

# THE ANCHOR



JANUARY, 1929

R. I. C. E.

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# THE ANCHOR

RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

Vol. I

Providence, R. I., January 24, 1929

No. 1

## BUTTER FOR SUPPER

Mrs. Nangle burst out of the kitchen to welcome her husband. Her kitchen was of such a convenient size that by pivoting on her heel she could reach in turn the stove, the sink, the cabinet, and the flour bin under the cabinet; but when she was annoyed the margin of safety was so reduced that she must, like the vapors of an explosion, burst the walls or burst out of her cell. It was her habit to store indignation during the afternoon, to be released about five-thirty, when her husband's rattling at the door would cause her to be projected into the living room.

On this particular Friday in July Mrs. Nangle had accumulated a number of minor grievances. After dusting the apartment that day she had placed Mr. Nangle's pipe on the top shelf of the closet, where it spilled ashes into her hat. At noon she could find none of the girls free to eat with her, and had gone to the movies alone, where she sweltered breathlessly. Her box of chocolates made her slightly ill. After an hour in the bathtub with a good book she was in no mood to make up a meal for any man. To focus her sense of martyrdom she rejected the idea of a salad and began to cook a lump of meat, and to boil coffee. By half past five she was heated a brick red, and had a headache.

Mrs. Nangle burst out of the kitchen to greet her husband, untying her apron and tossing it on a chair. She said, "If you want any supper tonight, you'll have to get some butter."

"I don't want much supper," said Mr. Nangle. "I'm too tired to eat." He looked tired; his collar was noticeably wilted.

His weak reply moved Mrs. Nangle to firmness. She said: "If you'd bring the groceries home yourself, instead of leaving the list with that Halloran to do what he likes with, I might get what I need. You don't consider my needs. I'm sure I'd never get anything done if I didn't see to it myself."

"What time did the food come?" Mr. Nangle asked.

"This afternoon, when I was downtown," his wife said, scenting a counter attack. "When I unwrapped the steak, I didn't find a speck of butter in the basket, and this isn't the first time it's happened. I never get what I want. If you want me to serve supper tonight, Ernest Nangle, you'll get me some butter. I don't care." She took her husband's newspaper and sat down.

"Oh, all right, Ivaloo," said Ernest Nangle, and he went out again into the heat.

The city was defeated by the sun, which ravaged the streets and breathed mercilessly into shadowed corners. Wilted girls and beaten men dragged homeward, their listless eyes, slack lidded, looking whitely out of red faces for the cooler side of the street. Five o'clock meant to Ernest Nangle that he could desist from leaning forward over books to spend the evening in leaning backward on a cushion, with his feet elevated. Once he was home, he did not care to encounter the city again for fourteen hours, as his wife well knew.

Tonight his tired eyes were hot, and his head seemed to reel. When a newsboy yapped at him, he snarled. The way was long, until, moving one foot wearily after the other, he came to Pure Foods, Groceries, and Dairy Products, J. Halloran.

J. Halloran's Pure Foods united in a tropical odor the melons crumpled and the spinach faded where they lay. Halloran was wrapping hamburger, with his shirt sticking to his back.

"Mr. Nangle," he replied courteously to a nod, and loosened himself from his shirt. "A fine day for the farmers."

Mr. Nangle did not attempt to be cheerful. "Pound of butter," he said. "Your boy forgot it again."

"Why, I packed the stuff myself, Mr. Nangle," said Halloran. "I know there was butter, because it was on the list."

Continued on Page 2



"Mrs. Nangle says it's happened before that there wasn't any butter in the basket. She's a little put out, because it holds up the supper."

"I'd take my oath there was butter in that order, because I packed it myself. Are you sure she looked? . . . What I mean, it was maybe mixed with the other bundles."

"Sure she looked. Always does. Has to see what's there."

"Well, there's no need of that, because when you give me an order you get service. Nobody can say they don't."

"I told you five minutes ago I want a pound of butter. How about some service on that?"

"Wait a minute, will you? You come in here and say I'm holding out on you and don't give me a chance to find out. You'll get your butter all right."

"Yes, and there's plenty of places I can get butter if some people don't want to do business."

The two men were forgetting the heat outside in the swirl of the heat which they were generating. They were moving to a conflict, without either having the strength to avoid it.

"Maybe you'd better try some of them places, Nangle—if they'll stand for it!"

"Now, that'll be all of that, Halloran," Mr. Nangle said loudly. "I don't go out of my way looking for trouble"—he made a generous gesture that destroyed a pyramid of cracker boxes.

"Get out of my store, Nangle," cried Halloran. "Busting up things!"

"Put me out!" said Mr. Nangle.

A policeman interfered as they were breaking the glass out of the door. They waited for the patrol wagon, still sobbing at one another across the broad expanse of serge between them. The phone bell rang.

Halloran answered it with dignified restraint, to show the officer that he was at bottom a reasonable man. He dropped the receiver, growling, "For him," and indicated the breathless Mr. Nangle with his thumb.

"What's keeping you, Ernest?" inquired an authoritative voice. "Do you expect me to wait supper until breakfast time? You come home here right away . . . I found the butter done up with the eggs, and here I've been waiting half an hour. It's past six already."

Mr. Nangle hung up the receiver.

F. J. JONES

Post Graduate

## AN APPRECIATION

The editor and other associates of THE ANCHOR wish to acknowledge their sincere appreciation of the help which the faculty of the College has given in the establishment of this college publication. Their encouragement, suggestions and constructive criticism have done much to place THE ANCHOR on a firm foundation which insures its future success. The board wishes to thank in particular the faculty committee, comprising Professor Robinson, Miss Thompson, Professor Sherman and Professor Waite.

The interest and enthusiasm of Dr. Alger have been a great inspiration and has accomplished a great deal for the success of THE ANCHOR. The board is deeply grateful to Mr. Sloane through whose efforts THE ANCHOR is printed. Our contributors also are to be thanked for without them this issue and succeeding ones would never be possible.

That the student body in general is interested is evidenced by the co-operation given and also by the number of subscriptions which have poured in from all classes.

Others to whom the board is grateful are the members of the committee from whom the suggestion first came that there be a college magazine. Their efforts really formed the basis of all the work which followed culminating in this first issue of THE ANCHOR.

The board extends its gratitude to all who have contributed in any manner to the success of this magazine.

CATHERINE, McCABE, '29



## THE ART OF OPENING MILK BOTTLES

There are numberless vocational colleges, trade schools, technical institutions and apprentice shops scattered over the world, but in none of these is found the learning process of acquiring skill in the art of removing pasteboard caps from milk bottles. For some reason or other, this art has been slighted. Perhaps it is due to the fact that most people concerned with it are natural-born housewives, cooks or expert finger manipulators.

Nevertheless, at some time or other, people of little or no aptitude in this art are compelled to battle with this baffling little scrap of cardboard. The unfortunate may range from a nervous, servantless hostess burdened with unexpected visitors, to a bachelor called upon to perform the domestic formalities at a picnic; or from a small school boy left to obtain his afternoon glass of milk in his mother's absence, to a poor, clumsy husband trying to prepare baby's milk. At any rate, the result is always the same—a pearly white bespattered figure in the cream of life.

Experience—sad, pathetic, yet comical—has taught me basic statistics. There are two main ways of removing milk bottle caps, the right and the wrong. Although the latter has not been exhausted in the matter of ingenious methods, most procedures would come under either the daring encounter or the too-cautious dealing.

The daring encounter is used by reckless souls. They jerk their thumbs down hard on one side of the rim very confidently only to be deeply grieved by the sudden transformation of themselves into that constellation, the Milky Way. In contrast to that is the too-cautious dealing. Here, the cap, conscious of its supremacy, leads the timid souls to visible victory. Then, just before the goal, like the sirens of old, it opens their eyes to the delusion. With stinging cruelty, its white mist quenches the feeble embers of the conquering fires in the windows of their shrinking souls.

Like most ways of life, the happy medium leads to the right way. In this case, the method is simple but requires practice. First, set the bottle down on a convenient table or shelf. Next, talking kindly but firmly to the bit of pasteboard, run the forefinger of the right hand over the entire surface of the cap. Then, with a prayer on your lips, plunge a sharp-pointed object, a fork will do, into the cap, taking great pains to steer the prong along under the surface, hugging the under side closely. Finally, using the implement like a lever, remove the cap. After this accomplishment, a little pride is permissible—nay, justifiable.

As genius progresses, an invention may be patented that will do away with our laborious process. The magnanimity of our generation forestalls any attempt to take away inventive goals from posterity. Instead, we are unanimously content to bear up under the difficulty, trying domestic—yet unattainable—art, happy in the thought that we are giving future generations a splendid chance to test their creative powers.

EVELYN EARNES, '31

Moonlight  
Flooding the landscape  
While Dryads  
Peep shyly out  
From the wildwood:  
Music made  
By the tinkling  
Of bluebells,  
All weaving a spell:  
Love.

MARION STANWOOD, '30





## THE AUDACITY OF MAN

And God said, "Let there be light; and light was made."

But this time it was not the Divine voice that commanded; it was the powerful base of the Narragansett Electric Lighting Company representative in a tone of the last time of asking.

Two switches were placed at right angles; a white button pressed—and light was made.

A light that chased the twilight into hiding, and made of Providence a dazzling town. Great signs mocked the heavens; tiny bulbs shone like stars of Bethlehem from behind glass windows. Enormous torches on wooden poles emphasized street corners; while advertisements sprang suddenly into life. Bright crosses intensified church steeples; and traffic signs became living things. Providence was transformed into a glittering city—and God, looking down upon it, smiled at the audacity of man.

EVELYN M. PELRINE

## HOW GOD MAKES THE SUNSET

The close of a day is a far more lovely happening than many people realize. In this world of ours comparatively few people stop to raise their eyes to the heavens at the close of day—but the few that do so gaze in untold wonder—that a sky can be so beautiful and a world too busy to see or even care.

No two sunsets are ever the same. When God made the first sunset, He chose his materials with great care. Let us consider them as the Master Painter does. To Him the sunset is an evening prayer and the blending of all of the beauties of the day.

The golden note of the thrush at twilight and the happy laughter of little children made the golden streaks in the west. While walking in His garden, He had met a very sweet old lady with shining silver curls—these were the pearly linings of the clouds. The rosy hue was the thought of the beautiful new day giving to the hearts of men a quiet understanding. Pale orchid, shading to blue, was the re-

flection of the bluebird's wing as he glided over a babbling brook. Deep down behind the trees came the ruddy orange of the hearth fire and the petals of the tiger lily. The soft pink flush of a baby's cheek edged the pearly clouds—and the gray white mist above, took on a softer hue—another soul had found its God—a day had slipped away and the sunset had been painted.

TED SCOTT, '32

## SMITH HILL SUNSET

Green glow on a golden mountain,  
Golden feet on a green baize lawn;  
Gold-veined gates of China jade,  
And a green-sweet sky  
When the sun is gone.

F. J. JONES

## GYPSY LIFE

Gypsy life:  
Rainbows span your rivers,  
Stars shine through your night,  
Trees lend you their shade.  
The strong west wind is your  
friend.  
Fires that glow in the night,  
Caravans creaking by day.  
Sighing wind is your music.  
The whole wide world is your home.  
Sunlight, starlight, and rain;  
Rain, starlight, and sun:  
On through the world of adventures  
The carefree life of a gypsy.

TED SCOTT, '32

I want to mix with the Madding  
Crowd,  
To encounter those with wealth  
endowed,  
To dance and sing the whole night  
through,  
To do *what other* people do.  
And then I like to be alone,  
To read good books that are my own,  
With dreaming, thinking, music too;  
So I like to be by myself, do you?

MARION STANWOOD '30



## LIBRARY NOTES

Miss Makepeace, our librarian, wishes to announce that there are several new books in the library for the use of those desiring them. The library now contains over 30,000 accessioned volumes and 7,000 not accessioned. Some of the new books including health books, poetry, literary works, and standard novels are listed below:

Every Day Health Series  
*O'Shea and Kellogg*  
 Community Health *Turner and Collins*  
 John Brown's Body  
*Stephen Vincent Benét*  
 Tendencies in Modern American  
 Poetry ..... *Amy Lowell*  
 The Man Against the Sky  
*E. A. Robinson*  
 Renascence and other Poems  
*Edna St. V. Millay*  
 Rainbow Gold ..... *Sara Teasdale*  
 Selected Poems ..... *Robert Frost*  
 The Rocking Horse  
*Christopher Morley*  
 Peacock Pie (illustrated)  
*Walter de la Mare*  
 This Singing World *Louis Untermeyer*  
 Yesterday and Today  
*Louis Untermeyer*

It is the wish of the librarian that no student hesitate before asking for help in locating material in the library. Students always find a welcome in the library provided they see fit to observe the rights of those engaged in study.

It is also to be noted that magazines, as well as books, have been placed in the library for the use of the student body.

## READER'S GUIDE

**BAMBI**—Felix Salten. No man is too old, no child too young, to profit by this original, imaginative and wise story of animal life.

**THE CHILDREN**—Edith Wharton. An excellent representation of human nature in this novel which deals with the vital question of divorce.

**DISRAELI**—André Maurois. An entertaining and fascinating biography of a still more fascinating character.

**SWAN SONG**—John Galsworthy. A brilliant novel which concludes the cycle of that memorable Forsythe family.

**JOHN BROWN'S BODY**—Stephen Vincent Benét. A thrilling narrative poem. A panorama of the Civil War.

ESTHER GOLDSMITH, '31

## OLD ENGLISH

*By Galsworthy*

Galsworthy, the artist, drew a type character, an overwhelming personality, which he called "Old English." Seldom it is that one discovers an artist's model, but I proudly acclaim that I have discovered the prototype of Sylvanus Heythrop. He was by profession a railroad president, presiding over board meetings with a dogged stubbornness that neither the wisdom of youth nor the experience of years could challenge. Charles Humes, as we shall call him, summered in a small Massachusetts resort. Here he was considered, or believed himself to be considered, an authority on issues of weather, fish, and cigars. He smoked those big black ones. As to the fishing—he would assiduously arise early in the morning, don long fishing boots, aimlessly dangle a line in the water, seldom catch anything, but never believe the blame to be his.

"Old English" had a decided rheumatic tendency, and on rainy days he would mutter euphoniously about these "damp-damp-days" while the ladies would condone his wit. Charles Humes might be termed garrulous, if the meaning egoistic was implied, for he dearly loved, in his wheezy manner, to narrate his early experiences. He was caustic, dry and blunt, and was considered by many a social bore, tolerated only because of his charming daughter, but to those of us who knew him he was the essence of a certain phase of the old school—a character, indeed. Perhaps you would like to meet him? If so may I recommend Galsworthy's "Old English," for he found him first, and Galsworthy is a character artist.

MARION STANWOOD, '30



## EDITORIALS

THOUGHT FOR THE  
MONTH

And here I stand; judge, my masters.—*Shakespeare.*

## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

THE ANCHOR and all that its new life represents in careful organization and in generous co-operative effort is sincerely appreciated by the Faculty. Its Board of Editors will have our hearty support and our best wishes for an enduring success.

JOHN S. ALGER

For a long, long time R. I. C. E. has wanted a college publication. She has yearned for it as earnestly, as hopefully, as Ponce de Leon longed for a Perpetual Youth or as Moses desired a Promised Land.

Her students adopted literary publications of other colleges in a fruitless effort to satisfy their ungratified desire. Those of her scholars who were endowed with literary powers followed their natural urge for creating, and wrote for various publications; but the honor they received lacked the essential characteristic of honor. It was just like being decorated by a foreign country for service rendered it. There is a great deal more gratification in winning glory in your own country.

But the impossible has become the possible, and from the ashes of a million dead hopes which have accumulated through the years THE ANCHOR rises like Aladdin to greet R. I. C. E., and to carry to her graduates who are scattered throughout the state a message of Good Cheer from their Alma Mater.

THE ANCHOR intends in every respect to be an anchor. Each month she will go to you, and through her printed pages she will hold you fast to R. I. C. E. Freshmen and graduates, she will weld you together into a mighty whole for the honor and glory of dear R. I. C. E.

EVELYN M. PELRINE,  
*Editor-in-Chief*

A FAREWELL MESSAGE TO  
THE CLASS OF 1929

In a few more days the first half of this college year will be over. To the Senior A class especially this will mean a great deal, because of the fact that all of them are bidding farewell to R. I. C. E. in order to enter the teaching profession.

At such a time their thoughts naturally turn backward to reflect upon the many happy, all-too-short days spent here. Their eyes are directed toward the immediate future, when they are to reach the goal toward which they have been striving for four years.

Their classmates and teachers wish them success and happiness in the new sphere, in which they will shortly find themselves. Whatever their fate may be in the years to come we know that they will remember their Alma Mater and strive their hardest that they may reflect credit on the teachings of R. I. C. E.

G. R.

## STUDENT COUNCIL

As the first semester draws to a close there are many thoughts in our minds. Some of these pertain to past glories and others to future ordeals. One of the uppermost of these thoughts is that of the Student Council. In thinking of this body, commendation is given to the present board which has served faithfully since September. Thought is also directed to the coming election. This election will either elect a new board or re-elect the old one. This is the first really important event in the second semester. It is certainly important to all to have officers in whom all confidence can be placed. Therefore it is essential that everyone take a wholehearted interest in this election as it concerns the whole college, especially in that of the selection of the president. The election should have the co-operation of all. Every vote is vital and necessary to insure the election of the choice of the majority. Let us all take an interest in this coming event.



## EDITORIALS

THE HISTORY OF  
"THE ANCHOR"

The hopes and dreams of having a college paper have materialized. THE ANCHOR is launched, as our Editor-in-Chief has so aptly said. A process carried on with great effort and persistence has made it a realization.

In the Fall, a proposal for the establishment of a college paper was drawn up by a committee chosen by a group of students interested in establishing a representative paper. This committee drew up a tentative plan and submitted this proposal to the Trustees of the College, stating that: "It is intended that this publication shall promote interest in school events by publishing news of the college; shall establish and maintain a standard of literary excellence among contributors; shall encourage the development of theories and opinions regarding problems in education; and shall encourage and publish the results of research by the members of the faculty."

The Board of Trustees, through Dr. Walter E. Ranger, Commissioner of Education, returned the following communication:

"I am glad to inform you that at a meeting of the Trustees of the Rhode Island College of Education, held yesterday it was voted to refer your communication relating to the establishment of a college paper to the faculty with power to act. It was also voted to allow the reception of voluntary subscriptions for the paper among students."

The Student Council began immediate action and a committee was appointed by its president, which drew up a constitution which was submitted to and accepted by the Faculty Advisory Committee which had already been selected by Dr. Alger.

The committee from the Student Council, in co-operation with the English Department, selected a list of candidates for the Editorial Board, whose names were submitted to the student body and voted upon. The successful candidates met at once, and selected the General Staff. Work was

then begun on the first issue and through zealous effort on the part of all, THE ANCHOR now marks another step in the advancement of the Rhode Island College of Education.

ELIZABETH V. READ, '29

## PENNED AND CLIPPED

One of the greatest advantages of college life and college education is the opportunity for forming friendships.—*The Laurel, St. Bonaventure's College.*

You can't be afraid when you've got to keep your head.—*Mrs. Clara Ball, stewardess on the Vestris, saved after 22 hours in the water.*

Long sentences are very properly in disfavor among writers and speakers as well as convicts. Yet a lot of people never know where to stop. They keep running on and on and pretty soon they have said something which can never be recalled and which spells their doom. In short, they "sentence" themselves to death.—*The Pathfinder.*

I believe that the college, in spite of its faults, is our best American institution. It sends out, for the most part, men and women who have got rid of their prejudices yet retain their self-respect. What is the most difficult thing in our American life? To be moral, yet not to be narrow-minded. It is achieved chiefly by our college graduates. Is it strange that men should love a home which bequeaths them such a tradition? Is it strange that they like to revisit the old campus, uncommercialized, calm in the midst of American feverishness, its vision fixed on the things that do not pass away? The college detests fashions, reveres permanence. It cares nothing for the fact that a man has a million dollars, everything for the fact that he has some moral principles and is not incorrigibly stupid. It measures men and women by their preference for perfection—and their knowledge that they will always fall a little short of it.—*Harry T. Baker, Gaucher College, in "School and Society."*



## SUPT. WINSLOW NAMES 20 FOR TEACHING POSTS IN SCHOOLS

### Approval of Superintendent's Choice Will be Made at Next Meeting.—Most of those Se- lected Will Act from Date of Session

The appointments of twenty teachers in the public schools of the city, announced January 14 by Superintendent Isaac O. Winslow at the meeting of the school committee, were carried over under the rules to the next meeting of the body on Monday evening, January 28.

At that time they will be taken up for approval. Most of the appointments are to date from the meeting at which they are to be acted upon.

They follow:

As pupil teachers—Mary L. Colwell, Emma L. Conca, Rita A. Cullinan, Elvira M. D'Atri, Sara W. Fagan, Matilda C. Famiglietti, Dora Z. Geremia, Mary H. Gill, Olive G. Gorman, Eunice E. Goyette, Jennie A. S. MacFadyen, Elizabeth F. McCabe, Irene M. Murphy, Mary C. Murtaugh, Marie E. Oatman, Fannie Orabone, Evelyn M. Pelrine, Eleanor M. M. Reilly, Mary J. Strejeck, Helen J. Sullivan.

—*Providence Journal*

The Sophomore A Class entertained at a New Year's Frolic Friday evening, January 11th, in the College Gymnasium. Miss Sherman and Dr. and Mrs. Carroll were in the receiving line with Miss Alice McCormack, the Class President. The room was decorated with laurel, wreaths, and Christmas trees. A snowman stood guard on the platform and watched the dancing. A good crowd was present which added to the pleasure of the evening. The music, which was provided by the Dancemakers' Orchestra, was better than usual. During the evening punch was served. Every one was sorry when the last dance was played. We all hope that this class is going to give us another dance soon.

## THE GLEE CLUB

Although the Glee Club has not made many public appearances so far this past year, it has several engagements scheduled for the near future. On Friday, January 18, we hope to hear a few selections sung by it in Chapel, including the "Song of Spain," the words of which were written by Professor Adelaide Patterson, and the music of which was composed by Professor Hosmer, both members of our own faculty.

The Club has been invited by the Shepard Stores to broadcast from Station WEAN, and although the date has not yet been set, it is expected that there will be a demonstration of some fine music.

The season will be closed by the annual concert, at which time we shall be able to appreciate fully the value of our Glee Club and the inspiration given by its director, Professor Hosmer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Powers of Newport have announced the engagement of their daughter, Elizabeth, to Samuel Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence C. Thomas of Providence. Miss Powers and Mr. Thomas were graduated with the class of 1927.

Miss Helen Archambeau, a graduate of the College, announced her engagement to Mr. Lucien Schneider of Woonsocket on January third.

Miss Elizabeth O'Connor, who left R. I. C. E. last June, entered the St. Xavier's Convent on January second.

Miss Rose Butler, a graduate of the class of 1919, is now the Acting Head of the Teacher Training Department in the Virginia State College at Petersburg, Virginia.

The Misses Lillian Cooke and Evelyn Pratt, graduates of the class of 1928, are teaching in the Woonsocket Junior High School.



## THE NATURE CLUB

The Nature Club held a very enjoyable social on Tuesday, January 15. New members were welcomed into the club. Miss Carlson of the biology department gave an interesting discourse on her nature studies in New York during the Christmas vacation. Nature games were a feature of the social.

It will be of interest to members of the club and others to know that on February 3, at the Roger Williams Park Museum there is to be a motion picture entitled "Filming the Golden Eagle." This picture, under the direction of Capt. C. W. R. Knight, gives the life of the golden eagle with the glimpses of other birds and animal life. Other instructive features will be presented at future dates. These lectures are given at 3:30 on Sunday afternoons.

The Nature Club will be glad to welcome any new members who are interested in its work. The club takes trips to various points of interest throughout the state. On each trip there are sure to be some discoveries. One girl sees a rare bird, another adds a flower to her acquaintance, yet another finds a bluebird's nest or sees a gray squirrel staring at her with saucy, inquisitive eyes. Accidents happen, of course. One girl falls in the brook and another tumbles after her, but such things only add to the merriment of the day.

Spring will soon be here, and what more pleasant time is there for hiking when the world is fresh and young!

The mathematics teacher gave a bright boy a problem in algebra to solve. Although it was very easy he couldn't do it.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" said the teacher. "At your age, George Washington was a surveyor!"

The boy looked the teacher straight in the eyes and said: "Yes, sir. And at your age he was president of the United States."

## THE HENRY BARNARD SCHOOL

The College of Education on September 10 opened its new building for the Henry Barnard School. For the first year its work will be limited to the kindergarten, the elementary grades, and the junior high school. It is expected that the senior high school will be added as needed for the promotion of students.

The Henry Barnard School is the experimental school of the College of Education. Its work must, therefore, of necessity be the best that the College can provide. It already ranks among the famous schools of the country, and its new and modern equipment will give opportunities for still further development.

At the Henry Barnard School the children work naturally, happily, and in the true social spirit. Each child to a large extent teaches himself and his mates, with the teacher as an expert and sympathetic guide. Each pupil progresses at his own rate, and each one thus establishes a sound basis for further progress even if the rate proves to be lower than the normal. The remarkable feature lies in the fact that under such guidance and inspiration, and with the appropriate materials for self-directed activity, the individual rate becomes very much more rapid than has heretofore been expected.

The demonstration room has attracted attention in all parts of the country. It is the first of its kind to be designed in this country. While it was under construction, other demonstration rooms were established in teacher training colleges. The object is to have a real classroom of normal size, where one observation class may meet in a body to observe a model lesson.

It has been rumored that the Henry Barnard School may start a Junior High School paper. We would be pleased to have them call it "*The Junior Anchor*."





## FACULTY NEWS

Several members of the faculty attended various section meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science during the Christmas vacation. Miss Carlson was present at the American Nature Study Conference. Misses Easton and Peirce and Dr. Bird attended the meetings of the American Psychological Association at Columbia University. At another branch of the A. A. S. Professor Brown was elected Vice-President of the Association of American Geographers. Dr. Bird and Professor Brown are Fellows of the A. A. S. Professor Brown presented before the National Council of Geography Teachers a paper on "Subsidiary Objectives in Geography in Teacher Training Institutions."

The annual meeting of the Women's Division of the National Amateur Athletic Federation was held in New York on January 3, 4, and 5. Miss Osborn attended the meeting and has brought us the following report:

This organization was started in 1923 by Mrs. Herbert Hoover who was its chairman until quite recently. Mrs. Hoover, through her work with Girl Scouts, came to realize the necessity of safe-guarding girls from exploitation and overtraining in sports and games. The objectives of the Federation in general are:

To formulate standards of wholesome and vigorous play for young women.

To protect girls' sports from exploitation and commercialization.

To stress the play spirit in athletics rather than the highly competitive attitude which makes championships and records its goal.

To safeguard the health of the girls in their physical activities.

Delegates from the Pacific coast were much exercised over the coming Olympic Games in Los Angeles in 1932. The Federation went on record as disapproving of competition of women in the Olympic games and discussed what could be done to counteract the objectionable influences of the games.

There is a new and growing sports movement among the colleges called Play Day. Colleges get together and play with each other instead of against each other. Large numbers of the girls take part in the games and sports, the goal being "every girl on a team." The teams are chosen in various ways. Sometimes all the Freshmen in both colleges form teams that play all the Sophomores, or the teams are formed according to the color of bands given out just before the events begin. These teams are subdivided and play according to a regular schedule so that at the end a part of every team is represented in every event.

One evening a demonstration of an Indoor Play Day was given at the Central School of Hygiene and Physical Education between the students of the Central School and the Department of Physical Education of New York University. The Yellow, Blue, Reds played the Orange, Purple, Greens in the events. Girls from both colleges were on all teams. There were two officials for each event, and the Yellow team was the winner. It was intensely interesting to see so many and such varied activities going on at one time.

A message from Mrs. Hoover was read in which she expressed her regret at being unable to attend the meetings.

Dr. Carroll was present December 3 and 4 at a conference at the National Educational Association in Washington, D. C.

December 14 and 15, he attended meetings of the State Directors of Vocational Education held in Philadelphia.

Late in February, Dr. Alger expects to attend the meetings of the National Association of Teachers' Colleges in Cleveland, Ohio. This conference will last a week. The New England delegates are to have a special car where they will hold a meeting enroute.



## FACULTY NEWS

January 11, in Chapel, Professor Robinson gave a short but very interesting book review. His subject was "Beauty." He made no attempt to define beauty although he explained how beauty may be felt, thought, and lived, as well as spoken. Professor Robinson believes that we should "think beauty, teach beauty, speak beauty, and live beauty."

One voice of beauty is Poetry. It is the modern voice of beauty. Professor Robinson's first reading was from Stephen Vincent Benet's "John Brown's Body." He read the descriptions of Abraham Lincoln and of the Battlefield of Gettysburg.

The next reading, "Buck in the Snow," by Edna St. Vincent Millay, was one that Professor Robinson thinks uses perfect wording. He believes that every word used is absolutely correct and most fitting for its position. He calls this poem "the singing voice of beauty."

The fourth selection was from Robert Frost's "West Running Brook." In this poem, Professor Robinson believes that Robert Frost "reveals himself as he has never before." He read Frost's "Peaceful Shepherd" and a typical New England poem, entitled "The Last Mowing."

He closed by saying that we teachers of the modern day are privileged to let our pupils hear the voice of beauty—that of poetry. It is a beauty worthy of being preserved; beauty, as we all realize, after Professor Robinson's most interesting readings.

The afternoon of February 12, Professor Robinson is scheduled to address the Providence Branch of International Sunshine Society in the Grace Church Parish House. His subject will be a book-review lecture, "First Fruits of 1928."

Miss Thompson and Miss Thorpe are members of Professor S. Foster Damon's Seminar at Brown University.

Early in February, Professor Robinson will complete two series of lectures in Newport. These lectures are attended by groups of teachers in service from Newport, Middletown, Portsmouth, and Jamestown. The first group of ninety teachers is studying Problems and Methods in Elementary English. The second group includes about one hundred and seven students of Current Literature. A few townspeople attend these lectures.

Professor Tuttle begins a series of lectures in February at the Bryant & Stratton College. He is a member of the Board of Special Lecturers in that institution.

Miss Patterson expects to offer an extension course in debating and extemporaneous speaking next semester.

Dr. Bird's series of articles on psychology in the *Providence Evening Bulletin* will be resumed this month.

Dr. Bird recently gave a lecture on "Emotional Stability in Business" before the Katherine Gibbs School.

Starting January 11, Professor Robinson began lectures before the Business Women's Club of Woonsocket. The meetings are held on Friday evenings January 11 and 25 and February 8 and 22. The subject is "Book Reviews."

February 17, Professor Robinson is to address the Young Peoples' Fellowship of St. Paul's Church in Pawtucket.

The National Council of Geography Teachers publishes the *Journal of Geography*. Of this magazine Professor Brown is an Associate Editor. He has an article in the December issue on "The Textile Industry."



### "THE ANCHOR LINE"

TRAFFIC COP (*taking out his notebook*): "What's your name?"

MOTORIST: "Aloysius Alastair Cpyrian."

TRAFFIC COP: (*putting book away*): "Well, don't let me catch you at it again."—*The Outlook*.

BOSS: "Rastus, you good-for-nothing scamp, where have you been loafing all day? Didn't I tell you to lay in some coal?"

RASTUS: "Yassuh, an' Ah's been layin' in de coal all day, though dere is lots of softer places whar Ah'd ruther lay."—*Pathfinder*.

SCIENCE TEACHER: Name some liquid that won't freeze."

BRIGHT STUDENT: "Hot water."

A farmer's daughter started to practise singing. One day her father came in unexpectedly.

"What's that extraordinary noise?" he asked.

"That, dear," replied his wife, proudly, "is Jane cultivating her voice."

"Cultivating! Hah! That ain't cultivating, that's harrowing."

A Norwegian boy of Chicago, according to the board of education of that city, turned in the following essay on "Frogs."

"What a wonderful bird the frog are. When he stand, he sit, almost. When he op, e fly, almost. He ain't got no sense, hardly. He ain't got no tail hardly, either. When he sit he sit on what he ain't got, almost."

—*Newark News*

The other day while I was walking along Westminster Street, an Italian man with a monkey and a hand organ asked me to hold the monkey and grind the organ while he got something to eat. I didn't care about doing it, but I finally consented.

In a little while a well-dressed woman and a little girl stopped to see the monkey. After a time the child's mother gave her some money to give to the monkey.

When she got half way over to me, she turned to her mother and said:

"Mother, who shall I give it to, the little boy or his father?"

Freddie, who was five years old, had opinions of his own about everything, and had insulted his kindest aunt at tea time.

His mother remonstrated with him afterwards.

"Freddie," she exclaimed. "You ought to be ashamed to call auntie stupid. Go to her at once and tell her how sorry you are, and p'rhaps she'll forgive you."

Freddie did as he was told.

"Auntie," he said a few minutes later as his aunt reappeared, "I'm so sorry you're so stupid."

SQUIRE GREEN: "Mandy, after I die, I wish you would marry Deacon Brown."

MANDY: "Why so, Hiram?"

SQUIRE: "Well, the deacon trimmed me on a hoss trade once."

### LOST AND FOUND DEPARTMENT

Many of us, at some time or other, have been so unfortunate as to lose something and not recover it. The purpose of this department is to help in restoring lost articles to the students. If you have lost something around the building, why not advertise for it in THE ANCHOR? Such an appeal will be far more effective than merely inquiring here and there. A fee of five cents (\$.05) will be charged for each advertisement.

At present, there are several articles which have been found and turned in to the office. THE ANCHOR hopes to return these to the owners. Until that time, however, they will be kept in the Editorial Room where students may inquire for them. For articles turned in in this manner a fee of five cents (\$.05) will also be charged. Students finding articles will kindly leave them in the Editorial Room. We hope that students will not hesitate to advertise in THE ANCHOR as we wish to aid them in every way possible.

LOST—A black note-book. Will finder kindly return to the Editorial Room?

FOUND—Pair of tortoise shell glasses. Owner may have same by calling at Editorial Room.

FOUND—Gentleman's silver ring set with ruby stone.

MARY SHEA, '29



