



# The Anchor



R. I. C. E.

## February Number

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RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

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## Peter's Claim to Greatness

It all started through the Persian cat, Gloria, presuming to be above the family Airedale, Peter the Great, notwithstanding his name. The good-natured fellow tolerated the disdain of this new addition to the household until it became too offensive for even his genial disposition.

One day, when his beloved mortals had departed to a social function, Peter trotted confidently kitchenward in happy anticipation of a quiet evening in his favorite retreat under the range. He paused on the threshold in consternation—there was friend Gloria safely ensconced on his throne. That was the limit! Stifling an impulse to see Angora fur fly, the Airedale approached the cat and claimed his place.

"Perhaps it was yours before I came," sweetly murmured Gloria, "but things have been changed lately."

"In some ways, yes, but not in this case," retorted Peter. "Furthermore, there will be still other changes, particularly in your attitude which shall include the proper respect for me."

"Why should I respect an ordinary dog like you—I, a Persian Angora," bristled Gloria.

And this was Peter's answer.

\* \* \*

On a glorious autumn day, the girls of the G. T. Club gathered at Patty Lane's house for an evening of fun. Seated before the crackling logs in the fireplace, the members fell to musing as the flames leaped high. Perhaps the impulsive Gypsy Man read the future in the flames. With an excited clapping

of her hands, she roused the others from their reveries by exclaiming, "Girls, what say to a 'Future Party?'"

"What do you mean, silly?" queried skeptical Sue Andrews. "Is this another of your wild schemes?"

"Do tell us, Nan," implored the others, while Patty leaned forward eagerly in assent.

"It's like this," said Nan. "Each of us describes the man whom she cherishes as her ideal. Then she must report to the club when she finds him. How's that for something novel?"

"Great!" came the laughing chorus, "You start, Nan."

Very willingly, Nan complied, "Mine must be six feet two, a blonde, and filled with wanderlust. I should prefer a musician."

"Sounds very interesting, and it almost fits someone I know," slyly remarked Sue.

"Come, now, Sue," interposed Patty quickly, "Let's not spoil the fun. Who'll be next?"

"You, Patty dear," implored the club in unison, gazing affectionately at the adored president.

"Well," laughingly replied Patty, "My ideal is five feet eight, strong and rugged, and a charming, young physician. He may be blonde or brunette, but, mark my words, he must have a mustache!"

When the noise had subsided, a scratching could be heard. It came from the direction of the door.

"Oh, girls," said the hostess, running to the door, "I almost forgot to show



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you my gift." The door was pushed open by a small whirlwind of fur that threw itself into Patty's outstretched arms. "Meet Peter the Great," announced his mistress proudly. Then the wee pup came in for his share of attention while the game was forgotten.

The following day, the game of the previous evening came to Patty's mind when she received a telephone call from Nan voicing a strange request. She wanted to come over that evening and bring her cousin, a Dr. Gordon Winters, who had just arrived. Shaking off a feeling of undue excitement, Patty extended a cordial invitation to her friend.

With a nervousness unusual to her, she awaited her guest's coming. The Airedale, sensing the excitement, became a veritable imp. Thinking it the wiser course, Patty put the eager Peter in his box under the range with strict instructions to stay there.

While she was repeating her last warning, the doorbell pealed. Hastening to the door, Patty admitted the two callers. In the drawing-room, she

turned to look at Nan's cousin only to meet the steady gaze of a pair of keen blue eyes. Blushing prettily, she turned breathlessly to her friend for moral support.

"Patty," said Nan mischievously. "This is Gordon Winters. He saw your photograph and desired an introduction. So here's your doctor, mustache and all!"

At this awkward moment, Peter burst into the room and flung himself upon the nearest human being, the unfortunate physician. Striving to kiss him, he sent a piece of black fur to the floor.

"A fraud!" laughed Patty, giving vent to her pent-up feelings and gratefully hugging the squirming dog.

"You insisted upon a mustache and I couldn't grow one overnight," retorted Gordon Winters with a chuckle.

\* \* \*

Gloria graciously gave up her place to Peter the Great, as Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Winters let themselves in at the front door.

EVELYN EARNES, '31

### Bittersweet

*The days of other years  
That fled on wings so fleet  
Crowd back in memory—  
Bittersweet.*

*The love that was—  
Happy hours—  
Sing to me now  
Of hearts and flowers.*

*Ecstasy is  
Always fleet  
And afterward—  
Bittersweet.*

KATHLEEN F. KELLEY, '34.



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## Catching up with the "Doric"

By ADELAIDE PATTERSON  
*Professor of Public Speaking*

It does not pay to trifle with an ocean liner; therefore, in relating this experience of my own, I am not suggesting that anyone else should try it out. Leaving a steamship, temporarily docked, for an afternoon's shopping, returning to the wharf to find it has already resumed its course, and then inventing a way of catching it again, certainly has its thrilling features, but there would be just as much diversion in acting as commander-in-chief after starting a good-sized war, and it would take less out of one. Without a doubt, the traditional custom of staying on said boat until it reaches Cork, Southampton, Cherbourg or whatever its pleasant destination may be, will always be popular. However, most people like to review harrowing situations, and I get the same morbid enjoyment in telling this that others feel in recounting the minutest details connected with a major operation.

Since childhood I had dreamed of a trip to Europe. In those dreams I had kissed the Blarney Stone, strolled across Gringenwold Glacier, worshipped before the masterpieces in the Louvre, gazed upon the dark, sinister stains on the stairs at Holyrood, commemorating a little domestic squabble that involved the beautiful Queen Mary and her dark, romantic Rizzio,

besides following other lines of action, customary to the thousands of Americans who spend their vacations abroad. But I had always partaken of those pleasures vicariously, my penny savings bank having been repeatedly emptied by the purchase of a Ford and similar luxuries. However, one June my bank overflowed, and I was convinced that the surest way of getting rid of the surplus was to spend the summer in Europe.

The "S. S. Doric" sailed from Montreal, leaving there a little there a little after midnight on a Saturday morning. I was one of a party of nine, directed by the president of a college of which I am both an alumnus and a member of the faculty. I feel very kindly toward this gentleman, who for years has assumed an air of parental interest in my affairs.

We were delighted to hear during our first morning out that the boat was in the habit of stopping three hours in Quebec, between two and five P. M., to allow for sight-seeing. My pleasant anticipations, however, were suddenly cut short at the luncheon table, when in biting an olive, I broke a crown off a tooth so near the vicinity of my smile that I felt it necessary to visit a dentist at once.



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I politely concealed my predicament from the other members of my party, but I told Prexy, concluding with, "I just can't face Europe with a missing tooth."

He agreed that the affairs between America and the other nations were complicated enough without adding that. "Plenty of time to get fixed up in Quebec," he said. "There are better dentists in Canada than there are over there, anyway. And you will not want to cut short your study of architecture by doing anything so prosaic as crowning teeth."

"All right," I replied, "I'll be the first one off the boat when it stops and the first one to board it when we get ready to leave, so do not worry."

On leaving the boat, I paused long enough to ask one of the officials, standing near the gang plank what time the boat would sail.

"Five o'clock, madame," was the answer.

I know that was the usual time for leaving, for circulars had been distributed during the forenoon, with information regarding the sight-seeing at Quebec.

I found a very good dentist near the wharf, who relieved my anxiety in a very short time. With nearly two hours to spare I took a cab to see the Heights of Abraham, that impressive site, in which stands the statues of Wolfe and Montcalm in amicable relationship, eloquent reminders of the

terrific struggle. My cabman was a very temperamental soul, who gloried in the romance and significance of it all. He spoke fairly good English and dramatically recalled the entire scene. I congratulated myself upon having the advantage over the other tourists who were riding through the city in big busses, with only ordinary commercial guides, delivering their stereotyped speeches.

On returning to Quebec, a little after four, I strolled along the streets a short distance from the dock. Suddenly I saw some very attractive shoes in a shop window, and, reminded of some discomfort while walking about Montreal the day before, I decided to buy some of this particular style. It was about a quarter of five when I took a taxi for the short distance back to the wharf. I gave definite directions to the driver, another young Canadian Frenchman, but when we reached the place there was no large boat of any kind in sight.

"You have brought me to the wrong wharf," I cried in English, jumping from one side of the cab to the other and trying to look out of all the windows at once. "I told you I wanted the one from which the 'Doric' is to sail."

"Madame," he politely defended, "dees ees da wharf."

"But, it can't be! There isn't a boat in sight anywhere!" I got out of the cab and looked wildly about. "The boat was right at the wharf."



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"We will see," he said, patiently polite. We went into the office of the superintendent of the wharf. "Da 'Doric?'" the cab man asked, "She stop here today?"

"Yes," was the answer, "but she has sailed—been gone nearly an hour."

"What time did she sail?" I cried, feeling that something had gone from the foundation of the earth and that I was whirling about in mid-air.

"Four-fifteen," he replied.

"But they told me she was not to leave until five," I protested—

"Well, they evidently changed their plans," he replied rather curtly.

If I live to break Methuselah's endurance record, I shall never forget that moment. My ticket and reservations were in charge of the director of our party, and I was totally unfamiliar with the formalities regarding European trips. I did not consider at first that these could be replaced; my only impression being that I had lost my trip. I do not faint under strong shocks, and I had no intention of doing so now, but I turned completely around twice, wailing, "Oh, how could they go and leave me?" I never wanted to weep so much in my life, but decided not to take the time.

The superintendent was as sympathetic as a man could be under the circumstances. "Have you money?" he asked.

"Yes, plenty," I answered, "and my passport."

"One of the White Star Line boats will sail from Boston, Sunday, and another one leaves Montreal, Wednesday. You could take one of these."

"But my baggage is all on board the 'Doric.'" I was clad lightly in a sport outfit of Lincoln green jersey, a green hat, and a tomato-colored suede coat, totally inadequate for an eight days sea voyage. "I can't go like this," I continued. "I should have to buy a lot of new clothes, and I do not want them on hand when I get to England. Anyway, I want to go with my own party. Is there any way of overtaking that boat?"

"Well, a party of seven was left behind; they took a launch and got it all right, but they were only ten minutes late."

"Would it be possible for me to do that now?"

"I am afraid the White Star office is closed," looking at his watch, he nodded his confirmation.

"Well, is there anyone else who would have a launch? I simply must catch that boat."

"There is no other launch, but there is a remote chance," he said slowly. "The 'Doric' drops her pilot at Father Point (Point de Pere on the map) and a tug goes out to meet him. If you can get the train from Levis"—he pointed



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across the river—"you might go out to the 'Doric' on that tug."

"How can I get across to Levis?"

"There is a ferry that usually connects with the train that leaves Levis about six o'clock. It doesn't always make the connection, but there is the chance that it may. If I were in your place, I would try the White Star office first. It would be a safer bet to go after the 'Doric' in the launch."

I thanked him and looked at my taxi driver. He represented five-feet-five of genuine good-will, and said, "I will hurry."

The office was closed as the superintendent had feared, and my driver then broke every traffic law in the British dominions and anticipated a few that have been made since, in the race to get me to the ferry, which he managed to do just as the gates were closing. I dared not send a wireless to Prexy yet for fear I should lose the train at Levis.

My plight would have been bad enough in English, but combined with Canadian French it was tragic. I can understand and speak French if people will be reasonable and let the words drop a few at a time, but when it comes in torrents, I always retreat to higher ground and beg for English. Only about one in four of the people I had to address could speak a word of my language, and their smiles, as they shook their heads in response to my

frantic efforts at conversation, did not reassure me that I would catch the train. I was too nervous to sit down, but patrolled the boat from end to end, vainly urging everyone to hurry. As we neared the shore, I saw the train puffing away for the start. With a number of other anxious souls, I ran to the station, breaking every previous record I had ever made for speed.

The ticket agent informed me that the train would start in about two minutes, so there was no time to send a message to the boat. As I was mounting the steps, I asked the conductor if there was any chance that the train would be delayed a moment, explaining the need of sending my message. He was a tall, serious-looking man, and if I had deliberately thrown a handful of mud at the Union Jack, he could not have looked more scandalized. He said sternly, "Madam, when the signal is given, the train will start." Convinced that I had made a faux pas, equalled only by stepping on the king's foot or inviting the queen to return my call while being presented at the court of St. James, I slunk back without even a word of apology for suggesting anything so outrageous and scrambled up the steps of the coach, with the celerity of a mischievous pup, evading a disciplinary cuff, glad to sink my diminished self into a seat.

At the first stop, I went to the door to see what the chances were for send-



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ing the message, and met a very handsome young trainman (we say brakeman in the States), who asked if he could do anything for me. On hearing my story, he ran for a telegraph blank, promising that he would send the message at the first place where we stopped long enough to allow for it. It was nearly an hour before he could do this, and then for the first time since I had landed at the wharf at Quebec, I drew a long breath.

The train was filled with people, all speaking the French language, and they looked curiously at my anxious face as I talked with the young trainman, who stopped at my seat every time he came through the train to say something reassuring. I was a little nervous at first at beholding two gentlemen in front of me calmly and steadily emptying a large bottle of rye whiskey, but it had no more effect than milk or iced tea. In view of the fact that the 'Doric' had had two hours start, I could not see how we were to reach Father Point in time for the tug.

The trainman smiled. "You see, Lady, we have one hundred-eighty-five miles to go. This train is traveling thirty or forty miles an hour. Your boat is not going more than fourteen. We will arrive at Rimouski, the nearest station to Father Point, about eleven-fifteen; your boat will not get there before two o'clock in the morning."

About eight o'clock, he stopped at my seat again. Pointing off to the left, he showed me a long line of smoke. "There," he said, "is your 'Doric'!"

"Are you sure?" I asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes. She is the only big boat that goes down tonight. Now, perhaps you will feel better."

I certainly did. The train was moving along quite close to the river, and I could plainly recognize the lines of my runaway boat, as she paddled placidly along, utterly indifferent to my worries. I began to count the hours before I might board her again, when my young friend reluctantly said, "You know we are running on standard time; eleven o'clock really means twelve for arriving in Rimouski."

"Is it far out to the Point?" I asked with a mental hazard of a quarter of a mile at most.

"Seven miles."

"Seven miles!" I gasped. "How do I get there?"

"By taxi."

I must have looked the horror I felt. Tales of murders and robberies, committed under similar circumstances, came flooding into my memory, and while I never conjure up trouble, this was not a lovely pros-



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pect. He guessed my thoughts and said comfortingly. "Don't worry. I know all the taxi drivers and I will see that you get one who is all right."

"How shall I get on board the 'Doric?' " I asked.

"The pilot always comes down a rope ladder. You may climb up when it is ready for him."

I have never been athletically inclined, quick co-ordination between mind and muscle not being one of my most remarkable characteristics. I was the despair of my gymnasium teachers in school and college. Naturally left-handed, I have developed the habit of using my right hand just enough to get me hopelessly mixed, and I recall now the look of patient sorrow on the faces of those teachers on exhibition days, when I would consistently run up a left arm when the call was for the right, or vica versa, during our floor drills. I can with great consideration and deliberation mount a step ladder in an emergency, but I was paralyzed at the idea of performing a trick on a rope ladder, dangling over an ocean full of water in the darkness of the night. My dismal countenance caused the young man to laugh. "That is not hard," he said in his charming French accent. "You have a strap on your hand-bag. Put that over your wrist, so as to leave your hands free, and you can go up as easily as you would do the stairs."

The news-agent, an elderly man,

slightly crippled, had been listening to the conversation, and he came forward with a piece of string. "I see you have a parcel," he said, indicating my shoe purchase lying on the seat. "Let me tie this around it with a loop to go over your wrist, so you will not be troubled with that."

Thus prepared, I tried to forget the matter. I would have walked a tight-rope rather than give up boarding that boat.

At Ste. Helene, I had to change coaches, as they dropped off the comfortable one in which I had been riding. It was a local train and the majority of the passengers had left by this time. I went with the few who were left into a second-class structure, the like of which I have never seen in this country. The seats were the same distance apart as those in a pullman and were adjustable for lying down; but as there were neither curtains nor blankets, I did not make use of the opportunity. I have never dreamed of anything so hard as the upholstering on those seats. I am certain that if an earthquake or some other tremendous force should wreck the North American continent, one would find those seats intact amidst the debris. I vainly tried to get into a comfortable position, even to the extremity of sitting on my elbows. The air was damp and cold, even though it was June, and for once I was sorry long skirts had gone out of fashion. The time wore away, however, and we ar-



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rived in Rimouski only a little behind schedule, about twelve-thirty A. M.

When I got off the train, my young friend was at my side, and as the half-dozen cab drivers were yelling at me in French, he quickly nodded toward one, indicating that he was all right. I tried to thank him for his kindness, this stranger who had shown me several kinds of a gentleman during the journey, but he seemed embarrassed, utterly unconscious that he had done anything out of the ordinary.

My taxi driver had an open car, and the road ran along a narrow point for seven miles with the water visible on either side. I have never seen such a dense fog. Nothing was to be seen of the light-house, excepting the light, which looked like a blood-red disc against the black wall of the night. The road had been newly gravelled, and, as we drove rapidly, the car "skied" as the driver said, first one way and then the other. The man spoke good English, a feat of which he was very proud. He had been in the war for four years, having left a wife and nine children. He was educating his family, as he said it was the only way for them.

On arriving at Father Point, we went to the office of the marine superintendent, a Scotsman of about sixty years, named Lawson. I am certain the man will never get over the shock of seeing me enter his office at a quar-

ter to one in the morning, clad as I was in my Lincoln green and tomato colored clothes. He stared for a moment and then quietly told the Frenchman, who was volubly telling about me, that he wanted to hear me explain. I told the story briefly. He then asked if the White Star people knew about it, and I told him about sending my wireless. He was a man of very few words, but he evidently approved of what I had done. After a moment of silence, he said, "I don't know what to do with you. You look tired out and you should get some sleep. You could rest here, but that would mean you would have to walk to the tug—nearly half a mile over a bad road."

I told him I cared nothing for sleep if I could just get on board that tug, so he smilingly turned to the taxi man and gave directions to drive to the wharf, where he introduced me to the captain of the tug. I had to sign a paper, relieving the company of all responsibility in my cause, and then the captain gave me a neat little cabin, not in use, and handing me the key, assured me I might rest for at least two hours, as the fog would delay the "Doric." Locking my door, I slipped off my glasses and pumps and was asleep before I had barely touched the bed.

At about three-fifteen, he tapped at my door to say my "Doric" was in sight. I cannot remember making any intermediate movement between the



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bed and the top deck of the tug. There between the smoke stacks I could see two tiny red lights, which he assured me belonged to my skittish steamer. We set out almost at once, and I was bracing myself for the ordeal of the rope ladder when the captain said he thought he could arrange a better means of exchange than that. They placed a gang plank, reaching from the upper deck of the tug to the main deck of the "Doric," at an angle of about fifteen degrees. By this time it was about twenty minutes to four, daylight-saving time, and the light streaks of morning were beginning to come into the East. The young pilot and the sailors of the "Doric" looked astonished when they saw the bright-colored apparition standing on the gang plank, and still more so when the captain asked them to let me pass. I had the decency to thank the captain for his courtesy, and then I made the few feet of momentous distance between being left behind and regaining my status on my boat, nearly eleven hours after I had first discovered that she had sailed without me.

If there was anyone on board, who did not hear of my adventure within the next two days, he was either in his berth, hopelessly seasick, or deaf and dumb. More than one energetic passenger wrote the account in his little green, leather-bound "My Travels Abroad," grimly determined not to miss a trick. I was mildly interested

to know what had gone on during my absence. For the first hour I had not been missed, owing to the excitement, furnished by getting on board the seven other passengers, who had arrived at the dock ten minutes after the sailing. Among these were a college professor and his wife, who had charge of one of the "Temple Tours"; the others were members of his party, and they had the thrill of paying twenty-five dollars for the launch to pursue the "Doric" down the river. In full view of eight hundred passengers, these pleasure-seeking individuals had performed a variety of acrobatic feats in climbing on board.

After this had been accomplished, one of my party, my cabin-mate, informed Prexy that I was not on board. He laughed at first, having always had a rather exalted idea of my ability to take care of myself, but after more futile search, he went to boat officials, who ordered a general paging of the boat, and then I was officially pronounced lost. They prepared a message to the White Star Line, arranging for my passage on a later steamer, but my own wireless put a stop to further proceedings. On board were some people whom I knew in Providence, and to relieve the anxiety of all concerned, I had to promise not to leave the boat again before reaching Liverpool. I found that the boat had left Quebec early on account of the tide.



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For several reasons I did not write about the affair to my people. They have always remonstrated with me for leaving too little time in the matter of taking trains and boats, and I knew they would lay the blame for the whole thing, tide and all, upon me. Also I did not want them to have visions of bad luck, missing every train, excursion boat, ferry and charabanc party, during the entire summer. Two years later, I was at an afternoon tea with

one of my fellow-passengers on the boat, who casually remarked, "Oh, you had such a terrible experience; we were so worried about you."

My sister, who was present, turned wide, startled eyes upon me, and I had to explain before the whole company. True to the Freudian theory, the adventure had lost much of its thrill in the airing, but I still enjoy the sensation of occupying center stage while relating it.



## MARY JANE

*(Lines inspired by the bravery of an afflicted child)*

Tiny tot with eyes of blue,  
Pools that silver sprites dance through,  
Hair of smoothest darkest brown,  
Brow that ne'er has known a frown.  
Cheeks like springtime's first wild rose  
Where color quickly ebbs and flows,  
Fluttering hands and timid feet  
Keeping time to each heart beat—  
Quick to laughter, quick to tears,  
Quick to show her childish fears,  
Brave in sufferings, brave in pain,  
God's own flower, Mary Jane.

MARY G. RYNN, '31.

## EDITORIAL

### Dramatic League Productions

Were you among the audience of "Holiday?" If so, you will, no doubt, agree that each actor and actress interpreted his part superbly. The response given to the cast was evidence enough that their untiring efforts to produce this famous play were appreciated. Why don't we have more dramas of this type? Surely, the players enjoyed giving it as much as the assembly did receiving it.

The members of the Dramatic League of Rhode Island College of Education have shown us that they can give excellent performances. Each

player gave his best, and undoubtedly, the reward was received, for what more can he ask for than an appreciative audience?

The Student body has indicated to the Dramatic League the type of drama in which it is interested. The play was supported enthusiastically. The students' comments showed conclusively that they like plays that are modern, smart, and interesting. Let the Dramatic League accept the suggestion and give us more productions like "Holiday."

*Editor.*



### Carvers of Others' Destinies

Carving has always been an art, since the time when the cave-man cut up with such care the victim of his club or sling-shot, in order that he might have not only food but also clothing. The institution established in "Merrie England" of carving the boar, roasted whole and carried in with such pomp and ceremony, certainly required an artist to perform the act fittingly and well.

The carver I have in mind, however,

is one of a slightly dissimilar character. Doubtless you know something about wood-carving. If not, you could probably infer that many, many hours of patient toil and painstaking labor were necessary on the part of the carver to produce the perfect specimen he desired. His object may have been to produce merely an ornamental edge on a table or chair; or to mold those well-known, old-fashioned spindle desks, or spirally-carved legs on tables.



# The Anchor

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Just consider what ceaseless toil such work demanded; yet what a priceless product!

It seems to me that our work as teachers may be fittingly compared to the work of a wood-carver. Do we not take comparatively raw material; search for the best in it; and mold it according to our highest standards, most complete knowledge of the material in hand, the best known methods of procedure, and the result we desire to attain—all as painstakingly as possible? With this in mind, whether we be Freshmen with four years of research and study before us, or Seniors

making our last preparations to leave our beloved Alma Mater to carry into practice the knowledge gained from four years of intense, interesting study, let us remember that the work we have chosen to do is not merely a means of obtaining pecuniary possessions, but a labor requiring sympathy, love and painstaking care; for who can foretell what child may be influenced by us to follow the upward or downward path, to make the least or the most of himself? Would not the knowledge that we had influenced even one child to make something of himself be kept by us always—a priceless treasure?

A. G. M.



## Penned and Clipped

One trouble with the country today is that too many people are taking aspirin as a result of high living and not enough aspirin' to higher living.

The way of all flesh today seems to be towards a reducing parlor.

It takes as much courage to wash dishes three times a day as it does to shoot a bear.

A pedestrian is a nuisance who gets in front of autos.

A football coach estimates that the outfit of a football player costs about \$103.20. The \$3.20, of course, will buy the books necessary to go with the outfit.

Some men have more excuses than a porcupine has quills.

It took the tree-sitting craze to give us the literal meaning of "out on a limb."

What business needs is more profits and less prophets.

Then there is the jealous wife who flew into a rage when a filling station attendant asked her husband how he liked Ethyl.

Time gets away from old folks about as quickly as money does from the young folks.

It takes a sharp man to make money when times are dull.



# The Anchor

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## "Main-Travelled Roads"

By

HAMLIN GARLAND

"Main-Travelled Roads" by Hamlin Garland is a collection of short stories, connected with each other by the fact that there is an undercurrent of life's defeats running through each one. The author has given a picture of the farm life in the northwest as it can be known only by one who has lived it.

Hamlin Garland prefaces his book with the story of his return to the parental home in South Dakota. The conditions that he found there shocked him beyond words. Thus, he was inspired to write these stories depicting farm life with all its sordidness. In every story the author has unconsciously injected the bitterness he felt when he saw his mother in dire circumstances and realized that he could do nothing to help her.

The characters are drawn with a hand so true that the resultant picture is both cruel and ruthless. They all realize that life has cheated them of things they can never hope to know—they are caught in an ever-tightening web from which there is no escape. Occasionally Garland does allow one of his characters to go free, but, even with this, we are afraid for him—we cannot bring ourselves to believe that he can find happiness; it is too late. We feel this way about Julia who marries to escape the unceasing work, work, laborious work of the fields. What will be just around the corner waiting to

spring up at her? Will it be the new life she prays for and expects, or may it not be merely a continuation of drudgery in a new setting? We wonder when Aggie follows Will with "the world laying before them."

Hamlin is a master of description. His plains with their dull, drab farms live beneath the scorching sun. We experience the endless drudgery of the men and women, and feel exhausted with them when their work is finally done. The bleakness of the towns, which are all they know, brings a sob and a film over our eyes. The town caught and held his eyes. How poor and dull and sleepy and squalid it seemed! The one main street ended at the hillside at his left, and stretched away to the north, between two rows of the usual village stores, unrelieved by a tree or a touch of beauty. An unpaved street, with walled drab-colored, miserable rotting wooden buildings, with the inevitable battlements; the same—only worse and more squalid—was the town.

We close the covers of this book with a feeling of respect and admiration, tempered with pity, for these people who braved such conditions so nobly. These places have undergone a change since Hamlin Garland knew them but let us not permit the present brightness to dim the past sacrifices.

ALICE KOHL, '31.



# The Anchor

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## Called to Account!

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Upon request, the writer has expressed her opinion of the progress of *College Spirit* during the last year. However, we do not wish this matter to cease with the publication of this issue. We want you—anyone—to contribute any article which will make this discussion interesting. Remember, these columns are open to all.)

I have been called to account! I must pay now, for last year's philanthropy with pen and sentiment—although—given the opportunity to change the first article—I would have left it unaltered. It was true in its time—no one rejoices in its being obsolete more than I! What better proof of college spirit can be procured than this—I am having to show where my last year's labor was erring. I do it willingly!

It is almost unnecessary to ask me to point to the changes. Everyone in the student body, with the exception of those who are new, can see them, feel them, for himself; they're so evident. Let's enumerate and comment.

The Glee Club—have you heard them each Wednesday rehearsing? Probably not—because on Wednesdays the doors of the R. I. C. E. swing open few times before 9:19—however, they're there, a goodly crowd, and as it is not compulsory, we are led to believe they're there because they want to be—because they enjoy it. Few of us realize the time and effort devoted to the organization by Professor Homer. His sincerity, patience, and innumerable other winning qualities make Wednesdays from 8:30 to 9:20 an especially happy time.

THE ANCHOR—of course, the board means life or death to any publication, but without the help and interest of its student body, THE ANCHOR never could be what it is today. Former boards had to create it and start it, and though it is not very old, it has grown creditably because of its board and contributors. Even if your poem or article is refused once, try again; the first product never equals the ninth or tenth! There are some students in the college who write and write well, but the chance of being refused dampens that desire to give material. There are few in any college who write to attract the world, but many a mature writer started with his college publication. We don't ask for a finished, polished product; we want "you" on paper—we want the entire college body to vibrate in a few written pages! It can be done!

Season ticket—basketball—Athletic Council! Would that I possessed a pen that would supply words enough to tell what I have seen because of these new interests! What we have needed in the past is a little indignation! Does it sound a bit queer? I say it again—what we have needed in the past is a little indignation! I wish a member of the faculty could have been tucked away in each corner of each



## The Anchor

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locker room during the "Brown Herald" episode. I tell you, down deep in nine out of every ten of us there is the right college spirit—why hasn't it been made more evident before? You can't hide it—that absurd article, so childishly published, just brought that needed indignation right to the top. I think it wasn't because it hurt individuals—it was our college which was insulted. We were the nearest to being one unit then than we have ever been. It would be almost worth it to see that a special dispensation—requesting such to be printed in each issue—reach Brown, if assurance were given that it would make us one as it did then. But do we need to have sarcasm and untruths hurled against us from outside to bind us?

The Press Club, the Art Club, the Dramatic League, Kinspirits—all of these are doing more than their share to fan this little flame that we want to see, finally consuming all. Every cultural taste can be satisfied with clubs and organizations within our own walls—help them grow!

There's one activity which I doubt many have thought of as perpetuating college spirit—but I believe it has a deep significance. It is dancing, noon-times, in the gymnasium. Aside from the fact that all have a good time, it brings us together in a different mood—during school hours. Somehow we all seem different—it's a letdown. Come to the "gym" where, thanks to four or five of our number, we have

especially good music and a wide floor which enables one to get rid of that "test depression" or give off that superfluous exuberance of an unexpected "A."

Now to tell you of something I've longed to suggest long since! (Somebody take this as a hint and start the ball rolling!) Some Thursday morning I long to see some plan carried out that would result in a huge "fellowship" circle—where the entire lower floor of the hall is surrounded with students. Crossing of arms and joining hands with people on either side, makes a solid "human wall," a chain—unbreakable. With this symbolic circle, the Cheer Song and Alma Mater should be sung—sung, not hit-or-miss fashion; but with every eye on the leader—every heart in the meaning of the words. Suppose once or twice a year such a ceremony should take place. Can you believe that, properly treated, it would not stir a little something inside? I've presented it crudely—it's only an idea—I asked for yours, and it's only fair that I give one in return. Don't condemn it too soon; we need a serious "get together," that is symbolic, ceremonious! Cap and Gown day is for Seniors, largely. Class Day is most important to Seniors and Sophomores—Field Day is for all; even with all these, we need one or two mornings a year of twenty or thirty minutes each, spent in a manner suggested above.

Yes, perhaps I shall be criticized, but I love R. I. C. E., and still my de-



## The Anchor

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fense is that I speak straight from my heart. If losing a little intimacy with some, a little popularity with others, because I've spoken frankly, will start the right spirit going, I'm willing! I've not done it without deep consideration and thought.

We've improved tremendously, but still there is room. We have the material, a wealth of it, we need the heartfelt support of faculty and students!

Freshmen, some of you envy the Seniors or Juniors because they're

"nearly through"—don't—some of us envy you—you're just beginning; you have within your grasp the power for which some of us would gladly pay! You can lift our college as high as you see fit! Don't think college spirit is trivial, don't wait until "next year"—start *now*! Happiness throughout your college life comes only through service to that institution that has accepted you and is giving you your chance. Do your bit—"To you we throw the torch—Be yours to hold it high!"

*Contributed by an Underclassman.*

## A Derelict

In years gone by, the old house had been the scene of countless parties and festivities, the magnificence of which had been the talk of the town. Now its days of splendor and gaiety are passed. If one cares to look, it may be seen a forlorn and pitiful wreck, set away back from the road and almost hidden by great, towering trees.

Time and tempests have left their mark upon it. The last vestiges of paint have long since peeled away. Each pane of glass is shattered into a million fragments and its chimneys are gradually crumbling into dust. The thick growth of trees and vines has effectively shielded the house from any brightening ray of the sun, and a dark, slimy growth of lichens has given the walls a faintly greenish tinge. Ugly little toads hop through the tangled, overgrown garden. An air of mystery

and decay pervades the very atmosphere. One can almost imagine furtive figures lurking where the shadows are thickest and darkest.

At night, so the villagers say, winds whistle through the empty chambers in a ghastly mournful manner, and bats and owls haunt the halls where beauty and merriment once held sway. The ancient floors creak and groan as though ghostly footsteps were passing to and fro, and once, it was reported, a dim yellow light was seen to flicker in the shadows for only a moment. Then suddenly, it disappeared, just as the flame of a candle is snuffed out by the wind. "Is the house haunted?" you ask. The townspeople seem to think so, and whenever one passes by he quickens his pace and casts a half-apprehensive glance at this gloomy, desolate house.

CATHERINE MARTIN, '32.



# The Anchor

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## Faculty Notes

Prof. Frank E. Waite was a judge at the recent debate between Hope Street High School and the Evening High School.

Mr. C. Owen Ethier gave an address at the Roundtop Church on Washington's Birthday.

Prof. Eugene Tuttle is serving as Superintendent of Schools in Exeter.

Dr. Charles Carroll recently attended a conference in New York to promote interest in Henry Barnard.

Several members of the faculty have been giving lectures in Coventry under the auspices of the Teachers' Association.

Prof. Adelaide Patterson and Mr. C. Owen Ethier were judges at a One-Act-Play Competition at the Warwick High School.

Dr. Charles Carroll recently addressed the school committee at Newport and the Parent-Teachers' Association at Wickford on Vocational Education.

Professor Thomas Herbert Robinson addressed the West Warwick Teachers' Association, February 5th.

Mr. John Nicholas Brown, Secretary of the Board of Trustees of Saint Dunstan's College of Sacred Music of

Providence, has notified Professor Robinson that at the December meeting of the Trustees he was appointed a member of the Visiting Committee of Saint Dunstan's Choir School. Professor Robinson has accepted the appointment.

Dr. Charles Carroll addressed the Catholic Club on "Our Changing Economic Life—What Next?" February 11. On the same day, Dr. Carroll addressed R. I. C. E. Assembly on "Abraham Lincoln."

On February 10, Dr. Carroll gave an address to Cranston teachers on "Child Accounting."

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Mr. Baldwin participated in a discussion of the question: "What is the Matter With Education?", at the monthly meeting of the Pudding Stone Club at the Boston City Club on Wednesday evening, February 11, 1931.

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In the current number of the New England Journal of Education, Feb. 12, Mr. Baldwin discussed briefly the question, 'What is the Greatest Present Need in Education?'

# The Anchor

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## NEWS

### Athletic Council News

The Athletic Council is very active planning for spring affairs. It has been decided that the plaque, the property of the Athletic Council, shall be given as a trophy on Play Day. The team scoring the highest number of points will have its color inscribed on the plaque. This method of awarding the plaque should be satisfactory to all, because there will be a reward for which to compete and yet no class will be brought to the front conspicuously.

The Athletic Council is also sponsoring

a series of interclass basketball games among the women. When these competitions are over, the season is to be closed with a game with Pembroke.

The swimming classes for the girls, which proved very popular last semester, are to be held again. There are twelve lessons in the series, and instruction is given to either beginners or advanced swimmers.

Plans are progressing for tennis and baseball activities for the men of the college for this spring.



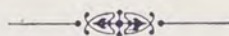
### Girls' Basketball

Forty-one girls reported for basketball practice which has been going on since the first of November. It is interesting to note that of the forty-one, seventeen are Freshmen, seven are Sophomores, nine Juniors and eight Seniors. We need at least ten from each class for inter-class competition.

Basketball is an ideal sport for any college or school as it gives not only physical exercise and recreation but also develops

and strengthens such qualities as co-operation, sportsmanship, courage, self-control, perserverance, and many other desirable characteristics.

It can be clearly seen from the figures listed above that some of the classes ought to wake up and get out larger squads. The Freshmen have a big advantage in numbers and ought to provide some stiff competition.



### Do You Sink?

If you do, you had better take a few lessons in swimming. They are given every Thursday from four to five o'clock at the Hodgman Pool of the Providence Boys' Club on Power Street.

The fee is the very small amount of thirty cents; much cheaper than any private lesson.

Students are taught to swim and dive, or if they already know how, are taught to improve their form and to work up endurance.

Of the number that have enrolled fourteen are Seniors, six are Juniors, six are Sophomores and four are Freshmen.



# The Anchor

## NEWS

The officers of the Student Council for the second semester are:

President.....Claire McKenna, '31  
Vice-President.....Mary R. Thornton, '31  
Secretary.....Catherine T. Coleman, '32  
Treasurer.....Fred Hutchins, '33

Miss Esther Carroll, '32, of the Junior Class has been elected chairman of the Junior Week activities. The program for Junior week includes a tea dansant, a play, an art exhibition and tea, a Glee Club Concert and informal dance, and the Junior Prom at the Biltmore Hotel.

The officers of the Press Club for the second semester are:

President.....Mary J. Hayes, '31  
Vice-President.....Elsie Gibson, '31  
Secretary.....Dorothy Hayes, '31  
Treasurer.....H. Gertrude Coleman, '31  
Historian.....Evelyn M. Earnes, '31

The alumni play, which is to be presented All-College Night, has been chosen. "The Royal Family of Broadway" is to be presented.

Officers of the Athletic Council for this semester are:

President.....Rudolph Lavault, '33  
Chairman Publicity Committee,  
George Blackwell, '31

## The Nature Club

The Nature Club has been enjoying a season of varied activities, both educational and pleasurable. Some of the activities included a trip to a fish hatchery, a hunt for bugs whose habitat is water, hikes, and a visit to the Geology Department at Brown University.

Our early spring program promises to be fully as interesting and varied. The latter part of February we shall have our opening meeting to the Freshmen and all other persons eligible and desirous of joining with us. At this time we hope to have as our speaker, Mr. Henry Childs of the Park Museum.

Do the Budlong greenhouses hold an especial interest for you? They are very noteworthy and are included in our program.

Following this there will be a trip to the Laboratory for the Study of Plant Diseases

connected with Department of Botany, Brown University. Specimens of diseased trees of Eastern States are sent here for diagnosis.

Our April program will conclude with an inspection of the Roger Williams Park Indoor Aquarium. We hope to have a Saturday hike, but definite plans have not yet been made. The exact dates for these activities will be announced by our posters and the office bulletin board. By the way, have you seen our posters announcing our events in the Biology Rooms.

During the fall we created a Nature Scrapbook which we shall continue throughout the year. It may be perused at any time with the permission of any member of the executive committee or of our leaders, Dr. Weston and Miss Carlson.

ELEANOR V. MILLER, '31, *President.*

## Newspaper Contest

Every student of R. I. C. E. is now actively interested in newspaper reading. The Press Club has presented to the student body its plan for stimulating interest in current events and the attention of everyone has been drawn to this method of self-improvement. In a few short months the members of the student body of R. I. C. E. will be invited to submit themselves for

examination on the important happenings in the world since the beginning of 1931. The person who scores highest in this examination will be the first winner of the cup for the Newspaper Contest at R. I. C. E. Wouldn't you like to have your name engraved on this cup? If you would, just read the newspapers.



# The Anchor

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## Alumni News

Miss Barbara Murray, '31, is now teaching typewriting and shorthand at Hope Street High School. Miss Murray was formerly the production manager of THE ANCHOR.

Miss Alice McCormick, '31, is teaching mathematics at the Nathan Bishop Junior High School.

Miss Anne C. Sullivan, '31, former News Editor of THE ANCHOR, is at the Cranstons Junior High School teaching children how to speak well and draw artistically.

Miss Ruth Clifford, '31, is teaching general science at the Hartford Avenue Junior High School.

Miss Abby Grinnell, '31, is teaching at the Hillsgrove School, Warwick.

Mr. Kenneth Riley, '31, is imparting his knowledge of general science at the Chalkstone Avenue Junior High School.

Miss Dorothy Thornton, '31, is teaching in a fourth grade in Valley Falls.

Miss Bertha Gorman, '31, is teaching in a third grade at Central Falls.

Miss Mary O'Brien, '31, is in the school system of Marieville where she is doing some work in music in the junior high grades and is also handling a sixth grade class room.

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Among those who are in city training we find the following:

Miss Anna Flynn, former president of the Student Council, and Miss Mary McNulty, both of the class of 1931, are at Summit Avenue School teaching 6B and 5A, respectively.

Miss Marion Mulvaney and Miss Rosalie Falciglia are at Bellevue Avenue School.

Miss Alice Gore, President of her class, and Miss Catherine Sullivan are at Lexington Avenue School.

Miss Catherine McCarthy and Miss Alice Kohl are at Branch Avenue School.

Miss Leda Ciasullo and Miss Mary Donnelly are at Roosevelt Street School.

Miss Kathleen M. Hogan is in grade 5A at Peace Street School.

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Among the graduate students who are teaching in the Junior High Schools in the city are: Frank Crowe, who is teaching general science in the Hartford Avenue School; Ezekiel Martinelli who is teaching Italian at the George J. West Junior High School; Edward McLaughlin and Fred Tomassi who are doing work in physical education; Edward Cunningham who is teaching at the Chalkstone Avenue Junior High School.

Members of the Senior A Class who are taking special training in Junior High School are:

Miss Ruth Monahan who is teaching mathematics at Bridgham Junior High School.

Miss Marguerite Teubert who is teaching history at Esek Hopkins Junior High School.

Miss Anne Troberman who is at the George J. West Junior High School teaching English.

Miss Catherine Casserly who is teaching general science at the George J. West Junior High School.

Misses Mary Hanley, Mary McDougall and Alice Liberty who are training at the Samuel Slater Junior High School in Pawtucket.



# The Anchor

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## Anchor Line

Photographer: "Say there, do you want a small or a large picture?"

Student: "A small one, sir."

Photographer: "Close your mouth then."

Mother: "Now, Ruth, I want you home from the party at a reasonable hour and not with the milkman."

Ruth: "Mother, how absurd, he won't even be there."

Professor (to freshman): "You should put your handkerchief over your mouth when you cough."

Freshman: "What and get bit."

Waiter: "Are you hungry?"

Customer: "Yes, Siam."

Waiter: "Then Russia to the table and I'll Fiji."

Customer: "All right, Sweden my coffee and Denmark my bill."

G. B.: "Were you bashful the first time you called on a girl?"

M. S.: "Yes, but her father helped me out."

Mrs. E.: "I understand your son is very much inclined toward study."

Mrs. Z.: "Yes, he inclined so much he slid to the bottom of the class."

Why are school teachers like Fords?

Because they give the most service for the least money.

From a boy's essay: "The cammil is a sheep of the desert. It does not have to get angry to get its back up because nature made it that way. When cammils go on a journey, they drink as much water as to last many days. Such animals are called aquiducks."

Prof.: No one ever heard of a sentence without a predicate."

Soph.: "I have, Prof."

Prof.: "What is it?"

Soph.: "Thirty days."

Bud C.: "We had a contest in our class to see who was the prettiest girl in our class."

Tommy G.: "How did it turn out?"

Bud C.: "One girl got two votes."

Small Son: "I say, Dad, when people go to heaven do they become angels right away or do they have to pass a lot of stupid examinations?"

"Who can describe a caterpillar?" asked the teacher.

"I can," said Tommy.

"Well, what is it?"

"An uphostered worm."

"Where have I seen your face before?"

"Just where you see it now."

Infant son of Prof.: "Did you hear the stepladder fall, mother?"

Mother: "Yes, I hope father didn't fall."

Son: "He hasn't fallen yet, he's hanging to the picture moulding."

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### A TEACHER'S REWARD

We have just learned of a teacher who started twenty years ago and has retired with a comfortable fortune of fifty thousand dollars. This was acquired through industry, economy, conscientious effort, indomitable perseverance, and the death of an uncle who left her an estate of \$49,999.50."

Darling: "I won a medal at cooking school."

Her Husband: "Wonderful! But tell me, what is this I'm eating?"

Darling: "Guess."

Husband: "Your diploma."

### A WATERY FAREWELL

The parting of a Frenchwoman and an American.

"Ah, well," smiled the American woman, "Reservoir."

"Tanks," replied the Frenchwoman.

A pedestrian hailed a college car.

"How goes it, boys?"

"Gasoline, you darned fool, what d'ja think?"

K. R.: "Girls are prettier."

L. J.: "Why—naturally."

K. R.: "No—artificially."

## Booster Roll

### Senior B

Clough, Marion E.  
Cooke, Helen M.  
Kent, Doris L.  
Spencer, A. Eleanor  
Sutton, Hortense C.  
Massie, Christine C.  
Casey, Jeanette L.  
Magee, Charlotte E.  
Struck, Madeline L.  
Trudon, M. Alma  
Kendrick, Irene A.  
Shea, Anna H.  
Mulholland, Mary L.  
Walsh, Beatrice A.  
Lewis, Eva E.

Presser, Sadye  
Campbell, Dorothy E.  
Corrigan, Anna I.  
Duckworth, Alma C.  
Foley, Veronica A.  
Boardman, Leonard E.  
Skahan, Helen F.  
O'Brien, Dorothy G.  
Coleman, Catherine T.  
King, Louise K.  
Regan, Gertrude M.  
Johnson, Evelyn L.  
Herold, Etta I.  
Pease, Marjorie J.  
Steadman, Isabelle R.

Jalbert, Harriet  
Adams, Mae  
Arrighi, Clara  
Carlos, Mary  
Checca, Elena  
Collins, Dorothy  
Del Deo, Lucy  
Flemming, Mary  
Goggin, Mary  
Hallington, Esther  
Mahoney, Margaret  
Mainey, Mary  
McElroy, Dorothy  
Walsh, Blanche  
Winn, Mary

### Junior A

Arnold, Helen  
Bogin, Madeline  
Boyle, Madeline  
Cull, Margaret  
Del Guidice, Eleanora  
Donohue, Margaret  
Donovan, Mary  
Euart, Rita  
Garceau, Flora  
Gebhard, Inez  
Hackett, Anna  
Knight, Alice  
Loughery, Anna  
McDermott, Mildred  
McGovern, Alice  
Mason, Beatrice  
Mitchell, Beryl  
Monahan, Anna  
Murphy, Mary  
Poole, Waldon  
Schneider, Marcella  
Searle, Beulah  
Shaw, Lillian  
Stackhouse, Frances  
Tattersall, Mildred  
Tyler, Annie

Wilkins, Ethel  
Waterman, Janet  
McIntyre, Helen  
Johnson, Helen  
Dyer, Ruth  
O'Brien, Annie  
Callan, Alice  
McKee, Alice  
Houston, Hope  
Atkinson, Meta  
Atwood, Blanche  
Banigan, Helen  
Bryant, Virginia  
Carroll, Corrine  
Carroll, Esther  
Carroll, Grace  
Conway, Helen  
Corrigan, Anna  
Di Petrillo, Lena  
Hall, M. Louise  
Hanley, Madeline  
Hoey, Mary  
Holdridge, Helen  
Johnson, Ruth  
Kelley, Martha

Knight, Harry  
Lockwood, Marjorie  
Lynn, Miriam  
McCabe, Madeline  
Malone, Barbara  
Manning, Celia  
Martin, Catherine  
Matson, Lily  
Mooney, Mary  
Moran, Isabell  
Mulcahy, Rosalind  
Osterberg, Gladys  
Ponteralli, Mary  
Reardon, Alice  
Romano, Helen  
Rothemich, Agnes  
Santos, Evelyn  
Shea, Margaret  
Skalco, Catherine  
Smith, Teresa  
Springer, Ethel  
Sullivan, Anna  
Theroux, Edith  
Tobin, Edith  
Ward, Florence  
Wood, Cora

### Junior B

Bergel, Hannah  
Dunn, Ruby  
Ellis, Harriet  
Farrell, Kathryn  
Flemming, Veronica

Hancock, Isabel  
Hanson, E. Adelaide  
Lyons, Mary  
Mumford, Ruth

Pelrine, Louise  
Scott, Helen  
Stanley, Regina  
Stephenson, Esther  
Fitzsimmons, Helen



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*Compliments*  
*of*  
**A FRIEND**

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**Sophomore A**

Bromley, Barbara  
Cashman, Mary  
Denneny, Kathryn  
Gorski, Ellen  
Haven, Agnes  
Hebert, Evelyn

Henderson, Ruth  
Johnson, Marjorie  
King, Dorothy  
King, Evelyn  
Lyons, Nora

Marden, Avis  
O'Brien, Marie  
Pascone, Eva  
Place, Laura  
Warren, Cora  
Valante, Helen

**Freshman A**

Ahearn, Eleanor M.  
Allen, Doris S.  
Arnold, Charlotte A.  
Arnold, Eleanor E.  
Arsenault, Dorothy  
Arthur, Gertrude C.  
Barone, Eleanor V.  
Barr, Vera A.  
Barrett, Charlotte L.  
Benoit, Hope  
Berren, Thelma E.  
Biber, Raymond  
Boland, Louise M.  
Brennan, Mary G.  
Briggs, Ruth I.  
Brown, Madeline  
Brock, Catherine T.  
Burns, Mary D.  
Butler, Muriel  
Cahir, Margaret E.  
Carlone, Anna  
Carter, Margaret G.  
Cartwright, Laura E.  
Cavanaugh, Florence B.  
Coleman, Madeline A.

Connors, Edward H.  
Cornellier, Loretta A.  
Corrigan, Mary C.  
Cox, Cecelia V.  
Coyle, Mary A.  
Coyle, Anna C.  
Creighton, Veronica M.  
Denison, Marjorie E.  
Droney, Helen F.  
Fowler, Cormen  
Fallows, Mary E.  
Gallogly, Mary E.  
Gannon, Margaret P.  
Gibson, Catherine F.  
Gray, Doris M.  
Higgins, Mary T.  
Jones, Louise E.  
Joseph, Margaret  
Kelley, Kathleen M.  
Keough, Margaret M.  
Koury, Rose  
Krickstein, Rosalie H.  
Kwasha, Florence I.  
Lambert, Ruth  
Langevin, Alice

Laurence, Elizabeth  
Lavallee, Lucienne M.  
Leach, Ruth  
Longo, Lillian  
MacAndrew, Joseph F.  
McCaffrey, Elisabeth G.  
McKenna, Alice M.  
McManus, Mary G.  
Manning, Anna  
Matteson, Inez G.  
Menzel, Marion E.  
Mitchell, Olive A.  
Myers, Alice M.  
Nacci, Arcangel  
Page, Dorothy L.  
Reilly, Mary L.  
Roberts, Dorothy E.  
Sammis, Hazel  
Shea, Anna M.  
Sullivan, Gertrude M.  
Tennant, Grace F.  
Tinkham, Corella M.  
Twomey, Alyce M.  
Waterman, Wilma S.  
Winn, Elizabeth P.

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