

# THE ANCHOR



*All College Number*

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# THE ANCHOR

RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

Vol. 1

Providence, R. I. June, 1929,

No. 6

## Faculty

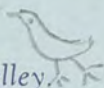
DR. ALGER: "Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force; that thoughts rule the world."—*Emerson*.

PROF. BALDWIN: "Principle is ever my motto, not expediency."—*Disraeli*.

MISS BASSETT: "History is the essence of innumerable biographies."—*Carlyle*.

DR. BIRD

"Hail to thee blithe spirit!  
Bird thou never wert."—*Shelley*.



PROF. BROWN

"God blesses still the generous thought  
And still the fitting word He speeds,  
And truth, at this requiring thought,  
He quickens into deeds."—*Whittier*.

MISS CARLSON: "Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius."—*Disraeli*.

DR. CARROLL: "From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth."—*Shakespeare*.

PROF. CAVICCHIA: "Happy am I from care I'm free! Why aren't they all contented like me?"—*From an Opera*.

PROF. CRAIG: "Take first hold of instruction. Hold her; let her not go, for she is thy life."—*Proverbs*.

MISS CUZNER: "I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard."—*Garrison*.

MISS HILL: "Life is not so short that there is always time enough for courtesy."—*Emerson*.

PROF. HOSMER

"God sent his Singer upon earth  
With songs of sadness and of mirth,  
That they might touch the hearts of men,  
And bring them back to heaven again."  
—*Longfellow*.

MISS LANGWORTHY

"Her very frowns are fairer far,  
Than smiles of other maidens are."  
—*Coleridge*.

MISS LOUGHEREY

"Let us be patient! These severe affilia-  
tions  
Not from ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise."  
—*Longfellow*

MISS MAKEPEACE

"There are so many people  
Who serve us every hour,  
And oh, the more they give us,  
The more we seem to ask."  
—*Margaret Songster*.

MISS OSBORN: "Health is the vital principle of bliss,  
And exercise, of health."—*Thomas*

PROF. PATTERSON

"Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice."  
—*Longfellow*.

MISS RANGER: "A thought is always original, though you have uttered it a hundred times."—*Holmes*.

PROF. ROBINSON: "A good book is the best of friends, the same today and forever."—*Tupper*.

DR. ROSS: "Good health and good sense are two of life's greatest blessings."—*Maxim* 827.

PROF. SHERMAN: "A loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge."  
—*Carlyle*.

PROF. SINCLAIR: "Hope against hope, and ask till you receive."—*Montgomery*.

MRS. SMALL: "Music is well said to be the speech of angels."—*Carlyle*.

MISS STEVENSON: "Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it."—*Lincoln*.

MISS SWAN: "Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense, Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence."—*Pope*.

MISS THOMPSON: "A blessed companion is a book, a book that fitly chosen is a life-long friend."—*Jerrold*.

MISS THORPE

"Her, her manners, all who see admire,  
Courteous though coy, and gentle  
though retir'd,  
The joy of youth and health her eyes  
display,  
And ease of heart her every look con-  
veys."—*Crabbe*.

PROF. TUTTLE:—"The secret of success is constancy to purpose."—*Disraeli*.

PROF. WAITE

"A little man all in gray,  
Rosy and round as an apple is he,  
Content with the present what ee'r it  
may be,  
And merry both night and day!"  
—*Beranger*.

MISS WALDRON: "Diligence increaseth the fruit of toil."—*Hesiod*.

MISS WEBER: "Endurance is the crowning quality, and patience all the passion of great hearts."—*Lowell*.

DR. WESTON

"There is a pleasure in the pathless  
woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
I love not man the less, but nature  
more."  
—*Byron*.

GERTRUDE COLEMAN, '31

## Senior A

(These speeches were delivered at the Cap and Gown Day exercises of the Senior Class.)

### THE FRESHMAN YEAR

WITH the breath of a new life upon our brows and the image of a broadening future before our eyes, a future in which to prepare ourselves for our chosen profession—teaching, we, the members of the class of "twenty-nine," began our wide and varied experiences in Rhode Island College of Educa-

tion with its aims and its ideals, its duties and its pleasures, its buoyancy, and its long to be cherished sterling friendships.

We came face to face with the problems of college life, which required the greater part of the freshman year to manipulate because of the necessity of adjusting and adapting ourselves to a new environment. New freedom, new

types of behavior, new modes of instruction, and new contacts became our problems for solution.

The sympathy, understanding and consideration of the members of the faculty, together with the generous friendly spirit of the upper classmen aided us to find ourselves and we lunged forward into our daily work. \* \* \*

Step by step our interest and enthusiasm increased as we wrested with our problems. \* \* \*

The end of the freshman year left us with a broader outlook and a more mature sense of values, as our hearts swelled with pride at the distinction of being Sophomores, which always means more self reliance and a wider scope of educational adventure to meet the individual interests.

ELIZABETH V. READ

### SOPHOMORE YEAR

IN referring to the sophomore year at College, one might aptly quote the popular saying, "Then came the dawn." I do not mean this to refer to the traditional burning of the midnight oil, though as some may testify, this interpretation might well apply also. I mean, rather, the appearance in the second year student of certain characteristics which have been undergoing a gradual process of development for a year or more.

The most important of these characteristics and sometimes the last to assert itself is that of the teacher point of view or what might be more professionally termed a pedagogical attitude. At this point, the excellent educational courses which provided us with the theory of teaching in all its phases, supplemented by the application of these theories by actual teaching in the Henry Barnard School, became conducive to the more mature understanding and appreciation of what our teacher-training work here should mean to us.

To some of us, our first year's work meant not much more than a continuation of the high school curriculum, augmented by a few "new subjects" so-called. Gradually, however, under the wise and sympathetic guidance of our instructors, the true values of our courses of study came to mean more and more to us until, by the end of the sophomore year, we began to crave experiences in the actual teaching field. How our hopes were temporarily realized will be explained a little later.

Having thus delved into the dim, dark, terribly remote past in search of a recollection or two, may I extend the best wishes of the Senior Class to the students of our college who will ere long don the outer semblance of scholastic achievement and go forth to "boldly follow the gleam."

ELIZABETH FITZ GERALD

### JUNIOR YEAR

(Condensed because of lack of space)

The training period is a time rich in experiences for there is a real satisfaction derived from being in contact with the children. Responsibility falls upon the young teacher not heavily, nor in an over-powering manner but in a very pleasing way. Responsibility draws upon one's professional spirit and character thus bringing to light their worth. Because the tendency to imitate is dominant in children, this character is tested, not by rigid rules, but by the reactions of the pupils to situations which are created by the teacher. There is no formal way of teaching character; it is contagious.

There is, however, a pleasure in putting before the children things which are worth while "catching." After all it is what we give to, rather than what we take from the training period which prompts growth. Before giving, however, we must acquire and thus it becomes essential for us to hoard as it were

all the spirit akin to our profession which we possibly can. Professional spirit is the necessary armor we must adopt before daring to face a class. Some there are who are afraid of this term and yet it means nothing more than a broad outlook on the teaching situation. It is the thing which awakens dormant abilities; it encourages teachers to dare; it mothers a desire for improvement. Professional spirit is the underlying theme of character.

With such a power as your armor, my fellow students, look forward to dealing with this contagious thing—character, plan to get near the children; do these things and we know you will appreciate your training.

M. JOSEPHINE FEELEY

### SENIOR YEAR

**Y**OU have listened to the recital of our hopes and fears, success and failure, inspiration and despair, of our college years. Now the Seniors are before you, having donned their academic robes, the badges of their accomplishments of four years. To us, it is thrilling and satisfying to feel that we are privileged to wear this insignia. It means the goal for which we have been striving and it should be a spur to all underclassmen in their efforts towards this same goal.

Our freshman year seems but a short time ago and yet it is with difficulty that we realize what great advancement has been made. The sophomore course, filled as it was with grave pitfalls in the guise of new, unfamiliar subjects, remains but a memory. We recall how, as untried disciples of Rhode Island College of Education, primed with methods and theories, we invaded the teaching field for the training semester in our junior year and emerged as new personalities with new strength and outlooks upon life in general and school problems in particular.

As Seniors, we have passed all tests imposed on us and are now qualified to bear the name of Rhode Island College of Education to further progress and attainments. Today we pay tribute to the faculty of this institution for whose generous help and fervent spirit we are exceedingly grateful. The class of 1929 pledges itself to carry out to the best of our ability, the ideas of industry, co-operation, enthusiasm, and achievement, inculcated in us.

We commend the student body for its loyal support of the senior class in our undertakings. We have discovered that unless there is an interchange of interest among the upper and lower classes, there can be no true support in common problems.

As our exercises end this morning, may we leave with you this thought—that the honor of wearing our academic robes is second to the power and enjoyment derived in achieving this honor. It is the strength and satisfaction obtained through knowledge that counts after all.

CATHERINE C. MCCABE

### FAREWELL

**W**E, the Seniors, bid our college days farewell. Our lives for four happy years have centered around our dear Alma Mater. Her ideals and traditions have been the inspiration that we have followed to this final goal. The visions we brought with us have been changed and broadened by our worthwhile contacts in the college. Every course has had a great message for us and the extracurricula activities have greatly enlarged our scope. With this helpful background behind us, we are following the footsteps of our noble predecessors into the field of teaching. Thus we bid farewell to our worthy professors, dear classmates, and honored Alma Mater as we march on to our future careers.

VIRGINIA J. GILBANE

SENIOR COMMENCEMENT CALENDAR

Thursday, June 20th  
Class Banquet at Narragansett  
Hotel, 7 P. M.

the Seniors by the Junior Class,  
3:30 P. M.

Friday, June 21st  
Class Day Exercises, 2 P. M.  
Tea and Reception in honor of

Tuesday, June 25th  
Commencement Exercises, 10:15  
A. M.  
Commencement Ball, 9 P. M.

**Senior B**

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

TITLE—The Seniors B's Preparing For  
An Examination In History Of  
Civilization.

TIME—Tuesday, May 14, 1st Hour.

PLACE—Rhode Island College of Edu-  
cation.

CHARACTERS—The ENORMOUS Sen-  
ior B Class, comprising  
seven females. (male ab-  
sent)

SCENE I

Corridors of the three floors.

*(Curtain will be lowered 3 times to  
denote the change in altitude of the cor-  
ridors.)*

*(As the curtain rises, we see a group  
of seven girls, talking vociferously, ges-  
turing professorially, and wandering  
desperately through the corridors.)*

PILO: Who painted the Majestas?  
*(Sudden scrambling to open note-books  
where this treasured information inno-  
cently lies hidden.)*

MARJORIE: I have it. *(Before she can  
divulge the desired information.)*

GERTRUDE: Here it is. *(Reads from  
note-book).—Dante painted the Majes-  
tas and the Madonna of the Chair.*

MARJORIE: No. Gertrude, that's  
wrong. It was Ducchio.

GERTRUDE: Well, Marjorie, I have it  
right here in my notes. I copied it word  
for word.

*(Other girls in unison) Ducchio paint-  
ed them.*

GERT: All right then, if you say  
so, I'll change it. *(She starts writing  
in her note-book).*

*(Other girls whisper to themselves, re-  
peatedly.) Ducchio—the Majestas. Duc-  
chio—the Majestas, (in order that the  
knowledge just acquired will not fly out  
on the wings of Pegasus.)*

ROSE: Let's go into Prof. Waite's  
room, and see if we can get any inspira-  
tion.

MARJORIE: *(biting finger-nails)* I'm  
scared to death of the test. Is she offer-  
ing the course next term? I know I'll  
flunk it.

*(All together)* Cheer Up, we'll all be  
with you.

*(Students talking as they go, proceed  
to find a room in which to study. After  
several unsuccessful ventures into rooms  
which were found to be occupied, Elaine  
finally discovers one empty. HEAVEN-  
LY SIGHT!!!)*

SCENE II

*(Miss McGuiness' former first grade  
room.)*

*(Girls are seated around in a circle  
with note-books open.)*

MARJORIE: Here's something import-  
ant. She'll be sure to ask it. *(Everybody  
is all ears.) (Reads) The First Crusade  
was preached by Pope—*

ELAINE: Oh, let's start right from the beginning with the civilization in the Tigris-Euphrates.

EUNICE: That wasn't the first civilization, Elaine. It was in the Nile Valley. (*Argument ensues.*) Finally, the conclusion is drawn that the two civilizations were advancing simultaneously in different parts of the world.)

PILO: Didn't the Greeks have a queer religion? They put things to eat in their coffins.

ELLA: Too bad you couldn't have been there, Gert. (*Gertrude is noted for her enormous appetite.*)

GERT: I wouldn't mind being there right now. By the way, has anyone anything to eat?

PILO: Yes, here's something delectable.

GERT: (*expectantly*): What is it?

PILO: Digest this. (*She hands Notebook to Gert.*)

GERT: (*disappointedly*) My alimentary canal and red blood corpuscles would be unable to change the starch to sugar to prepare it for the whipping flagella of the—

(*All together*) Will you two be quiet?

(*All settle down again.*)

ELAINE: Let's talk about the Bible.

PILO: (*excitedly*) Does the Olive sermon come in Matthew, Mark, Luke or John?

(*All*): Olive sermon! We never heard of that.

ROSE: She means the Sermon on Mount Olivet.

PILO: Yes, the Sermon on Mount Olivet. Never mind what it is called. What gospel does it come in?

GERTRUDE: Mention of olives made my mouth water.

ELLA: I love them.

MARJ: I don't like them. Do you, Elaine?

ELAINE: No, they're too bitter.

ROSE: I like stuffed olives but I don't like the ones with the stones in them.

ELLA: Everybody in my family likes them. When I was younger I didn't care for them at all, but I gradually acquired a liking for them. My brother is an olive fanatic. I'll tell you what happened one day—

(*All interrupt*) Are we going to have a test on the History of Civilization or on OLIVES?

ELLA: I can't put any more history into my head. I'm going out to get some air. This room reeks with Intelligence. Coming, Elaine?

ELAINE: All right. I'll go with you.

(*Both exit.*)

(*Rest of girls settle down to serious study.*)

ROSE: I get the two schools of art confused. Who is in the first school?

EUNICE: Fra Lippo-Lippi, Fra—

PILO: How do you spell his name? She takes off for incorrect spelling, you know.

(*Eunice proceeds to spell the fatal name. Other girls make mental note of the spelling.*)

ROSE: Between spelling and everything else, I'll be a nervous wreck.

EUNICE: Never mind, in just one hour from now, everything will be over, and we can all breathe a deep sigh of relief.

(*Girls sing "Oh, it's all over now."*)

(*Bell rings, denoting the end of the period.*)

PILO: That tingling sound, so sweet to the ear that even poets write verse about it spells D-O-O-M.

OTHER GIRLS: Oh, Pilo, say something cheerful. We feel badly enough now.

(*Girls exit, with notebooks open, making mental notes of the precious information stored within and stopping every few steps to let something "sink in."*)



SCENE III

Professor Stevenson's Classroom.

*(Girls enter noisily, all talking at once. They take their assigned seats.)*

ELLA: *(to Elaine who is seated across the room)* Do you know anything?

ELAINE: No, and I'll know less when I leave here.

ELLA: *(to Marjorie)* Marjorie, stop biting your fingernails.

MARJ: I can't help it. I'm scared to death.

*(Professor Stevenson enters from her office)*

*(Girls keep their eyes glued to their note-books.)*

PROF. STEVENSON: *(smiling)* Well!!!

*(Girls raise eyes, and close their note-books with heavy sighs.)*

PROF. STEVENSON: I have an announcement to make.

*(Girls appear uninterested as they are mentally contemplating what questions she may ask.)*

PROF. STEVENSON: There will be no examination to-day.

*(Curtain)*

*(On the second curtain girls are slumped in chair and speechless.)*

## Junior A

HAVE you met individually the members of a class that has always been considered quite "sui generis" and exceedingly worthy of all honor? If this privilege has never been yours, you will certainly be glad to avail yourself of a golden opportunity to be introduced, and "to see us as we see ourselves"—

"Friends, Romans and countrymen"—it is a pleasure to present the Junior A's—

	SHE IS	SHE THINKS SHE IS	SHE WILL BE
Anderson, Hope	the pink of perfection	noisy	always serene
Benoit, Mildred	strange	athletic	a farmerette
Bishop, Alma	pleasing	a butterfly	a dancer
Boesch, Katherine	lively	citified	a chorus girl
Botvin, Anne	intelligent	quiet	a reporter
Butterfield, Kathryn	quiet	a talker	a school principal
Canning, Catherine	prompt	sophisticated	a cashier
Carlin, Jessie	obliging	forward	never forgotten
Carr, Rose	a nice girl	serious	sweet
Casey, Mary	always studying	a jazz artist	a librarian
Cavnor, Hazelruth	a "bear" for work	a man hater	a "society dame"
Connor, Kathleen	demure	a flapper	a perfect lady
Cunningham, Frances	good-natured	pleasingly plump	powerful
Curran, Helen	rather thin	a "vamp"	a kindergarten teacher
Danielson, Dorothy	efficient	too short	a lecturer
D'Attore, Rae	a thinker	a radical	a reformer
Dillon, Cecelia	graceful	a "high stepper"	a "heart breaker"
Dolan, Katherine	rarely seen	persistent	a good girl
Donnell, Harriet	pleasant	modest	a vamp
Duffy, Grace	unique	an artist	a pianist
Dwellely, Mary	conscientious	a chatterer	a school marm
Ewen, Louise	fond of blondes	Glenna Collett	a good sport
Feidler, Iva	a pianist	fat	a musician
Fleming, Rosemond	from Bridgeton	an arguer	someone's Darling
Gervasini, Olga	attractive	discreet	a linguist
Gilpatrick, Mae	fond of dancing	dignified	a poet

# THE ANCHOR

Girouard, Rose	a "management shark"	a flirt	retiring
Gornall, Gladys	a good student	"effervescent"	a scientist
Grinnell, Frances	artistic	a "stepper"	a domineering wife
Hawthorne, Anna	"Tillie the Toiler"	a nature lover	a journalist
Hill, Catherine	always smiling	hot tempered	a broker
Johnson, Esther	a jack of all trades	excellent in "Lit."	a literary critic
Hill, Lillian	a decided blonde	Cleopatra	a brunette—when she "dyes"
Kaufman, Bessie	active	chummy	a candy merchant
Kelley, Mary	fond of Ireland	plump	successful
Long, Margaret	a poet's friend	"from Missouri"	a swimming champion
McDonnell, Ethel	quiet	a "Math shark"	an aviatrix
Meehan, Mary	gentle	a culprit	an author
Nass, Dorothy	over-conscientious	full of vim	a philosopher
Power, Alice	full of fun	some girl	a faithful friend
Riang, Helen	artistic	a vamp	in the hall of fame
Rose, Ruth	the Junior Baby	grown-up	an entertainer
St. Jean, Cecelia	always quiet	prompt	always happy
Stevens, Dorothy	never heard	a dancer of the "Varsity-Drag"	attentive
Sullivan, Mary	very witty	loquacious	a history prof.
Valentine, Catherine	some story teller	clever in Art	a play reviewer
Yates, Marguerite	small and thin	a "History shark"	a trainer
		AND	
	HE IS	HE THINKS	HE WILL BE
William Loughery	a Romeo	HE IS	the President
		"some orator"	

## DUSK

A cozy fire in the grate,  
The table set for tea,  
Flickering candles light the dusk  
For love and you and me.

CATHERINE QUINN

## BEAUTY

A woodland pool shadowed at dusk,  
A clear, sweet chapel bell,  
Sea boom on a misty morn,  
Soft things that lovers tell,  
A swan song trembling thru the night,  
A smile that made me glad:  
All of these are beautiful,  
So beautiful and sad.

CATHERINE QUINN

## Junior B

### Banquet In Honor of Professor Stevenson

THE Junior B Class of Rhode Island College of Education held a banquet on Tuesday evening at the Dreyfus Hotel, in honor of Professor Lillian Stevenson of the faculty who soon will leave to take up duties in the University of Texas for the summer.

Seated at the head table were: the guest of honor, Miss Lillian Stevenson; Chairman of Social Committee and toastmaster, Miss Alice Gore; Class President, Miss Alice McCormick; Vice president, Esther E. Flynn; Secretary, Marguerite Fox; Treasurer, Miss Margaret M. Busher.

The color scheme was carried out in

pastel shades and the centerpiece for the head table consisted of a miniature ship made of rose petals filled with bouquets of orchid sweet peas and yellow marguerites which were later given as favors.

Miss Alice M. McCormick, president of the class, presented to Professor Stevenson a leather writing case and Miss Alice Gore later presented Miss McCormick with a bouquet of roses and sweet peas in behalf of the class. Miss Gore was given a token of appreciation for her work from the class members. The presentation was made by Miss Marguerite Fox. Readings were given by Miss Marion Mulvaney and a vocal solo was given by Miss Anna Flynn.

### Sophomore A Class

STAUNCH as youth of Athens old  
 On this shield our life behold—  
 Pride that joys in daily tasks,  
 Health that laughs at doctors casks.  
 Order, that first law of heaven.

Mind alert when work doth beckon  
 Optimism through all our sorrows  
 Rays of hope for all tomorrows  
 Ends it thus, our fair escutcheon  
 Ah you know us—by description?

LENORA OWENS

### As We See Ourselves

ONLY the vain and glorious perceive with pleasure the manuscript of their glowing past. Extraordinary adroitness and superhuman propriety are essential requisites for confinement within the limitations of the straight and narrow path that lies between the Scylla of conceit and the Charybdis of self-effacement. Let us pause in retrospection. Behold approximately two years of chaotic thinking, a colossal triumph as a proper-

ly-controlled mass assembly in a pedagogical institution, and, above all, our aesthetic accomplishments in the realm of music, rendered possible through enthusiastic assiduity and inherent ability. On closer inspection of this panorama of the present Sophomore A Class there may be perceived here and there, looming into the spotlight of prominence, certain distinguished characters—striking personalities that have called forth spontaneous

admiration from time immemorial. In this varied category appear Galli-Curci's by the score with Caruso's in the minority, splendid entertainers eligible for movie or vaudeville contracts, poets galore, orators of Patrick Henry fame, dietitians of caloric efficiency, and writ-

ers of rare literary ability. Upon due reflection we lay bare, with due humility and simplicity, the self-evident, conclusive reality that we, the Suffer-more A Class, are a good class, tried and true blue.

EVELYN M. EARNES

## *To Our Grand-Sisters, Members of the Senior A Class*

TO our grand-sisters, members of the Senior A class, we desire to extend our sincere congratulations upon their forthcoming commencement, the crowning success of their college career. To them is due the heartiest felicitations for the successful work that they have accomplished with the sympathetic cooperation of the members of the faculty.

We commend their pioneering in the establishment of the College Year Book.

Their work in this venture is certainly typical of the fine courage and spirit that they possess; may these two outstanding qualities remain with them always.

We sincerely trust that this class shall honor and emulate their own Alma Mater in the future as they have done in the past and are doing at present.

All success and happiness to you, the Class of 1929.

M. MCG.

## *Class Will*

THE outgoing members of the Sophomore A class, in the event of any serious malady or misfortune overtaking them within the next semester do hereby bestow and bequeath the following to the beneath.

To the present Freshman B's—Our sympathy.

To the present Freshman A's—Our advice, namely:

- Don't get your feet wet,
- Don't talk in chapel,
- Don't slide down bannisters,
- Don't put your fingers in your mouth,
- Don't forget your sisters,
- Don't take our advice.

To the present Sophomore B's—The terrible task of living up to *our reputation* when they become Sophomore A's.

To the present Junior B's—Our pity.

To the present Junior A's—Best of luck, sisters.

To the present Senior B's—All our valuable scientific researches—these may be found on the tops of lockers, under desks, and in the waste basket.

To the present Senior A's—Our hope for your success in making "little things count."

1931

Clever .....	Evelyn Earnes	Twice-Blessed .....	Hayes Twins
Laconic .....	Mary Conway	Helpful .....	Marion Williams
Active .....	Ruth Fairbrother	Illustrious .....	Mary Thornton
Stunning .....	Ruth Monahan	Reliable .....	Mary Davenport
Smallest .....	Beulah Diggle	Tactful .....	Elizabeth Dwyer
Obliging .....	Mary Nestor	Yielding .....	Margaret McGarrigle
Friendly .....	Betty Campbell	Optimistic .....	Lillian Blistein
		Nonchalant .....	Virginia Hollihan
		Energetic .....	Ruth Paddock

GERTRUDE COLEMAN

**R. I. Co-Led.**

*A Long Time After Longfellow*

THE autumn leaves were falling fast  
 When through the city highway  
 passed  
 A co-ed \* white from cap to toe  
 Who wailed a direful tale of woe,  
 R. I. Co-Led.

His brow was short, his eyes, dilate,  
 Flashed with a wildness born of hate,  
 Voice rising clear from diaphragm,  
 He yelled, "Down with the base exam,"  
 R. I. Co-Led.

Across the campus gleamed a light,  
 It vanished and again was bright,  
 Above the spectral lantern shone,  
 He whimpered, "Still I'm all alone,"  
 R. I. Co-Led.

"Try not to pass," the old "prof." said,  
 "The questions are far o'er your head;"  
 The youth spake out, and winked one  
 eye,  
 "I've got to make the grade or die,"  
 R. I. Co-Led.

"Oh, stay," a maiden said, "and neck,  
 We'll spend an hour or two by heck"—  
 The youth to answer did not stay,  
 But onward took his weary way,  
 R. I. Co-Led.

Beware the dog, keep out of debt,  
 Smoke not the deadly cigarette,  
 Seek not the dance hall in the night—  
 A deep bass answered from the height,  
 R. I. Co-Led.

At break of day as Phoebus rose  
 And painted every shining nose,  
 While strident whistles rent the air  
 This startling cry was everywhere,  
 R. I. Co-Led.

A youth in winding sheet was found,  
 Wandering the city streets around,  
 Still mumbling in a rambling way  
 Long after he should hit the hay,  
 R. I. Co-Led.

Peace to his weary soul at last,  
 Exam he'd tried, exam he'd passed,  
 Diploma in his hands he clasped,  
 Yet still with raucous voice he rasped,  
 R. I. Co-Led.

\*A man at Rhode Island College of  
 Education.

## Sophomore B

*From the Moon to the Earth*

I WAS living my third life on the Moon planet as a scientist. For a long time I had been carefully studying the movement of the Earth, hoping that I might be able to make a successful trip there. I had discovered, from my observations, that the only day in the year when such a trip was possible was June 23rd. On that particular day, the moonbeams formed a silver ladder to the Earth. I had learned this secret along with another, which was equally important. If you inhale five quarts of hydrogen, and wear hydrogen bags on your arms and feet, your arms will be sufficiently minimized to allow you to walk safely down the moonbeam ladder.

June 23rd of the year 5,929 arrived, and I prepared for my trip. Just at the right moment, ten-fourteen, I stepped on the first rung of the moonbeam ladder, and in fifty-one minutes I had reached the Earth. Rather dazed from my swift journey, I sat down right where I had landed, and tried to collect my senses.

Gradually, the surroundings began to impress me, and I realized that I was sitting on the grass of what seemed to be a campus. Directly in front of me was a building which looked like a phantom in the weird moonlight, and which seemed to lure me to it by a strange attraction. Seated beside the door I found a man with a long white beard that nearly reached to his knees, a bald head, and long bony hands that shook with palsy. In fact, the only part of him that seemed alive was his tongue, and that, I soon discovered, could go faster than the new hydraulic engine I had just invented.

"You want ta know 'bout this building, this here Rhode Island College of Education," he said in a high cracked

voice. "Well, I have this straight from my great, great, great, great, great, grandfather, who was vice-president of the class—"

"Oh, yes I understand," I said not being interested in his ancestry. But he only glared at me with his sightless eyes and slowly continued, finally ending with these words, "So ya see it's the stark truth, the stark truth that I'm telling ye."

Then in parrot like fashion he recited the history of the school. I let my eyes gaze listlessly about, but suddenly becoming more vehement, he caught my attention. "The most illustrious class that ever graduated from this here college was the February Class of 1932. Almost everyone later became famous. Fr'instance, the president of this college, now, is a descendant of Kathleen Hogan. She was president of that class. Then there was Leonard Boardman, my great, great, great, great, great, grandfather ye know, and he could grow automobiles by merely planting tires. He became a billionaire but the money got lost before it got to me. Well, I can't remember 'em all now, but pretty near everyone was famous."

While he had been talking, I had a vague feeling that I had been connected with this class. I took out a phial in which I kept a liquid which had been so helpful in proving my theory of transmigration. I had no sooner taken a drop than I realized I had belonged to that class during my first life. However, when I asked him if he had ever heard of anyone by my name, he shook his head negatively and said, "Ye can't expect all of 'em to be famous."

"If ye'd be interested now I might show ye through the place."

After he had shown me through various rooms, I suddenly thought of the anchor.

"Is the anchor still here?" I asked him eagerly.

"Come with me and I'll show ye where the last class hid it." He took me down the stairs and through the basement in such a zig zag fashion that I didn't know where I was. Finally, he stopped in front of what seemed to be a seam in the wall, worked a queer lock, and a door opened. It proved to be an underground passage, and there in a little covert lay the anchor.

"The last class that hid it here forgot the way ye unlock the door, and they were never able to get it. I happened

t'find it one day when I was putterin' around."

I realized, if I were to get back to the moon before next year, I must leave immediately. While he was still talking garrulously, I picked up the anchor, and told him I must leave. He led me out of the passage, carefully locking the door. "Ye know, I wouldn't have that anchor lost for anything."

"I've got to hurry or I'll not be able to get back to the Moon. Thanks for telling me about the place."

He started another long speech, but I left him there still talking, and with my precious anchor started my ascent to the Moon.

ETTA HERALD

### *Portrait of a Grandma*

Slowly to and fro  
Rocks a little lady.  
Gentle breezes from the  
Open window  
Bring to her the fragrance  
Of a new spring day,  
Shiny knitting needles  
Click, click—tiny pink  
Mittens come into being,  
Backward, forward,  
Backward—forward  
The rocker scarcely moves;  
The click-click of needles  
Is heard less frequently;  
Silvery curls nod  
The little lady  
Sleeps.

"TED" SCOTT

*Freshman A*

*Mamba's Daughters*

By DU BASE HEYWARD

MAMBA is an old negress who had spent her life amid the very uninspiring influence of the Charleston wharves. She had no particular aim in her somewhat sordid existence until her granddaughter, Lissa, a "high-yellow" negress began to grow up. From then on, her one all-absorbing purpose in life was to secure advantages both social and intellectual for Lissa, about whom her whole life now centered. To attain this end, she makes use of strategic measures worthy of a general. The tale of her efforts and of her ultimate success makes one of the most interesting modern novels that I have ever read.

The setting of this unique and intriguing story is Charleston—Charleston with its background of social prestige, glamour, and culture, in sharp contrast with the negro section near the wharves and the colored settlements in the phosphate regions "across the river."

Mr. Heyward depicts the southern life of the section with remarkable clarity and interest. His characters are real living people, drawn to perfection by his clever pen. To my mind, Mamba is pictured with consummate art. I can actually see her and feel her dominant personality as she moves through the pages with her huge false teeth, her Mona Lisan

smile, and the strange unlooked-for powers that lurk behind her brilliant yet unscrutable eyes. Then there is Hagar with her giant-like physique and prowess, and a mind as simple and ingenuous as a child's. We have to like Saint Wentworth from the time we meet him as a sensitive, shy boy until he emerges as a full-fledged business man with his youthful dreams and ideals put somewhat reluctantly behind him.

To my secret satisfaction, the author does not philosophize nor analyze; neither does he indulge in the psychoanalysis of his characters. He lets them live and we know them so well when we have finished the story, that we could almost describe in detail just how they think and feel in the innermost recesses of their minds.

This book is the first I have ever read that portrays so clearly the position of the negro in the typical southern family, a matter about which I have often speculated, but never fully understood. Even now above the magnetic personality of Mamba, the subtle, intangible air of the true Southland prevades the whole story. For those who like unusual stories, overflowing with life, "Mamba's Daughters" is well worth reading.

CATHERINE MARTIN



## Letters from Sunnyside and Spain

By WASHINGTON IRVING

Edited by Stanley T. Williams

AFTER reading the "Letters from Sunnyside and Spain" by the inimitable Washington Irving, I experienced the delightful feeling of having shared a secret with the famous American. It is a small volume consisting of seventeen letters, with explanatory footnotes, and satisfying fac-similes, and illustrations. Irving wrote the letters between the ages of fifty-seven and sixty-two and they cover a period of five years, from 1840 to 1845.

In 1841, Irving was living inconspicuously at Sunnyside, in Tarrytown on the Hudson. He had the greatest love for his niece, Sarah Storrow, who after her marriage, went to Paris to reside. The first letter bears the superscription, "To my Six Nieces;" all the others are addressed to Sarah. At Sunnyside, Irving had everything he wanted in life. Everything was dear to him. Outside was his beloved scenery; inside were his nieces and their friends. The letters from Sunnyside depict an interlude. These were written when Irving's literary fame was commonplace, and just before his ambassador's trip to Spain.

These letters give an intimate view of Irving, showing that not only was there a finished penman, but that there also existed a gossip, a lover of the domestic, and an observer of life's whims. Here and there are found delightfully nonchalant mentions of "Mr. Astor," "Mr. Longfellow," "the Brevoorts," and "West, the painter." And then, referring to a sea captain who insisted on entertaining him with fife and drum—

"I had for three mortal hours to endure the incessant palaver and overpowering blarney of this poetical vagabond, I was

several times tempted to jump overboard and swim ashore or be drowned."

In his letters from Spain, Irving is an observant American Minister to Spain who makes his correspondence into a series of vivid, informal essays on the tumultuous accession of Isabella the Second to the Spanish throne. To Irving, in this group, "the little Queen," who is the central figure in these rich pictures, is all the romance of ancient Spain. His descriptions of court life, and of the petty political intrigue give the letters the tang of some enchanting fairy tale; as:

"The table was splendidly set out, the vast hall lighted up by a great number of chandeliers; candelabras; and the tables were served by a legion of servants in rich court liveries; blue coats; with scarlet underclothes; the coats, waistcoats and small clothes all decorated with broad gold lace."

Doesn't that suggest Cinderella's ball?

The valuable parts of the collection, however, seem to be Irving's comments. For instance:

"It is good to be alone. It is necessary for the full development of the mind."

In explanation:—"torrents of rain, sheets of lightning, peals of thunder." Again, in humor: "It did not rain cats and dogs but only kittens."

On the whole, it is a very novel book containing as much entertainment as education, as much description as narration, as much legend as gossip, and is worthy of the most discriminating bookshelf.

MARY LOUISE HALL

## Sketches

### THE CHILD HOUSE

THE bright little house was huddled so close to its neighbor that it reminded me of a child clinging to its mother's skirts, afraid to be alone on a street where poverty and sordidness walked hand in hand. The shining windows curtained with ruffled muslin of irreproachable whiteness, and the gleaming brass knocker on the green door which seemed to smile softly at something hidden from the passerby, bespoke a newness to noise and dirt and carelessness that made me wonder whom it sheltered that it could look so shyly happy, and whether it, too, would some day lose its air of naive childishness and assume the blank gray stare of its old and worldly neighbors.

MADELINE McCABE

### A COUNTRY STORE

IT was a typical country store. The long low porch in front held numerous chairs and settles of doubtful antiquity, yet of more or less comfortable aspect. The single step leading to the dusty road sagged in the middle, lessening the exertion of the store's rheumatic customers. Barrels and kegs were strewn about in joyous confusion. The somewhat dusty windows displayed a heterogeneous collection of necessities and luxuries, piled in reckless abandon. Smoke curled lazily from the squat chimney and the whole aspect typified the calm, peaceful atmosphere of the village.

CATHERINE MARTIN

## Freshman B

### A LOST FRIEND

Gone! She has left me anew!  
 With a tinkling laugh she departed.  
 Gone! And she said not adieu!  
 She just left me broken-hearted.

She was slenderly formed and as fair  
 As a moonbeam in the night.  
 And her voice was of silver and rare  
 Her face—a goddess—quite.

Why did she leave me so sad,  
 Who loved her so fond and true,  
 She knew she was all that I had  
 She left me so lonesome and blue.

I cherished her so and preserved her  
 She is gone! gone for all time  
 I guarded her so and preserved her  
 Ah me! How I loved that last dime.

RUBY DUNN

TWO PICTURES

So far and so wide this announcement  
 went,  
 Attracting attention from all.  
 "Citizens, public or private, whose bent  
 Is painting, are asked one and all  
 To enter a contest we shall present  
 In the building of Art's fair hall."

"On June the first the contest will open,  
 On the tenth of July it will cease,  
 And during that time submit all you can  
 Of pictures that tell us of Peace.  
 Please use any phase in the life of men  
 That shows your conception of Peace."

The artists decided 'twas no time to  
 shirk,  
 And soon nearly full was the hall.  
 Then judges were chosen who viewed  
 the work  
 And selected two best of all.  
 These pictures they covered with  
 curtains murk,  
 And these were left hung on the wall.

Five men, who had not seen the pictures  
 fair,  
 As the final judges now came.  
 They promised to give their verdict with  
 care  
 For whoever won would have fame.  
 They were led in front the curtained  
 pair,  
 And prepared the best one to name.

Peace—peace—the picture fair, whis-  
 pered the thought.  
 The brook by the meadows ran slow.  
 Among the daisies where grasses grew  
 short  
 The kine slowly moved to and fro.  
 Elderly faces with deep comfort fraught  
 Watched the sunset's lingering glow.

A very small girl, a huge, friendly dog  
 Followed stately geese moving slow,  
 All featured peace—yes—even the frog  
 On the lily-pad, down below.  
 Over it all was a soft, hazy fog  
 The wind soft and sweet seemed to  
 blow.

"The second can never improve it,"—  
 No.  
 But they said 'twas the best of all.  
 The curtain is drawn. There sounds a  
 sharp "Oh."  
 Amazement is shown by them all.  
 The artist was crazy, that must be so  
 The picture depicted a—squall!

The wind was raging, the tempest was  
 high,  
 The waves seemed more monstrous  
 to grow!  
 Peace—a tornado! The gulls in the sky  
 Whirled wildly about in the blow.  
 On the wrecked, sinking ship the waves  
 beat high.  
 The great, treacherous rocks did show.

Then, "Look," someone cried, "In that  
 cleft so deep."  
 They looked. High above the mad  
 storm  
 In the cleft of an age-old rock so steen  
 Was the gull's nest, high, dry and  
 warm.  
 Wee birdlings feared nothing in that  
 safe keep  
 There was peace, in the midst of harm.

That was the truest conception of Peace.  
 Peace midst the tumult of life.  
 For all to be found until life shall cease  
 Is that which will come, 'mid the strife,  
 To a heart that rests on the God of Peace  
 The Rock of the Ages of Life.

EDITH HAWKINS

## Success

**I**T is the thing that we can do better than any one else, no matter how small it may be, which commands success. Success is in the student not in the college; greatness is in the individual not in books. A great man will make great opportunities out of the most difficult or commonest circumstances. If a person is not persevering and does not try to succeed, he will never reach greatness. The qualities which achieve greatness are personal power, honesty, unchanging purpose, and determined work. A person who succeeds has a programme: he makes his plan and fulfills it. He does not shirk when difficulties arise but works out from them.

Perhaps the biggest word in America today,—the word which fills our newspapers and magazines,—the word which is spoken to the child from its earliest

days is "Success." It is necessary to stress the fact, that success in acquiring wealth or position is not the only condition of happiness. Many a person who has been deprived of the opportunities of life, has reached a success infinitely higher than has many a millionaire. They have taken advantage of the little knowledge they possess, and by this they have succeeded in gaining success. If the aim of a student be right, it cannot in detail be wrong. The following advice was quoted by Lord Chesterfield in regard to success.

"Aim at perfection in everything though in most things it is unattainable. However, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable."

MARY LYONS

## Stop, Look, and Laugh!

MISS HILL: "Did you get all the questions on the test?"

A. HARSON: "Yes, it's the answers I've missed."

MISS THOMPSON: "What part of speech is woman?"

HELEN SCOTT: "Woman is no part of speech. She's all of it."

MISS LANGWORTHY: (entering class room): "Order please."

C. CUNNINGHAM (absent mindedly): "Egg sandwich."

MISS RANGER: "Miss Slocum, what is space?"

DOT SLOCUM: "I don't recall it just now, but I had it in my head."

MISS CUZNER: "Miss Shields will now recite all she knows."

HELEN SHIELDS: (Deep silence.)

MISS LANGWORTHY: For next week take ten problems out of your appendix.

H. BERGEL: "Where are the straits of Magellan?"

B. GREENWAY: "I think they are in the northern part of Canada."

ISABEL HANCOCK: I'm studying so hard in college; every night I take home a book.

MISS RANGER: "What did Burns give to Literature?"

KAY DWYER: "Nothing, he was Scotch."

## Henry Barnard School

### KINDERGARTEN

My daddy and mother went to Washington. My mother brought a duck to me from Washington. My daddy's picture was in the paper this morning.

ELIZABETH RICHMOND CASE,  
Age Four

### GRADE ONE

Yesterday I went to a wedding. I was the ring bearer. I wore my full dress suit. I had on my new shoes, too. A girl from this school was the flower girl. (Original and uncorrected.)

IRVING ZAIDMAN,  
Age Six.

### GRADE TWO

Robert brought his observation hive of bees to school. The children were much interested in this his report.

Two years ago my father bought me a hive of bees. They swarmed and my father put them back in the hive. The third time they swarmed my father caught the queen, clipped her wings, and put a wire over the hive. The queen is usually yellow on her back. The queen lays about 5,000 eggs a day. When there are two or three queens they have a fight. The one who wins is the queen of the hive. When only one queen hatches out at a time she stings the other queen cells so they cannot live. If there is no queen in the hive the bees take a certain egg and feed it royal jelly. In about seven or eight days it will hatch into a grub. There should be one queen, a number of drones, and many workers to a hive.

The male or drone is a long fat bee. He does not work. All he does is to go around the hive and eat.

Some workers go for pollen and others

for nectar. The small cells are the worker cells. Those that have not any caps on have hatched out. The workers make the cone and the honey. They have pollen baskets on their legs to carry pollen in. The baskets are much larger when full. When the bees are all covered with pollen they use their combs to comb it off into the baskets.

ROBERT COLWELL, Age 7.

### GRADE THREE

Abraham Lincoln made his Gettysburg Speech, November 19, 1863. A crowd of people had gathered to dedicate a cemetery in which were buried men who had fallen in the Battle of Gettysburg, only a few months before. Edward Everett, then President of Harvard, made an eloquent address. He was the main speaker. Everett's speech is forgotten but Lincoln's is not. It will be remembered as long as man speaks the English language. (Original and uncorrected.)

HENRY J. HOYE, JR., Age 8.

### GRADE FOUR

Through the office of Dr. Ranger, Commissioner of Education, for Rhode Island, a correspondence has been initiated between fourth grade pupils in the State of Washington and pupils of the same grade in Henry Barnard School.

East Stanwood, Washington  
March 1, 1929

State Superintendent of Schools  
Providence, Rhode Island.

Dear Sir:

I am a fourth grade pupil of Pleasant Hill School in the State of Washington. We have formed a Correspondence Club, and would like very much to get

in touch with some fourth grade in your State.

I would consider it a great favor if you would send me a name of a teacher, or perhaps some County Superintendent so I could learn the name of some boys and girls to whom I could write.

Thanking you very much for your trouble, I am

Very sincerely yours,  
VIOLET HAUENSTEIN

March 27, 1929

Violet Hauenstein  
East Stanwood, Washington  
Dear Violet:

I have been delegated by my class to answer your letter of March first sent to Dr. Walter E. Ranger, Commissioner of Education for Rhode Island.

We are pleased to have this opportunity to write to you. We already feel in close touch with you because of a recent visit of your State Superintendent, Mrs. Preston. She seemed to like our work.

We are inclosing a picture of our school with some reading matter describing it.

Yours sincerely,  
MARIA L. LUONGO

#### GRADE FIVE

Henry Barnard School  
Providence, Rhode Island  
May 23, 1929

Dear Barbara:

How is your little sister feeling? I hope she is almost better now so you will be able to come back to school for you are missing a great many good times.

Miss Randall is teaching us the minuet. It is a very graceful dance. First you take your partner's hand and take four walking steps and point your toe toward your partner. Then you repeat the steps and point your toe away from your partner, and face your partner and make a very low courtesy. That is only the first movement. You will agree with me that it is a very lovely dance when you hear the music to it.

Thursday our nature lesson was about the flower called the Yellow Adder's Tongue. It is very pretty. This flower belongs to the lily family and it looks just like the lily except that it is yellow. The Yellow Adder's Tongue has two leaves which are very green and pretty. We will all be happy when you come back for we miss you very much.

Your friend,  
MARION LAWSON

#### GRADE SIX

##### THE FAIRY QUEEN

Her eyes sparkling diamonds, her cheeks  
blushing rose,  
A bell gaily tinkling from each of her  
toes,  
Her arms round and chubby, her lily  
white hand,  
All make her attractive to her fairy  
band.  
She dances so gracefully, and sings like  
the birds!  
I wish I could utter such sweet flowing  
words.

GRADE SIX

THE PROCESSION

Hark! list to the music on yonder green hill!  
 Soon gently the valley its echoes will trill.  
 They play on their flutes and dance with such grace,  
 Each one of their number bedecked in fine lace.  
 They heed, oh, so quickly their 'queen's least command.  
 I wish I were leader of some fairy band!  
 Now right here before me, from instruments blown  
 Enchanting light music enthalls with its tone.  
 And when all have passed me I see at the rear  
 A horse on his hind legs a-carrying a spear.

His mane of rose petals, his saddle the same.  
 I wish that the fairies could with me remain.  
 They'd teach me to speak in their language I'm sure  
 If I of this wand'ring could each of them cure.  
 But if I could do this, they'd no longer be  
 The fairies that fill me with music and glee.  
 Yet always I'll think them as being quite grand  
 And wish I were one of their light-hearted band.

RUTH WILKINSON

GRADE EIGHT

SONG OF THE KATYDID

When the moon climbs up the sky  
 And the stars come peeping out,  
 Katydids their chorus start,  
 And the fireflies flit about.

Chorus:

"Katy did! Katy didn't!"  
 Comes the song from treetops high.  
 "Katy did! Katy didn't!"  
 Greets each laggard passerby.

Gaunt grey ghosts the trees appear  
 On those nights in early fall  
 Till a cheery sound is heard  
 And again comes Katy's call:—Chorus

When we round the hearthstone sit  
 Where the firelight fairies play,  
 Fainter, sweeter to our ear  
 Comes that song far, far away.  
—Chorus

ELIZABETH COONE

GRADE NINE

FAREWELL, PERSEPHONE!

Sound like the thunder—Pluto's call—  
Silencing mortals, fright'ning all,  
Up from dark Hades, filled with hate,  
Bringer of doom and earthly fate!

Up from the underworld—  
Lord of the dead—  
Forth like the rocket hurled!  
Heralds ahead!

Galloping horses, four,  
Greatest below!  
Sounding like ocean's roar,  
Prancing they go!

Whom seeks the God up here—  
Here in the sun?  
Child of a Goddess, near;  
She is the one!

Mother and daughter wait,  
Eyes filled with tears.  
They cannot conquer fate;  
Farewell-time nears!

Grieve not, Persephone!  
Work of the Fates  
Can never altered be;  
Air not thy hates.

Grieve not, Demeter's child,  
You must have learned  
Pluto, the dead's Lord wild,  
Cannot be turned!

Sorrow must come again;  
Joy's voice be stilled.  
Work of the summer vain—  
Earth lies untilled!

Farewell, Persephone!  
Farewell, once more!  
Long shall we wait for thee,  
Sad as before.

Sound like the thunder—Pluto's call—  
Silencing mortals, fright'ning all,  
Down to dark Hades, filled with hate,  
Bringer of doom and earthly fate!

Farewell, Persephone!  
Farewell, again!

BENJAMIN MUDRICK



# THE ANCHOR

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THE editor and members of the retiring board wish to extend sincere thanks to the student body, faculty, and alumni for their co-operation in the establishment of THE ANCHOR. We hope that the fine spirit shown will continue that our successors may produce a publication that will shine among the highlights with other college magazines.

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