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The Student Designer May 1931

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ROYAL BAILEY FARNUM

A man who keeps himself in the background using his influence combined with his personality to keep activities in motion is responsible for much more than people around him often imagine.

Mr. Farnum is just such a man. Gifted with simplicity of approach, true understanding, and above all, rare humor, he has much to lift him above the run of usual people.

We have gathered a few of the outstanding achievements from Mr. Farnum’s career in the hope that we may be more clearly understood when we say that the Rhode Island School of Design is fortunate in possessing such a man of ability as Mr. Farnum.

After his graduation from the Boston Normal Art School in 1906, Mr. Farnum went to Cleveland, Ohio, and established a course in Metal Crafts and Normal Art in the Cleveland School of Arts.

He was director of the art department in the summer school at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville for four seasons.

After this he served as the director of the School of Art in Mechanics Institute and was later named President of the Rochester Athenaeum and Mechanics Institute.

In 1921, he was chosen for the office of director of Art education for the state of Massachusetts and made principal of the Massachusetts School of Art in Boston.

In 1925, he was chairman of the American Committee of three that were sent to the Congress in Paris. He also served as a member of the Third and Fourth Congresses in London and Dresden.

Mr. Farnum still holds the presidency of the Federated Council on Art Education, an office which he has filled since the organization was founded.

He served as President of the Eastern Art Association and is a member of the executive committee of the board of directors of the American Federation of Arts. He is also an executive member of the Arts Committee of the Carnegie Corporation.

In the past he has been a lecturer on art at the School for Store Service in the Simmons College Graduate School in Boston.

During the spring of 1931 he was named to work with Dr. F. P. Keppel of the Carnegie Corporation on a national study of art education throughout the United States for a commission appointed by President Hoover to survey the social trends of the country.

Since 1929 Mr. Farnum has served as Educational Director in the Rhode Island School of Design, where we all hope that he will stay as our friend and counsellor.

"BE SAFE"

Beatrice, my small daughter, has an original saying whenever we part company with each other. As she leaves me to go to her school, which is on the way to mine, instead of "Good-bye" she says,
"Be safe, Daddy." Her persistence in those words of caution, said upon all occasions of parting, is forging a heavy anchor to the chain which binds us. She little realizes how that phrase pops up when I am tempted to do some foolish stunt, a habit which I suppose we never quite overcome.

As you know, I recently travelled to the Pacific coast and back and that was followed by a shorter jaunt to Spartanburg, South Carolina. Whenever I stepped onto a train or into an automobile "Be safe, Daddy" flashed before me.

But it has come to have even more meaning to me than just physical safety. There are many other ways of being safe. I went West on an important and special mission. It was essential that I gather up the material that would produce a safe result. I couldn't be sidetracked by the numerous interesting things that beckoned in this wonderful old country. I had to play safe! My findings had to be definite and as accurate as is humanly possible. I could not afford to guess. I must "be safe."

The same principle is involved in the administration of this fine school. Not only in its physical aspect, but in its educational procedure I must constantly study each step to "be safe."

And so I pass this on for the journey you are taking. Some of you are leaving the school for professional careers. May you always "be safe." The larger number, however, are returning to continue the course toward the harbor of final graduation. I suggest that Beatrice's admonition to me carry its added message with you and that in school and out you, too, "Be Safe."

ROYAL B. FARNUM

THE SENIOR BALL

The class of 1931 has made plans for the annual Senior Ball, to be held at the R. I. Country Club, Nayatt, R. I. The committee, Leo Schneider, Chairman; Philip Patt, Hope Pickersgill, Hope Merrill, Merrill Dayton, Therese Marrocco, Frank Pezza, Robert Booth, Carl Smith and Kenneth Marble, is endeavoring to make this year's dance the best in the history of the school. All those desiring to attend the dance should obtain an invitation from one of the members of the committee.

On May the 26th, the Senior Class and their guests will attend a supper dance at the Twin Elms Farm at Harmony, R. I. The farm is located on the Putnam Pike.

SENIOR DAY

The originality and ingenuity of the Senior Class evidences itself in the introduction of a tradition new to this school. Senior Day will be observed on the last Thursday of the school year, May 21, and shall be observed by every other class as well. When a Senior approaches all shall stand aside and let him pass first; when a door is to be opened, the hand of the Senior shall not be soilied. On this day shall the Class Day Exercises be held. These are to be of and by the Seniors. The entire school is invited, parents and friends as well, together with the faculty and instructors. All shall sit and watch the antics of the Seniors—frivolous and carefree for the last time. Juniors, we leave with you the grave responsibility of carrying on this innovation of the Class of '31 and hope only that you fulfill your mission as well.
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ALUMNI OF THE JEWELRY AND SILVERSMITHING DEPARTMENT

One good reason for education is that it might make our work more effective. One good reason for culture is that it might make life kinder and more beautiful. One good reason for the encouragement of these is that the individual's success in life might be accomplished with art and graciousness. Effectiveness obtained in a genuinely beautiful way is the aim which the school hopes to emblazon on the mind of every student embarking upon a life of service for more art in life and industry.

As men's deeds are passed on for posterity to repudiate or to emulate, their work may stand as a credit to the past or an inspiration to the future. Symbols of man endeavoring to exemplify, personify, glorify or beautify objectively or subjectively have descended through the ages with varying degree of success, the results depending largely upon prevailing levels of idealism. When the last life has vanished, when the spoken word has ceased to echo its meaning, when memories have faded into oblivion and quiet and peace are restored, fragments from the labor of man will still live to tell the story of his hopes and aspirations, of his ideals and religions, and of his love and devotion. History of past generations, through its imperishable but scattered and battered fragments of architecture, sculpture, paintings, household utensils, textiles, jewelry and evidences of countless other expressions of man's industry and aesthetic manifestations, speak to us in a language that is as universal as the elements of a physical world. By these fragments archeology is able to establish with preponderance of evidence and with exact authenticity, facts and figures relative to past and remote civilization. This may be done decades after life is extinct and centuries after identification has become a matter of speculation or conjecture. An obscure but distinguishing mark on the handwork of man establishes for a succeeding civilization the name of a creator, a date or a place, and with comparable examples from far and near there may be traced the existence of intimate or remote inter-relations of bygone times and people. With these mementoes the historic past is recreated replete with animation and complete with inspiration for posterity. The past through its immortals speaks in silence by examples of love and passion for perfection in all their labors. They live again holding high the torch to beckon succeeding generations to the glorification of life as man's opportunity of effecting human service. Their works live on increasing in importance as an inspiration for new generations. The satisfaction that comes from being numbered with the immortals only a few are fortunate to experience. Many however are privileged to acclaim and acknowledge the leaders. Those whom nature has endowed with special talents are fortunate in that within the province of creative work lies rich opportunities of leaving legacies of perpetual worth and everlasting joy.

The lure of creative work is generated by impulse—an inner urge of wanting to
do rather than an objective response to the beck and call of duty. Its accomplishment gives the artist unusual gratification and success establishes for him a place in the annals of history. The painter, Wm. Merritt Chase, once said that he was both happy and proud to be able to identify himself with the group in the world who are doing things since he could have the opportunity of establishing, by virtue of creative work, the fact that one time he had been here on earth. Whatever the medium of expression, be it color, wood, clay, paper or metal, in each of these there is equal opportunity of reaching the pinnacles of artistic success. Exploring new fields, expounding new thought, employing new techniques and expounding the tempo of our day are some of the engaging problems of the creative spirit. Exhilaration produced by the perfection of creative work is often expressed in jewel-like terms. When descriptive adjectives become inadequate to express exultation over a piece of work we say, "it is a perfect jewel," so complete, so gratifying is the satisfaction derived from it. The French can more adequately express the thought with a gesticulation of the hands and an exclamation of "c'est un joyau." Jewelry and gems have from time immemorial fascinated people in every station of life, from the humblest to the noblest. Its demand is universal and its attractiveness as a personal ornament is without peer.

When it is considered that jewelry-making on a commercial basis is the third largest industry in Rhode Island it is a reflection of good judgment on the part of the Rhode Island School of Design to make it possible for young men and women to learn the rudiments of the goldsmith's art in a department equipped and maintained with a staff of teachers which enables it to enjoy an enviable reputation. Number 7, by which numeral it is identified, gives the order in which it came into being and although comparatively young it has more than doubled both in registration and in physical equipment during a single decade. The population of the Jewelry Department is not altogether confined to the two jewelry centers of Providence and the Attleboros. Summer students numbering from as far west as California and as far south as Florida have journeyed to our school to avail themselves of opportunities not to be found elsewhere. The student's training in the various branches of the trade has enabled many to grace important positions in many departments of the trade and in diverse geographical areas. What were once mere boys assiduously applying themselves to school problems are to-day successful manufacturers, retail merchants, superintendents, foremen, highly skilled hub and die cutters, tool-makers, modelers, designers, enamelers and pattern makers.

The more recent alumni who come to the fore is Alice A. Griswold, a graduate of last year, happily employed in designing for Fillbrick Company of Attleboro, manufacturers of novelties. Miss Helen Gilchrist, who prefers free lancing where a wide range of work is in request, is with Attilio R. Pascucci, erstwhile evening student for five or six consecutive years and now a teacher in the department. Pearl F. Ashton, a student of exceptional and outstanding ability, after her graduation became identified with a Providence concern of excellent
The Student Designer

reputation for a high grade of work. She brought to them such indispensable service in artistic ability that she has been rewarded periodically with the increasing years of experience. A classmate of Mrs. Ashton, Miss Viola Tillinghast, has likewise been employed with an Attleboro manufacturer as a designer and sample maker. The concern looks to her for new samples and for the type of merchandise that will keep the wheels of the shop in motion thereby making work for several hundred employees. Among the others who have gone out into the world to put more art into industry is Lillian V. M. Helander. After a miscellaneous type of experiences in the jewelry industry in Providence Miss Helander was placed with the William A. Rogers, Limited of Niagara Falls, New York. With a background of sound principles of design she soon learned the requirements of the practical side of mass production and in due time she so influenced the artistic quality of the product that recognition of it has more than met her expectations. Among some of the more outstanding men students and graduates may be mentioned George A. Armstrong, foreman of the William C. Greene Company. Paul Marino, an expert jewelry bench-hand is giving excellent services to the J. J. White Manufacturing Company. About a year ago he was promoted to supervise all bench-hands. Men who can discharge such service as this are rarely out of a job. Stanton R. Fife, one of the most versatile students ever in the department, designer for the Ostby & Barton concern for upwards of fifteen years, has been enrolled in all of the evening classes of the department during a period of twelve years or more and has, by excellence of workmanship and industry, taken many prizes and awards. Among those perhaps who crown the mall with superior ability as a natural-born designer is Angelo Del Sesto, who for the past fifteen years has designed for a number of high grade gold and platinum manufacturers, establishing a reputation for himself as the best jewelry designer in the industry. Mr. Del Sesto is a co-partner in the Barker & Barker Manufacturing Company and is also on our teaching staff of the day classes.

Others who commend themselves to attention because of the reputation they have made with their respective concerns and with their fellow workmen may be mentioned: Huga Carlborg and Herbert Ward, both in the Gorham Manufacturing Company in the Bronze Department as modeler and designer respectively and each a teacher in the Jewelry Department of this School. August Cosset is designer and sample maker with Wachenheimer Brothers. Orlando Recchia, after finishing his apprenticeship in silversmiting with Gorhams, was able suddenly to change his objective into jewelry designing and fill a position with Creese & Court, which he now holds by sheer perseverance in his evening studies while apprenticed with Gorhams. Mr. Recchia is still branching out. During the past two or three years he has been acquiring great skill in plasterline modeling. In his leisure time he is exercising his ingenuity on miscellaneous items of jewelry, for he has received about thirteen different patents from the U. S. Bureau of Patents. The list of Alumni is altogether too long to elaborate on each one separately. The trans-
formation which art training has made in some students is too scintillating with interest to dispense with by merely num-
bering them among the list of the many successful ones, for the rise of some is almost romantic and bordering upon the confines of a realm of fancy.

When Guistino Sebastianelli set foot on these shores with his large family he was too destitute of funds to invest any capital in tools to practice his trade as a cobbler. A soap factory was his only opportunity of earning $9.00 a week with which to support a large family. But his racial inheritance soon asserted itself and began modelling during his lunch hour in soap, when it was yet unknown as a medium of artistic expression. The kind hand of Fate led him to the Jewelry Department and during his four years in the evening design class he ameliorated his situation in the jewelry industry several times over. For the past fifteen years Sebastianelli has been the head designer for the Foxon Company in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Joseph J. Dombrooski, one of many Rehabilitation students is another of the Foxon Company, but in the Providence District. Many Rehabilitation students are in some branch of the industry. The most successful ones are those who came to us with some background for sound structural development. Frank Coskey, through the development of good taste, knows good merchandise and by the knowledge he gained at the school in practical work he is able to repair any and every article of jewelry in his little shop and store which he manages in the City of Hartford. Egisto Cini, a jeweler and book-binder, is doing an excellent grade of work in the latter and a flourishing business in both. Patrick McKeon, Edwin S. Fraser, Michael De Fusco and Dr. Ferdinando Orsaia, chiropractor, Peter Galetti, a commercial artist, are all carrying on fully rehabilitated and completely readjusted to both industry and society. As each student goes out into the world he carries with him the banner of his Alma Mater, and its reputation may rise or fall with his degree of success.

Requests for diverse kinds of industrial arts service are more numerous than the department is able to meet. Salva-
tore Capece last year accepted a position as designer and modeler with the International Lock Company of Rockford, Ill. Miss Elizabeth Kent has developed into a competent silverware designer and is now with Colin D. Barrett, Art Supervisor of the Scovill Manufacturing Company of Waterbury, Conn.

The Department is most fortunate in first giving boys an opportunity of acquiring rudiments of the trade and after a period of years in shop practice the experienced and finished craftsman returns to disseminate knowledge to the wanting. Such is the case of Frank M. Robitaielle, Wm. A. Heath, and Joseph Wolstencroft. And although J. E. Straker, Superintendent of the Watson Company of Attleboro, is not listed among our teaching staff, he is included in the list of the Advisory Committee of the Jewelry Department.

ANTONIO CIRINO,
Head of the Jewelry and Silversmithing Department.
EDITORIAL

With this, the final issue of "The Student Designer" for the year, the members of the staff have endeavored to create a paper which will prove of interest to the students.

Next year we hope to establish the paper as one of the all-important factors in the life of the institution.

This can only be done with the cooperation of each and every member of the School. With a staff composed of special editors and departmental reporters, much may be done toward making "The Student Designer" one of the best papers of its kind.

JUNIOR DANCE

The "Bowery Hop," held May 15 at Memorial Hall, will stand out as one of the high lights of the past year's experiences.

The youths all gathered dressed in keeping with the "Gay Nineties," singing, laughing and making merry.

Some of the gleaming artistry of the evening were the specialty numbers, such as a roller skating act, an Apache dance, the Floradora Girls, and a grand march.

MASS MEETING

A mass meeting was held at Memorial Hall Friday, May 6th. The different athletic teams of the school were honored. The hockey cup was presented to Captain "Gillie" Silven of the team. The cup is emblematic of the championship of the Auditorium Hockey League. The hockey team went through the season undefeated. The girls' basketball team was also honored.

STUDENT ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, 1931-1932

Recently, all departments have held elections for members of the Student Association. Almost half of the former representatives were re-elected. The officers elected were: President, Mr. Silven; Vice-President, Miss McGehearty; Secretary, Mr. Stopford; Treasurer, Mr. Anderson. The representatives from the different departments were as follows:

Textile—Mr. Orme, Mr. Craig.
Mechanical—Mr. Silven, Mr. Stopford.
Jewelry—Miss Hinman, Miss Lewis.
Architectural—Mr. Anderson, Mr. Wood.
Free-Hand—Miss Leif, Mr. Vernet.
Interior Decorating—Miss Eddy, Miss Westcott.
Design—Mr. Micoleau, Mr. Fascitelli.
Normal Art—Miss Berkander, Miss McGehearty.

MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT NEWS

Hindley Manufacturing Co. Trip

This trip, intended only for Seniors who were working on their machine designs, was changed, allowing most of the students of the department to be present. The trip took us to the Hindley Manufacturing Co. in Valley Falls, R. I., producers of different screw products and wire attachments. It was very interesting to watch these machines form cotter pins of all sizes. Also hooks and pins of all sorts and several special jobs. The speed at which these machines produced their work, finished completely, was a sight worth while.
THE SENIOR CLASS — JUNE 1931


SECOND ROW—Hope A. Webster, Hope P. Merrill, Selma Katz, (Instructors—John E. Fraizer, William D. Falas, Jessie L. Burbank, John A. Taudelin—Educational Director Royal B. Farnum, M.E.A.; Norman M. Isham, M.A.; Antonio Cirino, B.S.)

Dorothy S. Wright, Mary Daniels, Ruth Allen, Ida B. Mening, Doris W. Deane, Mary C. Howard, Mildred Marietta


FOURTH ROW—Melvern J. Barker, Frank Garlick, Philip M. Patt, Joseph Teti, Alice H. Mitchell, E. Gilbert Silver, Percy W. Pendleton, Jr., Robert N. Pratt, Thomas D. Cassers, Harold Ashdown, S. Clyde King, Jr., Kenneth Marth, Augustus Mixter


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MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT

BANQUET

The Mechanical Department held its annual banquet and exhibition on Wednesday, April 22, 1931, at Memorial Hall. The affair was a great success and was enjoyed by all. Gilbert Silven gave the welcome address. Mr. Rudolph E. Griffin was toastmaster. The speakers of the evening were Mr. John A. Taudvin, Director of the Mechanical Department; Mr. Theodore F. Green, President of the Executive Board; Mr. Royal B. Farnum, Educational Director; Mr. Luther D. Burlingame, Brown & Sharpe; Dr. Charles Carroll, Deputy Commissioner of Education; Mr. L. Earle Rowe, Director of Museum. Mr. Harold Anderson furnished the gathering with entertainment. "Senator" William Corby of Wyoming gave a review on world events, past and present. His monologue was quite a hit, giving the gathering plenty of laughs, in fact all laughs. The members of the committee for the arrangements were Gilbert Silven, Chairman; Leo Schneider, Gustav Lampinski, Jack White, Edward Caron, and Norman Izzard.

THE MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT

BASEBALL TEAM

The Mechanical Department has recently formed a baseball team and is claiming to have the best team in the school. The team has a roster of high school stars which put together makes up a good baseball team. In their recent practices, the work of the players was so good that they had many interesting watchers from both the School of Pharmacy and our own department.

PROSPECTIVE FOUR-YEAR COURSE

Plans are being laid for a four-year course in the Mechanical Department for students entering next year. In making a four-year course the school is giving the student much more practice in the advanced drawings. At the present, most of the graduates could benefit by one more year of drawing. It seems that more machine designs would help the students get a better idea of their work, being able to go into more details on this study. It is planned to give the drawing students some descriptive geometry. This drawing is quite an important thing in the work of the draftsman because his work needs visualizing.

INTERVIEWS WITH MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT SENIORS

The purpose of these interviews is to obtain an idea as to the work that these young men will follow when they graduate from this school. Some of the students have great ambitions and we hope that they may realize them.

Earl Andrews—Coming from West Warwick High School, Earl had several ambitions, all of which he has singled down to a machine designer and engineer. His interests in sports are limited to that of hockey and baseball.

James Beattie—"Jim" came from Barrington High School, where he graduated with honors. He is very interested in field work and surveying. His work in this school has been very good and his future seems assured. Outdoor life, hiking and mountain climbing is "Jim's" specialty. Here's hoping you make good, "Jim."
Thomas Fiore—"Tom" comes all the way from Westerly, where he graduated from Westerly High School. "Tom" has had some hard luck while in school but from the type of work that he has been doing during the past year he should have no worry. He is interested in contracting work and will probably follow that line. He also seems to be quite an all-around man, being interested in football, baseball, track and boxing.

Frank Garlick—Frank is another student who comes from the southern part of the state. He came from North Kingston High School, although he lives in Jamestown. Frank is well liked by the students and is a very good athlete. He played on the School of Design basketball team last year and he is also interested in outside sports like baseball and football. He intends to take up construction work and we wish him the best of luck in his ventures.

Norman Izzard—Norman is an evening student and deserves much credit because of his work. Attending evening school and working throughout the day shows that he is willing to sacrifice his pleasures in order to gain further knowledge. He came to this school in apprentice classes and in the Saturday morning classes. His intentions are to be an expert draftsman.

Gustav Lampinski—"Gus" came from Central Falls High School and has had different ideas about his future work, but recently he has centered his interests around aeronautical engineering and civil service work. He is also very much interested in various sports and also in doing work on the school paper. Here's hoping that in whatever he undertakes, he succeeds.

Alec Mitchell—Alec is also an evening student and has done exceptionally good work. He has served his apprenticeship in Brown & Sharpe. He came from Technical High School, being an honor student at that school. Alec hopes to follow the drafting line and we sincerely hope that he makes of it a success.

Arthur Morton—Arthur comes from West Warwick High School and is doing very good work. He is interested in being a machine designer and engineer. Soccer and baseball seem to dominate his interests in sports. Good luck, Arthur.

Edward Nolan—"Ed" came from Barrington High School and lives in Bay Springs. He has done some very good work in the past year. His interest is in being some sort of an engineer. He was a member of the championship hockey team of this year and he is also interested in football.

Philip Patt—"Phil" came from Central Falls High School. He is quite talented and has great ambitions. We all hope he realizes them. "Phil" is endeavoring to become an aeronautical engineer. He is a member of the Senior Ball Committee. He is interested in several sports, football, track, swimming and baseball.

Leo Schneider—Leo is quite a stranger in these parts. He comes from Loveland High School, Loveland, Colorado. He is at the present training himself for traffic management. He is well liked by all of the students. His sporting interests lie chiefly in tennis, football and basketball. He served on the school paper, '30, and is chairman of the Senior Ball Committee.

Frank Seaver—Frank comes from Harrisville, but had his elementary work in Technical High School in Providence. Frank is interested in being a construction
engineer. His hopes will most likely be realized. His interest in sports is limited to tennis. Frank is also quite a songster.

Joseph Toti—"Joe" also comes from Harrisville, but graduated from Burville High School. "Joe" is a hard worker and has a great future. He hopes that his work will in the future make him a machine designer and engineer. His interests in sports are among track, baseball and basketball.

"Jack" White—"Jack" comes from our own fair city, finishing from Classical High School. "Jack" is quite adept at many things. He is centering his hopes on being a technical expert for sound pictures and radio. He is quite a popular student, being Freshman representative to the Student Association, manager of tennis, vice-president Senior Class. His sporting interests carry him to tennis, basketball and football.

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GOOD LUCK, MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT GRADUATES

This being the last issue of "The Student Designer," it will be the last opportunity to offer a word of encouragement to the graduates. Some graduates have signified their intentions of returning next year to take post-graduate courses. It is a very good idea because of the so-called "hard times" which are now hindering the present day graduates in getting located. Here's good luck to those who are going out into the world to strive for success.

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DINE AT

**ALPHA LUNCH**

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THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN

(Apologies to Milt Gross)

Leesten mine children and you'll gonna hear the sturry of the big battle of bull Ron. Was so. Vun day it stodded op a fight, the Nort' mit the Sout'. Dey was hogguing about the slaves. The Nort' said to the Sout', "You lazy good-for-noddings, why should you haf slaves and not us?"’ So it henswered beck the Sout' mit a smotcreck, "why don't you fry some hize, mister vize-guy?" So from run void it became anodder vun and gredually dey vas geding ready for a fight.

It was the battle from the centureh!!! Big Jim, the bettling Besq, in the right corner, and in the wrong corner, I mean the left, was Sitting Bull, the largest and biggest bull thrower out from Spane. (Just like dot Syndeh Frenkellin.) Big Jim leads mit a meat hook, I mean a left hook, But, Sitting Bull still sits silently simpering in his corner. He vas giving the Besq a hoss laff, hee hee hee. Big Jim is getting med, so med he could tear a cow in pieces mit his two fingers. So he stotts to go by Sitting Bull in the corner so he could chase him out in the ring to fight. But, Sitting Bull was not sitting any more. He gave vun look on Big Jim coming by him in the corner and he stotted up to running.

"Good hevenink, Ladies and gents, it's by me a great plasure to giving you the latest news fleshes. According to latest reports, Sitting Bull is still running. But, Big Jim does not choose to run (effer him)."

So from dis, dirr people, it came the name Bull Run. Like it said vonts Mister Lincoln, "A stitch in time safes two boids in the bush."
THE TICTAC OF BERLIN

It was one of those days when young poets go raving mad, and bugs bite merrily away at the tree trunks.

The sun smote the earth a goodly whack, flowers poked their silly faces out of the soil, and the birds cluttered the trees as usual, screaming their beastly heads off.

Quiet brooded over the Design room; a grim, awful quiet, the kind that precedes those Equatorial storms, that consider the day ill-spent when a couple of villages haven’t been laid waste, and a few hundred natives sent to join their ancestors.

Some terrible disaster was in the offing; some great elemental force about to be set in motion. A force that was to bring out all the savagery and pre-historic man in every Junior Normal Art student. And then from the top of Olympus, or wherever they hang out now, the Fates pulled a string, and a young man leaped from his chair, clutched frenziedly at his hair, and cried out, "My Tictac, my tictac, someone’s stolen my Tictac......!"

It sounded good, rhythm to it and all that, so the other worshippers joined in the sorrowful litany. Fifteen young voices lifted in an agonized "Tictac."

Someone put the birds wise, and their shrilling died away in thin, plaintive pipes. You know what birds are, once they get going they’re good for the day. But now a Tictac was missing, and birds or no birds, the situation called for tactful quiet.

The sun discreetly withdrew, and darkness shrouded the earth, and the souls of the Normal art class.

All morning the battle waged. Some-one of the fifteen was a thief, a stealer of Tictacs. By lunch no one was speaking to anyone else, and if you were caught talking to yourself you jolly well got a dirty look, or if no watchers were about, a good swift kick.

After lunch the talk dam lifted. The class spoke with eloquent bitterness. It was a golden opportunity to get back at people who had snitched your last sheet of pad paper, or your board, sometime or other. Call them a "Stealer of Tictacs," or if you cared to be original in the crisis, a "Tictac stealer," and put a wealth of feeling and scorn into your words.

No doubt most of them had no idea what a Tictac looked like, and wouldn’t have one at any price if they did; but it was good fun to see their faces turn scarlet, their eyes bulge, and hear their strangled denials.

Friendships tottered. For the first time in the history of the school, individuals stood at their own easels for ten-minute stretches, and painted.

Why go on. Prof. Jordan could no doubt write a book on the subject and dedicate it to his mother and his wife.

But just a second, I almost forgot. The Tictac was found in Miss Burbank’s office shortly after four that afternoon, and the dashed birds sang like maniacs till dark.

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THE STRANGER WOMAN

Moussa Ahmed El Rifia, Egyptian snake charmer, stood at the foot of the curving steps leading up to the hotel and waited for the party of tourists for whom he had been engaged to display his powers. As he stood there, weary and dizzy from the intense heat, his mind went back to his problem, trying to find a way out.

Perhaps it was the sight of the mauve and purple blossoms of the bohini tree that sent his thoughts back to Lateefa, little, laughing, joyous Lateefa. Lateefa had loved the bohini blossoms. Lateefa, long dead, mother of his son, Hamid, the greatest of his problems—Hamid, for whom he hoped so much, to whom every penny that he earned went. For Moussa had long cherished a dream. All his life he had seen upon the temple walls of Thebes and Luxor representations of men who had risen from humble birth high in the Pharaoh’s service: scribes, architects. Why not his son? To that end he had worked and saved.

Thinking of his son and of the long, expensive task of educating him, Moussa sighed. It was very warm and he was very faint. As his gaze swept the row of small shops, his face hardened. In one of them dwelt an unveiled, bold-eyed stranger woman, daughter of a Levantine shopkeeper, and Moussa suspected that the origin of most of his troubles—Hamid’s constant need for money—could be traced to her.

Voices startled him from his reverie. The tourists had assembled in gaily chattering groups demanding their next source of amusement. "Where is our snake-charmer? Weren’t we to see a snake-charmer this afternoon? Ah, here he is."
Moussa, bidden by the concierge, obediently climbed up beside the driver, to seek one of the nearby private gardens where he might practice his art. The manager had forbidden them the hotel garden, for, since Moussa would not kill the snakes he found, it made the guests nervous to sit out there after they saw him let the snakes go again. Hence, they had to seek another garden.

Moussa led the way, the tourists trailing after him. Twice he chanted his measured call; waited, sniffing, shook his head, and walked on. Behind him the tourists followed, whispering and laughing. "Of course it's pure fake—but they say he's clever at it," a young girl explained.

"Now what is he doing?"

Moussa was leaning above a tangle of stiff, dead grass. Suddenly he plunged his hand into the grasses. From between blades of grass appeared the flat head of a hooded cobra—an enormous cobra, like those which look out from the crowns of the earliest Pharaohs.

Without hesitation, Moussa seized it and drew its immense shining length from the drain. Lashing, the great serpent reared and coiled.

Suddenly Moussa stopped chanting; rousing himself he looked closely at the great snake's head, so near his own, and drew a sobbing breath. This reptile squirmed and wavered with sidelong shifting eyes like—like what?

Like a Levantine shopkeeper's daughter, setting the snare of dishonor to entrap the feet of his son—the son of Lateefa.

With a hoarse ejaculation the old man sprang forward and brought his stick

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down in a glancing blow upon the cobra’s hooded head.

Even as he spoke he fell back. But not before the horrified tourists saw the infuriated snake rear high above him and strike, and strike to kill.

Moussa was done forever with trafficking; done, forever, with education and stranger women.

He had dragged himself down the length of the garden—to lie beneath the old bohinia tree—and stare, with unnoting eyes, at where, above him, the delicate mauve blossoms faded softly to gray—and the wide Egyptian sky grew slowly dim.

HAIL TO THE ROBOTS!

We gaze in awe, at these men-of-parts, These wondrous "mechanical men," Who in lusty accord Shout "I am the Lord Of all I survey!" but then—
The Normal Art man lives up to his name. He’s Normal in every way.
He works without hinges, his work is good, He’s not wound up, nor made of wood. His head never swells, night or day.
Tho’ I’ll bend the knee to your scholarly man,
For you see he comes from my town; "Ship shape and Bristol fashion" is he; A student, a banker, a man of the sea, He’s sure to bring you renown!
Do you not know the modern trend Is to eliminate useless noise? So muffle your horns, mechanical men, Or in a peacock pie your story’ll end, It’s what happens to strutting boys.

JOSEPH CARLEY
22 College St.
IN THE NATURE OF A BEQUEST

Tomorrow we start on a great unknown quest
To leave carefree school-days behind;
Old familiar whiffs of chalkdust and paint
Seem suddenly sweet to our mind.
These picture-hung walls, long stairways and halls,
The dim statue-gall'ries beneath,
The Museum walks and the museum talks,—
To you these delights we bequeath.

Our half-empty bottles of India ink,
An extra worn thumb-tack or two,
Those paint-stiffened rags the free handers call smocks,—
They'll all come in handy for you.

That borrowing habit acquired with ease—
We learned it more quickly than art;
Temptation to cut on a balmy spring day
We leave to the tests of your heart.

Bizarre costume balls in time-honored halls
Whose atmosphere links with the past;
The Modern French shows to which everyone goes—
We leave in your keeping at last.

And, dear Undergraduate, when your day comes,
To start on this same unknown quest,
Remember we had but good will in our hearts
When we left you this humble bequest.
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