock, General Science; Madeline Pressoir, Home Economics; Alice Tew, Home Economics; Ida Fera, Home Economics; Warren Gaboury, Engineering, and Russell Andrew, Engineering. From the faculty, President Raymond G. Bressler was elected for his great achievement in scholastic and educational fields of endeavor. The committee on the annual Phi Kappa Phi banquet has announced that this important function will be held on the evening of Monday, May 11th.

Cop: "Your car awaits without."  
 Soph: "Without what?"  
 Cop: "Without lights. Name and address, please."

## STEPPING INTO A MODERN WORLD



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## Books and the College Students

Books, said Addison, are legacies that genius leaves to mankind, to be delivered down from generation to generation, as blessings to the posterity of those that are yet unborn. What a true statement! When we consider the vast importance that books play in our lives, the great amount of joy and happiness that they continuously dispel, we cannot help but feel thankful to the science that has made reading material so easily available. In one evening, with little physical effort, we can travel thousands of miles, visit untold places, interview all sorts of people, good or bad. Every one of us has an Aladdin's lamp in his possession. Whether we want to talk with Napoleon, garner wisdom from Aristotle, jest a few moments with Rabelais, take advice from Benjamin Franklin, witness the French Revolution, or watch the unceasing growth of our original thirteen states, the LAMP stands ready to serve us, to cheerfully and eagerly obey our every whim or desire.

Unfortunately, college students, especially Freshmen, are notoriously poor readers. The questionnaire answered by the Freshman class reveals the startling information that fully one-third of our body do not even read one newspaper a day. What a ridiculous state of affairs. Here is a group of students attending college, obviously endeavoring to attain an intellectual goal. How can we develop mentally if we neglect our reading? Newspapers, books, magazines, in fact any form of reading matter cannot be entirely neglected by us if we desire to have a true college education. It is not entirely enough to read our assignments, peruse our lesson books, and let the present day sail by. College should not mean being cloistered, hidden from outside thought and life. Make this test for yourself.

Ask any man on the campus whether he has read any of the so-called "best sellers" of the past few years, and the invariable answer will be "No, I haven't the time." While it is true that studies should take precedence over outside reading, yet it is also true that even the busiest grind amongst us can find the opportunity, were he so inclined, to include in his program the names of important books with the notation "must read" beside them. In this way the student will get a broader, more liberal education, will not become rutted along classroom lines solely. A famous philosopher once said: "The only true difference in ability between man and animal is that man has been able to write a book, while thus far animal has not." Of course, this viewpoint is probably exaggerated, yet it contains more than a grain of truth. Through books, man has made his existence concrete, impossible of destruction, tangible. He can point to the past and say—"The world is steadily progressing, civilization is improving, light is beginning to take the place of darkness"—and uphold his contentions through written positive evidence. A big fire may destroy our cities with their enormous skyscrapers, an earthquake may rend asunder all our suspension bridges and super-structures, the ocean may drown out our battleships and aeroplanes, yet posterity need not worry. As long as books remain as our legacy, the world cannot go backwards. Material losses may stagger us momentarily, yet if we have the wisdom and experience of time with us, nothing else can long withhold our forward march. For in books we find a record of everything worthwhile ever to have been accomplished by mortal beings. If our steel factories be destroyed we can quickly rebuild with newer ones, yet if the wisdom of Socrates be lost, we can never regain it. As Matthew Arnold once said—"I would rather lose India than give up Shakespeare." This noted English essayist knew that the master dramatist has done more for England and will continue to do more than any number of prize possessions ever can.

Any serious reflection must convince us that literature as found in books cannot be overvalued. We get the finest thoughts, the noblest inspirations, the greatest truths in these world-embracing gifts to us and our posterity. Perhaps too many college students have the same opinion of literature as had the nouveau riche butcher, who, since his ascent into the social register, was remodelling his house. Calling up his book dealer, he ordered—"You may send me down the complete works of Shakespeare, Milton and Goethe; also, something to read." Good literature is of intense value to us in more ways than merely adorning the library shelf. We get a broader insight into the mysteries of human nature, our intellectual horizon becomes fuller and larger; we come into close intimate contact with all the master minds

of the past generations; our love of beauty, desire for nicer things in life is developed; our knowledge of the world about us and the struggles of man becomes real, important; and above all, we learn to understand ourselves, learn to recognize the good characteristics from the bad, learn to distinguish between truth and falsity, between openness and ignorance. Perhaps, all unconsciously, our sense of humor, our sense of proportion, our mode of living is helpfully influenced. We see a noble character portrayed in literature, and perhaps try to live up to the ideal thus portrayed; or, on the other hand, we come across a distasteful Hedda Gabbler, a blundering Babbitt, a too-ambitious Christophe, and we strive to avoid their groove in life.

We are not trying to hold a sermon on the value of literature. That rightfully belongs to the English department. What we would like to leave with you is the indisputable fact that the reading habit should not be entirely neglected even though college work is important. Besides the required reading, the student should indulge in a little recreational browsing, a smattering of present day books from the standpoint not merely of value but of pleasure. The two, value and pleasure, can unite on a common meeting ground and become ingrained with the college education. A college man should not confess that he "has no time" to read. College and books must go together.

## Acting President Barlow

In the rush and excitement of welcoming our new president, we have overlooked a very worthwhile accomplishment. Professor Barlow deserves a word of mention for his very fine handling of the college during the past year. When the passing of Dr. Edwards left Rhode Island without a head, chaotic conditions were imminent. Who would be able to step into the breach and keep this institution running smoothly? This was a difficult task, calling for an emergency measure. We have but to look back at the records of the past year to discover how well the work has been carried on. Professor Barlow in the role of acting president won the commendation and respect of all the students, of all who came in contact with him. He has been fair in his dealings with the students, judicious in his decisions, tolerant in his attitude. No one will ever know the largeness of the task facing Professor Barlow. He had to step into a position without warning, without previous preparation. It is always difficult to act as a substitute in sudden emergencies. We are glad to note that Professor Barlow was called and was not found wanting. We also want him to know that we appreciate his work, recognize his accomplishments, esteem his leadership.

Professor Barlow, you have been a credit to Rhode Island State College!

## And the Mountain Labored

This is the Freshman Beacon. We offer it to you without any apologies or bravadoes. The entire Freshman Class co-operated in making this issue representative of its body. We hope that you will read it in the spirit with which we edited it—youthful abandonment! This is a fine time of the year, the weather is beautiful, everything lends toward happiness and toleration. Please remember, Sophs, if at times you appear maliciously hit, that even Freshmen may have learned the art of tongue-in-the-cheek behaviour. We trust that our labor has resulted in more than a straw-in-the-wind impression. And if the final result meets your approval, we are satisfied. For the rest we prefer to hold our peace, adopting as our guiding philosophy—"Let the Reader be the Judge."

## Object to English I

"To the Editor of the Fresh Beacon:

"Dear Sir:

"Year after year, Freshmen come here to Rhode Island, fresh from high school and preparatory school, and, smiling complacently, say to themselves: 'Well, at last our days of childhood are over. Now, finally we shall be treated like men, not like children.' And they keep on smiling until, suddenly, their smile is frozen, their joy dispelled, all hopes of manhood driven away, all in one stroke. And what is this monster which refuses these young men their innocent pleasures? Why, English I, of course!

"Instead of finding ourselves in the liberal, enlightened classrooms we expected, we see ourselves thrust back to our grammar school days. Again we learn that the verb should agree with its subject in person and number; again we are told that every time we see a 'but,' we should throw a comma in front of it. (Perhaps I should not censor the course so strictly upon this point. I know some Freshmen who think that a comma is placed in front of the 'but' to keep it from slipping out of the sentence, or for some other idiotic reason. However, these Freshmen should be isolated from the rest and given a few lessons. All should not suffer on account of a few.)

"After reading all about rules, we next turn to writing. All writing is done according to rules, also. To break these rules, is in the eyes of our instructors, an unforgivable crime, worthy of an infidel; to be original is even a deadlier sin. No! All themes must be written as if struck from the same press. The more stilted, artificial, and unnatural they are, the more they cry out 'I'm following the rules,' the better our instructors like them. Luckily we are forced to write in this manner for only one year, otherwise, we should bear the curse of that style of writing around with us for life."

## Advice to Our Advisers

To the Editor of the Fresh Beacon:

Dear Sir:

There is an old saying that "too many cooks spoil the broth." At first glance, this proverb appears silly and childish. But beneath the surface there lies a deeper, hidden meaning, a meaning which, despite its centuries of existence, applies even now to our modern college classes. Making just a few changes in the wording, the proverb, revised and adapted to our special case, would read, "Too much advice spoils the game of a college education."

That there can be such a thing as "too much advice" may seem extremely improbable and even impossible to some people. However, Mr. Editor, I shall present my opinion on this matter and let you judge for yourself. In the first place, what did we come to college for? That some eminent men might tell us about our approaching difficulties, tell us how to overcome them, and in general make our path smooth and do all our working, thinking, and worrying for us? No! That would take all the fun and thrill out of the game of college education, just as the abolition of the forward-pass would undoubtedly make the game of football less interesting and infinitely less thrilling. We came to Rhode Island ready to discover our difficulties for ourselves, face them like men, and overcome them. We came that we might thrill in the joy of the discoverer, feel the satisfying pride of the conqueror, and realize the mighty glory of self-achievement, in the process of making men of ourselves. In other words, we came to college that we might train ourselves for our really great test, the everyday business world, where every person passing by does not stop to lend a helping hand. Therefore the college, the great training camp for the world, should, like the world, aid us with as little advice as possible.

I have not meant to criticize any of the advice given us. It was all sound and certainly well meant; and I am sure that some of it was actually necessary. But only some of it was necessary. That is what I am criticizing. The advice given us can be compared to a lecture. One of the professors, who spoke to us about our lecture courses, advised us to jot down the "solid meat," the important facts we heard in a lecture, and not the "vegetables," the relatively unimportant and minor things. Why cannot this advice be applied also to the giving of advice? Why cannot the "meat" of the advice, the absolute essentials, be separated from the unimportant facts, and then served to future Freshman classes, especially during the first few weeks of school? —H. P. H.

## A Challenge to 1934

To the Editor of The Fresh Beacon:

Dear Sir:

An issue of the regular Beacon some months ago, after the Freshman elections, said: "Freshman class elections—All runs smoothly. —Fraternity Politics rule again."

"Fraternity politics rule again!" Now, Freshmen, should we be proud of the fact that we, as a class, are ruled by fraternity politics? Decidedly not, is my reply. You may then bring forth the facts that the classes before us have used this method of electing officers and that it is the easiest way of not having a regular "free-for-all" as is sometimes the case in class elections. That may be all well and good but what others have done must we also do? For several days after the elections last fall I heard freshmen talking about it and all were unanimously certain that they disliked very much fraternity politics. If we do not like it, why not be original and inaugurate a new system of voting?

When you stop to consider it, it does seem rather foolish to say that if you vote for our candidate we will back any member whom you want on the slate. When election time comes around you are handed a list of names and told that it is the slate of your house and to vote for it. If you go against the group you are accused of not working with the rest of them, while if you do vote for the slate you often feel that some will not lead the class to the best advantage.

Now that we all know one another better, why not try to have a new system of voting? Let's show the other people here that we can be real leaders and are not just the kind that "follow the crowd." —P. M.

# Track Team to Invade Brown

## Brown Improves While Rhody Weakens Since Past Season

After a vain attempt to lower the "Purple and White" colors of Amherst last Friday, the Rhody Varsity track team will be the guests of Coach Powers and his Brown runners next Saturday. It is doubtful that the Blue and White will be able to defeat the Bears, but Coach Tootell is certain that the Rams will give a good account of themselves on the straight-away as well as in the field events.

The team will be aided by the reappearance of "Ken" Goff, the best 100-yard dash man at the Kingston school. Coach Tootell has experienced many "bad breaks" this season, and his entrance into this meet will be with only three-quarters of his full strength. He was altogether pleased with the showing that his team made against Amherst, and although it is known that Brown has a much stronger team than the "Lord Jeffs," he is planning and hoping for the best.

Brown will enter some very well-known track men in this meet. Both Demmler and Troy are very fast in the sprints. In the longer runs Coach Powers has Patton, Huse, DiOrto and a few other good milers. The Buannaro brothers are almost certain of places in the pole vault, as both are nearly 11 foot vaulters. Tom Gilbane and Roland Brown are two of the best weight men which a Brown team has been able to sport. Only in the hammer throw and broad jump—if all goes well—are Rhody men certain of places. "Artie" Arnold is banked on as a point winner in the mile run. Leland Smith's all around work ought to score, while Goff, Luther, and Cieurzo can be counted on to give good accounts of themselves. Brown is not especially strong in the hurdles, while Capt. Howes is topping the timbers with great speed.

Coach Tootell is not at all optimistic over this Brown meet, and therefore he is not expected to allow Osterlund to pole vault and jump. This senior has strained a muscle in his leg, and "Toot" wishes him to be in good form for future meets. Joe Murgo is still confined to the hospital, and all of the hammer work will fall to Modelezewski, Bumpus and other weight men.

So it seems that Saturday a weakened Ram will attempt to bump a strong Brown Bear into submission.

# Two Varsity Games Next Week

## Boston University and Connecticut Aggies Our Opponents

Next Tuesday afternoon, the Rhody Varsity baseball team will journey to Boston to do battle with the crack team which comes from the campus of Boston University. The Boston team has done some very good work this season, although they have been defeated twice. In their first game of the season they journeyed to Providence to be defeated by Brown, 2-1. In this game Weaver, the ace of the Boston U. pitching staff, lost out to Sondheim, the star Brown pitcher. Last Saturday afternoon, it was defeated by Boston College in the eighth inning. The score was three to nothing. Either Goff or Martynick will twirl for the Rams.

While not a great deal is known of the Connecticut Aggie team, it is expected that they will give a great deal of opposition to the Rhody team. Last week the Aggie team was defeated by the West Point team in the eleventh inning. The score was 4-3. It is probable that Martynick will start on the mound in this game, as he proved very effective against the Frosh team from Storrs last season. The Aggie team will come to Kingston next Thursday, and as a Conn. game always attracts a large crowd, this game should be attended by many. Coach Keaney and his players are set to administer a defeat to both the Boston and Storrs teams.

Weaver will probably pitch for Boston U., while the Aggie coach is uncertain about his starting twirler.

# SPORTING with the FROSH

## Basketball

It was just after the Thanksgiving recess that Coach Keaney sent out the call that brought thirty freshmen out to declare candidacy for the crack '31 Frosh quintet. Srenuous practice was in order at once, and the Frosh soon had the varsity stepping. Just about this time prospects began to look pretty bright for another undefeated team and "Nig" Meyer and "Blondie" Golden began to step forward and give some good exhibitions. Wright, Dabrowski and Tyler also improved steadily. Manager Brightman drew up a tough schedule of 14 games. When in their debut on the college court the Frosh trounced the R. I. C. E. hoopsters. optimism surrounded the situation. Providence Tech was turned down 39-20 although the machinery did not run quite smooth. Meyer and Golden were by this time sweeping all opponents off their feet. Next came a much greater obstacle—the Northeastern Cubs were at this point undefeated and a tough battle was looked for. It materialized but the yearlings were equal to the occasion and turned in a 46-29 victory. Bradford Durfee Textile failed to give us any opposition and were the victims of a 59-19 score. "Goldie" had hit a slump about this time and failed to run up those high scores every game. Saybrook, Stonington and Fairhaven Academies fell before the little Rams' flashy attack inside of seventy-two hours. Then the Cubs saw a streak of Red and White and woke up to find themselves in the depths of defeat at the hands of a nicely functioning Pawtucket team. The tally was 35-27.

Colt Memorial furnished very little opposition to the Blue and White onslaught and we checked a 52-16 in the "win" column. In our own gym the Conn. Aggie Cubs bowed before us and took a 36-23 trouncing. In this contest Wright came through to oust "Sammy" Meyers off the high-scorer's throne with 11 points beside his name, in the little black book. Then up to Boston to nose out the Husky Cubs in a spirited melee 30-28 and were still piling them under the "win." The scheduled game with Lawrence Academy was cancelled and an all-star fraternity team was used as bait for a 50-20 Frosh victory. The Cubs came riding down the home stretch in glory as they trounced Conr. Aggies at Storrs and tripped Brown twice. The game at Storrs was all Rhody's from the start and ended in a 40-17 tally. At this point Meyers and Golden were the victims of a scarlet fever quarantine and without them the team trounced Brown twice to 44-20 and 49-24 tallies.

The work of Meyers, Golden, Bastolla, Wright, Tyler, Dabrowski and Ralph is to be highly commended and Coach Keaney will welcome them as material for next year's varsity. The Cubs have set a record which will be hard to touch for future Frosh—there's something to shoot at, Frosh.

## Cross-Country

Coach Tootell called out the Freshman cross country team on Oct. 3 in an endeavor to get 10 men who would be fitting representatives. The first meet was held at Kingston against Brown. With seven men competing on each team Rhody emerged the winners in a 20-39 score. Stiles of Brown romped home ahead of the pack, followed closely by Stetkiewicz. Capt. Cotter and his crack harriers from Westerly administered Rhody her first trimming. Cotter led the field home with two of his cohorts at his heels, while Morris took fourth.

At Storrs the cub harriers trimmed the Aggie Frosh 23-33. Romeo Quinten held a little surprise party and passed everybody in sight to win by an easy margin. Morris finished shortly after. Quinten came through again at Boston in the New England Intercollegiate to place 17th in a field of 66 contestants. Morris took 18th and Rhody finished in fourth place. The principal Freshmen coming up and who should provide sufficient excitement as candidates for next year's team are Quinten, Morris, Lloyd, Stetkiewicz, Hinchcliffe, Brayman and Thum. They composed the team that came in fourth in the Intercollegiate.

## Frosh Results At a Glance

Football		
Frosh 7;	Moses Brown	12
Frosh 6;	Technical	18
Frosh 0;	Brown	12
Frosh 6;	Boston Univ.	7
Frosh 7;	Springfield	12
Frosh 19;	Connecticut	0
Totals 45;		61
Won 1;	Lost 5.	
Basketball		
Frosh 71;	R. I. C. E.	19
Frosh 39;	Technical	20
Frosh 42;	Northeastern	21
Frosh 59;	Durfee Tech	15
Frosh 32;	Saybrook H.	27
Frosh 66;	Stonington H.	15
Frosh 53;	Fairhaven H.	8
Frosh 27;	Pawtucket H.	35
Frosh 52;	Colt Mem. H.	16
Frosh 36;	Connecticut	23
Frosh 30;	Northeastern	23
Frosh 50;	All-Fraternity	28
Frosh 40;	Connecticut	17
Frosh 40;	Brown	22
Frosh 49;	Brown	24
Totals 686		310
Won 14;	Lost 1.	
Cross Country		
Frosh 20;	Brown	39
Frosh 36;	Westerly	19
Frosh 23;	Connecticut	33
Finished fourth in the New Eng-land Intercollegiate with a score of 130 points.		
Dual Meets—	Won 2;	Lost 1.
Track		
Frosh 8;	Varsity	127
Frosh 82;	Warwick	44

## Frosh All-Opponent Teams

Football Team	
L. E. Jolin,	Technical.
L. T. Sifton,	Boston University.
L. G. Cutler,	Connecticut.
C. Seaver,	Springfield.
R. G. Cornors,	Springfield.
R. T. Gilmore,	Boston University.
R. E. Towle,	Moses Brown.
Q. Buomano,	Brown.
L. H. B. Cronin,	Connecticut.
R. H. B. Carlson,	Technical.
F. B. Gardner,	Technical.
Utility.	Burke, Moses Brown.
Basketball Team	
First Team	
Forwards—	Fisher, Pawtucket.
	Corbett, Northeastern.
Center—	Fabrican, Pawtucket.
Guards—	Donahue, Connecticut.
	Nye, Pawtucket.
Second Team	
Forwards—	Kirkland, Technical.
	Perry, Colt Memorial.
Center—	Bodycott, Connecticut.
Guards—	Haumer, Brown.
	Millbraut, Northeastern.

## Frosh Numeral Wearers

Football	
John Aleajian	
Frank Barrett	
Frank Conway	
Herbert Davis	
Ralph Dimock	
James Economon	
John Kiselica	
Earle Ralph	
Gerard Takvorian	
Leonard Tamulevich	
George Tyler	
Thomas Wright	
George Broderick	
Stanley Dobrowski	
Raymond Halpin	
Basketball	
George Tyler	
Samuel Meyers	
Thomas Wright	
Harold Golden	
Stanley Dobrowski	
Earle Ralph	
Edward Bastolla	
Everett Collins	
Charles Connors	
Abe Dashoff	
William Lalli	
Austin Sanborn	
Lewis Friedman	
Gerard Takvorian	
Martin Mazmanian	
Cross Country	
Frank Stetkiewicz	
Romeo Quinton	
Everett Morris	
Charles Lloyd	
George Brayman	
Charles Thum	

First Simple Nimrod: "Hey, don't shoot! Your gun isn't loaded."  
His Partner: "Can't help that; the bird won't wait."

## Football

Shortly after Frosh athletes fought their ways through crowded rooms and corridors, they reported to Student Field to begin the serious business of making a football team. And on a clear Monday afternoon in September, at 3.02 p. m., a conglomeration of recent high school and would-be college gridiron stars heard the mild, gentle voice of Coach Keaney whisper—above the roar of a twenty-mile wind—"Come on, you cake-eaters! Forget everything you learnt at Echo High School—and learn to play football!"

And then Coach Tootell took charge of the humble and green Frosh. Forty-five candidates reported for practice the first day, and in three weeks of pre-season practice "Toot" molded together a likely-looking eleven. "Stan" Dobrowski, formerly of Woonsocket High, was appointed captain of the team.

On October 11, the team journeyed to Providence to match their brains and brawn against that of Moses Brown. Until the last few minutes the Frosh led 7-6, but a series of baffling forward and lateral passes caught the Frosh unawares, and the sons of Moses Brown boosted their score to 12 just as the final whistle blew.

The Frosh returned to Providence the next week to play Providence Technical. During the first half of the game play was even—but again in the last period Rhody's opponents seemed to gain the winning margin. The score was Tech-18, Frosh-6.

Providence was the Freshmen's jinx, for Brown Frosh defeated them by the 12-0 score. It was a very hard game, and only the weight of the Brown team made the difference on the wet day. On home grounds, after leading at the half 7-0, Springfield, in a great comeback, scored two touchdowns to outclass the Frosh 12-7.

Boston University Frosh were our visitors the following Saturday and it looked as though the Frosh were to break into the winning column, but the fates decided otherwise. Leading 6-0 until the final two minutes of the game, the Frosh lost a touchdown scored and the point kicked, as they took note of another defeat. But players were now becoming desperate and they emitted all of their feelings on the Corn Aggie Frosh. There was no stopping the Frosh on this November afternoon and the Frosh from Storrs were trampled underneath a 19-0 drubbing.

So, after losing five games, four of them in the last few minutes of play, the Frosh came through with a hard-earned victory over their ancient rivals from the Nutmeg State, and on this basis, with the asset of much fight, a mediocre Frosh team ended a season with a burst of glory!

# Frosh Runners Swamp Warwick

## Show Strength in First Meet; Wright 'Turns In' Good Performance

Taking nine first places and numerous seconds and thirds, the Freshman track team easily won the opening meet of the season against Warwick High School. Tom Wright, versatile Freshman athlete, led the Rhody Frosh in their 82-44 victory with an individual total of seventeen points. After the first few events had been run off it was easily seen that the Freshmen would win the meet, but as Warwick High School has a weak team, it is quite uncertain how the team will stand up under faster competition. No very outstanding marks were made in the meet. Coach Tootell prepared his Freshman cohorts for the triangular meet with Technical and Westerly High Schools. After today's meet, can be estimated the future success of the Frosh.

Freshmen who were first place winners in the Warwick meet are as follows:

Wright, 100-yd. dash; broad jump; tie for first in 220-yd dash. McCaffrey, 1/2-mile run. Stetkiewicz, 1-mile run. Dreyer, hammer throw. Peterson, javelin throw. Capalbo and Cardoza, tie in pole vault. Peckham, in triple tie in high jump.

# Varsity Nine Wins Opening Game

## Score 5 Runs in Second; 'Marty' in Good Form; Corbett Hits Homer

Although outhit by five hits, Rhody came through with an 11-9 victory over Northeastern University of Boston in its first game of the 1931 season. Scoring eight runs in the first two innings, the State team held a lead which was tied only for a short time in the sixth inning.

"Ker" Goff was Coach Keaney's choice for mound duty, but he was hit hard and often during his stay as pitcher. "Nicky" Martynick was sent to the box to relieve Goff and his work was admirable. He subdued the Northeastern sluggers with comparative ease.

The first two innings of the game were featured by heavy hitting on both teams. Northeastern knocked out three runs to start the game off, but Rhody retaliated to tie the score in their half of the inning. The Bostonians went ahead in the next inning with another run, but their lead was soon lost. The Kingston team forced two pitchers to the showers in this inning when a barrage of hits, coupled with two errors by Dunlap, Northeastern's second pitcher, scored five runs.

But the Northeastern hitters came back slowly to tie the score at 9 runs in their half of the sixth inning. Martynick came into the pitching position and kept the invaders in hand during the rest of the game after Rhody went ahead in their half of the sixth inning.

Barnotowich was the heaviest hitter of the State team, knocking out a double and two singles in four trips to the plate. Martynick hit a triple, while Corbett, third pitcher for Northeastern, hit a long homer into right field.

# Rhody Trackmen Lose to Amherst

## Runners 'Fight' Every Inch; Weight Men Win As Expected

Coach Tootell took the Rhody track team into the neighboring State of Massachusetts to vie for honors with Amherst's "Mercurys." The Purple and White managed to nose out Rhody by the tally, 70 1-2 to 64 2-3. The meet was anybody's until the final event and an air of tenseness prevailed right up to the climax which took the form of the javelin event. Rhody's chief difficulty seemed to be the lack of runners-up while her strong points were No. 1 positions. In the two-mile event Minor took first and Arnold third while the mile grind was taken in by Arnold. Towle grabbed a third in the 1/2-mile and Krausche a second in the quarter. Carmado and L. Smith took second in the 220 and 100, respectively, with Smith getting a third in the 220. Cieurzo took the shot put handily and also the discus. The hammer event "went Rhody" as the first three places went to Modlzewski, Bumpus and Long. In the high jump Pendleton tied for third and Luther tied for first in the broad jump. Howes took both low and high hurdles while Krausche and Laidlaw took thirds. In the course of the meet one record was equalled—the hundred-yard dash in 10 sec. flat by Satorius. The meet was very much in doubt until the javelin event were Clancy was beaten and left in third place. The results of the meet were encouraging since the Amherst team is recognized in New England as outstanding. And this brings to mind the Intercollegiate and brightens our outlook.

Kitty: "Jack has placed his heart in my keeping."

Cat: "You had better be careful of it, my dear. He told me last week I had broken it."

Visitor: Is Mrs. Satterley at home?

Servant (severely): Mr. Satterley died this morning.

Visitor: I dare say; but I wish to see Mrs. Satterley.

Another murder in Chicago and, as usual, there is no clue as to the whereabouts of the police.

Small boy to soda clerk: "How about suppin' ya gimme a chocolate soda and fifteen cents change now, Mr. Sulich, an' I'll give you my this week's quarter Saturday."

**ODDITIES REVEALED  
IN QUESTIONNAIRE**

(Continued from Page 1)

and Coach Keaney a close second. However, Coach Keaney was voted the most popular campus character. The others in that race were neck and neck until the final "count" when Hiawatha managed to eke out a victory over Jesse James, "Warpy" and "Andy" Weeden.

The majority of the members of the Freshman class prefer "Honors" to the other available activities that occur during their college career. Both "co-eds" and "eds" are convinced that the most outstanding quality in either sex is "personality" although a few thought that is was "love"—for what? That's a secret. Conforming to "an old Spanish custom" the class voted that the most common subject of bull sessions was sex.

However, the only unanimous vote was in answer to the question, "Do You Like Sophs?" which for some unknown reason, was strongly answered in the negative. Are you in favor of doing away with the freshman cap rule? Yes-57; No-23.

Are you in favor of compulsory assembly attendance? Yes-69, No-35.

Who is your favorite professor? F. W. Keaney, P. A. Bills, M. H. Tyler, H. W. Browning.

What is the greatest need at R. I. S. C.? Roads-72, Field-49, Co-eds-25.

What do you consider the greatest thing that you will acquire during your college career? Friendships-83, Experience-6, Frat pin-3, Wife-2.

Which do you prefer? Honors-84, Numerals-5, Captaincy-5, Major of R. O. T. C.-3, Editor of Beacon-2.

What is the most common subject of "bull" sessions? Sex-65, Religion-34.

What do you consider to be the most essential quality in a boy or a girl? Personality-41, Cheer-13, Character-7, Love-5, Understanding-1.

What do you consider to be the most outstanding figure in the world? Edison-22, Mussolini-9, Gandhi-53, Byrd-3, Statue of Liberty-2.

Do you support yourself? Wholly-10, Partially-85, Not at all-25.

What is your favorite weekly publication? Saturday Evening Post-51, Literary Digest-29.

Do you read a newspaper each day? Yes-70, No-30.

How long do you study each day? 3-5 hours-65, more-5, less-15.

Do you believe in immortality? Yes-46, No-15.

Do you smoke? Yes-63, No-37.

Do you approve of women smoking? Yes-71, No-23.

How many paddles have you received? None-54, 15 or less-26, 7-9.

Are you in favor of enforcing the freshman cap rule next year? Yes-61, No-6.

Have you ever been co-edding? Yes-19, No-69.

Have you ever been down the line at any time other than prescribed by the Student Council? Yes-43, No-47.

Who is the most popular campus character (other than student)? Keaney-40, Hiawatha-21, Jesse James-14, "Andy"-10; Warpy-9, Joe Neadeau-4.

Are you in favor of a survey at R. I. State? Yes-71, No-none.

Do you enjoy P. T.? Yes-74, No-1; R. O. T. C.? Yes-56, No-7.

Do you like Sophs? No-Everyone.

Complete results of Freshman Class vote:

**Women**

Most Beautiful—Pauline Coggeshall-35, Ruth Chase-11, Ruth

Stone-9, Dorothy Kasper-7, Virginia Cooper-5, Margaret Newman-2.

Most Collegiate—Dorothy Kasper-10, Pauline Coggeshall-9, Charlotte Waters-7, Ruth Chase-5, Ingeborg Carlson-5, Virginia Cooper-4, Ruth Stone-3, Marion Bishop-3, Ann Freeman-1.

Most Respected—Ruth Stone-15, Helen Glen-5, Dorothy Kasper-5, Margaret Newman-4, Marjorie Preston-4, Pauline Coggeshall-3, Virginia Cooper-2.

Most Original—Ann Freeman-10, Florence Manning-5, Dorothy Kasper-5, Pauline Coggeshall-4, Lillian Clarke-3, Marjorie Bethel-3, Ruth Leighton-2, Ruth Newman-2, Charlotte Waters-2, Ruth Chase-2, Ruth Stone-1, Elinor Streeter-1, Virginia Cooper-1.

Most Popular—Pauline Coggeshall-20, Dorothy Kasper-15, Ruth Chase-4, Charlotte Waters-4, Florence Manning-2, Elinor Streeter-1.

Best Dressed—Anna Lockwood-12, Dorothy Kasper-9, Ruth Chase-8, Pauline Coggeshall-5, Helen Glen-3, Elinor Streeter-2, Ruth Stone-2, Virginia Cooper-2, Marjorie Bethel-2; Marion Bishop-2, Marjorie Preston-2.

Best Natured—Lillian Clark-10, Ruth Chase-8, Ann Freeman-8, Charlotte Waters-5, Marjorie Bethel-4, Marion Bishop-4, Ruth Stone-2, Pauline Coggeshall-1, Ingeborg Carlson-1, Alice Shawcross-1, Dorothy Kasper-1.

Best Dancer—Pauline Coggeshall-11, Marion Bishop-10, Lillian Clarke-8, Dorothy Kasper-6, Virginia Cooper-6, Elinor Streeter-3, Ruth Chase-3, Ruth Newman-3, Marjorie Bethel-2, Ruth Stone-1.

Best All Round—Ruth Stone-10, Marion Bishop-9, Virginia Cooper-7, Charlotte Waters-6, Pauline Coggeshall-4, Ruth Chase-2, Dorothy Kasper-1, Marjorie Preston-1, Ann Freeman-1.

Best All Round Athlete—Marion Bishop-26, Charlotte Waters-5, Ruth Stone-3, Marjorie Bethel-2, Helen Taggart-1, Ruth Newman-1. Wittiest—Ann Freeman-15, Marjorie Bethel-11, Lillian Clarke-9, Dorothy Kasper-4, Virginia Cooper-3, Ruth Newman-1.

**Men**

Most Handsome—Elisha Peck-

ham-27, Chester Cashing-25, George Broderick-9, Arnold Tattersall-6, Gerald Takvorian-1, Joshua Crowell-1.

Most Collegiate—Charles Thum-12, Bernard Jensky-9, Chester Cashing-3, Elisha Peckham-2, Milton Bassing-1, Gerard Takvorian-1.

Most Respected—Gordon Paul-19, George Broderick-5, Kenneth MacKenzie-3, George Brayman-3, George Bates-2, Adelbert Goff-1, Gerard Takvorian-1, Arthur Churchill-1, Charles Thum-1, Joshua Crowell-1, Harry Clapham-1.

Most Original—Gerard Takvorian-9, Alvin Butterfield-3, Arnold Tattersall-2, George Broderick-2, Henry Gagnon-1, James Cavanaugh-1, Ralph Dimock-1, Edward Pardee-1, Chester Cashing-1, Abe Dashoff-1.

BEACON—GALLEY SIXTEEN—

Most Popular—Chester Cashing-14, Charles Thum-4, Howard Umstead-3, Charles Commons-2, Stanley Dobrowski-2, Arthur Chandler-1, James Cavanaugh-1, Arthur Churchill-1, Raymond Simpson-1, Gerard Takvorian-1.

Best Dressed—Bernard Jensky-15, Charles Collins-9, Arthur Chandler-7, Elisha Peckham-5, Raymond Stewart-2, Gordon Paul-2, Austin Sandborn-2, Henry Gagnon-1, George Brayman-1, Robert Fillmore-1, Chester Cashing-1.

Best Natured—George Brayman-11, George Broderick-5, Brooks Sanderson-2, Charles McCaffrey-2, Charles Thum-2, Henry Monroe-1, George Spink-1.

Best Dancer—Thomas Fortin-6, John Abajian-4, Gerard Takvorian-3, Earl Ralph-2, Roy Peterson-2, Joseph Larcor-1, Albert Newton-1, Arnold Skoog-1, Ralph Dimock-1, Henry Gagnon-1.

Best All Round—Earl Ralph-9, Samuel Meyers-6, Ralph Dimock-4, Thomas Fortin-3, Chester Cashing-1.

Best All Round Athlete—Stanley Dobrowski-30, George Tyler-10, Thomas Wright-6, Samuel Meyers-5, Gerard Takvorian-3, Earl Ralph-1, Charles Lloyd-1.

Wittiest—Raymond Simpson-13, Harold Golden-6, Gerard Takvorian-3, Charles Thum-1, Charles McCaffrey-1, Abe Dashoff-1, James Cavanaugh-1.

**Revenge**

'Twas on the snow-swept coast of Maine  
That first I met the Freshman  
His eyes were bleared, his cheeks were seared  
He looked as 'bout the dead can,

He stopped me with his bony hand,  
He had a tale to tell  
And I must wait, his tale of hate  
Upon my ears did fall.

"In days gone by, know you that I  
A college did attend,  
I made things hum, I played the drum  
In Rhody's Army Band.

"Oh, great was I, I cannot lie,  
I was the one and only,"  
Big tears did flop, a sigh did drop  
From the horny man so lonely.

"Oh yes," said he, "'twas only me  
That revelled in this glory,  
My high school days, my high school ways,  
Brought Soph'mores plenty worry.

"Alas, alas, it came to pass,  
My glory soon was routed,  
I had to wear in foul or fair  
A baseball mask that shouted.

"Oh nine times nine I had to mine,  
With pick and shovel bleeding,  
The coal and earth that is the dearth  
Of every Frosh that's breathing.

"I had to stoop, a nin-com-poop,  
Did keep a paddle swinging,  
He swung it hard—I used soft lard  
To ease the blisters stinging.

"And there and then, by Freedom's Pen,  
I vowed a vow that's holy,  
I would not wink, till I did drink  
A Sophomore's blood so lowly.

"Sweet dreams had I as I'd sit and sigh  
Planning and scheming ever;  
I sharpened my tools and watched the Fools  
Waiting a liver to sever.

"My time came fast, a chance at last  
A Sophomore I did corner;  
With gun in my sling, and ready to wing,  
I brayed out, 'You're a goner!'

"The Soph'more bleached, he yellowed and screeched,  
"Don't make of me a dummy,  
I'll never forget, you'll never regret—  
Come, let's play a game of rummy."

"Ha-ha," laughed I, 'you're gonna die,  
Get down and say your prayers,  
You think you're funny, you sawed-off bunny,  
The earth you will get in layers.'

"Pray stop," quoth he, 'it cannot be,  
I am too young to fall,  
Please tell me why, that I must die,  
Poor mother will wail and wail.'

"You dirty Soph, you sickly cough,  
You worse than filthy rat  
I'll tell you why that you must die.  
Don't move or you'll get this gat!

"I'll tell you why that you must die  
You slinking yellow pup,  
On Monday morn at break of dawn  
Cold water brought me up.

"On Tuesday eve I beg your leave,  
A paddle swung from high,  
It swung again and there and then  
I vowed that you would die.

"On Wednesday noon, you sniping loon,  
Full well you know your pranks,  
You know pig's feet beneath the sheet,  
Is but the work of cranks.

"And then you know when it did snow  
Upon last Thursday night  
You shoveled the flakes, till you made great lakes,  
And my bed became a fright.

"Ha-ha, foul sir, and you did err  
On Friday in the aft,  
You tickled my toes, you tweaked my nose,  
You jeered and then you laughed.

"Can you forget, how I got wet  
At Saturday night's frolic?  
You hid my clothes, you 'creased my woes,  
You made me swallow garlic.

"And on the Sunday's jubilee,  
When I was with a maiden  
You thumped your nose, you doubled my woes,—  
Your thread of life is fadin'!

"I raised my gun, now for the fun,  
I levelled straight and steady,  
With only one lead, I'd shoot thru the head,  
'By Jove, Soph, are you ready?'

"I steadied my nerves, I studied his curves,  
I slowly pressed the trigger,  
A bang rang out, I heard a shout,  
O, quicker than you can figure.

"I looked around and there on the ground  
Lay the lowly Soph a-sprawling.  
I gave a start, I felt sick at heart,  
I couldn't keep from bawling.

"I rushed away, I couldn't stay,  
I felt all cold and torrid,  
The sight I saw, I suffered more,  
The pain I had was horrid.

"What had I done, what had I won,  
What caused my thoughtless sinning?  
Alas too soon, a raving loon,  
My conscience did the grinning.

"And so my boy, midst golden joy  
I became a madman;  
I preached and prayed, I barked and brayed,  
Another Wild West Bad Man."

The aged man so white and wan,  
He stopped his bitter talking,  
He spoke so sad, he looked so mad,  
I tried to stop his gawking.

He clasped me by his blood-red eye,  
I felt a queer sensation,  
I felt the thrills of mystic hills,  
Of silent abjuration.

"Although you erred, and killed a bird,  
A bird they call a Soph'more,  
Why should you fret and pine and sweat,  
'Twas but a joke, Haw-haw-haw!"

The aged man with face so wan,  
Bestowed upon me pity.  
His face it leered and sneered and jeered,  
Once more began his ditty—

"Oh woe is me, Oh, don't you see,  
What causes all my sorrow,  
What makes me pale and frail, not hale,  
Why I wish not the morrow?

"With leveled lead, right at the head  
Of cappy Soph'more's system,  
I shot with a bang, but I'll go hang,  
If I didn't up and miss him!"

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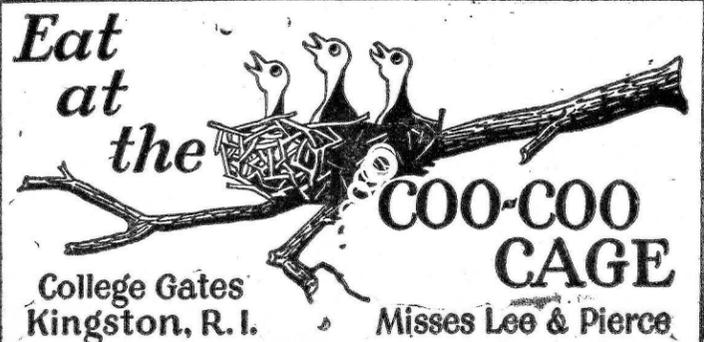
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**FROSH RELATES  
1ST IMPRESSIONS**

(Continued from Page 1)

Later I found out I was in the wrong room and the examination was over. As a special favor a man in sergeant's uniform offered to take care of me. Then he told me I had athletic's feet. I felt tickled, because now I would be able to run on the track team. I asked someone to show me the way to the paternity house. He thought I meant maternity house or fraternity or something and pointed to a building across the road. I walked over and found a bunch of cows and calves in stanchions. I guess the poor sap doesn't know a cow barn from a paternity house. Some people are dumb.

"I think I'm going to like Kingston. The boys all treat me right. Everyone on the Campus says 'Hello' to me, and acts as though I was important. I went down to the athletic field and saw a man sitting on the bench, yelling in pain. I asked what the trouble might be, and a fellow in a football suit told me that Coach Keaney had a headache. So I walked over to him, and said: "Do you want an aspirin, Mr. Keaney?" He looked purple and blue and tried to sputter, I don't know what. Then I knew he was sick, but before I managed to escape I had to take the aspirins myself. I'm glad I'm a Boy Scout. I like the boys at the house. They all treat me right. Right away I made a bargain, I'm in charge of the brooms. I have to sweep the floors every morning, and in return I'm allowed to take a shower once a week. The boys said that if I didn't sweep the floors I'd have to take a shower every night. I think I'm very clever.

"I pulled a boner yesterday, I'm afraid. I was introduced to some of the fellows at the house. Two young-faced chaps walked in. "Did you guys register yet?" I asked. I later found out both were profs, and that is why I changed to the business course. My money is holding out pretty good. I've only had to write home twice so far. The boys tried to sell me a chemistry book that said second edition on it, but I only laughed and told them they couldn't stick me with any old stuff. I wanted the first edition or nothing. They went searching up in the attic and later came down with a first edition book. I paid three dollars for it, and they threw in a waste basket for luck. Later I threw the chemistry book into the waste basket. Some people like to gyp even in college.

"I bought my little blue cap with a white button. I like it so well I wear it wherever I go. The first time I went home I wore it in the streets. I forgot myself once, and tipped my hat to a husky man who looked like a Senior. He got sore and chased me around the block. If Seniors don't mind, why should he? That's about all. My first impressions have changed somewhat, but I still like Kingston. In spite of the Sophomores. In spite of the Student Council. In spite of the exams. Do you know what I like best about college? The holidays, that's what. And the Co-eds. Ye old adage of forbidden fruit. Next year I'll wish I were a Freshman. If the professors have their way, next year I'll be a Freshman. Cherchez la femme? Oui, oui. All right, Algernon, I'm coming."

**FRESHMAN'S DIARY  
TELLS OF LOVE**

(Continued from Page 1)

CHIEF printed on it. I argued with him at first, telling him that I had never heard of peanut rofling as a college sport. The coach evidently felt hurt at my disrespect, as he hung his head, his body shook from side to side, and all the students around there clucked their tongues in sympathy. Well, anyway, I got down in the grass and started rolling the peanut. After a half hour or more, I looked up and noticed that everyone walked off fast-like. I couldn't understand why, when suddenly a loud voice boomed at me, "What are you doin' down on the ground? Aren't you supposed to report to me?" I got up sore. "Like h - - -," I swore. Really, please, dear diary, please, please forgive me for using that swear word but it just got out of my mouth, I was that angry. "Coach Keaney told me to do this, and I'm doing it." I wasn't going to let any whippersnacker get the best of me. Who did he think he was, anyway? I asked him. "You got-ding cake-eater," I bawled at him, "I suppose you think you can tell the coach what to do?" I later found out that I shouldn't have said that. Alas, dear diary, it WAS the COACH. Please God, will you give me flat-feet so I can drop P. T.?

Sept. 11. (Thurs.) Oh, what a bunch of people have come on the campus. Every minute more and more come. Everyone seems to be shaking hands with everyone else. I bet they've been here before. Classes have started already. Buy this book, and buy that book, everyone tells us. Pa won't like it at all, but what do the professors care, what do they care, my diary? Oh, Lord, what a funny sight I saw today. Big grown up men walk up and down the road carrying little tiny milk cans, or coffee pots or something. Jack told me that professors had to sign an agreement to carry these unsightly things back and forth until this place became the University of Rhode Island. I don't know what he meant by that, but poor fellows, they must feel awfully embarrassed. Oh, yes, so was I today. A beauty cast sheep-eyes at me. Ooo, Lordie, what a honey; big blue eyes, golden hair, double chin, swany neck. Oh, I hope she does. I hope she does love me as much as I love her. I was never in love before, diary. You ought to know. You have stuck by me in foul and fair. As soon as I saw her double chin, I knew I was a goner. If only she would love me in a great big way. Her name is Boitha. Boitha Shmell, I think. I have a dog home named Boitha. I love Boitha. Does Boitha love me? Oh, diary, if only you were the infallible seer.

Sept. 12. (Fri.) Boitha smiled at me today. Is she chic? If she were twins she'd be chic and double chic. I think that a romance is progressing. Some day I'm going to hold hands with her. What great big ears she has. There's something about her that I adore. More classes. More books to buy. Will this vicious circle never end?

Sept. 13. (Sat.) Today I very nearly became a member of the Glee Club. I went out for the try-outs. A lot of fellows were there. They tried to get funny with me, but I was too wise for them. I guess they thought I was a young kid or something. Huh, as if I would sing the high notes on my

toes and the low ones sitting down. "That's an old one," I said. "I saw it in College Humor last year." That's talking to 'em, isn't it? "Do you want to be director?" I was asked. Well, that's a different question. "Sure," I answered. "when I was in high school at Podunk, I used to lead the band." They gave me a large broom handle, put me on a chair, and let me lead. I felt awfully important. We sang Barney Google and My Bonnie and a bunch of others. I guess they liked me a lot, as I'm signed up for the rest of the year. I gave the manager five dollars to buy me a leader's uniform. He said that was the custom around here. But I didn't kick. Wait till Mom hears about it. She'll be tickled. Must send home for more money. I think my time here will be well spent. Pa thinks the same way about his money.

Sept. 14. (Sun) My first Sunday away from home. I felt awfully blue. I miss home something terrible. All they get here is the Providence Journal, and I want to read the funnies in the American. This has been my biggest disappointment so far. And to think that I haven't missed a funny in seven years! Studied all day. That is, I meant to, but I broke my losing streak in bridge instead. How quiet it is around here. Won fifty cents, then lost two dollars. Why didn't I quit when I was ahead? What a life. Oh, what a tough place. I think I'm going to flunk out. Still, when I look around and see the dopey Sophs hanging on, I have faith in myself. Everyone thinks I'm a big shot in Briggs Corner.

Sept. 15. (Mon) Just a week since I've been here. Saw Boitha today. I've written home to pa about her. I've asked for advice. He's more experienced along that line than I am. If he's satisfied everything will be just fine. She's a beauty and don't forget it.

Sept. 16. (Tues.) Diary, I like Kingston. Rainy. Got my feet wet. Played with Boitha, although she's so young and bashful I had a hard job keeping her still. She's getting used to me though. I'm waiting to hear from pa. I hope he advises me before it's too late. Boitha is a honey. She'll make a record when she develops fully. Pa, why don't you write? You promised to tell me things.

Sept. 17. (Wed.) Heard from pa today! He advises me to go right ahead with Boitha, he'll pay whatever it costs. Good old pa, how can I ever thank him? He's bringing the car up here next Sunday, and I'll send Boitha home with him. It'll take her by surprise, but everybody likes surprises. To think that Boitha will be mine soon. Of course, I haven't made all the arrangements yet, but I don't think there'll be any trouble. Today Boitha and I acted as though we were old pals. I sat beside her for an hour and a half this afternoon, petting her and playing with her face, and she liked it.

Sept. 18. (Thurs.) This is the end. I'm bitterly disappointed. I can't continue. When I went to the classroom this morning, Boitha wasn't there, I looked all around, but no Boitha. I asked the boys in our class whether they had seen my Boitha but none had. I felt chagrined, for I had told everyone that Boitha belonged to me. Then Professor Ladd came into the room. "Boys," says he, "we are going to judge cows today, we are all through with sheep." I stepped up to the professor. "Sir," I asked pitifully, "where is my Boitha? I got a letter from pa yesterday and

he said I could buy her." "I'm sorry, so sorry," came the slow deliberate answer, "But Boitha has been sold." Sold, sold, my Boitha sold. I could hardly believe my ears. There went my dreams, shattered, broken, dispelled. "Yes," continued Ladd, "I sent her to Vilna, Vermont, this morning. Got \$35 for her. Pretty good price, but she was a registered purebred. She'll give plenty of milk before she matures." So that was that. Boitha was sold, I was one day too late. I would have given \$35 myself. Boitha was one of the best four-footed calves that I had ever seen. So tender, so lovable, so promising. Diary, you deserted me. You laughed at me. You should have warned me. I have nothing more to say. I refuse to speak on the grounds that it may incriminate or degrade me. Do you hear, you diary, do you hear? Someone might think you were a Soph the way you act. Good ole Boitha. You broke my heart. May you have twins. Hoping to hear the same from you, I am

Finis.

**DR. BRESSLER  
GREETES CLASS**

(Continued from Page 1)

At a time, if I sense the situation correctly, when the student body is becoming aroused to the desirability of a real student governing organization. You shall have many occasions during the three years ahead to help perfect this organization. You can bring to the Rhode Island campus certain desirable practices and student regulations that prevail at other institutions. You can enlarge on the good things you already have here and all in all I predict that your class, in co-operation with the two classes immediately ahead of you who will be on the campus next year, will have a chance to set up rules and regulations that may be pointed to by all the colleges of the country as the best to be found anywhere.

"I hope, as the years go by, to become acquainted personally with every one of you. May I invite you to my office for friendly conferences? In my work at other institutions I have said to the boys that sometimes it is better for them to come to see me rather than to wait for me to send for them.

"I congratulate you on this issue of The Beacon. It shows me that there is an enterprising group of boys and girls back of it and that we may expect big things from them during the next few years."

**DR. BROWNING**

(Continued from Page 1)

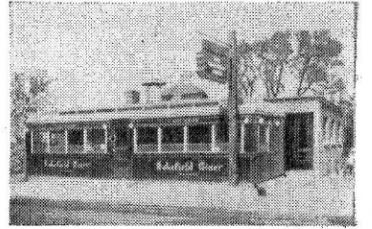
tion in the college of your choice. I am sure that you are already conscious of the bountiful measure of enthusiasm which President Bressler has brought with him—an enthusiasm which will inspire you to higher scholastic attainments in the classroom and in the laboratory; an enthusiasm which will carry our athletic teams to even greater victories than they have experienced in these recent years of glory; an enthusiasm which assures the maintenance of

that high degree of dignity and refinement that has characterized our social activities of the past; an enthusiasm which will prompt our student body to more fully appreciate the three-fold aspect of education—mental, physical and spiritual.

It was Emerson who remarked that "nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm." It might be logical to assume that the more intense the enthusiasm, the greater will be the achievement. If this be true, R. I. State will progress rapidly in the future. With progress will come the demand for a more effective leadership in student thought and activity. While the challenge of leadership is extended to every class now in the college, no class will enjoy so long a period in which to fulfill that challenge as will the Class of 1934. Nor will any class so effectively respond to this opportunity to serve R. I. State as will the Class of 1934. And when you have reached the tape at the end of the fourth lap of your college career, may it be the privilege of every member of the Class of 1934 to face the world and say—At R. I. State I have learned:

"... the joy of clean living  
That Honor is better than Fame  
That good friends are the greatest  
of treasures  
Wealth, less than an untarnished  
name."

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# Helpful Hints for Freshman Co-eds

## To Entertain Ed Keep Him Busy; Allow Him To Talk at Ease

The B. F. is coming over. You know when you answered the phone that the student government regulations effectively squelched any joy-riding aspirations. You realize that the order of events is a quiet evening at home. How to entertain and amuse him? The first thing is to rush around and get an option on the social room. Fix the lighting effects and gently shoo all other aspirants away from the coveted room.

Number one. Very important! Get him to talk about his own prowess. Flatter him and subtly coax him to tell more. During this soliloquy be extremely careful not to display any signs of having heard the same story before and be sure to keep covered all traces of boredom. Remember to insert "ahs" and "ohs" and "how wonderful" at proper intervals. This method is guaranteed to do away with at least one hour.

Number two. Keep him playing the piano. Trips to and fro to change the roll and set the tempo are sure to take up time. And if in a moment of forgetfulness he allows the roll to run on, prod him into action by murmuring softly, "The piano, Percy."

Number three. Let him indulge in his favorite pastime of dropping cigarette ashes on the rugs. If in his boyish excitement he burns accidentally a hole in the house mother's favorite rug, laugh joyously and tell him that no one in the house liked the rug anyway.

Number four. If at this time, the conversation begins to lag and the evening threatens to become a social failure playfully shoo a magazine or two at him. This invariably will start a jolly little fight which sometimes will blossom into a gorgeous brawl. If, in the course of it he hits you squarely in the eye with one of his mighty masculine heaves laugh uproariously and tell him you always did want to have black eyes instead of beautiful hazel eyes you really preferred.

As the hour nears ten, you may hear from outside various bangings of machine doors and murmurings of farewells. Soon the house president will start downstairs to lock the door. Work these noises efficiently so that the fact that his departure is desired will slowly but firmly dawn upon your bold swain and thus will end a difficult evening.

## Illustrated Songs

- Blue Again—The dance you are not invited to.
- I Knew We Two Were One—Virginia Beard and Lloyd.
- Are You Thinking of Me Tonight—Helen Grout (Johnnie?—Ernie?) Baby Face—Dot Pike.
- Where Are You Dream Girl?—Andy Hjelmstrom.
- Something To Remember You By—Amy Arbrogast.
- The Breakaway—Lippitt Saturday night.
- It Seems To Be Spring—In Kingston.
- Bandana Babies—The Co-eds on the evening before a major dance.
- I Must Have That Man—Kay O'Neil.
- Feel Me Some More—Janet Macomber.
- Giggling (Gertie)—Gertrude Anthony.
- I'm A Dreamer—Anna Lockwood.
- Marche Militaire—Kay Reagan.
- Bigger and Better Than Ever—The Freshmen.
- I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby—Billy Armstrong.
- Three Little Words—Ken Potter, Moanin' Low—R. I. S. C. Eds (sleeping).
- Ready For The River—When June comes.
- Charlie My Boy—Reggie Ashe.
- I'll Still Belong To You—Polly Coggeshall.
- Among My Souvenirs—Our favors.
- Dream Lover—Nat Dunn.
- Remember—Skitch Rodger.
- Three O'clock In The Morning—Virginia Cooper.
- Down By The Old Mill Stream—John Tyler.
- Sing Ye Sinners—Student government.
- Some Of These Days—Marjorie Brownson.

# FROSH CO-EDS

## Co-ed Review

**OFFICERS:** Vice President, Polly Coggeshall; secretary, Dorothy Kasper; treasurer, Marjorie Preston.

**FROSH BEACON BOARD:** Anne Freeman, Dorothy Kasper, Janet Macomber, Florence Manning, Ruth Newman, Marjorie Preston, Alice Shawcross, Elinor Streeter.

**BANQUET COMMITTEE:** Marion Bishop, Polly Coggeshall, Ruth Newman, Ruth Stene.

**SCHOLARSHIP:** Honors, first dean's list, Ruth Stene, Dorothy Kasper, Ruth Leighton, Kay O'Neil; second dean's list, Ruth Newman, Elinor Streeter.

**ATHLETICS, Hockey:** (five points) Marjorie Bethel, Marion Bishop, Marjorie Brownson, Ingleborg Carlson, Polly Coggeshall, Virginia Cooper, Marion Draper, Anna Lockwood, Florence Manning, Ruth Newman, Catherine O'Neil, Marjorie Preston, Alice Shawcross, Ruth Stene, and Charlotte Waters. Basketball (five points): Marjorie Bethel, Marion Bishop, Marjorie Brownson, Lillian Clarke, Virginia Cooper, Florence Manning, Ruth Newman, Ruth Stene, Helen Taggart (10 points), and Charlotte Waters.

**DRAMATICS, Phi Delta:** Lillian Clarke, Virginia Cooper, Florence Manning, Anne Freeman, Ruth Newman, Charlotte Waters.

**R. I. S. C. Players:** Ruth Chase, Polly Coggeshall, Helen Glenn, Florence Manning and Alice Shawcross.

**MUSIC, Women's Glee Club:** Marjorie Brownson, Ingleborg Carlson, Anna Lockwood, Marjorie Preston, Ruth Stene, Elinor Streeter, and Marion Vayro.

## Co-ed 'Sessions'

Co-ed bull sessions most certainly do exist. But of course, to be different, the co-eds call them hash parties. Every man, woman, and child in creation sure does get hashed over when the co-eds get started.

"Hash Parties" are divided into two classes. Those that the upperclassmen hold and those of the lowly Frosh. The only difference is that the upper-classmen hash over the Frosh and the Frosh hash over the upper-classmen.

The parties begin about ten o'clock when some "wise" Soph rushes into a room hurriedly explaining that she has a choice bit of dirt. Freshmen are immediately shooed out and then the fun begins.

When the Frosh get possession of a room (they can once in a while) the Sophs' ears must begin to ring. Here is a sample:

"I don't see why 'So and So' can't wear her own clothes. She came and borrowed my blue dress while I was at P. T. last Tuesday and hasn't returned it yet. I'd like to wring her neck," says one.

"Yes," says another, "those darn Sophs never do wear their own clothes." So runs the conversation for a while until—

"Let's have something to eat," is heard.

"Hope no one breaks in" is heard above the din. Suddenly a wail is heard.

"Someone has taken the cake. Gee Whiz! you can't have a darn thing around here. Anyway I'm sleepy so let's go to bed." So endeth a hash party, which all goes to prove the elevating conversations of college Frosh.

## Delta Zeta Dance

The annual Delta Beta Benefit Dance will be sponsored this year April 25th in Lippitt Hall from eight until eleven-thirty o'clock.

The committee for the dance is as follows: Bernice Callaghan, chairman; Isadore Langford and Madeline Pressoir, decorations; Marion Coggeshall, orchestra; Elizabeth Roger, floor; Virginia May, patrons and patronesses; Dorothy Carr, lights.

The tickets for the dance are already here and may be procured from Bernice Callaghan, chairman, or any other Delta Zeta Sorority member. The price of the tickets is thirty-five cents.

The decorative plans are being kept a secret but they will be unique and will surely rival last year's striking effects.

Remember the great dance Delta Zeta had last year? We want you all again.

## Picnics Held By Sororities

### Sigma Kappa, Delta Zeta And Chi Omega Hold Spring Frolics

During the past week both Delta Zeta and Chi Omega held picnics. Chi Omega's was on Tuesday, April thirteenth, and Delta Zeta held theirs the following day. Chi Omega had as their guests Mrs. Bressler, Miss Tucker, Mrs. Christopher, Miss Dickson, and Mrs. Peppard. Marjorie Holden, as chairman, planned a basket lunch, which was eaten at Biscuit City. The girls spent much time talking and singing. Delta Zeta, on Wednesday evening went to Narragansett Pier, in several cars. The picnic was planned by the freshmen of that sorority, with Ruth Newman as chairman. The girls played an exciting game of baseball on the hard sand. They ended the evening by chatting and singing Delta Zeta songs around the fire.

On Monday, April 20th, the seniors of Sigma Kappa plus several alumnae went to The Pier for a twilight picnic. The picnic was more or less of a celebration for the future graduation.

## Plans for May Day Are Complete

### Dean Peck Presents Ideas For May Day Pageant At Dean's House

Miss Peck spoke about plans for May Day at Dean's Hour, Monday, April 13. She hopes that she will receive the cooperation of the girls and we feel sure that this will be a certainty.

This is Miss Peck's plan: She would like to have all the girls participate in this day which has been set aside by the College to entertain prospective students. The idea is to have all the girls not in the dances, dress in white or light colors and march out over the campus singing. Miss Peck thinks it would be much wiser to have the audience sit under the trees on the campus between Agriculture and Ranger Hall. This would leave a more adequate space for the exercises and a more convenient place for the guests. Miss Peck is willing to compose a song for the girls to sing. This would be a splendid plan because the Co-eds would have a song of their own which would be characteristic.

After the girls have marched onto the field the dancers will give their presentation. It is Miss Peck's aim to have the May Queen hidden and have the dances represent the search for the May Queen. The first dance is to be a group dance graceful and mild; the second is to be the West Wind dashing wildly, madly, seeking the Queen; the third is to be the Court Jester—this dance will be eccentric and will end by the Jester leading everyone into Edwards Hall. Here the curtains will be drawn aside and the May Queen seated upon her throne, with her subjects around her, will be at last displayed. The Queen is to make a speech and at the finish introduce President Bressler.

Sociology Prof. (to student) I can't blame you for looking at your watch while I'm lecturing, but I do object to your holding it to your ear to make sure it hasn't stopped.

"But how did you get her to believe such an outrageous lie?"

"I told it to her in strict confidence."

## Co-ed Sports

'Way back in September—in 1930—the Frosh co-eds started out strong to join the ranks of the already famous athletes. During the first warm weeks the quantity and quality of the newcomers were little known, but soon the tennis matches were played off during the early fall days. These matches proved very popular, and many fine tennis players could be seen out on the courts. Although the Frosh co-eds did not win the elimination tournament, they made sufficient showing to warrant fast and worthwhile opponents next year. Miss Charlotte Waters was recognized as a creditable player, having won the Freshman elimination of about five good players.

As soon as the days became cool enough for a more strenuous sport, Mrs. F. Keaney, instructor of women's athletics at Rhode Island State College, scheduled hockey. After several practices, class teams were chosen, and then the class games, which proved to be very interesting, bitter, and hard-fought contests. Before the final victory was gained, the weather became too cold for hockey, and basketball took its place.

Of all the other women's sports, the one that proves most popular and worthwhile is basketball. The girls were very faithful to their basketball practice, and among the new co-eds some splendid playing was evident. Many of the new players had come fresh from stiff training on winning teams in high school, and therefore, Mrs. Keaney found herself possessed of some very good material for future varsity teams. The varsity team was chosen during the winter, and Virginia May, Virginia Lovejoy, Grace Brightmar, Genevieve Fogarty and Eloise Burns were the "selected few" who set examples of good playing for the Frosh women. The varsity played only one game away—that at Pembroke College. It is to be regretted that there are not more colleges near our own campus, because our varsity team needs competition to enable it to gain prestige and the desire to play.

Baseball began immediately after the Easter recess, and it is expected that a good team will be developed. Mrs. Keaney is very eager to have the girls go out for the team, and this should act as an incentive to girls interested in the game. Wouldn't it be great if we could play the "eds"?

Rifle practice was introduced for women this year. This training is under the supervision of certain members of the R. O. T. C. unit. Many women interested in shooting have taken up rifle practice quite seriously! The best marksmen (women?) compose a team, eligible for membership in the National Rifle Association. It will be possible to shoot matches with various colleges and universities by means of this association. Since this is the first year of the sport, and really only an experiment in a way, the women that have gone out for rifle have given sufficient evidence of their worth and of the advisability of carrying on this sport to future years. Material is all that is lacking now, so come on out, girls, and who knows, perhaps we can show the men up!

With the coming of balmy spring days, thoughts turn once more to the cold dips down at Narragansett Pier. Soon swimming will come into its own again, and more than one will be "bumming" their way "down the line."

Horse-back riding has already come into vogue, and although not many of us are fortunate enough to enjoy spring canters, there are always the few fortunate ones that can and do.

Considering everything, the women of Rhode Island State College have opportunities for splendid athletics. Why not take it more seriously and try to give our rivals an "eye-opener"?

# Glimpses of Rhody As Seen by a Co-ed

## Review R. O. T. C. from Davis; Go to 'Thirty Acres' for Rest; Dances

With our first glimpses of Rhode Island State College—its campus, activities, and professors—we, the Freshman co-eds, formed our first impressions, and although some of them will perhaps change with time, when we become the Upperclassmen, it seems perfectly fitting and proper that we should engage in the old "hash party" and give you the "low down" on the college as we see it.

The campus itself is perhaps of prime importance. Our little Bibbes said "No trespassing" (or words to that effect) in reference to the quadrangle. We, as Freshmen, must start out right by very properly refraining from walking across the soft green grass. Yet surely, with some five hundred upperclassmen tramping on it in all directions, the poor grass cannot thrive, even if we do keep off. Are less than two hundred Freshmen more detrimental to the campus green, than the Upperclassmen?

The "army" we watched for the first time and approved of its military efficiency and intricate renditions of manual of arms and reviews. There is a snap and color to our quadrangle Tuesday and Thursday afternoons that is evident only at colleges having similar R. O. T. C. units. And yet the backing and support given the band is pitiful. A good military band is a necessity, not an accessory to the drill.

To possess tennis courts is a blessing, but to possess such as we have is a pity. Our courts are in a good location, level, sunny, and away from the buildings, yet easily accessible to all. Many of our students are forced to "go down the line" to play, just because of the condition of the courts.

Following out the idea of "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," we turn to Thirty Acres for amusement. The swimming there is not ideal, but possible; however, the canoeing is splendid. Too bad there aren't more canoes on the lake.

And then we Frosh went to Lippitt Saturday night. Ever go? The crowd was good—lots of boys to dance with—and a pretty good orchestra. But when the dance began, instead of dancing, the eds sat very comfortably in their seats, contemplating the few dancers on the floor, and leaving a number of unescorted girls miserably alone. After all, we went to dance, and presumably the "eds" did, too—and yet very few were gracious enough to relieve a girl's embarrassment. Ever go to Lippitt Saturday night?

And the pep meetings! Pep did we say? Every Friday night before the football games about one hundred men and women turned out to practice cheering (one hundred out of nearly six hundred). The cheer leaders led a few pitiful cheers; the band played the college songs, unaccompanied by any singing and a few members of the football team gave in their word of hope and assurance. Until about a month ago when we tried out the new fight song in Assembly, we thought that perhaps it wasn't quite the thing to do—that is, to cheer lustily and sing heartily; but evidently it is—only by the time you get to be a serious-minded Sophomore one forgets how. At any rate, our first impression of college spirit at R. I. S. C. was rather unfavorable. However, we can yell when we want to, so why not more cheering and singing at the games? Not necessarily good, but loud, you know.

But we're not trying to run anything down. One of our most favorable impressions was of the assemblies and the genuine appreciation, shown by the students for serious speakers with worth while subjects. There is something in that appreciation that marks our departure from the high school level to the college status.

Finally we come to our impression of Upperclassmen in relation to ourselves. On the whole they have treated us with the kindness, understanding, and tolerance befitting them. We appreciate their help in our activities and we sincerely hope that during this college year they have come to regard us as friends and worthy of their encouragement.

**Compliments of**

**Sigma Kappa      Chi Omega**

**Delta Zeta**

**Class History**

September 9, 1930. Remember the day? How could we ever forget our first day at R. I. State College! The long lines during registration where we gave each other the once-over. The military science room in Aggie, where we exchanged names and prep schools. That was the room in which the fatal pictures were taken. (We got them a while ago and now have definite proof that something was wrong with the camera that day.) Then that welcome address by Prof. Ince, who explained the team system that the faculty was to try out on us during freshman week. Those whose first initials of their last names began with letters from A-L composed Team A, while those from M-Z made up Team B. The results, did you say? Team B was judged the winner at the end of the contest with Team A an uncomfortably close runner-up. Then there were lectures by different faculty members who instructed us in the ways and manners of college students. The Triangle Club tendered a "get-acquainted" tea for the freshmen "co-eds" and our freshman week ended with the Informal at Hammond Friday night.

The sororities and fraternities didn't lose any time but began to rush the frosh as soon as they arrived in college. By the end of those intense three weeks of rushing, our minds were in a muddle but finally everything cleared up and we all moved into our new homes and settled down to the serious business of being a freshman at college.

Freshmen rules went into effect and the campus was spotted with blue berets and caps. We kept within these rules fairly well but occasionally a "co-ed" wearing a green tie around her arm or an "ed" peering out from behind a baseball mask advertised the fact that someone had strayed.

In December, we held class elections under the guidance of Ken Goff and Kay Regan, Junior Class officers. Gordon Paul was chosen to lead us during our first year. His assistants included Pauline Coggeshall, vice president; Dorothy Kasper, secretary, Raymond Halpin, treasurer; Marjorie Prestor, assistant treasurer; Herbert Davis, chairman banquet committee; Hymen Fine, editor frosh Beacon; Michael Securo, member of student council.

Scholastically, we have made a very fine showing with nine freshmen securing honors during the first semester. Ruth Stene had the highest average of any woman in college at this. We have also shown some ability in athletics. Our football team did try hard even if they were not always the winners while the basketball team, under the able leadership of George Tyler, won fourteen out of the fifteen games played. The girls do not have as great an opportunity as do the men for inter-collegiate contests, but they do have class affairs in which the freshmen played very well. In dramatics, also, have the freshmen succeeded. When the Phi Delta Plays were produced in January, Dorothy Kasper and Ruth Newman had the leads in two of the three plays with many of the other characters being played by freshmen. We feel very proud of the acting of Mrs. Malaprop (Florence Howe Manning) in the recent production of R. I. State College Players, while Ruth Chase, Helen Gler, Edward Jeremiah and Eraclio Del Sesto must not be forgotten.

Although we, as a class, do not hold any large social affair, we are all looking forward with pleasure to our banquet this coming Saturday where no one need feel ill at ease because of the presence of upper classmen. Not many of the plans have been divulged, yet all things point toward one grand and glorious evening.

And now our freshman year is almost over. Rules, caps, berets—all will soon be a thing of the past. As we look back we find many happy memories and we can only wish that our Sophomore year may be as pleasant and complete as has been our first year at R. I. State.

**Pledged**

Lambda Chi Alpha announces the pledging of Walter M. Broderick of Wilimansett, Mass., and Ralph B. Lightfoot of Fall River, Mass.

Rho Iota Kappa announces the pledging of Joshua Crowell of East Dennis, Mass.

Her dearest friend: My dear, you should have made your birthday cake larger. You'll never have room on it for all the candles.

**Dear Money? Good Bye, Says Frosh**

**Bag in Hand, He Laughs At Silly Sophomores But the Worms Turn**

Hello, everybody, here I am. Gosh, do I feel big? Is that why Coach Keane called me a big shot when I told him I was star shooter on the Pilsnick squad? Let me tell you, Kingston is the place. Golly, maybe I wasn't a green hick when I arrived. The train got in bright and early, I remember that distinctly. How nervous I felt. Every time we came to a station, I'd jump up, run over to the man in blue uniform and ask haughtily—"Tell me, my good man, is this Kingston?" Finally he said, "Yes" and I got off. A lot of other people rushed off the train with me, and then I expanded. This at last was Kingston.

With my two bulging bags in one hand, and a copy of College Humor tightly clenched in the other, I stepped sprightly forth. I'm a college man now, I proudly said to myself. No funny business with me, I guess not. I had heard too much about the Sophomores to let them take me in. You can bet your life on that. I saw a car standing in the driveway. A large Buick with wire wheels. "Tell me," I smiled to the fellow standing side of me with a torn sweater and no hat, "tell me, is that a taxi?"

"Sure," the dirty brat answered—I later learned he was a Soph and a typical one at that, "just jump in. They don't charge nothing."

I got in. Six other ugly looking fellows got in with me. They all looked at me suspiciously.

"Freshman?" one of them asked pleasantly.

I felt better. "Uh-huh," I beamed joyfully, "are you?"

The speaker hung his head down. "Alas, no," he answered, "I'm a Sophomore at South Kingstown High School."

I didn't know what he meant by that, so I kept quiet.

"Where are you staying?" another one asked.

I took out my card. "Zeta Nempt Akana" I told him.

We lapsed into silence. Then I got suspicious. I could hear whispering about me. I felt peeved. "Oh, whispering is lying, whispering is lying," I sang out.

"Say wretch, do you know the password to leave this taxi?" a red jowled fella asked me.

I was puzzled. "No, what do you mean?"

"Just keep your eyes open old boy and you shall see."

I did. "Chi Alla Kalla," the order was given to the driver.

I didn't know what it meant, but waited. The taxi pulled up in front of a building. Three of the boys jumped out, and turned to the driver, and said, "He'll pay," pointing a finger to the rest of us in the cab. The same thing happened at the next stop. Two of the other boys got out, leaving only myself and another blue-eyed lad in the car. The lad bent over to me. "Listen," he said, "Do as I tell you. When I leave the cab, I'm going to give the driver the password, and then you don't have to pay. Just say, 'He'll pay,' and point your finger backwards."

It sounded all right to me. The blue eyed one got out. "He'll pay," and off he walked.

"Zeta Nempt Akana," I ordered the driver.

He stopped in front of a large barn-looking house. I took my two bags and the college humor magazine and got up.

"He'll pay," I sang, pointing my finger backwards, just as I had been told.

Something must have been wrong, as the password didn't work.

"Wait a minute," the driver yelled, "come back before I punch you in the nose. What d'ya mean, he'll pay? You owe me for seven passengers, exactly \$1.75."

Oh well, I paid, and cursed. Never again would I be taken in by Sophs, you can bet your life on that. A group of fellows rushed over to me as I walked up the drive. "Welcome, welcome," they cried, "are you Ted Chimpotz?"

I admitted I was.

"Then come right in and make yourself at home. How do you like

college?"

Right away I knew I was among friends. They all acted so nice and happy to see me. I wonder how they knew I was coming? Of course, maybe I'm too modest all along—I entered the house. The boys showed me a bedroom, made up of long rows of beds. Gosh, it looked terribly dirty and unkept. I told the boys as much. They seemed to take it good naturedly and thanked me for my interest. After a while one of the boys took me into a corner.

"How much you got?" he asked eagerly.

I felt embarrassed, and hung my head down. I didn't have much, only \$30 with me, but I could get some more later. My friend brightened up. He brought me downstairs again. "Jim," he said to another one of the boys, "take good care of Ted. He's new here. Fix him up plenty."

I laughed. "I know your tricks, you want to sell me a radiator and a prayer book and a chapel seat. You can't do it. I'm from Missouri. Ha-ha, the joke is on you."

I could see right away that I showed them up, cause they all looked sheepish. "I guess we made a mistake with you all right. Oh, by the way," and he looked at me fierce-like, "where were you assigned to?"

I became scared. Maybe I had been too fresh with the boys. "Uh, ain't I in the right place? My card says Zeta Nempt Akana," and I showed it to him.

"My God," one of the boys yelled in surprise, "you don't belong here. This is Psi Chi Omega house. Good grief boy, you're in the wrong pew. Phew, what a close shave for you."

I felt hot tears spring to my eyes, so he offered to help me out. "I'll walk down with you to your place, and then help you get started."

Well, I felt better again. We walked out, and crossed a road. A lot of people were around, and they all seemed to know me, cause every time they passed me they said, "Hi there" to me. Gosh, I began feeling good again. My friend, he told me his name was Moore Oless, prompted me how to act. He said I was mighty lucky to get into the Zeta Nempt group, as it was the only fraternity on the campus that had a mixed roster. I asked him what he meant, and he said that at Zeta the fraternity took in girls as well as boys, and they had one house for themselves. A house mother took charge to see that no one played the piano after seven-thirty. That was all right with me, because I couldn't play the piano anyway, only the drums. Moore cautioned me how to act. He said when I entered, to go right up to the second floor, put my bags down, and pick out the room I liked best. They always gave the Freshmen first choice, he said. Finally we came to a new building.

"Here she is," Moore shook my hand enthusiastically, "I wish you luck. You need it."

"But wait a minute," I called back, "this house says on the door, Sigma, Sigma, Sigma, Kappa."

"Oh that's all right buddy," Moore reassured me, "That's only Greek for Zeta Nempt Akana."

I nodded, thanked Moore Oless, and walked in. I noticed that there were lots of girls around the yard, but after all, wasn't I the shiek of Pilsnick? I wouldn't let a few girls frighten me. Slowly I entered the house. I felt self-conscious, because every girl I saw seemed to smile at me. Were they falling for me so soon? I could plainly see that I was going to like Kingston.

When I entered the house I felt all right again. The door was open and in the parlor I saw a couple fellows sitting with girls. This was the right place, no doubt about that. With both bags in my hands, I climbed the stairs. At the top I looked around and saw nothing. What did it matter? I looked over the ground, then walked over to a room I thought I might want for my own. It was a large airy room and would hold both of my bags. I walked over to the door, pushed it open and walked in. My God, I almost fell over!

"Eeeeeee, whhhhaaa, eeeeeee, whhaaaa, wwwwill you get out of here, help, help, help, help, eeeee, wwhhhha, help, help!" Imagine my embarrassment. What was she so excited about? Was I going to eat her? How did I know the room was hers? I backed out of the room, trying to explain. Besides, she'd catch cold going around like that, I suggested helpfully.

Then I felt sick all over. Suddenly, without any warning, I was grasped in the viselike arms of a spinster-faced maiden. "Who are you and what do you want?" she barked, twisting my ear. "What do you mean by coming into a girl's room like this? I'm going to turn you over to the police, you purient, putrid, foul-faced sinner. Explain yourself."

I shut up and get out," she yelled before I could say a word. "Get out this minute."

I was licked. What was this, a game? Who was she to toss me about this way? Wasn't I entitled to a room in this college? Didn't I pay a ten dollar deposit? My captor would not listen. With shoves and none-too-gentle pushes I found myself backed down the stairs, and into the yard. Gosh, I breathed the fresh air deeply. It was good to be free again. But, my God, my bags! "Hey you," I yelled, "give me my bags."

I got them. After I had finished picking up my underthings and snapped the bags together again, I walked away, feeling bewildered. Where would I go now? Would I be left to lie in the gutter, me, me, the pride of Pilsnick, the champion shooter of the squad? Wherever a rifle team matched, there was I. The best shot on the team. And now left to sweat in the dust. Why? Why? I puzzled vainly for an answer. Why should I have been thrown out of my own house?

Now I know just how Moses felt when he saw the manna come down from heaven. There, standing around the corner, was my friend Moore Oless. And behind him were about a dozen other fellows that I had met in his house. Moore walked up to me.

"Don't cry, Teddie, boy," he soothed, "it's all a mistake. I looked up your record again and found out that you really were supposed to stay in our fraternity house after all. Ha-ha, isn't that a joke?"

And that evening, viewing with pardonable pride my assembly seat check (\$2.50) my radio assessment (\$3.10), my prayer book (\$1.75), my radiator cap (\$12.00), my Freshman Bible (last year's) (\$1.75), a wastebasket (\$1.25), a ticket admitting me to seven shower-baths (\$2.50), a signed permission allowing me the privilege of taking care of the hot water stove every Saturday night (\$4.15), a worn out copy of Anderson's Grim Tales (\$0.70), and an S. O. S. telegram receipt (\$0.30) asking dad for more money, I wondered who the joke was on.

And that, dear Sophomore, is the reason why I am praying nightly that I may die a year before you do.

**CO-ED GLEE CLUB TO GIVE CONCERT**

(Continued from Page 1)

thony and Muriel Fletcher. There will also be solos by the Misses Barbara Ince and Gertrude Anthony, and Miss Genevieve Fogarty will render a violin solo. The girls will be formally dressed, and colored lighting will be used to lend effect to the numbers.

Miss Gould is working very hard to build up a larger glee club. At present there are twenty members, but she has done much this year to interest newcomers. Miss Gould has some new ideas, and it is expected that the glee club will be much larger next year.

This year's glee club has come along wonderfully and the concert Friday will be one of the best student entertainments of the year. It is hoped that all students will attend. Remember, it's free!

**Hot Weather Suggestions for the Scotch**

1. Go to the automat—any automat.
2. Take glass from ice tea counter containing cracked ice and lemon—free.
3. Take several more glasses. Remove lemon slices. Squeeze into first glass—free.
4. To glass of lemon juice and ice add water—free.
5. Add sugar—free.
6. Stir and drink ice-cold lemonade at leisure—free.
7. Wipe mouth with napkin—free.
8. Leave, taking toothpick—free.

When the plumber died his wife took no chances. She buried his tools with him.

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