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## The Student Designer April 1931

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**STUDENT  
DESIGNER**

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IN MEMORIAM TO MRS. ELIZA GREENE RADEKE

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"We loved her for the loving thoughts that sped  
Straight from her heart until they found their goal  
In some perplexed or troubled human soul;  
We loved the mind courageous which no dread  
Of failure ever daunted, whose control  
Of gentleness all opposition stole."

"We loved her and all the joy she shed:  
O guide and comrade, like a light,  
Thy life was set to counsel, to befriend,  
Thy quick and eager insight seized the right  
And shared the prize bounteous and free  
Fed from the fountain of infinity  
Thy life was service, having love to spend."

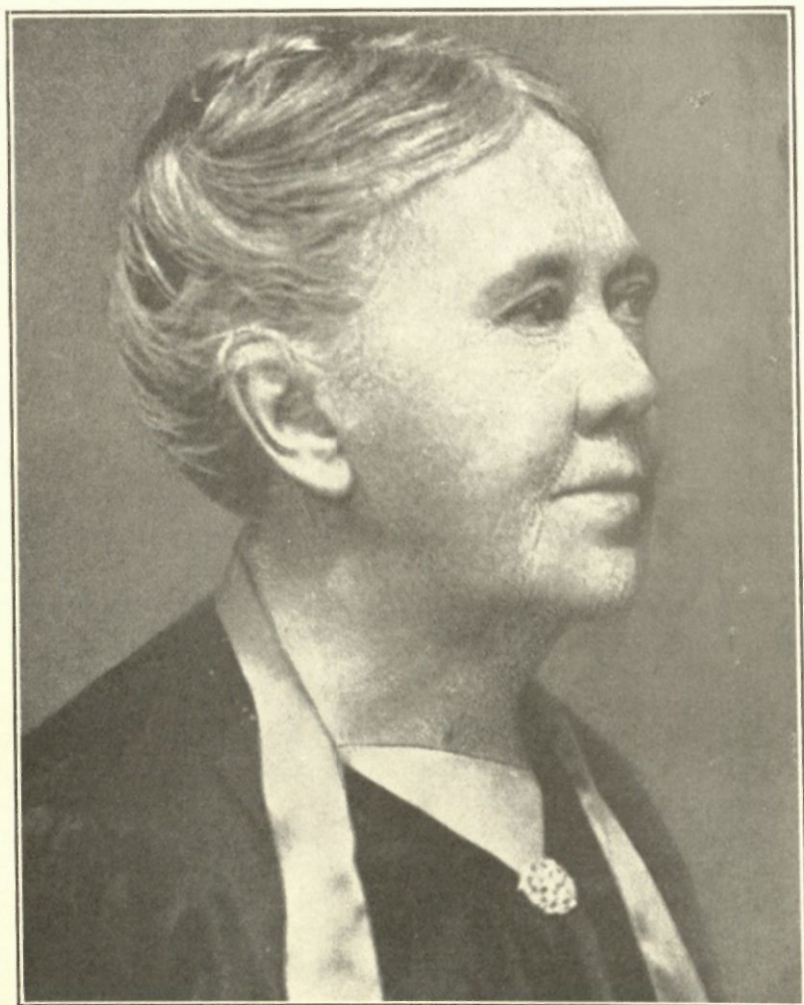
# THE STUDENT DESIGNER

Published by Students of the Rhode Island School of Design

Vol. 2

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*Courtesy of Providence Journal*

## The Student Designer

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### IN MEMORIAM MRS ELIZA GREENE RADEKE

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Our short period of study at the School of Design rarely gives us more than a slight acquaintance with the teachers and the administration. Certainly this is very true with those who have been in the School for two years or less. Then we get increasingly conscious of their personalities, and as graduation approaches we glimpse to a slight degree perhaps how much they are moulding factors in our lives, and how interested and helpful they really are in our problems. After graduation our teachers and administrative officers are even better understood, and we more often take our problems and difficulties to them for their sympathetic help.

What is true of our teachers and immediate officers was to an extraordinary degree true of our late President, Mrs. Radeke. Wise in counsel, large of heart, generous appreciative of another's point of view, sympathetic and always approachable, she is mourned by hundreds of our former students who appreciated her deep and personal interest in them. No one will ever be able to pay fitting tribute to her generous help in times of need, but this is buried in the hearts of many alumni. Few appreciate what she did in the way of scholarship aid, except that somehow from a mysterious source, timely assistance was assured. Again we have all used the many advantages of equipment, of books in the library, of casts and originals in the museum without appreciating how much of this material was due to her kindly interest and foresight.

It might not be amiss to sum up a few

of the things for which we are largely indebted to Mrs. Radeke, if she was not herself personally responsible for them. Look about the Museum where you will, and almost everywhere is seen on the labels "Gift of Mrs. Radeke." Most of the Greek collection, which aside from perhaps three larger in the country is one of the most important and distinctive for quality, is the result of her interest. The same is true of the truly important collection of drawings. Those who go to the textiles to revel in pattern, color, or design in most cases will be using material for which she was responsible. And what of the rest? Casts, Persian objects, Chinese and Japanese works of art, prints, water colors, paintings, bronzes, silver, tapestries, laces, old furniture, embroideries, under these and other headings are grouped her gifts; which were acquired only if they were good in quality and set standards worthy of the attention of the student. So in large measure, one can say that Mrs. Radeke is the one whose influence has to the greatest degree moulded the Museum which gives us so much pleasure and profit.

What of the Library? There again either under her own name or anonymously, as was so frequently her custom, many of the books we use, and which open our eyes to the world of beauty about us and what we can do to help in it, came through her. There again, in past days, when funds were not available to the Committee for some expensive yet very necessary book, she would often see that the book was secured for our use.

And the School? It is true that Mrs. Radeke inherited an interest in it from her parents, but she had the vision to

realize how practical were the principles of its founding, and bent her energies to develop them to the utmost. By her earnest work the interest of the City and State in the matter of support through scholarships was greatly extended. Useful as she felt buildings and apparatus were, she knew that the best the institution could offer, was as superior a teaching staff as possible; and she bent her energy for years to build up and maintain such a staff, with the best results. Again it is to her efforts largely that the girls' dormitory was provided, and the excellent home-like atmosphere created.

In all the daily problems that crowd our life in the school Mrs. Radeke took an active part. If a new opportunity came to the students she rejoiced in it. If they did something unusually creditable after graduation she found a real pleasure in it. And it was her delight to have them remember her and she certainly kept them very much in mind.

Such were some of the privileges which were ours for so many years and for so many generations of students. We are sad at the ending of her career, but we will not forget what we owe to her, or our gratitude to her for what she has meant to us. It was only the other day that Mr. B. K. Hart of the Providence Journal in speaking of the English novelist Arnold Bennett, who had just died, said "He stands now, possibly among the immortals, but certainly among the wistfully remembered, as one who understood us." This expresses better than we can voice, precisely our feelings about Mrs. Radeke, whose good work lives after her.

L. E. ROWE.

### EDITORIAL

Spring holidays are over and scarcely five weeks remain of the school year. Let's all endeavor to make it, as far as work is concerned, the very best five weeks of the term. Assignments completed on time, to surprise instructors, (I'm thinking that would affect genuine surprise), and all back work made up so that there will not be that last minute rush as the final week approaches. By using this method of "never putting off 'til tomorrow, what you can do today," a certain satisfaction is gained and the last day is not regarded as the "grand reckoning day," but is looked forward to as the beginning of summer holidays.

### MECHANICAL DEPT. HONORS

A scholastic standing of the Mechanical Department students has been recently compiled and has been offered for publication, thus giving every person something in particular to work for. Herbert A. Geisler heads the honor roll by having the highest marks in three classes. Herbert excels in Algebra, Solid Geometry, and Freshman Drawing. George M. Harvey tops his class in Shop Math. The Power Engineering class claims Joseph Toti as its best. Wesley Stopford does very good work to lead the Mechanics class. It seems that two men, Jack White and Gustav Lampinski are struggling in a deadlock for high honors in the Strength of Materials class. Geisler, Bense and Newell are running close for honors in the free hand drawing class. Stopford does excellent work in Junior Drawing to lead his class. Joseph Toti and Gustav Lampinski are both striving for the lead in Senior Drawing.

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### MECHANICAL DEPT. BANQUET

The Mechanical Department will hold its annual banquet and exhibition on Wednesday, April 22, at seven o'clock in the evening. Plans have been made to have the affair at Memorial Hall. The details for the banquet have been arranged by the committee, which is composed of Jack White, Gilbert Silven, chairman; Leo Schneider and Gustav Lampinski. The entertainment will prove very interesting and everyone can look forward to a good time. The night classes are ably represented by Frank Swindell, Edward Carron, Norman Izzard.

### A SURVEYING TRIP

One of the most interesting trips ever offered to the students of the Mechanical Department has been arranged by Mr. Donald W. Hurd. The proposed trip is to be aboard the government surveying boat which is stationed in Providence at the present time. All of the students are not able to go on this cruise. Because of this it was suggested that the twelve best marks in the third quarter exams would determine the students entitled to the trip. The date set is sometime in the first part of the month of May. There is some very keen competition connected with the "contest," as it may be called.

### CLASS SIDELIGHTS

Spring is here. So it is when we see Philip Patt, Rolf Olsen and Frank Garlick voicing their mirth in poetry and song.

Apples seem to be the most popular fruit with the members of the Mechanical Department. If the saying "An apple a day keeps the doctor away," were true,

everyone in the class would live forever.

Newell and Bense, both of the Freshman class have originated and perfected a very novel method of doing their shop-sketching. The idea proved to be a hit with all of the students and practically all of them have adopted the new method.

George Harvey of the Freshman class does not belong in the School of Design. With his voice he would become a valuable accession to the talking pictures. His imitations of running motors, especially those of airplanes, are very good. He ought to make a good "sound effects" man.

Frank Garlick is one of the most absent-minded students in the Mechanical Department. He has a knack of always losing his lunch bag. It's a deep mystery how he misplaces the bag so often. Page, Sherlock Holmes.

### TENNIS SEASON TO OPEN

There is a possibility of having a School of Design Tennis team this summer. Judging from last year's material and with new members, the school should have a very good team. Part of a schedule has already been arranged and as soon as the Association approves the sport, the rest of the schedule will be filled. Last year the team was managed by Jack White and it is likely that he will also assume the same position this year. Meanwhile candidates for the team should practice in order to be in readiness for the tryouts.

### BOASTFULNESS???

In a spirit of egotism, the Mechanical Department boasts of being the only di-

vision of the whole school which offers departmental activities to the school paper. Are there any other departments in the whole school or isn't there any one who can write? We would like to have a year book issued before the end of the year, but from the way news and different material is coming in, that is impossible. Come on everybody the Mechanical Department challenges all other divisions in the school to excel them in the offering of material for the school paper.

### PROSPECTS FOR A TRIP

Mr. Donald W. Hurd, instructor in the Mechanical Department is planning to give the students a trip to one of the local manufacturing concerns. There is one in particular, the Crompton & Knowles Loom Mfg. Co. which is located on Harris Ave. The trip will prove very interesting to the students because their work deals largely with a type of machine design which in many parts is identical with some of the details of the machines at the Crompton & Knowles Manufacturing Co. No definite date has been set but it will be in the near future.

### THE FRESHMAN CLASS

Most Scholarly.....	H. Geisler
Most Talented.....	W. Bense
Most Patient.....	W. Newell
Most Important.....	W. Scott
Most Talkative.....	G. Harvey
Slowest.....	R. F. Ashton
Quietest.....	L. S. Ashton
Most Handsome.....	W. Landgraf
Best Dressed.....	M. Swanson
Curliest Hair.....	W. Hooker
Most Cheerful.....	F. Tattersall
Comedian.....	G. Levesque

Most Solemn.....	G. McConaughy
Sleepiest.....	R. Butler
Hardest Worker.....	M. E. Lynch

### MECHANICAL EVENING CLASSES

Not much has been heard from the evening classes of the Mechanical Department, but the reason for this is because of the lack of time for those students. Most of the students work all day and then come to school in the evening sacrificing a few hours for the privilege of increasing their knowledge. Their time is valuable and they have to make the most of it.

Students from out of town come regularly, very seldom being absent. From the work these students turn out, much credit should be given to them. It seems that their work at times rivals that of the day classes. There is great competition between the day and evening classes in drawing. Great work evening classes! Keep it up!

### FIGHTS HIS WAY TO ART

When extremes in abilities and capacities are found in one individual it always provokes interest for the psychologist, since the combination is of rare occurrence in human nature. Among the celebrities in art there are few records of those who possessed ability of expressing fine thoughts in literature or art and who also had power of strength or physical endurance.

In the fall of 1927 a nineteen year old youth of pugilistic aspirations, of stalwart physique, but firm in his determinations entered the evening Jewelry Design Class with the utmost confidence that he could develop the infinite patience deli-



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cacy of touch and originality of expression necessary in the work of jewelry designing. Such a chap is Martin Nelson, now twenty-one years of age, born in Sweden, foreign by birth and American by adoption.

Simultaneously with his entering the class in design of the Jewelry Department, R. I. School of Design, Martin secured employment with a local metal products concern, D. M. Watkins, at a very modest wage. With this concern he apprenticed himself as a hub and die cutter. By intuition and inquiry Martin found that his progress in the shop could be greatly accelerated if he could supplement it with instruction in hub and die work. One-half year of assiduous application after the granting of this request brought Martin renewed interest in his objective and in no little while his work showed a pick-up in both speed and improvement.

As one thing leads to another and as one's horizon broadens with increased experience, Martin soon found that his lack of knowledge in light and shade, necessary to show relief effects in steel forms, was soon evident in his results. Again Martin showed his thirst for new knowledge. A visit to the plasterline modeling class convinced him that this was another branch of the work essential to the expert hub and die cutter. In true "go get it" spirit Martin's big fingers were soon performing tasks in plastic ideas which heretofore were considered the work only of deft and nimble fingers.

So Martin was now carrying three diverse subjects each week, fighting difficulties and surmounting obstacles in true battle royal style. Actual school time in each was limited, what work Martin could

not finish in school was done at home, laboring until the small hours of the morning. Working twenty to twenty-five hours each week on modeling and designing at home was more or less a pastime but nevertheless pursued with ardent and passionate enthusiasm. This practice however, was looked upon with disfavor by an aunt with whom Martin makes his home, but persistency and assiduity, coupled with love and passion for work continued to lend a deaf ear to the discountenance of a sage old maternal aunt.

Such industry is never without reward, for in July, 1929, Martin made the acquaintance of one K. R. Larson who commissioned him to make vanity case designs for trade requirements. The success of his designs was the beginning for more work and for the first time Martin realized that he was now converting learning into earning. After Larson sold his plant to the Illinois Watch Case Company he moved to Elgin, Illinois, and in a short time made such inducements to Martin that the latter repaired to that city as a hub and die cutter. No sooner had he established himself there when he proved to the satisfaction of his employer that he was as good a designer as a hub and die cutter. In appraisal of this fact Martin's wages were quadrupled over the amount he was receiving when in Providence as an apprentice.

When but a youngster Martin made use of his superior strength and agility as occasion presented itself. His liking to spar with boys of his equal soon grew into a habit which gave all evidence of latent fistic powers. During his school life he was not content with struggling and fighting with problems in creative design for he seriously took up another

form of art, that of self-defense. Along with his school work he exercised once each week, Saturday afternoons, in the camp of a former Fly-weight champion of New England. As a dilettante in the heavyweight class he pursued the sport with serious determination and effective results, disposing of twenty-two opponents in thirty-three engagements, performing most of the time in Providence and Worcester. Discolored orbits, lacerations, bruises or an occasional dislocated jaw was never a deterrent to his interest in the more refined art of designing jewelry. Martin nevertheless always appeared in class after a fistic engagement, disfigured somewhat perhaps but proudly displaying another prize or some token of victory.

His athletic interest is not confined to warding off blows or adding laurels to his growing pugilistic record, for Martin is somewhat of a sprinter as well. As a runner he modestly admits having won two cups in sprinting contests, one for a four-mile and another for a one-mile distance.

Much to our surprise Martin returned to Providence from Elgin recently and in due time appeared in the Jewelry Department for additional instruction in his chosen work. Owing to the present depression he has been given time to increase his fund of knowledge and information in the duties which he so ably discharged to the Elgin Illinois Watch Case Company.

ANTONIO CIRINO,

Head of Jewelry and Silversmithing Department  
of Rhode Island School of Design.

### JUST A SATURDAY MORNING

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You Sophomore Normal Art students are no doubt looking forward with the

wildest enthusiasm to the Saturday morning class of your coming, Junior year.

That urge to add just some extra bit to the ordinary weekly program is insatiable. The Thursday afternoon lecture at the Rhode Island College of Education meets the need temporarily. I can well remember the afternoons I spent in that hallowed hall. Leaning forward on the edge of the chair, nostrils dilated, eyes wide with wonder, breathlessly drinking in the adventures of Sam Hopkins and the rest of the boys who staggered about these parts years ago.

Like a breath of "Merrie England," those Thursday afternoons. Little wonder that you Sophomores gather in excited groups and frantically demand, "Can the Saturday morning class come up to the standard, will it keep close to the median, or, in hushed whispers, "will it perhaps be down to .58?"

Well the only thing to do is visit the class some Saturday morning. Any verbal tale of its glories would be discredited as the imaginings of a diseased mind.

So some Saturday morning about eight-thirty, or I say could you make it eight—sneak down into that subterranean cavern. Take a seat in the far corner. There are no chairs. Your true craftsman scorns such luxury. But sit on the pipe. It's cold I'll admit, and a pretty chill wind will bite you on the back of the neck, but buck up—when the fantasy begins you'll be glad of those stern realities to remind you that the good old world still turns on its axis, and all that sort of thing.

Now the apprentices begin to arrive, singly, or in merry groups, laughing and chattering about the lighter affairs of the day. They bow to the master, and each

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one snatches a bit of rag off the wall, and drapes it about the good old body. That simple gesture will stir you to the depths of your being. What more proof of the profound faith in the heart of mankind can you demand than that swathing of the body in tattered remnants, in the fond hope of protecting the clothes.

Then each apprentice goes and stands at the two by four slab of wood allotted him by the Guilds, and waits for the bell to ring. A delightful practice is to swing the hanging lamps during this period of grace. Peals of childish laughter ring through the shop as one lamp swings farther than another. Then the solemn strokes of the Church clock are heard, and silence reigns.

Now the master steps forward, and for an hour or so decries the depravity to which the human race can sink. He warns of the hideous traps laid for the unwary teacher, and the heedless throng just rock back and forth on their benches, twitch and turn, duck the hanging lamps, and grin apishly at one another.

But all frivolity passes as the master gives the signal for work. There is a mad rush for the tool cabinet. The fortunates grab anything they get their hands on, the others take what's left, and sneak the rest of the stuff they need when no one is looking.

There is a grim almost fanatical look on each face. Hammers are banged, saws flung about, try squares held by the rule, (the handle is used to square off with), brads and shellac are showered about like largesse to the multitude.

Not once during the morning does this furious pace flag. A sinister gleam lights the eyes of any who stop for even an instant in their labor. A back saw borrowed in the accepted fashion, is

enough to start a feud that will make those petty differences they had down in the old Kentucky Mountains look silly.

Friendship, courtesy, "noblesse oblige" and "peasants be hanged," are forgotten in the mad rush for mass production. F. W. Woolworth, Grant and the rest of those birds stay awake half the night scheming to crush the heart and faith out of these toilers of the depths.

But they go on—and—what's that? You think you will? Pipe and the breeze getting a bit too thick, what? Well cheerio. Pop in again some Saturday about eight-thirty, or I say could you make it eight.

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### A MORNING IN THE GALLERY

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Time: 9 o'clock

Lyric Soprano:

"Just a gigolo

Everywhere I go

Dum di dum di di."

"Who's got a clothes pin?"

Dramatic Soprano: "Oh heck! I forgot my floor cloth. Now I'll have to go way up again. Anyone going up? You're not—very well then, Little Eva for me!"

"Every day in every way

I grow thinner and thinner

A-climbing them golden stairs."

Five minutes later:

"Anyone doing this bozo? Well then he's mine, all mine!

"I adore old Belvedere! We have a hotel in my town named for him. I wonder why?"

Alto (sweetly): "Peggy dear, would it be too much trouble for you to move your easel a little to the right? It's in my way. Thanks so much."

Lyric Soprano (sings): "Just a gigolo, di dum di do, etc." "By the way, Plaza

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Grill's closed, where do we eat today?  
Not going to eat? Going to buy a new  
hat. I see, mind over matter. Well, diet  
if you must, but I'm no Gandhi. 'Ye Eat  
Shop' for me."

Bass: "Where's the F. S. P? I said, the  
F. S. P. Oh, come, you know the Family  
Scratch Pad. Put a stamp on it and send  
it home, will you?"

Lyric Soprano (very sweetly): "Oh,  
Miss ———, will you kindly criticize mine  
next? I'm in a quandary about the  
shadows. A little more light? I thank  
you. Onward the Light Brigade! Poor  
old Bely, your own daddy wouldn't know  
you now!"

Tenor: "Fixative—fixative, my king-  
dom for some fixative! By the way, does  
your blower work? Filled to the brim?  
Ah, 'twas ever thus!"

"We bear it calmly, though a ponderous  
woe,

And still adore the hand that gives the  
blow."

Dramatic Soprano: "Isn't it about time  
we put up the shutters? My molars are  
over sharp."

Voice in distance (sweet but firm): "It  
isn't time, yet, to put your drawings  
away!"

Chorus of groans — energy renewed  
for five minutes and then SCRAM!

Red Evans and Marty Murray were  
talking outside school the other day:

Red: "That new landlady of ours cer-  
tainly is tight. The other morning she  
asked me how many eggs I ate for break-  
fast."

Marty: "Yeah?"

Red: "I told her I never counted them,  
and she said, 'Well I do and you've had  
seven so far!'"

It made me so mad I went to school

without finishing my breakfast."

Ruth Lennon: "Miss Chace may I have  
the book on Egyptian Ornament, I had  
out last week?"

Librarian: "Of course. Don't you think  
Egyptian art is fascinating?"

Ruth: "Yes, but the reason I wanted  
it is because my new boy friend's address  
is on the cover."

### PAGE GILETT BURGESS!

He smiled and he sez

In a snooty way—

"Will you give us some Romance in  
Rhyme?

Something to stir the pulse anew,  
All about red blood mixing with blue,  
A story thrilling, divine."

I frowned and sez I

In a casual way—

(Quite ignoring his bow)

"As an embryo artist I must refuse,  
For when red and blue blood you infuse  
You get naught but a "Purple Cow."

### HEAR YE! HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

On the twenty-fourth of April, Anno  
Domini, the Freshman invite you and your  
"comrade-in-arms" to trip the light fan-  
tastic at Memorial Hall.

Pussy-footing, side-steppers and gigo-  
los are black listed.

Professor Einstein says that stars do  
not twinkle, they wink. We do not like  
to disagree with such an eminent man  
but we know at times they do both. Come  
and see them twinkle and wink.

Twinkle-twinkle little star

How I wonder who you are,

Up above your head so high

Woolworth diamonds I espy.

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