





Women's

Athletics

Expressing the urge to excel . . . playing hard,
not for the gold cup — not for the glory . . .
but playing your best game — always . . .
that is what counts.



Women's Athletic Association



• Row 1: P. Colwell, V. Kennedy, E. Phillips, J. Thompson, L. Baile. • Row 2: M. Mills, B. DeVries, J. Oglesby, C. Panzner, Soc. Ch., J. Blease, Pres., E. Bleisch, Sec.-Treas., B. Good, Vice-Pres., S. Allen. • Row 3: J. Kenyon, A. Buxton, A. Lewis, E. Steen, G. LeMaire, A. Sweeney, J. Moran, J. Martin, A. Heditsian, P. Heath, N. Hodgson.



W. A. A. Banquet

Take your pick ladies, what will it be? — hockey, riflery, tennis, softball, basketball, volleyball, or modern dance. The Women's Athletic Association, led this year by Joan Blease, offers all these sports to our women athletes. Barbara Good had the job

of tabulating points accumulated by our energetic W. A. A. girls and it is here that a note of warning be injected to any defenseless and unmuscled male on campus — if that angelic little number you've been dating suddenly turns up in a blue and white



Planning Field Day

blazer, watch your step, son! That blazer means your defenseless little darling has acquired 2000 points in her athletic activities. Doubtless, beneath that innocent exterior and sweet smile, you'll find a muscle of magnitude, a sinew of steel. Take heed, young man, take heed. According to the amount of jackets, along with shields and keys awarded for a lesser number of points which are presented at the annual W. A. A. Banquet held in



Mrs. Gardiner, Miss Massey, Miss Henson figuring W. A. A. activities



Awarding W. A. A. honors

of equipment ranging from rifles to goatskin tom-toms, and with the increasing number of capable participants in the various sports, there is no telling what national syndicate has its eye on the W. A. A.

the Spring, it is safe to say that the weaker sex is fast becoming nothing but a phrase with which to ensnarl the poor, deluded male population on campus. During the University Open House, the Women's Athletic Association displayed an array



Entertaining visiting teams

Outstanding Women Athletes



Avis Buxton, hard driver

Jim Thorpe! Knute Rockne! Babe Ruth! Movies have been made, histories have been written, and their names are on the lips of every sports enthusiast. But what about the great women athletes that this country has produced? Do they acquire the proper recognition that is due them?

This year we have taken it upon ourselves to do something about this dire situation, so into the women's gym office we went to dig out the hidden potentialities of our female students, and after many difficult weeks of deliberation, we decided upon the names of Avis Buxton, Doris Atkinson, and Pat Heath with Barbara Johnson and Eleanor Phillips as close runners-up.

These girls have made their four years at the University of Rhode Island ones of enthusiastic participation in many fields of activity. They are familiar figures on the baseball diamond, outstanding participants in field hockey, dexterous with a tennis racket, agile on the basketball court, lithe in a pair of leotards, limber with a badminton racket, and able to handle a volleyball with precision. For instance, have you ever seen Avis' elusiveness on the hockey field? It is a dramatic moment as all eyes watch her keep that ball effectively away from her opponents for a 30 yd. span, then, one powerful drive and the ball smashes through the

goalie's legs and into that cage! For her continuous work in field hockey, Avis was sent to hockey camp in 1950. Her interest in other sports have been contributing factors in helping her to win a shield, key, and finally her jacket.

On the basketball court, we have another sport enthusiast, Doris Atkinson, who handles the ball with precision control as she swiftly covers the court. But wait — look out for that form — it's tricky. One would think that her unorthodox style would be detrimental to her game, but her form belies its effect and quicker than the eye, she drops them in, clean as a whistle. Doris also has proven herself an all-round athlete and for her achievements she too, has earned her shield, key, and jacket, a difficult goal for any girl to attain. On the archery field, Pat Heath is URI's gift to Sherwood forest, and she too, for being proficient in many other sports, was awarded her jacket in her junior year.

Perhaps the reason that these girls have attained such heights in the field of sports is that besides being dynamic leaders, they follow instructions intelligently and are irreplaceable pals on any team.



Doris Atkinson, gal with the unorthodox form



Half time

House field hockey champs



When twenty-two young ladies are thrown together in a small area approximately 100 yards by 25, one can expect either a jabbering gab fest or a jumble of arms and legs. Except for a few whacks at opponent's ankles

and desperate body blocks, URI girls manage to keep the game of field hockey a favorite.

Basketball, another favorite, gets under way as soon as it gets too dark to see the hockey ball, and with this sport, the skill of each player is observable at close range. Interest in the games reach fever pitch as the final play offs approach and Lippitt gym is often lined with spectators and rooters, "screaming on" their team. Grunts, groans, and screams are heard, as the floors of Lippitt sway under the weight of sixteen avid volleyball enthusiasts eagerly straining to keep the ball from



High stepping



Game's over —

touching the floor. As the shouts of "let ball", "two hands," "side out", and sometimes "point", are called, one realizes that the inter-house and inter-class competition provides spirited, but good-natured rivalry. As March approaches, badminton racquets and birdies are dusted off, ready for the annual tournament. Long unused arm muscles suddenly go to work and then the aches begin. An active game for speedy players, bad-

minton leads the way for the more robust game of tennis.

As much a part of college equipment as the Frosh beanie or chem lab manual is the inevitable tennis racquet, put to good use by tennis enthusiasts as soon as the first warm day rolls around. There's something about springtime and a wooden frame that gets the girls up at 6:00 A.M. for a "fast one". URI may yet produce a Gussie Moran.

Added to the women's physical education program is a new unit . . . Modern Dance, established for those interested in keen body coordination and control, training in rhythms and dance mood. This activity has increasingly become more popular; so much so, that leotards become standard equipment replacing the traditional white shorts.

Talking about shorts . . . don't be seen on the archery field with anything but a fringed suede shirt.

From Pocahontas to Annie Oakley, is not a long range in our U. S. history, but the rifle range beneath Rodman for the pistol packing gals, could be a little longer,



Right out of the picture

Jump ball





Co-edding on the volleyball court

line with Evelyn "Never miss, it's costly" Wittig managing the team from the spotting desk. Fifty feet down the lanes the targets flutter in the gentle draft as the gals prepare to fire, dressed in the typical garb of the West - levis, split saddle shoes and the old man's best white shirt. Remember girls, it's leap year and every shot counts . . .

the girls admit modestly, as they "chaw" on empty cartridge shells. Invading the back room of Rodman, as they bypass the defenseless males being outfitted for ROTC uniforms, are Captain Jeanne "Dead Eye" Moren directing a fire order of Jane "Hair Trigger" LeVasseur and Kaybee "Kill 'em Dead" Cook on the



Spring . . . Tennis



"Dead Eye's" conferring