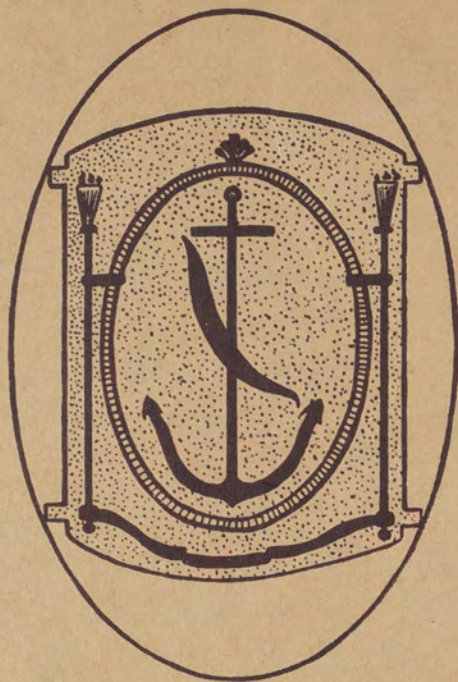


The Anchor



February, 1929

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THE ANCHOR

RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

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No. 2

EARLY APPLES

Authorship: Frederick Moulton supplied the suggestion; Professor Tuttle, the setting; and the writer, what was left to be supplied.

Melvale Village nestles at the southern base of Baldpeak Mountain—a quiet, peaceful hamlet in New Hampshire, remote from cities. Its principal street skirts the shores of one of the many bays of Lake Winnepesaukee. No one in the Village ever refers to this thoroughfare by any other name than “The Street,” and as a result all movements of the villagers along its way are accounted for in terms of “upstreet” or “downstreet.” Main Street is the name the chief highway of the town would probably bear if it had been the policy of the original settlers to endow it with an official title, so far the purpose of our tale we should refer to it as Main Street, but in deference to the practice of the inhabitants we shall follow their example and call it “The Street.”

At the east end of the Village, the Street emerges gradually from the woods and proceeds to run past the schoolhouse, snug little homes, and Hayden's Garage (formerly Hayden's Blacksmith Shop) downstreet to Hunt's General Store, the Town Hall, and the Hotel, whence it meanders upstreet past the Landing, the Meeting House with the burial ground behind it, and the Parsonage—there to pause for a moment at the brow of a hill in front of Deacon Potter's before turning a corner and trailing along the mountain-side into the woods on the west.

The Deacon has always lived in the little white farmhouse at the brow of the hill, and in all probability he is destined to die in the same building in which he was born. He is a familiar sight to all who pass as he reclines in his front bay window, a feeble old man, more than ninety years old, who is still, in the opinion of the present fathers and grandfathers of the Vil-

lage, a living symbol of plots and rumors of plots of which he was the target years ago. Boys and girls on their way home from school never fail to turn eyes right when they pass his house; but it is a fact, well understood in Melvale Village, that the Deacon pays no attention to them, and as a result they of the rising generation leave him unmolested with his housekeeper, his thoughts, and his memories. As a matter of fact, most of them are probably afraid of him because of stories they have heard.

On a warm afternoon in spring, when the barn-doors are open, a passerby may see in its stall the Deacon's black horse that peddlers of local gossip avow is at least half as old as its master.

Fifty years ago, come the end of next April, the village folk of Melvale and Deacon Potter had a falling-out, and from present appearances they will never be friends again, for the breach of misunderstanding has been widened and deepened by happenings that have left their scars in spite of the passing of the years. But Melvale still talks about the Deacon, and in all probability it will continue to discuss him long after the sight of the old has become a mere memory to be transmitted to other generations. Occasionally a kindly soul converses with him through his open window on a summer day or drops in to spend a winter afternoon with him, but on the whole he is left alone, reclining in his chair in his front bay window, to let his gaze wander beyond the Meeting House toward the Lake and the everlasting hills or to doze and dream of a bygone time when all Melvale seemed ready to pay him homage—all except the youths of that day who are now the grandfathers of the Village and, in one or two instances, the great grandfathers. A perpetual feud existed between those boys of half a century ago who always tried in season to sample his apples without his consent and the Deacon who kept handy a shotgun and a liberal supply

of hard salt. Friendships are never cemented in small country towns when youthful pride is wounded by charges of rock salt that act as smarting reminders of wrong deeds committed.

In those days, Deacon Potter was active on his farm, a hillside tract at the base of Baldpeak, and a steady worker he was from starlight to starlight in the fall, winter, and early spring and from first grey of dawn to darkness in summer. The Village used to worry about his failure to take unto himself a wife, but eventually the ladies of Melvale concluded that he was just too mean to get married. The fact is that the Deacon was too busy with his ninety acres, his wood-lot, and his orchard to devote any time to a courtship until it was too late and all the girls of his youth had married or died or entered with unwilling resignation the condition of being ladies in a perpetual state of waiting, from which the Deacon never attempted to release one of them. The Deacon left them to wait and ever turned his attention to his possessions that were the pride of his life and, on several occasions, almost the bane of it as well.

Any one, born and brought up in a small New England town, knows the excitement of town meeting day. Melvale Village was no exception. Fifty years ago, farmers and their families flocked into town from outlying districts early on the morning of this day of days, just as soon as chores were done and the family dressed for the event. Men clustered in groups in the front yard of the Town Hall or sat about on its steps or on the steps of the General Store on the other side of the Street until it was time for them to file into the assembly room in order to be in their seats before the moderator brought the meeting to order with a rap of his gavel. That was a little act of ceremony that those freemen of the hills were unwilling to miss. It was part of the entertainment of the day. For a week in advance of the meeting, women in the Village prepared to entertain acquaintances from the country whom, in many instances, they had not seen since the previous April. On town meeting day, everybody in Melvale wanted to see everyone else. And as

for the children—well, the freedom of the town was theirs to enjoy. It was second only to Fair Day.

Of all town meetings that have been held in Melvale since its establishment more than a hundred years ago that of '79 will go down in local history as one of consequence. No one in that day could recall a meeting that had such results, and it is certain that no meeting since that time has been its equal for unexpected developments. It was unique; in fact, old villagers still refer to it as "The Meeting."

Attendance was larger than usual. The very atmosphere of the town was electric with excitement and anticipation. An extremely cold winter of heavy snows had been followed by an early spring of sudden thaws, swollen streams, and muddy roads that in several cases were impassable. The younger men in town were determined to force through meeting a liberal appropriation for the repair of highways. Jim Fuller was one of them; he drove into the Village that morning over five miles of deep ruts from the upper quarter of the town. His mind was made up to back such an appropriation to the limit. Ed Howe had come from the lower quarter on the west and had needed the constant jolting of four miles to teach him a thorough lesson about his strategy for the day. There was agreement of opinion in Melvale on one thing. All the villagers wanted decent highways—all except the Deacon, whose heart was set on a lower tax rate, as every one knew.

Elder Randal opened meeting with prayer, a long one that the Village worthies expected when they invited him to deliver it. In its petitions it covered all Melvale, upper, lower, and mid-earth; men, women, and children; cattle and beasts on its dozen hills; crops; wars, plagues, pestilences, and famines (from which the Village was uncommonly free at the time); heaven, hell, and eternity; and finally somewhere toward the end, possibly as a result of increased coughing and scraping of feet, a mild petition to the Almighty to let the Divine Blessing rest on the freemen of the town assembled in meeting. Routine business consumed the morning hours, and it was not until early afternoon that

new business came on the docket. Judge Seavey immediately started the excitement by making an impassioned and eloquent plea for improved highways and by offering a motion that very evidently met the approval of many in the audience, for it was at once seconded by half a dozen men scattered in various parts of the hall—now stuffy with tobacco smoke and the honest odor of the barnyard and the soil. An appropriation seemed assured.

"Gentlemen of the meeting, you have heard the motion which has been seconded. Do I hear any remarks?" droned the voice of the moderator from the platform.

A hush fell on the assemblage, for Deacon Potter was rising from his seat near the front of the hall, the Deacon who was opposed to anything that would increase the tax rate. Solemnly he reared himself to his full height of six feet one, glanced about the room from under his bushy eyebrows, cleared his throat, and addressed the chairman:

"Mr. Moderator, I am well aware that the gentlemen of this assemblage expect me to oppose the motion before the house. Well, Mr. Moderator, I shall pay my taxes, and I shall use the highway as a piece of property in which I have bought an interest at a good price."

Now the Deacon had no local reputation as a crafty politician; he was just a plain, hardworking, thrifty farmer. Some said he was tight-fisted with his money and selfish; and they were not far from being right. His sudden change of front startled the meeting, and he sat down amid thunderous applause. All Melvale stood ready to do him honor. Even the youths who sat on a bench at the back of the hall—a board placed on two nail kegs—those young men who still nursed wounded pride and remembered the sting of many a salt charge and who had hastily laid plans to torment the Deacon when they saw him rise to speak, felt that their plans were vanishing into thin air, and they joined in the tumult.

The motion was carried. An appropriation for the improvement of existing conditions of the highways of the town was incorporated in the tax for the year, and the meeting was ad-

joined. The Deacon's unexpected action was a general topic of conversation at supper tables and in many wagons that bumped along through the darkness on their ways to remote hillside farms, over roads that were soon to be improved from funds for which the villagers felt they had to thank Deacon Potter. The Village had been taken off its guard. Had not the Deacon supported the motion when everyone expected him to oppose it and possibly to rally a group of followers to his way of thinking? More than once had his restraining logic prevented extravagance on the part of the voters. Had he not worked successfully against a belfry and imposing pillars for the Town Hall? That plain, barn-like structure is a testimonial of his frugality that has lasted to this day.

A midnight moon looked down on Melvale Village that was sleeping the sleep of self-satisfied freemen who had settled their local destinies for another year as satisfactorily as they had ever done.

At daybreak the next morning, the Deacon rose from his bed, breakfasted, yoked his oxen, and drove them to the woodlot where a few remaining cord piles of firewood chopped during the winter stood ready for removal to his woodshed on their way to his sawhorse, his chopping block, his woodpile, and the wood-box.

One cartload was slowly trundled toward the farmhouse. But the Deacon unloaded it in the middle of the highway instead of in his yard. Another followed, and another, and another, until the pile grew so large that the first driver who passed that way had to turn out into the grass at the side of the road. Ed Foster was the first one to carry the news down-street to the Village. The report was spread like wild-fire. The Village scented excitement. All afternoon and in the early evening, a file of people trickled up the hill past the Meeting House and the Parsonage to see Deacon Potter's woodpile.

"What's up, Deacon? Are ye goin' to set up a sawmill in the middle of the road?" Frank Read, the constable, pushed his way to the Deacon's side and addressed him as he turned his oxen into the yard in the late afternoon.

"Friend Read, I spoke my mind in meetin' yesterday. This portion of the highway is mine. I'm a-paying for it with high taxes an' I intend to use it for my own purposes. I need this land fer my woodpile." And the Deacon drove his oxen on toward the barn.

Men-folks viewed the Deacon's woodpile from one side, and they viewed it from the other; they glanced over it, and if they could have peeked under it, they would have done so. Women-folk stood in groups of three and four, shook their heads, and glanced with malice in their looks in the direction of the Deacon's lantern light that began to move about in the barn. Children played around it, threw mud on it, and regarded it with awe. Then darkness enveloped them, and they departed to lay supper tables, to do chores, and to anticipate the evening gossip in the store.

"Well, Frank, the Deacon intends to use his property, we see." Hunt addressed the constable from the depths of a barrel from which he was scooping some flour for Georgie Backus. Georgie's mother always ran out of flour at this hour of the evening and had to replenish her supply in preparation for the morning's biscuits.

"Cantankerous old cus. Liver complaint, that's his trouble. I've doctored him and know," chimed in Doctor Smith who sat on a cracker barrel near the stove, whittling.

Opinions about the Deacon flew back and forth. No phase of his life was left untouched that night. At closing time, it was decided by the worthies assembled in solemn conclave around the vast-bellied stove that it would be best to wait for developments of the next day. Some one had suggested touching a match to the pile.

The moon swung up over the hills and flooded the Lake and the Village and the mountains and the Deacon's house, his lot, and his orchard with its silver. It looked down on a cluster of young men, eight of them, huddled in the shadows at the extreme west end of the Deacon's last shed.

"The Deac's all right, but he needs some coaxing along. Let's give him a good start." Their plan was complete.

Eight resolute sons of the hills took a final survey of the woodpile that loomed ominously from the middle of the road, slunk low across the high-

way, and dropped below the hill behind the Meeting House and the burial ground. Then they scattered to their homes. Before retiring, each conspirator revealed his part in the proceedings and begged his mother for the loan of a dress, a bonnet, and her oldest pair of shoes. It is not recorded in local tradition that a single mother refused her son his petition, not even the minister's wife.

Midnight was the hour set for re-assembling. The moon rode leisurely among a few clouds that had gathered and poured its silver lavishly on house-top, tree, and Lake in its progress. Occasionally a cock crew as if startled by so early a dawn and complaining of a night's rest disturbed. Eight youthful heirs of households creaked their ways across floors, down stairs, and let themselves out of doors into the bright, cold night air of the mountains. They are grandfathers today, but spry enough to show their grandsons how they did it as they had told their sons before them.

The barn in back of Hunt's General Store was the place. There in the dim light of the carriage shed they dressed. A wealthy banker of today, a farm lad of that time, forced his huge body into the minister's wife's wrapper and tied the bonnet of the undertaker's spouse on his head. His feet he crowded painfully into the village washerwoman's shoes to make certain that he could get them on.

And the procession moved forth into the moonlight, with its shoes in its hands—eight of the strangest women that had ever walked on the Street in Melvale Village, from that day to this. Solemnly, two by two, they passed the Hotel and cut through the meadow behind the Meeting House to the bars that bordered on the highway to the west of the Deacon's. Everything was quiet and still, save only when the occasional baying of a hound that was running a rabbit or fox on a distant hill pierced the silvery silence of the night. Waves lapped faintly against the ice that still bound the shores of the Lake nearby, and the wind, now and then, sighed in the pine trees that stood like black sentinels about the Deacon's house. A horse stamped in its stall, and the conspirators, startled for a moment, dashed quietly into the shadows.

A form in a loose wrapper, a gingham apron, and a sun bonnet minced forth from behind the west shed as if walking on eggs, and with care and quietness drew two sticks from the Deacon's huge Jack Straw pile in the highway. A second one followed, and a third, and a fourth until a strange procession of eight ill-shaped feminine forms hobbled down the orchard path toward the Deacon's apple trees. Back and forth they went until all the wood had been placed carefully among the limbs and branches of the Deacon's cherished trees. This done, they cautiously slipped through the bars and under the hill behind the Meeting House and the burial ground where aching feet were relieved of pinching shoes and constrained bodies of tight dresses. A procession of stalwart sons of the hills tiptoed through the Village, into their several homes, and to bed, and left the Deacon to make his discovery.

Deacon Potter has never recovered his self-respect entirely from that day to this. It was a long time before he appeared down-street, and he has never spoken in town meeting since '79.

As for the women of Melvale Village—good women, many of whom have long slept quietly in the burial ground behind the Meeting House over which the Deacon glances toward the Lake, it has been told of him that he maintains stoutly that he woke from his sleep on the fateful night in '79, looked forth from his chamber window, and to his horror saw the Devil himself leading their band at its work.

At any rate, the highways of Melvale were improved, the Deacon had an unusual apple crop in early spring and clear evidence of the wrongdoings of the women of the Village, for he traced the prints of their shoes along his orchard path, across the road, through the bars and into the grass under the Meeting House hill. He has never cleared the mystery to his own satisfaction of an occasional large footprint beside an impression of a women's shoe except to explain that it was the imprint of Satan who hopped along beside the file of women to urge them on their devilish work.

And the children of today, boys and girls going home from school, glance at the Deacon as he dozes in his chair

in his front bay window. He never recognizes them, for they are a new generation from the sons and daughters of the grandmothers who he has always believed made his apple orchard yield a crop of sticks from his woodpile one night in April, '79.

TO A CAMEO

Fair Pigeon, whither bent on thy
swift flight?
What fevered messenger hath urged
thee hence?
Vain thy haste, poor bird, bear thou
tidings
Of love, of joy, or yet sad utterance
of a heart
With sorrow laden—
Ne'er shall thy errand be discharged;
Ne'er shall thy mission be discharged,
O sprite with mystic task entrusted.
Forever shalt thou poised be against
The background of thine ethereal
prison;
Forever shalt thou beat thy motion-
less wings against
The illimitable walls which, though
limitless,
Do still thy prison bonds become,
O winged Navigator of the airy
depths.
What eerie sorceress hath cast thy
fate
With that of the heavenly bodies?
What power saw fit to take thee
From thine earthly abode?
Sweet bird!
Pine not for that which is lost,
rather, rejoice!
Look for the compensations which at-
tend thine atrophy.
Thou viest with the clouds in thy
nearness to Heaven,
And thine is the priceless gift of
Immortality.

ELIZABETH FITZ GERALD

A TEST OF FRESHMAN EMOTIONS

GRACE E. BIRD

Emotion is a useful servant but a poor master. A moderate amount, well-controlled, energizes the worker, but an excess blocks clear thinking and paralyzes effort. Obviously the ill effects of such destructive emotions as fear, rage, worry and grief are both mental and physical. Not only deranged reasoning but deranged circulation, heart action, glandular secretion, and impaired digestion ensue.

Even such constructive emotions as zeal and enthusiasm may be excessive. In fact there are cases on record of individuals who have died of joy. The occurrence, however is a bit infrequent.

The person who makes his emotional life his ally instead of his enemy possesses what may be called emotional stability. When enthusiasm or even righteous indignation is desirable and necessary, he is able to utilize the energy of such emotions without being rendered helpless by their strength. He can unleash them if need be and inhibit them at the psychological moment. He can rationalize his fears and superstitions. He can throw off such a fixed idea as worry. He can face reality with calmness and hope. In short, his mental hygiene is good.

Emotional stability is an important asset in the equipment of the teacher. If she has adequate nervous control, the effect is evident. If she is excitable, she may expect her pupils to act accordingly. If she is ill-tempered, so are the children. Nervousness like laughter is contagious. A high, strident voice, undue haste and irritable manner on the part of the teacher contribute to general disorder. By the same token a calm, easy manner, even tones and a gentle sense of humor set the pattern for similar behavior on the part of the pupils.

In order to test the emotional trends of our students the Matthews test of emotional stability has been given to several hundred members of our freshman classes during the past few years. All replies were anonymous, thereby assuring candor on the part of the more reticent individuals. Results furnish evidence of stability above the standard norm, and above the norm of

freshmen in colleges not engaged in teacher training.

These findings may be accounted for in part by the motivation of a definite vocational urge plus our carefully-restricted entrance requirements relating to personality traits. It is a well-known fact that vocational aim and interesting work constitute one of the best balancing factors in mental and emotional adjustment. Moreover, an individual who selects the vocation of teaching knows well the importance of steadiness and evenness of control, of reasonable conformity to social requirements, and of freedom from fears, fixed ideas, undue worry, superstition, introversion, nervous indecision, oversensitiveness and irritability.

Although the general trend of our students points toward unusual stability, the few individuals who have a low score are handicapped chiefly by two difficulties,—too keen consciousness of self, and a fear of reality. A good remedy for this kind of emotional instability is rationalization of the fear or the dread, coupled with a hopeful outlook, engrossing work, and the cultivation of a sense of humor.

In the last analysis a sense of humor is a sense of values which converts many an apparent tragedy into a comedy, as it should have done in the case of the absent-minded professor who, when he found that he had left his watch at home, put his hand into his watch pocket to see if he had time to go back for the timepiece.

The absence of any serious emotional unsteadiness in this group of students means better mental health for hundreds of fortunate children who will be under the guidance of these emotionally stable young teachers, some of whom are already demonstrating their worth in their own school rooms.

FOR THE "BLUES"

No matter how dark the world is,
Or how sad the day, and long,—
If you look, you will see the sunset,
And hear the bluebird's song.

No matter how gray the skies are,
Or how full of toil your day,
There is always the soft, gray twilight
To steal all your troubles away.

M. M.

A STUDY IN COLOR—FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS

1. Color: the sublime.

In a certain famous book*, there is a passage which is my favorite in all the realm of fiction. It tells how man, created by a conceited God to prove his prowess to a skeptical wife, was bored by a colorless landscape of drab grey trees and skies. So, after much thought Re, the sun, added color to the world. The seas swam with soft blue, the sky was a symphony of light, the fields were pied with flowers and man ceased for a little to die of ennui. That is not the end of the story nor the beginning, but merely an illustration, for a theory of color has long worried my mind. Suppose the god had chosen a different shade for each object, or suppose, as a scientist recently argued, we had three suns and our landscape varied from hour to hour. Suppose you could wear the same dress at seven and be all gowned in green, at twelve in purple, at three in mauve green.

Both of these worthy illustrations deal with color; why we have it, how we may have more of it, but I have yet to find one which really illustrates my point, which is not that we may have several colors for one object, but why we have several names for one color.

Consider the spectrum. For our convenience, the gods refrained from exercising the infinite variety of their power. They kept seas one color, grass another so that we might tell where to go to keep our feet dry. They gave us only one sun, lest we be confused by leaving a purple house and returning to a pink one. Yet we deliberately create our own babble our confusion of tongues. Color remains the same from infinity and infinity, but names run a gamut of poetical mysticism that only an erotic could understand.

2. Color: the ridiculous.

To leave out a universal color scheme, a less sublime view is the human one. Consider the plight of the "hen-pecked" husband who is sent to get a pair of tan stockings only to be beset by dust, dawn, nude, blue fox, and French nude, meadow, forest,

ecstasy, and what not. Consider the mail order patron who orders channel red but wears a purple dress for the rest of her life, or the busy housewife who seeks white for her new born from store to store to find only egg shell or oyster. Consider her tears at the thought of her pride and happiness in "oyster." Consider the shop-girl saving her pennies for a star dew hat to find her hopes dashed by finding the name changed to periwinkle. From the heights to the depths and all the same color—alas!

Of course there is another side to the picture, the side of those who batten on the miseries of others, who take a deliberate delight and make a deliberate living out of the labyrinth of confusion: such as five suns changing our hues in half hour schedules could not have produced. There are the designers who design the same gown in different shades in consecutive years. And the interior decorators who renew your furniture in the same color in a different name. And there are the poets. I, myself, was once moved by the beauties of new names to ignore their inherent evils.

Since then I have seen the error of my ways and have resolved if I can do nothing to reform, to at least lessen the sufferings of the shopping class. I shall reveal the deadly formula used by later-day Pharasees. You choose the only object in the world that under no conditions could be produced in that shade. Be it pink—a Pomeranian poodle will do. If as inadvertently has, it happens to be alliteration, that joy of geniuses and fools** so much the better. Now choose an object that should not be pink either emotionally or practically—as pottery and write all four in one line as:

Pomeranian Poodle Pink Pottery
and now you have a formula worthy of Poiret:

"Ah color, ah color, how many atrocities have been written in thy name."

* Ben Hur

** Shakespeare

*** Originally quoted about "love."

WHAT PRICE JAZZ?

These are the days of rhythm, short incisive rhythm, easily recognized rhythm. The calm, graceful music of days gone by has taken an inconspicuous place in the most recent years. Why this condition exists, is not easy to define, but it is certainly not difficult to perceive that the calmer meditations cannot be accomplished by swift movement and the insistent hammering on the ictus.

Some think that jazz is the product of the nervous mental condition of the world. The banjo, because it is strictly a rhythmic instrument, plays an important part in every jazz band, as a time beater. It is incapable of sustained tone, and has, therefore, never found a use in serious music. This instrument has been called a powerful agent in exposing an unconscious desire of mankind to return to savagery. It has been noted that in the songs and dances of the natives of countries ignorant of European culture, this mechanical beat may be found.

It was thought that after the war there would be a great surge of composers,—and so there are—but we are still seeking another Schubert or Beethoven, to prove that all the talent in the world is not going to science and industry.

ANNA LOUGHERY, '32

THOUGHTS

Sunshine on rainbows,
Birds on the wing,
Lofty old pine trees,
Soft the winds sing.

Bright evening star,
Church steeple, white and tall,
A silver-haired old lady,
Pink hollyhocks by the wall.

Bayberry candles flicker,
Ships with orange masts,
Tea served for two,
Another day past.

TED SCOTT, '32

A COBBLER

In a dark, damp, little shop three steps below the pavement, works Thorld Anderson—the cobbler. He is an old man, with hands gnarled and worn by toil. His face gives me the impression of an ancient and precious manuscript slowly unrolled for the first time—so deeply is it lined. His eyes seem to peer forth at one, like the eyes of a man unaccustomed to the light; his nose is sharp and fine; his mouth, a thin straight line, unaccustomed to uttering useless words. The thatch of thinly matted white hair is the softening touch of his features. His head is bent over a soldier's boot which he holds firmly entrenched between his knees. With his right hand he wields the awl—his actions quick and sure. Sharply I reprimand myself for so brazenly scrutinizing the central figure of this dingy scene; shamefully and reluctantly I gaze blankly about me at the other objects within the musty dark atmosphere of leather straps. A book! can I believe my eyes? Quickly I cross the small space which separates me from another work bench.

Selma Langerlof's "Marbacka" in the Swedish confronts my dazed senses reproachfully. Slumming in New York's lower East Side evidently has its recompense. What matter the loss of a rubber heel? Now I am retaining a memory picture of an old man worthy of being painted by a master—all for the paltry sum of twenty-five coppers.

ROSE C. LEVE

MY STAR

The western sky grows dim
With shadows of the night;
And o'er the hill there hangs
A star—all glistening white.

A star whose light ne'er fades,
Each evening it is there;
And as I watch there comes
A little thought, a prayer.

A prayer that I may be
As half so constant, true,—
As that lone star that shines
The long, dark hours through.

KATHLEEN T. CONNOR.

READER'S GUIDE

A-RAFTING ON THE MISSISSIPPI—Charles E. Russell. A frontier history from the reminiscences of old-time rivermen on the Mississippi. An interesting story of human nature and character told by a man who knew lumber rafts and raftsmen.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN—H. W. Freeman. A remarkable first novel by a young Oxford graduate Benjamin Geaiter's love for the soil has crushed his love for his wife and child.

WHITHER MANKIND—Edited by Charles Austin Beard. Dr. Beard has collected material from seventeen remarkable authorities for his book on modern civilization. In addition to Americans, Englishmen, and a German, a Chinese, Hu-shih, expresses his opinion on the problems facing the human race today and in the future.

ELIZABETH AND ESSEX—Lytton Strachey. A love story of Elizabeth, Queen of England. A memorable book which fascinates every reader.

BACK TRAILERS FROM THE MIDDLE BORDER—Hamlin Garland. The three earlier Middle Border books chronicled the lives of Mr. Garland's children and his own youth in the West. Now he has given us an account of his later "pioneering" with his children in the East.

OLGA GERVASINI

STATE, NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION

What some of the countries that have never been interested in the education of their citizens are doing.

"According to a recent statement made by the Mexican embassy at Washington, Mexico has definitely committed itself to a program of public school expansion that will be carried on "until full educational facilities are granted for every child in the Republic." The new administration is regarded as very favorably disposed toward this program. The percentage of illiteracy in Mexico at the

present time is said to be unusually high, including about three-fourths of the country's population. Much of the training now being devised is of the vocational agricultural sort, related in the widest possible way to the kind of activity in which boys and girls who will receive it will have to engage as men and women."

"Of more significance than the recent revolution in China is the revolution now going on in regard to its educational policy. With innumerable dialects that make the Chinese strangers in their own country a few miles from their place of residence, China now aims at a national language. A dictionary of 1000 words has been published, and everyone is urged to become familiar with this vocabulary. The newspapers and the press generally are requested to restrict their language to the use of the words contained in the dictionary. This is the first step in a general scheme of education that will tackle the problem of illiteracy in China which today amounts to ninety per-cent of its 365,000,000 people."

"And now comes Turkey with a sweeping educational reform which starts with the substitution of a new alphabet of Latin origin in place of the Arabic letters which have been used for centuries. It is estimated that the time required for children to learn to read and write will by this reform be greatly reduced. Along with this comes the government's avowed purpose of promoting universal education until the poor as well as the rich shall be able to secure at least the foundations of learning. The reform seems to be meeting with popular favor everywhere in Turkey."

"The cost of a college education, says a recent report of the United States Bureau of Education, has not kept pace with the general cost of living. Room and board for the average college student may be obtained, according to this report, for \$276 a year. The average minimum cost for nine months at a state school is placed at \$464. This ranges up to \$800 a year. It should be noted that this is the minimum needed, not what the children of liberal parents actually spend. The report is based on an investigation of ninety-six colleges and universities."

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

He who improves in modesty, as he improves in knowledge, has an undoubted claim to greatness of mind.

SILENCE

Stop at the door before entering chapel—and listen. See if you are proud of your college when you hear the boisterous voices of future teachers bursting forth from every direction.

Whom can we blame for this disgraceful conduct? The Freshman Class believes itself innocent. The Sophomores will not accept the blame; and of course the Juniors and Seniors are not responsible for it. Then who is guilty? Think—do you talk at chapel? Yes, you do and you are the cause of the noise. If you are quiet, chapel will be quiet. It is your duty to try; and unless you are lacking self-control, you will succeed.

Remember "Silence is golden." Why not become a millionaire for a few minutes each day?

A COLLEGE GIRL'S CREED

"I believe in girls, in the women of a great tomorrow, and that whatsoever the girl soweth the woman shall reap.

"I believe in the curse of ignorance, in the dignity of learning, and the joy of serving others.

"I believe in wisdom as revealed in human lives as well as in the pages of printed books, in lessons taught not so much by precept as by example, in ability to work with the hands as well as to think with the head, in everything that makes life large and lovely.

"I believe in beauty in the home, in the class-room, in the work-room, and in the influence of God's great out-of-doors.

"I believe in laughter, in love, in faith, and in all distant hopes that lure us on.

"I believe in the present and its opportunities, in the future and its obligations, and in the divine joy of living, here and hereafter."

Given to the students at Wheaton College by Mina Kerr.

The editor wishes to acknowledge sincere appreciation to the student body, editorial staff, and faculty advisors, for being named to fill the vacancy caused by Miss Evelyn Pelrine's appointment to "city training."

In return, the editor pledges loyalty to the duties connected with the position and promises since *THE ANCHOR* has been so skillfully launched, to anchor it to a high place.

OUR SONG CONTEST

In May, each year, Rhode Island College of Education has a song contest carried on solely by the students. Every class has to compose original music, or use appropriate music with original words for two songs, an Alma Mater and a cheer song. The honor of winning fell to the Senior Class in 1927 and to the Freshman A Class in 1928. The award is a beautiful silver cup on which the numerals of the winning class are engraved. It is on display in the college library. May, 1929 is not very far off! Will you be the one to bring the laurels to your class by composing a song with original words and music?

EDITH SMITH

OUR ADVERTISERS

The general staff of *THE ANCHOR* wishes to take this opportunity to thank its advertisers. Though *THE ANCHOR* is still in its infancy, these business houses have shown that they have confidence in us. If they are willing to aid us, we should repay them. Whenever possible, students should patronize these business men who have helped us to publish this magazine.

GERTRUDE COLEMAN, '31

Assistant Editor

A ROSE

A bud, a bloom, a full-blown rose,
A passing fragrance rare;
A last lone petal clings and falls
And leaves a memory there.

CATHERINE QUINN, '31

General Staff

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Sophomore B	Bertha Scott, '32
Sophomore A	Mary Rynn, '31
Junior B	May Murray, '31
Junior A	Mary Meehan, '30
Senior B	Ella Williams, '30
Senior A	Catherine C. McCabe, '29
Post Graduate	J. Leo Rowan, Graduate Student

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FACULTY COMMITTEE

Professor Robinson	Professor Sherman
Professor Waite	Miss Thompson

The officers of the Student Council have been elected for the second semester. They are:

President.....	Virginia Gilbane, '29
Vice-President.....	Catherine McCabe, '29
Secretary.....	Ella Williams, '30

FACULTY NEWS

Professor Frank E. Waite is speaking on Tuesday, February 26, at the Municipal Teachers College Division, meeting in a joint session with the Superintendents' Division of the National Education Association. Two papers, one by Dr. Charters of Ohio State University, the other by Dr. Diener, President of the Teachers College of Kansas City will be given, dealing with the question of guidance and preparation within the high schools for students preparing to enter Teachers Colleges. Professor Waite's talk will consist of a critical discussion of these two papers.

Professor Waite is conducting a series of lectures at the Young Men's Christian Association in Pawtucket on "The Psychology of Social Relations."

Professor Robert M. Brown has written the chapter on "Exploration of Interest to Americans" in the American Year Book of 1928. He has also written the biographies of Arnold Guyot and Henry Gannett for the fourth-coming Dictionary of American Biography.

Professor Brown has been placed upon the Editorial Board of "Science Abstracts," a new magazine which publishes its first issue in March and which is intended to publish abstracts of important articles in all the leading scientific magazines of the world.

On the visiting Board of Brown University which met at that College on February 22, were Professor Robert M. Brown for geology and Dr. John L. Alger for mathematics.

Professor Tuttle, Professor Waite, and Dr. Carroll are working on a school survey at North Kingston. This is the fourth of its kind to be made in this state. Its purpose is to investigate and suggest improvements in the schools of this section.

Dr. Carroll is engaged in writing a complete history of Rhode Island in four volumes. He expects this work to be published in 1931.

Recently, Mr. Harry M. Fitch, Director of Training at Ball Teachers' College, Muncie, Indiana visited the college. He is making a study of the preparation of critic teachers.

At the beginning of this term, the college accepted its last midyear freshman class. Henceforth, classes will be admitted only in September.

Dr. Grace E. Bird gave a lecture recently at the Katharine Gibbs School on "Imagination in Business." An article by Dr. Bird on "The Uses of the Senses" appeared in the Evening Bulletin of February 14.

On Wednesday, February 6th, the Faculty were entertained by the Senior Class at a tea. Miss Catherine McCabe, the class president, greeted the guests. Miss Isabel Hancock, Miss Grace Williamson, and Miss Elizabeth Read entertained with musical selections. Miss Catherine McCabe and Miss Elizabeth Read served tea from an attractively decorated table in the small assembly room.

Miss Langworthy is organizing class teams in basketball and urges more girls to come out for practice. Practice for advanced players is on Monday at 3:15 and for beginners on Wednesday at 3:45.

Professor Robinson is attending a seminar course in the Graduate School of Education at Harvard University. The course deals with problems in English.

Professor Robinson is giving two extension courses, one in Warwick under the auspices of the Teachers' Association, the other in Bristol under the auspices of the Grade Teachers' Association.

The mid-year testing of lung capacity shows the following results. Lung capacity of 200 cu. in. or over:

F. B.	3 students out of 27 or 11.1%
F. A.	16 Students out of 119 or 13.4%
S. B.	8 students out of 53 or 15.0%
S. A.	12 students out of 101 or 11.8%
J. B.	9 students out of 46 or 19.5%
J. A.	12 students out of 44 or 27.2%
S. B.	0 students out of 8 or 0.0%

ALUMNI NOTES

Elizabeth R. Power of Newport and Samuel W. Thomas of Providence, both of the class of 1927, were united in marriage, at Emmanuel Church, Newport, on the afternoon of February 9. Both were very popular among the students of the college. Both were class officers. The couple will reside in Harrisville. THE ANCHOR

Miss Doris L. MacKay of the class of 1929 is teaching in the Carr School at Jamestown.

Miss Evelyn J. Mooset, of the class of 1929 teaches in the Broad Street Grammar School, Central Falls.

Miss Alice Wholey is a permanent substitute in the schools of Pawtucket.

Miss Emily Dunne of Providence is teaching in the schools of Walpole, Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Saltonsall announce the marriage of their granddaughter, Miss Louise Arnold, formerly a member of the Senior B Class, to Mr. Edward S. Dutch.

DRAMATIC LEAGUE NEWS

The following have been elected as officers of the Dramatic League:

President.....George Kenson
1st Vice-Pres.....Elizabeth Read
2nd Vice-Pres..William R. Loughery
Secretary.....Marguerite Fox
Treasurer.....Anna F. Flynn

On March the sixth, the Dramatic League will present the play "The Torch Bearers" by George Kelley. It is a highly entertaining comedy concerning the so-called "Little Theater Movement" and features "a play within a play."

By attending, the students of the college will be well repaid with an evening's enjoyment and will also aid materially in purchasing much needed equipment for future productions.

Those taking part are: Arthur Jennings, Waldon Poole, Leonard Boardman, George Kenson, William Loughery, Alice McCormick, Anna Flynn, Grace Rawlinson, Elizabeth Milan, Ruth Paddock and Virginia Gilbane. There will be music between the acts.

Interscholastic debates, sponsored by the Dramatic League of the college have been scheduled to take place March 7, 14, and 21. The high schools taking part are Pawtucket, Hope, Commercial, East Providence, Central Falls, and West Warwick. The question is "Resolved: That this house approves of a naval program of fifteen cruisers without a time limit. West Warwick Senior High School now holds the cup.

During the latter part of March, Rhode Island College of Education will take part in a triangular debate. The other participants are Rhode Island State College and Emerson College of Oratory. The question is "Resolved: That the United States should abolish the jury system." There will be two teams from each college, one on the negative and one on the affirmative side. The debate between Rhode Island College of Education and Emerson will take place here. Our other team will go to Kingston. Both teams will need all the support the college can give them, and it is hoped that there will be a good representation at each place.

NATURE CLUB

"Make the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have lived in it" was the message of the grandparents of Edward W. Bok to their children. Mr. Bok has followed this ideal in his giving a new bird sanctuary on Iron Mountain in Florida. The Nature Club attempts to live up to this ideal by knowing what to feed the birds who so often are unable to find food for themselves in winter, by preserving rare flowers so that they will continue to bloom and bring a bit of color and happiness into the world.

The club intends to enjoy the world this spring. The members have planned interesting trips, to Quinsnicket, Violet Hill, and the Kimball Bird Sanctuary, our own state's refuge for birds.

CATHERINE QUINN, '31

WELCOME

We welcome the following Freshman B students:

Hannah M. Bergel
 Ruby M. Caporaso
 M. Constance Cunningham
 Ruby Dunn
 Cathleen M. Dwyer
 Harriet E. Ellis
 Katherine G. Farrell
 Helen M. Fitzsimmons
 Veronica F. Fleming
 Bernice E. Greenway
 Isabel A. Hancock
 Edith L. Hawkins
 Adelaide E. Harson
 Lira E. Leonard
 Katherine T. McCrillis
 Catherine R. McGann
 Mary Maguire
 Constance E. Morin
 Ruth I. Mumford
 Louise G. Pelrine
 Ruth L. Sanchez
 Helen E. Scott
 Helen C. Shields
 Dorothy T. Slocum
 Regina F. Stanley
 Esther L. Stephenson
 Alice E. Walsh

ANNUAL CLASS REUNION
BANQUET

The classes of 1928 and 1930 held their second annual banquet on Thursday evening, January 24, in the foyer of the Providence Biltmore Hotel. The tables were attractively decorated with the class colors, green and silver, and favors of green, pearl, and silver necklets were given to each student.

Professor Robert Brown, in a brief address, suggested that the banquets be continued as a means of renewing old acquaintances.



EDUCATIONAL NEWS

"Dr. George D. Strayer, of Columbia University, in a recent address at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, called attention to the rapid rise of the cost of education in the United States. 'In 1910,' he said, 'the total expenditure for public education in the United States was approximately \$2,000,000-000. After making allowance for the change in the purchasing power of the dollar and increased population, we would still show an increase of 180 per cent.' Dr. Strayer does not seem to object to this, provided we are thereby making provision for 'that type of education that will enable men and women to use their leisure time to the best advantage.'"

"Harvard's recent announcement that as a result of an anonymous gift of \$3,000,000 it will establish a 'college within a college,' providing social and educational contact between a limited number of students and certain members of the faculty, is a recognition of the seriousness of the problem of mass education. According to the announcement, 'the plan as it is to be tried at Harvard does not involve any change in the method of teaching. The students at this college within a college will attend their classes just as other students, but will have the advantage of living and eating together, with tutors and resident faculty members forming part of the social community. The diversity of interests which would thereby be represented should, above all, lead to the creation of a more stimulating intellectual atmosphere that is possible under present conditions.' It is interesting that the suggestion of dividing Harvard into groups of small units came from a council of undergraduates, who two years ago made a serious study of the situation at Harvard."

FIRST BOY: "My father weighed ten pounds when he was born."

SECOND BOY: "Huh! That's nothing. My father only weighed three pounds when he was born."

FIRST BOY: "Gee! Did he live?"

—Copper's Weekly

LOST AND FOUND DEPARTMENT

THE ANCHOR has been successful in finding several lost articles, none however, in time to be advertised in the January issue. They are in the case in the Editorial Room where they may be seen and claimed. Do not feel that the Department functions only at the time of circulation of THE ANCHOR, as any lost article may be recovered at any time on the payment of five cents.

LOST—A notebook containing valuable papers. Finder please return to Editorial Room.

LOST—A heavy brown sweater. Will finder return to Editorial Room?

LOST—A small empty silver compact. Will finder please return to Editorial Room?

MARY M. SHEA, '29

JOKES

NORTH: "Are you in favor of women taking part in public affairs?"

SOUTH: "It's all right if you really want the affairs public."

—*Bristol Evening News*

A London householder is responsible for the latest story of animal sagacity. He says that his pet tomcat developed the habit of begging for cheese from the dining table. A watch was kept on the cat, and it was discovered that after eating the cheese he would go to a mousehole and breathe heavily down it—*Christian Science Monitor*.

BARBER (to little boy): "Well, son, how do you want your hair cut?"

LITTLE BOY: "Oh! cut it like my father's, with a hole in the middle."

CUSTOMER: "What! Ten cents for that coat hanger? Too much! Haven't you got something cheaper?"

CLERKS "How about a nail, sir?"

HUBBY: "Here is ten dollars, dear! Don't you think I deserve a little applause for giving it to you without being asked for it?"

WIFE: "Applause! Why, darling, I think you deserve an encore!"

An advertisement in a chemist's shop prompted a small boy to ask for "A penn' orth of x—Tooth Paste, please."

He was surprised when the assistant replied that he could not sell a smaller quantity than a one-and-three penny tube.

"But it says in the window," urged the boy, "that one tube of x will clean 500 teeth."

The assistant agreed.

"Well, I've only got about thirty."

Peter was playing at John's house. When it was time to go home, it started to rain. Mrs. White, however, gave Peter Johnny's raincoat and galoshes.

"Don't take so much trouble, Mrs. White," said Peter politely.

"I'm sure your mother would do as much for Johnny," she replied.

"My mother would do more," said Peter. "She'd ask Johnny for supper."

PHYSIOLOGY TEACHER (calling for imprint of feet): "How many remembered to bring their feet with them this morning?"

BRIGHT STUDENT: "Teacher may I get my feet? I left them in my locker."

"What has four legs, no wings, but can jump as high as the Woolworth building?"

"I give up."

"A dead horse."

"But a dead horse can't jump."

"Neither can the Woolworth building."

"Hello!" came from the phone. "Is Rose there?"

"No."

"Is Violet there?"

"No."

"Is Lily there?"

"Say, what do you think this is, a bloomin' conservatory?"

—*Boston Transcript*

