1-1-1926

The Salamander January 1926

Students of RISD
"BIBLIOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING—"

Now, there's a word that'll prove what you are reading. There are a certain number who are going to look at it, puzzle, and give up with an "Ain't it funny?" expression. There are those who know there is no such word, and, most important of all, there are those who will go and look it up.

We've got at our immediate disposal a collection of art references not to be duplicated in New England, and in some cases, in the world.

If you don't know or recognise any technical term used by those about you, the library can tell you.

How do you know that later on you may be required to "do" a drawing which embodies (for instance) rococo ornament? Could you do it without an endless amount of research? Would you be able to talk to any show of knowledge to an art director who demanded such a drawing?

There is a reproduction of Morgan miniatures there in the library. There are reprints of Whistler's etchings. Theories, analyses, and essentials of art are there.

And it isn't as though you had to go thru every shelf to find a book. The librarian will furnish you with book numbers or you can use the file.

CAN YOU SPEND TEN MINUTES IN THE LIBRARY EACH DAY?

CONCOUR

Well, it's over, and you'll admit that your efforts to produce masterpieces haven't absolutely killed you.

Most of you put your best into the week's work because it was to receive special criticism.

Listen. You're here to get everything possible out of the instruction given you.

If you fool and monkey away your time - that's your own funeral. Others are trying to excell and surpass your efforts, and it's up to each individual to fight, fight, fight, for supremacy.

This isn't pugilistic encouragement, but just the
same old line about listening to and putting into practice what is pointed out to you as being to your advantage. Perhaps there were some who were aware of this after the final elimination.

If so, then these people are to be congratulated for half their battles are won.

The whole blame thing is a continual concour, and only the best are picked.

... ... ...

ED E. TORRE,
R.I.S.D.

Dere Ed-
Some bimbo once sez "home aint much without maw," and become a national figger.
But without enny ambition fer front page skandle faim I kin say "basketball aint nuthin without a audience."

I was at the game last Tues-
dy. There was a dandy crowd thar, too. Almost ten (10).
Gosh hang it, it did make me soar. Them there boys wuz fitin like all git out fer old R.I.S.D and there wuzent even a cheap outta the entire attendants.

Why in heck aint we got the name of bein a big fuss in athletiks?

Now you kor me wouldn't go out behind the barn and start recitin Shakesbeer. It aint nat-cheral. But when we wuz young

Good bawning.

Glad do zee you havedt a dawful gold lige I have.

Dow, if I had a dew zealsgin goat lige Gathering McGuire's, I might not have gaught this.

WELL, HERE'S BYRON ENGELBAG WITH SOME MUSTEROLE. SURE RELI F FROM GOLDS. (ADV) DOW I'LL DRY DO BAKE BYZELF GLEAR.

What do you think of our new department artist? Izzy all right?

Cavanaugh, the genius of the Freshman 4 class, rates a plush-lined collar button for his newest exploit.

He did four drawings of the same head for concour, dountless assuming that the combined grade of all four would place him miles ahead of his competitors. However, he only handed one in.
ONE WAY TO INTEREST GIRLS IN ANATOMY WOULD BE TO SELL ANIMAL CRACKERS IN THE LUNCH ROOM.

If you think my jokes are bad, just look at some of the stuff in Aunt Hezekiah's Column.

EDNA WALLACE says the only business that flourishes around Newport is the still business, and that almost everybody has at least one still.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD

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WE NOTE THAT THE "PLUS-FOUR" CLUB HAS TWO NEW MEMBERS—NELSON AND PERCY. WE MAY HAVE BEEN IN ERROR IN THE PAST, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO PANTS, WE NEVER MAKE A

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

and wuz havin a cirkis didn't we show off our best, hey?
I should hope to swat a skeeter, we did!
Well then aint it cykloikal to assume that the boss bus do better if we wuz all there to see em ain?
Cy Perkins has got a new cow, but things aint very peppery round here.
Hopping to see you at the next game, i close,
respectively
Hy Ten Ce.

Miss Turner, of the faculty, is recovering from a nervous break-down on a Massachusetts farm. The SALAMANDER hopes she will soon be well and with us again.
A number of our leading architects have perfected a lockstep. It is
ALWAYS so encouraging to see the young folks looking into the future.

And that reminds me of a discussion I heard at lunch the other day. Two of our most prominent textile students were speaking of the future. "B----," said one, "what kind of truck are you going to drive after you graduate?"

The Waldorf's telegraphic system is at the disposal of anyone who desires to get into quick communication with Cram. Well, good-bye—don't forget to write.

A little more of that Musterole, will you please?

IF THEY MUST WEAR CLOCKS, WHY NOT DO A LITTLE ADVERTISING?

FRESHMEN ELECT FIRST BOARD MEMBER IN RECORD SESSION

At a recent meeting of the Freshman Class, a representative to the Student Board of Governors was selected. Halladay was the people's choice, having a grand total of 20 votes, a majority of 5 over J.E. Sullivan, who had a solid bloc of 15. Donovan came close with a superstitious 13. Halladay turned a deaf ear to constant calls for a "speech."
EXPRESSIOMS MADE FAMOUS BY MR. SISON

A Bit Spotty

Draw the Shadows Closer Together

Made the Lace's

Carry It On A Little Further

A Lot Of Good Stuff In This

Getting The Big Darks Going

Getting The Right Protections

Going In the Right Direction

No Control

Picking Out The High Lights
True Inside Story of Roman Ghost

THE PHANTOM OF THE TOGA ADDS DARK CHAPTER TO HISTORY OF SCHOOL

Wednesday, Jan. 30, was a big day for reporters. One of the most gripping incidents ever known to the school happened on that day.

A story to tell the children, gathered about the hearth, is the story of The Phantom of the Toga.

A prominent young architect, intent upon his work, heard a queer noise from above, and dashed up the stairway to investigate. He returned for assistance, and with three future Cass Gilberts at his heels, succeeded in snaring the elusive figure of an amateur model, scantily clad as a Roman citizen. The phantom personage squirmed and fought in an effort to free himself, his face contorted with futile wrath. The stalwart young men

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWELVE
DOUGHNUT MYSTERY

BRIDE WEEP WHEN WEDDING BELLS ARE RUDELY SILENCED

Down the grand staircase came the wedding party. The "bride" (Miss Margaret Cedor) wore a simple gown of dark crimson, and a flowing veil, delicately tinted in charcoal and fixatif. The little (!) flower girls were appropriately attired in light blue, plaid, and brown polka dots respectively. Misses Miller, Wallace, and Morse enacted these roles.

J.B. Sullivan gave away the bride to the waiting groom, the handsome Mr. Killem. He said he was glad to. "Lord help you," he confided to the nervous groom.

But all was not well. Just as the ministrix, (Cont'd Page 12)
FOUR STRAIGHT DEFEATS ARE HARD to take—without having mortification set in, but things might be worse. Much worse.

La Salle Academy, Durfee Textile, Bryant and Stratton and Tech each took their pound of flesh. Yet, it might be worse. If you have noted the newspaper reports of R.I.S.D. games you will agree with this view.

"FAST CONTEST," "HARD FOUGHT GAME," "AGGRESSIVE PLAYING," and like phrases are used in these writeups. Which signifies—what? Simply that the fives with which the team is matched are high-calibre, first-class organizations.

THE DESIGNERS PRACTICE TWO DAYS a week—four hours a day. Where other teams put in two hours a day. It is no exaggeration to say that a high-powered athlete must make the game his first interest, with his studies a subordinate necessary evil. This is not the case here.

ANOTHER HANDICAP WHICH THE TEAM is up against is the lack of previous training among the players. Most of them are playing for the first time this year.

ALL OF WHICH IS BY WAY OF ALibi.

Let us emphasize, however, that no alibi is needed. The team plays a fast, scrappy game, and puts up an exciting battle every time, no matter what the outcome is.

TURCO, AT GUARD, PLAYS AN ESPECIALLY strong game, often figuring as much in the offense as in the defense.

"Kip" SMITH, HIS RUNNING MATE, IS also a man of ability. He often intercepts passes and gives the forwards a chance at the goal.

COLA, ANOTHER GUARD, IS COMING INTO PROMINENCE. He played especially well in the Tech game.

AT FORWARD, CAPTAIN BIDLES AND Bamford are a fast pair, and both have a good eye for the ring. They are handicapped considerably in size.

CENTER HAS BEEN A SOMewhat DISputed position until the 'arrival' of Kauff in the game with Tech. He will probably fill the post henceforth.

DREW, ANOTHER LITTLE FORWARD, is an unusually fast man, and Fiske and Killem are comers.
A fair-faced boy of eighteen summers with light hair sat with a fair-faced boy with dark hair, a fair-faced boy with red hair, and a fair-faced boy with medium hair, also of eighteen summers. They were, respectively, "Al," "Gillie," "Hitchy," and "Sharon," about whom you read in my other book, "The Bidder Boys on the Third Floor, or, Classroom Cards Censored."

The dear boys were immersed in their cards, and failed to note the approach of Authority. "Don't move," said Authority. "No Recess," said Authority. So the poor fair-faced boys of eighteen summers had none. And here we will leave them, till we meet again in the next volume of this series, to be entitled, "The Bidder Boys and Their Chess Board, or, a Pawn for a Knight with a Queen."

The idea of ushering in the new year with a parade is distinctly original. Especially when the troopers get themselves up as The Spirit of '76.

But then, our Life boys are so old-fashioned and independent that they insist on ringing in the patriotic note.

The spirit itself, however, could not have been a home product. In fact, from the gestures of the revelers, we surmise that it was Scotch.

Reennick's performance as the dying fifer was so realistic that we were thoroughly vexed when his demise did not follow.
OUR OWN ROTOGRAVURE PAGE

NO LIVES LOST WHEN $200,000,000 FIRE RAVAGES WOONSOCKET WATER FRONT, LEAVING DESOLATION IN ITS WAKE

SPEAKING OF MEMORIALS, HERE'S ONE WE'D LIKE TO ERECT TO THE INVENTOR OF THE CHARLESTON!

IF ALL THE THUMB TACKS THAT HAVE BEEN PULLED FROM OUR EDITORIAL SHOES THIS MONTH SHOULD BE PUT END TO END, THEY WOULD MAKE THE SOLAR SYSTEM LOOK LIKE SOMETHING THE CAT DRAGGED IN

RIGHT - HORATIO HUCKLEBERRY DEMONSTRATES HIS NEW INVENTION, WHICH MAY REVOLUTIONIZE AN INDUSTRY. AN ARTISTS' EASEL THAT STANDS UP

EVERYONE THAT CHARLEY FISKE WAS THE CUTEST CHILD HERE'S A PICTURE OF HIM TAKEN SOME TIME AGO

BELOW - "SPARE-RIBS," WONDER DOG OF THE MOVIES JUST LOVES HIS RADIO SET, AS THIS EXCLUSIVE SALAMANDER PHOTO SHOWS

UNCLE SAM'S DAUNTLESS BIRD MEN LAYING THICK SMOKE SCREEN OVER LOWER MANHATTAN.
LATEST NEWS HOT FROM CAMERA

INTIMATE DOMESTIC PHOTO OF GOV. "MA" FERGUSON OF TEXAS. ALL READY FOR THE EXECUTIVE HOUSE CLEANING.

AVGAGE 2ND FLOOR STUDENT'S IMPRESSION OF THE BOM'S LIFECYCLE.

THIS MIGHT BE A YALE LOCK OR NAVY CANNON, BUT IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A WREN'S-EYE VIEW OF THE HEATING PLANT.

LATEST VIEW OF THE SALAMANDER'S GENERAL OFFICES TO SKETCH COMMUTERS AT DEPOT.

REMARKABLE AERIAL VIEW OF VESUVIUS DURING RECENT PERIOD OF ACTIVITY.
bore him down the stairs to the architectural department, where he performed for an assembled audience, which gazed at him in awe.

After a short terpichorean offering, the toga-clad young man escaped his cantors, and dashed silently back to the third floor and safety.

**WEDDING PARTY STRIKES A SNAG**

Continued from page seven.

Mrs. Laura Cooper, was about to pronounce the fateful words, some visitors were heard approaching, and the whole assemblage quickly split asunder, assuming postures curiously like art students at work.

Miss Cedor will never be the same again. And yet, to look at her, you never would guess that she was hiding a secret sorrow. It is a gift.

**READ THIS AND WEEP GIRLS OF '28**

Continued from page seven.

Wouldn't you be surprised if:

1. Alice Arnold lost her temper?
2. Pearl Ballou stopped acting under sixteen?
3. Marjorie Barnes didn't say, "Oh, I don't think so."
4. Chickie Brown was dissatisfied with herself.
5. Lois Brown didn't contradict the teachers.
6. Margarite Burrell kept a family secret to herself.
7. Ruth Champlin uttered a sentence without a giggle.
8. Evelyn Evans failed to utter a word during the day.
9. Mrs. Hiller admitted someone was good-looking.
10. Virginia Marshall muttered "Omn." 
11. Alice Morton did the Charleston.
12. Mildred Ray really listened when you spoke to her.
13. Helen Sheldon didn't want to cut somebody's hair.
14. Lou Stone didn't criticize someone's clothing.
15. Betty Thurber forgot she was born in 'Bahst'n."
16. Myrtle Unklebach didn't imitate Mrs. TTillinghast.
17. Vera Willis didn't have a cold.

- Louise Adams
- Evelyn Evans

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**THE SALAMANDER**

Continued from page seven.
AUNT HEZEKIEH
AT EASE — THINKING OF
REPLIES TO QUESTIONS OF
MORE OR LESS MOMENT

Q. Dear Auntie:

Now it's said that Iva Thorne. Have you?

-J.B.S.

A. Dear J.B.S.
No, but once upon a time
Elmer Drew one for me.

Q. Auntie Dear:

Tell me; they say that Mil-
dred Hathaway of her own.

-E.F.G.

A. Darling S.F.G. —
I'm sorry, but I can't. I
promised, but perhaps Harry
Wetherald do it if you ask
ed him.

IF YOU THINK MY JOKES ARE BAD,
JUST LOOK IN THE "AND THEY SAY"
COLUMN.

ELLOVED Aunt Hezzy:

Kindly inform me why, where,
and what Wickford is.

-R.H.L.

Dear R.L.H. —

That joint is commonly mistaken
for a town, and was founded so
the station announcer could say,
"and wayside sta-shuns!" They
say it's in Rhode Island, but I
just went to the window and
couldn't see it.

Q. My Dear Aunt Hezekieh;

I can't quite remember what I
was going to ask you, but it
was very important, so I'm
writing this letter just to
show you that I am thoroly in-
terested in your clever col-
umn.

Sincerely,
R.B.D.

A. My Dear R.B.D.-

I appreciate your proposal, but
don't want to break up a good
friendship. Anyway, you see I'm
already promised!

P.S. Don't tell anyone, tho,
because we aren't going to
announce it.

P.P.S. Don't be angry at me,
will you?

- Hezzy

NOTE — Aunt Hezekieh will be
glad to answer any question
you may wish to ask. Address
Aunt Hezekieh and use the
contribution box.