

# THE ANCHOR

## RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

Vol. VIII, No. 10

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1937

Ten Cents

### R. I. C. E. Graduates Plan Alumni Day

**Class of '72 Representatives to Be Present; Committee Expect Thousand to Return**

Commencement Day, June 19, will mark the first Alumni Day of its kind to be held by the Associated Alumni of the College. Members will march in procession, attend the Commencement exercises, and will then retire to the gymnasium for the luncheon to be served there. A program of interest to all Alumni will be given in the College Auditorium at two o'clock, after which class meetings and reunions will be held in the various rooms of the College.

This day will not be a marker for individual class get-togethers, but rather for a cooperated and associated reunion of all the Alumni of R. I. C. E. Since it is the first of its type to be held at the College, all Alumni are urged to make this a returning day to their Alma Mater and to check off this date on their social calendar as the day of the year. Preparations are being made by the committee in charge for the return of approximately a thousand Alumni.

At the Alumni Day celebration, graduates of classes as far back as 1872 will be present. Mrs. George H. Burroughs, (Belle C. Doran) '72 and Mr. Arthur W. Brown '72, hold the honors for first place, '73 will be represented by Mrs. Sophie P. (Snow) Knight.

#### PROGRAM

Invocation—Rev. Thomas V. Cassidy, Superintendent of Catholic Schools, Providence Diocese.

Address of Welcome—John F. Brown, President of Associated Alumni of R. I. C. E.  
Address—Dr. John L. Alger, A.M., Ed. D.  
Vocal Solos

"Homing"—Delriago  
"Bird's Songs"—Coates  
"Called Away"—Bassett  
Irene M. Blessing, Soprano  
Accompanist—Irene L. Mullick

The Governor of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations—Robert E. Quinn  
Address—Madeline Wallace, Chairman of Alumni Day

Violin Solos—"Hymn to the Sun"—Rimsky Korsakoff  
"Saranbände"—Tambourin—Marie Le Clair  
Anna W. McGarrity  
Accompanist—Mary E. Daubney

Addresses  
Dr. Walter E. Ranger  
Dr. Clara E. Craig, Director of Training and Dean of the College

Vocal Solos  
"Life"—Curran  
"Quiet"—S. Anderson  
"Song"—Rogers  
Agnès Coutanche Burke, Contralto  
Accompanist—Mary E. Daubney

Addresses—Professor George H. Baldwin  
Mary M. Lee  
Etta V. Leighton

Vocal Selections—Alumni Choral  
"Passing By"  
"Miss Nancy's Gown"—Chadwick  
"Blue Danube"—Strauss  
"Sweetest Story Ever Told"—Stults  
Accompanist—Mary E. Daubney  
*Continued on Page 4*

### Faculty and Students Honor Dr. Stevenson

On Friday morning, June 11, simple memorial services for Dr. Mary Lillian Stevenson were held by the faculty and students of Rhode Island College of Education. "Faith of Our Fathers," her favorite hymn, was sung; Miss Walton, president of the student body, read selections from the "Sermon on the Mount," which Dr. Stevenson loved; after a prayer, Dr. Alger spoke briefly of what Dr. Stevenson meant to the college body; and Miss Martha Walsh read an "In Memoriam." After a moment during which the assemblage stood in silence, the benediction from Jude spoke the thoughts of those gathered in tribute to a beloved teacher and associate:

"To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and forever. Amen."

### CLASS AND IVY DAY SPEAKERS



MARGUERITA BUCCI



PATRICIA TICKELL

### Class And Ivy Day Celebrations To Be Marked By Award Of Anchor To Undergraduate Class

In accordance with R. I. C. E. traditions, thirty white-gowned and happy Sophomores, bearing a fragrant and beautiful daisy chain, will serve as an escort to the Seniors on Class Day, June 18. The Senior group, clad in caps and gowns, will assemble on the college campus where the program will be officially opened by a message from Doctor John Lincoln Alger. Students and friends will be welcomed by Miss Elizabeth Whalen, President of the class of 1937. Irving Gomberg, Senior historian, will read the record of class activities, and Miss Mary Hutton the class poem. During the course of the program Miss Mary Powers will address the undergraduates; the orator of the day, Miss Marguerita Bucci, will deliver the class oration; Mr. John Brown, President of the Alumni, will extend an invitation to the Seniors to join that organization. Faculty members will play a part in the day's drama by awarding degree pins to proud and joyous members of the graduating class.

The presentation of the sacred Anchor will mark one of the most exciting and auspicious

moments of Class Day. This symbol of merit will be given by the graduates to the class they consider the most outstanding and deserving of praise. It has constituted an incentive for work, cooperation, and progress for Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen throughout the college year; and on June 18 one of these classes will receive its well-earned reward.

In former years, Class Day and Ivy Day were two distinct dates on the list of commencement activities; this year both will be observed on the same occasion. Following the Class Day exercises the Class of '37 will assemble on the Senior Steps for the Ivy Day program. The speaker at this time will be Miss Patricia Tickell. After her oration, the graduates will perform the customary ritual of planting ivy. A group of vocal selections by the Seniors will terminate these exercises.

When the speeches and performances of Class and Ivy Day have been completed, the Junior Class will fetter their senior brothers and sisters at the annual reception held on the esplanade.

On the eve of graduation the members of the 1937 graduating class of Rhode Island College of Education at their Commencement Ball will swing and sway to the tuneful and tantalizing melodies of Ted Peck and his orchestra. Although tearful thoughts of parting have haunted them for days, and serious thoughts of new ventures in life will be entertained in their minds on the morrow, the night of June 18 will find a gay and light-hearted group of Seniors at the Agawam Hunt Club.

Miss Mary Sullivan, chairman of the Senior Social Committee will be in charge, and the Misses Ruth Anderson, Virginia Farrar, Lucille McPartland, and Aileen Slavin will serve on the committee arranging this annual formal fiesta. The unique feature of the evening will be the reception of favors by the male escorts. Faculty members who will act as patrons and patronesses at the dance are Doctor and Mrs. John Lincoln Alger, Doctor Clara E. Craig, Professor and Mrs. Robert Brown, Professor and Mrs. Thomas Herbert Robinson, and Mr. Edward McEntee.

### Elmer S. Hosmer To Retire From College Faculty After Fifteen Years As Music Department Head

Elmer S. Hosmer, after fifteen years as Professor of Music at Rhode Island College of Education, is retiring this June from active service. Since 1922, when Professor Hosmer came to the College, students have found new enjoyment in music under his tutelage. In the many courses of which he had charge, including Music in the Public Schools, The Study of the Opera, The History of Music, and Music Appreciation; and in the extra-curricular activities of the Music Club and Glee Club, and Orchestra, the students have had the opportunity to know Professor Hosmer well and to appreciate his fine ability as a musician as well as his kindly understanding as a teacher. The faculty and members of the student body deeply regret his leaving and extend sincere wishes for his future happiness.

Professor Hosmer was born in Clinton, Massachusetts, March 21, 1862. He was graduated from high school in 1878 and from Brown University in 1882. Three years later he received his Master of Arts degree, also from Brown. During his professional career he has been President of the Brown Teachers' Association and of the Barnard Club.

At sixteen years of age, Professor Hosmer began studying the organ, and he has been organist at various churches since 1880. After his graduation from college, he studied piano and organ in Boston with the leading teach-

ers of that day, having George Chadwick as his instructor in Harmony and Counterpoint. The first compositions of Professor Hosmer were published about 1880 and since that time over five hundred of his compositions for piano, organ, and voice have been issued by as many as ten different publishers.

Upon his graduation from college Professor Hosmer taught music at the Perkins Institution for the Blind, then located in South Bos-



PROFESSOR HOSMER

ton. It was here he met and married Mrs. Hosmer, a fellow-teacher. Shortly after, he was elected to the principalship of the high school in Bristol, Connecticut, where he remained until 1900, when he came to Pawtucket to take up his principalship of the high school in that city.

During his residence in Pawtucket, Professor Hosmer became a member of the Paw-

tucket Congregational Church, where he held the position of Organist and Choir Master. Recently, at a testimonial reception and dinner held in his honor, his fellow members had the opportunity of expressing their appreciation for all that he has done for them and their church and spoke of their high regard for him as a friend.

We quote from a few of the many fine tributes to him which express more fully that which we already know of him through our own association:

"Elmer S. Hosmer has attained distinction in every field of his activities. His notable accomplishments in education and in music won the professorship of music he now holds. His personal refinement, moral worth, and friendly spirit have abundantly merited the friendship and esteem felt for him in the profession of education.

Walter E. Ranger,  
Commissioner of Education  
1905-1935

"Professor Elmer S. Hosmer is in my estimation one of the finest examples of true American manhood, whose advice and example has helped many young people who came under his tutelage in their life's work, leading them to follow out the work which

*Continued on Page 4*

### Education Degrees To Be Conferred

**Gov. Quinn and Dr. Rockett to Address R. I. C. E. Graduates at Commencement**

The first week-end Commencement at Rhode Island College of Education will be held on Saturday, June 19, when Bachelors, Masters, and Doctors Degrees in Education will be awarded by Dr. John Lincoln Alger through the power invested in him by the Board of Regents. That day has also been set aside as Alumni Day, and it is expected that many former graduates will return, making this occasion one of the most memorable in the annals of the College. Members of the older classes will be honored by being placed in a reserved section of the Assembly Hall. In order to bring the graduation salutations to the ears of all, an amplifying system has been arranged to include the Main Library and Room 102.

At half past nine the Academic Procession will leave the Henry Barnard School, led by members of the Alumni, followed in order by the critic teachers of the College Laboratory School, the graduates, and members of the Faculty. When the procession reaches the Esplanade, the order will be reversed and the lines will be opened to allow the Faculty, followed by the graduates, to enter the Assembly Hall first.

Those who will address the graduates are His Excellency, Governor Robert E. Quinn, and State Director of Education, Honorable James F. Rockett. Following the delivery of their messages, Dr. Alger will present 131 degrees of Bachelor of Education, 607 Master of Education, and one Doctor of Education.

One of the last social affairs which they will enjoy as students of Rhode Island College of Education, will be the banquet to be held by the Seniors on June 19, at Lafayette House in Foxboro, Massachusetts. The singing of the class songs which brought them acclaim at the Song Contest, the reading of the class prophecy, and everything else which might add to the gaiety of the evening will be featured.

Invited guests are Dr. and Mrs. Alger, Dr. Craig, Professor and Mrs. Robinson, and Mr. McEntee. The Committee in charge includes Mary Sullivan, Ruth Anderson, Virginia Farrar, Lucille McPartland, and Aileen Slavin.

### Dr. Clara E. Craig Signally Honored

**Catholic Colleges Award Honorary Degree and Via Veritatis Medal**

Doctor Clara E. Craig, Dean of Rhode Island College of Education, has recently been highly honored by two prominent Catholic institutions. On May 29 the Catholic Teachers College of the Diocese of Providence awarded her the honorary degree of Doctor of Education; on June 7 she received the Via Veritatis Medal at the College of Our Lady of the Elms in Chicopee, Massachusetts.

Doctor Craig's activities as an educator are well-known to all who are interested in the field of education. A graduate of the International Montessori Institute of Rome, she holds degrees of Master of Education and Doctor of Education from Rhode Island College of Education and Doctor of Pedagogy from Boston University. Many educational associations and organizations—Rhode Island Institute of Instruction, Board of Recreation of Providence, National Education Association, and Eastern States Association of Professional Schools for Teachers—number Doctor Craig among their prominent and outstanding members. Truly she has deserved the honorary degree from a local Catholic Teachers College.

At each commencement of the College of Our Lady of the Elms the Via Veritatis Medal

*Continued on Page 4*

## The Anchor

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## DR. MARY LILLIAN STEVENSON

AT an early hour, Wednesday morning, and in an impersonal tone of voice, a telegraph clerk read a message to us: "Mary Lillian quietly passed away at nine tonight." It was from Texas, from Dr. Stevenson's aged, grieving parents, in announcement of a fact that we had expected to learn from day to day, ever since she had written on May 1 that she was able to sit up only two or three times a day, for an hour at a time. And so, at last, we knew that release from suffering and anguish had come to a friend and that she had quietly passed into God's keeping.

Dr. Stevenson was heroic. Shortly before she went from us, on leave of absence, late last fall, she remarked that she had fought death for ten years. Yet, no one can say that he ever heard that brave woman whimper or complain, even after the conflict became keen toward the end and the odds were against her.

We of the College—students, faculty, and alumni—will long remember Miss Stevenson for many qualities.

She cherished friendships with deep devotion; and, in her turn, she was cherished by her friends. It was a cause of regret to her in her closing days that her limited strength has made it impossible for her to thank her many friends for their kindnesses.

Dr. Stevenson was particularly solicitous of the comfort and happiness of old persons. Many dear old friends have abundant reason for mourning her passing.

She was a friend of Freshmen. Several years ago, of her own volition, she requested that there be assigned to her as many divisions of freshman history as possible. Any student whose privilege it was to have been in those classes can bear witness of the values which accrued to him from her request.

Dr. Stevenson was an inspiration to Seniors. How many students have returned from their training periods, happy with the knowledge that twenty weeks of History of Civilization were waiting for them—to be presented in her own inimitable manner!

In the best sense of the word, Dr. Stevenson was a citizen of the world. An intensely loyal American, she had traveled extensively and knew intimately the modes of living and customs of many nations. In the College, the International Relations Club was her joy and pride.

Dr. Stevenson stood for the best—the perfect—in personal conduct and in scholarship. Sham, pretext, and insincerity were hateful to her. She did not know what it meant for her to spare herself in attaining the heights, and she expected students of ability to go there with her.

Those of us who knew Dr. Stevenson well will always remember her best in the setting of her delightful apartment at the corner of Angell and Ives Streets. There we found hospitality. There we met her surrounded by her books and her treasures of art which she had gathered in her travels. There we sat and chatted over the teacups—many of which she had skillfully painted herself—while the hours sped on, and we realized what a satisfaction stimulating conversation can be. Art, music, the theatre, literature, international politics, finance, spiritual values—everything of vital interest was fuel for the fire of her vivid spirit and intellect.

And now, we must come to realize that this restless, truth-seeking spirit has gone from us. It was literally true that Dr. Stevenson cherished excellence of character and high scholarship as brands which must ever glow brightly. When she went from us, she tossed the brands to us. In her forthright, simple manner, we can hear her parting call, "I have finished. You must carry on."

We have tried to think of some way in which to describe the long months of Dr. Stevenson's passing. A portion of Browning's "Prospice" tells the story best, we believe:

"Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,  
The mist in my face,  
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
I am hearing the place,  
The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
The post of the foe;  
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
Yet the strong man must go:  
For the journey is done and the summit attained,  
And the barriers fall,  
Though a battle to fight ere the guerdon be gained,  
The reward of it all.  
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
The best and the last!  
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forebore,  
And bade me creep past,  
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers  
The heroes of old,  
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
Of pain, darkness and cold,  
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
The black minute's at end,  
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,  
Then a light—  
And with God be the rest."

Professor and Mrs. Thomas Herbert Robinson.

## WHO'S WHO AT R. I. C. E.

### PROFESSOR ADELAIDE PATTERSON

Lacking the usual forwardness of the traditional reporter, this interviewer meekly entered the office of Professor Adelaide Patterson, stated her purpose, and was immediately disarmed by the very gracious manner in which this very busy person granted her request.

Professor Patterson was born in Clarksville, Iowa, where she spent her early childhood. Later the family lived in Minnesota and it was here, at the University of Minnesota, that Professor Patterson received the first of her teacher training. She first taught country schools in the prairies of North Dakota and later in the grammar grades near Minneapolis. Her early teaching in New England was at East Milton, Massachusetts, after which she came, 26 years ago, to Rhode Island College of Education where she has carried most efficiently the important duties of the head of the department of public speaking.

Of Professor Patterson's two degrees, the first, that of Bachelor of Literary Interpretation, was attained at Emerson College of Oratory; and the second, that of Master of Education, at Boston University.

When asked about the work which interests her and seems to be so much a part of her, Professor Patterson stated that her first love is "drama in all its phases." She believes that "all technical work should be inspired by the desire to make the human body a free channel through which truth and beauty may flow."

Her very inspired coaching of all extracurricular activities entailing any speech work at all, and her earnest work with individuals, as well as the well known text, *How to Speak*, are evidences of the sincerity which underlies this sentiment.

Not content with mere teaching of proper method of speech, Prof. Patterson, among others, has gone ahead in the field of speech correction and now considers this phase of the work one of the most valuable developments in public speaking at R. I. C. E.

Prof. Patterson composed the words to the College Cheer Song and also collaborated with Prof. Hosmer on "A Song of Spain" which was published by Schirmer's and has been sung at the College. She loves to travel; she finds touring of New England and the whole country including Yellowstone National Park particularly enjoyable. Although she almost missed the opportunity by a small matter of three quarters of an hour (her boat left forty-five minutes early because of adverse weather conditions—and she had to catch up with it) Prof. Patterson traveled one summer abroad. Most of the time was spent in England and Scotland where she made a special visit to Inverness, and other visits to noted cathedrals. During the same summer she also went to France and Switzerland.

As a child she always played at school and theatre with her five talented sisters. When they were living in the west, the six Misses Patterson were active in Chautauqua work; it

was probably here that the love which she has always felt for the drama was strengthened.

Today, Prof. Patterson has a repertoire which includes fifteen three-act plays, many one-act plays, as well as cuttings and scenes from novels and the classics. She has read for numerous organizations from Maine to Virginia and in the Middle West, and she frequently reads over the radio.

In conclusion, Professor Patterson remarked that she could not remember a time when she did not want to teach. Undoubtedly, this is one of the attributes in her which has been an inspiration to so many of those who have studied under her guidance.

### GATHERINE WILLEMIN

Miss Catherine Willemin, vice president of the Senior Class, comes from a family of teachers. Her father taught Latin and Greek at La Salle and later music at Brigham until five years before his death, when Catherine was a Freshman at R. I. C. E. Her mother is now teaching at the Arnold Street School and her older brother, a Brown graduate, is doing his city training as a Latin teacher at Classical. There are three other members in the family, a younger sister and twin brothers, who have as yet shown no inclination toward teaching.

Catherine was born in Providence and is a graduate of Tyler Grammar School and St. Xavier's Academy. As a Freshman at R. I. C. E. and, indeed, during her other three years, she has entered enthusiastically into various forms of activity. The Dramatic League is perhaps her main interest; she has been a member for four years and was vice president during her junior and senior years. Her dramatic activities range from the parts of Maria in *Twelfth Night* and Linda in *Holiday* to participation in stunt nights. Music is closely allied with dramatics. Catherine plays the violin in the College Orchestra, and at home enjoys the piano. She has led her class to two victories in the yearly song contests and to one honorable mention. During her junior year she became interested in club membership and joined the Italian Club, the International Relations Club, and the Golf Club. This year she was a member of the T. K. A. meeting at State and recently was one of the ladies in the May Queen's Court.

Food is one of Catherine's major considerations. Her favorite hobby is cooking and, in her own language, she "stuffs a mean pepper." Substantial foods are more in her line and she confesses that her abilities take in only one kind of pie—graham cracker. Her antipathies follow the same trend and she says very conclusively that she abhors loud eaters and people who chew gum audibly.

Catherine said no, she never had traveled; but after careful thought, remembered that she went to Nova Scotia at the age of thirteen and a year ago in the spring she went to Washington, managing to arrive, like the ham

Continued on Page 4

## KEEP THE BALL ROLLING

AN onward rolling spirited cheer for the year 1936-37 within the portals of R. I. C. E.! Forever and anon we shall remember this year for its grand all-prevailing college spirit, wherein everyone has a part in everything. We started by greeting a lusty group of eager Freshmen who have aided in keeping our rejuvenated spirits soaring. The blanket tax has also been one of the most fruitful sources of this rising tide of college spirit. It has proved to be the Panacea of our financial ills. Without pecuniary worries we have realized the underlying values of our activities and have given to them our individual support.

Our keen college spirit has also been engendered by an unusually successful athletic program, greatly widened in its scope over that of past years. The whole College has worked in cooperation with our athletes and the promulgators of their success, and wishes to extend its heartiest congratulations to the Athletic Council of R. I. C. E.

Perhaps the climax of our spirited year rests with the awarding of the Anchor now in possession (as you may have heard rumored) of the Seniors. The Anchor of itself has no intrinsic value, but its power as an incentive to true college spirit is immeasurable. Every class covets it and in so doing each class tries to keep its standards high, thus raising the standard of the College as a whole.

## PRAYER ON THE FOURTH

THE coming month brings to these United States its most treasured holiday—the Fourth of July. In this year of foreign strife, the significance behind the gaily blazing sky-rockets should be ineradicably impressed upon our minds and hearts. As we watch the ephemeral lights, let us solemnly vow that these rockets shall be symbolic of our democracy only in their brilliance. It will be hard to see the fire-crackers sputter on the lawn and not think of shell-torn Madrid and Bilbao.

When all the heat and frenzy of the Fourth is over, perhaps we shall turn toward a cool river, moving steadily in its quiet course, adapting itself to the various turns and narrows, yet continuing ever free. Mayhap we shall offer up a little silent prayer that our national life may flow on as flows the river.

AT this time the editor would like to express her grateful appreciation to all those students who have given of their time and talents as members of the Anchor Staff during this past year; to the students and faculty of the College as a whole, who through their contributions and financial support have steadfastly assisted us; and finally to the Faculty Adviser of the Anchor Board, Miss Thompson, whose diligence and untiring efforts are sincerely recognized.

## OFF CAMPUS

The congratulations of the faculty and members of the student body are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Owen Ethier upon the arrival of a baby daughter at the Ethier home.

Carolyn Capron toured northern New York recently, stopping at Troy, Utica, and Schenectady and taking advantage of the scenic beauty along the Mohawk and Berkshire Trails.

A busy summer beginning with the teaching of a course, The Psychology of Speech Correction, at the College Summer School, is anticipated by Professor Patterson. At the conclusion of the summer session, she is planning to drive to Minneapolis with friends, and later to view the Yellowstone National Park.

Miss Alice Thorpe will combine her summer vacation at Bonnet Point with a motor trip through Maine and Nova Scotia. Her niece, four-year old Barbara, and the twins, Billy and Jane, will visit her often.

A Reunion Dance sponsored by the Class of 1936 of Saint Xavier's Academy, to be held on Friday, June 18, will be attended by many from R. I. C. E. Among those planning to be present are Mary Dolan, Helen Freeborn, Margaret Kenny, Kathleen Lenahan, Helen Minahan, Margaret Otto, Dorothea Quinlan, Margaret Rafferty, Anne Rogers, and Jane Toye.

Mercedes Rush, Senior, and Lorraine Tully, Freshmen, are members of the Providence Festival Chorus, which gave its Twelfth Annual Concert on Sunday, June 13.

Dr. Weston will attend the meeting of the National Education Association during the week of June 28 in Detroit. From there she will travel through Kentucky and West Virginia.

Professor Hosmer will attend the fifty-fifth reunion of his class at Brown University on June 19, held in connection with the Commencement Week Program. Then he and Mrs. Hosmer and their daughter will go to Bustin's Island, off the coast of Maine, where Professor Hosmer may do some composing.

Mr. Underhill will teach two courses at the College this summer. Part of his vacation will be spent in New Hampshire and part at Prudence Island, where Mr. Underhill expects to build a summer cottage.

### APPLY SUGGESTED

Since it's the little things in life that make us what we are,  
The tiny voices on the wind that bear our names afar,

If we would leave with all our friends a memory that is pleasant,  
Then practice gracious kindness whenever they are present.

And when from them we're far removed,  
Commit no indiscretion,  
Neglected courtesies might then create a bad impression.

Oh, little things do help so much to make a reputation  
That they should be a part of every college education.

We need a representative whose duty it would be  
To see that nothing's lacking in our campus courtesy;

That Regents are invited to all our social functions  
Along with any others who may merit this attention;

That they receive the *Ricoled* and monthly *Anchors*, too,  
And thus be properly informed of everything we do.

We shouldn't have to have a hint to send an invitation  
To those who have a finger in the pie of budgetation.

All this does seem self-evident and so it is a pity  
We haven't any Student Council Courtesy Committee.

The faculty and students of R. I. C. E. wish to express their sympathy to Miss Neva Langworthy upon the death of her mother.

# THE ANCHOR BOX

## THE BOOK SHOP

AN ALMANAC FOR MODERNS. By Donald Chross Peattie. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.

THIS is not a new book; it is not even a best seller, and we do not recall that it ever was so. But we say, without exaggeration, that, of all the modern books we have read in four years of college life, it is the one that we shall remember the longest. It is a book that we are going to pick up in many future hours and dip into for a tonic of some of the finest of modern prose writing.

The title is no mere sophism; it tells of the nature of its volume even as *Genesis*, *Lamentations*, or *Revelations* tell of theirs. Peattie is a biologist who has written a series of little essays—one for each day of the year. He is a scientist of a high order, as his training and reputation testify, with a tremendous knowledge of scientific facts. He writes of those facts. But he does more than merely share his knowledge; he writes literature, if by literature we mean something that quickens our appreciation of an incredibly complex and mystifying adventure called life.

That, essentially, is Peattie's subject: life. We do not mean the comparatively mundane spectacle of men and women struggling for bread, fighting, loving, and dying. We mean life in its biologic sense. Spend a half hour with any few of these essays—none of which are longer than a page—and you'll come away with a stimulated pulse that will cry against any restraints that keep you from the outdoors. That's where this man takes you: to the field, the brook, the mossy bank, the wood, the mud hole, or any other spot under a vast sky that you will look upon with new eyes; and he does it with none of the blatant gusto of our more well-known naturalists, but with a serene subtlety that is many more times convincing. He will not tell you the Latin name of a flower, but he will make you almost feel the growth of that flower; he will make you conscious of what Edna St. Vincent Millay has so keenly called "the ticking of Eternity." Let the page of June Second speak:

"A man need not know how to name all the oaks or the moths, or be able to recognize a synclinal fold, or tell time by the stars, in order to possess Nature. He may have his mind solely on growing larkspurs, or he may love a boat and a sail and a blue-eyed day at sea. He may have a bent for making paths or banding birds, or he may be only an inveterate and curious walker.

"But I contend that such a fellow has the best of life—he and the naturalists. You are ignorant of life if you do not love it or some portion of it, just as it is, a shaft of light from a nearby star, a flash of the blue salt water that curls around the five un-thrust rocks of the continents, a net of green leaves spread to catch the light and use it, and you, walking under the trees. You, a handful of supple earth and long

white stones, with seawater running in your veins."

Those two paragraphs are the whole of one of the essays. Do they not cogently express all that other writers have endeavored to say in pages and even volumes?

As Peattie takes you about the outdoors, he tells of what Science knows about the mysterious forces of Nature: the migration of birds, the growth of a crystal, the shower of the Perscids, the socialism of ants; but he stops at a certain point. An apostle of the New Science, he knows that Science does not know everything. A plant grows thus, but why? That's another matter. Leave the tone and word of finality to the book-bound scientist. For example, he impresses upon you this awful fact. Our kinship with all life from the crystal and fungus through to the bee and star are not so, simply because of analogous conditions; we are one with the ant not only because both man and the ant make plans and slaves, and store food; but rather the unity of all life is thus because of a simple substance, called chlorophyll, which in amazingly countless forms makes up all living matter.

"It is the primal constructor, this green coloring matter in the heavy summer foliage, this chlorophyll that directly captures the energy of sunlight and with magic power brews in its alembics, out of air and water and earth, the stuff of which the rest of life is made. It has built up the wood of the table before me, the food upon my plate, the linen sheets in which I shall sleep. Without it no animal may live, no animal product were possible. So it becomes the mother, the creatrix of everything living."

In short, we have a substance that we recognize as the source of life; we know its physico-chemical structure but . . . create it? There our knowledge stops. This book is imbued with that sort of thing. A sketch of the life of a moth looks across the page at a discussion of the Darwinian theories; a refutation of mechanistic philosophies is sandwiched between the charm of fauna and the reason men shoot ducks. And then interspersed throughout the book (or should we say year?) are delineations of the lives of the great naturalists, biologists, and philosophers.

One cannot exhaust the parts of this volume that are worthy to be pointed out; one can only give a hint of the beauty that is found on every page. One is reminded of a poem of Jeffers:

". . . A flight of pelicans  
Is nothing lovelier to look at;  
The flight of the planets is nothing nobler;  
all the arts lose virtue  
Against the essential reality  
Of creatures going about their business among  
the equally  
Earnest elements of nature."

Monthly woodcuts by Lynd Ward help create seasonal moods and enhance the general appearance and tone of this delightful and inspiring volume. Even as the imminent summer breezes will cool your brow, this book will soothe your school-worn minds.  
Brendan Murphy.

THE NILE: *the life-story of a river*. By Emil Ludwig. Translated by Mary H. Lindsay. 619 pp. \$5.

TO most of us Emil Ludwig is a biographer who presents the life of a popular hero in as lively and personal a way as if the person were before us. Mr. Ludwig wrote this "biography" of the Nile because he felt that a river is like the life of a man. He personifies the river while tracing its course from the source to the river's golden mouth. Let it be understood that this is not a guide book to the Nile, although one should have a clear picture of the river by the time he has finished reading the book.

We are given an impressive portrait of the Egyptian peasant or fellah. "He and his brothers," says Mr. Ludwig, "formed ninety per cent of those millions who worked and fell and could not rise, just as they do today." The Nile is almost the oldest known river, yet parts of its course have never been surveyed; below Lake Victoria it is bridged and then not again for two thousand miles. The earliest records of its irrigation are canals five thousand years old and some of the methods of irrigation used in those very ancient times are still used today. The jungle around the swamps has been undisturbed by man. In

these swamps there are giant Denkas, among whom a man six feet three inches is but of moderate height. The river passes from the swamp into land as dry as Arabia. Here we have the story of Ethiopia, the savagery and sorrows of the Ethiopians, the latter made more timely by the recent Italian conquest. We are taken back to Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, for the kings of Ethiopia are said to be descended from that union.

The above is merely a sketch of a very few of the numerous highlights of this magnificent work. *The Nile* is criticized as being over-written. Some critics find it unreliable, containing gross inaccuracies. Let me remind you again that this is not a guide book. Mr. Ludwig may exaggerate, but not intentionally. This flaw may be forgiven since the book is written with such literary charm and such a deep appreciation of human nature. The author has tried "to paint in colors what the expert presents in figures and tables." The book may be measured by its impression upon the mind and emotions. As a final urge to you to read it, I shall quote Mr. Duffus of the New York *Times* who says, "It is an experience to read it; the word Nile will never be vague in one's mind again."  
Stella Simons.

## Toward Parnassus

### SONNET

I love you as a part of what I knew  
And so I love a hundred other things;  
It yet remains to see if other springs  
Will find my valuation quite as true.  
I find you in the cycle of the seasons,  
I read you into every book and rhyme.  
I have you part of all my life; yet time  
May find these to be insufficient reasons.  
If this be so, and judgment makes me falter,  
And subsequently proves my dream untrue,  
My mind has erred. My heart will pay the  
price:

But now I lay a pledge upon this altar:  
Because my mind belongs to what it knew,  
Association will not fool me twice.

Gil.

### ILLUSION

Over the frozen meadows and silvered plains  
Comes the faint sound of madmen's cries,  
Winging their way down the dark alleys of  
the night.

A battered copper moon hangs over the dis-  
tant hill,  
And, set high in the heavens, star-candles  
flare dimly.

Ho, Madmen!  
Weep not for the moon. . . .  
It is false gold.

Eileen McCabe.

## Rabbit's Foot

GENTLE Reader, it is not too late for you to knock on wood, recite some magic phrase, touch your favorite charm, or call on your special fairy godmother to fend me off by weaving a saving spell about you with her wand. For you are about to be addressed by a person hopelessly caught in the web of superstition.

My superstitions are few in number, yet they are extremely potent. Just when and where this element was injected into my makeup I do not know, but it does play a large part in my life. I once entered a newspaper competition in which contestants chose from lists of superstitions those that correctly fitted cartoons published over a period of time. I did not win a prize, but, needless to say, I learned many new irrational beliefs, which immediately became part and parcel of those I already cherished.

Only this morning my superstitions played a game with my desires and won—two to one. I arose with the earnest feeling that I would like to sing some little ditty, not only to convince myself that it would not rain, but also to drown out the terrible hymnicade that someone was committing in some other part of the house. But in September a friend had told me that it is bad luck to sing before breakfast, and of course this morning I had not eaten when I had the urge to sing. Lucky for me that I do not have to sing for my breakfast as Little Tommy Tucker did for his supper. Undoubtedly I would go breakfastless as I do on Saturdays.

Another pet superstition and the one I exercise most, is that of knocking on wood whenever I think of something that I do not want to happen. I invariably find myself in predicaments when I want to knock on wood, since I am usually either in bed or in church. It so happens that my bed at home is against the wall and the nearest wood is the floorboard; so to knock on wood while lying in bed is a difficult feat to perform. In church, however, I have developed the art of scratching my back and of gently touching the wood of the pew at the same time. Or I flick an imaginary bit of dirt off my shoe and thus manage to hit the curative wooden heel.

The fear of changing an article of clothing put on backward or wrong side out has always intrigued me. Bad luck ensues if one does, I am told. But I have heard that it is perfectly permissible to change the aforementioned offender if one sits down, rises, turns around three times, sits down, and then rises again. Personally, after a few attempts, I prefer to wear the piece of clothing the way I put it on. I will never forget the night that some other girls and I dressed a friend for an important dance. In our haste, a cer-  
Continued on Page 4

## TESTIMONY OF A SENIOR

### WISDOM

When I have ceased to break my wings  
Against the faultiness of things,  
And learned that compromises wait  
Behind each hardly opened gate,  
When I can look life in the eyes,  
Grown calm and very coldly wise,  
Life will have given me the Truth  
And taken in exchange—my youth.  
Sara Teasdale.

THESE last few crowded, happy weeks give one little time for thought, but thoughts, as is their way, come rushing upon us just the same. And (call it arrogance of youth or what you will—it is aged youth) we think these thoughts valuable. Four years of college have taught us how to think. The years ahead will teach us what to think; but the important thing now is that we have come to a philosophical way of thinking. Looking back with an, alas, very personal eye, we pass judgment upon our college days.

And the pleasantest of all our thoughts, especially now when the nearness of farewells has swept away the occasional clouds, is the friendships we've made and strengthened. Stored behind us is a fund of happy, excited, funny times for fireside memories or reunion "remember." Man is a social creature; he expands and grows in the fine soil of kindred companions. Here at R. I. C. E. the soil has been very fertile. A wealth of customs and traditions has immeasurably enriched our associations.

We have very definitely grown up these four years. It seemed for a long time that we should never reach that point: milestone after milestone, birthday after birthday, year after year passed without any apparent growth. But the last year seems to have turned the page. Quite decidedly, we feel our age now. Not that all these things have suddenly come upon us—the growth has been gradual; it is the realization that is abrupt.

Observing the Freshmen, we know that they are young and we, old—only four years difference of course, but it is a wide gap bridged by the years of knowledge—not book knowledge. We can feel the change in ourselves and see it in fellow classmates. We've lost something very appealing—the wide-eyed eagerness and freshness of that first year. And here we want to protest against that fallacy of the cocksure college graduate; it is the Freshman who is confident; the years between have taught the Senior the uncertainty of things. His poise camouflages a dubious state

of mind. He knows it is wise to put one's faith in few things, and to hold tightly and jealously to those few, lest they, too, be wrested from him. This is part of what we have gained as the price of our lost simplicity. We regret that loss, but it seems to be an indisputable law of life that we must pay for what we get, and all things have their compensations. So be it. We would not go back if we could.

The rest of the knowledge we have absorbed or amassed? Much of it is undigested as yet—to become soluble in experience. Because, of course, in experience we are very young. We have dealt in thoughts, not deeds. Which is as it should be. College is much more than so many hours of this and too few points of the other. It is opportunity for and encouragement of mental growth. It is the setting of the mind for the encounters of experience. And so, four years have meant for us the clearing of horizons, the mastery of reason—not, heaven forbid, a mastery of everything, but a readiness for it. It is something like studying Algebra or Latin; the facts we learned fade in the light of the power we gained in acquiring them.

With June, too, have come a settling of emotions and a saner attitude toward events. A deal of anger, jealousies, rebelliousness, prejudices, and disillusionments lie behind our arrival at this point. We've exchanged them for a measure of mental content, a kind of defence which, while it dulls the edges of emotions, protects one from further hurt. It is partly a belief that nothing is so important as it seems at the time, and partly a resignation to the vagaries of existence.

We are glad that we have had the opportunity of growing up here. We feel that this gladness will be increased in the years ahead.

And now we're leaving. We are sorry; some of the happiest hours of our lives are linked here. We shall miss familiar places and loved friends. But we are not breaking ties with them, for we take our memories with us. And so we are glad, too. For there is much ahead of us to which we are looking forward—with qualms and reservations, 'tis true, but yet with anticipation. It is time that we began to do something. We are ready now—humble, yes, but reliant in the powers we have gained, both our professional ability and our ability to live.

We have arrived at a very philosophical way of thinking, you see. And if you should be inclined to call us sentimental, remember that it is Commencement season and that probably we have not yet reached the age of "Wisdom."

F. G. M.

## SWAN SONGS

### TRAINING SKETCHES

I  
Donald was a tartar,  
But when I called him down,  
He made such funny faces  
I couldn't hold my frown.

II  
Wrinkles round his eyes  
From laughing all the day—  
This was Billy Donovan,  
My merry roundelay.

III  
Raymond was a lazy boy  
And mumbled when he read;  
But oh! he had such pretty eyes  
In his sweet empty head!

IV  
Vincent was my scavenger  
In the basket scouring round.  
How many silly treasures  
And pencil butts he found!

V  
Everett's big brown asking eyes,  
Looked up to us one day  
He smiled his little quivering smile,  
And then he went away.

And later in his desk I found  
A notebook that he kept—  
And all his hundred papers—  
Sleeping as he slept.

G. W.

### RATIONALIZATION

Funny sometimes—  
We cry—  
And have to admit  
We don't know why.

But as the tears  
Begin—  
A million good reasons  
Come crowding in.

C. W.

### AS I READ

I do not know what they are saying  
—The birds—  
But I know that it must be of beauty,  
So I fill in the words.

I do not know what they are saying  
—Your eyes—  
But I know what I want them to whisper,  
So I read between the sighs.

C. W.

### ADMISSION

With you  
I have shared beauty.  
Why must black trees against a silver sky  
Etch harshly on the paper of my soul  
Now you are gone?

Gil.

**RICE FLAKES**

WE do hope that an oversight at the Cap and Gown dance will be corrected during Commencement. It seems as though Keith Lawrence, Grand Perrin, Paul Blanchard, Ted Wass, Frank Lambert, and Bart Dowling should have donned Caps and Gowns also—four years attendance at R. I. C. E. dances should not go unrecognized. Perhaps degree pins? B. T. for instance, Bachelor of Terpsichore. But still that Bachelor part—if the girls have made the most of their time—

Of recent social events:

THE Anchor supper—a dilemma when, after universal enthusiasm for singing "Under the Pawpaw Tree," no one knew the words. And to see Louise Coffey reaching over people's shoulders to copy place cards for a living, you'd never think that 'way back in the sixth grade she was S. S. and G. and knew all the geography and arithmetic answers.

THE Junior banquet—why does Miss Loughrey foster such an ardent desire to go to Sweden?

SONG Contest sequel—victory celebration at Gibson's. But the management did not care to hear our *Cheer Song*.

THE Charles Carroll Club outing—if you haven't heard a rendering of "There's a hole in the bottom of the sea," it's your own fault if you ask for it.

LET them remain unknown:

The Senior who, after the P. C. Junior Reception, invited her boy friend in to help her study for the Political Science exam. Yes, he accepted.

The Senior who cut chapel to explain to Professor Tuttle about those fourteen chapel cuts. She confessed to thinking it was Wednesday instead of Tuesday.

PRIZE remarks thought up by people who have little to do:

Antiques get more valuable as they get antiquer.

Some folks are badly mistaken mentally. Have you ever traveled on the "thumb jerker's special"?

TO the classic request that the student body "move in sections" to their places in the assembly hall, might be added the Senior Demonstration remark that the Barnard children "passed out in orderly fashion."

HELP wanted: someone to "unmix" Roland Archambault's books for him. He reads so many that he doesn't know which is which.

WE hear that rain means nothing to determined Freshmen who held a frankfort grilling under a blanket and two umbrellas.

TIME and again we have thought to announce the Champion Punner. But, after watching the disease progress to a really virulent stage, we are ready to crown Mary Sullivan. Evidence is plentiful, but one episode should clinch it. After "The Master Builder" had been ably summarized by Senior Murphy who told about the hero's fatal attempt to climb a church steeple, he received a tender missive which read, "Would you say that he was aspiring?"

TOPS in scathing brevity—Miss Cuzner's query when some Seniors descended upon the Reserve Library for a little exam boning: "Who's that?" Unnecessary, we thought.

WHAT you underclassmen will miss at the Commencement Ball—Betty Whalen and Alice Melrose in the new short evening gowns.

AND how did you like the preview of Alumni Day as described in "These Plantations" column of the *Providence Journal* and *Evening Bulletin*. "There will be no barrel of beer on the lawn (campus?) as sometimes happens at college reunions. . . . Instead there will be plenty of high thinking and refined social intercourse. . . . a luncheon of elevating edibles. . . . It all sounds rather sedate but undoubtedly will be as intellectual as all get out."

A NEW way to meet celebrities by the oldest "line" in the world: "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" Scene: a New Jersey hotel. Time: 4:30 a. m.

**THE SENIOR JUNE POLL**

The Senior Class, in a poll conducted last week, almost unanimously agreed that the Duke of Windsor and his new Duchess are the outstanding man and woman of the world for this year.

For the United States, young America pledged its support to its President Franklin Roosevelt in naming him the nation's most notable person.

The woman's-place-is-in-the-home theory was a trifle marred in the selection of Amelia Earhart as the representative American woman. But there were more votes for Mrs. Roosevelt, which shows teachers are also considered highly as outstanding personalities.

Without a shadow of a doubt the most popular novel of the Seniors is the new saw, *Gone With the Wind*. Its vogue is certainly upheld in our College.

Another indication of the taste for good current literature is the choice of Maxwell Anderson's gripping *Winterset* as the favorite drama.

*Inside Europe* and *American Doctor's Odyssey* were first and second in the selection of choice non-fiction.

Somerset Maugham and Lloyd Douglas tied for favorite author, with the romantic James Hilton second.

A sense of humor headed by several lengths the list of what the girls considered requisites in a man. Next in order came intelligence and sociability. Sincerity and ambition were neck and neck at fourth place and for fifth place money and sportsmanship tied. There were some who required such things as punctuality, a yen for roast pork, smoothness,

temperance; one girl demanded a machine and another was magnanimous enough to want some "minor and lovable faults."

The men wanted neatness and a sense of humor more than anything else in the ladies of their choice.

Patience ran first on the list of requisites for a good teacher, and that old sense of humor, which covers a multitude of iniquities, was a very close second. Personality and fairness were third and fourth respectively; and one thoughtful person considered the desire to teach an important essential. Why hadn't we ever thought of that?

The Mary Sullivan Specialty Swooning Song, Stardust, was unquestionably tops in this class's parade of hits.

It looks like a schism in the Robert Taylor Adoration Cult, because the Seniors defy convention in voting that portly, stalwart, intelligent, substantial, handsome Frederick March their favorite actor. Yes, I like him too.

The personification of the ideal wife, the charming Myrna Loy, is also the ideal of the Class of '37. As second choice they approved of Garbo's glamour.

The taste for classical pageantry and romance is shown in the class's choice of *Romeo and Juliet* as the best movie of the year.

Swimming and baseball are the favorite sports, and reading and dancing the favorite hobbies.

In radio, results show that Benny Goodman's orchestra leads, the Lux Radio program is the favorite, and Jack Benny the choice comedian.

C. W.

**Charles Carroll Club Feast at Lincoln Woods**

Fifty members of the Charles Carroll Club and eight faculty members spent an enjoyable afternoon and evening at Lincoln Woods on Thursday, June 3. The highlight of the afternoon was an interclass baseball game between the Freshmen and the Sophomores; from which the Freshmen emerged victorious, drubbing the Sophs 10-2. A relay was then held between the two classes, and the Sophs evened the score by edging out the Freshmen in this event. The faculty played a short game of "Teacher" with the Seniors. But don't let that game fool you. It was played with balls, bats, and gloves; and the participants were not talking shop during it either. After a special invitation meet for the faculty, consisting of a 50 yard dash which was won by Mr. McEntee, the entire group adjourned to the dining room nestling in the sylvan wilds and partook of the evening's feast. This consisted of hot dogs, hamburgers, and steaks with "pickle, onion, and lettuce, both," and potato salad. The dessert was ice cream with crushed strawberries. Coffee and lemonade also were served.

After games of horseshoes and a demonstration of scout craft, the party gathered around the campfire and regaled the night owls with rollicking selections from hither and yon. The outing closed with the singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" in honor of Professor Robinson.

**Professor Hosmer Interview**

Continued from Page 1  
leads to the highest and best in art and music. I have known Professor Hosmer's work long before I came to Providence. His compositions, a good many of which I have used, prove that he has been a serious student of music and knows how to write music which is beautiful.

"During the few years that I have been in this city Professor Hosmer has been an inspiration to me. His is a personality which impresses one with its force, charm, sincerity and true friendship."

Dr. Wassili Leps,  
Conductor Providence Symphony Orchestra

Characters: a R. I. C. E. professor and Amelia Earhart.

For further information page (of all people) Professor Brown!

F. G. M.

NOW is the time when we should flippantly bow ourselves out. But we don't feel very flip. We guess we're a failure—words fail us.

**1937 Summer School To Offer New Courses**

The summer session for teachers, supervisors, and superintendents of the state will be held at Rhode Island College of Education from June 28 until August 6. Registrations may be made by mail or in person before 1 p. m., Saturday, June 26.

The opportunities offered will be greater than ever before, and an invitation to participate is extended to teachers and supervisors of all the schools of the state. Two courses of especial interest this year are those to be given by Dr. Rockett, Director of Education: Building the Teacher and The Work of the Superintendent. The curriculum has been enriched in almost every department to meet varied interests and requirements.

**First Alumni Day**

Continued from Page 1  
Address—Dr. James F. Rockett, Director of Education

Original Poem—"Alma Mater"—Lila Hurley  
"College Cheer Song" and "Alma Mater" by Assembly

Benediction  
Vocal Solo—"Ave Maria"—Gomnod  
Irene M. Blessing, Soprano  
Anna W. McGarity—Violinist  
Irene M. Mullick—Accompanist

The Alumni Day Committee is composed of John F. Brown, ex-officio; General Chairman, Madeline Wallace; Registrations, Grace Carroll; Reservations, John Rawdon; Processions, Helen M. Cooper; Guests, Maisie E. Quinn; Speakers, Susan D. Smith; Music, Bertha C. Mullen; Transportation, Charles O. Ethier; Publicity, Anna F. Flynn; Luncheon, Grace C. Whaley; Chairman, Mrs. Henry G. Butler; Mary Campbell, Monica Cummiskey, Mary Flanagan, Katherine Murray, Marguerite Tully.

**Who's Who at R. I. C. E.**

Continued from Page 2  
in a sandwich, between the two bloomings of the famous cherry trees. Then the conversation went something like this "Did you like Washington?" "Oh, yes I liked Washington, although (laughing) I didn't see very much of it."—"Why?—This spring Catherine visited the circus in New York and also saw Louis Armstrong."

Very quickly Catherine named Frederick March, Ronald Coleman and Leslie Howard as her favorite movie actors and thoughtfully suggested Luise Rainer and Carole Lombard as the best actresses.

Her motto may explain somewhat her happy-go-lucky attitude. It is, "Blessed are they who expect nothing for they shall not be disappointed."

**N. E. Institute to Meet At Wellesley College**

When the New England Institute of International Relations from June 29 to July 9 opens at Wellesley College, it is hoped that two students from Rhode Island College of Education may attend. Since 1934 three or four students from R. I. C. E. have attended each session. These students have had either half or all of their expenses covered by scholarship aid through the efforts of the Rhode Island Committee of Wellesley Institute of International Relations. The Misses Anna and Elizabeth Chase of Hope Street have been generous donors of this fund. These Institutes, which are arranged by the American Friends Service Committee (the national organization of the Religious Society of Friends), have been conducted in different sections of the country for several years.

This year the members of I. R. C. wished to make a financial contribution to the Institute Fund to show their appreciation for the aid given them in the past. As the Club wished to provide a new form of entertainment, as well as to raise money, the idea of a spelling bee was welcomed. The response of the faculty was cordial and evidence of sportsmanship was shown on the part of some members who had no liking for that type of exercise.

The Institute provides an exceptional educational opportunity at low cost. The faculty who are to lecture at these sessions include scholars in various special fields, and such nationally and internationally known figures as Dr. Hugo F. Simon, from Germany, Mr. Y. T. Wu, the noted Chinese author and lecturer, and Bruce W. Knight, well known economist at Dartmouth College. Students at the Institute enjoy both the intellectual and social opportunities afforded them.

**Mary Rilley, Senior To Enter Novitiate**

Mary Catherine Rilley of the Senior Class, a graduate of the Academy of the Sacred Heart, Elmhurst, will enter the Novitiate of the Religious of the Sacred Heart in Albany, New York, on June 29. The religious order of the Society of the Sacred Heart is a teaching one and has houses throughout the world.

Miss Rilley's aunt, Mother Josephine Halliwell, a member of the same order, is stationed at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Shanghai, China; her uncle, is Rev. Louis Halliwell, S. J. of Holy Cross College, Worcester; and a cousin, Rev. William J. Halliwell is stationed at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

**Rabbit's Foot**

Continued from Page 3  
tain part of her clothing was slipped on backward. To leave it thus would have been fatal to her appearance; to remove it and put it on again, fatal to her chances of having a good time. By much jiu-jitsu work and physical maneuvering, however, we managed to get it correctly placed without removing it.

Evading ladders and black cats is another pet superstition of mine. I really do not know what I should do if I were faced with the alternatives of walking under a ladder or of having a black cat cross my path. I asked a girl friend, an individualist, (who uses green ink on the back of her envelopes for postscripts, and grape fruit juice instead of lemon juice as a rinse for her hair) in what individualistic manner she would treat this problem. But she did not know. I have not as yet clung to the horns of that dilemma. Knock! Knock!

Margaret Courts.

**Dr. Craig Is Honored**

Continued from Page 1  
is awarded to an outstanding Catholic laywoman. The trustees and faculty of the College select someone who has in their estimation, contributed in some manner to the spread of Catholic truth, and they make the Via Veritatis Medal their annual award. This year found Doctor Craig the recipient of this symbol of Catholic action. Because of her faithful proclamation of Catholic educational ideals, her active interests in church societies and organizations, and her religious example and influence, the trustees and faculty of the College of Our Lady of the Elms requested that Doctor Craig should receive this award.

**SPEAKING OF**

Memories—a four year association with the *Anchor* is drawing rapidly to a close—so speedily that I cannot yet realize how little longer remains before I shall be out in this cold, cruel world. In this—which will be the last column I would like to give you some memories of four years. Memories of four years that have passed swiftly—too swiftly for one to be able to grasp them and hold them until one has squeezed every single solitary second from them.

Dr. Alger telling us how good we were—which—reiterated through four years—has us believing we are good. Speakers we have had. Mary Woolley—genial; Wilson MacDonald who really looked like a poet; an unknown on the second day who thrilled us with his tales. The gradual crystallization of friendships; links that have remained forged for four years and many of which will join in the chain of life. Miss Sherman—who could have made an artist out of two lumps of clay and a piece of string and did—from even worse material. I'll always remember her—with a smock on, and a piece of colored chalk in her hand—drawing "creative" animals on the board.

Miss Cuzner—looking so small in front of the main library as she told us all about reference books.

Lucille at the piano—dancing every noon in the gym. We gulped lunch—then proceeded to work off the energy in the gym. But many of us just listened and enjoyed.

The awe-inspiring majesty of the Seniors when they wore their caps and gowns for the first time. Now we complain because they are hot and heavy. But then—they were the robes of gods and set the wearer into the innermost of the seventh heaven!

The first story accepted by the *Anchor*, and the friendship and help of Charles Willard. Then, day of days, the time my story appeared and everyone stopped to congratulate me—and asked how it ended!

Parties—dances—for enjoyment; study—study—study—for work. The celebrated argument with Dr. Stevenson about handing in notebooks at the beginning of my first elective with her. I won—and proceeded to read two thousand eight hundred pages. I shall always remember her with her little red sweater, arguing brilliantly about any subject under the sun and in a manner that permitted of no exception. I am glad that I have had the opportunity of study under her—and shall treasure every word she spoke.

The day that ambition came true—when Dr. Alger took me down to the old kindergarten, opened the door and left me with about 12,000 old books to straighten—to handle—to peer into—and to put in order. Art Lee leaving and returning several weeks later in the grey and black and red state trooper's uniform.

Dr. Carroll—wiping his glasses with a one dollar bill. And the advice he gave—"Never stop learning or you'll stop teaching."

To leave for training—that endless walk for miles and miles to "Alma Mater" before we leave. Then the endless new experiences of training that made the days speed by like minutes. Finally—reunion; old friends—new friends—all miraculously grown up—all poised and at ease—all teachers!

And now we leave—our vacation is over and we set out on the work we have allotted to ourselves. And may we have small classes, bright pupils, and friendly cooperation. May we become perfect teachers and our pupils perfect citizens.  
Irving R. Gomberg.

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FOR THE BALL.

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**White Formal**

(Double Breasted)

**Tuxedo Coats**

212 Union St., Cor. Weybosset, Prov., R. I.