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RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

Vol. III

Providence, R. I., December, 1930

No. 2

"Greater Love Hath No Man-"

"There's Old Jonah going a courting agin," laughed the village wit. Under cover of the din that followed this sally. Sam Snody crept away from the boisterous crowd of idlers and gazed after his old friend, Jonah Gray. Hot tears stung his lids, but he made no move to brush them away. He always winced at the crude jesting made at the expense of his friend. Nevertheless, he suffered in silence, for life had crushed his fighting spirit. When one has been trodden under foot by two domineering women for a score of years, it takes a miracle to summon enough courage to stand up for one's self, let alone one's friends. Regaining outwardly his usual serene composure. Sam betook himself to his humble home--a place that spelled a strangely comforting place since Death had taken his womenfolk.

Meantime, the unconscious object of this sally, Jonah Gray, commonly known as "Old Jonah," wended his way slowly to a weather-beaten house on the summit of Crag Hill. Carefully opening the gate to prevent it

from slipping from its creaking hinge, he walked briskly up the walk, well aware of the loving gaze bent upon him from behind the parlor shutters. He had scarcely lifted the knocker when the door was opened.

"Evening, Miss Nellie, how's your Mistress been today?" asked Jonah as, assisted by capable hands, he struggled out of his worn overcoat.

"Fair to middling, Mr. Jonah, fair to middling," replied Nellie Greene, the devoted servant of the Porter-Baines family. "Miss Samanthy's waiting for you in the parlor."

With a quick nod, Jonah left her and entered the parlor. He paused on the threshold to view the scene which never failed to catch at his heart strings and make a lump rise in his throat. There in the firelight glow sat his Samanthy knitting a soft shawl. Feeling his gaze, Samanthy lifted her eyes to meet his. They smiled and exchanged greetings. Then Jonah took his seat on the other side of the low stool. Lighting his pipe, he relaxed and settled back to watching the knitting needles fly. The clock

chimed eight. Life for Jonah Gray had just begun. It would end when that same clock tolled ten.

As Samanthy and Ionah enjoyed that quiet communion of loving souls, Sam Snody had been thinking of them. He had been musing on the tragedy of his old friend. Life at twenty-one had promised Jonah a sweet dream of bliss with Samantha Porter-Baines, only daughter of the aristocratic family of the village. But sudden reverses ending in the suicide of his father and the invalidism of his mother had thrown the dependence of the family of five upon his young shoulders. Through all the vears of toil. Samantha had remained ever constant and ever at hand with a word of cheer that would have been extended to something more material only Jonah's pride forbade that. Sam shook his head sadly when he thought of Jonah's pride that had often staved a generous soul during those trying years. Then when the brothers and sisters were old enough to help him, Jonah entertained fresh hopes only to have them rudely dashed to earth by their selfishness in marrying and moving away. Life would have crushed his spirit if Samantha had not stood by. Now that his life of sacrifice was over. Jonah could not afford to support her decently although she managed to live on a mere pittance eked out by sly donations on the part of Miss Nellie.

"Something should be done," thought Sam as he puffed furiously. With an ejaculation, he put down his pipe. Then he gazed around the room, looking lovingly at each familiar object as though giving it a mute farewell.

When the hour of eight chimed out, Sam started up nervously. He went to his desk, took out some writing materials and labored painstakingly for an hour or more. Laying down his pen, he read the pages carefully. He sealed it and addressed the envelope. This completed, he wrote a short note and put both letters in the pigeonhole. When this was accomplished, he took one last lingering look at the room and withdrew. His footsteps echoed bravely along the silent corridor.

When "Old Jonah" betook himself to Samantha's house next day, he felt secretly exultant. He could not lay the cause to anything in particular. Just as he was lifting the latch, Lawyer Brown accosted him.

"Well, Jonah, I see your old friend has gone West. He left this letter for you along with a note for me. They're dated last May, but the paper seems strangely"—

"What!" stammered Jonah, "are you telling me that Sam Snody is dead?"

"Didn't you know?" asked Brown. "He died last night. Was having his well repaired and some one must have left the boards off the hole. Anyway, he fell in and was drowned. Well, he won't be lonely any longer."

With this, Brown left Jonah staring after him in stupefaction.

Collecting his wits, Jonah entered the house. He greeted Miss Nellie absently and walked unsteadily into the parlor. Alarmed by his unusual actions, Miss Nellie followed close behind him. Miss Samanthy looked up quickly, sensed his agitation, and dropped her knitting at once.

"Sit down here, dear, and tell me," she implored soothingly.

Jonah dropped into the chair wearily and said: "Sam Snody's dead. Fell into his own well. Not like him—never careless. Left me a letter."

After many ejaculations from Miss

Nellie and words of sympathy from Samanthy, Jonah bethought himself of the letter. Slitting it clumsily, he read its contents. Then he handed it to Samanthy who read it while Miss Nellie peered over her shoulder.

"Left you all his money!—never knew he had such a tidy sum," exclaimed Miss Nellie excitedly.

"Now you two darlings can get married."

"I hope the Great Friend above will understand," murmured Samanthy, laying her hand lightly upon the bowed head of "Old Jonah."

EVELYN EARNES, '31



Interlude

Inside a hundred hearts may wrangle, Inside a hundred tones may jangle, But here is peace. The still, calm sea, Silver, alive, but peacefully In long black lines rolls in. Waves sway,

As white runs down their length of spray

Obliterating all the black,
And rushing in, they half sigh back
At yonder moon behind a rack
Of black and silver clouds that ride
Above a light far out the side
Of that black point that juts to sea—
The music stops; and laughing din
Recalls me to the dance within.

A. WILSON WHITMAN, Graduate Student

Social Aspects of Current Economic Conditions

BY BENJAMIN G. SINCLAIR

Professor of Economics and Sociology

We are now in the midst of a world-wide industrial depression. The experience should constitute at once a challenge and a new hope—a challenge to all mankind to rise to the opportunity by finding a far more nearly adequate solution of the whole problem of business prosperity and business recession; a hope that our determination will prove sufficient to "carry through" to a realization of this result.

The occurrence of periodic economic depressions is no cause for sur-The surprising fact about modern economic life is that the periods of depression are not more frequent and more severe. We live in a social order of extreme and rapidly growing complexity. Of this social order the economic aspects are a part and only a part. Within this socioeconomic order cause and effect operate no less surely than in the natural or physical world. On the one hand is a vast complexity of particular forces operating as causes; on the other, the general conditions which we experience and which are resultants of the individual forces. Adequate or satisfactory resultants in the general social order require very delicate and well co-ordinated adjustments among the manifold particular forces and these adjustments, in turn,

obviously demand the use of reason at all points. Here we need merely to recall the limitation of knowledge, the lack of purpose, the functional limitation of education and of reason, and the prevalence of individualism as against collectivism to understand the fundamental social causes of the maladjustments and lack of balance in our economic life.

The evidences of economic depression are too apparent to call for mention in detail. We have experienced the usual sequence of causes and effects-the high tide of business expansion, overproduction, declining prices, curtailment of production, unemployment with decreasing consumption followed by still further recession in production. Most serious of all is the amount of unemployment affecting those who are least able to endure the losses. Although the extent of unemployment is often exaggerated and always difficult to measure accurately, we have no moral right to minimize the seriousness of actual human suffering.

We should note that the relief of distress is always a primary purpose of society and that the discovery and elimination of the causes of the distress is obviously fundamental to the attainment of this purpose.

Many of the basic and general causes of individual distress have already been indicated. We may here consider other and special causes together with possible remedies. Our present organization of profits-motivated industry contains a competitive compulsion which forces the individual producer to risk top speed when the way ahead appears to be clear. He is burdened with enormous investments of capital in specialized fixed forms involving correspondingly great risk. When he sees ahead what appears to be a clear road of profitable business activity, he takes on additional workers and speeds up to the limit of his production capacity. He is not so much concerned with the injury to his workers which will result from a severe check upon production as he is with the bond which he has given to the lenders of capital. It is this bond to capitalists and stockholders which constitutes a special inducement to high speed production at a risk to labor's ultimate security. A "bond" given to labor promising continuity of employment would be an inducement to a more moderate speed and at the same time the greatest assurance of the minimum risk to capital. A more moderate regular speed in production would bring greater ultimate profits than the alternating spurts of high speed and low speed characteristic of business cycles. The policy here indicated is gaining increasing recognition and support.

Another complex and difficult problem found in the present highly de-

veloped productive organization is the increasingly intensive advertising of a rapidly increasing quantity and variety of economic goods as a means of utilizing the productive capacity which has been developed. Although it is true that in certain respects this tendency will help to stabilize industrial enterprise, the excessive increase in variety of demands tends to make the adjustments and balances in the industrial mechanism more delicate and more subject to maladjustment. One may well hesitate, however, to accept the view that there should be any general restriction upon the gradual expansion of both the variety and the quantity of goods produced.

The special tendency which we have just noted serves to emphasize again the problem of economic balance. The major conclusion of the Hoover Committee on Recent Economic Changes is that the outstanding problem of industry today is the problem of economic balance. primary importance in furthering the attainment of this balance between production and consumption are the various agencies which control the credit supply. The complexity and difficulty of the problem of control of the credit supply are somewhat appreciated when we observe that the controlling agencies extend all the way from the rank and file of the producers of capital, through the banking houses which manage our credit system, to the organizers of industry who are the actual users of the capital.

Despite the presence of such fundamental economic and social obstacles to the attainment of continuous economic stability as we have briefly outlined, we have much to encourage us in the fact that great progress has been made in recent years. Business forecasting organizations, including government agencies, have established the statistical basis used by our industrial leaders in their efforts to adjust production to consumption. Many of

our great corporations have already successfully put into practice this new knowledge of the steady, long-time growth of business and have budgeted their expenditures for expansion for years ahead. From the results already achieved through organized and co-ordinated efforts we have reason to believe that in the years which are just ahead we shall go far toward the attainment of a much greater measure of economic stability.



A Thought on Poetry

(A Fragment of a Philosophy of Reading)

The relation of poetry to prose may be likened to the case of two men both of whom were noted for their unique behavior. People said of the rich one: "He is eccentric" while at the poor man they scoffed this: "Crazy as a loon." Simple acts of human beings become clothed eloquently in poetry, yet they would stand out in bold, crude language in prose. A man brushes away a tear in poesy, but

wipes his eyes in prose; weeps in the former, but cries in the latter; love leaps up in his breast in rhyme and rhythm, but thumps against his ribs elsewhere. Therefore, choose as your mood dictates. Seek poetry when you desire beauty of thought and form. Otherwise, when you feel practical-minded, enlist the aid of prose to give you substance in matter-of-fact form.

EVELYN EARNES, '31

What About Our College Spirit?

(Editor's Note:

This discussion was written in October, 1929. We are requesting the writer to give us, in our next issue, her estimate of progress or lack of progress made during the past year. After the second paper has been published, we shall be glad to throw open our columns to a discussion of this matter.

In the meantime let those of us who give evidence of being here merely for the sake of getting-by devote some attention to this thought. No one really loves anybody or anything until he has done something for him or for it. In other words, we may talk until Doomsday but the ugly fact will remain that we are not in love with our College until we spend ourselves in the service of the College. Getting by is not an exhausting philosophy for a student. Heaven help the classroom with a teacher who holds such a philosophy!)

Every inch of floor, every inch of wall and every inch of ceiling belonging to "R. I. C. E."—I love. Running through my veins, surges a respect, pride, devotion to this College; an inheritance, a compounding of emotions, that makes the college mine, part of me, as it has been ever since I was a few minutes old. My Mother, a graduate of Rhode Island Normal School, pledged my future to "R. I. C. E." when I was greeting

the world with my first uncontrolled cries.

To be one of the student body as I am today is the realization of a hazy dream—and it is not uncommon, when being asked the name of my college, for a lump of pride to gather in my throat as I answer, "Rhode Island College of Education!" To the inevitable, "Do you like it?" my only answer is an extra smile, a brighter gleam in the eye, a sincere, "I love it!"

Needless to say, I was confronted with rather queer elements of the spirit of the place when I first wormed my way into cliques of my class. I was shocked and deeply indignant as I heard untrue, unkind, unfair criticisms of the College I respected. How could such things be true when I had to work so hard to be able to attend it? I hesitated not in expressing my opinions, and as I began to know my classmates better, I dared to take issue with them. Incidentally I may say that I was regarded as a queer speciman picked up outside the city limits.

I could not be content to accept the statements I heard. "R. I. C. E." was all and more than I dreamed it to be. Only in one way was I disappointed. There seemed to be a lack of contentment, deep and abiding love, and class spirit among the students. No one seemed interested in anything but "getting by." I missed

the fellowship, the cooperation, the common bond of class and school spirit to which I had always been accustomed. It wasn't a problem I could shake off when I left the campus, get away from, or even evade for a while. It actually haunted me. I had to satisfy my own questionings.

First, I looked for actual extra interests for the college body. I found few and these were "far between."

The Glee Club—surely it offers wonderful opportunity to any lovers of music. It could have been the birthplace of College spirit! Our Christmas Carols, our Song Contest, our "Gym" Meet—these constitute the head line excitements for the year. The struggling Anchor, the Ricoled—both would like to burst into larger, more glorious bloom, but there are some of us stepping on every effort of the leaders of these things, trampling upon and destroying every sprout which dares to push its head through the ground of interest.

What, then, will help lift the spirit in and about "R. I. C. E."? First of all, I believe, there must be respect. Respect, above all, for our College, for her teachings, her doctrines, for what she is in the State. Next, we must respect each other, our hopes, our ambitions. We must create a common sympathy, an understanding, a willingness to work with and for the other fellow.

I wonder if I am wrong in believing that this spirit lacking in old "R. I. C. E." can be built up by certain of the following interests and achievements?

The Cheer Song-was there ever a lovelier sentiment expressed in a cheer song than in ours? I think not. Take any noted college cheer song-somehow ours combines everything essential for a good song, yet how many of us sing wholeheartedly, sincerely, and proudly, "True and loyal, Hers forever we'll be"? Most of us. I'm afraid, stand on one foot and, from sheer memory void of all emotion. sing along with the crowd. Why can't we stand erect, and sing from our hearts? Just to make it even a bigger part of us, I long to see, at the mention of singing the Cheer Song, one, perhaps two, students spring up, smilingly take places in front of the student body and direct with vim, and interest—a rousing good chorus, followed by a good, snappy, college cheer led by a vigorous, happy, animated cheer leader. Is it detrimental to the quality of a teacher to be full of enthusiasm? To me it seems a great asset.

A women's basketball team—how securely this would bind us one to the other. A few outside games—an interest—a chance to fight for our College, her name to place at the top—it's what we crave—what we need!

Chapel? Why talking in Chapel, studying in Chapel—all would be abolished—if something critically or challenging were in the air continually! It's because of the sameness, the monotony that we talk!

I sincerely believe the development of these suggestions, with the addition of more as time necessitates, would enkindle into flames a poor little spark of contentment which, at present, is being unmercifully smothered.

No one person, no one group, is particularly at fault; we are all too busy, I guess, to realize this yawning gap that will finally, I'm afraid, prove detrimental to the best interest of ourselves and our College.

Perhaps I shall be severely criticized for mentioning these things, as I have. My only defense in such a case is that I speak straight from my heart, each word prompted by a deep love and respect for what I believe to be the finest of all colleges. I long to see spreading among the discontented, some balm of college spirit, fellowship, and devotion, one to another, and finally, to our entire Alma Mater!

Contributed by an Underclassman.



Pensiveness

The moon is a great big ball,
But it is made of gold.
The sky is a blue balloon
Yet, not mine to hold.
The stars are a fairy's diadem—
So I have been told.
And life is a toy closet
Sad, that I'm growing old.
MARION L. MILAN, '31

EDITORIAL

Cooperation

One of the chief purposes of this magazine is to promote interest in college events by gathering and publishing news of the College. The staff is eager and willing to give to its readers a magazine which will rank high among the college publications of the country. This will gain both popularity and recognition for Rhode Island College of Education. However, in order to do this, we must ask the students for co-operation and support.

A large majority of the student body have paid their sixty cents (\$.60) for the year. Others have promised to buy single copies, but there is a small minority who feel content to read their neighbor's ANCHOR. "Let someone else worry about its success" is their attitude. Mind you, it is only a small minority, but it is

just such people who are the greatest handicap to the success of this magazine. Look around you, and you will see these people criticize the publication destructively. They mock and sneer at any who have that worthy attribute-"College Spirit." And in this minority are included some who hold high offices in student life! Certainly, they don't set an inspiring example for their classmates. Are you among this group? If so, brush away that wave of slackness and redeem yourself by buying every issue of THE ANCHOR. Extra copies may be obtained in the Editorial Room at any time for the regular price of fifteen cents (\$.15).

Who is the one who can not save fifteen cents (\$.15) in sixty days?

EDITOR



Christmas

There is an enchantment about the Christmastide that almost takes one's breath away. A mysterious excitement pervades the air. The stars can easily be seen to dance in the sky if one has only the imagination. It is not difficult to understand the medieval superstition that the cattle speak on Christmas Eve.

The strangest feature of Christmas enchantment is the love for fellowmen that is kindled in every heart. This is, without doubt, evidence of "Peace on earth, good-will to men" that was promised us by that heavenly choir over nineteen hundred years ago.

Students of the College should try at this season to capture the Christmas spirit and, like Scrooge, plan to retain it throughout the months to come. Life is so sweet for the rest of the year if we do so.

M. L. H.

Our Lunchroom

During the summer months what appeared to be the empty shell of the College was, in reality, a beehive of activity. Painters, decorators, and renovators of all descriptions were at work. After we had viewed the newly tinted walls and the freshly varnished doors, we apprehensively tottered down to the lunchroom. Everything was changed—curtains at the windows (if you can see that far up), new cafeteria service (places for two lines), and a new arrangement of tables and chairs that completed the transformation.

Perhaps, Freshmen, you have heard

of the old lunchroom. Perhaps you have heard of the starving processions that battled to get to the cashier's desk. Perhaps you have heard that in the good old days many patrons could not find places at which to eat comfortably; but wait-you do not know the comfort of it all. More executive committees achieved results more dances were organized, more fates were decided in that old lunchroom than we dare mention. Business is business, but this antiquarian laments the replacing of the old with the new. At least, you will admit that it is not easy to part with an old friend.

M. L. H.



A Trio

Two curly heads were bent over a bassinet. Two roguish faces were unwontedly serious. Four bright eves were wide with undisguised amazement and surprise, for here inside this fluffy beribboned contraption lay the new baby sister. She slyly glanced at her big brothers, and, convinced that she had their attention, she proceeded to wiggle her wee pink toes in a most alluring manner. Were she older, one would have called her an outrageous coquette. The boys' wonder grew apace. There they stood—two sturdy little chaps who often boasted of how fearlessly they would encounter any number of lions and tigers, but who now were completely overawed by that mite of a being—a

baby sister. The tops and marbles which made curious humps and bulges in the boys' pockets were all forgotten in contemplation of this new wonder. Gradually, an idea entered both minds. Oh! to touch her, really to feel her, they thought, and obeying the impulse, two grimy little hands stole over the side of her bassinet. Slowly they advanced and hovered an instant over the baby. One forefinger touched a pink toe; the other, very gently, felt the tip of the tiny nose. Just as slowly, the hands were withdrawn. Then the wise little men nodded solemnly to one another. They had established a fact—the baby was

"Angel Pavement"

By J. B. PRIESTLY

Publishers-Harper & Brothers, 1930

Tucked away in the center of London lies a nondescript, gloomy little street known as Angel Pavement. Were you a resident of the City itself, you would probably be unaware of its existence, for though it is an old street it has never been important. Its buildings are of good repute but rather crumbly in appear-They have that air of polite shabbiness common to streets unfrequented by crowds. Located on the first floor of No. 8 Angel Pavement is that eminently respectable establishment of Twigg & Dersingham, dealers in inlays and veneers.

When Mr. Priestly's story opens, the affairs of Twigg & Dersingham are in deplorable straits. Mr. Dersingham, in his reserved public-school manner, is frankly worried. business is failing. Smeeth, the head cashier, who is very apt to take the responsibility of the firm on his own frail shoulders, is even more disturbed. In the midst of this disquietude, the massive figure of Mr. James Golspie looms on the horizon. He sweeps into Angel Pavement like a gust of wind. At the moment of his arrival begins the metamorphosis of Twigg & Dersingham. His presence affects the business, the employees, almost every one even remotely connected with the firm, for his dynamic force is not to be withstood. His influence is inevitable, it is incredible; yet it is the active power which predominates in "Angel Pavement."

Mr. Priestly has given us an intensely alive and interesting story. With the pertinency and precision of a surgeon, he has laid open a critical six months in the lives of a chosen few of the many who throng London's streets and suburbs. He has severed from the whole a slice of life. When we finish the book, we feel not as though we had come definitely to the end of something but rather as though we had been privileged by knowing certain characters for a time that was all too short. We know that just as we shall continue our daily existence so will they-we live on together.

Mr. Priestly has a gift of presenting everyday people in an unusually sympathetic and vital manner. The interesting point is that each of his characters is universal—so remarkably ordinary that thousands like them throng our city streets every Mr. Smeeth, for instance, is the serious-minded cashier who finds positive happiness in his little figures and neat calculations. Strangely enough, this drab precise man has that rare gift of thoroughly enjoying and appreciating classical music. How incompatible are these ideas yet how true, for Mr. Smeeth, beneath his matter-of-fact, workaday personality is somewhat of a visionary, a builder of air castles that never materialize. The inner selves of other employees of the firm are unfolded as the story continues. Turgis, of the careless appearance and seedy clothes allows his im-

agination to dwell on pictures where Love smoothes away all sorrow and exalts life to a place of sublimity. Miss Matfield, cold and superior as she seems, dreams of glorious adventure with a touch of the romantic and

unexpected. "Angel Pavement" is an absorbing book—excellent for its character studies, its pictures of life, the depth and clarity of the author's understanding. We urge you not to miss it

Other works by Mr. Priestly are:

Old Dark House
Apes and Angels—Essays
Balconinny and other essays
Too many people and other reflections
I for One—Essays
English Comic Characters
Fools and Philosophers
George Meredith
(English men of letters series)
Benighted
English Humor
Farthing Hall (with Hugh Walpole)



Suburbs

Lakes o'er which the tall trees bend, Pools by banks of bushes penned, Green groves glossy, Mere-marge mossy

Past we wend.

Lawns of hamlets, half-hid nooks, Woods of birches, brawling brooks, Willows weeping Sleek lawns sweeping

Past we wend.

Homes where hearts on hearths are warmed—
Hearts all day the city stormed,—
Wife's sweet meeting,
Children's greeting
Past we wend.

Now the lights begin to glow, Peeping through the shadows, show Children playing, Children praying, Past we wend.

Golden-haired and apple-cheeked, Gurgling, gleeful, dimple-tweaked, Sent from heaven Just for leaven, Past we wend.

Onward through the shades we sweep. Leaving each his joys to reap: Hearth-side pleasures, Home's sweet treasures. Past we wend.

A. WILSON WHITMAN, Graduate Student.

"Now Thrice Welcome Christmas"

By Amy A. Thompson

Instructor of English

The story goes that in 1223, St. Francis of Assisi, seeking to teach the people spiritual truths, constructed in the little Italian town of Grecia the first Christmas Creche or crib: and that the brethren of his community stood about singing new songs of praise in honor of the birth of Christ, thus giving us our Christmas carols. Those who believe in the greater antiquity of the carols connect them with St. Augustine's theory of substituting plays of divine mystery for the ancient pagan customs of celebrating the feast of the Yule, "midwintermas". At any rate, the first carols were written by clerics and were closely related to the Latin festival hymns, having frequent Latin lines which gradually became mere refrains as in the old song written about 1500:

"When Christ was born of Mary free In Bethlehem, that fair city,

Angels did sing with mirth and glee In excelsis gloria."

Whether we think of the Mystery and Miracle plays springing from the simple Christmas tableaux of St. Francis or having their origin in an earlier attempt to make clear and vivid the Bible to the people, we do find them highly developed in England during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The carols were sung between the scenes, and soon became so

popular that they caused much rivalry between the singers and the actors. In fact, legend has it that once at the famous Chester Plays the audience destroyed the properties and beat the actors because they were not given all the carols they wished. Finally, the songs became part of the plays themselves, the musicians leading the actors off and on the stage. When enthusiasm ran very high, the procession would advance to the street, with the audience joining in the singing. Then it was only a step to the singing of the carols apart from the plays, and by the middle of the fifteenth century this was commonly done

The rise of the carol has been varied. From the time when the York, Towneley, Chester, and Coventry Plays were in full vigor the carol flourished until suppressed by Puritanism in the middle of the seventeenth century. The severity of religious practice at that time condoned neither the excessive revelry of Christmas celebration nor the frequent use of music in worship. The eighteenth century was too formal to pay much attention to such spontaneous and simple expression of the emotions. But the century just passed brought a revival of interest, and many collections of the carols were printed. Present practice seems to point the way toward an even greater demand for the carol.

Such songs as these have had two distinct lines of development. First, they are traditional, handed down by word of mouth long before they were collected and printed at all. They were preserved thus, too, at such times as they were frowned upon by a sterner generation. Folk carols are distinguishable for their many slightly different versions, as folk memory cannot be relied upon to transmit songs exactly. Stanzas are added, displaced, or altogether lost: the sense is often not clear; sometimes only rhyme schemes are remembered and they are filled out to fit the taste of the particular singer. Most of these popular songs relate stories connected with the Nativity, but they do not attempt to interpret it. As might be expected, legends of the Wise Men and the Shepherds are favorite themes. Only a few folk carols celebrate the secular revelry connected with the Yule-tide and often these have some quaint religious turn, as when "Bring Us In Good Ale" is sung to the tune of an Annunciation hymn. These songs springing from the hearts of a people make up for their lack of art in their sincerity, freshness, and spontaneity. "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen," "Christmas Day in The Morning," and "The First Nowell" are among our favorite traditional carols.

The second line of development has been as a conscious artistic literary effort on the part of clerics, musicians, and poets, even the kings themselves fostering carol-making at court. It should be remembered that for us the word "carol" has a narrowed significance, meaning especially Christmas songs, alike sacred and secular. Earlier it was used of a song-dance of spring or love where joy was to be expressed. These individually written songs range all the way from very crude attempts to the most exquisite poetry. Only a few of the best authors can be mentioned here. Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Robert Herrick, Jeremy Taylor, Thomas Herbert and Francis Quarles were among the first. Later came William Morris, Christina Rossetti, and Swinburne. The latter's "Three Damsels in the Oueen's Chamber" is one of the loveliest carols written in imitation of the old In our own day, Walter De la Mare, Eleanor Farjeon, G. K. Chesterton, and Rose Fyleman, are carrying on the tradition.

Varied are the subjects of the carols we choose to sing today. As in the days of old, we never tire of the Nativity, the Lullabies, the Childhood of Jesus, the Shepherds, and the Three Kings. If in a lighter mood, we welcome the Wassail songs, the celebration of the Holly and Ivy, or the famous carols of the Boar's Head. But whatever the subject, the spirit of Christmas singing is that of the first carol recorded to have been sung over the fields of Bethlehem on that first Christmas night, "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, goodwill to men."

NEWS

Athletic Council

The officers of the Athletic Council are:

	and the second s			
President	Kenneth Riley, '31	Reporters	Leonard Boardman,	'32
Vice-President	Mary McInerney, '31		Arvilla Nolan,	'34
Secretary	Helen Cooke, '32	Publicity	Rudolph LaVault,	33
Treasurer	Fred Hutchins, '33		Mary Donovan,	'32
			Helen Cooke,	'32

Men's Basketball Team

The officers of the Men's Basketbal	Il team are:
Faculty Advisor Frank E. Waite,	Captain Kenneth D. Riley, '31
Professor of Education	Manager Fred B. Hutchins, '33
Head Coach	Assistant Manager
C. Owen Etheir, Instructor	Rudolph L. LaVault, '33
Assistant Coach	Publicity Manager
William Sloane, Instructor	Llewellyn L. Jones, '33

Student Coach Edward F. McLaughlin. Graduate Student

The tentative schedule of games for this semester is as follows:

Friday, December 19 8.00 P M

> Wednesday, December 31 Bridgewater Normal at Home 3:30 P. M.

Wednesday, January 7 New Bedford Textile at Home 3:30 P. M.

Friday, January 16 Providence Country Day School and Faculty at Home 3:30 P. M.

> Tuesday, January 20 East Greenwich at Home 3:30 P. M.

Coach William Sloane of the Henry Barnard Junior High School basketball team is endeavoring to arrange

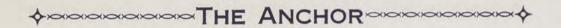
Friday, February 6 New Bedford Textile at New Bedford Providence Country Day School and Faculty at East Providence 3:15 P. M.

> Wednesday, February 11 St. John's Prep at Danvers, Mass. 8:00 P. M.

Friday, February 20 East Greenwich at East Greenwich 7:30 P. M.

Thursday, February 26 Providence College Preliminary Game at Infantry Hall 7:30 P. M.

preliminary games for most of our home games.



Miss Scott's Illness

THE ANCHOR wishes to extend its sympathy to Miss Bertha Scott of the Class of 1932, who has just undergone an operation, and is still in the hospital when this paper goes to press. May her recovery be speedy and thorough!

Miss Scott has been an active contributor to THE ANCHOR while at College. Many of her poems brightened the pages of the magazine and inspired other classmates to express themselves in verse form.

-Editor

Women's Basketball Team

A schedule for inter-class and intercollegiate basketball for the girls of the College is under consideration. Your ideas are necessary for the fulfillment of this program. Suggestions may be submitted to any of the members of the Athletic Council in which each class is represented. Speak up and tell your class representative what you think. Put our College on the map!

Swimming Classes

Swimming classes for the girls have been organized under the supervision of Miss Langworthy. Enthusiasm regarding this addition to our extra-

A more complete physical education program for the men including swimming and soccer is being planned.

The Dramatic League of the College will usher in the year 1931 with the presentation of "Holiday" by Phillip Barry.

"Holiday" promises to be an especially interesting play. It will be produced the first week in January. The cast is as follows:

Johnny Fred Hutchins, '33 Linda Claire McKenna, '31 Julia Ruth Monahan, '31

Edward	
Leo	Rowan, Graduate Student
Nick	Edward Connors, '34
Laura	Ruth Leonard, '31
Susan	Helen Cooke, '32
Seton	Harry Knight, '32
Delia	Alice Kohl, '31
Ned	
	Ezekiel Martinelli,

Henry Edward McLaughlin,
Graduate Student

Edward McLaughlin,
Graduate Student

\$ ANCHOR ANCHOR

My Impression of the Boston Symphony Concert

TIME: Tuesday, November 18, 8:15 o'clock.

PLACE: Albee Theatre.

CONDUCTOR: Serge Koussevitzky

I have attended many musical programs which have thrilled me to the depth of my heart, yet none ever satisfied my love of beautiful harmonies more than the last concert which the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave in Providence. To begin with, I do not think one realizes the true meaning of the word "symphony" until one watches more than one hundred musicians entering the stage, each with his precious instrument carefully held lest it be harmed in any way, and grouping themselves according to their kinds of instruments; until one sees arranged on a huge platform a tuxedoed gathering of more than a hundred performers whose sole desire is to interpret truly the harmonies of another composer; until one gazes entranced upon six and thirty violin bows moving in the same direction at the same rate as a result of a graceful wave of the conductor's hand. The dictionary says that a "symphony is a musical prelude, interlude or postlude-a sonata for an orchestra." A symphony orchestra, of course, is one skilled enough in technique and artistic enough in interpretative ability to render a symphony in the presence of an audience. A symphony is one of the grandest, most composite types of music written; and not until you hear the high, sweet tones of the vio-

lins blending delightfully with the mellow notes of the bass viols, and the clear call of the trumpet, sad or imperative, do you realize what the word "symphony" connotes.

This program commenced with two "Preludes" of Bach—one, "Adagio"; the other, "Vivace." During the "Adagio," I should have liked nothing better than to have reclined peacefully in my cosiest red plush arm chair in the soft glow from the fire-place, to have closed my eyes, and dreamed pleasant dreams to the accompaniment of the low, swelling and receding tide of mellow music which issued from the instruments of those magicians.

Yet when the "Vivace" began, I am sure I should have desired a straight-backed chair, where I could have sat, tapping my feet and wishing that I could dance—not jazz, my dear reader,—but perhaps some folk dance of Russia, to that sweet, airy refrain led out by the clear soprano of the first violins, and echoed in each part down to the deep bass viols.

The Symphony No. 7 in A Major, Opus 92, of Beethoven followed, and during this selection I found myself as much interested in the conductor as in the music. I realized what an important part the leader played as

he beckoned each instrument to enter with a nod of his head, as he encouraged a flute fortissimo with a wave of his hand, or hushed the horns into a pianissimo with another wave of his hand or shake of his head. I have come to the conclusion that the conductor is an even more important element than the members of the orchestra, for without him there would be no unity, no evenness of time, no undisputed medium of expression or interpretation.

The last selection was a composite one, "Pictures at an Exhibition," by The "Promenade." Moussorgsky. with which it opened, by means of a constantly changing rhythm and harmony pictured the composer as "walking now right, now left, now as an idle person, now urged to go near a picture; at times his joyous appearance is dampened: he thinks in sadness of his dead friend," whose art is being exhibited. The effect produced by the weird harmonies of the "Gnomes" proved the music to be most realistic: the "Tuileries" portraved a picture of "children disputing at their play," so realistic that you could almost hear the children's voices in the notes; "Bydlo," a "Polish wagon with enormous wheels drawn by oxen." was not so vivid in my mind as the "Ballet of Chickens in the Shells," just such rollicking. light-hearted music as children would enjoy, and which left us with laughter on our lips. So the selection continued through the last part, "The Hut on Fowl's Legs," portraved by such weird, fantastic, fearful harmonies that it produced a momentarily quickened pulse-beat on the part of the audience as we see the witch riding in her "mortar of glowing iron" and "turning her victims into stone."

To me there is nothing so marvelous as a good instrument played by a master hand; and when we can hear so many masters working lovingly over their beloved instruments, all influenced by the same artistic, interpretative emotion conveyed to them by their conductor, it is the time for us to take advantage of the opportunity by attending such concerts as the Boston Symphony Orchestra give.

Avis Marden, '33



Junior B Dance

The Junior B Class of the College is completing plans for the "Junior B. Hop" to be held in the College gymnasium on Friday evening, January 9, 1930. The dance will be the first event of the new year, and promises a joyful time for those who attend. The gymnasium will be made

unusually attractive with decorations characteristic of the "New Year Season." The social committee of the class in charge of Hop includes Dorothy Mooney, Chairman; Maude Busher, Betty Black, Anna Sullivan, and Rita Sullivan.

A Short Short Story

Myra Henry entered the Emporia with misgivings. Christmas, the joyous season of the year had always given her a mild attack of worry, but this year it was worse than ever. In October, 1929, had occurred the stock market crash, and here it was December, 1930-and things were not bettering themselves. John had felt the fluctuation of stocks more than customarily because the expenses of Marian's education had seemed to mount incredibly. Christmas gifts were, she thought, a millstone around the neck of any economic housewife. John had cautioned her not to forget Aunt Harriet, his hard-shelled spinster relative, who flouted all family obligations, kept her purse strings well-knotted, and remained semisecluded from any familiar intercouse.

"Do it up brown, Myra," he had said over the breakfast table. "Get something she'll like. I may need her friendship next year."

"I'll do my best!" Myra promised.

Myra faced the brilliantly lighted store with bewilderment. Here was the Mecca of Christmas shoppers. Here was everything that one could want—yet what did she want—or rather what did Aunt Harriet want?

She walked down the center aisle. Pleasant salesladies nodded inquiringly as she hesitated at each counter.

Handkerchiefs? No—they were so impersonal and too common.

Pocketbooks? She would certainly find fault with Myra's choice.

"Oh—what shall I do? She has everything and appreciates nothing." Myra was troubled.

A searching glance was rewarded with sight of a highly decorated booth. Delicately shaded spotlights were placed in order to show off to greatest advantage some elaborately bound books.

Myra was puzzled. She advanced toward the booth. The bespectacled saleslady was explaining with careful enunciation,

"Yes—these are among the first published. The idea is SO unique. This publishing house is printing the classics in bindings that are masterpieces in themselves."

Myra knew the search was over. She selected an especially lovely copy of "Pendennis."

"How much is this?"

"Ten dollars, madam. A very low price, indeed, for the....."

"I'll take it."

When she placed the bulky package under her arm, both her heart and step were light. Wandering up and down the aisles of the department store, she was attracted by the vagrant aromas of the perfume counter. A faint odor of violet reached her and struck a chord of remembrance.

Of course—Sally! Before her marriage, little Cousin Sally had always loved violet perfume. But in the following six years of Peter's struggle to establish a practice, Sally had forgotten any expensive whims she might have had.

Impulsively she walked toward the counter. One side had been entirely given over to the display of the violet scent.

"May I see a bottle of the violet perfume?"

The saleslady took a particularly attractive bottle.

"This is the ten-dollar choice."

"Oh!" Myra considered. This was a needless extravagance. Why she had always given Sally something useful. Violet perfume would not help very much in a home where Budget was the sacred law of living. But Sally had missed so much fun, poor child. And the mildest scent of the violet perfume would make her last year's dress seem fresh and lovely again.

"I'll take it."

Myra was aghast at her daring. She handed the perfume back to the sales-lady.

"Oh!" Aunt Harriet's precious book had mysteriously loosed from its wrappings and slipped from her arm.

"I'll do it up with the perfume, madam, if you wish," the saleslady broke in

"Would you? Could you do them up separately and have them sent?"

The saleslady was gushing. The sale had been a large one, and she felt at her charming best.

"Of course, madam. Are they presents? Why don't you insert your card, and we'll send them for you?"

"You're a wonder!"

Myra's troubles were over. She gave the cards and addresses and walked out.

* * * * *

It was the week after Christmas. Myra stopped long enough from gathering remains of some belated Christmas tree ornaments from her Oriental rug to answer the mailman. She was rewarded with two letters and the bills which always accompany the first of the month. The first letter was from Sally.

"Dear Myra:

"I can't thank you enough for my beautiful present. Peter is as proud of it as I am. It looks charming on my mahogany end-table, with the bronze book-ends that Peter's mother sent me.

"Do you remember Bertha Ball who went to school with me? She returned from Havana last week and brought me an ounce of 'Nuit de Noel.' My three presents have made me the happiest girl in the world. 'Pendennis' is better than ever in its fascinating setting."

The other letter was, strangely, from Aunt Harriet.

"Dear Myra:

"Thank you for my lovely present. I received many but none gave me so much pleasure as yours. How did you guess that violet perfume was my one sentimentality. When I made my debut, Alfred Barber sent me violets. He joined the Massachusetts troops that very week and was never heard of again.

"I am getting old, Myra, and I haven't seen as much of my relatives as I should. I would like to see Marion. I suppose she is quite grown up now.

"I expect to go West this Spring and shall probably see you then. Expect me sometime in March."

Mary Louise Hall, '32

Alumni Notes

Miss Mae Gilpatrick, a graduate in the Class of 1930, and Miss May Murray, a member of the Class of 1931, are both teaching in the Samuel Slater Junior High School, Pawtucket.

Miss Catherine McCabe, a graduate in the Class of '29, is teaching in West Warwick Junior High School.

Miss Anna McMahon, a graduate in the Class of 1929, is at present teaching English in the Joseph Jencks Junior High School, Pawtucket.

Miss Priscilla Marsden, a graduate of the Class of 1930 is teaching in Glocester, R. I.

Miss Claire Weicker and Miss Clara Lewis, members of the Class of 1930, are now teaching in the Thomas H. Clarke School, Jamestown, R. I.

Miss Mary M. Keeffe, a member of the Class of 1928, is teaching Latin, Biology, and Mathematics at the Burrillville High School.

Miss Virginia Gilbane, a graduate of the Class of 1929, is a Librarian at Veazie Street School.

Mr. Arthur Jennings, a former member of the Class of 1931, has been appointed minister at the First Baptist Church in Bristol.

EGAN-PECKHAM

On October 4, 1930, Miss Marion Preston Peckham of Jamestown, R. I., a member of the Class of 1930, became the bride of Mr. John Joseph Egan of Newport. The wedding took place in St. Mark's Church, Jamestown, Mr. and Mrs. Egan are making their home at 60 Bedlow Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Anchor Line

MERE CURIOSITY?

Nibbs: I said something to my wife, the other day, and she hasn't spoken to me

Henpeck (eagerly): Can you remember what you said?

IN GRAMMAR CLASS

Teacher: Give an example of a concrete noun.

Sarah: A sidewalk.

Teacher: Now give an example of an abstract noun.

Sarah: Vanilla.

A RISING MARKET

The stockbroker was very ill, and at times delirious. In one of his lucid moments he asked the nurse what the last reading had shown his temperature to be.

"One Hundred and one," replied the nurse.

"Good," said the patient. "When it gets to 1011/2, sell."

MONEY'S WORTH

"What's this?" asked the Scotchman excitedly, glancing at the headlines of the newspaper. "Edinburgh Express wrecked near Dundee?"

"And my wife was on that train," he said as he turned to walk away.

"Well, aren't you going to get a paper and read the details?"

"Oh, I'll wait for the later edition and get the football news at the same time."

HIS ERROR

"The nerve of you all, usin' my massage cream for shoe polish!"

Fred: How many have you dependent on you?

Jim: None to mention.

Fred: I thought you had a large family. Jim: I have a large family but they are the most independent bunch of people you ever saw.

Judge: I understand that you prefer charges against this man?

Grocer: No, sir. I prefer cash, and that's what I had him brought here for.

Hubby: You must think I'm as big a fool as I look.

Wifey: Well, if you aren't you have a great deal to be thankful for.

Daughter: I was awfully lucky at the party last night.

Mother: In what way, dear?

Daughter: We played a game in which the men either had to kiss a girl or forfeit a box of chocolates. I got ten boxes.

College Dean: What course do you wish to take in history?

Student: Something in about 500 words.

Teacher: Johnny, What's the difference between a battle and a massacre?

Johnny: A battle is where a whole lot of whites kill a few Indians, and a massacre is where a lot of Indians kill a few whites.

Hazel: Mother, I'm afraid father's mind is affected, else he wouldn't be repeatedly jumping over that empty shipping case.

Mother: No, dear, it's perfectly all right. Your father vows that no midget Austin car is going to run him down so long as he's able to make the jump.

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