

W. V. Keefe

The Anchor



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The Anchor

RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

Vol. III

Providence, R. I., May, 1931

No. 4

(Foreword: This article was written to serve the purpose of informing the students what our faculty does during the summer.)—EDITOR.

THE FACULTY—THIS SUMMER

Dr. and Mrs. John L. Alger will spend the summer at their summer home in Vermont. They entertain many of their friends there and enjoy the outdoor life. Dr. Alger maintains a very close connection with the college during the vacation.

Miss Doris Aldrich will spend a month's vacation at Bear Claw Range, Sheridan, Wyoming.

Mr. William A. Baldwin will be at his summer home in Hyannis. He plans to write another book on Ethics and also to maintain his prowess in golf.

Miss Frieda Bext will attend summer school at the University of Vermont, Burlington, Vermont.

Dr. Grace E. Bird will spend the first part of the vacation at her

summer home in Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Later in the summer, she plans to motor through Canada.

Professor Robert M. Brown plans to spend the month of July at his home in West Barrington. During the month of August, he will be with the board of editors of the National Society for the Study of Education, preparing a yearbook on geography.

Miss Wendela C. Carlson is going to motor to Yellowstone National Park and California.

Professor Clara E. Craig plans to spend the greater part of her time this summer, completing a book on which she is now working. Later in the season, she will probably visit Lake Louise in Canada.

The Anchor

Mr. C. Owen Ethier will sail from New York, on June 19, for a vacation in Europe. His itinerary includes France, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and the British Isles. While in England, Mr. Ethier will study at the Summer Session of Cambridge University. Mr. Ethier will travel in company with Mr. Frank Jones of the Class of 1930.

Professor Elmer S. Hosmer plans to spend the summer at Bustin's Island in Casco Bay, Maine. He will spend his time composing and writing.

Miss Grace Osborne will take two extensive motor trips during the summer. One will be a tour of New England; the other, a tour through New York State.

Professor Adelaide Patterson plans to teach summer school at Laurelton Hall, a convent in Milford, Conn. After summer school, she will motor through Yellowstone National Park.

Professor Thomas Herbert Robinson will teach in the Summer School at Harvard University, in the Graduate School of Education. He will conduct a demonstration class in English for intermediate grades or junior high school under the direction of Professor Charles Swain Thomas of Harvard.

Dr. Florence M. Ross will spend the summer on Prudence Island, practising medicine.

Dr. Mary L. Stevenson will motor to her home in Fort Worth, Texas. Along the way, she will stop to visit places of interest.

Miss Lillian Swan will sail from New York, on June 13, for Italy. From Naples, Miss Swan plans to travel northward in Italy, visiting art galleries and sketching. From Italy, she will continue her travels through Switzerland to Paris. She will spend several weeks in visiting art galleries in Paris and picturesque villages of Brittany. Miss Swan will go to London to view the galleries. On September 5, she will sail from Liverpool for America.

Miss Amy A. Thompson will be at her home at Biddeford Pool in Maine.

Professor Frank E. Waite will be in charge of the Y. M. C. A. Summer School in Providence. After summer school, he will go to Michigan for three weeks.

Miss Margaret Waldron's plans for the summer are tentative but they include a trip through the Rocky Mts. to Alaska.

The Anchor

THE UNWELCOME GUEST

Friday.
"Dear Sylvia,

"Darling, can you ever forgive me when I tell you that I won't be able to spend the Easter vacation with you? You see, it's this way. Mother hasn't been well, and I really feel it my duty to stay home; she insists that I go just the same, but I absolutely refuse. I know you'll be terribly disappointed, after we had planned so long for a gay time during the holidays; but I just know that your super-intelligent mind will guide you to see my point-of-view.

"However, dear, your efforts in planning for company will not have been in vain, for I have a surprise for you. I am sending a friend of mine who has been staying with us for a month; that is, since she ran away from home. She is a beauty—extremely blonde, and she has large expressive eyes. Her name is Matilda. She will arrive Sunday afternoon on the three-thirty train. Be good to her, won't you, dear?

"Hoping you'll forgive me and that you'll like Matilda, I am

Your loving friend,
Miggie."

"Well, of all the nerve!" ejaculated Sylvia as she dropped the letter to the floor with utter disgust. "Did you ever hear of such a thing? Oh, I suppose Miggie can't help it if she feels it her bounden duty to stay home with her mother, but why on earth should she send me one of her friends to entertain?" Rage and

temper forced tears down Sylvia's cheeks.

"Come, now, my dear." Mr. Stanton tried to comfort his turbulent daughter.

"Don't talk to me. If I had my hands on Miggie, there's no saying what I'd do or wouldn't do. I-I-I——" words failed her.

"I don't blame you, Sis," agreed Doug, Sylvia's sole sympathizer. "Gee, Dad, we had a perfect time arranged for Mig, and now see what's happened."

"And of all things," said Sylvia, somewhat recovered. "What do I care about her hair and eyes? And she left home! Does Miggie think I'm going to harbor her fugitive friend? And she had the nerve to sign herself 'Your loving friend'! Oh!"

"Now, now, you two silly youngsters. How quickly you come to rash conclusions. You haven't for one minute considered that she may be a very likeable girl—"

"No, sir!" interrupted Doug, "a girl with a name like that can't be anything but a flat tire. Matilda—bah!"

"Well," advised Dad, "the best I see for you to do is to wait until Sunday, and then we'll know all. Meanwhile, Sylvia, put aside your wrath, and make preparations for the girl. You'll at least have to be courteous to her while she's here, so begin now to make things pleasant and comfortable."

The Anchor

"I guess you're right, Dad." Sylvia and Doug began talking things over, while Dad chuckled as he cast a loving glance at his now-grown-up children.

Sylvia was kept so busy for two days, arranging the guest-room for Matilda and doing various other things that she could hardly believe her eyes when, on Sunday afternoon, she saw the hands of the clock pointing to two o'clock.

"Oh, Doug," she called.

Two or three athletic leaps brought Doug to the top of the stairs. "What doth your ladyship desire?" questioned the young man in his most sophisticated tone. Incidentally, his head almost touched the floor as he bowed in servility.

"Don't be silly, Doug," admonished Sylvia. "It's almost time for the train. Get out the car and go down to the station to meet Matilda."

"Oh, yeah! I'll get the car, but you'll meet Matilda. I'm not going on any wild-goose chase to meet someone I don't know. Besides, I don't like girls, and you know it. Of course, I like Miggie—she's different." Doug blushed as he made this confession.

Sylvia cast a knowing glance in his direction. "All right, darling, I'll go to the station." She gave him a sisterly hug and kiss. "Now please get the car."

The three-thirty was just pulling in when Sylvia stopped the car. The train came to a standstill. Sylvia's

heart leaped. What a predicament! And she didn't even know the girl's last name so that she could inquire for her. People began to descend from the cars. There were two middle-aged ladies, a young man, an elderly man, three children, and—

"Beg pardon, miss!" Sylvia's observation was interrupted. "Are you Miss Sylvia Stanton?" asked the porter.

"Yes," she answered anxiously.

"Here's something for you," he said as he attempted to avoid a few scratches from the beautiful Angora cat which he held in his arms. He handed her a note and the cat at the same time. Sylvia nervously ripped open the note and read two words—"April Fool." She looked at the cat whose beauty she was forced to admire. Around its neck was a pretty red ribbon on which was embroidered in gold—"Matilda."

"Well, I'm—." Sylvia burst into laughter in spite of herself. She gave the cat a loving squeeze, jumped into the car and was home in no time.

"It serves you right," said her father when she told him about Matilda. "Miggie didn't forget the trick you played on her the first of last April."

It's needless to say how delighted Sylvia and Doug were when a few hours later a car stopped in front of the house and out stepped Miggie, bag and baggage, to spend her long-planned Easter vacation.

ALICE C. HANNAN, '32.

The Anchor

THE WOOING OF MINNIE

Minnie Gray was a substantially plump little woman who brought to mind thoughts of delicious apple dumplings and spicy sugar cookies. She was the traditional comfortable soul. As she sailed around the neat little kitchen of young Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Dupont, she filled the room with the pleasing hum of contentment. She asked nothing more of life than a culinary domain and a chance to read and dream of a middle-aged Lochinvar.

One morning, in the midst of preparation for the mid-day lunch, Minnie was dismayed to find the onion barrel empty. As she was about to remove the telephone receiver, a rap came at the door. Crossing the room, she admitted a large, raw-boned farmer bearing a basket of dew-drenched vegetables.

"Kin I in'trest you in these vegetables fresh from my farm?" drawled the man with a frank smile for the perturbed Minnie.

"Any onions?" came the quick response.

"Dandies! — guaranteed to call forth tears from the hardest-hearted. Take a peek at them here at the bottom of the basket."

Satisfied as to their worth, Minnie bought some. After she heard the front gate click, she remembered that she had neglected to ask his name, whereabouts, and life history. Then she promptly forgot the whole episode.

Next morning, Minnie was again accosted by the farmer. This time she found out that he was Mr. Abner Herd of Carrot Top Farm, six miles outside the village. He was living there with his invalid mother. To cover up the cross-examination, she purchased more onions.

As the onions ripened, so did the friendship between the two. Before long, the barrel was dotted with pale green sprouts. Poor Minnie was distracted. The transferring of the purchasing of the other vegetables from the grocery store to the farmer would be questioned because it would mean a cash basis instead of the convenient charge account. Minnie's meager wages could no longer be invested in onions. Tomorrow Abner must be told not to come again.

The reaching of this decision did not bring the expected ease of spirit. Then and then only did she admit to herself just what place Abner had come to fill in her simple life. He was the only one who had ever bothered to discover Minnie the woman and not Minnie the servant.

The next morning found a pale, listless Minnie who shuffled around a ghostly quiet kitchen. Although she avoided looking at the clock, her eyes were ever conscious of the moving minute hand. When the familiar knock came at the door, she steeled herself to open it.

The Anchor

After the usual pleasantries were exchanged, Abner fished in his basket.

"Never mind the onions, Abner," said Minnie with a crooked little smile. "The folks don't want any more."

Abner scrutinized her closely, then became lost in thought. Poor Minnie could stand the silence no longer.

"I'm afraid there won't be any

need for you to come again," she blurted out, shattering the quiet.

"Do you still like onions, Minnie?"

Minnie assented dumbly.

"Then how about spending the rest of your life at Carrot Top Farm with Mother, me, and the onions?"

Minnie "knew her onions."

EVELYN EARNES, '31.

EDITORIAL

Junior Week

"All things come to him who waits."

With the innovation of Junior Week at R. I. C. E. as one of the most important social features of our college career, comes to many students the realization of a long-cherished dream. For many years such a hope had been entertained by members of the student body and faculty as well, but the idea was never put into practice. It fell to the lot of the Junior A and Junior B Classes to institute this custom and attempt the undertaking which will bring renown to their classes. The unexcelled work of the committee in charge, under Miss Esther Carroll as chairman, has been loyally and ably supported by both Junior Classes. No stone has been left unturned to make this affair a success both financially

and socially. Every activity should be well attended by the student body, as such a representation will not only show the juniors how we appreciated their tireless efforts, but it will also help to make Junior Week the success it should be. Besides this, you can be assured that you will have the satisfaction of having spent your money for a worthwhile social affair.

The splendid work done by the two classes is highly commendable, and it is everyone's wish, we are sure, that the best success result from their undertaking. May other classes follow the example of instituting such festivities which will make R. I. C. E. better known to those who know so little about it at the present time.

Editor.

The Anchor

A Bad Influence

A tide of undesirable moving picture films has recently been released that should not be passed on for the entertainment of the American family without at least carrying some sort of danger sign.

I refer, of course, to the gangster-glorifying pictures that seem to be in vogue just now. How numerous such pictures are becoming may be hinted at by the fact that a stroll down Broadway not long ago disclosed no less than five different ones being shown on that street alone.

Gangster pictures are a menace and can boast of no service except to thrill the excitable. If their sponsors feel that having the cold-blooded, murdering gangster finally surrender his life in a brave gesture of unselfishness or showing the gangster bringing presents home to his tiny daughter, is teaching a moral lesson to the youth of America, they must possess a peculiar idea of the impressions and natural reactions of the American child. The display of wealth, power, and brilliance to offset a criminal record and the occa-

sional killing off of a desperate character at the end of perhaps an eight-reel feature are pitifully weak examples of life to offer an intelligent audience.

Such pictures are dangerous. By glorifying crime, by painting cold-blooded murders with the warm colors of bravery, generosity, and great wealth, the motion picture industry stands an excellent chance of sowing seeds of lawlessness in the minds of the youth and the unemployed of today. Since this is true, what justification is there for the production of such themes?

When producers of pictures wish to depict bravery, daring, and skill, they can accomplish their purpose so excellently in such films as "The Covered Wagon," "The Big Trail," and "The Great Meadow" that it seems a waste of time, energy, and money to attempt to justify crime.

Due to the fact that gangster pictures are a menace, they should be viewed critically before permitting them to be shown where the unemployed and youngsters can see them.

E. H. K.

Ideals

(Foreword: This editorial is a final summing up of a rather spirited discussion which has appeared in recent issues of the magazine.)

—THE EDITOR.

While perusing a magazine recently the writer was particularly impressed by an article entitled "Ideals." About ten people from dif-

ferent parts of America defined the word as it had meaning for them. The substance of the definition which appealed to us was that ideals

The Anchor

are hopes and dreams as goals for work which will rise or change as we come near to the attainment of them.

We believe every "live" person has ideals—varying, of course. As in everything, there are extremists. There are persons who spend too much time thinking and planning their modes of living. They are externally in the abstract, "in the clouds" we say, and we label them "dreamers." All the sympathy and scorn in us surges through our being when we think of the opposite extremists, the cynics who believe or aspire to nothing but to live today as it comes. Although this despicable attitude is more prevalent in older folks, an alarming number of young people fall into this way of thinking.

In a college such as ours, where ideals are continually being set up, all students should be rational as-

pirants. Unfortunately, this is not true! Some students think it denotes sophistication to scoff at fine things. Nobody ever liked a prig or a prude, and nobody ever cared for a hypocrite either. Students who attend the college but criticise it adversely outside without doing anything to make it better are hypocrites. It isn't always the things one does that attract attention; it's the way in which they are done.

From the grades through to college, one hears of loyalty, school spirit, and school *ideals*. We firmly believe it is paramount in life to form and preserve our hope of things we believe to be true. Those who would have R. I. C. E. different must remember that a college will only be as great and fine as the individual student in its membership aspires to be great and fine.

J. L. C.

Co-operation

College spirit! We've talked about it—sung about it! Well, what about it? Our college is a day college. The day college, by its lack of that binding chain which comes of living at a college, suffers in the way of spirit. Really to attain this elusive inward feeling of loyalty and devotion, there must be a great united effort from the entire student body in the

few hours it is together daily. When the good of the college is concerned, individuality must be sacrificed to unity. For success, classes and clubs must band together to help each other along. There is nothing that can be done without ardent co-operation in such a college as ours.

M. L. H.

The Anchor

Training

Previous to my training period, I had many delusions about it. I had heard rumors about harsh critics and hard trials. The reason one hears these rumors is because the person who tells them recalls more easily his hard and disappointing experiences.

Now that I have experienced this critical period in my preparation for my profession, I have changed my opinions. I find that critics are very human. They possess sympathy and an understanding for the newcomer in the profession. They try in every way to help the apprentice.

It is necessary that they criticise

the workmanship of the student. A beginner makes mistakes. We learn from our mistakes. Theodore Roosevelt said, "Show me a man who doesn't make mistakes and I'll show you a man who doesn't do things."

The purpose of this article is to destroy any fictitious ideas one may have concerning the training period. Let him free his mind from such prejudices as I had. Wherever he may be, let him work as if he were on his own responsibility. Let him not merely work for credits, for in a few years they will be of no help to him. Let his aim be to contribute something worthwhile to his profession even at the outset.

The Metamorphosis

When I came back after training,
I was very much surprised
At the changes in our building—
All the walls had been disguised!

Golden pipes adorned the places
Where old coppers once had sat;
In a corner, tall and stately,
Stood a booth where one could chat.

E'en the lunch room, too, had differed—
Why! The counter'd changed its
stand,
From a shelf of ugly brownish—
Now 'twas silver, bright and grand.

Yes, the "profs" seemed very diff'rent!
More than helpful to the stude—
How it changed here; I guess it must be
Education's varying mood.

DOROTHY A. BYRON, '32.

The Anchor

BARGAIN DAY

Bargain Day! What a day for those saving, budget-living, economical women who could take advantage of the occasion to "pick up" a few wants here and there! So thought Mrs. Dixon and Mrs. Hendricks.

Eight o'clock saw the neighbors bustling around their respective homes trying to tidy up a bit. Forty minutes later, the sun, which was just coming into flaming glory for the day, winked as he saw the ladies trip along the many turns and by-paths of the downtown journey.

"I *do* hope I see a pretty piece of gingham so that I can make a new school dress for Marjorie," said Mrs. Dixon in a voice that came out in puffs and gusts.

"I want some duck for trousers for Billy—he's so hard on his clothes." Mrs. Hendricks enumerated her desires. "And some dish towels, and creams, a couple of house dresses, and—"

"Yes, that reminds me," interrupted the Dixon woman. "My husband wants a new white shirt."

So absorbed were they in considering what to purchase that they didn't notice that they had arrived in the downtown section, where there were hundreds of bargain-seekers.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Dixon as they entered a store, "you'd never think so many women were interested in bargains, would you?"

"N-n-no," Mrs. Hendrick's voice

quavered as she was the recipient of a blow and a shove. Another shove followed, and Mrs. Hendricks was separated from her friend. "Well," she soliloquized, "I'll do my own shopping and I'll probably run into Mrs. Dixon later."

She ventured towards the cloth department where she intended to purchase goods for Billy's trousers.

"I'd like to see some—"

"Oh, you would, would you? Well, I was here first. Understand—"

This from a near-by shopper.

"You were not. I was here first—"

from another.

The argument continued and Mrs. Hendricks silently withdrew to another department. "I guess I'll buy some towels. Billy really can get along without new trousers this week." When she reached the domestic counter, she opened her mouth to voice her request, but she was doomed to remain silent awhile, because a woman of monstrous size bumped into her, and the erstwhile respectable-looking Mrs. Hendricks fell to the floor with a bound. Her hat flew from her head and landed in a very convenient stepping place. As she attempted to rise, someone trod on her toes; she nearly lost her balance and wavered just in time to get a blow of an elbow which completely demolished her nose. As soon as she gained her bearings, she wended her way through the crowd until she reached the open air where she stopped for breath.

The Anchor

When Mrs. Dixon left the store, she saw an odd-looking woman leaning against the store window. What a sight! The woman had no hat, her hair was dishevelled, and her entire appearance was deshabille. She carried no bundles, and her handbag hung carelessly by her side.

It wasn't—it couldn't be—oh, *no*,—yes—it *was*—Mrs. Hendricks.

Mrs. Dixon ran to her. "Why, my dear Mrs. Hendricks!"

"That's all right," was the retort, "I didn't want to buy anything any way. I was only looking around."

ALICE C. HANNAN, '32.

A SNAPSHOT OF LIFE

In my estimation, the perversity of life is illustrated when I am just in time to see and miss the Brown Street car seal its doors and launch its way through a sea of machines. And with an impatient utterance, I experience my Waterloo at "The Sugarbowl." It is much better in life to think we are fortunate when we are not, than to be fortunate when we do not think we are, so I try to inject that in my mind for the next lingering twenty minutes.

While I wait in front of "The Sugarbowl's" background, Life seems to leak her dike of creatures, and a stream of individuals ripples by. It is a most amusing study to watch the passersby, and smile, sympathize, and admire each one inwardly.

There is a little child devouring the chocolate turkey in the store window—with his eyes. Perhaps, if that immense sheet of glass did not cage those candy soldiers, they would march right into someone's watery mouth. It is most evident how a stout person can tip the scales to its boiling point, when you see

approximately two hundred pounds walk out from "The Sugarbowl" with a box of calories tucked under his arm. These are some interesting characters depicted, as "I am the monarch of all I survey." They unconsciously clip my twenty minutes into pieces of interest and laughter.

And worming their way into this stream of mankind are some poor persons on whom I lavish a mass of pity, as they lamely walk along. Fortune has dealt with them cruelly. She has bestowed on them disfigurements instead of her choice blessings. But, they, too, rotate with the wheel of life.

What a perplexing world this is when I see poverty dressing like a millionaire, and wealth like a pauper; ignorance having the attitude of an encyclopedia, and knowledge camouflaging her wisdom with simplicity. Undoubtedly, the minutes slip away one by one, taking with them various impressions, leaving the remaining minutes with others who have "a rendez-vous" with humanity.

LOUISE PELRINE, '33.

The Anchor

GOD'S WILL BE DONE

Things looked serious for the little town of Hauxhill. The promise of a long and hard winter hung like a pall over the little island town. What was still worse, relief did not seem forthcoming. Many of the inhabitants were among the unemployed. Conditions as they stood would have been bad at any time of the year, but along with the coldest season, general hard times made many a heart sad. These simple people were reckoning without God, however.

One afternoon, late in November, a storm was gathering in the west. Ominous gray clouds were being hurried across the sky by a gusty wind which was steadily increasing in volume. The late sun was already being eclipsed, appearing and reappearing as fresh cargoes of black clouds were blown over it.

A group seated about the warm fire in Seth Perkins' store were ruminating about the weather. Old Lem Barney was the first to voice his thoughts.

"Well," he said, slowly pulling his old corncob pipe from his mouth, "this is jest the sort of an afternoon we had the day of the big storm back in '98. How well I 'member that night! It purty nigh put this town out of business! I thought them waves was goin' to cover the hull place."

This was a starter for reminiscing on the part of others gathered there. They were for the most

part one-time "sea dogs", who had now come back to the quiet old town of their birth to spend the remainder of their days in the unexciting atmosphere of Hauxhill. Their greatest pleasure was derived from just recollections as they were indulging in now.

The conversation was getting on nicely with the storms of yesterday growing to almost unbelievable proportions, when suddenly Jed Casbury looked out of the dust-covered window.

"Guess I'll be gittin' home while the gittin's good! Things ain't growin' any better out, and Mandy'll be worryin' 'bout me. Womin is all tarnation for worryin', ain't they?"

So saying, Jed beat a hasty retreat. His departure caused a general bringing down of chairs to their original four legs, and hurried farewells. Soon the store was empty save for Seth who was busy banking the fire and locking up for the night that he might hurry home to his own comfortable fireside.

The storm broke in all its fury shortly after sunset and raged in earnest. It certainly looked as though it was going "to put the place out of business," as Jed had termed it. Breakers teemed up against the rocks in mountain-high rollers like cavernous mouths bent on devouring the rugged shoreline. The noise coupled with the wailing of the wind and lashing rain was thunderous.

The Anchor

Between the narrows, a dangerous point for ships, labored a tug with its tow of four barges. The men on watch were kept busy guarding their four floundering charges. The tug and two of the barges had gone safely through the danger zone into the comparatively calm waters of the bay, when a resounding crash was heard simultaneously with the cry "tow lines broken!" Indeed the two end barges were already breaking away from the line.

"It's useless to try to save them," growled the captain, "they're headed straight for shore! We may as well go along, and at least save half of the cargo."

Toward dawn the wind died down and the rain ceased. The sea, which had raged so furiously during the night, now became surprisingly docile. It was unbelievable that this quiet scene could ever have been one of such havoc but a few hours ago.

Jed Casbury, an early riser, made his way to the point to see what luck the storm had brought in the line of driftwood for his dwindling home fire.

The sight that met his eyes was not driftwood as he had expected, but coal, heaps of it, and wood, well splintered, enough to supply the whole village! Was it true? Could he be dreaming?

This was indeed true, for the ill-fated barges had drifted straight to shore, and were made short work of by the furious sea.

It was almost no time after Jed had excitedly announced the glad news that conveyances of every conceivable description were pressed into service for carrying coal and wood. It was a joyous time for the village. The winter and its cold now held no terrors for these busy people who were swarming over the rocks like bees about honey, gathering the riches much sweeter than honey.

Seth Perkins, who was locking down on the scene from the high banks, bowed his gray old head, and whispered reverently, "The Lord moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

MARJORIE JOHNSON, '33.

HATS

Have you ever stopped to think of the influence hats have in our lives? Every time we put on a different style, we assume a different manner. You may not believe this, but I am firmly convinced that it is so.

Some people get accustomed to one type of hat. Consequently, their manner seldom changes. Take, for example, Alfred E. Smith and the late Theodore Roosevelt. Can you imagine Mr. Smith in Mr. Roosevelt's sombrero, or Mr. Roosevelt in

The Anchor

Mr. Smith's brown derby? I can't. These men and their hats represent two distinct types.

Most women like variety in their hats, choosing them, like perfumes, to suit their varying moods; but I maintain that it is the hat which governs the mood. Can you imagine, for example, anyone's being shrewd and businesslike in one of those floppy, afternoon-tea hats? Likewise, aren't eyebrows elevated and a bored "know-it-all" expression assumed when one wears an "off-the-face" hat which the merchants advertise as "What the young sophisticate will wear."

In my opinion the movies have had much to do in influencing our choice of headgear. We see a picture starring Greta Garbo. If we happen to have a hat similar to one she wears in the picture, the next time we go out we put it on uncon-

sciously, or in some cases consciously; we imitate Greta's manner of walking, talking, or acting. I'll admit that this isn't always true, for some people are not so imitative as others. Again you recall that Mary Brian is the star who wears long, graceful gowns and wide-brimmed floppy hats. Then, next time you put on your wide-brimmed hat, something whispers "Mary Brian" and one of your many superficial moods jumps up and says, "Here I am." And you, without quite knowing why, become graceful and charming.

I could go on for hours comparing hats and moods, but, dear reader, I believe that is the correct term-- I am going to leave that to you. Notice people, their hats, and their temporarily assumed airs, and see if there is not something in what I have said.

AGNES THOMAS, '34.

JUNIOR WEEK AT R. I. C. E.

A delightful precedent has been started at the college this year. It is another step in building up traditions and memories that will linger with us many years after our college work has been concluded. The new event is Junior Week. It promises to be a very gala occasion at which members of the faculty, students, and alumni will be the guests of the Junior Class for three days.

The festivities open on Wednes-

day afternoon, May thirteenth, with a *Thé Dansant* from four-thirty to seven o'clock. While dancing is being enjoyed in the gymnasium, refreshments will be served in Dr. Carroll's room which will be transformed into a Japanese tea garden. Decorations will be the work of members of the Junior Class and of the art classes. Students appropriately gowned in Japanese costumes will serve the guests.



Junior Week Committee, R. I. C. E.

Front Row, left to right—Cecilia Manning, Rita Sullivan, Esther Carroll, chairman, Isabelle Hancock and Helen Scott.

Second Row—Adelaide Harson, Regina Stanley, Mary Lyons, M. Dorothy Mooney and Madeline Boyle.

Third Row—Elizabeth Black, Anna Sullivan and Veronica Fleming.

The Anchor

The Ambassadors will furnish the music for dancing throughout the week.

In the evening the guests will attend the play, "She Stoops to Conquer," given by members of the Dramatic League.

On Thursday there will be a continuation of festivities. In the afternoon Alpha Rho Tau will furnish an art exhibition and tea for members of the club, Juniors, and their guests, and members of the faculty. At eight-fifteen o'clock the Glee Club will entertain at the Henry Barnard School with a beautiful cantata, "The Land of Heart's Desire," by Ethelbert Nevin, as the main feature. Mr. Harry Hughes will be the baritone soloist. "In Springtime" by Mabel W. Daniels will also be sung. At ten o'clock, the guests will cross the campus to the college where two hours of dancing will be enjoyed.

Although the other two days should prove very delightful, Friday holds the final and crowning event of the week. It is the night of the brilliant Junior Prom which will be held at the Biltmore Hotel, a night of beautiful gowns and gaiety. Each woman will be presented with a beautiful favor which will be treasured as the symbol of a glorious night. The Senior Class has very kindly consented to allow us to hear for the first time the new song written in its honor by Dr. Bird.

The members of the committee planning the event are: Miss Esther Carroll, chairman; Betty Black, Madeline Boyle, Maude Busher, Adelaide Harson, Anna Loughery, Mary Lyons, Cecilia Manning, Mary Mooney, Helen Scott, Anna Sullivan, Rita Sullivan, Regina Stanley, Isabel Hancock, and Veronica Fleming.

MADELINE BOYLE, '32.

EASTERN STATES CONFERENCE

It is regrettable that Rhode Island College of Education could not have been represented in much larger numbers at the Sixth Annual Spring Conference of the Eastern States Association of Professional Schools for Teachers. The Conference was held in the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York City on April 16, 17 and 18.

Hundreds of people from all the Eastern States represented the va-

rious teachers colleges and normal schools, and the entire affair was considered most successful.

To mingle and associate with the most prominent educators of the country is not only inspirational, but unforgettable. The purpose of the Conference is to bring together for mutual helpfulness, the administrative and instructional officers and student representatives of institutions engaged in the education and

The Anchor

professional training of teachers. Such topics as Student Government, Improvement of Curriculum, Faculty and Student Co-operation and many others are discussed. Valuable information is exchanged during discussions which are helpful to all.

The purposes of the Conference in the Student Division are:

1. To promote acquaintance and common understanding among student groups as a basis for co-operation in all inter-institutional endeavors.

2. To disseminate information concerning forms of student organization which have been found to be effective in bringing about this co-operation.

3. To arouse in each individual student a desire to participate with the faculty in all co-operative movements.

4. To help students to demonstrate that they are willing and able to assume a larger share of the burden of responsibility for policy forming organization, administration and instructional leadership.

5. To join with the faculty in bringing the attention of the public to the significance of the work of the institutions whose exclusive function is the preparation of teachers for the public schools.

The particular topic that stood out above all others at the recent conference dealt with Faculty and Student Co-operation. Every point that was brought out seemed to "hit

home," and every bit of discussion concerned the very topics we have been discussing for the last few weeks.

In every other institution that was represented, there seemed to be a closer correlation between the faculty and the students, simply because of their informal methods of bringing about such a condition. However, in spite of all their various methods, basically they were exactly like ours.

It is the deepest wish of those who represented Rhode Island College of Education at the Conference that you learn to *know* your faculty a little better. If you have problems—talk them over, confidentially and sincerely and don't try to be effective by shouting out disdainful remarks before you are hurt.

We have in our college some of the most prominent professors in the country—people who are widely known and appreciated, but most of us don't know this simply because we don't take the trouble to find out. Let us come out of our shells, classmates, and *meet* the faculty. It will mean such a great deal to our college, if we can only do this—and it will clear up many problems which at present are confronting us!

Let me say a word here about athletics. We have gained a good deal of publicity since the men introduced basketball and met outside groups, publicity that has extended as far as New Jersey and New York. We have had games offered

The Anchor

from several institutions in that locality! Just think what it means. If basketball, why not something else? Baseball and tennis are under way! The latter, however, is rather handicapped because of the lack of campus courts. We *need* them—why can't we have them? The expense would be very little, and the beauty of the grounds would not be marred. You know, if you really want something, you can have it by trying! All the various aspects of this question were thrashed out at the meeting very satisfactorily.

The two leading men of the Conference were President Ambrose L. Suhrie, Professor of Teachers Col-

lege and Normal School Education at New York University, and Vice-President William C. Bagley, Professor of Education at Teachers College, Columbia University. Our college has had the honor of hearing these two prominent men a short while ago, and it is to hear them again very soon.

It is quite impossible to present a detailed outline of the affair; it is necessary to attend it. Save up your pennies, college mates, and let's have a larger delegation at the next conference! We have started to progress very rapidly, now let us continue!

FRED B. HUTCHINS, '33.

WHIMSICAL GLIMPSES

Wander through the halls of our college with me. I wager that the things we see and hear will give you a far more picturesque and true view of our life than any number of formal visits to classes.

As we pass the stairway, we see a group of girls gathered there, informally discussing the merits of Cavour and Bismarck. The argument is heated—evidently the bell which left the question suspended in mid-air in history class has not interrupted their line of thought.

We go on our way down to the gym where, no matter how cold, some hardy souls are dancing if they can persuade some good-natured pianist to play for them. We meet girls strolling in couples or in threes,

arms carrying the ever-present black notebooks, but conversation seemingly touching on vital matters of "he said" and "then I said."

We see a vivacious soul using her most persuasive tone, trying to induce her friend who is less energetic to accompany her to the Henry Barnard School so that she may prepare a board for her lesson. Someone dashes by, madly searching for a pocketbook which she is sure she left in this very spot about five minutes ago (but which eventually turns up in quite a different place).

Our rambles have taken us to the second floor. In the vicinity of the libraries, faces of serious mien will be evident—going to study for a test their owners tell us gravely. Around

The Anchor

the bulletin boards students are reading the notices over and over. They are probably hoping that one of their "profs" has become proverbially absent-minded and has forgotten his classes.

Bursts of laughter, long and prolonged, ring down the corridors from the recreation room. A natural-born comedienne is entertaining with mimicry and pantomime. Down near Prof. Brown's room Freshmen are avidly discussing maps and globes and wind belts—do you remember when we worried about them, too?

As we mount the stairway again, music assails our ears. We hear the Sophomores practising Professor Hosmer's famous "Water, Water"

and "Merrily, Merrily." Turning to the right, we see individuals oddly bedaubed with paints and chalk. These are our artists, doing their bit for Professor Sherman and the glory of art. The business-like clack-clack of typewriters tells us that the "Anchor" board is giving vent to inspiration. Farther down the corridors we see girls busy with pencil and paper, carrying out the theories of differentiation and integration.

The bell—sharp and commanding—brings to us the realization that we have classes to attend.

Have you caught that feeling of a happy balance of work and fun, study and nonsense that is so characteristic of us?

MADLINE McCABE, '32.

A COLLEGE

It was during my fourth expedition through the deserts of Tibet that I had this interesting discussion with one of the rulers of the land. Or *should* I call it a discussion? I distinctly remember that I carried on most of the conversation, with my host only sandwiching in every now and then, a few remarks such as

"Um!"

"I see!"

"You don't say!"

and a few other similar expressions. What? You can't understand how this ruler could use the American idiom? Well, neither do I, but I dis-

tinctly heard him. If I were an English author, I'd probably tell you he was educated at Oxford, but I am no propagandist for the British educational system.

We were sitting around the campfire. Of course they have campfires in Tibet! You don't think so? Have you ever been there, Well—what do you know about it?

"My friend," said my gracious host, "I have noticed repeatedly the massive gold ring which you wear on your right hand with the curious inscriptions engraved on it. Has it any special significance?"

The Anchor

"Why," I said, proudly flashing the ring back and forth in the vagrant rays of the firelight, "That is my college ring."

"College?"

Taking it for granted that he did not know what a college was, I launched forth on my favorite topic.

"A college, my dear sir, was formerly an educational institution where classes were conducted according to the manner of the Greeks. By that I mean that the students clustered around the teacher who, from his own personal stock of erudition, lectured to them. The students profoundly caught up the words of wisdom, copied them into their notebooks and so made them their own.

"Now, however, there is no more of that. The average college classroom differs entirely. Shakespeare said that all the world's a stage. He was right. The outstanding stage of today is the classroom. The teacher, unconsciously, is the playwright. At times he is also the performer.

"There are more types in a classroom of any college than you could find again assembled in the whole world."

"Yes-s-s-s?" interrupted my long-suffering friend.

"Let me introduce you. First, let's take the student. This is a rare type. In Hollywood this type is usually distinguished by horn-rimmed glasses. But not so in the average college. You can tell a student by the fevered way in which he strains

his ears for every word that drops from the professor's mouth. He always has a sharpened pencil and two or three well-filled fountain pens. His notebook is the essence of neatness. He is very bright in college work and most things he attempts. He hears all, sees all, knows all. Sometimes these people, if at all ambitious, have no trouble at all in stepping ahead of the professors, and are bored by the slowness of the classes. However, although they know so much, they are never allowed to recite. They are prevented by the intervention of another type that inhabits the classroom.

"This is the loquacious type. This type takes no notes on any subject. They know everything already and what's more they like to tell the world about it. This is the type which will hear a professor say, 'Kubla Khan reigned in China' and will immediately rouse themselves from their usual stupor and proclaim: 'I saw in the paper—er—er—The Boston Post—no—er—The Evening Bulletin—no—uh—well I read that China has had another revolution.' These people should be omitted from the classes, you say? Oh, well, they're not always so bad. They usually save the day for another type of collegian.

"This type is the bluffer. He is the best actor of all. He is the most hated and the most admired of all his mates. He is very seldom caught in a tight corner. They are all the same. I knew one who used to learn

The Anchor

the World Book for memory, and whenever he was caught in an argument, he would prove his case by statistics and so save the day for himself and others of his ilk."

My host was thinking deeply. "Why," he asked, "do not all these people take notes like the student? Then they would not have to bluff or talk themselves out of a failure."

"Hah! not so easily solved, my friend. Wait until I tell you about another collegiate type. One of this species was a classmate of mine for years. One day the professor gave a very learned discussion on the Gold Rush of '49. My friend was busy all the time scratching away earnestly at his notebook. Afterwards I glanced over at his writings. This is what I saw.

Oh Susanna

Gold Days of 1849

Hurrah!

Covered wagon—

Nuggets

William Jennings Bryan

Then they

Where?????

Yes!

Etc. etc. etc.

"And now to tell you about myself as a type," I began again.

"Ah! but you have already described yourself, my friend."

"But I was never a great student!" I modestly stated.

"Oh, no, I knew that."

"And I always could take notes!"

"Yes, yes, of course." His voice had a soothing note.

"I'm *not* a bluffer!" I rose indignantly to my feet.

The Tibetan placed his hand on my shoulder reassuringly.

Quickly I thought over what I had said.

"Why—why—why the imbecile! The insult of it." I looked at him. A faint smile lit up his Mongolian features. Wrathfully, I turned and strode away, back to the more polite members of my expedition.

MARY LOUISE HALL, '32.

TAKING NOTES

This is not a supplement to the outline our English instructor gave us on "Note-taking," but a few of my own observations on this ordeal. Of course, there are lectures, and lectures, as there are notes and notes. These two are closely related. For instance, witness this at a certain class:

Professor A enters the room.

The door is shut. . . . the lecture has begun.

"The title, please?" Many minds with the same thought. That is answered. Everyone is relieved, and all pencils are simultaneously placed in writing position.

Everyone is ready for the grim

The Anchor

business of note-taking. The Professor now senses that time has been lost, and he makes up for it by speeding up his lecture.

"What was that last sentence?" Troubled expressions on faces of students and professor. The repetition takes place.

On the part of the instructor, there is a look—now at the clock, now at the notebook. The students' expressions change.

The color scheme of the pencil IS blue and orange. . . . It is interesting to gaze around the room. . . . Well, that leaves ten minutes. If that isn't a marvelous necklace that Mary has on. . . . It matches her dress too. . . . buzz, buzz.

The note-less note-book is closed, and what a short period! More note-taking awaits beyond. . . .

ELIZABETH C. LAURENCE, '34.

MEMOIRS

It is a well-known fact that when graduates get together at class reunions, or even at chance meetings on the street, they invariably mention some of the amusing anecdotes that make their college days happy memories. The Class of '30 recalls many lasting impressions which always provide interesting subject matter. A typical conversation might easily be introduced by someone's saying, "I was at the college today, but there were so many new faces around that for a while I wondered if I were in the wrong building. Then I saw something familiar—the old Bulletin Board. Do you remember all those 'Please call at my office' cards that used to decorate it? Say, I'll bet that nine out of every ten of those came from the library." After a start like this the party of the second part might ask, "Is that same rug still on the office floor?"

or "Do they still keep that cover over the table in the 'Trustees' Room?" and so on. Of course everyone has his impressions and at a little gathering it does not take long before everyone is enjoying himself as he lives over again some of the high lights of his college existence.

Eventually the subject of chapel is brought up; we are reminded of the way in which Professor Hosmer stamps his foot when he desires emphasis on some word or note in a song and how Dr. Bird slides gracefully into her chair on the platform. Someone remembers way back to the time when the canvas piano cover was new and when the statue of Diana was accompanied by a three-legged deer instead of the biped which now stands there. Mrs. Coggins in the balcony checking up on attendance, the hymn numbers on the blackboards, the boys' section in

The Anchor

chapel, entering through the back door and slipping into the rear seats on the last minute and blaming the Freshmen for making noise, all come into the picture. Everyone seems to recall the days when Professor Sherman used to read the "Don'ts for Dances," when Professor Brown invariably read the twenty-third Psalm, when the men were excused from chapel so that the women could be given a call-down, and even the days when the boys wore wing collars and bow ties to chapel.

The Dramatic League supporters tell about the "Old Green Curtain" and the many amusing though often embarrassing incidents when it failed to respond to the pull on the ropes, the portable footlights which had to be plugged in from the front of the stage (and often after the play was well in progress) and the famous statue of Henry Barnard which has held its place in the corner of the stage through "Antigone" as well as "Charlie's Aunt." Then, there was the play where the telephone, which was forgotten, had to be handed in through a window and carried across the stage. Mention of "The Torchbearers" reminds several of the time spent holding up the scenery throughout an act, as it threatened to topple over. Dashing through the library to enter the stage on the opposite side, failing to hear the prompting, and customary presentation speech that always goes with the flowers for the coach—

these memories leave indelible impressions on our minds.

One word brings on another until the feature of the conversation seems to be the listing of by-gone events, with the most interesting speaker being the one with the best memory. The locker room is mentioned, and immediately someone remembers the floods which she used to wade through. Thus enters the subject of Gym Meets, and we recall the R. I. Red which once acted as class mascot. Since the dances are closely connected with the gym, it does not take long before the story is told of the "Iron Anchor" being hung from the rafters during one of our dances.

Prof. Hosmer and his famous speeches which accompany the awarding of prizes at the Song Contest, Miss Makepeace and her one-way door system, the old reserve desk in the main library, and the Arbor Day trips now enter in. As mention is made of the days when the "men's locker room" had the word "Kindergarten" painted across the door, the cashier's cage and the old water jugs in the lunchroom come to light.

Time is the only limiting element in these get-together affairs. The talk is never ended—only continued until next time. As the group breaks up to leave for home, there is always a farewell call such as, "Oh, we forgot about the debates in open forum on the question of taxing students ten cents for books overdue

The Anchor

at the reserve library." To which someone might reply, "What about the time our class went training? You know we were the ones who started that snake-line parade through chapel." As we continue on our way home, we go over these memories in our mind again, and we

realize that there are many things which have not been mentioned. Just before dozing off to sleep we sit up in bed and perhaps think aloud, "Gosh, we didn't even mention the manikin in Dr. Ross' room or Prof. Brown's stitcher."

WILLIAM R. LOUGHERY, '30.

THIS THING OF EXAMS

Let us take up this question of exams. We might as well; everyone does. In fact, the vogue has reached the point where the ordinary work-a-day citizens write lengthy letters to the Editor of the Providence Sunday Journal.

The prevalent idea is that examinations went out in spirit with leg-o-mutton sleeves and sailor hats. But then, sailor hats are quite à la mode again this season, and while I must admit I have not seen any on the street, the fashion magazines feature the exaggerated sleeve. But à nos moutons; not sleeves, you understand. I must confess, if it be a confession, that all this harangue about the inefficacy of the good old-fashioned exam has not convinced me a little bit. In the American idiom, it leaves me cold. Of course there may be any number of answers to that. I may be mid-Victorian; yet again it may be that because I have suffered, I see no good

reason why others should not do likewise.

However, I quite naturally deny both hypotheses. I contend that my conviction is well-founded. In the first place, there is human nature. Somehow or other that element is appallingly present in the average student. The reading that must be done is just the thing he least wants to do. Not because the average student is a moron—Heaven forbid!—but because he is human. Just how an ideal situation can be evolved by abolishing exams is more than I have been able to find out. There will always be one hundred and one things to be done before the notes for a term paper, exam or no exam.

The outstanding objection to the time-honoured method of procedure is that it does not really test the student. Of course there are exams *and* exams. I struggled through one objective exam in literature in which one hundred questions dealt with

The Anchor

such particulars as the name of a poet's grandmother. That barrage of questions tested my ability from the geneological viewpoint most efficiently. But I could live to be a thousand and never admit that it sounded my knowledge of literature. An exam like that is one of those evils that we must endure occasionally, I suppose. But that sort is the exception.

Now if we have been attending a series of instructions in a certain subject, there is no legitimate reason why we should object to being questioned on outstanding points in the subject. That some instructors omit the high points is very often a calamity. At the same time, if a professor feels that we are familiar with the main facts, and wishes to test our background that is his privilege. He is still testing our knowledge.

Here we come to the inevitable—cramming. Our radical members insist that examinations destroy the plan of real education. They think that the student's objective becomes, not an intelligent knowledge of his subject, but the mere passing of a successful examination in that subject. Thus, they point out, the student thrusts a semester's work into a few hours of cramming, answers the given questions, and promptly forgets everything he has studied.

That is where the followers of

the old order meet triumph. For there you have in a nutshell our old story of human nature. Our student takes life as he finds it. He usually finds it full of any number of things more interesting than study. But when examination time rolls around, he settles down to brush up on what he has been hearing in class and incidentally finds out some things he has never heard, to the benefit of his knowledge. I have done my share of cramming in my day, and I must make the admission that I acquired quite a bit in this incidental fashion.

Educational processes have been changing rapidly and extensively in the past quarter of a century, but exams we still have with us. The opposition party is strong in its declaration that these hangers-on have no part in modern methods. Modernity is indeed the keynote of their contention. It is the same modernity which makes life a thing of ease—an effortless existence. We are rapidly coming to view with horror whatever requires exertion of any kind. There we have the real reason for this agitation about examinations. Because an exam represents to the modern an appalling amount of mental exertion—and because the modern pales at the thought, we hear on every hand the swelling cry, "Off with its head!"

ANN FANNING,
Graduate Student.

The Anchor

RAISONS D'ETRE

Each spring when the yearbook is about to make its appearance many underclassmen and, we are forced to admit, a few seniors are heard to question the need for such a publication. Everyone knows the usual protests: class affair only; waste of money; temporary interest; and no value to the college as a whole. Therefore, we intend to enlighten those who oppose it not because of a lack of college spirit, we hope, but simply through misunderstanding of its purpose or lack of knowledge of its value.

There has been a great change in the size and type of the modern yearbook as compared with that of eighteen hundred and eighty. The latter was simply a collection of brief biographies, whereas the modern version is a complete record of college life.

It presents to prospective students an intimate picture of the activities within the institution both graduate and undergraduate, as well as to the teaching profession as a whole. This makes it an invaluable reference for the faculty and for future employees, since the social, scholastic, or professional attitude of the graduate is often judged by the predominating standards of the college which he has attended. To the parents of the graduates it presents a broad panorama of college life, and gives them a clear, com-

prehensive record of the scholastic, social, and athletic achievements of their sons and daughters. It also contains permanent records (both social and athletic) outside of the classroom which tend to unify the student body and to develop true college spirit to a remarkable degree.

It is invaluable in giving the members of the board of editors experience in leadership and organization, and in addition to being a class memorial, the yearbook contains in its various sections summaries of all classes and their respective activities as well as recording year after year, the growth of the institution in enrollment, curriculum, and traditions.

The college annual is one of the most important advertising mediums in the United States today. Its chief mission is to advertise the college itself but, since its volumes are scattered all over the country, it is only natural that the local and national products which it advertises should become well-known.

Since the editions are limited, its value grows with the passing of the years, forming close bonds among the members of the individual classes. Sometimes an old annual is opened with pride to the picture of a famous classmate and one is privileged to say, "I knew him when—!"

The yearbook is a treasured memento of his student life to the graduate; in fact, it is indispensable

The Anchor

to anyone who is connected directly or indirectly with the college, for it is a factual illustration not only of what the college can do but also of what it has done.

When one considers the value of the yearbook from these various

viewpoints, one's previous prejudice can be discarded.

Remember the yearbook of Rhode Island College of Education, our college, is the Ricoled!

R. A. P., '31.

THOUGHTS

Have You?

Have you ever thought of what you might have been if God hadn't made you just you? Oh, I have. I have thought I might have been—oh, many things—just a crystal dew-drop giving a drink to a rose, an orange star keeping watch over a sleepy world, a glowing hearth fire, the sighing wind rocking birds to

sleep, a lofty old pine tree, a rosy dawn bringing to the world God's beautiful new day or even the last note of the chimes on a clear night. Maybe I should be just a few wee blades of grass sheltering a cricket or easing the path of the passer-by. Always I should be glad God had made me a part of His infinite plan.

On Growing Old

God of the blue sky and happy morning!

It is my prayer on growing old that I may still love the happy laughter of little children, the rush and hum of the busy world, the patter of little feet on the stairs and the unending questions in their sparkling eyes. May I always feel the

thrill of a radiant dawn or a glowing sunset, the wind bowing and bending old trees, the freshness of rain in the face and the gentle caress of the snowflakes. Always may I know the true joy of comradeship and in my small way give to the world of the great joys that are mine to give.

The Anchor

Old Man of the Mountains

Far up in the lofty Franconia Mountains, silhouetted against a bright sky where now and again a fleecy cloud floats by, is the great stone face of an old man. Ages upon ages have come and gone—men have been forgotten, but the Old Man of the Mountains stands unfaltering above the placid lake. I stood in breathless wonder watching the Old Man's motionless face; he seemed to me a living creation, looking always at the beautiful changing mountains, fragrant with pines, gray with mist, blue against the evening sky. His very soul reflected in the

calm silvery waters of Profile Lake filled me with the quiet peace of understanding of the great out-of-doors. Always I wished to turn just once more and look upon the peaceful face of the Old Man of the Mountains. A great feeling of loneliness stole over me as I turned from his face for the last time, yet I was filled with an untold peacefulness which comes only when one has gazed upon the great sign that shows us that "in New England God Almighty makes men."

TED SCOTT, '32.



GOD

Who drapes the earth in sable robe
And decks the sky with stars at night
And hangs the moon, a sphere so bright
That shines from its divine abode
To guard all men upon the road?
Who is this Lord that with His might
Enslaves the creatures of the night—
Who rules the sky and governs the
globe?
The Lord of this vast universe
Is Lord of mountain, man, and sea;
So great His power, so great His love,
That all on Earth, both man and bird,
Join in a chorus to praise with me
That God and King who reigns above.

CONSTANCE E. MORIN, 33.

The Anchor

FACULTY NOTES

Dr. Charles Carroll attended the Northeastern Regional Conference on Vocational Education held in Pittsburgh at the end of April.

Professor Thomas H. Robinson will address the Teachers' Association of the City of Cranston on May twentieth.

Dr. Grace E. Bird addressed the New England Conference of Mental Hygiene Associations at the Chamber of Commerce in Boston in May. The subject of Dr. Bird's address was "Teaching Teachers Mental Hygiene." Dr. Bird is a member of the State Commission to survey the schools of Jamestown.

On Monday, May fourth, Dr. Charles Carrol took part in the dedicatory exercises of the Nathaniel Greene Monument at the State House. On May tenth, Dr. Carroll addressed the Holy Name Societies of Pawtucket.

The April issue of the Leaflet of the New England Association of Teachers of English contained an article, "The Use of the Radio in Secondary Schools," by Professor Robinson.

Professor Elmer S. Hosmer recently had a cantata for two-part singing published. The name of the composition is "The Ministering Christ." Prof. Hosmer is now working on a series of Christmas Anthems.

THINGS DIVINE

These are the things I hold divine:
Twinkling stars, blue columbine,
Breaking waves of silver seas,
A drowsy moon, a soft spring breeze,
Lacy patterns a spider weaves,
Wind-tossed trees, their changing
leaves,
The liquid notes of a hermit thrush,
Light streaks at dawn, the twilight's
hush,
The silhouette of wild geese flying,
Fragrance of pines, a campfire dying,
The gold of a dandelion's crown,
A sunset sky—the earth's fresh brown,
These are the things I hold divine.

TED SCOTT, '32.

The Anchor

"BYRON" by Andre Maurois

Translated from the French by Hanish Miles

D. Appleton and Company, 1930

One opens a biography by M. Maurois with a marked feeling of anticipation — of looking forward with delight to the pleasure in store. The anticipation may be tinged with impatience, but both are tempered by a comforting feeling of reassurance because never has one suffered disappointment. He has given us "Ariel" of romantic memory. Then appeared "Disraeli" with its enthralling wit and charm. Now we have "Byron" presented in that delicate yet forceful way that is the true style of M. Maurois.

Almost everyone has a mental picture of Byron from a purely physical standpoint. His face is beautiful—unusually so, for we expect virility, not beauty in manhood. His build is slight, indicating rigorous asceticism in matters of diet and training. His eyes seem to hold in their depths the dreams of a visionary and the melancholy brooding of a man who has tired of life. At least, this is the picture of the legendary Byron. What does it matter that in later years his figure became puffy, his limp more noticeable, his face old and worn as a man beyond his years? We still have our own ideal.

But to know the soul of Byron—the depths of despair and the heights of exaltation which that soul

touched; to know the character of the man, with his passions, his sensuality, yet his childlike simplicity and generosity, that is to know the real Byron. This is the Byron which M. Maurois presents.

In his introduction the author states that in "Ariel" he was criticised for not placing events in Shelley's life by definite dates and for not including a more representative selection of quotations from the poet's works. In "Byron" he has most conscientiously placed himself beyond the range of any possible censure. Chronologically, there is no question. The quotations are indicative of a careful and discriminating choice. These well-chosen selections serve a double purpose of delighting the reader and giving a fuller interpretation of Byron's life.

It takes rare understanding and infinite sympathy to present the life of such a man as Byron. His genius is unquestionable, his excesses notorious, but one of the most vital elements in the life of any man is, unfortunately, too often overlooked. That is his humanity. Byron was fundamentally a human being. As such he was endowed with human virtues and vices. In many conceptions of Byron the fact that he indulged in his vices obscures the fact that he also practised virtues. M.

The Anchor

Maurois gives us as true and as vital a picture of Byron's life as though we were his contemporaries. Strictly speaking, we may affirm that it is truer, for it is viewed in a fairer light, without bias, without the influence of the unfavorable opinions of his enemies and the defensive indignation of his friends. Byron literally comes to life in the pages of this biography. We, the readers, may judge him as we wish, for Maurois neither condemns nor excuses him. He simply explains him. Censure him we may, but we admire and appreciate his genius, and our hearts go out to him in that last generously noble gesture when he gives life and all in the characteristic pursuit of his ideals.

As "Disraeli" was a picture of

the Victorian Age, so is "Byron" an excellent sketch of that remarkable pre-Victorian period. It is amazing to reflect that the England of this period was soon to develop into the righteous, respectable, stuffy England of a later date. It seems as though she were taking one last fling at life in "Byron" before entering into the strait-laced convention of Victoria's reign.

"Byron" is a work of art. It contrives to unite the details of a biography with the romance of a novel and succeeds admirably. It contains all the grace, wit, and charm so evident in M. Maurois' earlier works. It leaves us hoping most earnestly that we shall be favored soon with another fascinating volume.

CATHERINE MARTIN, '32.

A COUNTRY ROAD

The very qualities which endear it to me have made it incapable of serving the prime purpose of any highway. It is as crooked as the proverbial lane, alternately broad and narrow, imbedded with immovable rocks here and there, and deep gulleys supplant the faintly discernible wagon tracks where there is no tree above to lessen the force of driving rains. I visualize it as I heeded its beckoning one sultry afternoon last August. Giant shafts of gracious elms shaded it, and beyond me rows of stately poplars stirred in the first desultory breeze I had felt all day.

The harsh outlines of stonewalls, the boundaries of fields and pastures on either side, were softened by clumps of early goldenrod, an occasional seeded wild rose bush, and exquisite bits of Queen Anne's Lace. The peace and temporary adequacy of the surroundings gripped me. Had my time been my own, I would have delighted in aimlessly, deliciously following my newly-acquired guide on and on and on—but unwontedly, most reluctantly, I had to submit to the more exacting demands of the beaten path once more.

M. J., '34.

The Anchor

EXCHANGES

"Seeing Ourselves as Others See Us"

"Pen Dragon," Oneonta, N. Y.

From the Rhode Island College of Education comes "The Anchor" which is a clever little magazine. We think the Lost and Found Department is a good addition. We also like their Faculty Notes. The cover of the magazine is very attractive.

"Soundings," Jamaica, N. Y.

"The Anchor," R. I. C. E.

Ship ahoy! Avast, my hearties! "The Anchor" has been weighed and found not wanting. Excellent balance is present in story, editorial, and poem besides schoolnotes galore and a novel column—"The Question Box," in which "The Anchor" invites students, teachers, and alumni to send in questions on educational theory or classroom problems. This appealed to us particularly—partly,

perhaps, because we are somewhat related to the cat in curiosity and partly because we suspect that this department would be a source of great satisfaction to students. This publication inclines us still more to the familiar "good things come in small packages."

"The Chimes," Cathedral College,
New York City.

Anchor—This is a magazine that gives a first impression of demureness but on further investigation one finds that here is perfect symmetry from cover to cover, with poetry, short-story and all departments well distributed. The poetry is agreeable, and above all does not submerge the magazine in an irrepressible torrent. "The Anchor" is R. I. C. E.'s window of the soul of scholarship.

RESOLUTION

Sometimes

I think that friends are like trees
So easily are they swayed by breezes.

And often

I wonder why we all so fickle are;
In theory we're not that way by far.

But now

I think I'll try once more—anew
To be the friend I'd like to find in you.

LOIS A. MURTAGH, '32.

The Anchor

NEWS

Kinsprits

As the year draws to a close, the various clubs and organizations of the college are anticipating with lively interest and enthusiasm their final meetings. The Kinsprits, the senior literary society, will meet this month at the Wayside Inn in Sudbury. Before the

meeting the club members will enjoy a trip to Cambridge, Concord, Lexington, Walden Pond, and other places of interest from a literary viewpoint. After dinner at the Wayside Inn, a literary meeting will be enjoyed by the Kinsprits.

Commencement Week

This year, Commencement Week will be the busiest and the most colorful that has ever been held at the college. The week will begin with Class Day on Friday, June 19. The program will be of interest to all. The Seniors cordially invite every Faculty member and student to attend. The Anchor will be awarded to the most deserving class. Be there—to receive it.

On the afternoon of June 21, the Seniors will observe Baccalaureate Sunday. Dr. John L. Alger will deliver the sermon. The Seniors will sing an anthem. Faculty, members of the college, and guests are invited to attend. On Monday, June 22, there will be a ceremony for Seniors and

guests. At sunset the Seniors will file out of the building, plant their ivy, and hold their last sing on the Senior Steps. They will then go to the Senior Banquet.

On Tuesday, June 23, the Commencement Exercises will take place. Invitations will be issued by the Seniors to the underclassmen and to guests. Tuesday night the Seniors will conduct their last activity to which they cordially invite the underclassmen, the alumnae, and guests. That event is the Commencement Ball which will be held at the Narragansett Hotel.

All in all, Commencement Week will be a very colorful affair.

Cap and Gown Day

On Thursday morning, May 7th, the Senior A class reached the beginning of the end of their college career, for they donned their caps and gowns. To them the ceremony was a mark of approval from the Board of Trustees which now considers them candidates for degrees and bestows on them the honor of wearing that symbol of learning, their "mortar boards." The exercises were simple but impressive. The program opened with the entrance of

the Seniors from the rear of the Hall, headed by the class president, who led the entire assembly in readings from the Psalms. The main address was given by Mr. Erik H. Andersen, Ed. M., assistant superintendent of schools in the City of Providence. Mr. Andersen holds a degree from our college and is an ardent alumnus. The exercises ended when the Seniors marched from the Auditorium while the entire student body sang the Alma Mater.

The Anchor

Senior B Cap and Gown Day

Because of extraordinary conditions which will call from the campus most of the members of the Class of 1932 (January), a second Cap and Gown ceremonial will be conducted on May

20. The Senior B students will wear their caps and gowns until Commencement season begins when they will lay them aside in order to do honor to the Senior A's.

"The Ricoled"

The "Ricoled" will be ready for distribution in a few weeks. The yearbook this year will be without a doubt the best edition ever put out at the College. The book contains twelve sections featuring the college songs and social events and is worked out in mediaeval design. The song section of the 1931 yearbook will include "The Farewell Waltz" written by Dr. Grace E. Bird and dedicated to the Class of 1931.

The editorial board of the "Ricoled" follows: Editor-in-Chief, Miss Mary G. Rynn, Woonsocket; Associate Editors, Miss Evelyn M. Earnes, Woonsocket, and Miss Mary E. Conway, Westerly; Business Manager, Miss Ruth A. Pad-

dock, Providence; Associate Business Manager, Miss Anne C. Sullivan, Newport; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Anna T. Bliss, Woonsocket; Associate Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Mary E. O'Brien, Valley Falls.

The General Staff comprises Art Editor, Miss Marion Williams, Providence; Literary Editor, Miss Mary Davenport, Central Falls; Humor Editor, Miss S. Elizabeth Campbell, Central Falls; Photograph Editor, Miss Edna Gilmore, Providence.

The faculty advisory board consists of Professors Thomas H. Robinson, Harriet L. Sherman, and Eugene Tuttle.

Athletic News

The Athletic Association has accepted the following terms for the awarding of letters for basketball:

1. No player who has not been on the squad throughout the season shall be eligible for a letter.

2. A letter shall be awarded to any player who has participated in at least 50% of the scheduled games. Five minutes will constitute a game.

3. On recommendation of the Athletic Association, a letter may be awarded to any Senior who has been on the squad continually for the past two successive seasons and who participated in four or more games during the current season.

4. The Athletic Association's approval shall be necessary on all awards.

5. Not more than ten letters shall be awarded for one season.

All-College Night

One of the most outstanding social events of the year is still ahead of us. Anyone who has ever attended an All-College Program can tell you that it is most certainly an event which should not be missed. College spirit enters the hall in person on the evening, and the audience is entertained by a Dramatic League presentation and then the spirit of the evening is shown when each class, under class colors,

sings the class and college songs prepared for the Song Contest. If you have already attended an All-College Program, you do not need to be urged to come this year, but if the experience will be a new one for you, you should most certainly watch for the date of All-College Night and appear in the hall to be a participant in the general good time.

The Anchor

Men's Basketball

With the opening of the college in September, the members of last year's basketball team looked forward to a more successful season than they had the previous year. The fact that they had ten men entering in the Freshman Class, five of whom were interested in basketball, enhanced their hopes.

Twelve men answered the first call for practice. Mr. Ethier and Mr. Sloane took over the duty of supervising the candidates.

Early in the season the squad suffered a severe shock when it learned that two of its stellar players, Patsy LaVault and Joe Itchkawich, would not be with them because of operations which they had to undergo. However, Paul Dion came to us from a New York Normal School and as he was an experienced player, this helped to offset our losses.

After the first few practice sessions, Ken Riley was re-elected captain and Fred Hutchins manager, with Bud Jones and Patsy LaVault as assistants. All of these fellows worked hard and arranged a fine schedule of fifteen games,

eight at home and seven away. This year, season tickets were introduced at the college, and thanks to the cooperation received from the girls, they went a long way toward helping us to defray expenses. We hope that this practice may be continued.

The best games of the season were the ones played with the East Providence Faculty and Rockefeller Hall Frat Team from Brown University. All of the games were well played and the scores were close, the College of Education winning once from each of the two teams.

With the Freshmen players developing rapidly and the "cripples" returning to the ranks, we look forward to a fast five next year.

We hope that with more men coming to the College each year, and a greater enthusiasm being shown toward sports, the day may not be very far off when the College of Education may be represented in baseball.

GEORGE H. BLACKWELL, JR., '31.

The Mysterious Anchor

The Senior A Class are the proud possessors of the mysterious Anchor and they are already considering the merits of the other classes so that they can choose the most deserving class to become the next Anchor Class.

The parchment scroll which accompanies the Anchor contains a list of the rules governing the presentation and possession of the College Anchor. The rules read:

1. The Anchor shall be awarded on Class Day. On this day, the Anchor shall be immune from capture until midnight.

2. Strategy, not force, shall be used in all attempts to gain possession. When force be used, the Anchor shall not change possessors.

3. The Anchor shall be shown to the student body at least once each school year, with adequate forecast of its appearance.

4. The Anchor shall be kept on public property, local, county, or state, in Rhode Island.

5. A private vehicle may be used to convey the Anchor to and from the College.

6. The above rules shall not hereafter be amended except by consent of the Student Council.

These are the Anchor Rules. Will your class be directly concerned about them next year or, in other words, will your class be chosen by the Seniors as most worthy to be called an Anchor Class?

The Anchor

ANCHOR LINE

VALUE OF HUMOR

Usher (to dignified lady): "Are you a friend of the groom?"

Lady: "No, indeed! I'm the bride's mother."

A PRINCIPAL

Teacher: "William, why don't you like our school?"

William: "Oh, it's not so much the school; it's the principal of the thing."

ALL CLEAR

"Waiter, this fish is awful! Why did you insist I should order it?"

"Because otherwise, monsieur, it would have been served to us in the kitchen."

WHERE SCULLERSHIP COUNTS

"There's a fine fellow in the college crew."

"Yes, he's a gentleman and a sculler."

SAFETY FIRST

"I saw the doctor you told me to see."

"Good, did you tell him I sent you?"

"Yes, I certainly did."

"What did he say?"

"He merely asked me to pay in advance."

HONORABLE SCARS

"Oh, dear, Johnny, have you been fighting again?"

"No, miss, we moved yesterday, and I moved the cat."

BALMY OZONE

B. Walker tells of the Scot's wife whose doctor told her she needed salt air. She woke up next morning and her husband was fanning her with a herring.

BATTLE-SCARRED

"What kind of car has John?"

"Well, he'd feel tremendously flattered if you called it second-hand."

STAMPEDE

Betty was driving along a country road when she saw two repair men climbing the telegraph poles.

"Fools!" she exclaimed to Edna, "they must think I never drove a car before."

MAILMEN LOVE THIS

"Boy, I'll never try this again."

"Try what?"

"Just to test mail service I drew a picture of a buffalo on an envelope to see if it would reach Buffalo."

"No. This morning it was returned to me from Red Dog."

HELAS

"Wife: 'I've brought you a beautiful surprise for your birthday—it has just arrived.'"

Husband: "I am curious to see it."

Wife: "Wait a minute, and I will put it on."

IN THIS WEATHER

A kindly but somewhat patronizing landlady inquired of the young bride how she and her husband proposed to spend their holiday.

"Our plans so far," replied the bride, a little distantly, "are tentative."

"Oh, how delightful!" exclaimed the landlady. "I'm sure you'll enjoy camping out more than anything else you could do."

A SAVING WOMAN

"Is your wife economical?"

"Sometimes. She had only 26 candles on her 40th birthday cake last night."

The Anchor

ANCHOR LINE

Continued

SCHEME

"What do you think of my new hat?
I saved the money for it myself."
"How was that?"
"I trained my husband not to smoke."

INFORMATION

"What street is this?" said he.
She: "Belvedere."
He: "Oh, I didn't know you had a
Belvy street here."

AMPLE PROOF

"Listen, Willie, do you know whether
or not your sister likes me?"
"Doesn't she send me out when you
come in? What more do you want?"

They call a professors' meeting just
a little forget-together.

"I didn't know she was in school
this semester."
"Oh, yes—she always comes back."

WHAT IT USUALLY MEANS

"Mother," said Betty, "shall I an-
swer the door bell?"
"Yes," replied Betty's mother, "and
the answer is, 'No, we don't need any
magazines.' "

IT ALL DEPENDS

"Does Helen's beauty run in the
family?"
"Well, her father owned a drug
store."



SOLITUDE

Give me the lonely shore,
With rollicking waves at my side
And white sea gulls and whiter clouds
And a golden sun for my bride.

I shall not even mind the mist
Or the fog or the tide;
I only want the loneliness,
I only want to hide.

Some men say that I'm a fool,
And build castles in the air,
But I'm tired of this chatter
And constant trumpet blare.

So I'm off like many before me
Seeking the sun and the sea—
Wanting to leave behind whatever I
may be
And look with the eyes of a wanderer
Out on a quiet sea.

ELISABETH McCAFFREY, '34.

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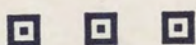
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