



# The Anchor



Christmas Number

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# The Anchor

RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

Vol. II

Providence, R. I., December, 1929

No. 2

## The Quest

MARION STANWOOD, '30

TO one of the Heavenly Host had been given a commission. It was to find among mortals someone endowed with the Christmas Spirit. It seemed that the task was easy, for it was after mid-December, and Christmas was uppermost in the minds of people all over the world. The Celestial Messenger stood on one of the crowded thoroughfares of a great city, which was pulsating and swarming with bustling individuals. His attention was attracted by a large machine which drew up beside the curb. A woman clad in furs emerged from a department store, followed by a messenger laden with packages. She beckoned the boy to approach her machine; and when he had placed the packages inside, she handed him a bit of change.

"Surely," thought the Messenger, "if she intends giving all those gifts, she must be the possessor of the Christmas Spirit I'm seeking." He followed her to her home. When she had been relieved of her wraps she sank exuberantly into a divan, lighted a cigarette, and rang for her secre-

tary. As the latter opened the packages, her employer designated for whom they were intended.

"The silver mesh bag to Mrs. Christopher—she always gives me something expensive. Then give the plume fan to Mrs. Carroll Allen. On second thought, isn't that the same color as my new flame evening gown? I believe I'll keep it and get something else for her. Now, Ann, Mrs. Horace is being almost universally accepted as a social leader this season; so, of course, I must give her a gift. Look over the rest of the packages and see if there is anything suitable there. Do you think. . . ."

The Messenger had left in disdain, being able to bear no more. His failure he attributed to confining his search to the wealthy of a certain offensive type, and he decided to pursue his quest among those not so well endowed with worldly goods.

He wended his way down the brilliantly lighted streets toward the poorer section of the city. His attention was not attracted by the com-



motion in a toy shop window, brought about by the collapse of a dancing doll. It seems that she was in love with the cow-boy doll, who incessantly threw his lariat at a bucking bronco and never missed. His admirer was so fascinated by his antics that she danced for hours—just to entice his notice. Her efforts were unrewarded, however, and that explained her falling into a dejected heap. The result was colossal. The force of her fall caused the woolly lamb to drop from his pasture near the top of the window. His downward progress was interfered with by the cowboy, the teddy bear, the tiny soldier, and the bunny with the pink ears, all in rapid succession. The poor lamb was stopped by each—just for a fraction of a second—and then continued his descent, carrying all impediments with him. There they lay in a heap of fur and china—all on top of the little dancing doll with the broken heart.

The Messenger was not at all concerned with this little drama enacted before his very eyes, nor did he see the peppermint canes and taffy candy which so captivated the tiny urchins and drew them to that shop window as does overlooked molasses draw ants to a pantry shelf.

More important and more definite was the errand of this Heavenly Visitor. Passing all these smaller shops, he directed his course to the narrow, winding streets, typical of the southern section of the city. His final choice was one of the meanest, most squalid of tenement houses, wherein he climbed slowly to the topmost floor. Silently he entered a room, sat quietly in a corner, and listened to the conversation going on around the small kitchen table. "I tell yer what, Jim,

Christmas is the bes' time in the year ter git in right with folks. Now I'll crochet a pair er them arm bands, yer know I kin make four pair out er a dime ball er yarn, n'yer kin give em to yer boss a couple er days afore, n'then he'll hav ter give yer somethin'. Then I'll hav ter git a present from them folks that I wash for. Suppose I make 'em. . . ."

The Heavenly Messenger was no longer there. He began to realize that his commission was a difficult, if not impossible thing. He wandered down the streets—jostled here and there by the hurrying, self-centered, egoistic mob. Heartsick and unable to abide longer the pushing and elbowing of the thoroughfares, he strolled into a park, where he noticed an extremely disreputable character sprawled upon a bench, cap pulled low, coat collar up. Sitting unnoticed on the other end of the bench, the Messenger waited for something to happen. Before long, a dark shadow loomed far down the walk. It reeled slightly from side to side. As it approached the light, the Messenger was able to discern a dissipated youth in evening dress. The other occupant of the bench had noticed the approach. Silently and deftly he arose, pointed a revolver at the startled young man, received a roll of bills, and merged into the shadows. Without any definite reason, the Messenger followed him. Out of the park and into the shopping district passed the thief. Quietly he slipped into a toy shop. His purchases were quickly made. A grocery store was his next stopping place. Then he was on the street again, hurrying onward toward the southern end of the city.

"Why am I following him?" the



Heavenly Messenger asked himself. "I have been sent to find one possessing the Christmas Spirit, and he is but a thief." Yet, some impelling, inexplicable force drew him onward.

Up a narrow staircase ran the thief—straight to the bed of a little boy, a boy with wan cheeks, against whose bed rested a pair of crutches.

"Believe in Santa, Jack?" asked the thief.

"You bet, Tim," was the response, "that is if he has red hair."

A dull flush was creeping into Jack's white cheeks. Tim coughed very violently and turned to use a grimy handkerchief. Then he smiled and turned back to Jack.

"Well, here are the books for the lonely hours, more candy than yer ma'll ever let yer eat and one of them new-fangled tops."

Jack's pleasure was indescribable. He hugged his treasures to his heart, trying to play, read, and eat, all at the same time—and then sandwiching in here and there, a word of thanks to the donor of the gifts. Tim, however, had turned to the sad-faced mother who was weeping shamelessly into her apron. He handed her a large roll of bills and rather laconically mumbled, "Aw come on, don't cry—why, he's happy—'n yer got enough now for the operation."

Then because he was embarrassed, Tim suddenly decided that he had another call to make.

His other destination was not far distant. He entered a room that was perhaps a little more pathetic than the first. It was old Mother Barr's home. She was so saintly—always doing something for those less fortunate. A lady by birth, but now in

want and desolation. Tim apparently was a frequent visitor, for he opened the door and entered without knocking.

"Hi, Mother Barr!" he shouted, as she emerged from her tiny kitchen.

"Oh, Tim, I was afraid you weren't coming. I've baked a gingerbread for you."

Tim's cold bothered him again. He rushed over and threw his arms about the frail old lady. "Yer a queen, mother, n'here's yer Christmas. It oughter be enough to pay fer coal, n'food, n'rent fer the winter."

"But, Tim, your overcoat——"

"Aw, I gotta lot left, So long. I got a date."

"God bless you, Tim," called Mother Barr after him.

"Thanks, good-bye," said Tim a bit huskily as he hurried out and groped down the stairs which seemed to him to be enveloped in fog.

He plunged his hand into his pocket. "One dollar and fifteen cents," he mused optimistically, "fifteen cents for a bed and a real Christmas dinner tomorrow."

As he approached the door of the repugnant lodging house where one might lie on a dirty mattress with a greasy comforter for warmth—all for fifteen cents—he was hailed by another shabby individual.

"Got any dough? I can't give the kids anythin' tomorrow unless I kin borrow some."

"Sure," said Tim, "only got a buck, but yer welcome to that."

"Gee, won't Mary and the kids be happy?" mused his companion.

"Better hurry 'fore the stores close," suggested Tim.

"Sure, Merry Christmas, so long."

Tim smiled as he paid for his bed.

"Well, I'll sleep, anyhow. Gee, but they were happy," and he slept the slumber of a tired man.

The Heavenly Messenger pondered. Where was the Spirit of Christmas? The wealthy "social climber" did not possess it. The char-woman mistook

it for an opportunity to gain preferment. He had caught a glimpse of it deep down in the heart of Tim under the tarnish of thievery.

And you, kind reader, wonder too. Where is the Christmas Spirit? Search in your own heart. That is what the Heavenly Messenger did eventually. Whether you will find it there, we do not know.





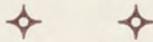
# THE ANCHOR

## CHRISTMAS

TED SCOTT, '32

Softly white flakes are falling;  
Chimes ring through the night,  
Angels sing,  
Candles flicker through the darkness.

The snow no longer falls;  
A bright star shines in the East,  
Shepherds kneel,  
Jesus is born—"Peace on Earth."



## 'TIS CHRISTMAS MORN

FRANCES DOWNEY, '30

'Tis Christmas morn; the world is gay,  
Brightly dressed for her holiday.  
The firs with heavy snow are bowed,  
And frosted elms stand tall and proud,  
Regal in the glow of Christ's natal  
day.

What does the little snowbird say,  
And what sings the wind in its own  
way?  
" 'Tis Christmas morn!"

O, let now joyous music play,  
And swell the air with its happy lay,  
For God has left His home on high  
He comes in His glory, a Presence  
nigh,  
And blesses the world with peace  
today;  
'Tis Christmas morn!



## EDITORIALS

### *A New Ricoled*

IN June, 1930, the Senior Class will publish their yearbook, *RICOLED '30*. Having profited by the experience of last year's editorial staff, the Seniors are preparing to bring forth a "bigger and better" edition with numerous improvements. Realizing that such a book is preserved as a memorandum to which one can turn to renew old acquaintances, it has been decided that the *RICOLED '30* shall have a hard "board" cover instead of the China-text paper cover of last year and that it shall be bound substantially as an ordinary book.

Every Senior has united with the present editors in an effort to produce a yearbook which will be long remem-

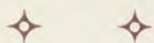
bered in the history of the College. If ever there has been spirit in back of any activity, it is in back of this anticipated publication. With this spirit as a foundation, the students may expect an exceptionally fine *RICOLED*.

Now, if you wish a copy, get busy, quick! The edition will be limited, and unless your subscription is paid for by January first, you may be disappointed.

Copies of the *RICOLED '30* will cost one dollar and a half each. If mailed, there will be an additional charge of fifteen cents for postage.

Send your subscriptions to the *RICOLED '30*, in care of the College.

—W. R. L.



### *Christmas versus Xmas*

AMERICANS are characterized by their European friends as "people who eat in a hurry, work in a hurry, and sleep only when necessary." We are pictured as a hurrying nation. Is there any justification for this characterization? In our desire to obtain the most of everything with the least possible effort, we have taken the beautiful word, "Christmas," mutilated it beyond recognition, and obtained as a result the unworthy substitute X-mas.

Let us observe the word more close-

ly. X-mas. A word of two syllables. "X" denoting the unknown quantity required in the solution of algebra problems. To take the word "Christmas," torture and mutilate it to suggest algebra to a person is sacrilegious. The birth of Christ is too significant to be depicted by a word which we hesitate to write.

After all, the primary purpose of words is to convey ideas. What ideas can one possibly obtain by hearing or seeing such a meaningless word? Yet we encounter it on cards, seals, in



downtown window displays, on street cars, omnibuses, in advertisements; in fact, it lurks everywhere. Some of our friends endanger the bonds of friendship by using it.

People refer to this beautiful season of the year as X-mas, pronounced as it is spelled. Why not call it "hot water"? It certainly would have as much significance. On second thought, I do "hot water" a grave injustice. The latter has much more significance. It has the distinction of being at least a known quantity. It is not X-water.

How can we help to discourage the use of the hateful term, X-mas?

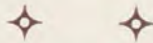
Refuse to use the abbreviated spelling, even though you are pressed for time. Take time to write the word, Christmas.

Refuse to use the offensive, meaningless pronunciation which is becoming so common.

Refuse to allow this beautiful, old word, Christmas, to fall into gross degeneracy.

Finally, never, never, never allow the monstrosity to penetrate your classroom when you are teaching. If you do, we hope that your supervisor will give you a good scolding. You will deserve it.

—E. M. W.



## To Whom It May Concern

THE other day someone remarked that there was no spirit in this College, and without a moment's hesitation I agreed. Strangely enough the remark and my answer have caused me to do a great deal of thinking. At last I have come to a decision. I was wrong.

No spirit you say?

Then try to explain the force that urged those two debating teams to spend two months in research, and the whole Easter vacation rehearsing speeches, so that they could accomplish the victories they won over both Emerson and R. I. State, last year. Doesn't it seem possible that the cast which gives up most of its spare time for six weeks in order to present a play so that the proceeds may go to promote dramatics in the future, has some spirit? Are you forgetting the girl who stays until nearly six o'clock

typing notices to be sent to the newspapers so that our College may get publicity? Have you not heard about the Freshman B student who, before she had been in the college a month, came forth voluntarily and got five pages of ads for this magazine? Explain if you can what caused one of the members of the Press Club voluntarily to loan her typewriter when she learned the club needed one. Haven't those girls who come in three quarters of an hour early on Wednesdays so that our College may have a Glee Club some spirit? And don't forget our president and the members of the faculty who never fail to praise you and your work, every time they speak before an outside audience. Also keep in mind those of the faculty who willingly accept the thankless job of reading copy for the various publications of the College, and those who spend



## THE ANCHOR

a great deal of their time in guiding clubs, and other activities. Why, it is an injustice to say that these people have no spirit.

Oh, you say it's only a certain few who have this spirit?

Well, it is not!

A countless number of times I have heard both teachers and students ask individuals to help out in some thing about school, and always the answers were in the affirmative, ranging from "I'll do anything you wish" to "I don't think I'll be of much assistance to you, but I'm willing to do my best to help you." That's a sign of spirit, isn't it? And you can find it anywhere in the College.

Then why should a person say there is no spirit in this College? Perhaps it is because that person's own spirit is weak. For after all, spirit, and especially college spirit, is a type of patriotism. It means that instead of continually finding fault, you will uphold your College when it is criticised by others and you will do your best to improve its reputation. If you have

the true spirit, you believe that as far as you are concerned yours is the best college of its kind and you are glad you attend it. And if you keep on believing this, others will believe it and in a short time you will be looked up to as a member of this particular college. But if you go about saying there is no spirit, you are forcing others to believe it, and eventually there will be none.

Let us all start now to prevent anyone from saying there is no spirit in this College. Let the world know that you are a student at Rhode Island College of Education and that you are mighty proud of it. Get together with your pals and show others that you are at the front, always ready to give your support to anything that means progress for the College. The sooner you act, the sooner everyone will see that there is spirit present; and the sooner that happens, the sooner the world is going to look up to you as a student from one of the great teacher-training colleges of the country, Rhode Island College of Education.

—W. R. L.





## On First Acquaintance

A. J. STODDARD

*Superintendent of Schools  
Providence, R. I.*

—Special to THE ANCHOR—

A LARGE number of teachers pass from the Rhode Island College of Education into service in the Providence public school system every year. We naturally have intense interest in this institution from which many of our prospective teachers gain their professional methods and ideals. The attitude of this institution toward the philosophy of progressive education, and its demonstration of the extent that this philosophy can be carried out practically in the classroom, are of the greatest significance to the progress that is made by the public schools.

Two or three casual visits to the College furnish abundant evidence that the members of the faculty keenly appreciate the tremendous responsibility that is theirs in training these teachers. One is impressed with the high professional attitude so evident on all sides. The building itself, overlooking the city so strategically, has a homelike atmosphere about the halls and classrooms, so pleasingly different from many similar institutions. The relationship that one senses as existing between students and faculty is such as to lead the students in training to prize even more highly the ideals of the profession that they are about to enter.

The Henry Barnard School, so appropriately named for one of America's greatest pioneers in education, furnishes the laboratories in which the

students experiment and practice, either directly themselves or through watching master teachers in the process. Any one who has followed the progressive school movement in America in the last twenty years will list this school among those that are effectively blazing the trails. Pioneering in education, as in other phases of life, is often misunderstood and misinterpreted. It is inevitable that such schools should do some groping, moving forward here, and receding there, but gradually pushing back the frontier. Progress is made in that way.

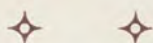
In this school is demonstrated the practicability of that philosophy which considers education as a process of growth from within. That is, each child is encouraged by his environment, the doings of his companions, or the indirect suggestions of his teachers, to initiate and carry out those activities that are best for him in his particular stage of development. It is truly self-education under expert guidance. As one progresses from room to room through the building he is pleased with the story of individual child progress that unfolds before his eyes. The boys and girls are led to find themselves. This means that each one acquires knowledge and skills, establishes habits and appreciations, and attains special abilities, according to his individual endowment. It is a "child-centered" school, where it is endeavored to main-



tain the proper balance between what a child should be able to know and be and what he should be able to do.

Providence, as well as the entire State of Rhode Island, is fortunate in having a training school for teachers that exemplifies so well the modern, progressive attitude towards education, and so effectively trains its teachers in that philosophy. Every effort should constantly be made to improve this process through encourage-

ment and sympathetic criticism from the public schools and a receptive attitude on the part of the College. Full advantage should be gained from the impact of the problems of the public schools upon the theories and procedures underlying the work of the training school. In such a relationship lies the hope that our public schools may be kept apace with the problems of an ever-changing society.



## Education for Parenthood

GRACE E. BIRD

*Professor of Educational Psychology*

THE growing need for scientific child study for parents is receiving recognition in every quarter. A recent investigation of eighty-six sources of parental education in twenty-two states indicates that a quarter are connected with colleges and universities, a quarter with public schools and churches, and a half with other educational organizations and social service agencies such as clinics, parent-teacher associations, clubs, public health centres, mental hygiene societies and other national associations.

Rhode Island is abreast of this movement. In addition to the efforts of other important organizations, the College of Education is making its contribution by conducting a course in psychology for parents, who are given the opportunity of discussing individual problems. In endeavoring to solve these problems, they study the psychological principles involved, in

order that each difficulty may be diagnosed with a view to applying remedial measures.

A child's education begins at birth. Indeed his first six years are conceded by psychologists to be the most important of his life. During this time, his most fundamental behavior patterns are formed. This stage of development is the most rapid and intense that he will ever know. It should establish physical health and mental balance. During these years, he acquires the foundation of his vocabulary. He masters routine habits of dressing, feeding, cleanliness and other health practices, and of adjustment to the family. His feelings of dependency or self reliance, control, security or the opposite, family affection or antagonism, and prejudice are determined by home influences and attitudes during this period. It is a time of swift learning and varied activity.

The home has been called the work-



shop for developing a child's personality. The strongest drive here is imitation of the example of parents. Many of the mental disturbances of children can be traced to early home conditions of uneven, unsympathetic treatment, too much repression or the reverse, or general indifference. It is a mistake to suppose that a child does not begin his education until he enters school. Already he has acquired the most important characteristics that make for his future happiness and success. The beginnings of such unhealthful behavior as tantrums, over-sensitiveness, sulking, stealing, jealousy, cruelty, etc., are nipped in the bud by the wise parent. By this means time, energy and emotional upheaval are prevented when the child is obliged eventually to adjust himself to school conditions.

If both the home and the school agree to follow the same objectives in leading the child to make social adjustments, the gap which now exists between these two educational agencies can be bridged. It would be well if both should keep in mind the principle that education should provide a suitable environment for the complete development and growth of the individual.

The idea of infant education and parental training is not a new one, but it is still in the process of organization. "Education commences in the first year of childhood," said Plato. As early as the seventeenth century, Comenius outlined a home curriculum including food, sleep, fresh air, exercise and regularity of habits. In the next century, Oberlin established an infant school in France for the children of ignorant peasants. In cases where parents are not equal to their

duties, the public usually steps in. The ideal condition, however, is proper training for efficient parenthood, so that the responsibility may rest where it belongs.

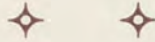
In the eighteenth century, Pestalozzi argued that character can be formed only through early establishment of right habits. In 1816, Owen established infant schools in England and Scotland, and in 1826 had built up an infant school of over 100 children in Indiana. In 1820, the Society of Friends conducted such a school as a regular part of public education in Great Britain. In 1908, the first nursery school in London was established by the Macmillans for neglected children of poor parents. The work of Montessori in Italy is known to everyone. The efforts of Abate Aporte are very significant because of his interest in the education of parents. In 1925, twenty-five nursery schools were flourishing in England. Now, in Belgium, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, Germany and even Soviet Russia the program of pre-school and parental education is a foregone conclusion.

The importance of the family as an educational agency is undeniable, but as a teaching unit it is unorganized. Its methods and standards are haphazard, for the reason that the only systematic training afforded parents is that which they voluntarily seek from relatively scattered agencies. The crying need at present is the establishment of training for parenthood as an integral part of public education. In this way shall we reduce that conflict between home and school which arouses a conflict in the child. We shall assist in the integration of each child's personality by making close co-



operation between the child's best friends—his teachers and his parents. It would be well for teachers in service to become better acquainted with the parental training movement which

promises to become a part of modern education—training in the most important profession in the world, a profession of the greatest possible service to state and nation.



## "December Roses"

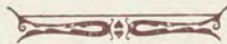
MARY MEEHAN

P ERHAPS in this ultra modern age of practicality and materialism, the gentle art of reminiscencing is not only neglected, but scorned. It is true, indeed, that the business world is concerned chiefly with the present, and such an attitude is not only commendable but necessary. I feel, however, that there should be in the life of every individual (and the hard working student is no exception) a quiet moment at the end of the day when he can sit before his blazing fireplace, toast his toes on the fender (it such a practice has not become quite obsolete!)—and remember.

If the gods have smiled on him, he will have many things to remember—a friend far away and very dear; a book with beautiful thoughts inside its blue covers; a little white house

among the pines (possibly his birth-place); an old song his class sang on the night of graduation; a pleasant hour alone in the autumn woods; a sleighing party on a cold January night—young laughter above the jingle of the bells, the world a white fairyland of snow drifts—ah, he will have so many things to remember that only the frolicsome sparks, leaping daringly up towards his toasting toes, will rouse him from his reminiscencing!

Barrie wrote: "God gave us memory that we might have roses in December." The happiest people in the world, I think, are those who, even in the severest winter, find the fragrance of the June roses in their memories of the past.



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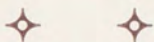
## LONG, LONG AGO

FRANCES DOWNEY, '30

Long, long ago, on a starlit night,  
Bethlehem slept 'neath a blanket  
white,  
And the cruel winter's wind blew by,  
When a babe left his home on high,  
Glorious in celestial light.

Far in the heaven's majestic height,  
Came a new star, most wond'rous,  
bright,  
His herald in the eastern sky,  
Long, long ago.

Shepherds sank to the earth in fright,  
Bewildered by a glorious sight!  
Lo, when they rose angels were nigh,  
Telling of the Christ-child, from heav-  
en on high,  
An infant but the Eternal Might,  
Long, long ago.



## GOD'S CHRISTMAS TREE

EVELYN PELRINE, '30

Deep in the forest  
God's Christmas Tree stands.  
Stars gleam in its branches,  
Candles of the night.  
Icicles drip in a silver fringe,  
And tinkle like distant chimes  
At the touch of the wind.  
The moon rests at the top,  
A golden dome.  
And far above  
In the Christmas sky  
Two clouds like white angels,  
Stand reverently by.



## *The Winged Horse*

MARION STANWOOD, '30

*The Winged Horse: The Story of the Poets and their Poetry*, by Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill, with decorations by Paul Honoré and a bibliography by Theresa West El-mendorf. Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., Garden City, New York, 1928, 451 pages.

Long ago the Greeks told the story of the taming of the winged horse, Pegasus, by Pallas Athena, goddess of wisdom. The hero, Belleraphon, was given the golden bridle with which he bridled Pegasus. Swinging down from the air, he slew Chimaera, the monster that destroyed men with her breath of fire.

This story the Greeks used when they spoke of poets and poetry, for they saw how great singers rose on the wings of imagination, leaving the world of ordinary words and men, and striking with lightening strokes of truth through man's pettiness and lies and evil. They made the winged horse the swift steed of poets, the

symbol of song.

Messieurs Auslander and Hill in "The Winged Horse" have written an exquisite story of poetry. It is neither a history nor a chronology, but a rhapsody. They trace poetry from the prehistoric times when it was merely rhythm in war cries or chants, through the Greek and Roman poets. Pegasus later stops in England with Chaucer and the ballad makers, and then—Shakespeare. On Milton, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and innumerable others the editors dwell—giving for each an intimate knowledge of the individual. The approach is biographical, literary, and psychological—all in one. "The Winged Horse" is not a complete unit; it opens avenues of learning, culture, and understanding to be traveled by the student.

The keen interpretation and genuine appreciation of the authors makes "The Winged Horse" a story of poetry, truly indispensable to the poetry-enthusiast.



## *Junior B Formal Dance*

**D**O you like formal dances? The Junior B's do. They like them especially when there is a good orchestra and a large attendance. So, if you like what they like, and they're sure you do, start preparing now for the formal dance coming January the tenth. The Junior B Class will be looking for you to be with them.

## Alumni News

*Any information sent in concerning activities of alumni will be greatly appreciated.*

1915

Edna Smith, president of the Associated Alumni of this college, is teaching at the Meeting Street Open Air School in Providence.

1917

Elizabeth Baldwin is a teacher in Pawtucket at the Joseph Jenks Junior High School.

1920

Margaret Salesses, chairman of the Publicity Committee for the Alumni, teaches at Lexington Avenue School in Providence.

1922

Doris V. Haslehurst is teaching in Providence at the Lexington Avenue School.

Margaret R. Barry is now teaching at Candace St. Grammar School, Providence.

1925

Katherine A. Degnan is a teacher in the Fairmount School in Woonsocket.

Irene B. Higgins is teaching the First Grade in the Smith Street School, Providence.

1926

Mary M. Morris is teaching in Bristol.

Grace C. Dillon is commanding the Third Grade at Grove St. School in Pawtucket.

Marion R. Gleason, a former class officer, is teaching the Third Grade in the room in which she once was a pupil in Eden Park, Cranston.

1928

Mary C. Emerson has left this state and gone to Essex, Conn., where she is an instructor in science at the Pratt High School.

Marion Clarke, a former secretary of the Student Council, is now presiding officer of the Eighth Grade at the John Clarke School in Newport.

Evelyn Pratt has been chosen to fill a newly-created office in the Woonsocket School System, that of giving psychological tests throughout all the schools in that city.

Lillian Cook has been promoted, and now she takes charge of a special room of Ninth Graders in the Woonsocket Junior High School.

Mary M. Keefe teaches mathematics and science in Burrillville High School, Pascoag.

Catherine Locke is at the Fruit Hill School in North Providence.

Mary A. Lynch, of Providence, is at the Candace Street Grammar School.

1929

Margaret M. Baggott is at the Pre-Vocational School at Doyle Avenue, Providence.

Jessie Chatterton is substituting at Summit Avenue.

Alice C. Armstrong teaches in the kindergarten at Berkshire St. School.

### *Former Members of Class of 1930*

Edith E. Smith is teaching at the Tristram Burgess School in East Providence.

Iva Feidler is taking city training in the kindergarten at the Veazie St. School, Providence.

In Woonsocket we find that Emily Wales is at the Junior High, and Cecilia St. Jean is at the McFee School.



## Two Teachers

Two teachers are working side by side, teaching the same grades, doing the same work, and supposedly getting the same results, but—

One has a strong and pleasing personality; the other is colorless.

One shakes hands with a firm, warm grip; the other drops her hand in yours like a wet codfish.

One is kindly, sympathetic; the other is indifferent.

One stands squarely on her own two feet; the other needs crutches.

One inspires love of work; the other inspires indifference or downright hatred of work.

One is loyal to all that is best; the other not disloyal, but unloyal.

One teaches living souls; the other teaches facts.

One travels the sunlit heights; the other the narrow ravine.

One lives to teach; the other teaches to live.

One's chief pay is the joy of accomplishment and in growing souls of her children; the other's only pay is in her monthly check.

—*Pen Dragon.*

WHICH ARE YOU?

## Babblings

THE ANCHOR welcomes any contributions of personal news that will make this an interesting page.

WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY IF—

Betty were *Bottling* instead of *Canning*?

Betty were *Green* instead of *Black*?  
Jane were a *Watch* instead of a *Clark*?

Grace were a *Hymn* instead of a *Carroll*?

Margaret were *Short* instead of *Long*?  
Anna were a *Blacksmith* instead of a *Carpenter*?

Ruth were a *Potato* instead of a *Bean*?  
Harry were a *Day* instead of a *Knight*?

Helen were a *Maid* instead of a *Cook*?  
Ailley were a *Tenor* instead of an *Alto*?

Grace were a *Washington* instead of a *Lee*?

George were an *Inkwell* instead of a *Blackwell*?

Leonard were a *Committeeman* instead of a *Boardman*?

Waldron were a *Lake* instead of a *Poole*?

Barb Bromley, president of the Freshman B. Class, is starting off well. The very first day in Student Council she made her debut by entering into a discussion.

Lillian Hill, '30, realizing the advantages that the city possesses, moved from Westerly to Providence. She thinks she is a "city slicker" now.

Card playing is likely to be an expensive game for most of us. But, for that matter, so is any game in which we play hands.

A girl can wear a golf skirt when she can't play golf, and a bathing suit when she can't swim, but when she puts on a wedding garment she means business.



It has been calculated (although not officially checked) that Fred Moulton, '30, does not carry as many books, to and from school, as he did formerly. When questioned, he replied: "It's too much work trying to compete with John McInnes, '30, so I just withdrew from the contest."

"Mac" is in a class by himself. Although from Maine and not Missouri, he has to be shown. One Friday he spent four hours in the men's room cutting up a deer's feet and then came in the following week with a pig's heart, which he also pulled apart, just to check up on the statements made in "Human Mechanism" and in "Meredith." Yes, he's in a class by himself.

Far be it from us to speak evil of a person, but the truth must be told. Could you even imagine that in a professional college such as this there are students who do not believe in Santa Claus? Our suspicions were first aroused, and our equilibrium jarred when Marion Williams, '31, said, "I really don't take much stock in what they say about there being a Santa Claus." In order to see how far these radical ideas were spreading, a check-up was made. The results showed that Kay Hogan, '32, Mildred Benoit, '30, Constance Cunningham, '33, and Ruth Monahan, '31, were also classed as non-believers.

Margaret Long isn't afraid to pay our advertisers a visit and tell them that she saw their ad in THE ANCHOR. If others take the same interest, we'll have still larger issues in the future.

At last we have found the most perfect girl in college! The discovery was made when Prof. Waite, in a principles class, asked who knew she

had at least one trait which prevented her from being of the greatest possible aid to society. Everyone in the class raised her hand excepting one Sophomore A. We won't mention any name.

No one has yet applied to the Student Council for someone to tutor in the art of mending runs in stockings; but if ever the need should arise, you can count on help from Kit Coleman, '32. She seems to be quite an expert, according to reports from her friends.

Success! At last Blanche Walsh, '32, has arrived on time for her first class on Wednesday. (The fact that she was only a half minute early doesn't matter.) Was it an accident, Blanche, or are you practising for the new year.

Can you imagine anyone making a speech on the tariff question in Dr. Carroll's class? Etta Herold, '32, is the one to be congratulated for her bravery.

If you can judge a person by the books she carries, then it can be said that Chick Struck loves Sociology.

Consider the street car conductor. He leads a simple life, yet he is about the only man in the world who can tell the ladies where to get off.

Worry will put more lines in a human countenance than work will ever etch. It's the most useless mental exercise we engage in; the greatest wear on our finely attuned brains. And it's downright waste of human energy.

The people who keep their troubles to themselves have gone a long way toward mastering the secret of popularity.



## Chatter

The more we students think of, the more we will be thought of.

As we grow older, the love songs in musical comedies become longer and longer.

When you stop to think of it, the prize reversal of form can be found in those little boys who have now grown up and who vote that teachers ought to be paid enough salary to live on.

When it comes to reducing, some people are poor losers.

It is well to have visions of a better life than that of every day, but it is the life of every day from which elements of a better life must come.

Do all you Freshmen know what "College bread" is? Well, it is a four-year loaf made from the flour of youth and the dough of old age.

Two-dollar bills are scarce, but not as scarce as the twenties.

If you haven't heard about the Ladies' Artillery of the Hysterical Assassination yet,—just wait—you will!

A survey is<sup>\*</sup> being made to determine just how many R. I. C. E. students have made use of the knowledge gained from that movie, "Making Biscuits," that we saw way back in October.

The art in making pumpkin pie is to use so much spice you can't taste the pumpkin.

George Blackwell, who has been fined for overtime parking, says that it isn't the running expense of a car that hurts, it's the stopping.

'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved and *won*.

Intuition is that which tells a woman she is always right.

A woman can only be logical when she hates a man.

The fellow who doesn't know much, but knows enough not to let others know, knows more than some of the knowing ones know.

Salt is the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on.

Cutting any lecture one does not like is one way to make college life one long sweet song.

Happiness is everywhere, but seldom found anywhere.

Many girls leave home because their parents aren't home either.

The man who tries to kill two birds with one stone wastes a lot of stones.

It is always comforting to attribute our virtues to our own efforts; our vices, to heredity.

When things don't come your way, it is a sign you ought to be going after them.

The person who is doing his level best isn't going down-hill.

We begin by fooling others and end by fooling ourselves.

If all the jokes printed about college life in our humorous magazines were placed in one pile, it would be a boon to humanity—especially if you had a match.

DON'T FORGET TO HANG UP YOUR STOCKING!



## The Anchor Line

JOHN MCINNES: "Ken Riley made the basketball team, didn't he?"

WALLY POOLE: "Oh, I wouldn't say that. But, of course, he helped out."

FRED: "I should like to buy some gloves."

CLERK: "Kid gloves?"

FRED: "Gracious no, I'm a college man now."

HELEN LOUIS: "Her mother always called her the fairest flower of girlhood."

MARION FEATHERSTONE: "Isn't it too bad she grew up to be a wall flower."

FRAN CUNNINGHAM: "Why do we see so many bald headed men?"

BETTY CANNING: "Because they take their hats off."

Then there was the Scotchman who bought the car because the clutch was thrown in.

TEACHER: "What was the greatest thing about George Washington?"

JONES, '33: "His memory. They erected a monument to it."

A small boy asked his father how wars began.

"Well," said his father, "suppose that England quarreled with France—"

"But," interrupted the mother, "England mustn't quarrel with France!"

"I know," he answered, "but I am taking a hypothetical instance."

"You are misleading the child," said the mother.

"No, I am not," he answered.

"Yes, you are."

"No, I am not," he answered.

"Yes, you are."

"No, I am not."

"Yes."

"No."

"All right, Dad," said the small boy. "I think I know how wars begin."

UNCLE: "Well, Reggie, and when does your birthday come?"

REGGIE (who has been cautioned not to suggest presents): "Oh, it passed by a long time ago—a year next Saturday."

I wonder who saw the Scotchman standing at the corner of Westminster and Dorrance Streets last Saturday with a loaf of bread in his hand. He was waiting for the jam to go by.

STOREKEEPER: "What kind of candy do you want, little boy?"

BOY: "Something ten for a cent so I can give my little sister one."

SURGEON: "I'll sew that cut for you for ten dollars."

FRED HUTCHINS: "Gee, Doc, I want just plain sewing, not hemstitching and embroidery."

TEACHER: "When were you born?"

NEW PUPIL: "I was born on Mother's Day, National Apple week, Buy-a-Bale-of-Cotton-Month, Scott's Corners Centennial Year!"

ALICE LIBERTY: "Say, do you know Poe's Raven?"

MARIE DUNN: "No, what's he mad about?"

MR. KENSON, SR. (to son departing for college): "Now, don't let me hear any bad reports about you!"

OUR GEORGE: "I'll try hard, Dad, but you know how those things leak out."

BARB MALONE: "I have on my chum's patent leather pumps."

ANNA L.: "Why?"

BARBARA MALONE: "The patent on mine expired."

"With a single stroke of a brush," said the school teacher, taking his class around the National Gallery, "Joshua Reynolds could turn a smiling face into a frowning one."

"So can my mother," said a small boy.

TEACHER: "Willie, did your father write this essay?"

WILLIE: "No, ma'am, he started it, but mother had to do it all over again."

MR. KNIGHT, SR. (to son): "When I was a little boy, I used to get dry bread to eat. I was glad when I got it."

OUR HARRY: "Gee, you're better off since you're with us, aren't you, dad?"



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