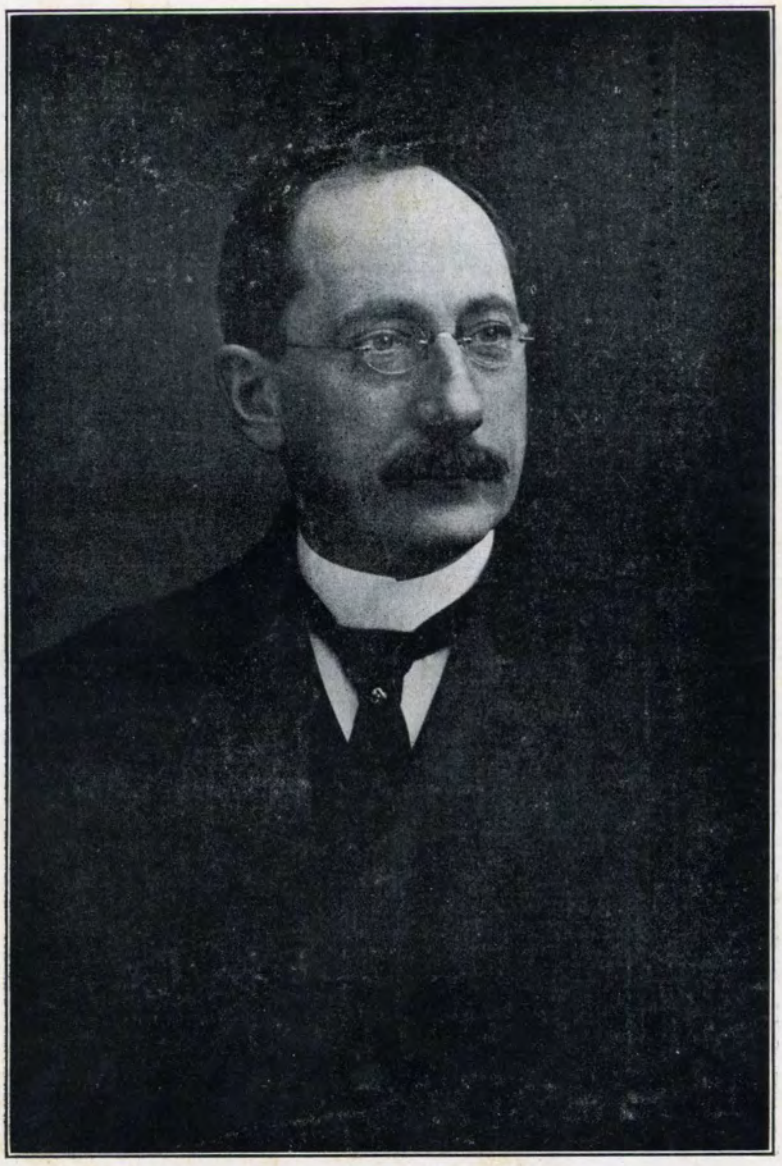
The

East Greenwich Academy

Crimson





REV. J. FRANCIS COOPER, Principal

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THE E. G. A. CRIMSON

June, 1923

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Introductory.

Many will welcome the appearance of this publication. Its presentation of the life and spirit of the old Academy in this later day will be of deep interest to students of former times as well as to friends, patrons, and the young people who throng its halls now.

Student community life expresses itself vigorously, vociferously, and joyously. The chatter and cheers of dormitories, corridors, and athletic field, the superexuberant energy—sometimes the despair of the guardians of discipline—the honest, fervent likes and dislikes, the estimates of character usually mercilessly accurate, the beginning of lifelong friendships in events ever vivid in memory, all these are characteristic.

So when the student spirit turns to print and puts into cold type the products of its ebullitions, the result is no less characteristic and interesting. The "E. G. A.! E. G. A.!" of the ball field and the conceptions of the cartoons of this book are alike true to student life. We venture this without knowing what the cartoons are to be. So to those who turn these pages we say, Behold the East Greenwich Academy of to-day! We hope at least that its faults are no greater and its excellences no less than in former years. We hope there are signs that new strength and greater opportunities for service await the venerable school.

Much credit is due to the initiative, skill and persistence of the faculty and student members of the editorial board and to all who have contributed.

We wish also to call attention to the increased participation of Town Students in the affairs of what is coming more and more truly to be their school.

—DR. J. F. COOPER.

The General Need of Education

The persistent need for general education is perhaps one of the greatest drawbacks of America today. Too many have rejected the opportunity for education. Too many lack the incentive for higher ideals. There are too many whose talents are left undiscovered and unless changes are made there will be many more suffering similar circumstances. It is true that it is no easy task to obtain an education, but every American boy or girl that wishes to amount to something must be willing to undergo toil and strife. Indeed its results are so numerous that the effort to obtain an education is well worth its trouble. Education can stimulate ambition, create a desire for higher ideals, determine a pupil's profession, reform char-

acters, create the feeling of manliness and womanliness, and above all produce real, energetic, self-respecting American citizens. Why let one's self fall into the lower uneducated class of people whose life experience ultimately unfits those who follow? Nay, never disregard or reject an opportunity for education, for a chance for advancement is sure to come.

Especially does this country need vocational education. This aims at efficiency in a special field of work—it trains printers, carpenters, mechanicians, engineers, dressmakers, stenographers etc. It brings into play the purpose of earning a living by a life career. Manual training, sewing, gardening, and cooking have a place in childhood because children cannot learn readily by books alone but need training. On the other hand college students and pupils of secondary schools, whose minds are more developed, can secure their education from text books. Indeed education, available in any sort whatsoever, ought to be sought by every boy and girl in the country, for as I have said before, its results are inestimable. It resists the tendency to specialize too soon. Its aim is to provide for every normal individual, whatever his endowment or experience might be, an opportunity to prepare himself for his part of the world's great work, to share in the proper pleasures, to understand the real meaning and value of his life, and to attain intelligence, efficiency, and wisdom. Educated persons are all the more bound to carry on some kind of work in science, in letters, in art, in explorations, in politics, or in historical research—work which this country needs in order to attain honor. So let us wake up to the fact that education is the source of this country's advancement, the retainer of its power, and above all its everlasting supporter.

The light of common knowledge has begun to reveal itself to the editors of this paper who have begun this work with nothing in mind except to present a school magazine that shall, by its instructive, interesting, and amusing articles, attract much attention, wield an especially strong influence, on the life of the East Greenwich Academy, and attain satisfactory results. The editors we hope have started on the path of established fame by writing for this paper and only time can tell whither they are bound. Exceptional talent has been shown by the contributors which certainly meets with public favor. It is not with the thought of boasting that we say these things but with actual conviction. It is generally the fate of those who toil diligently at lower things in life to be gradually advancing to the ultimate goal toward which they strive. This we may rightfully say concerning the editors, who, though time was scarce, have worked diligently at their share of the work to make this magazine a success.

We sincerely hope that everyone who reads will buy a copy of this paper and we feel quite certain that this money will not have been spent in vain. In order to discover the general intention and meaning that the editors have tried to bring forth it is necessary that it be read from cover to cover and it is certain that if once it is started it will not be left alone until finished.

It is quite a few years since E. G. A. has published a school magazine and so we hope that this will be received with much favor and that in coming years the publication of such a work will be looked forward to with eagerness.

It is with due gratitude that we express our sincere appreciation to all the business men who have given us "ads" and helped so largely to the success of the work. I am sure that each editor individually and all those connected with the paper in any way feel a profound debt to them. Also we wish to thank those, other than the editors, who have supplied us with material, and also everyone who purchases a copy of this magazine.

Even though it is to be remembered that a large work is difficult because it is large, still we wish to impress upon the readers' minds the thought that through the months of toil we have accomplished a work long to be remembered and well worth reading, and above all that we have obtained experience, the only teacher.

How Happiness Was Brought to Mrs. Lavendar.

Marion Johnson.

One cold, dreary evening in December, a beautiful middle-aged woman sat at the window of a Pullman as it swiftly made its way among the hills. The lady's sad meditations were brought to a close as the train slowly drew up at a small station. As she alighted, the only building in view was a small weather-beaten station from the window of which shone the light from an old-fashioned lamp. The sole occupant was a small, wrinkled old man, about eighty years old. Although he was so old, he still had the trace of a twinkle in his once merry brown eyes. As the lady entered, he was smoking a corncob pipe. He asked her if she was looking for anyone. She replied that she was going to spend the night in the hotel. The old man then told her that there was not a hotel in the village. There was only one lodging and that was in a light-house which was about a mile distant. Mrs. Lavendar decided to walk to this place.

When she had departed a puzzled look crossed the old man's face. He wondered where he had seen that face before. Then suddenly he realized that she closely resembled the light-house keeper's daughter.

Mrs. Lavendar after leaving the station made her way along the beach. It was now growing dark and the mist began to fall. The waves were very large and were beating angrily against the rocks. How she hated the sea! It had caused the greatest sorrow in her life. As she stumbled along, it began to rain and she could hardly see. She took a small light from her bag and began to flash it before her. She at last became so exhausted that she fell on the sand and struck her head against a stone.

Meanwhile in the light-house the keeper was anxiously looking out to sea. It was a terrible night and he must be sure that the great light did not cease to throw its rays over those threatening waters. His daughter was sitting near another window gazing out into the night. Suddenly she saw a faint light gleam through the darkness. It flashed out once more and then vanished. Quickly the young girl sprang from her chair and wrapped a large rubber coat around her and without even asking her father's permission she ran out into the storm. She made her way along the beach but saw no one. Thinking that she was mistaken, she was about to return when she stumbled against something. Looking down she discovered that it was the body of a woman. She knew that her father could not leave the light so by tremendous effort she managed to drag the body to the lighthouse alone. When she reached the door she was nearly exhausted.

Mrs. Lavendar responded to their kind treatment and soon regained consciousness. As the young girl bent over her Mrs. Lavendar saw a small locket hanging from her neck. Mrs. Lavendar grasped it and looked at it curiously. Tears came into her eyes and she eagerly asked the girl where she had obtained it. It was now the light-house keeper's place to explain affairs. He said that this girl was not really his daughter, but eighteen years ago on a night like this she had been washed ashore. She had then worn the locket about her neck.

Mrs. Lavendar then told them that eighteen years ago she had lost her little daughter and her husband in a wreck. This little girl had worn a locket similar to this. She therefore thought that this must be her daughter. As the light-house keeper eyed Mrs. Lavendar intently he also knew the girl was her daughter because her resemblance to Mrs. Lavendar was so strikingly marked. There were tears in the girl's eyes as she kissed her mother and exclaimed, "Mother, O my mother!"

The light-house keeper rejoiced with them and urged Mrs. Lavendar to share their home with them that they both together might enjoy the dear daughter. Mrs. Lavendar gladly accepted the offer and thereafter she loved the sea and the service which they were able to render mariners.



——EDITORIAL BOARD——

A Queer Coincidence

It was a bleak, dreary night and Ethel sat gazing at the floor with a far-off expression in her eyes. At length she roused herself and picked up the evening paper.

Now Ethel's mother and father had been called away by unavoidable circumstances the night before, and since Ethel was the only child she had been alone for a whole day. Although she expected them home that night at a late hour, still she felt rather lonely.

Looking through the evening paper she noticed the striking headline, **Boy Catches Thief.** She quickly read the following item:

"Because he noticed the absence of an apple, that had lain on the table only a few minutes before, Cyrus Phanes, a twelve year old boy, was instrumental in the capture of a burglar. When the boy noticed that the apple had disappeared, he listened intently. He heard a noise upstairs. Quickly he locked the upstairs door, ran to the 'phone and called up the police. With the assistance of neighbors who, at his request watched the windows, he kept the thief shut up until the arrival of the police, who discovered the culprit hidden under a bed.

The boy was complimented for his presence of mind and courage."

Ethel laid aside the paper and drew a box of chocolates toward her. Taking one out she sighed: "Oh, dear! Only three left out of a half pound. This candy goes so fast!"

Munching the candy she picked up "L Abbe Constantin," and translated four pages, a very long lesson, in about an hour.

Laying the book down she went into the kitchen for a drink. But she wished she hadn't gone out for she saw some dirty dishes. Ethel worked down-town during the day and there were the morning's and night's dishes to wash. Slowly she washed and wiped them. Then returning to the living room she reached for some candy but—there were only two pieces left. As quick as lightning the item she had read flashed through her mind. There was a burglar in the house! Uttering a faint scream she rushed to her room, feverishly closed and locked the door. Then trembling and shivering with fright she ran to her bed and buried her face in the pillow. Any moment she expected to hear the door forced open and to see an ugly muzzle thrust close to her face. Every-

thing was silent. It seemed ages before she heard the slightest noise. With a fast-beating heart she listened for a time that seemed a decade. Then she heard a key tried in a door somewhere. The key turned. The door opened and someone walked into the living-room.

"You naughty dog!"

It was her father's voice. She opened the door just in time to see the dog slink away to the kitchen.

"Has he gone?, asked Ethel.

"Who?", queried her father.

"Why, I was sure there was a burglar in the house."

"What made you think so?"

"When I went out into the kitchen there were three pieces of candy in the box but when I came back there were only two."

Her father laughed heartily and said, "If that dog could talk he could tell you where that chocolate is. He was taking one when I came in."

Then she showed him the article she had read and he said that he did not blame her.

"But you are home rather early aren't you?"

"Yes, Tom Jones gave me a lift from the station in his Bolls-Jolts and I didn't have to wait for the 10 o'clock suburban. Besides we got into the city earlier than we expected."

"Well, I am glad you are home again. I don't know what I would have done if you had not been able to get home tonight."

—WILLIAM CRAWLEY

Flu Ravings of a Flu Victim.

'Tis Monday, dear one, and I in my bed
On an elbow am leaning with my lazy head.
I ought to be cramming with knowledge, I know,
But what is the use 'till the doctor says so.
He's held me a captive for five weary days,
So that all I can do is through the window to gaze.
It seems I displeased him by catching the flu
And now he is dictating rules by the slew.
I've laid on my right side, I've laid on my left;
Until of sweet lays, I'm almost bereft.
A week more of this and I'll take to drink,
Or else off the dock, in the harbor I'll sink.
Then o'er my demise, I hope that you'll mourn
And say, "He was nice, but his brains were quite gone."
And then thru the ozone to heaven I may fly
Where the angels will laugh and wink at me sly.
As St. Peter passes, I'll make a low bow,
But he will have wrath written firm on his brow;
Catching me up by the back of my shirt,
With a roar of, "Out on ye, idle young flirt."
Straight thru the pearly gates, me will he cast,
From whence to the earth I'll come falling fast.
The landing is something I'd better not tell
For instead of on earth, I might land in —well,
This phantasm just ran thru my mind,
And I know as a friend, you will treat it most kind.

—J. ALBERT CHADWICK.

Olney Doings.

Once upon a time there existed a Center of learning. It was built high on a Hill. The Idea of the Place was to Hand out Educations to those whose Parents wanted their Off Springs to prepare to Break into a Learned Profession so that the Dears could be able to wear their Good Clothes all the time and get the Coin without working too hard for it. Anybody outside the Natives that gave the place the Once Over imagined that the whole Works were dead. If they could have Stuck around long enough their Opinion would have changed.

All these Prep. Places have a Campus where all the Young Olive Branches run about Frolicking or breaking their Necks, depending on Who was doing the Runing. This Expanse of Learning had such a Campus and on its Lop Side overlooking a Graveyard and numerous Other Things, stood a Building. This building was called the Olney. It was a Dormitory

and was filled with a lot of Young Sprouts with Modern Ideas. They were so up to the Mark that they gave William Jennings Bryan the Ha Ha and said he was an old Fossil who ought to go back to the Tall Timbers. They were so Fast that they thought School Spirit had something to do with Spiritualism. They used this Hall of Study like a Fraternity House. They had a vocabulary consisting of Slang both Ancient and Modern and when it came to different Varieties of Smokes they had Pittsburg beat to a Stand Still.

Some of these Young Ones had come from Ma Mas to this Prep. at the Time when all the Run-abouts were chased from the Streets and started again in learning Three R's. They had Really expected that they would do Things up Brown when they entered the Next Door to college but for the first two or three Days after they had Stepped off the Choo Choo they got a bad case of the Blues. They stood Around watching the Old Timers do their Stuff and wondered if Mother would write. After a few Raids from the Guys that had Been there Before, they soon Brightened Up and began to start Something. They did It so well that the Older Ones wondered if they would be put in the Shade and began to find Ways and Means for Protection. The Prides of the School gathered themselves together and called themselves the Wizards. These Ancients all had Rooms on the Top Deck and soon began to send out Sarcastic notes and throw Hints to let the Green Ones know that there was a Monopoly on the Wise Stuff. They knew that they weren't Running the School but meant to do their Best. As soon as they had the Small Towners cowed and beaten they began to get Friendly and then the Fun began.

There came to the Dorm. a small Scotch Guy; a new Prof. to take charge. After looking him Over the Wizards came to the Conclusion that they had a Good Thing and decided that the whole Works would be run Decently and whatever Upstart tried to Hum things up they would lay Heavy on him.

This little Highlander held down Room 1. Nevertheless, this room Boasted a clean reputation and an Absence of skeletons in its closets.

The same could be said about Room 2, outside of it being used by a few Unfortunates who had been Flooded out and by Stray cats that Set up housekeeping. Between Occupations the room was used by Cammarian Club as a Place to yell Yea and Nay and Second the Motion. In the Course of the year the Club managed to Slip in a couple of Meetings.

Room three wasn't Much to yell about. It contained a sort of Roly Poly guy that was so good Natured and Soft that everyone took Advantage of him and sat all Over him. He liked it. The only time he ever got Sore was when his room was Flooded and everything was Soaked. He said it was a Shame to have the Soap in the water as it would Melt.

Bacos who lay around room four took it upon himself to perpetuate the Reputation of the Olney as a Studious Building. Maybe it used to be quite Dignified and Sedate but it had begun to get a Rakish Look about it as though it intended to Sow a little Wild Wheat.

Most of the other rooms on the first floor didn't amount to Much excepting the Right Handed last one No. 5. This hovered over an Onion by the name of Parson. Though he wasn't he was the tender Sprout of one. He Lay off the usual Line of conduct Credited to Such and fooled the People by walking the Straight and Narrow. He was preparing for the Medical Game. That to his Line of thought was about the softest Proposition of all. He thot that all He would have to do would be to lead the Mark into the Chamber of Honors where there would be the Skulls and Butcher Knives, who would look him over, ask a few Questions, tell him to stop Smoking and tap him for a Five spot. This Wonder did not occupy the room all Season but did the Home act and became a Day Pupil. He lay awake all night thinking out Ways and Means to make more Noise when he arrived at the Dorm. along with the Milk Man. He swung a wicked Broom through the Corridors and was filled with Joy when the wind blew just Right and he could open the windows and let the dust Settle Down. Being afraid that he would lose the Act of Borrowing, he would practice up every Day among the fellows. He loved the ladies,

but was so Tied Down that the only Wild thing he dared to do was to put Slickum on his hair. Otherwise he was a Good Boy and liked his Fun providing it was Decent.

Now the Center of Activities was situated on the Second Floor. Many of the Rooms on this Between Place didn't amount to a great Deal except for a Rough house every other night as in the room of Brownell and Verneveld or Pease and his Hoo Doo Rooms. Every time Pease gathered to himself a Room mate the poor Sap would soon be buying his Ticket for Home. In consequences Pease's room was filled with Souvenirs. It was said by his Enemies that he was Ring leader in the Ghosts' Doings and all such Deadly things but these remarks were just those of his Enemies.

The whole bunch of Noise settled around a Suite of Rooms held together by a Guy with a Lack Luster Expression. It was rumored, and it is Needless to say the rumor originated in some base quarters, that he pronounced it Suit and put on Airs but that he was a Sweet Young Thing and only needed a little coaxing to become Frisky. But Rumors! Lack a Day!

His rooms were a Center and he was up to all sorts of Things. Though he intended to Sling Words from a high Platform as his life Work, he had a Tendency for Exploration and was in his Glory when he could Poke into undiscovered Places. This Den of his was all Dolled up like a Mid Summer Night's Dream. There were hangings Galore, sound deadening Carpets, low couches, and Easy chairs. When the lights were Dim he would crank his Vic, light the Incense, and lay around like Cleopatra. Some people went as far as to say that he had Guests but these were his Enemies, the shadows cast by his Brightness, their jealous nature. It was in this Vampirious Den that many if not All of the Hair Raising scenes took place. The first Rumpus happened on a rather Decent night after Silence had begun to be heard in the otherwise Quiet building. Lights could be seen flashing Here and There. Whitish shapes Floated around the same Places mentioned. There was a Crash that laid the Silence out cold, a hand here; a dim light there; whispers over all and more Crashes. It was said by some Folks, and anyone would know that They belonged to another building and were jealous, that in the Heat of the fray the Invaders forgot themselves so Far as to fight among themselves. But that was just mere Gossip, just mere gossip. Finally when the Lights were returned the Delicious Rooms looked as if a couple of Bulls had had a Free for all.

In the early Part of another evening someone heard a rushing Noise in this Bird's room and discovered that the Radiators were cutting up and acting like A Shower Bath. Breaking into the Suite they found the place like a Sunken Garden with all six fountains turned on. When the Fog cleared and one Look was taken, the Bunch beat it to their own rooms. After all was over, it was discovered that John's open radiators had put the Kee Bosh on four rooms. As Wrecks their rooms took the Chocolate covered stove Poker. When Johnny came Sailing home and saw the Bunch perched around up on tables and shelves he thought that they were playing a new game and got sore because he wasn't let in on it. This Flooding Stunt was considered the Snappiest Event of the season. Not because a whole evening of hard Study was missed and many got out of Study Hall as was rumored by certain Fellows in other buildings but for other reasons.

One more Event that was rather up to the Dot happened in the Quiet of the night. It started with a rush of feet; a banging of doors, then quiet. All save a Slight continued rapping from Johnny's room somewhat like the sound of a Blacksmith making a Plow. After about an hour of this sleep inducing Racket, John emerged from the building and floated across the Campus with something hanging from his wrist. The next morning the dear Child came down to Breakfast Lugging a Lock like a bracelet. The lock was large enough to hold a railroad train. During the Meal Someone undid him.

Now the third floor contained a bunch of Wise Guys that thought the School should be run for their Benefit. They saw to it that if any Chance was laying around that would give them a Say in Things, it

was Grabbed up. THEY were the Wizards. THEY were for a long time the Cammarian Club. THEY ran things. THEY were the whole Works. Of course it was said that THEY only thought so but it is needless to say such a remark uncalled for.

On the Graveyard side of the building on the floor, the first room belonged to a guy named Knerr. He was a seventeen year old Lambkin with Long Legs and his Hair parted in the Middle. He had yearly a severe case of Love Gripes, known in the Books as the Spooney Infantum. This boy would Lay off his Feed and became a little Longer and Stringier. Most of the time he sat around playing Sad Music on the Vic, looking at the Cracks in the Floor and feeling sorry for himself. He went in Heavily for this Stunt once a year but in the Course of an evening than any man Living Dead or otherwise. His Line was a Marvel and he never even had to stop to Think. If you didn't watch him closely he would Cut in on the conversation and the Rest of the evening belonged to him.

Slipping into the next room there would be found a creature named Korswig who had the most delightful Habit of falling in Dutch. He loved his Independence but true love never did run smooth. This Boy could always be found with an empty pipe in his mouth. No one had ever known this Furnace to be lighted.

Davis and Kutie wallowed in the next room. These two Guys were Peculiar creatures. No one ever heard of them agreeing with each other. A tree and its Shadow had nothing at all on these two Striplings. They were never separated Rain or Shine. Their Love Affairs were the Talk of the Whole School. They took Themselves seriously and got themselves into Hot Water from one Week's End to Another. They also, like Korswig, did the Benedict Arnold Act and managed to Get Away with it more or less.

On the other side of the building the whole three rooms were used by two Catsups who were called "Doc" and "Brown." Brown came from an Island somewhere in the Atlantic and did Strong Arm Stuff at the School. He tore up the Turf in chasing the Pig Skin. Made holes in the Basket Ball floor and generally conducted himself like an elephant out on a Spree. He pulled a wicked Rope in ringing the Bell and Slung the chow in a Manner that was Terrible to see. In strength he had Sampson beat to Stand Still but there were Times when he would Sit down, rattle his Chains and Wonder who said this was a Free Country. He knew that the Female of the Species was deadlier than the Male. In the same Suite with this Husky was one of these Birds whom the Dames thought Too Wonderful for anything. His Locks had just the Right Curl. His Manner was Far ahead of Chesterfield's and Everywhere he went he Created an Atmosphere of Exclusive English Culture. His part of the Cave was decorated with Trophies of the Chase and the Post boy became lop-sided from delivering his Mail. He was so Popular that it Hurt. He was passed around so much that he ular Jane, and besides, he didn't meet very many that were Particular. He fluttered from Flower to Flower and he did not have the heart to tie up with any of the Bunch and make her his Steady because he knew that the others would pine away or else renounce the World and enter a Convent. Now "Doc" meant well and did his Best to be agreeable. He even Mingled with the Boys. He was such a good Entertainer that he could keep the Crowd in Roars for hours.

The only thing left of the Building was the Attic which had a Clear Conscience and the Cellar which it was said, and it is useless to say falsely and maliciously by envious people, that Things could be told. To those who know it Best the Cellar was a Most Respectable Place.

—BLANCHARD

There were many changes in the Dorm. this year, forced and otherwise.

Taplin holds the record for changing rooms and mates.

Peanuts is still looking for his fifty cents, lost last winter. He suspects Wop.

We have the honor of harboring Van Browne, the checker, chess, ghost, and card champion.

Prof. H's room is very popular after 9:30 we notice.

"Barney Google" Godreau gave us a

fine tip on "Sparky" Spear in the Hamburg Stakes and we cleaned up, especially Prof. H.

We wonder why Prof. B. always scuffs his feet after 10:00 o'clock. We thank him.

The furnace must be smoking "Lucky Strikes" from the smell coming up into Prof. B's room sometimes.

We wish we could share Carson's melodious voice with the Olney.

Mrs. Fairchild has to use the stick to put some of the top floor to bed.

Luz is the chief comedian of the third floor.

Our orchestra consists of 5 vics, 2 violins, a piano, and several mouth organs.

The third floor must be fond of the movies from the pictures on the wall.

Palmer is so successful at scaring people, that he scares himself.

Mrs. Fairchild reports a very quiet year.

There are two radio hounds in the building.

Luz wants all stray cats brought to his room.

Prof. H. says "Old Man" Jarvis was better than an alarm clock.

Radio of Today

Mac W. Newbold—1924

Today, when radio is before the public in almost every newspaper and magazine, it is interesting to stop and think of the rapid growth and development of the science. It is scarcely twenty eight years since the first practical experiments were made, but in that time wireless communication has become a world interest. A short history of radio from its beginnings to the present will not be amiss, although our chief consideration is the relation of radio to the present day public.

Heinrich Hertz, a German, was the first to produce the wireless waves which bear his name. These waves radiate from the transmitting station as the water waves on a pond radiate from the point where a stone strikes its surface. They travel fast enough to encircle the earth seven and one half times in a second, passing thru air, earth and water, with equal facility.

Hertz's experiments were, however, largely confined to the laboratory, and it was Marconi, a young Italian, who first gave to the Hertizian waves their practical use, by inventing the instruments to send and receive them.

Marconi took his inventions to England where they were immediately appropriated by the Post Office Department. This department has ever since been the bogey of all English amateur operators, because of its strict control. Marconi continued his experiments and at the age of twenty five sent his first message across the English Channel. Three years later, in 1902, he transmitted a radiogram across the Atlantic.

From that time radio advanced with enormous strides. Navies of all nations were equipped as were most commercial vessels. Ocean travel became much safer. Every great country built powerful stations ashore. The United States, in particular, constructed a line of them from Nova Scotia along the coast to Seattle.

Then the World War came. The belligerent governments sent out hurry calls for the best radio apparatus that could be manufactured. This gave a fresh impetus to the radio science.

The improvement due to the war was so great that it became practicable to maintain stations for the sole purpose of inter-national communication. The most notable of these is the one now under construction at Rocky Point, on the north shore of Long Island, about seventy miles from New York. Its enormous towers may be seen from the train at the Camp Upton station, standing out against the sky like giant skeletons.

In the power house at the foot of the towers are the dynamo like machines, called high frequency alternators, which send out two hundred and seventy horsepower, each, in the form of wireless waves.

There will be ten of these giant machines when the work is completed. Twenty seven hundred horsepower! The aerials will be suspended from seventy two towers. This station is operated by the remote control system from the New York offices of the Radio Corporation of America. Radiograms are sent from here to all the large countries of the world, at rates, and with a rapidity that compares very favorably with the cables.

The United States Government also

maintains a number of stations engaged in trans-oceanic service. None of them are, however, as powerful as the one at Rocky Point which, in the near future, will be internationally known as the main link of communication between the old and the new world.

The greatest volume of radio traffic is not handled by these trans-oceanic stations ashore. Night and day the land and marine operators are on watch, guarding the lives of those at sea. They are seldom heard of except when some great ocean disaster takes place. Then the papers are full of radio reports, position messages, lists of those rescued and those lost and sometimes a statement to the effect that a radio man stuck to his key to the last and went down with his ship.

But the operator has other duties besides the gruesome one above mentioned. He sends and receives great numbers of messages for the Captain and passengers. There are weather and hydrographic reports to be copied, and many large liners publish daily newspapers, the items for which come from stations ashore which broadcast "press" at fixed hours.

The following question is often asked. "Why do not all these messages interfere with one another and make one incoherent jumble?" To explain this it will be necessary to go slightly into the theory of wireless transmission.

Each of us has, at one time or another, dropped a stone into a quiet pool of water and watched the waves radiate in circles. The same principle is true of the Hertizian waves. The aerial, charged with electricity represents the stone, while the water represents the ether. This analogy may be carried farther. Wireless waves, like water waves, vary in size as the stone or power of the transmitter. The length of the wave depends upon the speed of the stone or the frequency with which the antenna is charged. This is the whole of the matter. A wireless transmitter, if properly tuned, will emit only one wave length at a time. Therefore, since the wave lengths of the different classes of stations differ slightly, the messages do not interfere.

The big trans-oceanic stations use a wave varying from twenty thousand to six thousand meters; the smaller government stations use from six thousand to one thousand, and ship stations from one thousand to three hundred.

At two hundred meters the ether again thickens, for on this wave length is the Amateur traffic. These amateur transmitting stations greatly out-number the commercial installations, there being about twenty thousand of them in the United States alone. From them come large numbers of commercial and government operators.

We have already mentioned the radiophone and the receiving stations that it has called into existence. This radiophone is a comparatively recent development perfected by the war. The large electrical companies have recognized its possibilities as an advertising medium, and about one hundred stations have sprung up all over the country within the past year. Most of them run nightly schedules, music of all kinds, lectures, sporting news, stock quotations and even religious services. One station in Chicago, operated by the Westinghouse Electric Company, even broadcasts complete operas, the music coming directly from the stage of the Chicago Opera House.

Stop and consider for a moment the value of this to the invalid and the shut-in, to hospitals and to tuberculosis camps, this bringing of good music and worthwhile lectures into the quiet rooms of suffering. The possibilities of giving pleasure and entertainment through the ether, an almost imaginary substance, a million times thinner than air, are limitless. The wonder of the thing has struck everyone, young and old. Last summer, the number of receiving stations in the country was estimated at two hundred thousand. Since this, the number has trebled and is still growing. Radio companies are swamped with orders.

But all you radio enthusiasts must remember one thing. That is, that unless you obey the radio laws, the iron hand of the government will close on you like a vise. If on the other hand, you support the law, your wonderful organization will grow to cover the country with a dense net and will be ready to maintain communication in any part of the United States where, because of storms or for other rea-

sons the telephones and telegraph service is crippled.

And now a glimpse at the future of this marvelous advance. Experts agree that radiophone contains the germ of the wireless of the future. It is unlikely that it will ever supplant the land lines, because of the fact that secrecy of messages cannot be maintained; and also because of the excessive interference so many phone stations would cause. What is almost certain, however, is that trans-oceanic phone stations will be built to carry the voice from the copper wires of the land over thousands of meters of water to Europe and Asia.

High frequency electricity and its offspring, the wireless, offer a field of limitless extent to the inventor and the engineer. Many Edisons and many Marconis will come and go before it is thoroughly explored. The future alone can tell its possibilities.

My Version.
C. Columbus.

There that's done and 'twas no easy job either. When a shade becomes as old as I am, swimming the Styx is no easy matter. Playing hooky from school during my kid days was an easier process to perform than this getting out of Hades for a brief vacation. The first thing I had better do tho is to find a comfortable place to rest where I will be concealed from the gaze of any watchers on the other shore. Behind this stalagmite will do nicely. Here I may sit and watch the waves while the water drips off my ethereal garments. There, that is more comfortable; it is surprising what a great amount of annoyance can be caused by the presence of a pebble where it isn't wanted.

There goes that old fool, Charon, across the river with another load of fresh arrivals. He gives me the snickers whenever I spot him sailing. You would think he was the admiral of the British navy, the way he acts so dignified and grave, sailing along in that single-oared tub of his. If he had to show some speed with his oar he would faint with fright. I'd like to have seen him attempting to sail one of my boats on my first voyage to America, back there in 'ninety-two. He would have been of as much use as a tack in a pudding. That was a real he-mans voyage and it took me to carry it out.

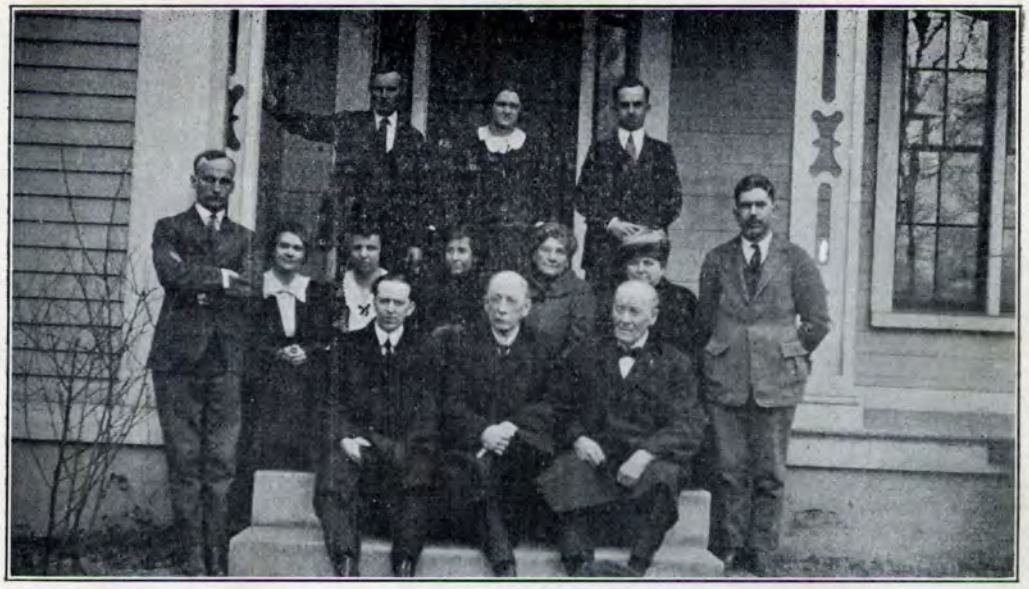
Let me relate the true character of that voyage. Your modern historians have garbled up the account so that it looks like a different voyage altogether.

You see, I had traveled a lot for a man of my day and while going from one point to another, I gleaned certain facts which convinced me that instead of living on a bread-board, we were making our homes on an overgrown basket ball. Filled with this idea I reasoned out that if it was true, it certainly must be possible to go west and reach the same place as would be possible by traveling east.

My people did not understand the workings of my marvelous, mental equipment and laughed at me for my foolish ideas as they called them. They said I would never be able to carry them out as the income from my business—I am owner and everything else in the firm of Colombo's Corn Plasters—was not sufficient to finance any scientific undertaking. I had to agree with them there and in scheming for lucrative means, I decided to try and work the king gang for the necessary kale.

The first few kings I approached with the scheme gave me the icy O. O. They either said I was crazy or that the scheme was impracticable. Finally I went to King Ferdinand of Spain. He treated me the same as the rest.

Isabelle was sitting next to Ferdy that day in the throne room. Seeing that she was young and foolish, I planned a new line of tactics. Now I think it is proper for me to say here that I am a mighty good-looking man which makes me something of an all around lover. Perceiving that Isabelle was inclined to flash a smile my way, I winked. Oh, boy! she came back as pert and proper as you please. She extended her hand and seizing it, I gracefully bowed my head, saluting it with my lips. If I stayed that way longer than custom permits, it is to my credit. One little thing led to another until we were quite intimate. Yes, my boy, I am a fast worker, faster than even I knew. In three days that little girl had given me the loan of all the crown jewels which was two days sooner than I expected.



——THE FACULTY——

Half a day later I had them hocked. With the money in my pocket I set out to round up a crew and ships which I managed to assemble within a short time. That task completed, I chartered Jazzabad's Bimbo Orchestra to furnish entertainment for the voyage.

With all the preparations completed and the king all ready with a program for a marvelous send-off, I gave the signal to spread sail on August third. The farewell program went off without a hitch and barring a few remarks by some old chumps regarding the beginning of a journey on Friday, it was perfect.

We stopped a few days at the Canaries in order to cable the Hearst Syndicate to have their best reporter at hand when we landed and while there enjoyed a considerable quantity of Eskimo pies and ice-cream pops. All advance notices sent out, we proceeded again on our journey.

From the first I was troubled with the restlessness of my crew, they seeming to think my orders were jokes. This spirit of unrest gradually worked to a head and eventually broke out into open mutiny. The crew demanded that I retract my edict that soap and water baths be taken every week whether a man needed it or not. Their spokesman stated that not a man could see any reason for this exposure to poisoning which was ordered. After a considerably long parley, I modified the order to their satisfaction whereupon all returned to their posts. For the rest of the voyage the bathtubs were used to store fresh fish in, there being no further use for them.

About four days after the suppression of the mutiny, I was enjoying an afternoon promenade on the fore deck. Amidships the orchestra was hitting on all cylinders with a wonderful jazz piece which I recognized as having been introduced at a cafe in Barcelona while I had been dining there with a lady friend. It made your whole body ache to dance. My spasm for the music was rudely interrupted by a shivery sag of the deck to port. Startled, I scrambled to my feet from the undignified posture to which I had fallen. Again the ship lurched sideways and righting herself leaped forward on a new course. Thoroughly alarmed by this time I ran for the rear of the ship. Rounding the corner of the deckhouse I spotted the steersman shimmying and shaking to

beat the band. That confounded piece the orchestra was playing was threatening to send us all to Davy Jones. Grasping a belaying pin, I socked that lubber and took the wheel into my own hands, steadying the old boat back to her course. The mate came along just in time to take over the wheel while I strolled over to the orchestra and informed them that they would be shark food if they played any more of that music. This done peace ruled again.

About this time I became conscious that there seemed to be an immense amount of seaweed around us. As far as we could see the water was full of it. At first I felt uncomfortable for the idea that we might become entangled in it to such an extent that we would be tardy on our arrival. The cabin boy, a bright, little chap, suggested means for the solution of our dilemma. He advanced the plan that we use seaweed for food. This we did to such an extent that after three days of seaweed soup, fried seaweed, fricasseed and creamed seaweed we reached clear water again, unhindered in any way.

The remainder of the voyage was uneventful and soon we dropped anchor in Miami Bay, all according to schedule. The Hearst reporter came on board and during the interview, he dropped the news that the speed boat races were to take place the next day. On his departure I sent the mate ashore to register one of our boats as an entrant.

The next day as the crowds began to gather along the shore, I entered the long boat and was rowed to a place of advantage from where I could see the starting line. The boats made a grand show drawn up abreast, all waiting for the crack of the gun. The starter raised his arm and, after what seemed years but was really only a few seconds, fired. The boats leaped for—hark! there goes the dinner bell and today they're serving baked cobwebs, gotta swim back quick, so long.

—J. ALBERT CHADWICK

Domestic Science Class.

The Domestic Science Class of E. G. A. will be a class long remembered by students, especially when they think of bullets or doughnuts. Will anyone ever forget the doughnuts that were made for the school "Hot Dog Roast?"

The class claims the honor of being the busiest class in the school. When the class formed there were seven members in it. Three became discouraged with the amount of work required of them. One dropped out after the first meeting. After the first party the class had a new member. The chief reason was for good times, but much to her sorrow she found a great deal of hard work attached.

The class has held two food sales, one candy sale, a party, a banquet and a movie. It is planning to run another movie in the near future.

The class has five students in it at the present time. The teacher is Miss Elizabeth Corr, the members of the class are Misses Blanche Kaufman, Hazel Olson, Erma Reid, Mary Scott and Harriet Shippee.

Cammarian Club Notes.

The Cammarian Club reorganized this year soon after the opening of school with but five members. They were as follows: Robert L. Bissland, Lester H. Blanchard, Paul J. Brown, A. Gordon Davis and Ralph Howlett.

The club was formed the first part of last year by a group of boys, its purpose being to create school spirit and to promote good fellowship. It takes the place of the once popular "Societies" which held such a high place in the life of the school.

During the first of November the club called "initiation week." This was the first one the club had undertaken and did not go off quite as smoothly as was expected. During this week the students had considerable enjoyment watching certain men act or perhaps just be themselves. The boys, during this week did anything from eating cereal on the front campus to wearing bathrobes in school. This being the first initiation week" held by the club, the "new recruits" had a comparatively easy time. The week, on the whole was a success. The fellows

who passed the test favorably were as follows: Oliver W. Butts, Earl A. Garland, Hollis Fairchild, Elson C. Jackson and Alfred A. Korswig. The club had a membership roll of ten.

A short time afterward, the club decided to conduct another "initiation week" because some of its members left school. This "week" was certainly well planned. It was a week that every member and every student in school will remember. Those who were new members took an active part in the second "week." They had a chance to make fools out of some who laughed at them during their initiation, and those boys made use of the opportunity.

This initiation was better formed and went off with a great deal more ease. The "new recruits" were handed programs Monday morning which lasted the entire week. It is surprising how many different stunts a fellow can do when he has a group of admirers (and a group of members with paddles.) The stunts consisted of a large variety of acts which included trolley-rail cleaning and box speaking. The second group taken in were as follows: W. N. Curry, E. H. Eldredge, C. C. Moore, K. C. Knerr and Mac Newbold.

The club has had no social events of importance but it is planning to put on a special movie show at the local theatre in the near future.

The present number of members is so small that it will be necessary to put on a third "initiation week" soon.

The officers of the club at present are: President, A. Gordon Davis; Vice-President, Norman N. Curry; Treasurer, Lester H. Blanchard; Secretary, K. C. Knerr.

Mason's Baseball Team.

The town of Blairville was blessed with a healthy lot of young fellows who could play baseball, but whenever a team was started it never seemed to be successful. It won about all of the few games played, but soon disbanded. There was a solid, underlying reason for this—it had no financial backing. For this, too, there was a reason. Mr. Thomas K. Mason, owner of the bank, the town newspaper, "The Blairville Bugle", all the stores, and all of the factories did not approve of baseball. Consequently, in order to prevent a team from getting a start, he forced his help to work Saturday afternoons. Because of this, Blairville had no team.

Every spring, the fellows had gotten together, formed a team, had a couple of home games, but no spectators ever came. Without spectators, no money came in; and with no money, no outside teams could be induced to come and play, and of course, gave Blairville no games. Thus, Blairville, up to the spring of 1922, was out of luck as far as baseball was concerned.

However, something then happened which changed completely the future of baseball in Blairville. Mason's bank was robbed of $10,000 and his twelve-year old daughter was kidnapped. The town was in an uproar, Mason was frantic. The local and state police, and private detectives were put on the case but no results were obtained. The thieves had made their getaway and it seemed as though the girl and money were gone for good. Then one day Mason received a letter which read as follows:

Mr. Mason: Bring $20,000 to the old white oak at midnight, Wednesday, April 2, 1922, and you will receive your daughter. If you do not come alone, or if you try any monkey shines you will never see her again.

There was no signature to the note: it was brief but to the point. What should Mason do? He was the kind of man who would fight hard before throwing away any money, let alone $20,000. One of the clerks in Mason's bank was Tom Harris, a young fellow eighteen years old, who was one of the best local ball players. His future ambition was to be a government detective, and he spent many evenings pouring over detective books. The recent robbery and abduction had interested him very much, although until the anonymous letter came to Mason, Tom had said nothing. But when he heard of the demand made for $20,000 he resolved to go to Mason and offer his services. Accordingly, he went to Mr. Mason's office one morning, and brought up what was on his mind. He told Mr. Mason his plan of capturing the abductors, and, after a long talk, Mr. Mason told him to go ahead and he would back him up. The date set

by the anonymous letter was a week off, giving Tom plenty of time to get his plans into action.

That same night Tom got two of his chums, Dick Thomson and Harry Lorson, also local ball players and taking them into his confidence he outlined the following plan to them: Just before dawn of the day mentioned by the anonymous letter, Tom would drive Dick and Harry out to the Old White Oak, which by the way was an immense oak tree, some thirty miles from Blairville. Dick and Harry would climb the tree and conceal themselves in the thick branches and wait for night. At midnight Tom would come in the car, and interview the one who had written the letter, because presumably he would be there. Then the fellows in the tree would draw revolvers, and demand the surrender of the thieves; while their, or his, attention was distracted from Tom, Tom would cover them with a revolver from the front, and the trap would have been sprung.

The next week was a long one for Mr. Mason and the boys; but at last the day arrived, and dawn found the boys concealed in the tree, having been driven out there by Tom. They had food and water with them, and cushions to make themselves comfortable in some crotch. The day wore on, and the boys after eating, had tied themselves to a branch and had fallen asleep. Night came, and about ten o'clock, Dick awoke, thinking he had heard voices. He awoke Harry, and they listened, but heard nothing. They waited for half an hour—then an hour. Half past eleven! At last, the fellows heard a rustling in the brush beneath them. Then they heard voices, and listening attentively, they decided that there were only two down there with whom they would be forced to deal.

When Dick's radium watch showed 11:55, and the boys were wondering what was keeping Tom, they heard the sound of a motor, growing louder and louder. At last the car arrived. It was Mr. Mason's Packard and who was that stepping out? Why, it was Mr. Mason. No, it must be Tom Harris, dressed like Mr. Mason. Tom had opened both doors and switched the light on to show whoever was there that he was alone. Then the lights were turned out, and Tom came towards the tree. As he neared the tree, the two men jumped out on him, and bore him to the ground. Then Dick and Harry dropped from the tree, taking their rope with them. The men, busy with Tom who was putting up a great struggle, were unaware of the other boy's presence until they felt their arms pinned in back of them and a stout rope passed around them. While Dick and Harry were doing this, Tom got up, drew a revolver and covered the two unknown characters. "So that was your scheme, eh?" said Tom, "to get the money and hold the girl for more? Well, your game is up, and now we'll go to the sheriff."

They bundled the thieves into the machine, and headed the car for Blairville, which was reached about two o'clock. They went immediately to the sheriff's, got him up, and handed the prisoners over to him. Then Tom drove over to Mr. Mason's house, got that worthy individual out of bed and into the car with him, and drove back to the sheriff's.

By this time, the two prisoners were thoroughly cowed, and with much persuasion and a hint of lighter punishment, they told Mr. Mason and the sheriff where the girl was secreted, and where they would find most of the stolen money. Mr. Mason, Tom, and the sheriff, with one of the prisoners to show the way to Belltown, where the house in which the girl was hidden was located. They found her there all alone and when she saw her father she wept from joy. Of course, there was much rejoicing on the part of the father and daughter, it seemed as though Mr. Mason was a new man.

When the party arrived at Mr. Mason's house, Mr. Mason told the boys to come in, as he wanted to talk to them. When they were all alone, he turned to the boys and said. "Well, boys, I can't express in words what I feel in my heart, but there isn't a thing I wouldn't do for you. I know without asking, what is uppermost in your minds. That is baseball and forming a baseball team. Up to this time, boys, I have had no use for sports, but from now on, since I have seen what kind of fellows indulge in baseball, you won't have a more loyal rooter than I. To-night my daughter was returned to me, I was

also saved $20,000. That money, boys, I turn over to you to start a ball team. I know you have fellows in this town who can play ball and who will be worthy representatives of Blairville. Go to it boys." And that was how, in the spring of 1922, the Blairville Baseball Club was organized, uniforms and equipment ordered, and a schedule of eighteen games arranged, having the opening date Saturday, May 1 at 2 o'clock. Of course, the delight of the players was beyond description. They were simply wild with joy. At last, they had their long dreamed of, well equipped, ball team. Now, **watch their smoke.**

The opening day arrived with all the splendor of a warm May sun. The hands of the clock pointed to 1:15 and, wonder of wonders, the people were storming the gates !! What had happened? What had struck the people? The answer was Mr. Mason. He had announced in all the mills that thereafter work on Saturday would cease at 12 o'clock, with same pay as previously. Now the men could indulge in their favorite game without fear of losing their jobs. Hence the crowd.

To cap the climax, Blairville won the exciting fourteen inning game which ensued, 3 to 2. The game went on smoothly, in one, two, three order, until the ninth inning when each team scored a run. This livened things up, necessitating extra innings. In the twelfth, both teams again scored one run. Then the fourteenth inning came; the visiting team had failed to score. Blairville was at bat; one out; two outs. Tension was at white heat, while Tom Harris seized his bat, and stepped to the plate. Everyone was quiet, even mute. Suddenly the tense air was shattered by a deep voice booming, "Knock 'er over the fence, Tom" All eyes turned from Tom to that voice. Could it be possible? Yes, it was **Mr. Mason,** coatless, hatless, out of his seat, yelling for Tommy to clout the ball over the fence!

Then all eyes shifted back to the game. Tom was nervous; everyone could see it. But the pitcher was a wreck. That deep, booming voice of Mr. Mason's seemed to have knocked the nerve out of him. He wound up and then threw the ball to the plate but it had lost its zip; it drifted over. Tom stepped up. Crack! The ball sailed like a rocket over the left field fence for a homer.

Well, fellows, over in Blairville they are still talking about that game. That Blairville team cleaned up the schedule. Mr. Mason is now talking of matching **his** Blairville team with the N. Y. Giants, and firmly believes **his** team will win. With Mr. Mason in this frame of mind, we will say good-bye to him and his Blairville team.

—TORSTEN MILLER, Class '23.

The Academy Mail Man.

Henry James, E. G. A. '20.

I've traveled North, I've traveled South,
And as Far West as I can;
But I've as yet a job to find
Like that of the Mail Man.
Now I can vouch for what I say,
Since evening, morn and noon
I carried the mails of E. G. A.
From Fall to sunny June.
There was always someone happy,
And perhaps someone was sad,
Others disappointed,
And a few really mad.
"Any mail for me there, mister?
My name is Ruth Lahan."
"Sorry, awfully sorry, miss."
"Oh! You're a punk mail man."
Then from an Eastman window
Yells Flossie Robinson,
"O funny face! O funny face!
Please see if I have one."
Thus slowly 'cross the campus lawn
I tottered on my way;
Loaded down with packages,
And letters white, pink and gray.
The contents of these packages
I often wondered at;
Some were large as bandboxes
Containing milady's hat.
Others small and tempting,
"Candy?" questions me.
"No", replies the bobbed haired lass
"It's only lingerie."
No other man was waited for
With such anxiety;
Not even could the athletes boast
Such popularity.
He learned to smile, show no chagrin,
When knocked on every hand;
For it's only a part of the fun of being
The Academy Mail Man.



The "Live Wires."

Following Union Revival Services conducted during the month of November by Mr. Robert M. Sand, Evangelist, two organizations were formed; one by the boys and the other by the girls, with the object of keeping up the interest which had been awakened by the meetings and doing some definite Christian work.

The girls organized on December 11, 1922, with Miss Ethel A. Pentecost as Advisor. They took the name of "Live Wires," and for their motto, the word "Others."

In the short time which has elapsed since they organized, the "Live Wires" have taken entire charge of two evening church services, one at the Methodist Episcopal Church at East Greenwich on February 18, and the other at Phenix, March 11. On March 18, they went to the Rhode Island Hospital and sang to the patients in the wards. Flowers have been furnished for the pulpit for several Sundays in the East Greenwich Methodist Episcopal Church. Scrap books of jokes and funny stories have been made to send to the hospital. At the present writing, there are in view several more meetings to be conducted by the "Live Wires."



THE STIRRING STICKS

Motto: "Stir Up The Gift Of God Which Is In You."

Alumni Member
A. GORDON DAVIS, Secretary.

Seniors
PAUL J. BROWN
W. NORMAN CURRY
RALPH M. HOWLETT
TORSTEN J. MILLER
IRVING O. MINER

Juniors
JOSEPH A. BOREN
FRED R. BURTON
Mac WILLIAM NEWBOLD

Sophomore
H. LESTER BLANCHARD

Freshman
JOHN A. CHADWICK

Faculty Advisor, SARAH R. EVERETT

The Stirring Sticks was started November 28, 1922 under the direction of Evangelist Robert M. Sand who was at that time holding services in the churches of the town. The immediate reason for organizing was the need for some definite help which the young men could give in the evangelistic campaign.

Since that time the field of activities has widened until the club has come to be a force in the school for maintaining a good moral and religious atmosphere. The membership includes the president of each class in school, also the two highest honor students of the Senior class as well as other honor students from the lower classes.

Three representatives of the Stirring Sticks in conjunction with three members of the "Live Wires" form the committee in charge of the weekly Student Prayer Meeting. In addition to this, groups have gone out to various near-by churches to hold Sunday evening or week-night services. Among these appointments are Wickford, Quidnessett, Washington, Riverpoint, Hope Valley and the Roger Williams Baptist Church of Providence.

While the organization has been kept very simple, the Secretary being the only officer, the club has been characterized by a strong spirit of earnestness and cooperation which speaks well for its permanence and usefulness in the future.

From My Window

I suppose almost everyone has a favorite window. It may not exist now but it has existed sometimes, somewhere and the memory of it lies hidden away in a little corner of the heart. I'm sure almost everyone has a window—a window that he holds very dear because of the things he has seen through it or quietly sitting, not seeing anything in particular, thinking deep on the various problems of life or just idly dreaming. Somehow one never cares to share that particular window with anyone, not even with those that are the nearest to one.

I have such a window and for hours I have sat alone gazing off into distance or looking down near at hand. I like to be alone; not all the time but at periods, say, for an hour sometimes during the day, sometimes at night, just when the impulse comes over me.

The view from this window to me is very beautiful but I have the associations that go along in making it so. I don't know whether to others it would appear as beautiful but it would be interesting, anyway to everyone.

Directly below as you look out there is a graveyard. It is quite a little gem of a graveyard with its ivy-covered high, stone wall enclosing it on three sides and the back of the beautifully quaint, stone church at the further end. That is also ivy-covered and I now and then catch a glimpse of the stained glass windows peeping out from the ivy. It is quite a nice back is the back of that little church; not at all unseemly or ugly and it sets off the graveyard very well.

The grave stones interest me in a queer sort of way. They stand there in their neat ways, peaceful and sheltered. They make me wonder—wonder just what kind of folks they used to be that now sleep so peacefully down there under those stones. I even go as far as to sort of resurrect them. O they are mighty interesting folks. They lived and worked and strived hard to bring about the town I see down in the valley past the church.

From my window I can't see much of the town in the summer. The tops of the beautiful, stately trees give me only a peep now and then of a roof top or a chimney. In the winter time I can see more, very much more and sometimes it is not pleasant to see too much. I wonder if the folks underneath my window who seem so peaceful would be satisfied with the busy little town down there that they tried so hard to bring about, or has something unclean entered and altered the fulfillment of their plans.

Sometimes in the winter when things lie bare I have a feeling that it would hurt them if they knew; but then may be they do know.

It is not best to linger too long at that point because I have but to lift my eyes and there meets my gaze a most marvelous sight. Over the roof of the church, over the tops of the trees, over the busy town, lies the bay; a part of the ocean tucked away among the pines. The shore line is irregular but that only seems to add to its beauty, ever changing, never the same. Sometimes like a sheet of living gold caught on the boughs of the dark pine trees, again, like a giant's goblet of deep purple wine with the mists like veils of violet and lavendar floating o'er it; then at times the whole scene is filled with dark drifting shadows that are cut by a gleaming pathway with silvered winged fairies dancing endlessly.

I could sit for hours and drink in its graveyard, the church, the busy town—forget all the humdrum affairs of life and its problems. Then my fancy takes flight and I delight in the things that could exist beyond the distant horizon even up into the heavens above. But of course I can not always keep my thoughts away up there above. That is only part of my view. Always near at hand lies that graveyard and the church and the town. They just lie there but somehow, someway they never let me forget that they are there and that they are waiting for the attention that they expect me to give them.

—BLANCHARD

P. G. Notes

It is rather unusual to hear as much about a Post Graduate Class as is heard this year at the Academy. There are often one or two post graduate students but this

year, five members of the class of '22 returned to E. G. A. for post graduate work. A. Gordon Davis was elected president of the class. Davis expects to enter Brown University next fall. Harriet L. Shippee, vice-president of the class of '22 and Erma M. Reid, secretary of the class of '22 returned to E. G. A. to take a course in Home Economics. Both of these young ladies were re-elected to the offices they held last year. The other members of the class who returned are Alfred A. Korswig and E. Franklin Astle. In February Astle left school to take charge of a painting business. Prof. C. F. W. Bergstrom, faculty adviser of the class of '22 was again chosen to hold that office. Miss Marjorie F. McClure, teacher of piano and organ was chosen as the assistant faculty adviser.

Very soon after school opened in September, the class gave a "movie" at the Theatre, the proceeds of which were used to entertain the entire student body and faculty at a masquerade Hallowe'en social in the gymnasium. One of the features of the evening was a short play entitled "Sunset" given by the P. G's assisted by Mr. Lester Blanchard.

The P. G's together with the Seniors enjoyed a sleigh ride to Wickford one cold, breezy and snowy evening during the winter.

The most important event of the year in the P. G. Class and one of the most important in the school, will be the presentation of a play entitled "Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick" in the chapel on Friday evening, May eleventh. The play is being directed by Prof. Bergstrom and the actors include all of the Post Graduates, assisted by two other students. The cast is as follows:

Aaron Slick, not as green as he looks, Mr. Bergstrom. Little Sis Riggs, A regular tom-boy, Harriet L. Shippee. Mrs. Rosy Berry, an Oklahoma widow, Erma M. Reid. Mr. William Merridew. a crooked speculator, A. Gordon Davis. Gladys May Merridew, his niece, Elizabeth Haven. Clarence Green, a mysterious young man. John Chadwick. The Girl in Red, Raffael D'Attore.

Sometime during commencement week there will be a reunion of the class of '22 and there are several elaborate plans underway.

Although the Class of '22 as a whole did not stand as high in scholarship as the present senior class, it will long be remembered as a fun-loving, energetic class and it will, no doubt, be a long time before a more perfect group of "Good Sports" will be found in one class.

Senior Class.

Motto, Labor conquers all things.

Colors, Red and White.

Flower, Jack Rose.

Class Officers

PAUL J. BROWN.....President.
OLIVER BUTTS....Vice President.
RALPH HOWLETT .....Treasurer.
GLADYS BARBER .....Secretary.

Faculty Advisers.

MISS EVERETT.
PROF. NAIRN.

Class Honors.

IRVING O. MINER...Valedictorian.
TORSTEN J. MILLER..Salutatorian

Honorable Mention.

OLGA PHARNES.

Honor Roll.

SANTOS P. AMADEO.
GLADYS BARBER.
MARY SCOTT.

Class Roll.

PAUL BROWN.
OLIVER BUTTS
NORMAN CURRY
GLADYS BARBER
SANTOS AMADEO
FRANK SPEAR
RALPH HOWLETT
KENDALL KNERR
OLGA PHARNES
TORSTEN J. MILLER
IRVING O. MINER
MARION ROBINSON
MARY SCOTT
RUTH CLARKE

The class of '23 is somewhat smaller than the class of last year, but what they lack in numbers is made up for in knowledge.

We have two members of the interscholastic debating team in our class, Irving Miner and Santos Amadeo.

Paul Brown, the captain of the football team is a senior. We have members of football, basket ball and baseball team in our class.

Only six members of the present class have gone through together from the freshman year. New people have come in for one year and then left. There is only one person in the class that has not been in the school for two years at least.

Olga Pharnes has been elected class historian for the Class Day exercises which are to be held the week of June eleventh. Ralph Howlett and Norman Curry are to draw up the last will and testament of the class of '23.

Gladys Barber and Mary Scott are to give the class Prophecy.

The seniors have been granted study hall privileges and ten cuts from chapel without asking for them. Any senior having a grade of 85 per cent in any subject will not be required to take a final examination in that subject.

More privileges have been asked for and at the present time are before the faculty.

The seniors began the year by having a straw ride which was a great success. Two trucks were hired. The class went to Wakefield where coffee was bought; then to Narragansett Pier where they had a lunch and a good time. The next affair was a sleigh ride to which the Post Graduate Class was invited. This was not so successful because the sleigh was too small thus forcing some of the people to walk, and the night was too cold.

They had a party next which was held in the Science Room.

The seniors are looking forward to the next two months to have some more good times and hope that the juniors will still continue to show the good spirit that they have so far. by allowing the seniors to have their times unmolested.

Junior Class Organization

MAC W. NEWBOLD.....President.

MARION ROBINSON, Vice President

MILDRED ASP .....Secretary

RUSSELL SHOGREN ....Treasurer

Faculty Advisors.

Prof. L. J. Hollingworth

Mrs. Brown

Sophomore Class Organization

The class elected:

LESLIE BLANCHARD .. President.

RAFFAELLA D'ATTORE Vice Pres.

FRANK MONEY .....Treasurer.

MADELENE CRAWFORD, Secretary

To start off the season the Sophomore class had a picnic. One afternoon some of the larger fellows of the class started off in a car, with the food.

The others were about to follow on foot, but they saw a car full of Juniors start off, so they asked one of the men if he would take them in his car. They were nearing their destination when two Junior fellows jumped on their cars. They did not know what to do so they continued riding until the Juniors left them.

After the Juniors had left, it was time for the car to return to the campus. So the driver stopped and they climbed out and hid behind a stone wall. They waited here until they heard shouting, and recognizing the shouts of their classmates, they came out and were much enheartened to find that the Seniors were with them, as well as the car that had just left.

It seemed that the Junior car had been chasing the car with the food and had held them up but had not succeeded in getting anything. Both cars then drove to an orchard where they felt safe and where they could enjoy their food.

The next event to be set down in the history of the class is a sleigh ride. It was open to all of those who wished to have a good time.

In the afternoon some of the girls made sandwiches and packed a lunch. They started out at about five o'clock, headed for Wickford. It was rather cool on the way down but they received a warm reception on arriving, at one of the noted stores. They then found their lunches and enjoyed seeing them disappear.

After finishing their repast they climbed into the sleigh, trying to find their own legs, but sure to hit someone else's.

They passed the Seniors on the road who were also out for a good time. There was usual amount of singing, cheering and jokes, but this ended all too soon.

When they reached East Greenwich some of the returned riders set out to the Star Theatre to finish an enjoyable evening.

Freshman Officers

1922-23

Mrs. Cora K. Clifford, Faculty Advisor

J. Albert Chadwick.....President

Miss Lorraine Lawton, Vice President

Miss Virginia Allen,.....Treasurer

Miss Ruth Vaughan.....Secretary

Freshman Flareups

The gym saw a strange sight on a Saturday night in February when it beheld a procession more suited to the corridors of a hospital, slowly making its way across the floor towards the center where a table was stationed. Two stretcher-bearers bore between them a cloth-covered figure. Closely following came a nurse bearing ether and cone, and a second nurse bearing aloft a shining tray laden with such instruments of torture as blacksmiths' pincers, carpenters' chisel, mallet, saws and sundry other weapons. A doctor noted for his owlish expression and world-renowned laziness brought up the rear of the procession.

As the bearers placed their burden on the table, the doctor in flowery language announced to the assembled spectators the nature of the grave case. He said that the main trouble was cancer; but it had been neglected so long that various complications had set in making it absolutely necessary to operate at once in order that the doctor might meet the next payment on his Fierce-Sparrow. With that proclamation off his chest the doctor retreated while a nurse proceeded to etherize the victim ('twas all right, Horace, he counted his money beforehand.)

Doctor Whoozis immediately with the aid of his co-assistant removed from the patients head a large growth which was remarkably like an onion. The cutting of about two yards of string from the patient's mouth relieved him of tongue-tiedness. Saw and hatchet removed from him an extra (table) leg and with much straining and tearing the doctor brought to light a large tin can and holding it aloft reported, "There is the can, Sir."

This operation was the feature of the Freshman social. The Misses Proctor and Allan in conjunction with Messrs Appleton, Swan and Hart played leading roles. Appleton was a well behaved patient having a very pale face. We have a slight suspicion that he used powder beforehand.

Games followed the entertainment and refreshments were served.

Heard after a Latin 1 recitation on subjunctives, as remarked by Tanner, Veritas non lux." (Truth is not light.)

K. K. K. has a new development in Krazy Kid Kutie.

'Sfunny how often Miss becomes Mr. and vice versa in Latin and Ancient History.

We are fortunate in being able to state that one of our members is elected captain of the girls' basketball team for next season. Hats off to Miss Lawton.

Miss Fogel pays a remarkable respect for the beautiful complexions of the young men in the rear seats.

"Puzzle it out fer yerself." Gammino takes a subject which the rest of us seem to be barred from. His class is held in the office almost daily.

There is an empty chair now where once sat our noble Latin shark of Sparta.

ATHLETICS



CAPTAIN BROWN—FOOTBALL

Football 1922.

The East Greenwich Academy turned out a very successful football team, considering the material on hand.

At the call of Coach Rothmich, the following men reported: Adair, Bissland, Brown, Whaley, Newbold, Lombard, Money, Eldredge, Garland, D'Attore, E. Shogren, Wright, Foley, Grant, Miller, Carson, Shogren, Exley, E. P. Godreau, Jackson, Lenth and Westerman.

Eight games were played of which the Academy won two, lost three and tied three.

This is a good record, as the Academy played such powerful teams as Roger High, La Salle, and Waltham High, of Waltham Massachusetts.

The Academy opened the season by playing a 6-6 tie with the strong East Greenwich second team.

The second game was also played at East

Greenwich with Technical High of Providence. Repeated attempts by both teams to gain through the lines were fruitless and both finally resorted to a kicking game.

The summary:

Technical 0	East Greenwich 0.
Guglimetti, r. e.	l. e., Eldredge
Lovett, r. t.	l. t., Bissland
Johnson, r. g.	l. g., Money
Hindle, c.	c., Newbold
Gomeau, l. g.	r. g., Lombard
Phillips, l. t.	r. t., Brown
Dwyer, l. e.	r. e., D'Attore
Ruhman, q. b.	q. b., Garland
Almy, r. h. b.	l. h. b., Westerman
Hadley, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Lenth
Gifford, f, b,	f. b., Shogren

Score, Technical 0; East Greenwich 0. Technical, Sherlock for Lovett, T. Johnson for Hadley: East Greenwich, Whaley for Newbold. Time, 10 minute quarters.

East Greenwich Academy next played Woonsocket High at Woonsocket, and won a hard fought game.

East Greenwich Academy tallied in the first period, when, after successive line plunges and off tackle plays, Adair carried the ball over the line.

The summary:

East Greenwich 6	Woonsocket 0
Garland, l. e.	l. e., G. Welles
Brown, l. t.	l. t., Lussier
Exley, l. g.	l. g., Fox
Grant, c.	c., Redding
Money, r. g.	r. g., Clouvier
Bissland, r. t.	r. t. Ketover
Eldredge, r. e.	r. e. Hoyle
D'Attore, q. b.	q. b. N. Lorwsky
Foley, r. h. b.	r. h. b. Owens
Shogren, l. h. b.	l. h. b. Duncas
Adair, f. b.	f. b., Snyder

Score, East Greenwich 6, Woonsocket 0. Touchdown, Adair. Referee, Willey. Substitutions: E. G. A., Whaley for Grant; Lombard for Money. Woonsocket, Sakaloff for Fox; A. Lormsky for Hoyle.

La Salle 12—E. G. A. 0.

This game proved a bitter pill to the Academy as our team had hopes of capturing the honors.

The La Salle forwards tore holes at will and in the second period the visitors had chalked up twelve points. On the defence La Salle was a stone wall and not until some of the invaders first team men were relieved did East Greenwich make a first down.

East Greenwich attempted a drop-kick from its 30-yard line, the pigskin missing the bar by inches. An attempted forward pass was intercepted by D'Attore who ran the ball back to the seven yard line, but in four attempts the Academy failed to make a gain.

The summary:

La Salle.	East Greenwich
Mooney, r. e.	l. e., Miller
D. Roberts, r. t.	l. t., Brown
Dechanz, r. g.	l. g., Lombard
Madden, c.	c., Newbold
Hayes, l. g.	r. g., Money
T. Roberts, l. t.	r. t., Bissland
Lennon, l. e.	r. e., Eldredge
McKenna, q. b.	q. b., Garland
Parker, r. h. l.	l. h. b., D'Attore
McElroy, l. h. b.	r. h. b. R. Shogren
Delaney, f. b.	f. b., E. Shogren

Score, La Salle 12; E. G. A. 0. Touchdowns: McKenna, Lennon. Substitutions, for East Greenwich. Whaley for Newbold;

E. G. A. 30—Taunton High 6.

The East Greenwich Academy football team journeyed to Taunton, Mass., for the next game and handed the local high school team a good trimming.

East Greenwich drew blood in the first quarter, Foley and Adair each scoring a touchdown on straight football.

Taunton made its lone score in the second period, when Bowen threw a long pass to Carroll who went over for a touchdown. East Greenwich scored three times in the last half carrying the ball down the field from the kick-off. The local boys could not gain through the heavy East Greenwich line, making but one first down.

The features of the game were the open-field running of Foley and Garland and the line play of Grant and Brown.

The summary:

E. G. A.	Taunton H. S.
Grant, l. e.	l. e., Barbalon
Brown, (Capt.) l. t.	l. t., Beaulieu
Exley, l. g.	l. g. Freeman
Whaley, c.	c. Buckley
Money, r. g.	r. g. Mack
Lombard, r. t.	r. t. Brady
Eldredge, r. e.	r. e. Carroll
Garland, q. b.	q. b. Maxwell.
Foley, r. h. b.;	r. h. b., (Capt.) Mathewson

Shogren, l. h. b.	l. h. b., Germond
Adair, f. b.	f. b. Bowen

Touchdowns: Foley, 2 Shogren, Adair, Garland and Carroll.

E. G. A. 0—New Bedford Textile 0.

The next game was played with New Bedford Textile on the Academy field and proved to be one of the most hard fought games of the year. Although outweighed, the Academy boys were the aggressors at all times, but lacked the punch to put the ball over.

The visitors made their bid for the game in the second period when they uncovered the famous Centre lock-step, but the East Greenwich boys solved the play and the visitors didn't gain an inch.

East Greenwich opened the last quarter when two cris-crosses and a hidden ball play advanced the ball to the 18 yard line when the final whistle blew.

For East Greenwich Adair, Foley and Shogren carried the ball well, while Whaley, Garland and Brown played well on the line.

The summary:

E. G. A.	New Bed. Tex.
Garland, l. e.	r. e., Hoffman
Brown, (Capt.) l. t.	r. t., Righ
Lombard, l. g.	r. g., Finnel
Whaley, c.	c. Novill
Exley, r. g.	l. g., Arriter
Wright, r. t.	l. t. Collins
Grant, r. e.	l. e., Barrows
D'Attore, q. b.	q. b., Pailton
Shogren, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Willey
Foley, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Hays
Adair, f. b.	f. b. Woodman

Substitutions: E. G. A., Eldredge for Garland, Money for Lombard, R. Shogren for Grant. New Bedford, Heap for Hoffman; Warren for Collins.

Rogers High 25—E. G. A. 0.

On Armistice Day the strong Rogers High School Team visited East Greenwich and handed the local high school team a severe beating.

The Newport team proved superior to the Academy in every department of the game. The visitors started off strongly by tearing the Academy's line for big gains. One of the early features of the game was a beautiful flying tackle by Garland, East Greenwich end.

On the defensive the Academy boys were no better off. They could not pierce the heavy Newport line and were held for downs on straight football plays.

It was at this stage of the game that Rogers High was penalized several times for tripping.

The game was also marred frequently by injuries to both teams. Foley, East Greenwich back, was removed from the game with a broken ankle, and Joe Wright, Academy linesman was also removed when he received a violent kick on the head.

When the final whistle blew the score stood 25 to 0 in favor of Rogers High.

In the later stages of the game the homesters resorted to an aerial attack but were unsuccessful in scoring.

The Academy boys deserve much credit, however, as they put up a splendid fight in face of superior odds. The following Academy men took part in the above game:—Adair, Bissland, Brown, Whaley, Newbold, Lombard, Money, Eldredge, Garland, D' Attore. E. Shogren, Wright, Foley, R. Shogren, Exley, Godreau and Jackson.

Waltham High 33 —E. G. A. 0

For the last game of the season, the East Greenwich Academy football team journeyed to Waltham, Mass., to play the famous Waltham High School team.

This game was practically a repetition of the Rogers High game. The only difference being that the Waltham team played cleaner and better football than the Newport eleven.

Dr. Cooper was highly elated at receiving a letter from the Principal of the Waltham High School, congratulating the Academy on having such a sportsmanlike and clean team. This speaks for itself and and let the editor add that the aim of the athletic directors at the East Greenwich Academy is to promote good sportsmanship and good morals as well as to put winning teams on the field.

The following men took part in the Waltham contest:—Adair, Bissland, Brown, Whaley, Newbold, Lombard, Money, Eldredge, Garland, D'Attore, E. Shogren, Foley, R. Shogren, Exley, E. Godreau, Jackson.

The following players won their letters in football:—Foley, Eldredge, Money, Bissland, Brown, Exley, Lombard, Garland,

Whaley, Newbold, D'Attore, Adair, Wright, E. Shogren, R. Shogren, E. Godreau and Howlett.

Paul J. Brown was elected Captain of the 1923 team.

Although there are only about 130 members in the student body, this school puts some very good teams in the field.

In 1922 the Baseball team was proved a great success.

The school's most bitter opponents were met and beaten, and the team ranked second in the fight for State championship.

The 1922 Football team was fairly successful considering some of the strong teams that were encountered.

Playing eight games they won two, tied three and lost three. This record is good considering the fact that they met such powerful teams as, La Salle Academy, Rogers High and Waltham High of Waltham, Mass.

The 1923 Basketball season was very successful. Starting with a brand new squad coach Hollingsworth soon had a winning combination rounded into form.

Out of sixteen games played, eleven of them were won. This fact alone shows the strength of the team.

Therefore let the student body show its loyalty by supporting the teams as much as possible.

More power to good old E. G. A.!!

M. K. MacGOWAN

Baseball 1922.

The Academy had a fairly successful baseball season last year.

Under the guidance of Prof. Hollingsworth. the team won the following games: E. G. A. 7, Classical H. S. 1; E. G. A. 22, South Kingston 0; E. G. A. 7, Sacred Heart College 1; E. G. A. 3, Technical High 0; E. G. A. 8, La Salle 5; and E. G. A. 4, Moses Brown 3.

Two important games of the season had to be postponed on account of rain. These being a return game to La Salle and the Rogers High game at East Greenwich.

The following men played on the team: Raymond Thatcher, 2nd base (Capt.); Allen J. MacDermott, catcher; Frank Pollitt, pitcher and 1st baseman; Henry Jawgotchian, shortstop; John Magner, pitcher; John Wroe, 3rd base; Arnold Punchon, utility catcher; and Robert Lundy, John, Norton, Herbert Gifford, Torstin Miller, A. Gordon Davis, and Ralph Doane, outfielders.

The most interesting and important game of the season was that one played at Providence, with our old rivals, Moses Brown.

This game was a battle from start to finish as the 4 to 3 score will indicate. The heavy hitting of MacDermott and Gifford coupled with the brilliant twirling of Pollitt was greatly responsible for the victory.

The Academy also took another old rival into camp by an 8 to 5 score, the losers being La Salle Academy.

Among the notable events of the season was a home run with the bases full, by John Wroe. It was also one of the longest hits of the year. Few high school players can boast of such a feat. Pollitt drove out a long homer in the game with R. I. S. D.

On the whole the team batted well, but the failure to deliver the punch, when hits were needed, proved a great handicap.

The stellar pitching of Magner and Pollitt, and the masterful catching of MacDermott were also great factors in the team's success.

Hope High won the State championship, but East Greenwich Academy was a close second.

The following players won their letters: Wroe, MacDermott, Jamgotchian, Thatcher, Pollitt, Magner, Gifford, Doane, Norton, Miller, Lundy and Punchon.

The Second Academy Team played some interesting games, the most exciting being that one played at East Greenwich with the Technical High Seconds.

Until the seventh inning, E. G. A. led by 14-7 score. But in the final chapter, Technical came back strong and scored eight runs, winning 15-14.

—M. K. MacGOWAN.



BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM

Track 1922.

When the call was issued for track candidates, the following men reported: Pollitt, Zechhausen, E. Godreau, Gifford, Blanchard and Lundy.

The only important event that the Academy Track Team took part in was the Annual Interscholastic Track Meet, held at Kingston, R. I., May 13, 1922.

The Academy won four points, and narrowly missed capturing the hundred yard dash, which would have given them five more points.

The following men won their letters for Track: Lundy, Mgr.: Pollitt, Zeckhausen, E. Goudreau, Gifford and Blanchard.

The Academy took 2nd place in the special one mile relay, Goudreau, Blanchard, Pollitt, Gifford, running.

—M. K. MacGOWAN.

Basket Ball.

At the beginning of the basket ball season the prospects were not especially bright as but one man from last year's squad was available, and he was a substitute. A fair sized squad reported, however, and soon some good men were uncovered. A squad of ten was kept throughout the season and was made up as follows:

Forwards—Moore, Lombard, Martin, E. Goudreau, E. Shogren. Centers—Miller, Eldredge. Guards—Brown, Bissland, Adair, Greene. Bissland left school after a few games.

From this squad a good working combination was picked. which lost the first game, then won eight in a row. Out of a total of 16 games eleven were victories.

"Dave" Adair of Narragansett Pier, was elected captain.

The schedule follows:

Academy	25	Inter Nos 28
"	42	Plainfield High 16
"	30	Town Team 19
"	27	Pawtucket High 13

Academy	35	Durfee Textile	17
"	25	Durfee Textile	11
"	25	Bryant & Stratton	24
"	38	Providence College 1926	26
"	27	New Bedford Textile	25
"	17	R. I. State '27	50
"	20	Dean Academy	25
"	25	Pawtucket High	19
"	25	Brown Freshmen	40
"	10	Brown Freshmen	30
"	44	Technical High	22
"	16	Woonsocket High	46
Total	431	Total	383

Individual scores as follows:

Moore	170	Shogren	20
Miller	108	Lombard	13
Adair	101	Martin	12
Goudreau	2	Bissland	2

The most interesting game on the home floor was that with New Bedford Textile. This team defeated last year's team 17 to 15, and came up determined to repeat. But the Academy boys were determined to show that they could fight. With the odds against them they entered the game and were outplayed during the first half by a 15-7 score.

The real struggle came in the second half. The Academy fought hard but was still behind at the beginning of the 4th period. Then the storm broke. In quick succession the Academy dropped in two baskets and went into the lead. Soon the score was 26-25. New Bedford could not fathom the attack of the Academy. With a few minutes to play a double foul was called with New Bedford being given three tries. She missed all of them and her last chance was gone. The game ended with Moore dropping in a final foul shot 27-25.

The Dean game was the most interesting out of town game. The Academy played a good game and led during the greater part of it. Dean was able to send fresh men in during the latter part and pulled the game out of the fire by a 25-20 score.

The closest game was the B. & S. game. It was a rough and tumble affair but the Academy came out on the long end of a 25-24 score.

The boys have a right to feel proud of their achievements. Captain Adair at guard was a whirlwind on both offense and defense. Moore was the high scorer but was ably assisted by the pass work of his team mates. Miller playing his first year on the squad showed fine ability as did Brown. Lombard and Martin of last year's squad also played good ball. Shogren did fine work in the games which he played and ably filled in at forward when called upon.

The outlook is bright for a good team next year as a good many of this year's men will be back. With this year's experience the boys ought to produce a winning combination, but for the present let them rest with the knowledge that their efforts of the year have been greatly appreciated by the school.

Elmer Shogren was chosen captain of next year's team. He is a member of the class of 1924 and besides playing on the basket ball team, is fullback on the football team, short stop on the baseball team, and a student of high rank.



THE GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM.

Early in the winter of 1922 the girls of the Academy decided that they wanted a basket ball team and what girls want they usually get. They got their basket ball team. There was a great deal of enthusiasm at first. A squad of 26 reported. Mr. Bergstrom agreed to act as coach. Marion Robinson was elected manager and Mildred Asp, captain.

The manager got busy at once and was soon head over heels in a schedule. Requests for games came from everywhere. Soon a schedule of 12 games was completed part to be played under girls' rules, part under boys' rules.

The squad played its first game against the Saranac Girls' Club of Blackstone and won handily by a 16-6 score. This was the last victory for a while as the next 6 games were played under girls' rules in which the team did not have sufficient training. Nevertheless, they fought hard and won their last girls' rules game from Pawtucket High, being the only team to defeat them. The score of this game was 28-26 and was one of the fastest of the season.

The girls ended the season with a string of four victories.

The schedule was as follows:

Academy	vs.	Saranac Club	at E. G. A.
"	"	Pawtucket High	" "
"	"	Prov. Y. W. C. A.	" "
"	"	Technical High	" "
"	"	Prov. Y. W. C. A.	" Prov.
"	"	Prov. H. S. Reserve	" E. G. A.
"	"	Dean	" Dean
"	"	Bristol	" Bristol
"	"	Pawtucket	" Pawtucket
"	"	W. Warwick High	" E. G. A.
"	"	Bristol	" "

Asp, Allen, Collette, Fogel, M. Hay, C. Hay, Kaufman, Lawton, Proctor, Robinson, Shippee.

Miss Harriet Shippee of East Greenwich was elected manager for next year.

Miss Lorraine Lawton of Boston was elected captain.

The girls are to be congratulated on their season's work, playing, as most of them did, for the first time. They deserve a great deal of credit for sticking to the game, especially during the losing period which was due to no fault of theirs.

Class of 1922

There are four members of the class of 1922 back at E. G. A. as post graduates---

A. Gordon Davis and **Alfred Korswig; Erma M. Reid,** Secretary of '22 and **Harriet L. Shippee,** Vice President, are taking a course in Home Economics. **E. Franklin Astle** also entered as a P. G. but left the class in February.

Raymond S. Thatcher, President of '22 is working in East Hampton, Connecticut. "Ramie" was captain of the baseball team and played center on the basket ball squad.

Leverett A. Weir who was Manager of the baseball team and a member of the track team is at home this year in East Glastonbury, Conn.

Franklin Pollitt and **Robert Lunday,** both star players of the football squad are attending Lincoln this year.

Richard M. Busk is a freshman in the engineering department at Rhode Island State College. He is a member of the Delta Alpha Psi fraternity. Dick was out for football this fall and won his varsity R. I.

Gorman E. Matteson, a football man, entered Antioch University, Ohio, this year.

Jeannette E. Collette and **Marion Woodbury** are both taking the Home Economics course at R. I. State. Jeannette is a member of the Sigma Kappa Sorority.

Allen ("Jerri") MacDermott, an all round athlete, is fulfilling the class prophecy of becoming the "King of the Hot Dogs." He is the owner of Al Mac's Spar in Fall River.

Elmer O. Earnshaw, Salutatorian of '22 is taking courses at Worcester Tech.

Elizabeth E. Haven, Valedictorian of '22, entered Boston University but later returned to East Greenwich. Next year she expects to return to Boston.

Paul W. Zeckhausen, Treasurer of '22 and the class pest, is working for the United States Shipping Board in Bayonne, N. J. In the fall he expects to enter Columbia.

Ralph Doane is a student at Boston University.

Irene McDonald, a graduate of the Music Dept., is assistant music instructor in New York.

T. Carl Moore, Greenport, L. I., **Ida Sisson,** Little Compton, R. I., **Hazel Clarke,** East Greenwich; **Alpheus Hamilton,** East Greenwich; **Flora Donald,** Hingham, Mass., **William Fraser,** Providence; **John Vieira,** Bristol, R. I; and **Clement Eldredge** is each in his own little corner a shining light for our Alma Mater.

Hank Jamgotchian entered Providence College in September. He played on the football team and as was expected, made good.

Bill Fraser is attending Rhode Island School of Design.

Alpheus Hamilton spent part of the year at R. I. State, but is at home at present.

Class of 1921

J. Durward Miner, Valedictorian of the class of 1921 entered Brown University. He has won several honors during his two years of college life.

Helen E. Lincoln, Salutatorian of '21 is a sophomore at Wheaton. She has gone in for dramatics and has been very successful both in that line and in her studies.

Bernice Hall is a student at Willimantic Normal School.

Howard R. Asp, a four letter man of E. G. A. is a sophomore at Syracuse. Howard went ›r baseball this spring and made y team.

E. Lahan is now a member of the f the Academy, assistant vocal ›r. Miss Lahan is a pupil of Barrows of Boston. She is also t St. Luke's Episcopal Church at reenwich.

Leonard Lawrence and **Robert Scott** are students at Worcester Tech. Scott played end for Tech football team this fall.

Anthony Timpas, of Merrimack, N. H., entered the University of California. Mr. Timpas was a hero of the Greek War.

Mary I. MacKenzie took a two year course in Home Economics at Dean Academy. Her engagment to Mr. Angus MacIntyre of Provincetown, Mass. has recently been announced. Congratulations.

Edward Tetley is a sophomore at Syracuse in the college of engineering. **J. Castell Kelly** entered Worcester Polytech, and

Ludwig Peterson, star forward of the basket ball team is at Providence College. He expects to enter B. U. next year and take up medicine.

Wilfred Miner is a student of Brown University.

CLASS of 1920

Frank Jacobson, Valedictorian of the class of 1920, is a senior at Clarke College, having completed four years' work in three. Next year he is planning to enter Cornell.

Alice T. Sisson, Salutatorian of '20 is taking a course in Home Economics at R. I. State. She won the highest honor in mathematics.

Henry J. James, who is a rising young poet and artist, is a junior at Wesleyan University. He has been a member of the Fine Arts Club for three years and is at present secretary and treasurer of that organization. This young artist has given an exhibition of his own paintings at the Psi Upsilon House. He has also rendered several articles to the leading magazines of the day. He is a member of the staff of both the "Wasp" and the Argus, the college periodicals. He is a member of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity.

Joseph Paige of Provincetown, Mass. was a student at Dartmouth last year.

Herbert Shogren is a junior in the College of Business Administration at Syracuse and is a member of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity. "Hubby" is an important member of the Lacrosse team and expects to make the trip to England with the team this summer.

Raymond Bergstrom is also a student at Syracuse and has made several records while there. He is a member of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity. I might mention the fact that his chief past-time is taking a co-ed out to tea.

Norman Bergstrom and **Clarence Johnson** are students at Worcester Tech.

Class of 1919

W. Donald Reid, Valedictorian of the class of '19, is a graduate of the Rhode Island School of Pharmacy.

Nancy Browning, Salutatorian of '19, is now assistant librarian of the East Greenwich Public Library.

Charles A. Pike is a junior in the electrical engineering course at R. I. State. He is a member of the Delta Alpha Psi Fraternity, member of the engineering society and sings on the 'Varsity Glee Club.

Willis B. Gifford and **William A. Gants** were also members of the class of '19.

Class of 1918

Miss Marion Pickles was Valedictorian of her class (1922) at Boston University.

Former Members of the Faculty

Professor Getchev formerly of the French Department of the Academy is studying for his master's degree at Syracuse and has been a member of the faculty in the French Department for the past five years.

Rev. Samuel W. Irwin, former president of the Academy, and **Mrs. Irwin,** teacher in the mathematics department, are both in Czecho- Slovakia doing Missionary work. They have charge of a very large orphanage for Slavic children.

Dr. and Mrs. F. D. Blakeslee have been touring the world and are now in Australia Dr. Blakeslee was president of the Academy for many years and Mrs. Blakeslee was teacher of Bible there. They have been lecturing under the direction of a society similar to our Anti-Saloon League.

Dr. Blakeslee is 77 years of age and he says he receives the largest salary he has had gives more of his time to his work than ever before. The students of E. G. A. offer congratulations!

Rev. William L. Stidger is now pastor of St. Mark's Methodist Episcopal Church, in Detroit. He is a very earnest and energetic worker for both the physical and spiritual welfare of his people. Doctor Stidger has also been pastor of the Calvary Methodist Church in San Francisco.

Rev. Edgar J. Curry, teacher of Bible and pastor of the East Greenwich Methodist Episcopal Church, has been called to take charge of a pastorate in Vineyard Haven, Mass.

Prof. Strasburg has been an instructor of History at Wilbraham (Mass.) Academy

Miss Mary Briggs is at present teaching at the West Haven (Conn.) High School.



WE WONDER

1. When Pinkie Barber will not blush.
2. [illegible]arson will cut his hair.
3. Prof. Brown will spring a new
4. Torsten Miller will attend class [illegible]y.
5. [illegible]W[illegible]en Marion Johnson will flunk.
6. When Bill Curry will go to Chapel.
7. When Walpole will become popular.
8. When the girls will not have to get up for breakfast.
9. When Prof. Nairn will lose his temper.
10. When Doris Boutelle will get back from vacation on time.

12 LABORS OF HERCULES

1. To read a book and write the report in a study period.
2. Keep from talking to the girls in the halls at recess.
3. To avoid the temptation to carry a book to evening study hall.
4. For Gamino to stop talking.
5. To play tennis without permission.
6. To flunk Penmanship.
7. For Shogren to collect class dues.
8. To introduce dancing at E. G. A.
9. Not to laugh at Knerr. (Jokes.)
10. For Miss Everett to excuse a class early.
11. Van Brown to go in for baseball.
12. To keep silence during chapel exercises.

What Would Happen If?

Prof. Bergstrom failed to spring a joke at the table.

Frances Spear hurried with the mail.

Doris Boutelle couldn't go home over the week end.

The girls didn't have to have a chaperon.

The boys got up for breakfast.

Miss McClure was on time for meals.

A dance was held at school.

Everything was quiet immediately at ten o'clock each night in the dormitories.

After senior privileges the seniors continued to go to Study Hall.

If Margaret Gamble lost her tongue.

John Chadwick and Hollis Fairchild couldn't get permission to go walking.

Van Brown lost a game of checkers.

The boys forgot to smoke.

The faculty forgot to have detention room.

The seniors got their privileges before Easter.

Prof. Bergstrom got married.

There wasn't choir rehearsal for some people.

We didn't have midyear exams.

Carson got a shave.

You couldn't wear anyone else's clothes.

No one came in during a class to disturb Prof. Brown.

Paul Brown forgot to ring the rising bell.

The girls weren't allowed to make fudge.



All the seniors graduated.

Lorraine Lawton became religious.

Dr. Cooper stopped giving out checks.

Marjorie stopped spending money.

Everyone was on time for classes.

The supply of writing paper at the bookstore ran out.

The boys couldn't go to Miss Overett for help.

In the Dining Room.

"Chadwick," said Prof. Hollingworth, "A little bird told me this coffee wasn't strained."

"A little bird Sir?" asked the waiter.

"Yes, a swallow," said Prof.

"What, flunked again, John?"

Carson: "Don't take it that way father, the teacher was simply so enthusiastic about my exams that he requested me to repeat them next fall."

Davis: "I wonder what makes her eyes so wise."

Blanchard: "Perhaps their pupils went to knight school.

Why is Lorraine Lawton like the davenport in the parlor?

Because Mrs. Clifford likes to sit on her.

Prof. Bergstrom to Brown who had his feet on a chair in front of him.

"Isn't there room enough on the floor for your feet Brown?

Peanuts to Tubby Horton.

What do they feed you on over in your corner of the dining room?

Tubby wearily (tired of being razzed) "A table."

The senior boys are famous
They are known both far and wide
Just like the circus freaks
By young "Preps" deified.

Lives of football men remind us
That they write their names in blood
And departing leave behind them
[illegible]f their faces in the mud.

In English Class

[illegible]: "Who were the first of the army t[illegible]e?"

[illegible]hild: "The first row of soldiers."

At the Table.

[illegible]: "My father won't let me be a l[illegible]orm."

Miss Soule: "I thought Carson and I were to play together. He on the pipe organ and I on the piano, but I guess it was a pipe dream."

Prof. Hollingworth: "You mean a pipe organ dream."

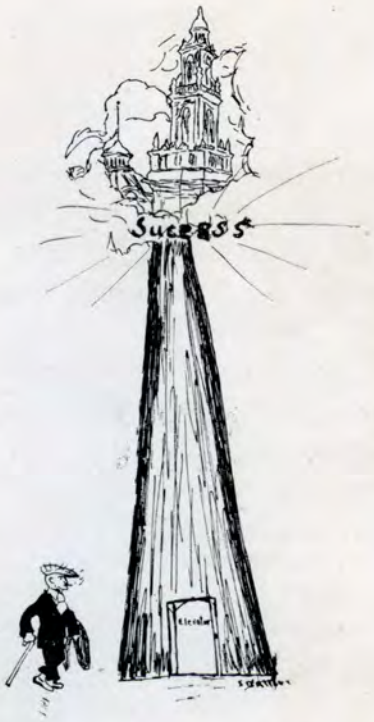
Prof.: "Why are you late?"

Butts: "Class started before I got here."

Chubby to Cutie: "I hear your roommate has a baby-violin."

Cutie: "Yes, and it'll be an orphan soon."

For Girls Only!!! (read backwards) Didn't you if boys be wouldn't you, this read would you knew we.



The way some want to get there.

Miss Belden in Monday music period. "If you boys don't sing better than that you'll be a failure."

D'Attore: "Well, the sewing machines will help us out. They're all Singers."

Mrs. Clifford: "When was the Revival of Learning?"

Doc. (Intelligent senior:) "The night before exams."

Prof. Nairn (in Biology) "What is dust?"

Helene Sheehan: "Dust is mud with the juice squeezed out."

Yannon: "What's Darwin's theory, Sunderland?"

Sunderland: "Monkey business."

Jokes.

Junior class meeting—Class President: "The minutes of the next meeting will now be read."

Miss Belden giving a lesson in which syncopated time is used.

"Why don't you sing the way I tell you to? You must sing on the unaccented beat while I play the accented.

Pupil: "Well, Miss Belden, I never could get that constipated time right."

Miss Everett: "What is 1 - 2 of x?"

Spear: "2 x."

Miss Everett: "Hold your book with one hand and read with the other."

Say, Gamble, do you know where two lines intersect?"

Miss Gamble: "Of course, where they meet."

Miss Shean: "Maddy, what would you do if the dormitory caught fire?"

Maddy: "Look out the window and see the fire escape."

Our idea of nothing at all. A P. G. Course in typewriting.

Miss McClure: "What is Tapein most of the time.

Gammino: "A-bed."

Miss Everett in algebra class: "How many got all the problems they tried?"

All did.

Miss Everett: "How many tried any?"

No reply.

Miss Pentecost in class: "Is every one here? All who are not please say so."

Henry Godreau looking round in class from which most have left: "Day by day in every way we're growing lesser and lesser."

Prof. Bergstrom: "Brown, what king followed Edward VI?"

Brown: "Mary."

Prof. Bergstrom: "And who came after Mary?"

Spear: "Her little lamb."





THE HEIGHT OF FOLLY.

To copy from a dumbell's paper.

THE HEIGHT OF NERVE.

To ask the teacher to give you an "A" so you can be certified.

THE HEIGHT OF GOOD LUCK.

To hear the bell ring just as you start to bluff a recitation.

THE HEIGHT OF TOUGH LUCK.

To prepare a lesson for five days and not to be called; then to let it go one day and hear your name called.

THE HEIGHT OF EXPECTATION.

To take it easy for three months and expect an "A" in the fourth.

THE HEIGHT OF AMBITION.

To be called a flapper.

THE HEIGHT OF FASHION.

To wear a paisley tie.

THE HEIGHT OF IMAGINATION.

To think you're on time at 8:30¼ a. m.

THE HEIGHT OF USELESSNESS.

To tell Prof. Bergstrom you're not prepared in English class.

The Alphabet

A is for this alphabet which I shall try to write.

B is for Brown who knows not of foes, a great athlete as everyone knows.

C is for Curry, a smart young dandy, with brains or in love, you will find him quite handy.

D is for Davis a most popular man, sells jokes by the wholesale, fresh made or in can.

E is for Ellis not much of a dude. He ogles the girls, and is inclined to be rude.

F is for Faculty who grinds out the marks and conditions all pupils who are too fond of larks.

G is for Gammino, whose football fame knocks all the rest of the kids quite out of the game.

H is for Howlett, hail fellow well met. He lives in the Olney where apartments are let.

I I'm afraid I will have to omit, for I can't find a name which is not a misfit.

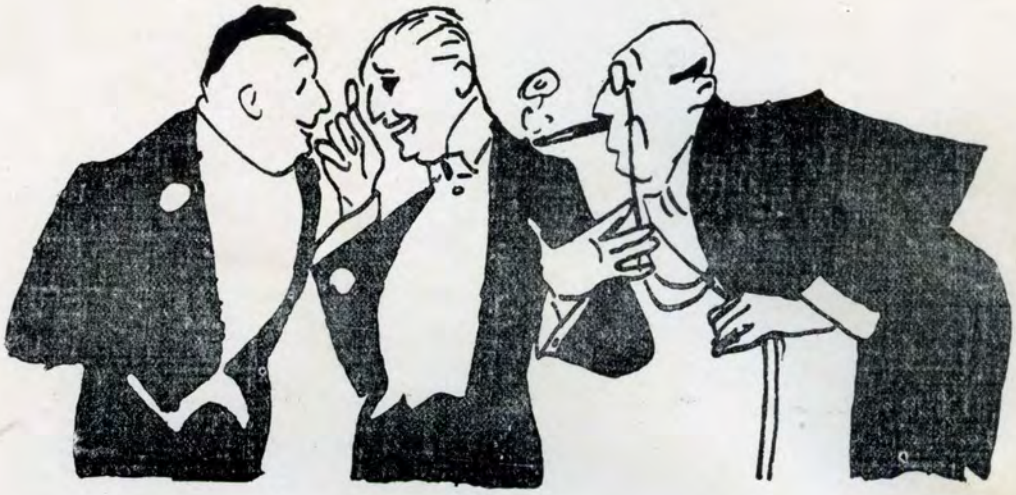
J meaning Jays too numerous to mention. In various ways they compel our attention.

K is for Kaufman, a pretty young maid, she lives in the town, to say more I'm afraid.

L is for Lawton, you know whom I mean, a great sort of flapper with temper sharp and keen.

M is for Miller quite tall in height, on the basket ball floor he puts up a good fight.

N is for Newbold, who cannot be found. He's talking to Marjorie again I'll be bound.



O is for O so big and so round. We've captured in past years when exams come round.

P is for Peanuts an infant in size, but whose mischief and teasing rise to the skies.

Q is for queer things, each class has its share, but Preps lead all the rest for fair.

R is for Robinson, a sweet little dame. She lives in North Middleboro which I think is a shame.

S stands for Stedman and also for Spear Both these young men we submit without fear. And also for Soule of the Sophomore class whom the whole Eastman thinks a charming young lass.

T is for Thompson whom I won't describe here, for you all know about he through the food of this year.

U is for us, both pupils and teachers. You know us each one by our own special features.

V is for Veneer which this article lacks for I'm but a beginner hung up on the racks.

W is for the Wrights so popular and neat whom everyone likes they're so charming and sweet.

X, Y and Z see Miss Everett about. I've had all I want of the rest please find out.

I hope you'll forgive me my friends that I've missed.
For I haven't enough room in this already long list.

C. F. W. BERGSTROM

E. M. PENTECOST

M. F. McCLURE

E. E. CORR

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