

# THE ANCHOR



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# The Anchor

RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

Vol. II

Providence, R. I., February, 1930

No. 3

## 'Twas Ever Thus

TO say that the girls were an incongruous pair is to put it very mildly. Their acquaintance dated back to the day when they entered Holbrook College as Freshmen and found themselves sitting next to each other in classes. Diana Worth, the only daughter of indulgent parents soon discovered that Barbara Newbury was intensely interesting and when anything interested Di, be it a gay chiffon dress or a virile half-back, she put all her energy into acquiring it. Barbara thought Diana an irresponsible minx who needed a steady hand, and so each girl acted as a check and balance on the other. When they were assigned the same room in the sorority house, Mrs. Worth gave a relieved sigh and confided to a neighbor, "Di is so impulsive. She needs someone like Barbara to steady her."

Life was a great puzzle to Di and after pondering at length over some problem of her own or that of her friends, she inevitably brought forth the solution, "Oh well, it will all come out in the wash." In contrast to her sangfroid was Barbara's conscientious

scholarly attitude. No one ever thought of nick-naming Barbara until Di dubbed her Barb. As for Diana, she answered to anything from "Girlfriend" to "Bubbles."

To begin with Di was intent on rescuing Barbara from the ranks of the men-haters. They had been discussing men, and Di, who entered the conversation with zest, became a trifle bored. She jumped from her corner on the window seat and, pointing a finger of absurd proportions, prophesied, "Wait until you *do* fall, Miss Cynic, you'll go down with a bang!"

Barbara moved her glasses down on her nose, wholly unconscious of the ludicrous effect and retaliated, "Well, if your prediction is true, I hope and pray that I won't go mooning around with the "mournful pup" expression which seems to be prevalent among the 'smitten' ones."

"Oh, come on down to Lucy's for a split," pleaded Di. Lucy's was a favorite candy shop patronized by the girls of Holbrook.

"But I must finish the outline, Di, it's due tomorrow."

# THE ANCHOR

"Bother," cried Di, shutting Barbara's book. "You're only young once—and there'll be outlines when we're dead."

Barbara was almost persuaded, but she stopped short and demanded, "Diana Worth, have you done your chem assignment?"

Di was posing before a mirror and without turning she countered, "Really, Barb, you'd look stunning if you flattened your hair and wore it in a Madonna knot—so blasé, you know."

"You're hopeless, Di," laughed Barb as she crammed her hair into a nondescript hat, while Di pulled a close-fitting cloche over her trim, bobbed head.

As they walked down the main street of the little college town, which had grown up around the college, Diana seized Barbara's arm, "Look, here's Larry Shaw; isn't he adorable? I'm so glad he asked me to the frat dance because he does dance divinely."

"Hm," ventured Barb, "he looks like an overgrown cherubim, with those curls blowing all over his head. Why doesn't he have a hair cut? Who's that with him?" Di was too intent on her Apollo-like Larry to realize the unusual question. In fact, she scarcely heard it. As the four came abreast, Larry hailed them with a hearty, "Hi, Di, beautifullest," and turning to Barb, "How is the lady who would banish poor men from the face of the earth? Indeed," continued Larry as Barb demurred, "you have Di here all bothered by your indifference to the masculine charms in which she so revels. By the way girls, meet Noel Marsh, who has just come from Elwood to grace our college halls,

hops, and hazings. Gaze on him! He's the only scholar in captivity."

"Oh," cried Di, "not *the* Noel Marsh, the poet? How thrilling! I've never met a poet before. You just must come to the house some night, for it's always been my secret ambition to know where you people really obtain your inspiration."

"Villain, blackguard, thou wouldst steal my maiden before my very eyes," mocked Larry.

Barbara's face was passive, but her expression seemed to say, "I'm bored to tears but I'll grin and bear it."

Noel Marsh did not become the most popular man in Elwood on his poetic ability alone, and wise little Di knew it. To annex this celebrity to her staff of swains would place her on the pinnacle of college society. "Remember, Mr. Marsh—Noel," she beamed, as they said good-bye, "Chio house hours are from seven to eighty-three."

"Isn't he stunning, Barb, not good looking like Larry, but, oh, I don't know——"

"Well, the Marsh person *does* appear to have a little gray matter," answered Barbara, non-committally.

In a few days Di received a telephone call from Noel Marsh asking if he might call at the house. Di's ecstasy knew no bounds. "Oh, my dear," she trilled as she made a pirouette about the room, "just think, I'm the first girl he's rushed since he came, and, I actually *feel* a bid to the Alpha dance in the air."

"Yeah? In all probability he's coming over here because he hasn't any place else to go. Now don't you let him see how easy it is for him to make

# THE ANCHOR

girls lose their silly little heads over him."

"Oh, you're an old bear, Barb, but I guess you're right. I'll be very frigid, and how! Cheerio." She flew down as the last vibrations of the door bell stopped.

Barbara sat very still for a few minutes and then walked over to one of the three mirrors that Diana had hung in the room. Cautiously she raised her hands and pushed her hair from her forehead. For a second she gazed at herself and then grabbing a comb she dashed into the bathroom and wet it. Within ten minutes Barbara was transformed from the untidy college grind into the poised type which for want of a better name is called sophisticated. Her hair, parted in the middle, was arranged in a knot at the base of her neck. She had salvaged a black satin dress whose unfashionably high neck she remedied with a pair of manicuring scissors and an ecru collar. Her brogue oxfords and sport hose gave way to a pair of sheer chiffon stockings and satin pumps belonging to Di. The shoes were tight, but Barb was too occupied to be annoyed by a mere thing like shoes a size too small. In finishing, she hung a pair of drop earrings on her rosy ear lobes. She was startled and fascinated by the reflection in the full-length mirror. Her cheeks were burning and her eyes shone. Some heretofore inhibited sense of humor became dominant, and Barbara found herself at the door of the large social room. Di was sitting on the divan and resembled a tired yellow kitten, while Marsh, sitting at the other end, was plainly becoming restless under the coy barrage of idle chatter. "They do have the

best times at the Alpha dances. I just love——" Di's eyes were fastened on the apparition in the doorway. "Why oh, Barb, why-er." Her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth.

Barbara swept forward, "Excuse me, Di, I left a book down here this afternoon. Oh, how do you do, Mr. Marsh." Noel stood and acknowledged the greeting as one in a trance. Both he and Di riveted their eyes on Barb as she picked a book from the table and left the room.

"Who is she?" he inquired. Di told him, as best she could after such a shock, that Barb was the girl to whom he had been introduced a few days before.

"Say," Noel sat bolt upright, "is she the Barbara Newbury who writes for the Chronicle?"

"Why, yes, she does write," Di assured him.

"Say, I'd love to talk with her about her last article on Persian crafts. Will you ask her down?"

Di tore up stairs and throwing her arms about Barb exclaimed, "You look marvelous, oh, you were perfectly, perfectly—exotic!" she finished.

No amount of cajoling pleading could make Barb go downstairs again. "No, indeed, Di, my feet are like hot coals and besides I must finish this report, so run down and bid his lordship that I cannot grant him an audience as I have a pressing engagement—with a flatiron."

Nothing daunted, the young man called the following evening and asked for Miss Newbury. "Go ahead," pleaded Di, as she helped Barbara into the impromptu satin dress, "after all, he's more your type than mine. Oh,

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Larry asked me to the dance; we're going to step high, wide, and handsome!"

A week later Barbara asked Di to go shopping with her. The trip proved to be a perfect orgy of buying. The purchases included the most extreme styles of fashionable apparel. Capping all was an alluring tangerine-colored evening gown of maline. All health laws were broken in the choice of footwear, and the cobwebby hose was enough to make anyone hold his breath for fear of shattering them to shreds.

The morning after the Alpha dance Barb was sitting gazing out of the window with Noel's fraternity pin in her hand. Di came over and with

arms akimbo stood regarding her. "Say, you have a class in fifteen minutes—in case you're interested, Miss Love Sick."

Barb came back to earth. "Why, Di, I'll have to cut because I haven't finished Professor Wight's assignment."

"Well, I'll see you at the ten-thirty class."

"Oh no, I guess I'll cut all day. You see," Barb had the grace to blush, "Noel and I want to celebrate."

"Have you *fallen*, deary—you've plunged!" Di fled from the room, leaving Barbara gazing out of the window, but her head was actually in the clouds.

VIVIAN MAYNARD, '30





# THE ANCHOR

## TWILIGHT

FRANCES DOWNEY, '30

The sun is bidding the world good-  
night  
And closing the portals of day;  
He puts in his window a tiny star-  
light  
To guide weary ones on their way.  
He raises his arms above the world,  
Then lowers them in a last blessing,  
While high in the west sails the new  
moon curled,  
Still held in a faint glow's caressing.

Then proud nature hearkens pa-  
tiently,  
And even the winds cease sighing,  
For all is hushed by that sanctity  
Which comes when the day is dying.  
Not e'en the rustle of a single leaf  
Must disturb that sweet silence blest,  
And Earth forgets all her glory and  
grief  
Till He whispers "Consummata est."

## WINTER SUNSET

ANNA C. HAWTHORNE, '30

The wint'ry sun has gone behind the  
hills  
And left a sliver of silver moon  
Stranded in a drift of opal fleece.

## THINGS I LOVE

CATHERINE MARTIN, '32

Gentle, warm, soft lamp light glow,  
Steep, steep hillsides banked with  
snow,  
The tiny lamb's pathetic bleat,  
Songs that sing us something sweet,

The sage wise smiles of old folks dear,  
Limpid water, cool and clear,  
Rolling lawns of velvet green,  
Kindly deeds that pass unseen.

## A SHIP OF THE NIGHT

EVELYN M. PELRINE, '30

An ocean draped in fog,  
A ship cutting through the night  
Waving a plume of steel blue smoke  
behind it.  
Ebony waves fringed with white lace.  
Liquid light pouring through open  
port holes.

## Success

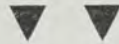
AS we are gradually accustoming ourselves to the new work which we are encountering in this second semester of our college year, we find that the same old difficulties are coming to the fore. However, we must remember that only unintelligent beings can be caught in the same trap the second time.

So let us prepare our defense against the errors and false steps that have hindered us in the past. It is

easy to try to avoid them. If we try, it is easy to succeed. Such success will make the College proud of us.

A person can never get ahead by slipping backwards. Our aim must be a high goal and the secret is never to deviate from our course until our goal has been reached. Success is within the grasp of all of us—if we are only willing to work wisely and steadily toward it.

—W. R. L.



## To Whom It May Concern

IF we are interested in our College, we will realize the necessity of getting co-operation from the Alumni. Whenever any activities take place they should be informed of them. Let us tell them about the plays, debates, dances, "THE ANCHOR," "RICOLED," and the clubs. Let us invite them to join us in our endeavor to maintain college spirit. We need their help.

And Students, now while we are still in the college let us make a promise. After we graduate, shall we strive not to forget Rhode Island College of Education, but instead let us support our Alma Mater in all her undertakings? Just think what it would mean to the college to know that as each class leaves in body—its spirit remains.

Seniors—will you not set a precedent in this for the other classes to

follow? The activities need your support—the college deserves it. Graduates—what keeps you away from us? We are working for the good of the same college for which you worked and in which you still have a vital interest.

New activities are constantly developing. During the last year this magazine, a yearbook, and a weekly paper were started and are rapidly growing. A literary and a press club have been organized. In April of this year we plan an "All-College Dance." We are counting on your support for these activities.

Alumni, come back. We want to get acquainted with you and we need you.

—W. R. L.

## Alumni Notes

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

Irene Dwyer is teaching in the third grade of Cottage Street School in Pawtucket.



Leah Spencer is teaching grades three and four at Beachmont Avenue School in Edgewood.



Mary L. Janes is assistant in the primary department in Miss Chapin's School in New York City. She sends best wishes to THE ANCHOR.



Anna M. M. Gottwald is teaching in grades three and four at the Bushee School, North Smithfield.

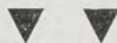


Hannah Grinnell Caswell has started a kindergarten of her own because there is a ban on married teachers in Jamestown. A little boy only three months old is her first pupil.

Mary Elizabeth Barday is associate principal of Roycemore School in Evanston, Illinois. Roycemore is a private school for girls in a suburb of Chicago. It has an enrollment of 350.



THE ANCHOR wishes to extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Charles Owen Ethier as a member of the History Department of the College of Education. Previous to receiving his Bachelor of Education degree in 1927, Mr. Ethier was President of the Dramatic League and active in other college gatherings. After having been graduated from Rhode Island College of Education, Mr. Ethier went to Columbia University where he received his Master of Arts degree in 1929. Mr. Ethier came to us from teaching in the George J. West Junior High School and other high schools in the city.



## What Other R. I. C. E Men Are Doing

H. Gordon Pilkington is supervising principal of the North District Schools, of Windsor, Connecticut.

Samuel W. Thomas is principal of Slatersville Grammar School, Slatersville, Rhode Island.

George R. Kenson is instructor in general science at the Westerly Junior High, Westerly, Rhode Island.

Carl H. Porter-Shirley is principal of Daniel Butler School, Waverly, Massachusetts.

Milton A. Leonard is teaching History and Latin at the Duxbury High School in Duxbury, Massachusetts. He is also director of the High School band and orchestra.

The four students who are taking special training in the Junior high schools of Providence are: Alma Bishop at Sessions, teaching science; Marion Stanwood at Bridgham, teaching mathematics; William Loughery at Esek Hopkins, teaching geography; and Frank Jones at George J. West teaching English.

## Modern Art

HARRIET L. SHERMAN

*Professor of Art Education*

AFTER all, is not modern art as old as time itself? It is related to all that is, and ever has been, of creative, honest, emotional endeavor in a man or in a race. Crude, naked, stark—the expression of the quality of a thing—rather than of the thing itself.

And has not “modern art” always been met as the people—the populus—are meeting modern art today?

In skepticism—in derision—without understanding, or the desire to understand?

One can fancy Neolithic man, as he decorated his pottery with some ancient symbol, remembering with disfavor the tales told to him of Paleolithic man—that quaint creature!—and his realistic drawings upon cave walls.

One can see the beardless Egyptian conferring with his contemporary, the bearded Assyrian, and expressing in no measured terms, the scorn they felt for that wild fellow, the Greek, with his desire for realism—for the “good-beautiful.” And one can feel in turn the Greeks’ scorn for the art of old Egypt—that formal, conventional decorative thing—dictated, not felt, as the years went on—except in the Memphite sculpture, and that of the Saite Empire.

Art is a potent, living thing, no more stationary than life itself. Each generation expressing itself—each new period looking back upon the one

passed, with laughter, perhaps. And each academic, traditional one lifting hands of horror at the atrocities committed by the new, the present, period.

And the wise, the few, the far-seeing, realizing that each period is but a bead strung upon a vital thread—that there is a great legacy in accumulated tradition, by which modern art may arrive at greater freedom and creative ability.

To progress as life progresses, but ever toward something better.

Art is a vital thing—not perhaps in the same as when the people made holiday, in old Florence, to visit the bronze doors of the Baptistry, by Ghiberti. Or when the Church proclaimed a holy day, and, in some great, colorful procession, a picture was carried to a cathedral, and there in solemn ceremony, set up. Or when they pressed, with interest and excitement into the studio of some great master—Lernardo, or Michelangelo—and gazed in rapture and wonder at “La Gioconda,” or the cartoons for the decorations of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, in which all creation seemed thundering down upon them. We are told that art—or painting more specifically—is concerned with three things—the subject—the technique—the design. In other words—what is it about? How has it been said? And in what manner has it been arranged within the space, or frame.

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Philosophers of all ages have been interested in this vital activity of man. Perhaps the greatest stumbling block to the layman, has been arts seeming connection with Beauty. And they cannot understand the modern divorce of Art from Beauty.

It has been said that art is the language of feeling, or emotion, that art is expression—Not the thing said, but the manner of its saying; that it is not the *value* of a thing, but an activity of man.

If art is the language of emotion, we know many emotions that do not connote the beautiful, so-called. Hate, fear, jealousy, are different from love, and peace, and goodness. If we can express the last three, we can also express the first three, but in how different a manner. The fact that art is not necessarily beauty must be admitted.

But what is beauty? Is there not a special beauty for each of us? For the African savage prostrating himself before his mud idol? For the stark realist, with his bull fight, and blood lust? For those who love the high, upland pastures in the autumn, with the blue haze of October, and its scarlet and gold?

We have been told by philosophers that beauty is pleasure objectified. That when, through contemplation, the picture, the statue, the story or poem—a great heroic action—music—give us a feeling of pleasure, then that thing is beautiful to us. What is the old saying, that beauty is in the eye of the beholder, but a confirmation of the philosophers' statement, that beauty is the objectification of pleasure?

For many years the reign of photographic realism in painting and sculpture has held sway.

People are fond of saying "I like it, because it is *so* real."

But what is this vaunted reality? Are not many much troubled about it? Has any man ever grasped reality?

Are we not confusing reality in art with illustration? With the imitative faculty?

Are we not thus insisting that subject matter is the most important aspect of art? It has been said that the spectator, admiring the exact imitation of a thing, "is using Art to tickle some itchy spot in his emotional anatomy."

We must not judge modern art of today, by the art of the Hellenistic period of Greek art, or by the sophisticated art of the courts of France. It is the beginning of an art period that is most interesting. When the creative spirit is striving to express itself—stark and crude, perhaps—lacking the polish and finish of the (often) decadent climax—the so-called peak.

Some one has said that modern artists are trying to paint the quality of an object—to paint the emotion inspired by that quality.

When the word "distortion" is applied to modern art, we simply mean that the artist has been so interested in his emotional problem, that he has allowed likeness to nature to take a second place.

The modern artist is trying to express directly—nakedly—with little elaboration—and honestly, as did primitive man, his reactions to the universe.

## Chapel On Time

I ran up the three or four steps, and pulled at the unyielding door. It gave way with a sudden yawn and I darted inside the main corridor of the College. Down the hallway I hurried. Three minutes of nine! Whew! Would I make it! I fumbled at the bottom on my coat. Snap! There—I knew I'd do it! The button was dangling on one weak, futile thread. Even this did not stop me. Around the corner I dashed. Dashed is right—with a fling I threw myself into the unwilling arms of a lordly Senior. Blundering an apology, I hurried on, walking backwards, while I bowed and scraped to appease the other's wrath.

With a final spurt, I reached the locker room.

Two minutes of nine! With a long slide that I had practiced for two years, I reached my locker. With a quick twist, the "fixed" combination gave way and the door opened just long enough to swallow up my hat

and coat. Snatching my books, I scurried out of the locker room and up the back stairs. At the top I met the long-suffering eyes of the door-attendant who was at the point of shutting the portals on all who dared be tardy. Gasping, I hustled through the door.

One minute of nine! The faculty were all seated and the assembly had reached that solemn silence that comes before the opening Psalm. Click, click, clickety-click—down the center aisle I marched, the last comer. At last after what seemed interminable misery, I reached the row of seats wherein was my harbor of refuge.

A crunch—that was someone's invisible toe; bang—I hit the arm of an unsuspecting chair; crash—that was my top-heavy notebook, yielding to the force of gravity.

Did I hear a giggle? What cared I? I had "made" chapel on time.

MARY LOUISE HALL, '32

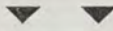
THE house was typical of any New England village. It was large, and square, and white, and very, very prim. It had such an air of neatness and modest self-complacency. It was set precisely in the middle of a trim green lawn. The gravel path leading to the old Colonial door was bordered by unbelievably precise and symmetrical clumps of privet. The panes of glass in the windows were meticulously bright and

clear. Those in the upper stories were curtained with spotless dimity, and they blinked and twinkled in the sunlight with almost improper levity. The windows of the first floor evidently belonged to the parlors, and these were prudently shuttered to keep out every least possible ray of the sun. One might well wonder if anything, short of an earthquake, could ever vex its supremely simple and chaste decorum.

CATHERINE M. MARTIN, '32

## Elections in the Student Council

President . . . . .Margaret Nissen, '31    Vice-president . . . . .Anna Flynn, '31  
Secretary . . . . .Margaret Long, '30

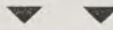


## February Frolic

The Junior B Class held a February Frolic on February 21, 1930. The Social Committee, of which Madeline Struck is Chairman, helped to make the dance a success through the means of appropriate decorations and delightful favors.

Refreshments were served to the guests.

The patrons and patronesses were: Dr. and Mrs. John L. Alger, Prof. and Mrs. Robert M. Brown, Dr. and Mrs. Charles C. Carroll, Prof. and Mrs. Frank Waite, Prof. and Mrs. Thomas H. Robinson, Mr. William A. Baldwin, Miss Hester M. Russell, and Mrs. Alfa L. Small.



## Freshman A To Give Party

THE Social Committee of the Freshman A Class, with Mary L. Reilly as Chairman, is planning a party to be given to its sister class, the Sophomore A's. The social will

be given in the College Gymnasium on March 4th at four o'clock.

The guests will participate in games and dancing. Refreshments will be served.



## The Barnard Banner

THE *Banner*, the semi-annual publication of the Henry Barnard Junior High School, made its initial appearance last June. The first issue contained sixteen pages, set and printed entirely by the students.

This publication has the distinction of being the only one of its kind in the state of Rhode Island, and will no doubt act as a forerunner of what Junior high schools may be expected to establish in conjunction with their curricula. The motto of the *Banner*

publication is symbolic of the ideals of the students. "Give to the world the best you have and the best will come back to you."

The editorial staff of the *Barnard Banner* consists of the following: Sheldon Briggs, Grade 9, editor-in-chief; Olive Woods, Grade 8, associate editor; Betty Coone, Grade 9, literary editor; John Woods, Grade 7, news reporter; Billy Rice, Grade 8, and Helen Baggott, Grade 7, clubs and athletics.

## The Question Box

EUGENE TUTTLE,

*Professor School Management and Elementary Education*

THE ANCHOR invites students, teachers, and alumni to send in questions on educational theory or classroom problems. As far as it is possible to do so, all questions will be answered.

*Question:* How should a "ventilated" schoolroom be ventilated?

*Answer:* This question raises an interesting problem which is receiving considerable attention at present. Ventilating engineers claim to have met all the requirements and specifications of the health specialists in regard to specific provisions for ventilation systems, but both parties are now much disturbed because some objective research experiments have revealed conditions of better health records in schoolrooms with no ventilation system in operation, other than that provided by ordinary windows, as opposed to some more or less elaborate systems of mechanical ventilation.

To meet the situation passably well, a teacher should observe a few simple points under two conditions:

1. When the room is not artificially

warmed or is warmed only by direct radiation, (steam radiators, stove, etc.), open lower sash of windows as necessary for ventilation, supplementing with top sash opened as temperature will permit.

2. When the room is mechanically ventilated either by a fan, (a) forcing warm air into or (b) drawing air from the room, the windows should be closed, except as the room may be "flushed out" for a few minutes at intervals of an hour or so.

In a schoolroom equipped with systems of both direct heating and mechanical ventilation, teachers should be notified when the mechanical system is to be operated or discontinued so that they may govern their ventilation efforts according to the directions mentioned, and thus, in case of mechanical ventilation, not disrupt the operation in other rooms which may be functioning satisfactorily.

### AT THE FIRESIDE

On the ashen edge  
Of a cedar log  
A troup of fairies  
Danced in glee.  
I heard them laugh  
In their crackling way  
As they gracefully bowed  
At the end of a reel.

On the coal black top  
Of a cedar mount,  
I saw the castle  
Of my dreams.  
Gay banners proudly streamed  
From the peak  
Of every flaming tower.  
A. C. HAWTHORNE, '30



## Hats and Gloves

**S**UBTLE possessor of a knowledge of human nature was he who said that an over-abundance of good things is dangerous for man. However absorbed one is in his chosen walk of life, he seldom experiences any transports of delight upon encountering it after a month of vacationing. I do not, in this instance, refer to an idealistic vacation where one visits places of note, dresses for dinner, or promenades elite walks. The vacation of which I speak is one wherein the individual sheds the shackles of civilization. For weeks he is a gypsy, rowing, hiking, writing, and dreaming.

He dons shabby clothes and is happy in them. The city and his work are forgotten, and he communes daily with the God of the Open Air. Fall approaches, necessitating return to the city. He declares with defiance his abomination of the outward signs of civilization. Once, just once, he appears upon the street in his shabby clothes. People raise their eyebrows, ever so slightly. He beats a hasty retreat homeward, never again to emerge without every vestige of civilization. Happy is the man who can assume this garb with abandon—especially the hat.

MARION STANWOOD, '30

115 Bellevue Ave.  
PROVIDENCE, R. I.,  
January 25, 1930

DEAR MISS CARROLL:

I should like at this time to express my hearty appreciation to every member of "The Anchor Staff" for having worked so faithfully under me during the period in which I enjoyed the privilege of guiding the magazine. I wish especially to extend thanks to the members of "The Anchor Board" for their untiring co-operation, in helping me to decide on the vital problems which presented themselves in the work of starting and completing the first two issues of volume two of THE ANCHOR, and also the members of the Faculty Committee on School Publications who so willingly assisted at every opportunity.

My experiences as Editor-in-chief of the book have afforded me great pleasure, and I shall always remember them as having made my college life happy. But as little sparks fly away from the fire of which they were a part to places where they no longer can serve—necessity causes me to leave THE ANCHOR fires which I have tried to keep burning.

It has been my good fortune to have been appointed as a special student teacher at the Esek Hopkins Junior High School for the next semester; and in view of the fact that while I am away from the College I would not be able to give the necessary work and attention to the magazine; I feel it to be my duty to tender my resignation.

Respectfully yours,  
(Signed) WILLIAM R. LOUGHERY

## The Culprit

EVELYN EARNES, '31

THE little group was clustered about the tiny figure of dejection in stern, silent reproof. The cause of it all was the wee lad clad in mud-stained blue jeans, from under which peeped enormous, ugly, brown shoes. One chubby, grubby mite of a hand crumpled spasmodically a tattered, fly-specked, faded yellow sombrero, while the other was clenched tightly in trepidation. But his little, freckled face expressed his extreme agitation most clearly. He faced his accusers like the brave little man he was, but for all his six years, his tightly screwed-up mouth would quiver, his baby nose dilate and snuffle, and his frightened brown eyes blink treacherously. The latter, peeping out from under a thatch of tousled, chestnut curls, were as wild and reproachful as those of a doe at bay.

The little fellow turned timidly to the first and chief spokesman. He searched the stern, bronzed, uncompromising countenance with its piercingly keen, blue eyes, firm mouth, and stubborn chin. Daddy was a dear, but so formidable just then!

With a sigh, he turned wearily to the next in line. The spinster aunt—she of the interesting switch, diminutive nose glasses, and black velvet neck bands—looking down at him disapprovingly from the faraway height of her long, aquiline nose. Her colorless lips were tightly compressed in a thin line.

Despairingly, he sought plump, jolly Uncle John. This timid soul pursed up his round, good-natured face in an effort to convey his silent sympathy. With his brow puckered in anxiety, meek blue eyes swimming in a mist, he mopped his perspiring, lobster-like pate in helpless confusion. He was like a big Newfoundland dog suffering dumbly at his master's grief.

With a final spurt of hope, the culprit glanced at the blue-clad figure. The sweet, oval face framed in caressing tendrils of auburn hair, the gently curving lips, and the azure blue eyes filled with tears through which the lovelight shone proved too much for him. Puckering up his face, he sobbed, "Muvver" and sought the comfort of the outstretched arms.

# THE ANCHOR

## THE GYPSY MINSTREL

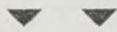
DEVEREAUX GREENWAY, '30

A flashing smile  
Which burns your heart,  
Even your soul to see.  
For it gives you a glimpse  
Of the heart of a boy—  
The heart of a man to be.

Then a voice of gold  
As lent by God  
To a half-breed Gypsy lad,  
Sings loud and clear  
In a sobbing note  
A song that is soft and sad.

A crystal note  
In a perfect voice—  
But the song does not ring true,  
For it's missing  
The soul of the story old  
That has not yet come to you.

The greatest note  
Is held awhile  
By an unseen hand above  
Till the soul of the story  
You can find  
In the light of a Gypsy love!



## THE CITY SLEEPS

ADELIN G. RANDALL, '30

The city sleeps, and down each silent  
street  
The lights still burn, a guide for tardy  
feet.  
A reveler homeward makes his weary  
way,  
While soft night winds blow inward  
from the bay.  
A single watchman tramps his lonely  
beat.

Behind the chimneys where the night  
clouds meet,  
The hooked moon sends down a pallid  
ray.  
And in this transient beauty, while  
it may,  
The city sleeps.

The tower clock with tongue grown  
sweet,  
Long since has made another day  
complete.  
But though the dark is streak'd with  
morning gray,  
And dawn, itself, but one short hour  
away,  
Reluctant still, the world of toil to  
greet,  
The city sleeps.

## Song of the Teacher

"If an Agassiz finds pleasure in digging among fossils in order that he may interpret the great story of pre-historic life; if a Thoreau by Walden Pond is delighted with his study of bugs and beetles; if a John Burroughs on his little patch of ground in the valley of the Mohawk glories in his life among the birds and bees; if a Luther Burbank is enraptured with his work of transforming a worthless desert cactus into edible fruit or in producing a sweeter rose or a fairer

lily; if these and other workers, whose names are legion, revel in the love of their work—then by what term shall we designate the joy that should be the teacher's, who works not with mere fossils, nor with bugs or beetles, nor with birds, bees, or flowers, but with the child, who is at once the most complex, the most plastic, the most beautiful of God's creation? Yes, it's a wonderful thing to be a teacher; it's a great thing to teach school!"

—*Kansas City School Service Bulletin.*



## The Young Traveler

MADLINE McCABE, '32

HE sat across from me in the station, a lively little traveler of few years but of great experience, to judge from the interesting foreign labels on the profusion of traveling commodities that he had carefully arranged in an island-like formation around his chubby body. From this haven of familiar possessions he gazed calmly out on the world of haste and confusion in which he found himself stationed for a few hours, making friends with all who

looked into his gay, smiling, amber-hued eyes, fringed with a wide spray of black lashes like dark shadows around a deep golden-flecked pool. Now and then he paused in his happy scrutiny of all that passed to speak to a little woolly white dog perched on the top-most bag of the pile and wearing his master's blue sailor hat with as jaunty an air as any gob that ever sailed the seven seas.

## Exchanges

*The Chimes*—The autumn issue of the *Chimes*, from Cathedral College, New York City, is a distinct success. In fact, it is such a success that we could not find anything to criticize. Our comment, therefore, will be one of approbation. Out of a group of interesting short-stories and essays the following are worthy of mention: "The Decline and Fall of the Cross-Word Puzzle;" "An Adventure in Physical Culture;" "The Jester's Jest;" and "The Killer."



*The Alembic*—*The Alembic* is a truly distinctive college publication. "A Cycle of Cynicism" deserves honorable mention. It is admirably written. The "Chronicle" editor deserves commendation for his clever handling of the material in this department.



*Soundings*—From Jamaica, New York, comes *Soundings*, a fine normal

school publication. "The Discussion Box" and "The Question Box" are note-worthy features. It has a wealth of fine material. No doubt, it has the whole-hearted support of the student body. The poetry is good, especially the quatrain "Scene" by Miss Shapiro.



*Pen-Dragon*—Oneonta State Normal School's magazine is a welcome visitor. The literary material, however, is very scant. Your magazine could be improved by including an essay or two. Your poetry is good, but you need more of it.



*The Red and Black*—The cover of this magazine from Newport is a fine work of art. Your "jokes" are the outstanding feature of your publication. Poetry has not as yet made its "debut." You surely must have "poetic souls" in hiding. Find them.

## Babblings

The following statements taken from examination papers.

"Glaciers are the men who fix windows when they are broken."

"A peninsular is a bird that lives on icebergs."

"A dog hangs out its tongue when running so that he can balance his tail."

"Steel wool is the fleece of a hydraulic ram."

"Etiquette is saying 'No thank you,' when you mean 'gimmie!'"

"Sweat glands are small tubes which carry the inspiration away."

"Three kinds of blood vessels are red, white, and blue."

"The soil was deposited by the government."

"A mule is a somewhat horse."

"A circle is a rectilinear figure of which all the radii are the same length."

"A point is a dot with space all around it."

"An angle is where two lines meet and start out in opposite directions."

"An angle is two straight lines drawn from the same point with one end open."

A book becomes a classic when people who haven't read it say that they have.

Lunch hours seem half as long as an hour in your worst subject.

The hand that rocks the cradle spends the rocks.

When the dentist says it won't hurt a bit, he probably means the bit he's using.

Anyway, there's a nut that really is not a nut,—the pea nut is a member of the bean family.

Fifteen dollars a year is the average annual expenditure on cosmetics for each woman in the United States. The amount seems fair enough. . . . . our only quarrel is with the daily dozen we see who think they have to use their quota all in one day. We call them extemporaneous girls. They make up as they go along.

It takes about 1,500 nuts to hold an automobile together, but it only takes one to scatter it all over the landscape.

While lots of bushy-haired men are successful, it's usually the bald-headed man who comes out on top.

Talkies aren't true to life. The woman always waits until the man finishes what he has to say.

Your best teacher is he who teaches your favorite subject.

A bachelor is one who gets half the possible mileage out of a pair of socks.

May we suggest that in the future all doors will be placed at the front of the room to do away with the necessity of our turning around when someone enters.

Our idea of a total loss is a holiday coming on Saturday.

It is better to have an iron stomach than a wooden leg.

# THE ANCHOR

Uneasy sits the body that doesn't know his "stuff" and is next to be called upon.

The man who stands on his dignity should be mighty careful that his foot doesn't slip.

The egotist, though all I's, can't see anybody but himself.

They take the census in Scotland by rolling a penny down the street.

Those who fall in love at first sight don't deserve a second look.

Every male cynic is a bachelor or is unhappily married.

The man who sits and waits for success to come to him is sure to win an endurance test.

When a married man goes around with half the buttons off his clothes, it's a pretty good sign that he has been disappointed in love.

An English critic says American women have nothing to occupy their time. Has he never heard of bridge?

All the world loves a lover, except his roommate.

And then there's the Scotch theatre owner who played nothing but mystery plays. They cut the light bill in half.

The grade on a student's paper approaches zero as the number of times he goes out a week approaches seven.

"Absence makes the marks grow rounder."

You're only young once, but if you work it right, once is enough.

It's all right to be good to yourself so long as you don't forget what the other fellow has coming to him.

A fog is a low-down cloud.

We heard recently that two taxicabs collided and thirty Scotchmen were injured.

The old question concerning the relative merits of men vs. women teachers has definitely been settled. No less than eleven R. I. C. E. men have given out their verdict that men teachers are definitely superior.

You can tell when you've taken the wrong turn and got off the highway. The scenery doesn't urge you to buy anything.

The bigger the summer vacation the harder the fall.

After all, this must be a pretty easy-going old world, or some of us would starve.

The measure of a man's real character is what he would do if he knew he would never be found out—Ma-caulay.

It used to be a problem to hang a picture straight—now it's O. K. even if it's upside down.

A democracy is a land in which everybody has an equal right to feel superior to the common people.

For that tired feeling—sit down.

If a telephone girl resigns her position, I wonder if you could say that she has retired from the ring?

Many of our students are so lazy that they can't decide whether to stay in bed all morning or to get up early so they'll have a long day to loaf.

Another good place to sleep has been ruined by talking movies.

# THE ANCHOR

## The Anchor Line

### FRESHMEN

FRIEND: "That man is so honest he wouldn't steal a pin."

LEE WOOD: "I never thought much of the pin test; try him with an umbrella."

BUNNY DELUTY: "I went to the dentist yesterday."

FRIEND: "Does the tooth still ache?"

BUNNY: "I don't know; he kept it."

DOC BROWN: "I will examine you for five dollars."

PATSY LAVALT: "Go to it. If you find it I will give you half of it."

BOB BRIDGEFORD: (to Sweet Young Thing turning right against one-way traffic stream): "Hey, you can't do that."

S. Y. T.: "Why?"

BOB: "Well, a right turn is wrong—the left turn is right. If you wana turn right turn left then—aw, go ahead."—Ex.

"I wonder who this telegram is from?"

"Western Union. I recognize the handwriting."

Miss Gerhard talking to John McInnes who is deep in study:

"Fine day today, John. Spring in the air."

"Eh?"

"I said: 'Spring in the air today!'"

"Eh?"

"SPRING IN THE AIR."

"Why should I? Why should I?"—

PROFESSOR: "Miss Durkin, what are the two genders?"

MERCEDES: "Masculine and feminine. . . The masculine divided into intemperate and temperate, and the feminine into frigid and torrid."

FRIEND: "Whenever I learn anything I store it away."

JOE ICHEVITCH: "Well, I hope you learn to play your saxophone."

"There are several things I can count on."

"What are they?"

"My fingers."

### SOPHOMORES

MARY HOEY: (disputing her small sister): "Fleas are black, I tell you."

SISTER: "Not neither, 'cause it says: 'Mary had a little lamb: its fleas was white as snow.'"

HARRY KNIGHT: "They laughed when I sat down at the piano—I had forgotten to bring the piano stool."

HARRY KNIGHT: "I play the piano just to kill time."

FRIEND: "You certainly have a fine weapon."

VISITOR: "Anna speaks French I understand."

BARBARA: "I wish that she would speak French I understand."

"Wally Poole took part in an amateur play last night and today he's so hoarse, he can hardly talk."

"Oh, he was leading man, then?"

"No, he was the prompter."

Dot Campbell and Chickie Struck went to a restaurant.

WAITER: "What will you have to eat, lady?"

DOT: (Studying from a book): "Nothing."

WAITER: "And you, madame?"

CHICKIE (absent-mindedly, as she was trying to figure whether or not she had a plus 5): "Oh, I'll take the same as my friend, but with potatoes."



# THE ANCHOR

## JUNIORS

JUNIOR: "I live in the country now. It's terribly dull."

FRIEND: "It must be. What do you miss most?"

JUNIOR: "The last train."

DR. CARROLL: "What does it say on a silver dollar to make it worth 100 cents when it's value is only 53 cents?"

JUNIOR: "In God we trust!"

JUNIOR: "Do you know why Washington threw the silver dollar across the Potomac?"

FRESHMAN: "No, why?"

JUNIOR: "He was teaching a couple of Scotchmen how to swim."

LEN BOARDMAN: "I may not be in 'Who's Who,' but I know What's What, and That's That."

JUNIOR: "I think that I'll look up my family tree."

FRIEND: "Better be careful. Some of your ancestors might drop a cocoanut in your face."

(On phone): "Who's this speaking?"

(On other end): "How should I know, I can't see you?"

FRIEND: "Would you like to take a long walk?"

CO-ED: "I'd love to."

FRIEND: "Well, don't let me detain you."

## SENIORS

FRAN CUNNINGHAM: "Aren't crossword puzzles wonderfully beneficial to one's vocabulary?"

BETTY CANNING: "Yes, indeed. I've added about five hundred obsolete and archaic terms to mine."

"Take this fad of bobbed hair for instance. Where does it come from?"

"Long hair."

PROFESSOR: "What is the commonest form of eye trouble?"

LILLIAN DRISCOLL: "Egotism."

DOCTOR (complacently): "You cough more easily this morning."

DEVY GREENWAY: "I ought to. I practiced nearly all night."

PROFESSOR: "Why are you late again for class?"

HELEN CURRAN: "Well, the bell rang before I got here."

DEPARTING GUEST: "Now don't trouble to see us to the door."

ROSE CARR: "Oh, no trouble—it's a pleasure!"



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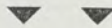
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