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## The Salamander February 1926

Students of RISD  
*Rhode Island School of Design*

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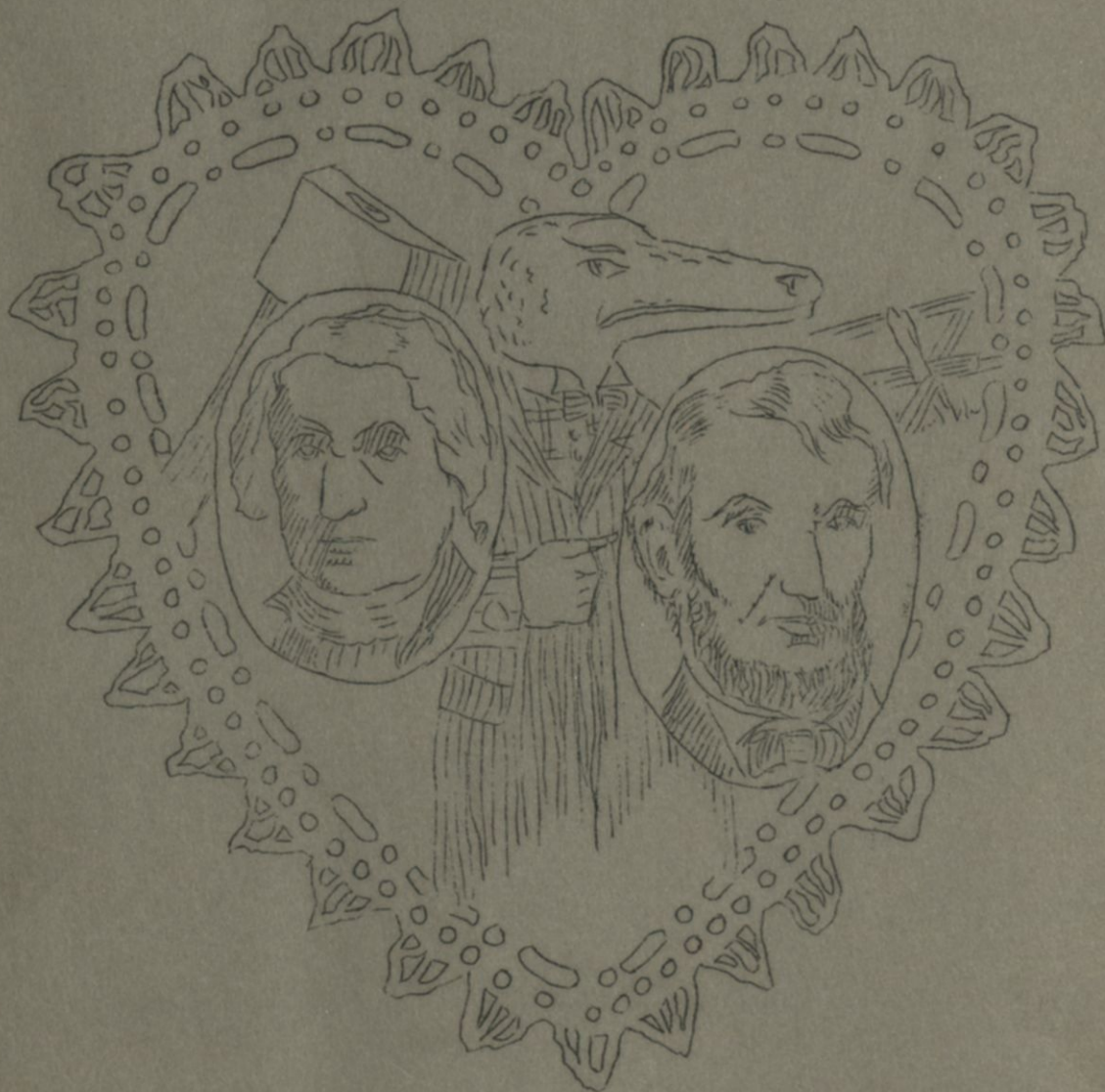
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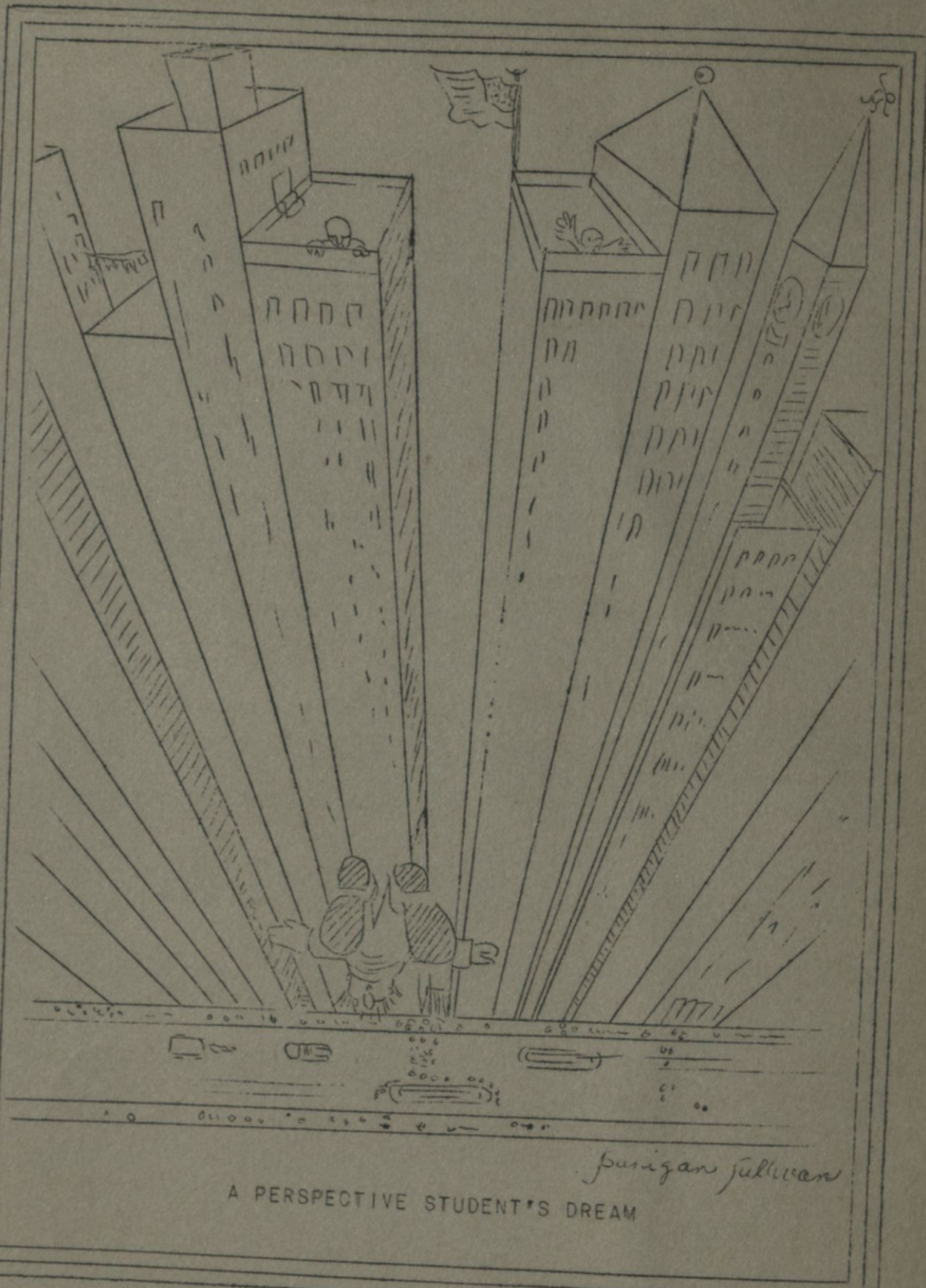
# The SALAMANDER



FEBRUARY

15¢

RHODE ISLAND  
 SCHOOL LIBRARY  
 PROVIDENCE



*בנין חנות*

A PERSPECTIVE STUDENT'S DREAM

The  
SALAMANDER

A MONTHLY REVIEW OF STUDENT  
AFFAIRS AT THE RHODE ISLAND  
SCHOOL OF DESIGN

EARL L SHOEMAKER  
FRANCIS J QUIRK  
-PERPETRATORS-

Ed. E. Torre,  
Dear Sir; Ed:

I aint much of a soshul fiend,  
but I did secure a bid for the  
dance on January twennty-ninth.

"And a goodly crowd wuz there,"  
is the only way not to describe  
the dance. Thar wuz a pretty  
good bunch, ennyway. The old  
stand-bys all come.

It looks, Ed, as if they warn't  
enuph school co-operashyn. Even  
if the weather aint so hotsoy-  
totsy of late, I kin see no cut  
in the number which attend reg-  
ular dances.

But it aint only the dance, Ed,  
its everything. Our reputation  
for stickin together is still  
got to be built. Now when the  
firemens bawl wuz held on the  
same nite as the Oysterville Oy-  
ster-opener's Associashun's  
dance, they warn't a pusson from  
town who could get a chance to  
go to our own affair, as went to  
Oysterville.

I see a ad in a trolley car  
t'other day which said; "Patron-  
ize yer naborhood sody fount-  
ings." Wouldn't ye think that

folks at school 'ud do that to  
their own dances and soshul to-  
do's?

I hear that no more funckshuns  
is going to be held on friday  
evenings becuz so much of the pu-  
pils go home over the week's-  
endin.

Cy Perkins still got his new  
cow, but things ain't so very  
peppery erround here

Just dyin to heare from you  
I am

effectively yores

*Hi Fence*

"THE PUBLISHERS' SONG"

Oh we wish we had someone to  
write us  
Someone to sketch f'rus their own  
Oh we wish we had someone to  
print with  
'Cause we're tired of printing  
alone!

Oh please see us tonight about  
midnight  
Please see us tonight all alone  
For we have a sad story to tell  
you  
It's a story that's never been  
(SUIT YOURSELF) sold, told. y

We'll be starting the next issue  
tomorrow  
Leaving our poor darlings at  
home  
With the cold printing presses  
around us  
And our heads just as blank as  
a stone

(END OF VERSE THREE. THRILLING  
CONCLUSION ON PAGE 3)



WELL?

It's half over. What have you accomplished? At least an eighth of your school term is past - one-half year gone.

If you haven't proof of a continual improvement, why not? Is it your attitude toward the work? Have you done it as an imposed duty or have you poured yourself into it in an effort to do something better?

Has your INTEREST been split by an outside influence? Has Art become a minor concern to you?

The sooner that you get the idea that the world will exact something from each one, the sooner can a definite start be made.

Fear the future. That it will be too soon here. Too much can not be accomplished today.

The Seniors are faced with the definite problems of life NOW. Juniors! Sophomores! Freshmen! - What will YOU do one, two, and three years hence?

Have you lent any thought to the subject - made any definite plans?



CRITICISM- COMPLIMENTARY?

"I HATE to get criticism from him! Never says a word about the good points in my work!"

You know, that's exactly the wrong way to feel. None of us can produce Michaelangelo. We're not expected to.

Instructors aren't grumpy individuals who won't grant that our works embody some correct and natty details. They aren't supposed to spread the applesauce. It's for them to pick out the FAULTS, so we may not make them again.

The criticism to fear is that of "friends" who exclaim rapturously how "wonderful" your drawing is, or those who proclaim it to be "just too cunning for words!"

Blah, Blah!

Whether intended to or not, such is often flattering and causes heads to turn.

Criticism- ANALYTICAL criticism is the major part of R.I.S.D.'s instruction and is to be looked forward to rather than being the least bit dreaded.



SEGELIVRP LLAH LAIROMEM \*

To date about twenty passes have been issued. Boy, but some opportunities are let to slide. There are lectures and entertainments to which other people pay upwards to a couple of simolians admission over there almost weekly.

Short time ago a notice was put up which told briefly that free passes to Memorial Hall could be obtained by applying at the office. Perhaps most of us have been stung by "free" ads, sometime. But there are no colored strings here. You get your pass on application and that's final. No cash up or down.

The pass entitles students or teachers to attend any performance there, and already several concerts and lectures have taken place. If the damage totals more than a-dollar you fork over a fifth of it. If not, proceed to any seat in the last two rows. Another thing. The early student gets the seat.

Friday there's going to be an illustrated lecture on furniture which may be of use to anyone later.



A TO Z, INCLUSIVE

There is rather a large number of students who have already awakened to the fact that there may be some good in filing away photos and other paraphernalia.

Every day and even Sunday there are clever sketches and notes that will be invaluable sometime.

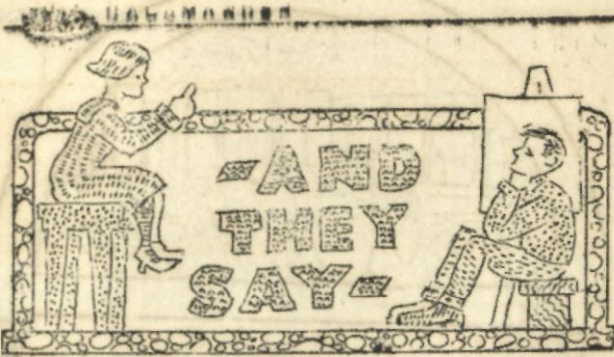
This doesn't call for an elaborate office filing system. One or two large envelopes are sufficient for a starter. As time goes on it will be necessary to make divisions and sub-divisions of the accumulations.

It would be easy enough to do that. The simplest way would be to get sheets of paper the size of the envelope and label them. Thus a marker and a divider would be provided in one.

If a more efficient system is desired, those large letter files can be gotten for half a dollar. Most of these affairs have alphabetical dividers.

Individual judgement is called for here. It wouldn't be logical to put animals under their index letters. More compact to

CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT



UNSCIENTIFIC DATA OF  
PRACTICALLY NO VALUE

WELL, OF ALL THINGS!

Imagine meeting you like this!

IT'S A SMALL WORLD AFTER ALL,

You're looking well.

Huh! You could stand some re-  
ducing yourself! Meow! Meow!

HAVE YOU BEEN OVER TO THE ART  
CLUB? THERE'S A FOUR-RING CIR-  
CUS ON NOW.

So many R.I.S.D. artists have  
exhibited over there since  
Christmas that I understand  
the building will be moved  
over next to Memorial Hall,  
so we can have it right in  
the family.

ONE OF THE PRIME "CRACKS" OF  
THE MONTH IS ATTRIBUTED TO  
MR. SISSON. HE ENTERED THE  
STATUARY GALLERY AS CONSTANCE  
MILLER AND ELEANOR MORSE WERE  
DEBATING WHETHER THE "DANCING  
BACCANTE" WAS DOING THE  
CHARLESTON. "NO," SAID MR.  
SISSON. "THAT IS A DANCING

FIGURE."

EDNA WALLACE has devised a prac-  
tical commercial application of  
value scales. Her plan is that  
laundries should purchase them  
and use them to determine their  
charges- matching the laundry  
with the gray tones to find its  
exact degree of dirtiness. Thus,  
a "middle value" shirt would  
cost less to wash than the  
modeling room roller towel, which  
would rate about "low dark."

A joke is a joke, but when our  
boisterous Westerly friends tip  
over a locomotive- well that's  
carrying a good thing too far.

MARY DROWN IS A GIRL THAT'S  
SOUND  
-YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND HER  
HANGING AROUND.

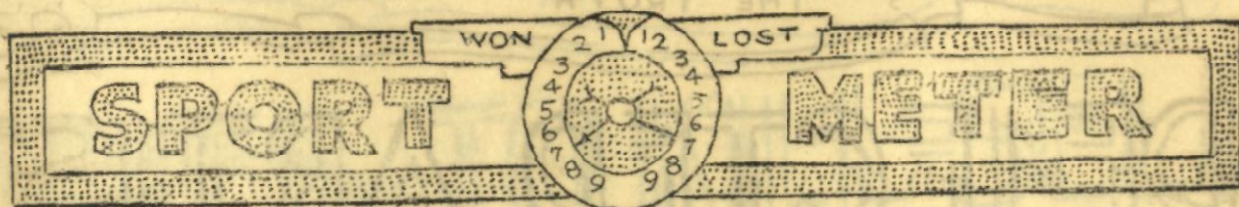
Elliot Percy means well, I  
know- but he never will lend  
me any dough.

CHARLEY FISKE HAS A SAILOR'S  
TRAITS- YOU'LL FIND A GIRL  
WHEREVER HE WAITS.

And after all that creative  
effort, I'm just about exhaust-  
ed.

ANOTHER FIBBER IS CATHERINE  
MAGUIRE, - SHE SAYS THEY LET  
HER SING IN A CHOIR.

Well, G'bye. Drop in some time  
and be insulted some more.



**T**HE "DESIGNERS" showed a complete reversal of form this month, taking every game and outclassing their rivals in all departments. The first, with East Greenwich, they took easily on the home floor,

after which they went into intensive practise for the big fray—Boston School of Practical Arts.

This was a thrilling contest from whistle to whistle, both teams displaying sensational basket-shooting and fast floor work. Design took the lead early in the fray and the half ended with a comfortable margin. In the last half the Hub quintette launched a terrific offensive and closed up the gap between the scores. In the last few minutes of play Design again drew into the lead, the game ending 42-31.

**T**HE record built up in these games was nearly wrecked when the Westerly High School

#### PLAINFIELD NEXT

Design's fifteenth game will be with Plainfield, Conn., on their floor.

The game is scheduled for Wednesday evening, Feb. 24, when Coach Hurd and his crew hope to add a fifth victory to their consecutive string of four.

five invaded Providence. These young basketeters surprised everyone by piling up a big lead over the locals in the first half. Fast floor work and good passing on the part of the home team

snatched victory from defeat, the winning field goal dropping thru the hoop just fifty seconds before the final whistle. The score was 30-29.

The honors for this victory are claimed by Herman Itchkavitch, who herded a number of future Sergeants into the Boys' Club for the finale.

**A** GOOD TIME was had by all at East Greenwich last Friday (Feb. 19). In the afternoon the squad witnessed a game between the Attleboro and East Greenwich Girls' teams, the Design-Greenwich tilt having been set by mistake for 8.00 P.M. The Attleboro girls (with the solid vocal support of the R.I.S.D. squad) CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

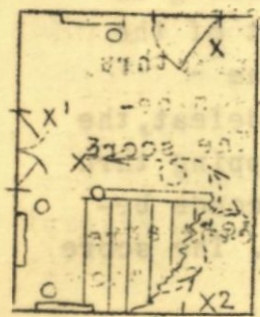




## DEJECTED ARTIST

### Brutally Beats Boy Friend

#### ROBERTSON IS HIT BETWEEN THE MAIN AND TEXTILE DEPTS



X- EXIT FROM LUNCH ROOM  
X<sup>1</sup> EXIT FROM MAIN BLDG  
X<sup>2</sup> EXIT FROM GALLERIES  
X<sup>3</sup> WHERE ROBERTSON WAS HURT  
O.O.O- OIL PAINTINGS  
->->- PATH TAKEN BY MISS HUSH HILLE

X-RAY DIAGRAM OF CASE

Feb. 15- Taken unawares as he was leaving the main building, Robertson is now in a serious condition after a terrible, nerve-racking chastisement.

Mr. Robertson was tripping down the dark stairs to the Exit on the driveway to Waterman Street when, without the least warning, an infuriated woman, using a heavy hardwood easel as a sort of ram, dashed from under the stairway and dug her weapon into the small of his back.

CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE

#### DARWIN FOLLOWER SOCKS OPPONENT

E LANG TAKES PERCY TO TASK FOR HIS EVOLUTION VIEWS



Feb. 1- Although hard hit by logic and Miss Bet E. Lang of Hyaniss, Mass., Elliot Percy, prominent New Bedford, Mass., artist, persisted in perserving

views on Charlie Darwin's theory. From a placid discussion of "Man, His Origin, Cure and Prevention," a meeting of evolved evolutionists evolved into a seething mass of broiling humanity.

When Mr. Percy made that statement that he was a Darwinian, Miss Lang, (who claims to have originated in a flower form- see above illustration) flew into an unflowerlike rage and proceeded to lambast the eminent New Bedfordite on the dome. SEE PAGE 9



## TRIES TO KILL SELF



SUICIDE NEWS ILLUSTRATED

1. Mr. Arnold demonstrating his skill previous to the tragedy.
2. Pres. Coolidge, who hasn't been informed of the accident.
3. Lily Languid, Broadway star, who says this is coldest winter in years.

## DEATH STALKS AS REVELERS ARE AT PLAY

GUEST HURLS SELF ON MASS OF TANGLED SHEET IRON, BUT IS TOO TOUGH AND COMES OUT ALIVE

Feb. 8- Crowds of R.I.S.D. products-to-be crouched in horror as one of their number, driven to despondency, made a vain attempt to dash out his brains by hurling himself over a precipice.

The gay night party, of which Miss Mildred Hathaway was hostess, was thrown into gloom by the untimely effort of John Arnold, notorious musician, to flop into eternity.

Seizing a pair of skis, the half-demented young man attached his feet thereto and sped before the throng of night revelers to a steep bank nearby, and cast his carcass over the brink.

With a shriek of agony at the results of her actions of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

\* \* \*

YOUNG ARTIST WOULD BE SUICIDE

continued from P. 7

evening, Mary Drowne plowed thru the drifts to her disconsolate one.

"Johnny," she was heard to say, "I aint never going to do it no more,"-- probably meaning she wouldn't dissect any more bats.

Fortunately Mr. Arnold fell on his face and little damage was done to the sheet iron. Although he refused to talk for publication he admitted that Miss Drowne was entirely too ravishing to be resisted as she gambled gaily over the gravestones in flannel knickers and silk stockings.

In spite of the quarrel a good time is supposed to have been had by all, including Mr. Frazier.

DESIGN DEFEATS EAST GREENWICH

CONTINUED FROM P. 5

outpointed the Greenwich Sextette and won by ten points or more.

After this entertainment the R.I.S.D. squad partook of a sumptuous (?) repast, and returned to the gym again.

The score stood 6-6 at the end of the first quarter. In the second frame Design began to pick up, running the score up to 16, at the same time holding Greenwich to a single free

throw.

The entire last half was all in our favor, and the Academy five was unable to chalk up a single point during the period. Kaufer and Bamford meantime were locating the hoop frequently and the final score was very one-sided - 28-7.

"THE PUBLISHERS' SONG"

continued from page 1

Now we had an idea of donations  
All mounted with silver and gold  
And before our donation appeared  
That idea was rotted and old!

Now if we had wings like the angels  
Over these prison walls we would fly  
And we'd fly to the arms of our poor darlings  
And there we would be willing to die.

Oh we wish we had some one to write us  
Some one to sketch f' us their own  
Oh we wish we had someone to print with  
'Cause we're tired of printing alone.

A TO Z, INCLUSIVE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

PUT the sketches or pictures

of them all under "A", arranged in order. There is room in one of these files for about five hundred to a thousand photos (newspaper and magazine clippings) according to their size and thickness.

INFURIATED AMAZON ATTACKS MAN  
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

Luckily Mr. Robertson was buried in his odoriferous fur coat and his back wasn't bent up very badly.

Miss Hughill, the woman behind the easel, offered no explanation, but pointing her fingers in the face of the stricken Robertson grinned and chuckled with genuine joy at his discomfort.

"Cyrus" H. Gill, who happened on the scene at the chronological, psychological and mythological moment, restrained the fair damsel from further damaging the textile student, and sent her up to the cast drawing room to find new amusement.

Robertson's condition is improving. But Miss Hughill completed her treachery by nominating him for treasurer of the Freshman Class. However Mr. Robertson's friends came to the rescue and defeated him in the run for office.

Miss Hughill, is still at large, but is constantly being watched by some able-bodied male member of the class.

ONE HURT IN DARWIN DISAGREEMENT  
continued from page 6

Even tho he objected rather decidedly, Percy



showed perfect control and did not climb any uprights. Helen Sykes, seeing the attack, felt the old urge for

"EL" PERCY, battle and joined WHO GOT WORST in pounding Percy. OF EVOLUTION- A bystander, who AL ERUPTIONS, volunteered for services as witness claims that Miss Sykes uttered a peculiar war cry, "As I see, I do!"

A DREAM

She stepped upon the model stand  
A tall and graceful nymph!

Her midnight hair hung to her  
knees

She dropped her robe- so limp.

She took her pose that was  
sheer grace

Without help from the class.  
Her lonely green blue eyes were  
wide

We all passed out en masse.

-LOUISE ADAMS

# MUSEUMANIA

THE NEWEST PATHOLOGICAL MENACE,  
WHICH PUTS INFLUENZA AND THE  
BUBONIC PLAGUE TO SHAME

THE SCOURGE of the civilized world today is Museumania (mania bostonia), and it has already developed to a most fearsome degree in this country. It is time for every right-thinking American to step in the breach. I implore every intelligent citizen, also any newspaper editors, to make known the facts I shall presently offer, so that the people may be appraised of the imminence of danger, and be informed as to preventative measures.

Unfortunately, women are most susceptible to the dread malady, and this complicates matters, since only the most drastic action will suffice to cure the patient.

The first symptom of Museumania is a change in the features of the victim. Carefully looking about, to assure herself that an audience is at hand, she assumes a madonna-like air, and says, of the first object brot to her attention, (regardless of its merits) "How



"SHE BE-  
COMES A  
DRYAD"

perfectly ducky,\* or lets fly some other hair-raising remark. She then switches to expression No. 2—like a cinema heroine confiding affairs of the heart to her canary.

Right here is where the well-meaning relative or friend should come to the fore and take charge of the situation, either by:

- A. dashing a fire bucket or two of cold water upon the patient, or
- B. deftly swinging some blunt instrument.

The consequences, should one fail to act as indicated, are dire indeed. The disease acts in some way upon the vocal chords of the victim, rendering her incapable of coherent speech. The superlatives go from bad to worse. Before the afternoon is over, you can expect her to chuck Hermes under

the chin and say, "Hitchy-koo."

In the meantime, her gestures are drawing the attention of other art-lovers. She flutters. She flutters like a leaf. She flatters. She becomes a dryad in a forest, a nymph among the watercress. Before long she is doing what amounts to an excellent imitation of the Broadway Comedy Four or some other high-class vaudeville act.

You may think this is all, but it's not the half of it. About this time she will begin to insist that YOU flutter. If you refuse you are an unemotional savage, entirely lacking in a feeling for the finer things. Things reach a climax. A guard approaches and looks at you meaningly. With sheer good luck you may be able to get the patient from the museum in time. An instant more and there would be TWO patients.

In your labours to effect this forced exit you may notice an

ineffectual-looking little man with glasses, who, after examining a landscape thoroly for ten minutes, announces modestly, "Hm'm."

Here at least, you reflect, is one who is not a potential victim of Museumania.

.....  
POINTED OBSERVATIONS  
.....

"False again, the fabled link between the grandeur of Art and virtues of the State, for Art feeds not upon nations, and peoples may be wiped from the face of the earth, but Art IS!"

-WHISTLER, IN SPEECH DELIVERED IN LONDON FEB. 20, 1885



"Realistic art is not materialism or naturalism."  
ARTHUR McDOWALL  
"REALISM", 1918.

"We are guided, almost forced, by the laws of nature, to do right in art."

-RUSKIN.

CONGRATULATIONS RAY, YOU'VE BEEN APPOINTED PROF. OF COLOR HARMONY AT THE FALL RIVER WEATHER BUREAU

\* \* \*

# The News Calendar

## SCHOOL OF DESIGN MENTORS IN FOUR FEBRUARY EXHIBITIONS

February has been an all-Design month at the Art Club. Three consecutive exhibitions of the work of R. I. S. D. instructors have appeared there.

First there was an array of portraits by Mr. Duphiney; a variety of mediums—charcoal, crayon, a number of oils, and a lone silverpoint.

Followed hard upon this the work of Mr. Simson—a large collection of oil portraits, most interesting among which from a student's point of view, was the portrait of Claire Weiker. A "side show" of water colors proved most absorbing.

The latest display includes the work of three Design instructors; Mr. Cirino's landscapes, marines, and French villages, Mr. Tolman's interiors and studies, and a number of oils by Miss Woodward—in all a most comprehensive showing.

Meantime, a collection of water colors by Mr. Frazier is on view in New York, and considering the comment in the newspapers, is well received.

A lecture by Glenn Matthews, on "Color Photography" was given at the Brown Engineering Building Feb. 11.

## MEMORIAL HALL SCENE OF MANY CONCERTS; TAFT IS COMING

Recitals, vocal concerts, and a lecture were of the month's schedule at Memorial Hall.

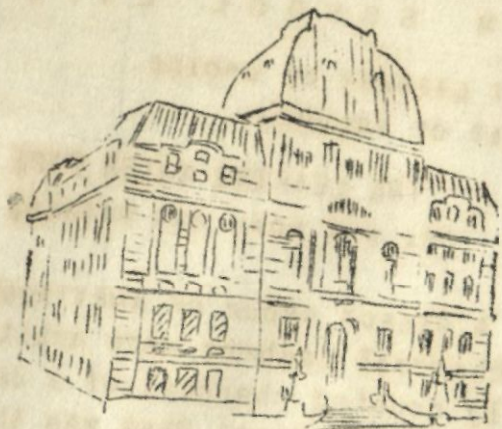
The thirty-third concert of the University Glee Club proved the biggest attraction, filling the auditorium to capacity. Eight numbers were given in a diversified program, consisting of classics, negro spirituals, old English and Scotch ballads, and several violin numbers of particular beauty by Miss Ruth Breton.

On the twenty-fourth a joint recital by Jean Bedetti and E. W. Childs met with an appreciative reception.

"A Comparison of American and English Furniture" was the topic of Cowcinski, an eminent English authority on furniture, in a lecture on February 26th. He illustrated his arguments with slides, and explained his reasons for believing that the early American designers were not English craftsmen who had emigrated here, but a distinct group of colonist workmen.

On Feb. 28 Wassily Beserkinsky accompanied by James Gray, offered a violin recital.

Lorado Taft, distinguished Chicago sculptor, will talk here in the near future. His work includes "The Fountain of Time" and the "Great Lakes."



WE NOMINATE  
FOR THE  
HALL OF SHAME

\*\*\*\*\*  
WITH A DEEP BOW TO VANITY FAIR  
\*\*\*\*\*

STUART WINSOR BRATESMAN, M.D. -

- Because he drinks his Postum from a mustache cup
- Because he won 25 simoleons from Checker Cabs - and never got it
- Because he is leader of the "Bohemians."
- But principally because your mother's husband is also.

J. BANIGAN SULLIVAN -

- Because he successfully hides his first name from the world
- Because he is a Freshman and admits it
- Because he was ALMOST elected to the S.B. of G.
- But principally because there ain't no Santa Claus.

LOUISE C ADAMS -

- Because she is known as the "HUMAN PHONOGRAPH"
- Because she has survived 17 vaccinations at the hands of Dr. Bratesman
- But principally because blackberries are red when they're green.

JOHN R. FRAZIER, D. D. D. -

- Because he is NOT collegiate
- Because, unlike Sargent, Barney Google did NOT buy one of his water colors
- Because he is not partial to the alluring odor of fixatif
- But principally because Black-Birds may also be bishops

E. NELSON



MARGARET HATH  
A GOLDEN HOUR

THE SALAMANDER'S POCKET LIBRARY OF CHOICE  
CLASSICS ADDS A COUPLE OF VOLUMES

LIFE WITHOUT HOPE

OR, WHERE IS MY WANDERING  
BALL TEAM TONIGHT?

A horde of mildly-interested  
spectators had



BALONEY!



arrived. Every-  
thing was  
all fixed,  
except  
that it  
is sort  
of hard  
to have  
a basket-

ball game unless you have two  
teams.

Came the dawn. And the Hope High  
School Squad didn't appear. "Where  
There is life there is Hope," is  
a lot of applesauce.

So a ball-throwing duel, Kaufer  
Vs. Itchkavitch, was substituted.  
Came a couple of more dawns.

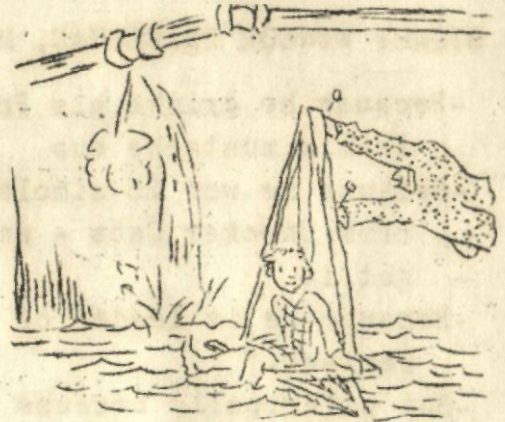
Manager Sewell then came to  
the fore, and said, "It seems  
there were two Irishmen." It  
has been estimated that the  
Boy's Club can be emptied in  
four minutes, but after a  
couple of wise cracks from our  
local Tex Rickard this record  
was lowered by several seconds.

Meantime the so-called basket-  
ball players had taken root,  
and had to be pried loose.

THE LEAKING WATER PIPE

OR, WHY NOAH WAS MISSED!

A SELECT GROUP OF AMBITIOUS  
charcoal daubers were ambitious-  
ly daubing charcoal of a dark  
forenoon. Hist! What was that?  
Plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk,  
went the driplet of water. Hasty  
motions were made. Faster and  
faster came the fluid, till all  
seemed lost. "Man the pumps,"  
shouted the second mate, but no  
one heeded him. The situation was  
desprit.



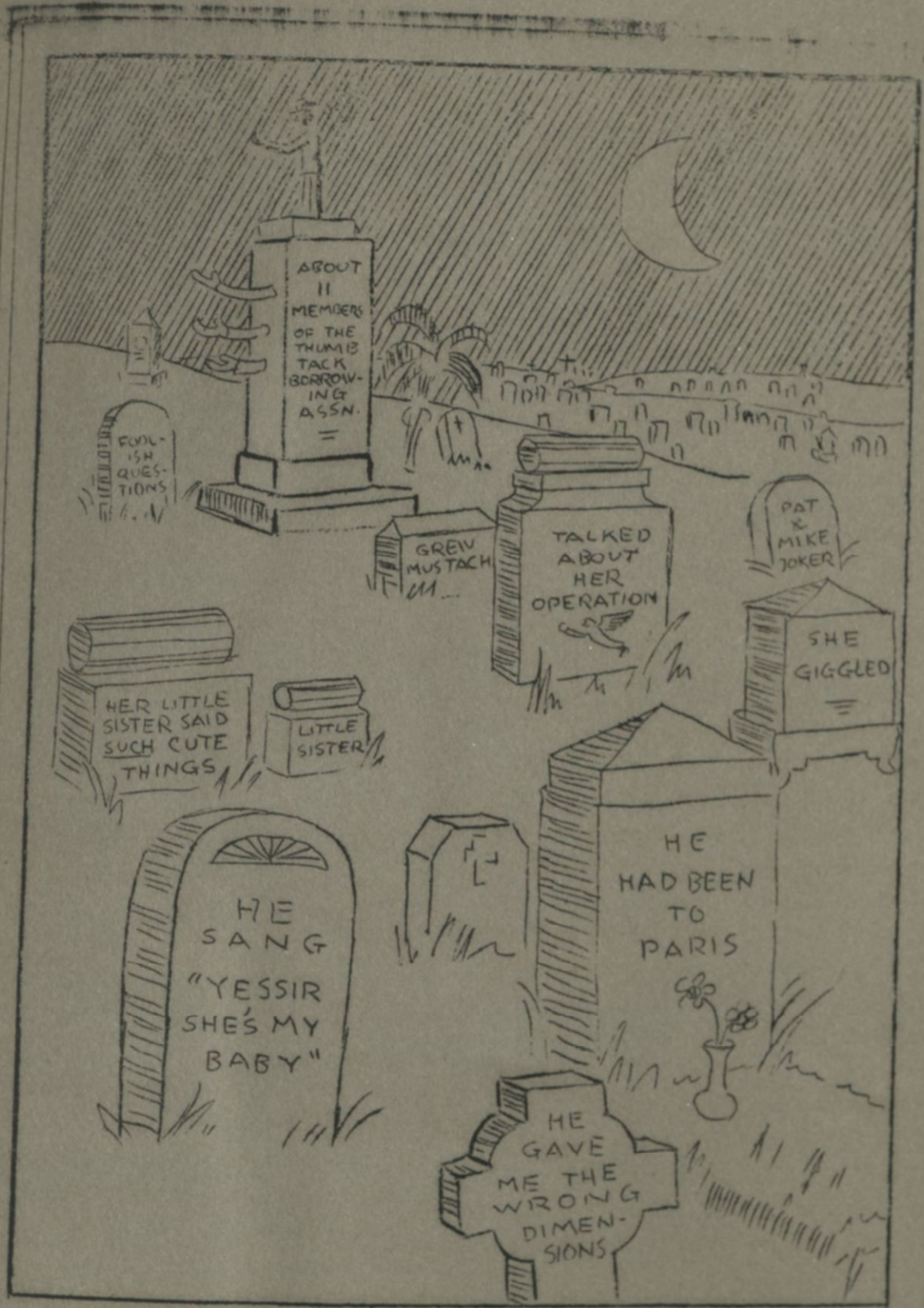
No life belts were at hand, but  
Margaret Cedor saved the day with  
a package of Life Savers.

It looked as if Venus would have  
to swim for it- quite a stunt,  
without arms.

Then someone hurried off and  
shut off the leaking valve, and  
lo, the storm was over.

And that, boys and girls, is how  
Discobolos got that dirty ring  
around his neck.





MY PRIVATE CEMETARY